

Pizza O'clock: Smelly Alternative

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Anonymous

“An-and so, that's why I would like to work here.” Melissa Perez said with as much certainty and power as she could. “I-I feel like I could m-make a difference.”

“Wells...” Roy Buckbutt remarked, **“Youse do seems a bit overqualified if yah asks me!”** The toon beaver scratched the tip of his muzzle before setting the paperwork he had been reading down. He had been carefully studying it as Melissa gave her mini speech.

The manager gave her a smile, his buck teeth twinkling. **“Now, dat don't mean I's wouldn't hire a fine gal like yourself. Jus' seems likes a 'ittle lady likes youse would wanna be workin' at a beddah, more classy establishment dan heres is all.”**

Taking a moment to breathe, Melissa answered. “Well, sure, b-but I feel the experience here would b-be a good starting point.”

The beaver still had a good point. The young latine woman had just graduated from college. She had a degree in Business Management and was at the top of her class. She had all the know-how and education to jump straight into a bigger company or business right away.

However, her eyes were elsewhere. Instead of at some corporate business downtown, she applied at a place far closer. It was a pizzeria not too far from the college she attended, Pizza O'Clock. From her research and word from other students, she picked up all she needed to know.

Pizza O'Clock was a friendly environment full of pleasant folk and tasty food and offered an incredibly unique experience. Plus, the pay and benefits were extremely generous for a fast food joint.

Most importantly, though, the job shouldn't be difficult and easy to get into. The pizzeria was run by toons. That was something that put off many people due to their energy, reputation, and behavior. However, talking with people who had actually worked at toon owned businesses, the colorful characters were usually more easygoing, less restrictive, and harsh.

That would be just the kind of environment she wanted to start in. It would be good for her to build up managerial experience so she could eventually move on. Also, it would be far easier and less hectic on her... fragile disposition.

“Wells, I’s ain’t gonna turn down a potential, super-duper qualified gal like yourself!” Roy declared, slapping his desk. **“I likes everydang I read ands heard dere. Youse perfect for da floor manager job!”**

He leaned back in his rolling office chair and sighed. **“Now dat dis place is really movin’ ands pickin’ up steam, I’s need ta behind da scenes more often with da borin’ business stuff. I’s need sumbody out in front, handlin’ ands takin’ charge of the front operations.”**

All at once, Melissa felt an uneasy chill go up her spine. Her fingers trembled, clenching tightly on her skirt. She felt a twitch in her eye, her heart raising. *W-wa-wait... this... this isn't...*

She cleared her throat, finding her voice. “A-actually, I-I was applying... hoping I could ma-maybe work the back end. I could ha-handle all that... ah, boring stuff. I could do the paperwork, calls, and-”

Roy sat up straight and shook his head. **“Naaaah! You’ll bes finneeeee! All dat education ands talkin’ really spokes ta me! Youse dah kinda gal dat could make it upfront.”** He stretched his arms. **“sides, itta take a long, long time ta train ya on all dah stuff dat needs doin’ back heres.”**

Her hands clenched tighter onto her skirt. “But... but...” Her head began lowering, vision growing shaky. In her mind, she could see them. She could see all the eyes on her. All the staring, all the looks from everyone that came through the front door.

“You okay?” Roy's voice, a touch lighter, clearer, and more mature grabbed her attention. She looked up, seeing him eye her with concern. “Yah trailed off there... wanna talk about it?”

His voice was smoother and more comforting than before. It felt as if a life preserver had been tossed her way. She took it.

“Actually... I... I'm not sure if I should be working out front...”

Over the next few minutes, Melissa spilled herself to the toon. She told him everything. She told him of her life of studying and hitting the books. It had been all about working through school, hoping to reach a good enough job that could provide for her and for family. It was all for a better life than she had.

However, all the work, all the effort, and singular focus had come at a cost. She had forgo any chance of a social life or making many friends. She experienced the difficulty of it when she first got to college, not prepared to handle new social situations and such. It was all too new, all too much, and it left her anxiety ridden.

“I just think... think I would be better behind the scenes here. I'm sure I would be no good out front with... everyone and having to deal with so many people.”

“Surprise ya would wanna work with toons den given... yah know.”

“I know, but you all just seemed so nice, friendly, and understanding but...”

“Wells, I's understand!” Roy nodded, folding his arms. **“Social anxiety is ah total pain in da bum! I's totally get why youse interested in da backend stuff here.”**

Then, the beaver smiled brightly. **“But dontcha worry a ding! Wes can fix dat easily! Howse 'bout ones of ours special meals ta get ya started?”**

Melissa knew what this entailed. She had heard all the stories about the place and their transformative food during her research. She already expected this would happen if she were to work there: to become like Roy and the others, another toon.

