

Firingwall Preview Guide: 5/31/2019

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Pizza O’Clock: Swell of the Bull

“I’m home, lil’ mama!”

Olivia looked up from the spreadsheets and documents she had laid out on the kitchen island, taking a sip of her coffee. Setting the mug down, she noticed the coffee shaking, rippling like the earth was rumbling. For it was partially true, the ground was shaking.

But not for any natural means.

Through the kitchen door, a very large, hefty figure stepped through. It was a toon bull with bright, muddy, rather inky brown fur and a dark brown pompadour that stretched out almost half a foot. He wore bright blue tennis shoes and shorts, its stretchy fabric perfectly stretched over his plus-sized bulge. He had a thick, chin-strap beard and goatee, a gold nose ring occasionally bumping against his upper lip. He only had a vest on, a rather small one that did nothing to cover or hold in his wide, blubbery belly or big belly button outie.

He shot the blue-haired, older woman a big smile and trudged over, giving her a big bear hug. “Hey lil’ lady!” he cheerfully spoke, smashing her face into his big moobs, “How’s you doin’? Work go good fors yous like it dids with me?”

Olivia sighed, pushing herself away from the beast. She calmly readjusted her hair and said in a matter-of-fact tone, “It went well, though I have quick a bit of work to do tonight Cathy. So, if you would please keep your silliness to a minimum, I would appreciate it.”

The bull snorted, blasting out a big gust of air with his nose, “Da name is Cal, lil’ mama.”

Both were ultimately true. The bull that stood before Olivia was an interesting fellow, one that quite annoyed his dear mother.

The older lady looked at him with a strong, serious stare, causing him to tremble and vibrate like a toon. She said simply, “It doesn’t matter. Just please be quiet and not so silly tonight.”

“Yes ma’am!” the bull firmly stated, giving her an army salute that was followed by an out of nowhere military drum beat.

After an awkward moment of silence past, Cal’s stomach rubbed and shook. He rubbed his stomach with his thick, chubby, gloved hands and mumbled, “Ooooooh, I’s starvin’! I’lls get out of ya hairs fors a while. Needs sum pizza fors dinnah. About twenty boxes should do’s!”

“Do you expect me to buy that much pizza?”

“Of courses not! I’lls meet up with Steve ands Gutton fors sum! Be back later!” With that, Cal gave his mom and big smooch on the cheek before strolling out, his tail swinging from side to side.

Fiery Power Granted

“Are you ready for this, ‘cause you better be ready!” Shu, an older Pokemon trainer declared. He was facing down his toughest, yet strangest opponent to date. It was a figure unlike any other he had encountered before in his life.

“Heh, oh I am most certainly ready,” the figure giggled, rubbing her paws together, “Let us see if you are truly capable of handling a figure such as myself.”

Shu’s eyebrows furrowed as he stared at his prize, a rare, miraculous one at that. It was a Delphox, a humanoid one at that. With blatant female curves and bosom, it stood a foot or so taller than him and had purple fur over her legs instead of dark red. She appeared to be packing a blue staff instead of a wooden stick, adding to her intrigue and mystery

Also, she was speaking clear English, throwing Shu off initially. Potential morality of catching an intelligent, anthro like herself, Shu knew he wanted her right there and then.

Brushing his black hair to the side, he reached for his belt and grabbed the first Pokeball he could think of. “Oh, you underestimate me, my dear,” he cockily said, pulling out his first Pokemon, “I think you’ll be bowing to me soon enough.”

The Delphox giggled, brushing some of her thick ear fur back. She twirled her staff and held it up, ready to go. Without further ado, the trainer tossed out his first Pokemon. Popping out of its ball was a huge, powerful water snake-like being. It towered over the fire-type by a story at least, howling loudly at her.

She licked her chops, stroking her chin, “I see, a Gyarados. Such a powerful trainer already to tame this beast.”

“W-well, soon I’ll be the one taming you!” stammered Shu, flustered by her lack of surprise and being unintimidated.

“Oooo-la-la! I love that talk!” she declared, her eyes twinkling, “Bring it on!”

Glitch in the Ball

The front door closed, a young man stepping away with a little, but pleased smile on his face. In his hands, he held a small cardboard box, freshly delivered by the postman. It was addressed to him, a young man of Asian descent named David.

Finally here, he thought, moving timidly to his living room. The last thing he wanted was to drop his precious cargo after such a wait.

He sat down on the sofa and placed the box before him on the small table. He struggled a bit with the tape, having to fetch his keys to tear into it. But soon enough, he broke in and shifted through the soft, but annoyingly squeaky packing peanuts.

And... h-here it is! His small smile grew a touch wider as he pulled out his prize. It was a small, life-sized Poké Ball. It wasn't any ordinary one either. It was a special accessory that came with the latest game release, Let's Go Eevee/Pikachu, called Poké Ball Plus.

David sighed, leaning back into his sofa clutching his prize. *Finally got you*, he thought, holding the ball up and looking at it closely, *I got my perfect Mewtwo!*

The Poké Ball Plus functioned as two things, a bonus controller of sorts for playing spin-off games on Switch and also housing a nifty prize within it, Mew. The thing was though, his Poké-Ball was holding a different Pokémon, one he valued and loved much more than the rarer prize that usually should have been held in it.

