

# ***Pizza O'Clock: Sudden Filling Hire***

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Commission done for [Roggamer22 of FurAffinity](#)

*This is desperation, pure and simple.* Roxy frowned, looking at the newspaper in her hand. *I mean, what are the chances this will actually help?*

This was the end of the line after searching online websites & listings and failing the only meeting she got. She was resorting to the newspaper, the dying print medium, and its Help Wanted section. Newspapers still had those listed in them, right? She hadn't read one in... when exactly was it?

It didn't matter. She bought the paper from a tin bin on her soul-crushing march away from disappointment. She had been overdramatic in those thoughts, but after such a dejecting wash of an interview, she couldn't help but feel incredibly in the dumps.

Roxy sighed, trying to bury those feelings and move on. *Be somewhat positive here. Maybe there will be something in here.* She gripped the paper tightly. *Just take this home, open it up, and go from there. Just-*

There was a low gurgle from her stomach. The young woman looked down, patting it. She was feeling very hungry. She had purposely skipped out on eating before her interview. She didn't want to leave during it for a bathroom break like that one embarrassing time.

*Okay, home later. Eat now.* Roxy brushed her dark, almost purplish tint, long hair from her face and adjusted her glasses. She took a hard look around the street. Mostly some non-food businesses and even an apartment complex or two.

That's when further down the street she spotted a neon sign flickering, rather bright and obvious despite the sunny skies. The sign read, "Pizza O'Clock".

*Well, can't argue with that. Pizza does sound good right now.* Roxy hurried down towards the pizza parlor, carefully crossing the street on the way over. The storefront windows were hazy, red curtains on the inside obscuring even more of the sights inside. Another neon sign laid in the window, enticingly flashing "Open".

The young woman stepped in through the door and onto the oversized welcome mat inside. **Ding-a-ding!** "Heey dere, skinny!"

A sight across the room made Roxy gasp, her cheeks brightening a rosy red. Right behind the diner's top counter, there was a large toon. It was a huge beaver, one whose gut was almost on full display if not for a t-shirt that only covered everything above his belly button.

At the counter on the other side was another toon who didn't even go that far. It was a fat, gray rat that proudly sat shirtless. The only thing he wore was a backward baseball cap, big tennis shoes, and some rather tight shorts.

The rat spoke up. **“Heh, tolds ya! Youse just has ta be patient! Peeps wills be runnin’ in lookin’ for a fill-up in noes time! Gotta has sum faith heres!”**

Roxy froze, her glasses sliding down her nose. *Toons!*

Indeed, before her were big, fat, hefty toons. She had never seen such beings in real life before, let alone this close. She knew them by their reputation and all of the silliness within it. Their goofy, larger-than-life natures; wild living and behaviors; and more made them unpredictable and kind of intimidating for most humans.

Roxy was no exception, their presence making her nervous. Her legs anxiously shook, unsure of whether to leave or stay.

**“Welllllls, don’t just stand dere!”** the beaver boomed with a jovial tune. **“Park dat keister over heres besides mah fatass buddy!”** His arm cartoonishly stretched over the side of the counter, patting the stool beside the rat.

The rat didn't even look remotely phased by the “fatass” remark, patting the stool as well. **“Yeah! Park it heres! Dese chairs are made fors all sizes ands fors comfort!”**

Roxy gulped. This wasn't what she was expecting when she sought out a pizzeria... or any other day. *I should... I should leave, right?*

Her eyes turned away from them, her body beginning to turn as well. However, a feeling rose seeing them. They looked so excited, so happy to see her. Leaving now, it would be rude and awkward, wouldn't it? She couldn't just go.

Plus, who knew how they would react if she just left as soon as they invited her over.

Taking a deep breath, she approached the two and took a seat beside the rat, facing the beaver head-on.

*Man, these guys smell!* Roxy almost gagged being that close to them. The two of them had such powerful odors coming off their bodies. They both smelled like fresh pizza, which wouldn't be so bad if it didn't feel so overwhelming. Then there was also a pungent smoke scent coming off the rat, not helping matters.

She tried her best to ignore it, even as her eyes felt like watering. She instead looked ahead at the nametag on the beaver. It read, "Roy Buckbutt." Yep, that sounded about right for a goofy toon name.