She had tried her best to mentally prepare for it when the moment would come up earlier. After talking to Roy for a bit now, she felt a tiny bit better about the whole prospect. However, the front-end manager offer made her flinch. “Will... will this actually work?”

“Mhm!” Roy nodded, picking up his walkie-talkie, **“You'lls be just fine ands if youse ain't, we's cans talk 'bout workin' back here.”**

Melissa nodded back. Roy smiled and started talking to someone on his radio. *I... I'm not sure.* She looked at her hands, still clenching tightly and shaking. *Will this actually help? I... I feel like a lost cause.*

She took a deep breath and released it. *I... I still gotta try, if only to at least see what I'll be like for this job. See what I'm like as a t-toon and-*

The door swung open as a new toon strutted in, a hippo far larger than the beaver. He strolled up and placed a slice of pizza on the desk between them. Then, without a word, he gave them some finger guns and strolled out, shaking his booty from side to side.

Even before the toon set the slice down, Melissa could smell garlic and onions. However, it wasn't the normal scent of them, but perhaps the strongest, most powerful, and smelliest of scents the two had ever produced. Her eyes almost started watering from the first whiff she got of the toppings.

Roy, however, didn't seem to notice or even react to the scent, not even seeing the obvious brownish fumes rising from the slice. He smiled, inching it towards the edge of the desk closer to her. **"Here ya go! One slice is alls yah needs! Eat on up, ands you'llse be ready!"**

Melissa stared at the slice and then back at Roy. Her toes were clenching now, hairs standing on end. *G-guess... guess this is it!*

Summoning the last bit of courage within her, she quickly reached over and took the plate. When it was right up to her, the fumes overwhelmed her all at once. They all shot straight into her face and right up her nostrils.

Her nose twitched, unintentionally vacuuming the odor. It sucked and sucked, her nose's tip turning black and spreading. Its shape inflated to a roundish form, nostrils shifting with it to make a cute sniffer. It eventually stopped growing once it was a pudgy, protruding, cartoon skunk snoot, just slightly visible in her vision.

Melissa's eyes swirled for a bit during it all. The scent was incredibly strong and potent. Thankfully, the more she sniffed it up, the less powerful and obnoxious it became. It was almost invigorating in a way.

Once her vision settled down, the young woman took a moment to breathe. *Here goes nothing...* She took the slice carefully and brought it in for a bite.

Her teeth dug into the pizza, sauce and grease splashing against her gums and tongue. She ripped off a chunk and began to chew. *Mmmm... that tastes good.*

The intense amount of garlic and generous supply of onions were as strong as the scent. The fact that they didn't actually taste bad though was what caught her by surprise. It was actually scrumptious, like she could eat more without hesitation.

It's so... Her cheeks reddened, toes clenching as her face pulled into a big smile. *It's sooo...*

THA-THUMP. *Gooooo*~. Her legs spread out on instinct as a pleasurable sensation struck her at once. The crotch of her dress pants pulsed briefly before rising. The area rose gently like bread a little; just enough to signal that something new was below.

Melissa shivered, her eyes watering up. *So...* She swallowed with a surprisingly loud “**gulp**” sound to it. *So yummy!*

“**So, dollface!**” Roy asked, leaning in, “**Howse dat taste?**”

“**Dat was goood** eating there!” Melissa blushed, giggling a little.

“**Annnnnnd, howse ‘bout dat floor manager position I’s was talkin’ ‘bout now?**”

She went quiet, thinking about the offer again. It didn't make her flinch or break into shakes. The thought about being out in public with all eyes on her wasn't as uncomfortable. It was almost nice.

Melissa frowned. *I could do it... but would I even be good at it? I'm still... still not-*

“**Hmmm, I’s sees dat face of yours,**” Roy commented, snapping her out of her mind. “**Still ain’t sure, eh? Wells, try a bit more!**”

“S-sure... one more little bite.” **CHOMP!** She ripped off a huge chunk of the slice and chewed through it like mad. Goosebumps broke out, the taste even better than before. She didn't even swallow right away, letting the mush sit in her cheeks so she could soak in the flavor.

FWOOMP! SCRRRRRCH! Her pupils dilated, and her head jerked back to look behind her. A large, thick, fluffy skunk tail had popped out right above her behind. The large addition pushed her seat back, scrapping it across the floor boards.

Melissa blinked a few times, looking at the towering addition she grew. It was wider than her body, black as ink, and had a striking white stripe that positively glowed. A soft, enticing aroma floated off of it, dancing into one nostril and out the other.

