

Pizza O'Clock: Making An Ass out of Hiring

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Dreads of Discord

Pizza O'Clock, right here... Kira looked high up at the sign above the building's entrance. The young woman had passed by this place several times before. This was the first time she would enter it.

The pizzeria had only opened a few weeks ago, but she didn't have much of a reason to go in. She wasn't much for trying new, unheard-of food establishments, not liking to take risks even if it was just pizza. Then there was the staff itself she had seen entering and leaving the place that put her off.

She looked into the hazy windows. She could just make out the large figures moving about inside. Just from very brief interactions or seeing them, she knew she wouldn't really "get" them. They were a bit much, a hard contrast with her personality and attitude.

But that didn't really matter then, did it? She had little choice about what she wanted versus what she needed. What she needed then was money.

"It'll be fine! I promise!" Riley smiled warmly at Kira, kissing her on the cheek. I'll handle the rent for now. You just focus on finding the right job for you."

She shouldn't have to do this. Kira rubbed her face. *We need to pay rent... and more of my tuition.* Everything had really turned out bad all at once when she lost her temp job.

She looked back up at the sign for Pizza O'Clock, her body anxious and nervous. *I'll be fine. They'll want me. I'm a hard worker! I can do almost anything a restaurant needs, and I'm sure I can adapt to whatever needs doing.*

But are you sure about that?

Kira flinched. ***Weren't you all of that before? Look where you are now, trying once again at another job that will no doubt end poorly.***

The little voice nagged on. ***Plus, are we really kidding here? You're far too overdressed for this joint!*** Kira didn't think so. It was a perfectly fine blouse, skirt, pantyhose, and heels. Sure, maybe she was a *bit* too formal for a pizzeria and... and...

She hunched forward. *Also, that attitude. You're far too reserved. You couldn't fit in with any of these people if you tried. You can't fit in, and there's no way you'll keep up with the demands the service industry requires. You're just doo-*

Kira shook her head, smacking her cheeks. She still felt nervous as all hell, with a twitch in her eye and a tremble in her arms. *No... screw off; I can do this!*

She took a deep breath and released it. It helped somewhat. *I'm gonna go in there and do this interview! It's gonna go well!*

“Well, I's say youse hired, lil' lady!”

Kira nearly fell out of her seat. *Wait, seriously?* She had only started the interview a few minutes ago. She met the manager, talked with him a little, and then he spent some time looking at his computer before making that announcement.

Though, maybe she shouldn't be so shocked ultimately? She did apply at a toon business, meeting with its large, fat, beaver toon manager, Roy Buckbutt. She was sitting in his office, a room stacked high with pizza boxes and logs that had gnaw marks all over them. Nothing should've been unexpected at such a place.

Roy seemed to notice her shock and gave her a big thumbs up. **“Dontcha worry! Everydang is a-okay! I likes ya from da moment ya walked ons in! I's sees potential in ya! Youse destined ta be a fine membah of da Pizza O'Clock family!”**

Kira felt just a smidgen of relief wash over her. She felt a wave of different emotions since walking in. First, she felt intimidated. Roy towered over her and was larger & wider than two of her put side by side. His natural speaking voice was loud with a bunch of bass in it.

Then she felt unsure. The longer she saw Roy and the other toons there, the more she felt out of place. They didn't look remotely serious, just silly and goofy. Sure, that was for obvious reasons, but did she even feel right being there?

Now? She felt better. After talking with and listening to him, she found him to be just so jolly and friendly. His toony accent and way of speaking added to his delightful charm. She just felt welcomed being around him. If he was indeed hiring her already, maybe this would be fine. He didn't seem like he would be a bad boss to work for.

“So!” Roy cleared his throat, Kira sitting at attention. “**Nows, let’s talk position! I’m dinkin’... youse be perfect fors da server job!**”

And then, Kira was back to confusion. *Server? Like a waitress or something?* She couldn’t possibly be good at that! She could probably bust tables, but that? She would probably be better in the kitchen given Riley’s praise for her cooking. Maybe she could work in the back with accounting and management since she was taking courses on those.