"**So!**" Roy said, clearing his throat. "**Youse want a menu, lil' lady?**"

"Oh! Ahhh! S-s-sure!" Roxy diverted her eyes back to the counter. How long was she staring at him? Sure, it was just his nametag, but staring wasn't good. She was probably staring for so long!

She mentally tried to calm herself. *No, only was a few seconds, dummy. Be chill.* She was so wound up and off before she came in. Now, she was getting all nervous and anxious, plus a tad woozy from the toon fumes.

As the beaver went to fetch a menu, she brought up the newspaper she got and opened it. *Maybe reading this will help.* She quickly flipped through to the Help Wanted section, breathing slowly. It seemed to help, especially when she started reading what was listed.

*Better. Just relax.* It was hard to retain information as she read, but things were getting better. *Just read. Just relax.* She breathed in and released slowly. Her nerves and small ticks began to settle.

She breathed in again, through her nose now, and exhaled. Maybe it was just being too overloaded now or she was getting used to it, but the scents from the others around her seemed to be dying down. Dying down or smelling fine.

Smelling fine or smelling alright? It was hard to say, but it was better for her to not focus on it for long.

Roxy read through the ads and sighed.

*I'm sorry, but you're just not what we're looking for today.*

*W-wait! Wha-what d-do you mean?*

*We're looking for someone who can converse with customers, help them and make them feel wanted. We need someone who can communicate properly and show confidence.*

*B-b-but I can-*

*I'm sorry, but you cannot. You haven't been able to look me in the eyes for more than a few seconds this entire interview, even when talking to me. Your references and resume are good, but we need to be able to have trust in you beyond just that.*

**“Hey, youse okay, skinny?”**

Roxy snapped to attention, dropping the paper onto the counter. The rat beside her was curiously looking at her, stroking his muzzle. Roy was back with a menu, looking at her with interest too.

**“Yah lookin’ a bit outta it dere,”** the rat said.

“W-was I?” Roxy squeaked.

**“Ah-huh!”** Roy added, nodding his head. **“Even with yours head stuck in dat paper, I’s could pick up on dat aura of yours. Youse really bringin’ da mood down ‘round heres!”**

“Oh... it’s nothing.” Roxy tried to take her paper and cover her face with it again.

A gloved hand slapped down on it. **“Pffffff, sounds likes someding ta me!”**

They weren’t going to drop this, Roxy could tell. It didn’t feel right to talk to them about such things, like her real, very serious life issues and problems. Such silly figures couldn’t possibly understand her dilemma at all.

But, it wouldn’t hurt to tell them. It wasn’t like she was coming back there. It does help to sometimes get things off one’s chest, so talking to them would be somewhat helpful. Also, it might get them to stop dumbly staring at her. That didn’t help her awkward, shy demeanor.

“W-w-well,” Roxy said, hands falling onto her knees and gripping them. “If you must know, things are... tough right now. I just had a job interview that... that went terribly! I screwed up so badly! I couldn’t talk properly, look at the interviewer, say the right words, or anything!”

**“I’s getcha!”** the rat nodded, stroking his chin. **“Dat stuff cans be a real gut-wrencher!”**

Well, his sympathy was nice at least. Still, Roxy kept rambling. “It’s all over! I tried my best, but I couldn’t find a job! I’m going to be evicted! I looked everywhere and they’re all full up or just keep rejecting me! Now, I’m just searching a newspaper because I don’t know what to d-d-do any-”

**“OH! Job! Dat why youse really here?”**

Roy butted in so loudly that Roxy nearly jumped out of her seat. Her heart was racing after that sudden outburst. All she could muster out was, “Huh?”

A twinkle sparkled off his thick buckteeth, the beaver looking rather proud. **“Yeah! We’s lookin’ for sum news employees ‘round heres!”**

**“Oh! Right!”** The rat bonked his head. **“Sorries! Was caught up in yours drama dere!”** He took one of Roxy’s hands and gave it a good shake. **“Da name’s Memphis Ratterton! I’m one of dah higher-ups management folk of Pizza O’Clock!”**

**“I’s was just checkin’ in on da newest-”**

**“Meanin’ second!”** Roy chuckled.

**“-location ta open! We’s got our main man here!”** Memphis patted Roy on the shoulder. **“But da place needs a fews more employees as ya can imagine! Hard ta run a place all by yourself!”**

He leaned close up to Roxy with a warm smile. He still smelled strongly of pizza and smoke, yet it didn’t even make her flinch. It was so bizarrely welcoming and comforting. **“If youse lookin’ fors a job, we’s can hire ya rights now! Don’t even have ta do any interviewin’.”**

Those words knocked her back out of that smelly, inviting haze. *Did... did they just offer me a job?!*

From concern about having no prospects for the future to now having a job just dropped into her lap, this was such a sudden loop she had been thrown for. Sure, a job wouldn’t remotely solve all her issues, but financial security for at least a little bit was okay. Having seemingly nice co-workers as well was a plus too.

