

Pizza O'Clock: Pizza Crazed 'nuki

By: Firingwall
Patron Story done for Danuki

“Good morning!”

“Gooooood morning!”

“‘ooooooooooooooh!”

“Tweet-tweet, morning-morning! Tweet-tweet!” A circle of small, bright blue birds chirped cheerfully. They spun around Dan's head before flying up and over the rooftops.

The sight and sounds brought a smile to his face, warm and fuzzy feelings flowing. More “hellos” and “good days” followed from the other colorful characters wandering the streets. It all made him feel even better.

It was nice to be back. Perhaps he should've returned sooner.

It's been too long, Dan thought reflectively. It had been indeed too long, several months too long since he was last in his city's Toon Town district. He used to come by all the time, in particular visiting Zebra's Zany Zokes & Pokes to help out. The joke shop had taken over a closed video game store, and there was a lot of unsold, abandoned merchandise lying in the back.

In a silly twist of fate, Dan took it on himself to help the store clean out its stock and sell it to the right people. It took a few years, but he had eventually cleared the place of everything.

Once it was done, Dan hadn't returned. He felt unneeded now that he had finished and did not wish to overstay his welcome. There was really no reason for him to keep coming back all the time. In his mind, as a human, it didn't feel right to stick around Toon Town without a reason.

And without a reason, he couldn't get back into his... sillier self.

Dan certainly missed it. Who wouldn't? Some days, he did want to return despite how he thought of the situation, but life kept getting in the way. Whether it be his schedule, work, family, or something else, something cropped up to stop his return.

However, life and his own doubts couldn't stop him forever. One day when everything lined up, and he felt like had the right amount of energy in him, Dan made his return. No direct or aim, he just parked outside the district and started to take a stroll through.

He took it all in. The goofy, brightly colored aesthetics of the area, the cheery inhabitants, and the pleasant mood in the air was just as wonderful as it always had been. He missed being in it all the time. If only he felt like he belonged more to keep coming back.

Taking a right, Dan stopped and looked up at a curious sign hanging from a building up ahead. "Pizza O'Clock... wait."

It came flashing back to him. When he was at Zany Zokes & Pokes, the owner, a zebra named Marty Stripes, often talked about getting lunch, dinner, and sometimes even breakfast from Pizza O'Clock. It was his favorite place, one where he described its food as legendary, delicious, one of a kind even.

Dan was never around when the zebra ordered from them, but he never forgot the praise or very descriptive explanations about the food's taste. Remembering it and staring at the sign, he felt a soft rumble from his stomach.

He checked his phone. *11... well, I could have lunch right now.*

Dan headed over and strolled through the front door, a soft bell above it chiming as he did. It was like a 50's style diner he had seen in the movies, but with wider room for tables in the center. It was cozy but quiet, only four other people, all toons, were there. Two of them sat in a booth at the far end, eating and chatting happily.

The other two, the ones that drew Dan's eye, were at the counter, a large, shirtless rat sitting on a stool and an even larger orca behind the counter. The two were both smoking oversized, cartoony cigars, thick, grey smoke coming off of them. Despite that, there wasn't a hint of smoke in the air, only the overwhelming scent of Italian food and pizza.

Dan approached them. **"Yeah,"** the rat could be heard saying, **"I's dink it's time dat we's get 'nother waiter arounds heres."**

"True, true," the orca sighed, folding his arms, **"Tony Tooncan isn't available likes he used ta. Shame..."**

"Wells, he's has othah jobs ands dat boyfriend of his. Can't expect him ta be workin' heres all da time. We's just need ta finds 'nother goodie."

"Yeah, buts where can we find another handsum toucan can like him... oh!" The orca noticed Dan stepping up to the counter. **"Welcome ta Pizza O'Clock! I'm da owner, Hefty McOrckee! Dis is da managah, Memphis Ratterton!"**

Memphis spun around on his seat, smiling. **“Hey! Welcomes, skinny!”**

“Hello...” Dan felt a little intimidated. Standing beside them, they towered over him and were more than double his width. It felt like they could squash him into a pancake if they wanted to and given they were toons, they could probably, easily do it.

Dan continued, “I, ah, found the place when I was on a walk. I heard about your legendary pizza from this zebra I know.”

“Marty Stripes, right? Heh, he’s a good friend ands customah.” Memphis sighed, blissfully looking off into space as if he was reminiscing on a fond, childhood memory.

“If you’re a friend of Marty, den your friend of us!” Hefty added, smacking the counter with a heavy **THUNK**, **“You deserve only dah best pizza wes can offer!”**

“Wait, really?” Dan asked, almost taken aback by where this conversation was going. He had only just entered a few seconds ago, and the top cheeses were giving him special treatment.

