

Pizza O'Clock: Bear Belly Boost

By: Firingwall

Commission Done for Shy Gal Skye on Discord

“Okay boys,” Hefty McOrckee declared. He took a long, dramatic drag from his oversized cigar and puffed out a thick cloud of smoke. “We’re finally reopenin’ dis joint. You knows what dat means?”

He stared hard at the three employees before him, Memphis Ratterton lifting his gloved hand and shaking it. The orca toon shook his head. “Nah-ah. Youse the manager, you already know what it means.”

“Awww, I’s like answerin’ questions.” Memphis huffed, folding his chubby arms.

Cal the Bull cleared his throat. “Da meanin’ is dat Pizza O’Clock is back in business, ands peoples can return to deir home away from home ta pig out!”

The large toon toucan stepped forward, flashing a smile. He gripped his large belly and shook it playfully. “It’s also ‘bout letting deir bellies burst out ands bump with other big toon and soon-to-be-toon bellies~.”

Memphis smiled, lighting up his own cigar. “Correct Tony~.” He leaned in. “And why?”

Both Cal and Tony answered together, “Because becomin’ a big, bulgy, bloated toon is better with others den by yourself!”

Hefty grinned from ear to ear if he had them. “Good, good! You boys haven’t missed a dang beat since you’ve been gone! We’re more dan ready ta open right on back up.”

BOOOOMP! The four heavysset toons cheered and celebrated with a big belly bump, fat and chub jiggling cartoonishly. They missed doing that together.

Memphis leaned in and booped Cal on the nose, careful to avoid getting his glove caught on the bovine’s nose ring. “Nows den, since we’re open again, wees gotta lot of catching up ta do. As our man in the front, you gotta push dem pizzas hard and get our big toon quota right back dere, ya here?”

The bull smirked. “Don’t ya worry a ding! Dis cowman is gonna make sure every customer is leavin’ with several extra pounds of chub!”

“Dat’s the Pizza O’Clock spirit I’s like ta hear!” The rat and bull belly bumped again. Today would good.

Ding-a-ling~ The front door opened, and a figure entered. They took a moment to catch their breath, lowering their mask to wipe their forehead. They were an unusual sight, a Shy Gal in a blue robe with pink hair sticking out of her hoodie.

Well, they would be an unusual sight if not for the surroundings. It was a large, 50's aesthetic diner of sorts, one that was housing lots of big, fat, hefty toon anthros of all kinds. All of them were chowing down on pizza, pasta, breadsticks, or more, chuckling or chatting with others of their kind.

Not what I expected, Misty the Shy Gal thought, miming rubbing her chin as she looked around. She shrugged. But, then again, what did she expect when she wandered into a Toon Town restaurant?

She took a step further in and **ZIP!** A fat toucan in a shirt that read "Pizza O'Clock" on the front appeared in front of her. He took her hand and shook it. "Da name is Tony ands welcome ta Pizza O'Clock! Haven't seen yah around here before."

"Y-yeah..." Misty said, vibrating a bit from the force of the shake. "Walk past this place all the time since I started jogging. First time I've seen it open."

"Yeah, dings were hectic fors a year or so with everyding," Tony said, nodding his head. "But wees finally open for da public can! Shall I's show you to a booth?"

"No thank you," Misty said, eyeing the counter, "I'll just have a seat over here." The toucan nodded and walked away. She took a seat at the diner bar stool, one that could be spun. A toon at the far end of the bar seemed to be enjoying spinning around on his own stool.

Sitting down now, the toon employee busy wiping the counter took notice of her and walked. It was a large, brown bull with a brass nose ring and beard. He smiled as he stepped up to her. He spoke with a deep voice, "Hello dere! Da name is Cal. Thanks fors stoppin' by. Youse an interesting sight around these parts."

"Well I guess so~." Misty smirked under her mask and spun on the chair. "You don't see a pippy, energetic, lil' Shy Gal like me often, do ya?"

"I's was referrin' ta standin' out amongst all da other toons here, but sure." Cal scratched his chin, looking at her more curiously. "Buuuut, if youse are all excited ands stuff, how does dat make youse a Shy Gal den?"