But just as her spirit started to lift, judgment followed. She had very little experience with the food industry and what she did brought back bad memories of working at an McD's. She knew nothing about pizza, so she couldn't cook anything. She didn't have access to a car, so forget about being a delivery woman. Then there was her personality.

Now, she felt even worse. She couldn't talk to people easily without feeling anxious, so being a waitress or working at the counter would be bad. They had just opened up, and she would make a mess of everything. She wasn't good enough for this, she was sure. At least, her mind was sure and that she couldn't quiet.

Roxy took her hand back from Memphis and looked down at her lap. "S-s-sorry. I don't..." She tried to muster the right words. "I don't think I would fit in here."

That wasn't what she wanted to say, but that was an issue as well. Roy and Memphis were nice and surprisingly easy to talk to, if oddly scented. However, looking at them, especially those hefty guts, she was not a remote fit. Even with all the experience and confidence in the world, she'd stand out like a sore thumb.

It had to be obvious to them as well, right? She was a weak, small, nervous wreck of a woman. They were huge, confident, energetic toons.

Despite her words, Roy only laughed. "**Oooh, silly! Don't dink like dat! You're fine! Youse'd fit in perfectly after a lil' bit! Everybuddy does eventually when workin' here!**" He playfully rubbed his belly. "**Even me!**"

"**Yeah, yourse guuuud, lil' lady!**" Memphis added.

Roxy felt so guilty. They were being so nice and yet, she couldn't return it.

"**Hmmm, I's know!**" The beaver reached behind his back. "**Howse 'bout one of ours Super BigGut Dranks on da house? A sign ta show youse really belong with us!**"

He pulled out a super large soda cup. It was blue with yellow descending stripes and a large, rainbow-striped, bendy straw sticking out of the top. Roxy was taken aback by this magic trick, even knowing about toons' special ability of making things appear.

The drink was placed before her, a rattle of ice and soda from within. The scent of cola drifted from it. She was a fan of cola but looking at that cup before her, it was gigantic! It was like it could fit two whole gallons (or eight liters) in there! She couldn't possibly drink all of that!

Still, after a long day, she was feeling rather thirsty, and she should at least try since it was a gift. “Th-thank you.” She took the cup, barely able to hold or move it with just one hand alone, and brought it close. She took a sip.

Roxy shivered, a vibrating wave rushing over her from her lips to the rest of her body. Her hair stood on end, goosebumps breaking out. Her fingers twitched. The cola was sharp, sweeter than anything she had ever experienced before. It was teeming with energy as well, her body anxious to move and run around. Toon soda was no joke!

“**Sooooo, youse says youse wouldn’t fit in here, right?**” Memphis asked, stroking his chin. There was a certain glint in his eyes, the smile on his mug sly and amused.

Roxy pulled away from the drink, her body starting to shimmer down from its shakes. She gulped and took a breath or two before answering. “Y-yeah. I just... I just don’t think I fit in. I mean, look at me. I’m just me. I don’t **belong here with youse handsom, big gutters.**”

***Ka-Cough!*** Roxy cleared her throat, rubbing her throat. Something sounded off. “Umm, did my voice sound-”

“**Ya silly goose!**” The rat bellowed, smacking the counter with a jovial laugh to follow. “**All dat sad talk. ‘Course youse would fit in heres! I’s see no problem with youse at all. Howse ‘bout you, Roy?**”

“**I’s see no problem either!**”

“**Ands dere ya go!**” Memphis smiled. “**Dough, if it makes ya feel beddah, we’s could always do an interview rights now! It be more official too!**”

“**Dat work!**” Roy leaned in, giving a sweet smile too. “**Us hefty fellahs could handle a prompto interview right now.**” He winked. “**We’d love ta talk more with a great interviewee likes yourself!**”

Roxy blushed. The two were so nice and a bit of sweet talkers too. ***Heh, dey probably eats a lotta sweets too~.***

All jokes aside, Roxy had to admit she was growing to appreciate them. She had never met such overwhelming pleasant, welcoming folks like these two. They were just handing out a job like that, offering her free drinks, and making her feel good. Were all toons like this?