“Mhm!” Memphis stroked his chin. **“I’ms dinkin’... youse want the Smokin’ Peppahoni! It’s dah finest pizza wes offah here, bub!”**

“Oh, that sounds good.” Dan did quite like pepperoni pizza. If they have a specialized kind of pepperoni on top of that, consider him intrigued. “I’ll take a slice!”

“Just a slice?”

“Yeah. I walked here, and I don’t think I can carry a box back to my car and-”

The two large workers erupted into laughter, the room shaking, along with their bellies. **“Oh, dat won’t be ans issue!”** Memphis looked at Hefty. **“Let’s give ‘em a big boy.”** The orca nodded and headed into the back with a smile as well, giving Dan an amused look as he did.

Dan wasn’t sure what to make of that, but he assumed things would be fine. The toons knew what they were doing when it came to running a pizzeria and judging a customer’s limit, right? “Well, thanks for the recommendation. I can’t wait to try it!”

“Can’t wait ta see ya eats it!” Memphis chuckled, puffing out another cloud of smoke. **“Sooooo, hows a guy likes youse know Marty?”**

“Oh, I used to work with him... well, kind of.” Dan awkwardly smiled, scratching the back of his head. “I went to his shop, thinking it was a game store, but that place closed up. There was a lot of stock left there, and I helped him sell it all.”

“**Oh right!**” The rat nodded. “**Dat game store. Dink I's remember dat. Hmm, last few times I's stop by, I's hadn't seen any game sellin'.**”

“Well, we ran out of stuff, so I packed it in.” The human sighed, that glum feeling coming back. “Didn't think there was any reason to keep showing up after I was done, and I already have a regular job and stuff.”

“**Pffff!**” Memphis snorted, thick puffs of scentless cigar smoke blowing out of his nostrils. “**Dat's just silly. Youse don't needa reason tos be ins Toon Town! Da place is fun fors everybuddy!**”

“Well, I don't think-”

“**Youse gotta stop dinkin' likes dat and starts dinkin' da right way!**” The words were nice, but Dan still wasn't really sure about that. Memphis seemed to pick up on his uncertainty, giving him a hard, curious look as he scratched his chubby chin.

“**Here's we are!**” the booming voice of Hefty greeted the two, ending their conversation right there for now. The large orca strolled up and plopped a large pizza pan right down before the man, a wave of steam rising from it.

Despite how quickly the pizza was cooked, the results were nothing short of scrumptious. It looked as good, perhaps even better than any dolled up pizza advertisement could shill. The aroma was intoxicating, the scent of it in the air the second the owner came out with it. Dan's mouth started watering before he could even see it.

Now that he could, Dan felt his entire body quake with excitement. A surge of joyous, hungry energy barreled through him from top to bottom. He wanted to just devour it all at once. When was the last time any food made him feel that way?

“Wow...” Dan gulped gently, “Th-thank you!” He reached for a slice.

A fat, grease-stained, white glove of Memphis immediately slapped his hand down. “**Na-ah!**” The glove then made a finger wagging motion, acting like a disapproving parent. “**Dis is special, likes we said! Ta truly enjoys it, youse gotta have da true smoked peppahoni experience!**”

“Oh...” Dan shook his hand. For as pudgy and soft as it looked, that glove had a bit of snap in its slap. He didn't want to argue with the toon on this. “What do I have to do then?”

“**Simple!**” Hefty reached behind his back and pulled out a large, recognizable object. It was a large cigar, much like the ones the duo had been smoking. “**Smoke it up! It'lls enhance da flavor!**”

A red flag instantly went up in his mind. Dan hadn't ever smoked before nor did he want to start. All the years of hearing and seeing how bad smoking was, whether in school or from a PSA on TV, he was far from interested in such things.

However, unknown to him, an invisible force had been working its magic. Even though he couldn't smell it, the smoke from the toons' cigars had been floating in the air around them. It had wafted around his head, sucking into his nose and mouth with every breath. His body had grown more relaxed, a feeling of overwhelming pleasantness had washed over him.

Their suggestion was more than okay. It was just fine.

“Okay, sure!” Dan took the cigar without much hesitation, the red flag in his mind gone after only a few seconds. Memphis smiled, pulling out a pizza slice-shaped lighter and getting the human's cigar for him.

Dan placed the stogie into his maw and took the first puff of his life, despite his motions and movements belonging to someone who had done it for years. He sucked in the fumes of the cigar, letting them linger in his lungs. His body quaked, hairs all over standing on end.

Those hairs wiggled and shook, color coming to them. His arms and legs gained a glossy, purple sheen to them that glittered in the lights of the pizzeria. There was a different color to the hairs on his chest and stomach, a soft gold that was invisible with his shirt on.