"Anyway~." Misty stopped her spin and looked at him seriously, ignoring his query. "So, like, I'm a biiiiiiiig exercise and fitness kinda gal~. It's what keeps me so cute and pippy alllllll day long! I just love running and jogging all over the place the most!"

Cal nodded, but his head seemed to tilt. A question mark popped into existence above his head. "Is dat so? So, whys youse here den? Da place is pretty "enlarging" on the gut~." He playfully patted his exposed belly, giving a soft jiggle in return.

“Welllll, you see, I need a junk break. I need to stuff some yummy food in me every so often or I’ll go crazy from just eating all that healthy stuff I got at home. Sooo, since I see you guys are finally open, I figured, ya know, have a little cheat day with some pizza!”

Cal’s face seemed to light up. The question mark morphed into an exclamation point before popping. He stroked his chin, muttering softly, but eagerly, “HmMMM, fitness fiend. Dat would be fun to get all chubby and stuffed~.”

Misty looked at him curiously but said nothing. Toons were a silly bunch, so it wasn’t really worth thinking too much about their behavior or comments. Sure, it was weird, but it was only natural for them and who was she to judge or make sense of it.

Though, he was taking quite a while talking to himself, and she didn’t have all day. She cleared her throat. “Ummm... soooo, can I order now?”

“Oh right! Sorries!” Cal blushed, scratching his head embarrassingly. He reached behind his back and pulled out a small pad and pen. They looked so tiny in his oversized, gloved hands. “Sos, what can I’s do fors ya?”

“Welllll, I don’t wanna go crazy here or anything.” Misty tapped the tip of her mask. “HmMMM, how about a slice of meat lovers~? That’s my favorite.”

“Oh! Just a slice?” The bull lowered his notepad, scratching the back of his head with it. “No cans do, lil’ lady. Wees only sell pizzas by da full pie heres. Customers don’t usually go for da single slice, ya know.”

Misty looked at the regulars and nodded. “Yeah, makes sense, but still. I don’t think I can handle a full pizza. It seems like too much.”

Cal chuckled. “Don’t worry, you’ll be able ta handle it.” She didn’t look so sure as he wrote down the order. “Ands if ya can’t, which won’t happen, I’s can polish dat stuff off, no problem~.”

Flashing a toothy smile, the bull strolled through the door behind him and into the kitchen. Misty looked down towards her pocket and reached in, grabbing her wallet.

The second she looked back; the bull was back. In his hand, held up by the tips of his fingers was the pizza she ordered, a steamy haze rising off of it. The toon smiled. “Presentin’ your pizza, ma’am~.”

“Wait what?!” the Shy Gal flinched, nearly dropping her wallet. “It’s already done?!”

“Yeeeeeep~.”

“Ummmm... is it even cooked right?”

Cal chuckled. “Don’t ya worry a ding. Wees move ands cook at toony speeds around heres. We guarantee quality pizza every time~.”

He placed the pizza down in front of her and bowed politely. Misty looked at the odd thing. It looked like a normal meat lover’s pizza. The cheese looked properly cooked, the toppings were all spread around pretty evenly, the crust looked soft but not too soft, and it didn’t appear as if there was oodles of sauce beneath the surface.

She leaned in and gave it a sniff. The faintly visible steam seemed to react to her actions, suddenly floating over to her and slipping underneath her mask. Her gentle sniffs suddenly deepened into gruff, loud snorts as she took it all in.

Beneath her mask, the fumes went straight up her nostrils, which began to flare. Skin turned black and cold, the tip widening. The shape and size of her snout expanded, growing roundish and more protruding outwards. Her mask was awkwardly pushed out as her nose turned into a toonish, ballish, bear snoot.

She took another big sniff. **GUUUUUUUUURGLE!** Her stomach vibrated and shook, cartoonishly rumbling beneath her Shy Gal hoodie sweater. She blushed, pink ovals appearing on her mask. “Oh my! Guess... heh, guess I’m really hungry and stuff!”

Cal waved his gloved hand playfully. “Ain’t nuthin’ ta be ashamed about. Just dig in with a slice. Dat’ll cure ya good!”