Frankly, the entire thing was making her positively giddy and even a bit tingly. Her butt in particular tingled, a spot above it bulging out ever so subtly. It pushed against her rather elegant, dark purple, blackish dress, a small bump almost unnoticeable.

Unnoticeable until the dress tore open at the bump... or more like a gentle split that formed a hole to let it out. A ropey, green tail dripped out, hanging down past her bum and the stool. At its very tip, darker green hairs sprouted from it. Once settled, it swayed occasionally.

*It feels nice to be appreciated. I feel... happy for once. I feel-*

**GUUUUUURRRRGGH.** Her cheeks turned red as tomatoes. “I feel hungry.”

Embarrassment was setting in hard and fast. It was one thing that her stomach went off like that, it was another thing that it sounded so loud and needy. That never happened before. How hungry was she? How-

**“Bwahahahahaha!”** The two toons laughed, smacking the counter so more as their bellies jiggled. Were they making fun of her now?

**“Oh, toots! Don’t looks so embarrassed!”** Memphis chuckled. **“Dat’s just sum natural body wantin’! I’s makes da same noise!”** He patted his belly, which cartoonishly rumbled and made a similar, even longer sound. That did make her feel somewhat better, but not much.

**“If yours hungry, den we’s can fix ya right up!”** Roy said, heading towards the back door behind the counter. Roxy tried to stop him, but he had already vanished through it.

And just as quickly, he returned with a plate full of steaming food. **“Here ya are!”** He placed a plate before her filled with food. **“Dese are ours famous Bubblin’ Breadsticks! On da house too! Wanna make sure youse feel full before da interview!”**

They smelled delicious. Roxy could already feel her lips watering. She leaned in and sniffed them. They smelled incredible with a light cheese coating and garlic on top. She sniffed again. *Delish!*

**SNIIIIIIIF!** Her nose tingled, pores vanishing and smoothing over. **SNOOOOORT!** Her nose grew, widening and turning bright purple. Her glasses stretched to accommodate her enlarged sniffer.



**SNOOOORT!** “Yum!” Roxy sighed. The adam’s apple expanded, protruding out a little as her neck thickened. “**Well, if you’re offering them for free...**”

“**Not offerin’, givin’ ands encouragin’!**” Memphis chuckled, “**Eat up, skinny!**”

*Skinny...* She internally snorted. *Why does that bug me? Hmph.* Roxy chose to ignore it for the time being, grabbing one of the breadsticks and stuffing it.

*Ooooooooooh!* The taste was beyond heavenly. It was like an explosion of scrumptious cheese and garlic in her mouth, rocketing through her body. It caused her to just shake.

Shake and vibrate in particular. Vibrations ran from her lips, down her neck, across her torso, through her legs, and straight into her feet.

**KA-RIIIIIFFPPP!** Her heels exploded, shattering to pieces and flying off around her, the pieces vanishing soon after. Her feet ballooned out in a huge burst, tripling in size. They were bright light green with three fat toes each.

The explosion and boom nearly made Roxy jump. “**What?! What was that? Did you hear that?!**”

“**Hear what?**” Roy asked, his head tilting. “**I’s didn’t hears nuthin’.** Youse also.” His words vanished. His mouth moved, but nothing came out.

Memphis also seemed to be saying something, but there was nothing. There was no noise. Roxy couldn’t hear a single thing.

At that moment, her ears were stretching. They pulled out to the top of her head, turning green themselves. They stretched and reshaped, shrinking in size too. Some dark green hairs sprouted here and there over them. With a wiggle and shake, Roxy had animal ears.

And with that, sound returned to her. “**Sorry. Don’t hears a ding!**” Memphis said, his voice loud and clear now.

*What was that about?* Roxy looked around her. She didn’t see anything that looked like it ripped or exploded. Everything looked as fine as she could tell. Maybe... maybe the stress was getting to her?