Also, now that she thought of it, she didn’t specify what position she wanted when she applied, did she? *Better fix this.* “I’m not so sure about the server position. I-I’m not great with keeping up with pacing and han-handling orders. Maybe I can work else-”

“**Nonsense!**” Roy chuckled, getting up. He walked beside her and gently patted her shoulder. It was surprisingly soft and relaxing. “**Youse’ll be perfect! I’s can tells. All youse needs is sum more confidence ands a lil’ self-assurance, hun!**”

It was nice of him to say that and have such faith, but Kira doubted that. However, before she could say anything, the beaver grabbed the walkie-talkie on his belt. “**Heya, I’s gonna need ones special hirin’ personal pan in mah office.**”

Personal pan? Is he hun- Creeeeeeeak. The office door opened and in strolled a toon hippo, one she’d seen when she’d first arrived. He waddled over to the desk and dropped off a steaming, small pizza on the desk. He gave the two a small nod before leaving just as speedily as he showed, shaking his keister from side to side.

“Huh, that was fast.” Kira looked at the small sausage pizza. It certainly looked cooked and fresh, but that couldn’t be possible. How good, or even safe, could it be given that it was apparently made in only a few seconds?

“**Thanks!**” Roy chimed, not noticing her apprehension, “**At Pizza O’Clock, we pride ourselves ons deliverin’ our grub inta ours customahs maws quick! It’s alls ‘bout toon efficiency ands speediness heres!**”

“**Anywho, eats up! Consider it a hirin’ bonus!**” Kira looked at the beaver and then at the small pan again.

Eat this? Sure, it was a very small pizza, less than half a foot/fifteen centimeters in diameter. However, Kira was worried. *I don’t have a plate, any napkins... what if I get my clothes messy? I’m not sure if I should... but would it be rude if I don’t? He did get this for me and-*

“I’s get ya!” Kira looked back at Roy, who was nodding to himself. **“I’s see dat look on yours face ands totally understand! Youse don’t have ta say a word!”**

Wait, he understands? Oh, that’s a reli-

“Dis pizza is much too small! Ya needs sumding bigger fors yours tummy! I’s was bein’ silly gettin’ ya someding dis small! Here, let mes-”

“N-n-no!” Kira loudly declared as he reached for his radio, “I’m good! This will be just fine!” She reached over and pulled one of the slices, steam billowing off as melted cheese stretched long. “I’m gonna eat it now!”

Holding the slice with both hands up to her face, she got a good whiff of the pizza now. Her eyes lit up, her jaw dropping. *Whoa... that smells good! Like, reeeeeeeally good!*

Her nose shuddered before taking a deep sniff of the hot fumes rising from the cheesy slice. The scent of it grew more enticing, more delectable by the second. Her nostrils began turning dark brown and bumpy, the color and texture spreading to the rest of the sniffer.

Kira could feel a bead of drool at the edge of her mouth as she held the slice. She didn’t even try it yet or even wanted to a second ago, but now? **Gurrrrrgle.** Her body was craving it. It wanted it badly.

It’s just a piece of pizza. Nothing more. I’m being silly. Kira noticed Roy watching her. He was back behind his desk but leaning over it intently. His wide beavertail swung back and forth like an eager dog. *Probably look sillier not eating...*

With a deep breath, she bit into the tip of the pizza.

Her pupils dilated. *Sausage smoked to perfection! The cheese and sauce are blended and balanced togethah purfactly! Dis dough is soft and tender, all da grease soakin’ in ands enhancin’ dat flavor! MmmmmHMMMM! Dat is heaven!*

Kira rapidly shook their... her head, blinking her eyes several times. Shivers and waves of joy and pleasure raced throughout, up and down her body. Eventually, they all went straight up into her ears, which wiggled cartoonishly.

SWOOOMP! Her ears shot up to the top of her noggin. Brown fur erupted over them, unkempt and dirty on the outside while scraggly on the inside. The shape of them smoothed out, lengthening long and narrow, a darker patch of brown fuzz at the very tip of her animal ears.