Cuuuuute. She smiled. *So cute and fuzzy and... and...* **GULP!** She swallowed everything at once. **HANDSOME!**

Rrrrrrrruuuuummmbleeeee! Her entire body vibrated the moment the food fit her stomach. Her limbs began to swell with it, going from thin to chubby in no time. Her

sleeves and pants legs were stretched out but never felt too tight. They instead felt more elastic, better able to handle her bulk.

The shakes moved from her limbs and headed to the center. They culminate in her tummy, which jiggled and rose. Her narrow waistline was lost as several pounds piled into the stomach and waist. Her shirt stretched, the bottom of her stomach slightly visible with some black and white hairs around it.

“Oooooh, dat does tasteBURRRRRRRRRRRRP!” Her long, wavy black hair rippled and, with the sound of a tape measure snapping, shot up her back. Her locks pulled right back up to her noggin, just below her ears. It quickly ruffled up and brightened to a piercing white as her tail.

Melissa blinked a few times, her bangs growing and falling in front of her eyes. “Ummm...” She pushed her locks out of the way, “Sorry **‘bout dat**. It just sort of came out and-”

“PFFFFFFFT! Ain’t nuthin’ ta be sorries ‘bout!” Roy laughed, smacking his desk. **“Lettin’ out a big ol’ belch is justs parts of da job ands youse bein’ youse, doll!”**

“R-really?”

“Mhm! BURRRRRRRRRP!” Roy let out a loud belch, rattling the pens on his desk and causing a few to roll off.

“Heh, I’s sees...” Melissa smiled, looking down at herself. *I’s guess dat makes sum... some sense. Being a toon does probably makes yah feels all liberated ands stuff. Makes yah just wanna burp outta big one.* She blushed. *Feels natural too likes I’s should... should...*

“BUURRRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!” Melissa’s eyes went cross, shoulders tensing up. *Heheheh, dat does feels guuuuuuuud!*

The vibrations of that belch reverbated from her maw all the way down to her crotch. The small bulge there shook, the low sound of **“pfffffffffffft”** coming from it. It inflated further, pushing and pushing out until it was the size of a large grapefruit. Her pants perfectly contorted around it, highlighting its shape.

“Nows youse gettin’ it!” Roy gave her a thumbs up. **“Ands since youse gettin’ it, howse ‘bout dat job? Youse dinkin’ more positively ‘bout it nows?”**

“**Floor manager, eh?**” Melissa leaned back against the chair/her tail, spreading her legs open. “**Dat... dat doesn't sound toos bad, I's dink...**”

One of her hands lowered down to her bulge, placing itself upon it. She twitched, toes clenching now. “**I's could be readies...**” Her hand scratched the bump, its movement casual and thorough as it went across its form.

Melissa shivered, eyes looking down. *Whoa... big bump...* She continued to scratch at it like that was the most natural thing in the world, as if she had always had it. ***Big, big, fat bump...***

It was just like all the other toon guys there. Ever since walking at the door and meeting future coworkers, she couldn't help but notice their large size. Each guy packed a huge bump in their pants or shorts that stood out even with how prominent the rest of their bodies were.

For the longest time, she couldn't imagine how they felt having such a thing. Now, she had one of her own and understood. To have it and have it stand out, one must be fearless, proud, and confident in themselves. Just let it all bulge out and show off on an already excessive body.

Was she proud like that? Did she have the pride and attitude to carry such a thing? Did she have the confidence and assurance to take on this floor manager job with such a bump?

“**Hmm... needs sum morah cuurrage!**” Melissa brought the slice back up to her maw and opened wide.

Wider and wider, it opened, stretching further out. White fur sprouted around her nose and across the front of her face. Her cheeks stretched out on the sides as the mouth and nose pushed forward, warping everything into a charming animal visage.

Fully muzzle-ified, her maw chomped down on the whole slice. Grease and sauce splashed the new, toony insides all over, the pleasurable taste overwhelming her senses.

Rapidly, her body saw growth all across it. At first, it was just fur. Black fur cloaked the entirety of her legs, arms, back, and sides. White got the front of her neck, chest, and torso, giving a distinct skunk visage.

Then came the weight. Pudginess spread across her whole form from top to bottom. Her limbs thickened a bit further, shoulders broadening to better support them. Her caboose widened, her cheeks popping out a bit in her pants. The tummy expanded, showing itself more than before from under her shirt. Her breasts even lost form, looking fatter and less firm.

De-LISH! GULP! After only a little bit of chewing, she swallowed it all.

FWOOOOOOOOMP! And with that gulp, her body ballooned like a deploying airbag. Her belly popped out from under her shirt, showing its tubby softness in all its glory. Her shirt only covered her chest, which was deflated and fattened to moobs instead of boobs. Her limbs were all thicker while her rear was wider, chubbier, and more seat filling.