“**Err, never mind.**” Roxy stuffed the rest of the breadstick into her mouth, grease getting all over her hands. She grabbed another and stuffed it into her mouth, chewing it right up.

The grease on her hands did not linger. It seemed to be absorbed into them the longer she ate. They grew thicker and plumper. Fingernails shortened and darkened, taking on an olive green tone. Her hands nearly double their size before turning green as well, the same tone as her feet.

**“Mmmm, tasty!”** She licked her lips and continued chewing through her breadstick pile. Her arms quaked as she took another and snarfed it down, the sleeves covering them getting rather pinchy. Fat was filling them, their daintiness fading and swelling to match her hands.

**“Ha! Youse like da food so I’s say youse totally fit in!”** Roy said, leaning over and patting her shoulder. **“Youse totally Pizza O’Clock material!”**

Roxy took another breadstick, her cheeks all red as she stuffed it in. She was feeling better now. *I could probably do an interview if they’re offering.*

She swallowed and shivered. *Heh, maybe they’ll give me more free stuff!*

**Creeeeeeeeek.** Her counter stool let out a low noise. Her rear was growing now, expanding and widening out. Fat was filling her cheeks and hips, stretching them out more and more. Her thighs thickened as well to better match, her lower end soon filling out the once oversized stool and even dipping over it a tad.

With a lick of the lips to get the rest of the grease off, Roxy took a sip from her cup. Time to wash all of it down, her body tingling from that sugar rush. Her chest especially shook. Her sizable breasts seemed to shrink, losing form within her dress and even sagging.

Roxy didn’t notice, letting out a pleasant sigh. She looked at the two. **“So, what are you two looking for exactly? I do have a degree in accounting and have done financial work before if that would help.”**

**“Hmmm... what else do ya knows?”** Memphis asked thoughtfully.

**“Wells, I’ms a gud food test ands done work as a gut bouncer if dat counts!”**

Roxy blinked. **“Umm... what was that? I’m not sure-”**

**“Bwahaha, youse might be overqualified!”** The rat chortled, smacking the counter. **“All of dat does sound good, but ta be honest, we’s need oddah positions filled.”** He winked. **“Dontcha worry, big guy, we’lls find something fors ya!”**

**Big guy?** Roxy stuffed another breadstick into her mouth, chewing it up. Her hair quivered, long dark locks flowing up until it was at chin length. **Big... big sounds... nice?** She swallowed. **But, I'm not a g-**

**POP!** Her pupils dilated, her legs spreading open casually. Her underwear stretched as something popped out from her folds, her clothing quickly adjusting its size to fit it. The new equipment pressed against her thinner thighs, causing a small tremble.

She blinked. "...". She took another breadstick and started nibbling on it. **"Sos, what do you boys have?"**

**"Wells, let's go down da list!"** Memphis cracked his shoulders, leaning back against the counter as he started counting his fingers. **"First off, we's has da waiter! Basic stuff youse can probably guess. Take da ordahs, deliver dem to da cook ands back to da customer, bustin' tables, ands so ons!"**

Roxy nodded, licking her lips. Her shoulders widened, growing ever so broader and gaining such a touch of fat. She cracked her shoulders as well, her dress tightening. **"Hmm, I's have had sum experience with that. I did do a little waitressing back in college."**

A smirk crossed her lips and a hearty laugh followed. **"But, I's had tons of problems. Da place was built fors much smallah people dan me. Mah belly kept bumpin' dings!"**

With a playful thrust, she demonstrated by shoving out her stomach. Vibrational waves emanated from the thrust as her belly pushed out. Not a lot, but enough to inflate it to muffin top proportions. Her thin waist was also lost in the thrust, widening and stretching her dress.

Even before she finished the thrust, something was wrong. Again, those thoughts were wrong. Yes, she did work as a waitress a bit and it was disastrous. But, it wasn't because she was some "big boy".

Right? Right? Her memories felt so foggy now. It felt hard to focus on them and see things clearly. Something was-

**"Oh, dontcha worry 'bout dat!"** Roy chimed, smacking his belly. **"Youse sees us? Dat won't be an issue! Dis place is mores dan accomodatin' for da heavy, proud guys likes us!"**

Roxy shivered, dropping her breadstick. She placed her greasy hands on her cheeks, feeling so flattered. Feeling flattered and now a little fatter, her face getting chubbier and rounder. **“Awww, ya mean that?”**

**“Yeah!”** Memphis nodded. **“Dontcha worry a ding! We blubberbutts gotta look out fors one another!”** She sighed blissfully, smiling widely. Her cheeks stretched out from her face a bit, getting rather roundish. A green hue began to fill them.