Misty looked at him and then at the pizza. It did look and smell good... eh, why not at this point? She gave him the money for the pizza, pocketed her wallet again, and took a slice. She brought it up to her face and gently lifted her mask, slipping it underneath. She nibbled on the piece and swallowed.

Things were quiet then. No one said a word or did anything. Cal looked at her curious as she stared ahead. In her mind, everything had slowed down, processing what she just ate.

That... that... that tasted good. Her mouth slipped into a smile. Within it, her teeth sharpened and reshaped themselves, becoming toony fangs.

“Sooo, what do ya-” Cal flinched as Misty suddenly started snarfing the entire slice down. She chomped and chomped and chomped until it was all down. It was reeeally good.

“Ahem, soooooo, what do ya-” **SLUUUUUUURP!** Cal stopped again as a cartoonish sound emanated from underneath her mask. The faint trace of something big, wet, and pink appeared along the rim of it briefly before vanishing.

Cal waited a moment and asked again, “Okay, so, what ya think of da pizza?”

“What I think?” Misty shivered, her jaws chattering. There were so many things to say! How... how could she simply explain it all? “It was... it was... it’s... that’s... THAT’S-”

POP! Her Shy Gal mask went flying. **BONK!** It went flying right into Cal's mug, bouncing off his snoot and landing somewhere else.

And what a reason to go flying. Misty's face had shot forward. It had stretched out into a big, sturdy muzzle. Coated in inky-brown fur; black, gummy lips at the tip of it; and a big toony nose at the end, she had her own bear mug.

From that mug came a burly, delighted answer, "**Dat's sum guuuuud eatin' right dere!**"

"Heh, it suuuuuure is, ain't it?" Cal chuckled, gently rubbing his snoot where the mask had smacked it.

Misty coughed a few times and smiled. "Man, you were right! I definitely can go for more slices now. In fact...~" She grabbed another slice from the pan, sniffing it gently with her new nose. She quivered happily. **Pop-pop!** Two bear ears appeared out of her hair, wiggling gently.

With no mask in the way, Misty was able to chow down on her pizza unimpeded. Her bear muzzle chomped through the slice like it wasn't even there, reducing it to nothing in seconds. She licked her chops when it was all done, scooping up the grease and sauce that splattered her fur and black, gummy lips.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP! RIIIIIIIIIP! From down below, her stylish, brown boots suddenly burst apart. Out came two large, wide paws. Coated in brown fur, they were down to three fat digits with small, stubby claws at the ends of them. Below, thick black pads covered the bottom.

Misty licked her chops again and rubbed her cheeks, which were starting to look a lot chubbier now. "Mmmmmm, why didn't **I's have dis** sooner?"

Cal snorted. "'Cause wees was closed, duuuuh~." The two of them laughed, Misty's voice deepening further now.

Not that she really noticed. She was more occupied with shoving another slice into her gob. Just as tasty, if not more. She just had to savor it, taking the time to suck on her fingers.

One went in. **Pop!** Out it came. Something was off.

Her fingers... no. Her HANDS were big. They were thick and squishy, snow white and only had four fingers. No... they weren't her hands. They were gloves! Big, soft, leathery, smooth toon gloves.

Toon gloves that looked just like the pair every other toon in the room was wearing, including Cal. She looked between the gloves and her waiter, who was looking at them as well. She looked rapidly between them, her head almost a blur.

Eventually, she managed to spit out, "What **da heck?!**" She coughed and coughed, her voice returning to that hefty toon accent. "**What's with da gloves?**"

As that last word left her muzzle, her head felt numb. Sense left it as everything felt hard to focus on. Her long pink hair suddenly shrunk back up to her skull, the roots turning brown as her muzzle and spreading all the way into its tips. Her eyebrows thickened as the shape of her head turned more animal-like. Brown fur ran rampant over her head, completing its bear-shape.

The numbness left and sense returned, her stomach gurgling and bubbling. Looking at it, Misty could see it cartoonishly jiggle beneath her sweatshirt. She rubbed it gently, feeling its bumps and shakes. “**Ooooh, why do ah feel so different?**”

“Dat’s ‘cause youse are different!” Cal reached behind his back and held up a large hand mirror to Misty.