Weight wasn't the only thing in that ballooning. White gloop instantly appeared over her hands, forming into thick toon gloves that were tripled the size of her paws. **Pop-pop!** Her shoes popped open in the caps, three, fuzzy black toes appearing and stretching into cute animal feet. They wiggled happily as the rest of the footwear fell apart.

Then came the head, the last of her humanity erased. No trace of skin was left visible, all coated in black fuzz. Her hair was shorter but still messier and more boyish. Her ears inflated, rounding out into adorable skunk ears. Her nose swelled, and her cheeks grew rounder.

Melissa looked down at herself and grinned. *Heheh, I'm sooooo big ands cuddly.* Their gloves latched themselves to their belly fast, groping and rubbing it. *So big ands happy!*

I'ms big likes everybuddy heres! A glove slipped down to their butt and groped one of the wide cheeks there. *Heheh, such a big fatass! I'm a huge fatass likes everybuddy!* Their grin grew wider, prouder than ever. *Dat's awesuuuum!*

Melissa shivered, letting out a gruff moan and grunt. The bulge in their pants jiggled, their cheeks blushing cartoonishly red. Slowly, the bump got even bigger than before. It seemed to stretch the limits of their already stretchy jeans and then went even further. From grapefruit to coconut to eventually bowling ball size, the former shy lady ended with the biggest package in the pizzeria.

They... he looked down at himself and smirked. He casually scratched at the package with his glove, going deep and harder into it. *Heh, dis is nice. I's cans doos anydang with a bod like dis. Pffft, I's was bein' silly. What's ta be 'fraid of anyways?*

The skunk thought back to earlier. Being out in public, where everyone could see him as he was serving customers and helping staff out front? That was what he was afraid of? He was so afraid of the public that he wanted to work in the back?

What a joke! He could do that! Why should he hide? People should see a perfect skunk like him in all of his vast glory!

“Hmm, sumbuddy seems happy!” “Melissa” snapped to attention, remembering that Roy was still there. The beaver was out from behind the desk, leaning against its front now and looking at him. **“Sos, ‘bout before. Howse ‘bout dat-”**

“I’ll do it!” The skunk didn't even need to hear him finish.

Roy cocked an eyebrow, stroking the tip of his fat chin. **“Oh? Youse sure? Youse didn’t seem all dat-”**

There was a twitch, and the Musteloidean toon got to his feet. He pressed his gut into Roy's and poked him in the chest with an annoyed huff. **“I’ll be da best front-end managah guy Pizza O’Clock has evah had or mah name ain’t Melvin Musky, bub!”**

Melissa Perez was his name in actuality. However, such a name didn't come out. Something weider, odder, but better sounding did instead. *Melvin Musky?* That was a handsome name for a handsome skunk like him. It was better than anything boring like his old one.

Roy smiled brightly, eyes sparkling. **“Well pardon mes fors any doubt dere!”** He held out his glove. **“Welcome aboard, Melvin Musky. A smart fellah likes yourself is gonna do good ‘round heres!”**

Melvin eagerly shook his hand. It felt good. It felt good to have the right job, the perfect job to put him on the right path for the future. The family was going to be so proud of him and all of the money was going to bring in and provide.

Speaking of good, something felt incredibly good. As he shook his boss’ hand, his other was on his new, bowling ball-sized bulge. It felt good, good to scratch and grope. Such a big, fat hunk of pleasure between his legs was delightful!

“Youse havin’ fun dere?” However, such an act of scratching and groping might’ve been a bit too crude to do, especially in front of one's boss.

Realizing what he was doing, Melvin stepped back and did his hardest to pull his paw away from his junk. The skunk chuckled embarrassingly. **“Sorries, bossman!”**

“It’s okay!” Roy nodded. **“Lots of new employees likes doin’ its! I’s mean-”** The beaver playfully rubbed his belly and patted his own large package. **“Can’t blame yah when youse looks as good as wes do!”**

“If youse want, I’s can take yah to da employee rec room,” Roy continued, motioning towards the exit. **“Lots of employees likes doin’ what deys does in dere. Good time ta check yourself outs too!”**

“Mmmm, dat does sound good!” Melvin nodded eagerly. **“Yeah! Show me dere in ya could!”** The skunk stretched open his pants and looked down at his junk uncovered, chuckling. **“I’s need ta check dis out in detail!”**

“No prob!” Roy placed an arm around his shoulder and pulled him in close, leading him to the door. **“Den after youses done, we’s can talk duties ‘bout yours new position ands has sum more pizza.”**

“More pizza?!” Melvin's eyes sparkled.

“Of course!” The beaver poked him in the belly. **“Don’t want our new guy ta waste away.”**

Melvin sighed blissfully. This was truly going to be the start of a great career.

THE END