**“Anywho!”** Roy jumped in, smacking the counter, **“Waiter is all nice ands good, but we’s also need more cooks workin’ here! I’s can’t do it alone when I’s need ta be out here sometimes too!”**

**“Cooks need ta make tons of different kinds of food and lots of it! We’s usually, mostly, deal in supersized ordahs too, so makin’ lots of food swiftly is important! Dat means movin’ around da kitchen reals fast like too!”**

*Makes sense to me*, Roxy thought, nodding away. She took another drink from her cup, thinking about the possibility of that role, even if it was only briefly.

**SLURP!** More fat poured in. Her legs slowly inflated, her stockings trying their best to contain them. It was futile as chubby, green skin tore through them.

Despite the weight and tearing sounds, Roxy ignored it, focusing on her thoughts. *I dunno. It sounds likes fun, but I’m... I’m not good at cooking.* Memories of all failed concoctions flooded her mind, including several burnt macaroni-and-cheese dishes. *I’s eat so much, but can’t cook ta save mah life!*

She stroked her chin. *Wait, I don’t eat much.* Her sleeves tightened on her. *Right?* Holes began to open in them. *I... I’m sure I don’t eat all dat much.* More rubbery green skin peered through the ever-widening holes. *Yeah, what are with these odd-*

**“You’lls also need big hands!”** Roy held up his fat gloved mitts, wiggling his fingers. Cute piano noises followed as he did. **“Ya need BIG hands ta mold dough ands hold all dem pizzas!”**

**Twit**ch. Roxy held out her hands to them, wiggling her fingers. **“Well, dat’s fine! I’m all set for dat!”**

The toons leaned in to look, Roxy's heart racing. Her eyes closed as she proudly smirked. Her hands shook, as thick, white goop materialized around her wrist. It spread rapidly over her hands, swelling and turning leathery plush. Her ring and pinky fingers were smooshed together as four-fingered white gloves formed.

Despite the obvious changes she missed, the toons said nothing about that. Instead, Memphis nudged Roy. **"Heh, he does have da gloves da cook, I'd say!"**

Roxy's eyes opened. Again, these toons were so nice! She couldn't wait to work with them... or at least get interviewed by them. One step at a time here after all.

However, she had to be honest. **"Awww, thank ya, but I dunno. I'm not sure 'bout cookin' stuff. What else do ya have?"**

Memphis nodded. **"Wells, we needs a delivery guy! It's pretty obvious. Just deliverin' food to whosoever needs it. Gotta be fast ands stuff, ya know."**

**"Gotcha!"** Roxy grabbed two breadsticks and opened her maw. It stretched wider, letting her stuff both of them in. Thankfully, her comically large, wide, toony cheeks were able to take them in as she chewed them up.

**"Aldough..."** Roxy licked their lips. Their hips widened, followed by their thighs. They finally grew enough to match the "human"'s wider bottom. **"I don't really have a car."**

**"Oh, dat's fine! We's have a company car youse can use."** Memphis leaned in and winked. **"Plus, it's built for tubby guys likes us!"**

Roxy grinned. **"Dat's great! Like, it's sooooo hard ta find cars dat fit fatbutts like me! A big tubbo guy like me can do dat!"**

Their eyes went down to their lower half, hands resting on their stomach. **Yeah... big...** Their body rumbled, stomach gurgled. **...tubbo...** Their rear expanded one last time, followed by the rest of their bottom half. **...guy like me!**

Memphis placed a hand on Roxy's shoulder and with a twist, spun him around on the stool so his back was to him. **"Mmmhm! Yep, youse got da same posterior as me, so dat car should be perfect for youse ta drive!"**

**“Posterior, eh?”** Roxy spun back around, chuckling. **“Youse mean I’s has da same fatass as you, fatass?”**

**“Darn tootin’, fatass!”** Memphis winked.

Things were looking up! Forget applying at the last place, Roxy should’ve come to Pizza O’Clock first for an interview. This place seemed perfect for him! He could totally kill it as a deliveryman, depending on the pay and specifics.

