

Funtime at Freddy's: New Bird

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Commission for [Vinkuro of Twitter](#)

Vinny stepped out of the car, tossing his orange shades onto the passenger seat. *Gotta be as professional as possible*, he thought, adjusting his dress shirt as he kicked the car door closed, *be cool, calm, and collective... and whatever else I need to be.*

He looked up at the large, neon sign above the door. *Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria*. Hard to believe he was seeing this place again after all those controversies years ago. For the first time in almost twenty years, the place would be reopening to the public.

The brown-haired man walked through the front door and looked around. It was pretty dim inside, dust cloud visible with the darken outlines of tables and chairs beyond. *Guess they're still getting the lights working and-*

"Hiya sport!" Vinny jumped almost a foot in the air. "We appreciate da enthusiasm, but Freddy's ain't open just yet! You'll need to come back in a lil' while, okie-dokie?"

Looking up at the large, looming figure, it took a few moments for Vinny to settle down enough to recognize them. It was Freddy Fazbear, the large, brown bear mascot of the pizzeria chain. At least, it was a guy in a pretty good ursine costume.

Vinny cleared his throat. "Umm, hi. I have an interview with the manager about-"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOH! You da guy here for a job, right? Well, Freddy's, or me really, is looking to hire the best and the brightest for our chain! We wanna make kids' dreams come true! You wanna do that, right?"

"...sure?"

"GREAT!" The large bear pulled Vinny over towards a side hall, leading him to a door that read, Manager, on it. He didn't put up a fuss about being dragged along. He was too distracted by how realistic the mouth and eyes moved on the costume. They were Disneyland quality, or even better!

Shoved into the office, Vinny was thankfully greeted by a room that had the lights on. In the right corner was an older gentleman with large glasses, typing something on a dated-looking computer. His gaze wandered to the young man as his typing stopped.

He turned in his chair and said, "Hello, you must be Vinny. Thank you for coming in."

"Th-thank you for having me sir!" He hurried over and held out his hand. The manager did not return the gesture. Embarrassed, he sat down in the opposing chair without a word.

“So, the first thing you should know is that I am a man that likes to cut to the chase. Unfortunately, the position you applied for is no longer available.” Vinny’s mood dropped even further, his heart sinking. Self-doubt poured into his mind.

“Now, you are here for a reason. We do have other positions open that we would like to hire you right away for. Judging from your resume, I would say you best fit the Entertainer Waiter position.” Vinny’s mood... mostly stayed the same.

When applying online, Vinny read up on that job. Entertainer Waiter is supposed to be a colorful, animal friend who goes around and serves customers. They take orders, bring food, and even do a little entertainment for the kids. Presumably, it was wearing the costume of some furry friend from Fazbear’s surprisingly deep backlog of characters.

It was not remotely the kind of job he wanted. Vinny fancied himself more of a chef... janitor... guy who helped kids exchange tickets for toys. Something other than getting into a hot costume and being harassed by tots and angry parents.

On the other hand, job opportunities were annoyingly scarce at the moment. He needed something in the meantime. Trying to sound not disappointed, he said, “Well... I mean, I can definitely do that job in the mean-”

“Great, you’re hired.”

“Oh, re-really?” That was certainly the easiest job that Vinny had ever gotten, not to mention the shortest interview as well.

“Of course!” The manager smiled and went back to his computer. “Just head through the door opposite of my office and you can get fitted for your uniform.”

Vinny nodded and left, heading next door. *Well that worked out better than expected, but I dunno. This might be hard... but I could just stick with this until I find something else.*

There, he found costumes and outfits galore. Racks upon racks of t-shirts, pants, and aprons on one side with the other side filled with shelves and boxes. Said boxes and shelves seemed to be full of masks, animal feet shoes, and the works.

Despite that, there was not a soul in sight. He stepped further in, walking up to a table in the center. There was a bright pink cupcake on a paper plate, a paper with a message on it. It read: ‘Congratulations on your new job! Please enjoy this cupcake and get ready for training!’

Vinny’s mood raised a little. *Awww, that’s nice!* He thought, happily taking the cupcake and removing its wrapper, *I’ll just have this while I’m waiting for whoever’s training me.*

He took a bite. His pupils dilated, a wave of shivers rolling down him. Goosebumps broke out, fingers jittered. That frosting, that sugar, that pastry.

“Mmmmmmmmm, soooooooo goodie-good!” squealed Vinny. His voice was high and pippy, hitting a girlish high note. But, only for a moment. “Phew! That’s some good cupcake! I gotta know what they use!”

With that shiver and squeal, his toes clenched tightly together, feet shaking. Not long after, his shoes started pinching. He fidgeted in place as his sneakers bulged, slowly inflating at the tips until they burst. All sides of his shoes burst as large, orange, chicken feet popped out, each having three, pointed toes to them.

The orange, scaly texture from his feet, crawled up his ankles and then his legs. It finally stopped at his knees as he took another bite from his cupcake. He was completely unaware, just savoring the sweet taste of his treat.

He giggled, feeling the sugar course through him like it was nothing. His hips wiggled eagerly, his butt bouncing. With each shake and bounce though, his lower half grew. First it was the thighs, thickening up to where his jeans’ legs hugged them. Then it was the hips, widening and stretching his pants. Lastly was his rear, which ballooned out into a full bubble butt.

His butt was just slightly visible with its crack popping out. However, more would soon be visible as his trousers shivered. Their pitch blackness brightened to a hot orange. The material became softer and more elastic, tightening on his curvaceous bottom. Lastly, their pants legs shot up to the crotch before vanishing, leaving him with a pair of Hooters-esque short shorts.