“Whoa... what was **dat?**” Kira blinked a few more times. What just rushed through her head, so loud and booming? What was that feeling when she bit into the pizza? Where was it all coming from?

Roy chuckled. “**Heh! Dat, mah friend, is da powah of-**”

Kira didn't even let him finish. She started chomping through the rest of the slice like a wild animal, needing to eat it all as fast as possible. She needed more! She needed to experience that again!

Sauce and grease splattered her face as she ate madly. Her entire body groaned, beginning to swell. Arms and legs grew chunkier, her tummy pushing against her shirt. Her breasts seemed to increase a tad but also felt heavier and wider. Her clothing clung to her body more than before, buttons stretching to hold her back.

As she reached the crust, devouring it just as fast, her hair shook like a breeze went through. A blondish tone came to it, rising from her roots and washing out its dark brown color. A few hairs thickened, some bending and curling out of place like they weren't properly brushed.

MmmmHMMM! **SLURRRP!** Kira licked her lips, a long, silly, bright pink tongue sliding out and slapping across her right cheek. It went across her entire mug, absorbing any of the splattered sauce and grease that missed her maw. It ducked back in after it was done, fitting perfectly fine.

As she sighed, her thin, almost invisible body hair began to thicken. On her arms, legs, and even her tummy, the hairs darkened and spread, compacted tight together. From a glance, it looked like she was growing fur.

Roy smiled. “**Can't blame ya fors not waitin'! Dats sum gooood pizza dere! What ya dink so fars... if I's even has ta ask?**”

“**I love it!**” Kira boomed, flashing a big smile. A sparkle came off her pearly white teeth, which were looking thicker and more molar-like than before.

She paused. “**Huh.**” *My voice... why does it sound like that? “Is it just me or is my voice louder?”* It wasn’t that it was just loud; it was boisterous. It sounded so energetic and pippy as each word boomed from her mouth like it was natural.

“**Oh, dat’s just da sound of bein’ happy with eatin’!**” Roy said with a nod. “**Nuthin’ unusual ‘bout dat at all! It’s probably just howse youse you’ll sound after eatin’ a good meal!**”

*Ah... I’m not sure about **dat**. I think **dere’s** something off her-*

“**Anywho!**” Roy leaned back in his seat, pushing the pan pizza back to the center of his desk. “**Keep on eatin’! Dere’s still plen-**”

*More! **Pizza!*** Kira automatically moved, lunging forward and snatching another slice from the plate. **GURRRRGLE!** Her stomach demanded, no, needed that greasy meal in it now!

She brought the slice to her face, making a big **SLURP** of the lips. *I’m... what am I doing?* She hesitated briefly, her mouth stopping as it opened. *This... this is embarrassing! I’m acting like a fool.*

Her eyes looked at Roy, who eagerly looked at her. *Probably doesn’t care... but I care! R-right? I’m m-making an ass out of myself! I’m not a crude person... girl... If I’m gonna eat this, I should behave better, right?*

With a small gulp, she slowly placed the pizza into her mouth and bit into it. She started to chew. And chew. And chew faster... louder!

Dough... though, is it really... really bad for a toon to act like a toon?

Those words were confusing in her head, but only briefly as a numbing, foggy sensation went through her mind. Her hair shortened, climbing to about her ear level. The locks grew messier as the color brightened fully into a dirty blonde.

GULP! Kira sighed, letting the bite fall into her stomach. *This pizza tastes real goood.* Her breasts shook, shrinking in size again and looking saggier. *So good... probably should slow down to really taste it dough. Taste ands savor dat yummy, scrumptious-*

Kira snarfed down that second slice like the first without hesitation. *Need it! Need it mah tummy! **Gurrrrrrrrgle!** So hungry! Bein’ silly... food fors eatin’, not admirin’! Gotta eat!*

Those words were popping naturally into her mind, sounding so right as her body bubbled. She was growing wider and heavier by the second, filling out her spacious chair. Her clothing was tightening on her, but she wouldn't stop eating to look no matter how noticeable it became.