**“Before youse get too excited, just remember someding important!”** The rat looked far more serious than before. **“Da job is pretty dang difficult. Youse gotta has nerves of steel ands a belly dat can hold out. Da temptation fors eatin’ da pizzas ands food bein’ delivered is supah high! Youse can’t eat a single bit of it!”**

*... I can’t eat?* Roxy trembled as he took the last breadstick, stuffing it into his greedy maw. It made sense he couldn’t eat the deliveries. They belonged to someone else! But, that temptation Memphis spoke of... it was too great even thinking about it! Food right there, the entire time, but not being able to touch it? It made him... made him...

**WOMP! RIIIIIP!** His dress split open right where the gown portion started. His belly popped out, free from its tight confines. His belly was chubbier and rounder, rubbery green with a sheen to it. It dipped right onto his lap, wanting to be seen and exposed.

Roxy sighed, blissfully unaware. **“Ehhhh, temptation sounds likes much. I’s dunno ‘bout bein’ a driver den.”**

**“Dats completely understandable!”** Memphis nodded. **“Delivery driver is da hardest position ta fill. Most toon guys can’t do it, ands dose dat try can only last ‘bout a day. Don’t worries ‘bout it!”**

**“Dere’s just one spot left den!”** Roy interjected now. **“Dere’s da Greeter!”** Roxy’s ears perked up. That sounded interesting.

**“Greeter is da person who meets da customers first! Dey welcome dem in, makin’ sure dey feel like dey’s home. Dey help dem to deir seats, findin’ dem a waiter, ands says good-bye when dey leave!”**

Roxy nodded, taking a rather loud **SHIIIIIIIP** from his cup. Their long hair began to shrink and shrink and shrink and shrink. It grew thinner and thinner until it faded back into his head. His head's shape flattened a little, turning green and dome-ish.

“Hmmm, dat seems sim**BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRP!**” Roxy's eyes rolled back as he rumbled. He slammed a gloved fist against his chest, which wobbled. **Pffffffft.** The remains of his breasts deflated, growing droopy and heavy, becoming a set of moobs.

Roxy blinked a few times, almost as if he was taken aback by that outburst. His head grew, adjusting to better fit his enlarged form. His neck thickened as well as green began overwhelming the last parts of his body.

“**Soooo, anywho!**” The developing toon continued as if nothing happened. “**Dat seems simple, but dere's gotta be more to bein' a Greeter, rights?**”

“**Mhmmm!**” Roy deviously grinned. “**Dey's also our big Jealousy Maker~.**”

“**J-Jealously Maker?**” Roxy trembled, speculation swarming his mind. His face began to push out a little.

“**Yeah,**” Memphis finished, too excited not to explain the juicy details, “**Deys make da customers jealous of dem! Since da customers meet dem first, da greeter helps dem adjust and warm up to big dude toons like us! Dey make them wantin', a little anxious.**”

“**Mhm!**” Roy butted in, clearly wanting to finish. “**Greeters make da customers want to be like us! Make dem all subconsciously dinkin' 'bout it. It's 'bout givin' dem da right startin' push. I's means, dey'll want to be just as big, proud, ands happy as we's are!**”

“**DAT SOUNDS LIKE DA JOB FORS ME!**” Roxy blurted out, quivering in delight. Yes, yes! That was it!

**RIIIIIIIIIIP!** Every part of his dress, except for the gown portion, burst into pieces as a heavy surge of growth struck him. He was soon on par with the rest of the guys' width and height now.

However, instead of being completely topless, beneath the dress was a t-shirt. It was a t-shirt that didn't remotely cover his ballooned gut, one that seemed almost bigger than the rat's or beaver's. Still, it was a bright, light purple shirt that reads: “I <3 Hippos”.





**“Wells, we like ta make sure all potential hires are filled ta da brim we’s start anyding!”** Memphis joked, patting the hippo’s belly. **Ba-ba-bum-bum-bum.**

The hippo snickered, playfully patting the paw away. **“Yeahs! I’s get ya! I’s was feelin’ so skinny ands scrawny before drinkin’...”** He looked at himself. **“...ands eatin’.”** He looked longer at himself, head tilting.

Big. He was big. He had big arms, big legs, a big gut, big moobs, a big muzzle he could see at the end of his face, presumably big feet if he could see past his gut, and a big bulge. A really big bulge that stood out so prominently to him that he could make it out past his gut.