He chuckled, his body swaying. His mind felt fuzzy as his head swung down. The orange, chicken-like legs, the short shorts, the chill on his legs, the heavy bottom, the lack of a bulge in his pants now. All of it different, all of it wrong.

Yet, he giggled in a pippy voice, “Hehe, ooooh dear. Sweets always did go straight to my hips and thighs.”

Vinny licked his lips, scooping up a bit of crumbs or frosting left over. In response, from where orange skin ended at the knees and to above his crotch, his skin bubbled. It shivered and twitched until all at once, small, soft feathers grew. They were dazzling white, like sunlight shining down on a fresh layer of snow. The subtle chill he once felt left.

He wiggled his rear, shaking it from side to side. Poof! Out popped a small chicken tail with plenty of floofy feathers on it. It shook and bounce with each wiggle.

Need more~ He took another bite of the cupcake, only a little less than half of it left now. Across his body, his figure slimmed up. His arms and legs thinned, except for his thighs. His waist pushed in and his tummy tucked in, flattening right up. His shoulders even drooped, losing a little bit of their broadness.

He joyfully giggled, “I feel soooo airy and light as a feather. That cupcake hit the spot!” He playfully waved his arms, like a bird flapping its wings. The feathery pelt moved up from his hips and onto his torso. They spread to his arms, crawling to his fingertips at the end.

After a few seconds of doing that though, he shook his head and puffed his cheeks. *No! What am I doing? I gotta focus! No time to be silly and giggly! I gotta be ready for whoever coming in to train me!*

He quickly snarfed down the rest of the cupcake. He sighed pleasantly and shivered, a huge wave of happy, wonderful shivers rolled through his body. His waist pushed in further, giving him a clearer, more developed hourglass figure. His back arched as well, pushing his chest further out.

With his chest pushed out, his shirt began to bulge. It started small, but it slowly grew bigger and wider. Two bumps against his shirt at first slowly became large mounds and then globes. A rather large, D-cup set of breasts rested on her chest, rather pronounced and somehow not saggy in the slightest.

As his shirt sleeves and bottom shrank, its color turning hot pink, Vinny giggled again. Licking her lips, she brought a hand to her face and sucked on one of her fingers. *This place is gonna be sooooo much fun to work at if they have such yummy treats like this! They know how to treat a chicken, that's for sure~*

She paused for a moment. Chicken. Chicken. She blinked. She shrugged. Nothing wrong. She finished suck on her pinkie, pulling it out with a nice, small pop. Her brown hair suddenly fell out, leaving her completely hairless.

The ring finger went in next and after a bit, out it went as well. White feathers immediately sprouted, covering every spot where his hair once stood. It then spread, moving over the rest of her dome and noggin in seconds. Eventually, the only spots not covered in feathers were the ears, eyes, nose, and lips.

Middle finger was next, and it was out in a jiffy. Her ears shrank into her skull, slowly melding up against her head before vanishing. Small holes were left behind to hear out of but were unseen to her feathery coating. On her cheeks, bright pink ovals appeared. They were rather cartoonish in appearance.

In went the fourth finger, her eyes turning a bright, dazzling pink. *Frosting is so good! She thought, everything about this cupcake was good! I gotta be sure to hand these out on the job! All the smiling faces as they eat them up! Ooooooh, how wonderful!*

And then, at long last, her thumb. So much frosting, crumbs, and such left on it. She stuck it in like all the fingers before and sucked & licked away. She shivered, giggling as well. She loved this taste so much.

After taking as much as she could, she pulled. At least, she tried to. Her thumb was stuck in her maw. She huffed and tugged. Still nothing.

Clenching her hand into a fist as hard as she could, she tugged one final time with all of her mind. Her face stretched and stretched until... POP! Her thumb was free.

But with all the tugging, her face fully changed. Her teeth had turned light orange, merging together on each jaw. They were yanked forward, merging with her lips and pulling her nose into it as well. Her mouth stretched as the teeth formed a short, but cute chicken bill. Once the thumb was fully out, a cute lipstick mark appeared at the very end of her new mouth.

“Mhmhmhm~” The new bird girl declared, stretching her arms and sighing blissfully. She wiggled her hips and butt side to side. “Now that I’m all loaded up on sugar and happy thoughts, I’m ready to go!”

“Oh, well that’s good to know!” She turned and saw the manager walking in. He looked her up and down, causing her to blush. While she loved being the center of attention, it did feel a little weird when she hadn’t put on the proper layers of makeup.

“Well, I would say you are all set to go, Miss Funtime Chica.” The bird gal smiled. She certainly did feel that way. She was eager to living up to her idol growing up, Chica, and be an inspiration to a new generation. Sure, she wasn’t toony or big as her idol, but she thought she could bring something new to the role as well.

“I am super-duper ready, Mr. Manager sir!” declared Funtime Chica, “I’m ready to entertain the kiddies and make all of their dreams come true!”

“Well one step at a time,” laughed the older gentleman, “First thing you need to do is report to the dining area for training. Other wait staff employees will be there getting their training done as well.”

“Can do!” Funtime Chica hurried out of the room, running straight for the dining room. Despite how dingy and dark the building was when she arrived, it felt somehow brighter. A new beginning for the restaurant chain would be on them and she was looking forward to being there when it all started.

When she left though, the manager stayed behind. Waiting to be sure he was alone, he pulled out his phone and texted a message. As he typed, satisfied with himself, he couldn’t help but think, *they were right. Real animal people are much better to work with than those old, rusty animatronics. We should’ve gone this route in the old days...*

THE END?