The swelling struck her torso the most. The shoulders broaden, her neck muscles stretching. Her chest widened with her shoulders, breasts losing even more shape. Her stomach inflated and grew significantly. It heaved against her blouse, stretching the buttons and threatening to pop them right off.

So good. She chomped through the crust, finishing off the piece. ***Pizza goooooood.*** She sighed blissfully, goosebumps breaking on her arms and legs. ***Want more pizza!*** Body hair on her limbs thickened, spreading out across them instead of as patches. A brown pelt was soon covering them.

Wanna eat more! Wanna ea- “**BUUURRRRRRRRP!**” Her pupils dilated as a blast of warmth rocketed through her body with that gross declaration. Her legs opened wide as a large bulge popped out in the crotch, her clothing cartoonishly clinging to it and highlighting its shape.

“**Oh... oh my!**” Kira slapped her hands over her mouth. ***Oh god, what did I just do!? I was just eating... my mind was fuzzy and I just... I just...*** “**I-I-I'm s-sorry! I didn't mean ta be ru-**”

“**BWAHAHAHAHA!**” Roy bellowed, smacking his desk. Kira twitched, seeing the toon chortling it up and spinning in his seat. After a few turns, he abruptly stopped and smiled. “**Why youse apologizin'? Dat was sum good burp dere!**”

Why apologize? Kira's hands gripped her legs, her cheeks burning red. ***Isn't it obvious? It's... it's beneath me! So... so boorish... It's not right, improper... and I look dumb.***

That's because you are dumb. Seriously, way to sell yourself! Things are just going gre-

Shut up! The woman shook her head and took a deep breath. ***Okay... just focus, girl. Just say why and move on, girl. Let's get back on track, boy.***

Kira looked Roy straight in the face. “**I's guess youse right. Dat burp was purdy good!**”

Twitch. *What? Why did... why I's just say dat?* They tried to open their mouth again, but it remained closed. The words didn't come either. *I... I's shouldn't be burpin' all big likes dat... I's dink?*

Why was burping bad again? It was something to do with being impro... impro... something? It felt so hazy and unclear in their mind. Maybe burping isn't bad? The answer was there on the tip of their tongue, but it kept eluding them.

“**Burrrp, hmmm...**” Kira leaned back in their seat as their stance relaxed, slouching and looking far more limp. A hand of theirs went to their stomach, casually scratching the soft mass. They tried their best to think and think.

However, nothing came. **Maybe I'lls 'member it lateah. Ors not, probably just bein' goofy. Belchin' out a big one ain't bad!**

Their eyes landed on the pizza, two personal pan slices left. **Dough, what would be bad is ta not keep eatin' when dere's food on da plate! 'Specially food dat tastes soooo guuud!**

Kira grabbed the third slice, fingers digging deep into it as they brought it close. Grease and sauce seeped all over the hand, even the other one when it came up to help support holding it. After a moment though, all of the gunk simply faded away.

It was absorbed into their hands. Their mitts began to tremble ever so subtly as skin bubbled. Everything began to swell, some fingers merging as skin turned snow-white. They grew and grew, nails vanishing and the wrists puffing out a lot.

Holding the slice with their new, toony gloves, Kira happily bit into it with gusto. Pleasure poured down their body, straight into their crotch. The bulge grew bigger, more prominent, stretching their skirt further.

Kira did not stop with that bite, even with how it made them quake. They swiftly tore through it, almost inhaling it seemed. **More! More pizza in me! Need all da pizza!**

The new employee's body only continued to grow and change, their once scrawny form a distant memory. Their rear ballooned, growing wide and thick, easily filling out the seat. **Pop-pop-pop!** The bottom buttons on the blouse gave out as her gut broke through. It fell right onto their enlarged, chunky thighs, dipping over their skirt's hemline all around.

Kira grew more and more, fat and even fur spreading over their entire body. The changes raced down into their feet, their heels bulging and eventually breaking. However, bursting from them were two large, thick hooves that were distinctly animal-like.