Roxy was more than big. He was large, wide, fat, heavy, silly-looking, toony, and green all over!

That wasn’t him though. A moment of clarity broke through, flashes striking his mind. He wasn’t a fat hippo. Not usually at least. He was some shy, quiet gal struggling. He remembered her/his life, all of it. He remembered that bad interview, those depressed feelings that came from it, and everything up to entering Pizza O’Clock.

*Everything before was so horrible.* Roxy looked at himself again, placing a gloved hand on his stomach. He groped and rubbed it gently. *Everything’s so big now.* He shivered, his bulge twitching with excitement.

**“Somedang da madder?”** Roxy snapped back to attention. Both of the toons were staring at her intently, concern in their eyes. **“Youse look lost dere,”** Roy spoke up again.

The hippo looked down again, still rubbing his tummy. He looked back up and smirked. **“Ya know, nuthin’ da madder! I’s feel likes a million bucks spent on truckloads of pies! Just doin’ sum reflectin’ ands thinkin’ ‘bout dings before ands what I’s really want!”**

**“Ands what is dat?”**

**“I’s want dat greeter job ands a couple of pizzas in mah belly!”** The hippo faced them both, smacking his mitts on the counter. **“Let’s do dis interview before I’s waste away heres!”**

**“Danks for da recommendation!”** The red macaw chuckled, rubbing his tummy, **“Dat pineapple pizza sure was a belly filler!”**

**“Amongst many fillers!”** Rocko laughed and so did the macaw toon. The two’s eyes filled with mischief as they smashed their bellies together. **Ba-B0000OSH!**

**“Yeah, I’lls be back! Youse can be sures ‘bout it!”** The red macaw strutted out the front door with a wave. **“Pizza O’Clock is da place ta ordah from!”**

The hippo greeter waved goodbye, watching that fat, feathery butt walk out. That was always a fun bonus of the job, especially when the new toons gave their booties a shake once they realized he was checking them out.

What a wonderful month it had been! Rocko Load had seamlessly fit into the job perfectly. While there still weren’t too many customers, everyone just loved him and his gentle, inviting aura. It made them feel welcomed and soon, heavy. Customer approval and satisfaction were through the roof and breaking scales thanks to him.

Everything else was great too. Besides the new handsome customer base, he was making lots of money now. The pay was exceptionally good with plenty of tips from customers, even if he wasn’t their waiter. He built some great friendships with folks, including other employees like-

**“Heys, I’s sees we’s got another repeat customer in da future!”** Roy had walked up, patting him proudly on the shoulder.

**“Yeah, weren’t too difficult!”** Rocko turned to face him. **“I’s could tell what deys wanted from just walkin’ in. Just da right step and strut with da right tone & aura ands deys practically wanted ta stuff dere face in mah belly befores deys even had a slice!”**

**“Wells, who wouldn’t want ta be close ta dis big tub of chub, eh?”** The beaver playfully rubbed Rocko’s belly, the hippo’s tail swaying.

**“Speakin’ of which, I’s need ta get sum more clothes after work! Da stuff at home is far too dinky ands scrawny for me! I’s needs more supersized small t-shirts ands short shorts when I’m not at work too!”**

**“Dat is important! I’s knows of a good place dat can hook ya...”**

**Ding-a-ding!** The front door suddenly swung open. An elderly couple walked in, looking around. “Oh my!” The older lady spoke, “What is this place, Henry?”

“I’ve never seen... oh my goodness, June! Look at them!” The man said, pointing at the large toons.

Rocko smiled warmly. He whispered into Roy’s ears. “**Talk more latah. Time ta work sum magic!**”

The hippo began his approach, sizing the couple up. *Long married, very sweet ands protective of each other. Seems nice. Probably need ta spice dings up in deir lives dough.* He chuckled, thinking how they may have unconsciously been drawn to the place.

As he grew closer, the older man stepped in front of his wife slightly. Rocko adjusted his pace, growing more professional. *Needs ta loosen up dere. Probably start 'em with sum breadsticks. First, da greetin'!*

Rocko stood before them and cleared his throat, his tone shifting. “**Howdy folks! Welcome ta Pizza O’Clock, da finest pizzeria around! How can dis handsum hippo help and fill you up today?**” He flashed a professional smile. Time to work the charm.

***THE END***