She looked in, and her jaw dropped... and bounced back up into place after hitting the counter. She weakly reached a hand up, touching her face. Even with the gloves on, she could still feel it: the soft fur, gummy lips, cold bumpy nose...

“Wooooooooooooooooow!” Her maw quivered. “I look... **ah look... ah looks...**” The muzzle turned to a smile. “**Ah looks so gosh darn handsome!**”

The bull nodded. “Dat’s da power of ours pizza heres!”

Misty looked at him curiously. “**Da pizza did dis?**”

“Mmhmmmm~.” The look in Cal’s eyes turned to a cheery, excited glint. “You see, da pizza wees have is made with da best tastin’, most transformin’ ingredients around dese parts. When deys come together, dey... dey...”

Misty wasn’t paying attention. She was instead shoveling slice after slice into her maw at this point. **NOM NOM NOM CHOMP SLURP!** Her body was starting to expand, her belt tightening around her waist and stomach as they grew.

First, it started up top with subtle growth. Her shoulders broadened ever so slightly until they were nice and square. Then it grew more noticeable as the thin waist that had she poured so much work into obtaining widened.

But then came the blatant and obvious changes. Her thighs thickened up into meaty, tender tree trunks, smacking and rubbing against each other naturally. The rest of her legs followed, expanding and expanding until they matched her fat paws perfectly. **RIIIIIIP!** Her poor stockings didn’t stand a chance, brown fur and chub bursting through soon after.

Misty smiled, her expression looking goofier and dimmer by the second. **GRRAAAH.** Her stomach rumbled again, though the vibrations flowed down from her belly and into her hips and rear. Her hips quickly widened as her butt ballooned. Her once bubble butt grew saggy and wide, drooping quite a bit over the stool.

And her sweatshirt dress... her poor sweatshirt dress. The bottom of it went past her knees and now, it barely made it all the way down the thighs. It struggled to hang for dear life with all the growing and fattening up she was getting.

Eventually, it couldn't hold on. **RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!** The bottom half of her dress exploded into confetti, exposing everything from below her belly button down.

At least, it would have left her exposed. Now, there was a pair of tight, jean shorts hugging her bottom. They showed off the big, flabby butt in the back and a new, curious bump in the crotch area.

Misty didn't pay anything much mind, focusing more on what was left of her food. She shoveled in two more slices. **Buuuuuuurp!** She chuckled as her arms shook, bursting through her sleeves to reveal thick, fat, fuzzy arms.

Misty paused briefly as she inspected her arms and legs. **"Heheh, so chunky~."**

"Chunky, flabby, chubby, fat, fluffy, big-bellied~." Cal winked. "Alls perfect words dat can describe ya."

The former Shy Gal huffed, poking her stomach. **"I's wouldn't say all was perfect. Mmph! I's needs more!"** She grabbed three slices and gobbled them like a piggish beast.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE~. Misty's entire torso shook and jiggled, her eyes rolling back. She could feel it now. It was coming and it was good.

Her belt stretched and stretched as her stomach began to push outwards. Her large, round breasts began to flatten, but not too much so. They dropped several sizes before sagging, losing their firm forms. Their stomach pushed further and further out. The fabric continued to tighten over their owner's developing chubby, fattening features.

Eventually, **SNAP! SHREEEEED!** The remains of Misty's Shy Gal outfit, their entire identity and indication of who they were, exploded. The belt snapped off, the buckle flying and ricocheting off the walls before smacking an alligator toon in the corner of the restaurant square between the eyes. The sweatshirt hoodie burst into similar confetti as the skirt portion did, flying into the air all around them before fading from existence.

And like the skirt part, there was something new beneath the clothing to take its place. Misty now wore a big, grey-ish t-shirt that didn't even fit over his massive belly. On it in the center, a tagline read: "Best & Biggest Bear Belly".

Misty looked down at himself, grinning as wide as any of the toons there. He looked... perfect. Fat and chub were everywhere, coated in a lovely layer of inky brown toon fur and features. How could anyone not love the sight before them?