Kira sucked on their gloved fingers and let out another **BURP**, one that vibrated the pizza box towers around them. They stretched, slouching more in their chair and opening their legs further. “**Mmm,**” they said, licking their lips, “**Such good pizza!**”

Roy, not remotely phased, smiled. “**Darn tootin’ it is! But, let’s talks ‘bout what youse was sayin’ earlier. If youse don’t wanna be a server, I’s can probably find youse sum managerial work or sumding of dat nature. Dere’s other opportunities dat-**”

Kira’s head tilted. He... or was it she... maybe they? It was too difficult to think about. They did recall maybe wanting to do something behind the scenes; play to their strengths. But were those their strengths?

They scratched their head. **Managin’ ands handlin’ important business sounds hard... too much thankin’ in dat for sum guy likes me. Ugh, I’s feels dumb dankin’ ‘bout it too!**

So, that left him with the server position Roy initially offered. **Hmm... dat ain’t bad.** He smiled. **I’s do like da attention! Helpin’ people would be a lotta fun!**

His smile only grew larger as he nodded. Kira knew he wasn’t particularly graceful or quick, but he made up for it with spunk surely! He would love to serve and make others happy. The thought made his heart flutter as much as he loved eating and tubby guys!

“**Naaaaaaah, bro!**” Kira belched, “**I’ms your guy fors servin’! Youse can count on me for dat!**”

“**Great ta hear!**” the beaver cheered, “**I’ms sure you’lls fit in heres just fine with da rest of us!**”

Kira nodded, resting his hands on his stomach. They gently stretched and rubbed his massive... wide... gut? He looked down at it, then at his arms, and finally at his legs.

Wait... am... am I getting bigger or something?

...nah! I'ms not big 'nough! Dat's da problem!

Kira grabbed that final slice, still steamingly hot as when it first came out. He shoved it up to his mouth and took one large bite, grease, cheese, and sauce splattering the insides of his maw.

Across his body, the last changes rocketed through. Fur rapidly spread, cloaking the very last traces of their former human complexion. Their eyes turned dark brown and rounder, eyebrows thickening. Above their rear, a long tail popped out with a thick, blackish-brown tuft at its end.

CHOMP! He took another bite, almost finishing it off. His clothing shivered and wiggled as if being blown in a breeze. It suddenly grew and rapidly shifted, turning into something more “fitting” for a figure like himself. A large t-shirt that didn’t cover his belly for one, the lovely phrase “Big Wide Ass” written on it, and some well-fitting jean shorts for another.

CHOMP! And like that, he finished off the last of it, part of him almost wishing he had savored it. However, the intense, pleasurable feeling made that thought vanish. He let out a hefty moan, his legs opening wider.

FWOOOSMP! His bulge inflated as fast as an airbag that went off. While it didn’t reach airbag size, it grew massive. It was as big as a bowling ball and protruded out cartoonishly from his shorts. Said shorts hugging its form perfectly, highlighting every inch of it.

Kira let out a long, loud yawn, stretching his arms. **“Now... now dat was sum good BURRRRRRRPPPPHEEEHAWWW!”** A large, goofy bellow left his gut and flew out of his mouth. His face stretched with it like a rubber band before snapping back, forming quite the striking donkey muzzle for him.

Kira blinked a few times but smiled dopily, almost like he hadn’t noticed a thing. **“Dat was sum goood pizza!”** He licked his lips and snickered. **“Dough, wasn’t dat just a tiny bit too smalls for an ass likes me?”**

“Sure is,” Roy said with a nod, leaning forward, **“But we likes ta give ours employees just a lil’ taste first. After youse officially join, den youse can eat da big stuff!”**

“Burrrrrrp! Heheh, big! Big is guud.” Kira looked at his belly jiggling with that last burp. He happily rubbed, feeling its weight and size. It was so big, just like him! He loved it! He loved being so big!