Holding in that smoke for what felt like almost a minute, Dan slowly expelled it. He puckered his lips, blowing it all out in a steady, cloudy stream. His mouth felt so tingly doing so, his tastebuds alive. It all felt very... tasty?

“**Hmm, I think you're ready now.**” Hefty smiled. “**Take a slice.**”

Dan nodded, finally taking a slice while tightly holding the cigar in the other. He brought the slice in for a big bite, holding it steady and firm despite it wanting to droop from all the sauce, grease, and cheese weighing it down.

The aroma grew stronger the closer it got to his face. His sniffer took a big whiff of it, sucking in the steamy fumes like a vacuum cleaner. His nose trembled, blackening at the tip before spreading out. It widened and shifted, taking on a far more animalistic bent.

Dan sighed, enjoying the scent a bit. He eventually took a huge bite out of the pizza, chewing slowly at first so he could attempt taking in that flavor. His teeth though, turning more fang-like, just mashed their way through it and devoured it in no time.

He went in for another bite, opening wide. Opening wider and wider, his face extended out into an animal muzzle. Fur sprouted over it, purple on the top jaw while gold coated the bottom one, a trail of the latter running down the front of his neck to his chest.

With his enlarged jaws, he bit down and swallowed the rest of the slice all at once. He chewed fast and quick, the food quickly out of his mouth and down his throat in mere moments. “Ooooh, that’s good... so **BURRRRP!**”

Dan flinched, covering his mouth. “Ooooh, sor-”

“**HA! Don’t youse go apologizin’ ons us!**” Memphis snorted.

“**Yeah. A healthy burp is a sign of enjoyin’ da food! It’s a compliment!**” Hefty explained.

“R-really?” The toons nodded, Dan smiling. Well, that was nice at least. He was really enjoying the food so far despite having had only one slice. It made him feel all happy and warm on the inside.

Though, he also felt a bit stiff and tight. Unseen by him, he had gained several pounds to his frame. His stomach and chest pushed against his loose shirt, making it hug them. His jeans clutched his legs a lot more, thighs pushing against each other.

GURRRRGLE! His stomach let out a low rumble, a wave of hunger hitting him. Time for another slice! He reached back to the pan.

Memphis’ thick glove came back in, thankfully this time just placing itself between his hand and the pizza. “**Nows nows, youse hurryin’ too much! Take ‘nother puff! Dat’ll reallys make da flavor pop nows!**”

“Okay,” Dan said with another eager nod. He popped the cigar back in and took another drag. His pupils dilated, body shaking. The distinct taste of pepperoni on his tongue heightened

to a new level he had never experienced before. It was unbelievable, sort of like how when he blew the smoke out, it formed a pizza slice-shaped cloud.

PLOOOOF! The back of his pants pulled down, a tail shooting out. It was puffy with thick fur, coated in dazzling purple fur. Golden rings ran across it from its base to its very tip. It was stiff at first, eventually drooping and hanging loose down the stool.

He didn't notice or hear a thing, focusing on his pizza. Now that he had done his obligatory huff and puff, he took the next slice. He chomped it down without much issue, his enhanced muzzle making quick work. The taste was even more impressive now.

Da toons were right!** Dan grinned, happily thinking and enjoying his meal. **Cigars do go well with dis kinda pizza! Heh, maybe I should try smokin' all the time when I have pizza... or does it only work with their kind of smoked meat?

He didn't really know and, ultimately, decided it wasn't worth thinking too hard on. The taste was incredible and that was enough.

It tasted so good that it left him quivering. His toes clenched, feet pulsating within his footwear. They unclenched and clenched again, repeating this over and over as things felt tighter down below.

Eventually, there were two loud **RIPS**. His shoes and socks burst open at once in a stream of confetti, littering the ground around the stool. His feet had transformed, now coated in purple fur and down to four toes. Golden pads lined the bottom of his toes and soles.

He remained unaware still. He finished his slice and took a moment to suck the grease and sauce off of them. **Pop. Pop. Pop.** It went on like that, sucking and yoinking out each finger before moving onto the next one.

POP! When he had finished that final thumb, Dan finally noticed the odd sound. He looked at his hand, finding that it was now dawning its own white toon glove. His eyes turned to the other hand, seeing the same thing as well.

Wait a minute. He looked down, finally seeing all the extra weight and toony animal features he gained. Eyes narrowing, he could just see something in front of him. Reaching up, gloved hands clamped down on his short, charming muzzle.

His eyes widened, heart racing. **I'm... I'm toonifying!**

GLEAM. A sparkle came off his pizza stained fangs as his mug pulled into a wide, excited grin. Joy was exploding within him. It had been so long, so very long, but his big, jolly, soft, toonuki form was returning! It was just as pleasant as always getting back into this form, like slipping on an old, reliable pair of comfy jeans.

