

Outline:

First Part:

- “Oh la la, Yuki. You are going to be the most beautiful girl in the club. My keen eye for beauty has surely made you-”
- “If only you were this dedicated to the coven as you were with leisure time.”
- Beatrice turns around in her computer chair, eyebrow arched
- Coven leader, Cassidy; Coven Business Financier Traci; and Vicky (other member, Cassidy’s older, ditzy sister. Very powerful) are in her bedroom. Cassidy and Traci look annoyed, Vicky is busy looking at her phone.
- “Oh my, what is it now?” Beatrice sighed, rolling her eyes.
- Cassidy lays it out front, frustrated that previous attempts have gotten everyone nowhere. Beatrice is on the verge of being kicked out of the coven and all benefits & money being cut
- “Pfffft, yeah right! I’m your most powerful witch... even more powerful than you.” Beatrice stares at Cassidy with a mean smirk
- Cassidy ignores her, pointing out that just because she is the most powerful magic user, the witch can’t just coast through all of her responsibilities and duties to the coven
- “I’ve done plenty for this place. Relax, my team spirit isn’t zero.”
- Traci looks at her tablet, pointing out that she’s barely done any of the business duties required with running their stores and making products through potion brewing or enchanting.
- Cassidy brings up that she isn’t doing her coven duties with potion material gathering, keeping up mystical enchantments in pace, donating her excess magic for causes
- Vicky also casually mentions her attitude stinks and she never takes part in their fun group events, never looking up from her phone.
- “You’ve been taking advantage of this coven and family for years and frankly, we’re sick of it.” Cassidy angrily states
- Beatrice complains and asks what they’re going to do about it. She’s the most powerful witch again and can do whatever she wants.
- Stands up and prepares to do a spell, saying she hasn’t cut loose and shown her power in a long time.
- However, her magic... doesn’t work at all. Just nothing happens and she gets upset.
- Vicky looks up from her phone at last and says that the coven has all decided to put their magic together and lock Beatrice’s powers away until she becomes a more reasonable, productive member of the place.
- Beatrice angrily yells and complains, also pointing out that she can’t do much now without her magic even if she wanted to.
- Cassidy explains that there are things she can still do. Potion-brewing doesn’t really require magic, store managing isn’t difficult, and so on.

- Traci interrupts saying, “Well, we considered that, but we don’t want you to have access to the magic and magical objects until further notice.”
- “So I can’t be involved with magic at all?! You might as well cut a leg off at this point!”
- “Don’t be so dramatic!” Cassidy huffed.
- Beatrice is still angry. She’s been a powerful witch for... she’s forgotten how long. It has been a long, long time. She’s been solo for so long but only joined this coven in recent years since it had some benefits for her.
- Maybe it was time for self-reflection on her behavior, attitude, and laziness... but no. She rather just be upset at the indignity of it all.
- “Okay, so if I can’t do anything at all, what and when will I have to do to have my powers unlocked?”
- “We came up with a nice solution to instill hard work and teamwork in you without resorting to anything ugly.” Cassidy smiled. “I’ve done stuff like this before so it’ll be just fine for you too.”
- Traci: “You’ll be working for a place we partnered with!”
- Beatrice flinched, thinking about what that meant. “Ugh, you mean I got help sell ice cream with a bunch of silly, dumb toons?”
- Cassidy grinned. “Well, you’re right about one of those things.”

Second Part:

- “Hiya toots! Youse da one helpin’ us today?”
- Beatrice wanted to gag. God, that smell when that guy opened his mouth. So much rank cheese, pizza, and cigar smoke that her nose burned.
- “Yessir, Mr. McOrckee!” Cassidy beamed, patting Beatrice’s shoulder, “This is Beatrice, your new help!”
- Beatrice couldn’t believe this. She really wanted to be selling ice cream with toons. At least, they were all bright and cheery ladies
- She was stuck in the pizza industry with toons, all of whom were big, fat guys.
- She was up front with Cassidy. The office was of Hefty McOrckee, the owner of Pizza O’Clock, and beside him was the manager, Memphis Ratterton. Huge orca and slightly smaller rat respectively.
- They both smoke heavy cigars and smelled like pizza and sweat. Beatrice couldn’t stand the smell, though Cassidy didn’t seem to mind it. How was she able not to gag?
- Also... was Cassidy staring at that rat unusually? She seemed oddly focused on him, the rat giving her the same intense looks back.
- Cassidy explains Beatrice will help them with what they need since they always need new positions as they expand
- Hefty explains about finally getting into pizza deliveries now that they have enough space and manpower to handle things.

- Memphis also mentions how the witches were able to help them figure out some solutions to pizza deliveries that'll make things easier. Cassidy looks proud
- Cassidy says she needs to get back to work and opens up a doorway for herself, disappearing through it, leaving Beatrice alone with the two toons. Beatrice wishes she could do that and leave
- Memphis leads her around back into the kitchen, explaining about what she'll be doing now: pizza delivery driver!
- Beatrice has no experience with driving or deliveries, finding this a waste of time. Isn't there something better for her to do? Nope, since she lacks tooniness and speed for anything required there.
- Introduces the special pizza delivery bag, a bull toon filling it up with pizza boxes despite the bag never bulging. Toons can't easily summon or pull out specifically/specially made pizzas like they can with somethings, so the pizza bag will make things easier
- Pizza bag is a teleporter. One in the kitchen and the other in the car. Shove a box in it, think about what the customer needs, and pull out the right box in the car
- Beatrice has questions but is continued to led out into the back where a large, old car is. Sized right for toons but small for her. Memphis explains the pizza box in the car and fax printer that'll pop out new receipts and orders for her from the glove box. Also, a large gps installed so she'll know where to drive.
- Beatrice points out that she has no experience driving, using magic to teleport in the past, and says this is a lot to put on her to start. Memphis says she'll get the hang of it right away. "Heres, have an official cap ta signify youse work with us!"
- Pulls out a baseball cap, but Beatrice pushes it away, turning to head back into the building. Opens the door and finds herself back outside, confusing her.
- I got no choice in it, don't I? Beatrice thinks, eventually giving in.
- She puts the cap on and her head tingles. Memphis hands her the keys, which she uses the right key to unlock the car right away without issue.
- Car is big on the inside and she readjusts the seat automatically and starts the vehicle up like she's done this before. She seems surprised but Memphis says the hat is of a true delivery man. She'll be just fine.
- Beatrice doesn't like this, but goes with it. Just get this over and move on, she tells herself. I'm not getting my magic and power back without jumping through stupid hoops
- Activating the GPS and getting a fax receipt, she drives off to the first customer, Memphis saluting her as she leaves