Whether it be a miracle or dumb, random luck, David stumbled upon an incredible offer online. Someone had hacked the games, got themselves a "perfect" Mewtwo, and was willing to sell both it and the accessory together. Through hours of waiting and careful bidding, the young man had won and acquired his prize.

He let out another, pleasant sigh and brought his prize close to his face. Looking over the ball, he gave it a gentle shake. The ball lit up.

Silence. There was nothing else. Nothing at all.

David's head tilted to the left slightly, his smile fading just as softly as it appeared. *Huh? That's... that's weird. Shouldn't it make a sound if something's in there?*

He gave the ball another shake, still one with a touch more force behind it. Once again, the ball lit up, but no sound came.

...weird. He shook it again once more, this time even harder. Not too hard though, he didn't want to break it after all. He turned it so it would face him head on just in case he could see something off. However, there was no visible issue and still no sound came out.

(Untitled Jokerization Story)

“Thank you all for coming out tonight and having a splendid evening!” Zatanna declared, bowing to the audience as she backed away towards the curtain. Under her breath, she muttered, “Nepo sniatruc” and the curtains opened a tad for her to slip through.

The drapes closed as she turned around, moving normally towards her dressing room. A few stagehands and stage director greeted her as she walked, the off-the-clock superheroine greeting and answering any of their questions happily.

“Great show as always!”

“I loved that new trick! I wish I could do magic.”

“You have a gift in your dressing room.”

“Thank you. Thank you as well, but I recommend not seeking out magic casually. Usually causes problems that my friends and I have to fix. Also, wait, what gift?”

The stage manager nodded, mumbling, “Yes, you got a gift from admirer. I checked, don’t worry. Just a nice bouquet of flowers!”

Zatanna frowned, brushing some of her long black hair from her eye. She asked cautiously, “The giver leave a name behind by chance?”

“Yes they did! It was from a Miss Barbara Gordon. I have the card here.” She held it up to the superheroine, who quickly took it and looked it over.

The card simply read, “I wasn’t able to catch the show tonight liked I wanted to. Hope this makes up for it in some silly way. See you later at the tower, Barbara Gordon. P.S., Stephanie, Cassandra, and the rest will be there as well.”

Zatanna sighed a breath of relief, a soft chuckle escaping her lips. Shaking her head, she simply thought, *just Babs. Gotta stop being so paranoid about everything once in a while.*

She looked to the manager and said, before continuing on her walk, “Thanks. I’ll gladly accept the flowers then.”

“Already put them in your room!” The heroine nodded and happily continued off the stage and into the back hallways of the theater.

Eventually, the woman reached her dressing room and took off her top hat. Playfully, she flung her hat towards the hat rack, managing to hook it for once. She smiled. *Alright, tonight is good! Good show, gift from a friend, and managed to finally pull that off.*

Glam It Up: A Puff of Bliss

Went out on the town for a few days. Don't wait up! I'll be back later~ Your "mindful" roommate truly, Tina~

"Okay... sure." A man named Chris was looking over the note left behind his blue-haired roommate, Tina. She had stuck it up on their fridge before leaving apparently, which must have been sometime last night.

Not sure how she snuck out at all, he thought, scratching the back of his head, but at least this does explain why things have been pretty quiet around here. Tina, while very friendly and, usually, had the best of intentions, could really be a pain for the brown-haired man. Having her out of his head and hair for a while was probably for the best.

He yawned, fetching some milk and getting himself some cereal. Putting together his breakfast of "champions", he lurched out of the kitchen and into the living room, falling down casually onto one of the couches without a care.

No work and no pest on the mind, he thought pleasantly, *I can finally enjoy a day to myself for once!*

At least, that's what he thought. Setting his food and drink down, he reached for the remote on the table beside the couch. That's when he saw a curious, dark reddish-brown cigar sitting in the center. Next to it, a silver lighter and scribbled note in a familiar penmanship laid.

He grabbed the items for a closer look, taking his time to read the note. *Oh, one more thing! I got you a fun cigar and lighter! Give it a shot! I promise, it'll really light up your world and make it so you don't miss me as much. Sincerely yours, Tina~*

P.S. I'll know it if you don't try it. :P

Chris groaned loudly, slouching into his sofa. "Of course she would get me something like this," he muttered on his breath, "Of course, of course."

He rubbed his head gently, looking at the cigar and lighter he held in his grasp. He knew Tina's little threat was good, and he knew she would not let up on him for not trying out one of little finds or presents for him. Weighing all his options, it was best for him to get it over with.

Sighing, he lit the cigar up right there and then. Thank god I got some eat and drink to wash this crap out... he thought, eyeing his breakfast.

Wasting no more seconds, Chris brought the cigar to his mouth and put it in. For the first time in his life, he took his first drag off a smoke of some kind. He felt the smoke enter his body, the scent of the burning part entering his nostrils as well.

His eyes watered. His body tensed as the scent and smoke flowed in. He held it all in, unconsciously at that. After a moment, he exhaled, releasing the smoke into the air.

He blinked, setting the lighter aside. He looked at the cigar puzzledly. After a moment, a heavenly, womanly voice escaped his lips, “Mmmmm, that was simply splendid.”