He chuckled softly, shaking his head. He should've known. It was so obvious! Toon food would be the perfect trigger to get him into this look. And knowing that now...

Dan snatched up another slice of pizza and slammed it down, moving with a quickness that only toons were privileged to, no matter their size.

His body slowly inflated further, chub being added in all the right spots and clothing growing ever tighter. Even his ears got it, wobbling and swelling. They shifted to the top of his head, popping out of his shrinking hair. They were roundish and soft like tanuki ones, purple as the fur on his form.

So good... soooooo good! Dan grabbed another slice and downed it. *Need more...* He ate another, the world fading out. **NEED MORE!** Down went another and then another, occasionally taking a puff here and there. It was an extra large size pizza, but it was going so fast now.

More and more his body grew, his lower half getting especially round and wide. His jeans audibly creaked and groaned until **POOOOF!** They exploded into their own burst of confetti, leaving him bare and bottomless. However, there was nothing to see. He had a completely null, pear-shaped, big-bottom fit for any wide load of a cartoon character.

Dan didn't notice, or perhaps did and did not care, focusing instead on what remained of his pizza. Fur was finishing its work, covering him in purple from head to toe. The only exception was his chest and tummy, already having its brilliant shade of gold.

With the final slice, his head finished its transformation. The last of his human traits were wiped clean, wide jaws and cheeks and a more bestial head-shape. His hair had fully merged with his fur, leaving him fully toony tanuki. He swallowed, a wave of bliss washing over him.

Everything was back to how it should be. Dan took the slowest drag off his cigar yet and blew it out wistfully, his stomach rumbling. “**BURRRRRRRRRRP!**” The scent of pepperoni filled the air, his belly jiggling.

“**PHEW!**” Dan declared, wiping his brow. “**Dat was sum goooooood pizza!**” He looked down at the pan. “**Heh, guess I don't have to worry about taking anything home then.**” He patted his belly. “**Good ta have you back, old buddy.**”

SNAP! Memphis snapped his fingers. **“AH! Nows I’s recognize ya! I’s seen youse at Marty’s shop before likes dat!”**

“Mhm! Wouldn’t work dere if I couldn’t look like dis.” Dan playfully patted his belly, getting a good beat out of it. **“Dough, dis is probably it for a while.”**

“Whaddya mean?” Hefty asked.

“Wells, I’s won’t be comin’ back to Toon Town anytime soon, so I’s won’t be able to change back into dis again,” Dan explained with a sad shrug. **“Plus, I can’t afford to eat out all the time, so I can’t order from you guys for a bit.”**

“Hmm, dat sounds like a problem for ya,” Hefty remarked with a small nod. He tapped his chin a bit before a light bulb appeared above his head. **“Oh! Ya know, we’s are lookin’ for a new part-timer around here.”**

“Huh?” Dan gave the orca toon a curious look, his heart starting to race.

“Mhm! We’s could use another waiter here!” Hefty said, nudging Memphis.

“Oh! Yeah!” The rat nodded, realizing what his boss was getting at. **“Mhm! A big, chunky toonauki likes youse would be a greats addition to da team!”**

“Really?!” Dan’s heart raced faster, his chest cartoonish thumping. **“B-but, I’s got mah other job, den there’s life and-”**

“Dontcha worry a ding!” Hefty declared, reaching across and patting him on the shoulder. **“We’re extremely flexible here. Ya give us your regular schedule and what times work best, and we’s can figure out a place for yah. Heck, if youse just needa toon out, we can help dere too!”**

“REALLY?!” Dan’s eyes sparkled, a radiating glow coming off of them. **“OOOH, dat would be great!”**

This is exactly what he was looking for: a reason. A reason, one that also pays, to toon out again and return to Toon Town more often? It was perfect. He could totally work there.

The toonauki took a drag off his cigar and blew out. **“Dough, can I still have pizza and cigar while I work?”**

The two toons burst into laughter, even the ones over in the booth watching the scene unfold joined in too. **“Are youse kiddin’?”** Memphis snorted, **“course youse can smoke and eat while workin’! Heck, it’s encouraged! Youse gotta keeps lookin’ and soundin’ da best after all!”**

Dan sighed happily, taking another toke and blowing it out. The smoke formed into a big, heart-shaped cloud. It perfectly captured his feelings.

Everything felt right again. He couldn't wait to come back again in his new role as a charming toonauki waiter, helping people swell into proper, squishy shape. It felt even more rewarding than just selling games and merch. It felt like a true calling for him.

Dan would now fit in perfectly around those parts, just another goofy, happy part of this jolly community.

THE END