It was nice to finally work in a place with like-minded and weighty people like himself. The last job he had stunk! It made the dumb donkey do lots of thinking and that was such a drag! He was right to leave it for the more peaceful lands of Pizza O'Clock.

Heheh, Riley is gonna be sooo proud of me! Kira chuckled, rubbing his chubby cheeks. **Dis place is da best! Money ain't gonna be a problem anymore! Dings are-**

GRRRRROWLL! “Oh! Heheheh... still hungry!” He gave his belly a gentle, soothing pat. “**Nows dat I's work heres, howse 'bout youse make with more pizzas?**”

“Oh sure!” Roy said, looking at the computer on his desk, “**But before I's do, gotta clear sumding up! I'ms lookin' at da resume youse submitted ands dere seems ta be a problem!**”

“**Really? What?**”

“**Da name, dummy! I's dink it's wrong. What's yours name again fors da record?**”

Kira chuckled, shaking his head. “**Oh, just dat? Dat's easy! Da name is-**”

“**Awwwwww, toots! What's da madder? Youse always like Doofy Darren Donkerton's Donkey Hug!**”

Riley was confused. She had gone to answer a knock at her and her girlfriend's apartment door. However, before she could reach it, a large, fat toon donkey man with that long name had burst in, confetti exploding behind him.

Darren declared he got some kind of job and rushed over, giving her a big hug. He started thanking her for the support and talking about how great things were going to be, finding a place that truly got him and everything. It was... much.

Riley was nice. She didn't mind toons at all, finding this one to be just as jolly and friendly as one might expect. However, between this stranger bursting in and his hug, she was left baffled. Also, he reeked of pizza and sweat, which was a tad much when shoved right up against his chest by his tubby arms.

“Okay... okay!” The young woman exclaimed, struggling to slip out of his grasp. “Just... who are you exactly?”

“**Tsk, really?**” Darren set her down, giving her a strange look. “**Ummm, ya don't knows? It's me! Your roomie and soft boi lovah, duuuuh!**”

With that, Darren did a rather flirty wink and put his arms behind his head. He pushed out his big belly as if to show it off. The lighting around them seemed to dim, romantic music beginning to play.

What? Riley rubbed her face. I'm... I'm not dating a donkey! Who is this guy? I'm dating a really nice lady named Doofy Darren Donkerton! ...huh?

That didn't seem right. She was dating a nice guy... girl? Human? Anthro? Dating somebody? Dating a donkey? Her mind felt hazy and warm as it clouded over.

Unknown to her, even being away from him now, the fumes and scent coming off the donkey were still flooding her nose. Her brain felt off from that and as she looked at him, something about his presence was growing familiar and... tempting.

After struggling a bit, Riley managed to muster only one thing. “Ahhhh... okay?”

That was as much apprehensive as she could muster. Her concerns were washing away. Being around him was drawing her in further. He was just so inviting, sweet... and handsome. Perhaps what he was saying was right?

Darren smiled, a sparkle coming off his thick, pearly molars. He reached over and ruffled her hair. “**Glad wes cleared dat up!**” He strolled past her towards the kitchen. “**Anywho, dis guy got his dream job, so let's celebrate!**”

“Yeah... sure.” Riley's eyes followed Darren as he strolled past, watching him leave. Well, watching his rear as he left. She stared as it shook and jiggled in his pants.

He's so handsome... Riley gulped. He's so attractive... like Kira. Darren... Kira... Doofy Darren Kira... roomie... so hot.

With that, she began to follow him. Her pace began to quicken as her mind cleared. *Gotta make sure he leaves me some! He's gonna eat the whole fridge if I don't stop him like before...*

Before. That had happened before? It seemed and felt true. She definitely knew this donkey toon, been around him... been dating him for a long time.

Before... it didn't matter. What mattered would be the couple having a fun night of celebrating. Then tomorrow, things would be back to normal.

Kira would be back then along with their memories. They would remember everything, everything about the interview and what had happened after at home. They would remember the big, fat, boisterous donkey that entered their life and soon be a major factor in it from then on.

They were going to enjoy this very, very much.

THE END?