Cal leaned over and inspected the new bear toon, stroking his chin and smiling. “Heh, ya know, I’s think I knows a bear with a bigger belly dan yours~.”

Misty laughed, gripping his stomach and giving it a good shake and jiggle. **“Heh, so what? Mine’s da beddah belly!”**

“Whatever ya say!” Cal’s eyebrow cocked. “Hmmm, ya know... ya got me wonderin’. Ain’t y’all upset about bein’ dis big? All dat hard work with exercisin’ ands-”

“PFFFFFF!” The bear snorted, smacking the counter and causing everything around them to bounce into the air. **“HA! Youse a funny bull! Ain’t nuthin’ ta be upset about heres! When I’s look dis good, why should I’s be upset? Bellies before abs as dey say.”**

Not sure if that’s what they say. A nagging thought bubbled in the back of Misty’s mind, but he shook it from his head. Enough of that nonsense. He was big, wide, and large. What else could he want more than that?

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRG! His stomach rumbled again. That answered that question.

He reached for another slice, but only hit pan. His eyes ballooned out in horror before shrinking back. Everything was gone! He ate it all!

“Awww, I’m stilllll hungry!” He huffed.

Cal smiled, shaking his head. “Don’t ya worry! I’s can get ya another. Just need da money ands alls dat.”

“Right right. Let me get dat!” He casually reached into his shorts’ pocket and pulled out a wallet. It was very big and smelled of pizza and fast food. Quite the nice scent.

More curious though, he opened it up and found a license. It showed him, the big, brown bear in all his toony glory. The information on it was all different from the license number to the address. However, what really caught his eye was the name.

“Ruddy Tubby... heh.”

“Someding wrong?” Cal asked.

Ruddy smirked, shaking his head. **“Nuthin’ wrong at all... just wonderin’... Wonderin’ how much pizza I’s can get with dis!”** He reached deep into his wallet and smacked down a load of bills on the counter. He wasn’t sure where the money came from but whatever!

Ka-Ching! Cal’s eyes briefly turned into dollar signs before he shook his head. “Youse can get a ton with dat! Heh, let me go get started on your pizza feast, big guy~.”

“Big guy”. Ruddy shivered. He loved the sound of that... though not as much as the thought of how many pizzas he would soon be shoving in his gut.

He watched Cal leave into the back again and sighed blissfully. He scratched his tummy and gave it a soft pat. *Sooooon~. Soon, you'll be full and bigger~.*

FWOMP! The room shook and Ruddy looked to the right. Beside him, a large, LARGE elephant toon had taken a seat a few down from him. His pink belly pressed tightly against the counter, the stool legs bending and sweating trying to keep him up.

Ba-bump. Most importantly, he was darn handsome, even more than him, Ruddy thought. He wiggled gently in his seat. The pachyderm looked like he could use some company... and could help him split a truckload of pizzas.

Ruddy adjusted his shirt, pulling it up a little to show off more gut. *While I's wait, let's go make a news friend~. He's soooo tubby~.*

“Ands... dere we go!” Another pizza placed into the oven wall. Cal smacked and wiped his hands, brushing his forehead. Every oven was filled and cooking away! That bear would never be hungry again... at least for an hour or two.

“Heys! See ya got da whole wall a-goin’!” Memphis stepped in from a different doorway, the rat’s tail swishing happily as he looked over the sight.

Cal’s tail did the same as well. “Yeah yeah! Youse wouldn’t believe! Got one of dem health nuts today! Wanted a cheat day ands stuff. Heh, theys cheatin’ a LOT now!”

“HA! Dat’s what I’s like ta here!” Memphis strutted over to his pal and colleague. He patted and rubbed Cal’s bulging belly, the bull letting out an appreciative moo. “Dem healthy types always make da best wide load toons~. Good work ons makin’ a new regular customer!”

“Awww, danks~.” Cal chuckled, playfully belly bumping his boss. The first day of Pizza O’Clock’s return was going great! He couldn’t wait to help others find their own inner, chubby toon today. This would be a grand reopening and hopefully, it would continue into the future~.

THE END