

Clocking In: Usual, Howlin' Shift

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Tammy Wolf of Discord

“Alright babe, here we are. I’ll be back to pick you up after your hard first day.” Jinx smiled, stroking Tom’s face. The young man chuckled, his cheeks turning bright red as she leaned in and kissed him.

He kissed her back. “Thanks for the ride again.”

“Anything for my big working man,” she teased, nudging him in the shoulder. She looked past him and towards the restaurant they were in front of him. A rather large, buff, pegasus man in tight clothing was walking through the front doors.

She smirked, nudging him softly. “Have fun at work. But not too much fun.”

He saw the big equine too. He chuckled, “Seriously?”

Jinx winked. “Mhmm. Don’t go cheating with him or any of those other hunks inside. Sure, they’re totally hotter than me, but that’s not an excuse.”

Tom shook his head and kissed her again. “Wouldn’t dream of it. See you later.”

With that, he hopped out and trotted over to the entrance. Jinx watched him as he left, her thoughts a little nervous. She believed in him and his new job, but would he even stand a chance against all of those mountains of muscle inside?

“Hey! We’re still setting up here. You’ll need to wait a bit... oh. You’re the new guy, right?” A large reindeer man towered over Tom, looking down on the small human. He had a stern look at first but softened fast.

“Y-yeah,” Tom mumbled, “I’m Tom Alcatraz. It’s my first day.”

The reindeer nodded. “Alright then, Tom. Head upstairs and clock in. We need you down here as soon as possible to finish getting everything prepped.”

“R-right. Though, I do have a question about my uni-”

“Boss man can answer whatever you wanna ask. I gotta get back to it.” The reindeer hurried off towards the bar, catching a rag from another employee to wipe the counter down.

Okay then. First day is gonna be interesting. Tom retraced the steps he took back to the staircase that led him up into the manager’s office. After all this time, he still couldn’t believe he was going to be working at this place, this bizarre, horny themed place.

Ballers wasn't the most conventional of restaurants. It was a Hooters knock-off focused on big men of the furry and scaly variety. He had just tossed out his resume there as a joke, but he landed a job within the week, one that paid rather well at that.

While he was somewhat concerned about measuring up to his co-workers, there was one point that needed to be addressed. Heading upstairs, he found the manager office with Henry Vance, the large tiger that had interviewed him, in it. He was busy typing.

Tom stepped into the doorway, the tiger looking up and smiling. "Good morning, Mr. Alcatraz. Ready for your first day?"

"Well, good morning, Mr. Vance. Umm, I need to talk about my uniform before I start. It's... ill-fitting." He looked down. He was wearing the traditional white, sleeveless t-shirt with the company logo and the orange short shorts. However, without the traditional, large figure, the outfit wasn't exactly fitting. They both hung off of him very loosely.

The tiger started to say something but was interrupted by the loud ring of the phone. He grabbed it up. "Hello, Ballers. This is Mr. Vance speaking. Hmm... I see! Well, I'm sure we can handle a party that size..."

Tom anxiously stared. He looked down at himself again and nervously asked, "Umm, any spare uniforms or-"

The tiger glanced at him. "Hmm, hold one sec." The tiger placed his paw on the phone. "Just clock-in and then we can discuss anything you want about the uniforms, alright?"

Tom frowned but nodded. If the manager wanted to talk about it later, then it was fine with him. He left the room and headed next door where the time clock was.

Closing the door behind him, he approached the device. His hands still trembled, his heart racing. He took a deep breath and relaxed. *First day, little jittery. Just gotta get this uniform figured out and things should go smoothly... hopefully...*

He pulled out the scrap of paper he had written his code on. '7002863' he mouthed as he typed in the first number, not even looking at the machine.

His head stung, Tom hunching over. A shiver rolled through, starting in the finger that pressed the button first. The digit shook gently, fingernail turning black before heaving forward, forming a claw. White fur sprouted up and around it, spreading down to his palm.

As fur moved and spread over his hand, many parts of it pulsated before swelling. Skin bulged into pudgy lumps. Their pigmentation shifted to black. His hand now had animal pads.

Tom shook and rubbed his head. He instantly felt the issue, quickly looking at his fuzzy hand. Just in time as well, watching the soft coat of white fur travel up his forearm. It flowed up and over his bicep, disappearing beneath his shirt as the pelt reached his shoulder.

“What the hell?” Tom shivered. He felt more fur sprout along his shoulders, brushing against the insides of his top. It was like Styrofoam rubbing against more Styrofoam.

He eyed the fur descending out of his top and down his other arm. It fully coated it, his hand turning into another paw. He looked between his arms, his mind pouring over what had just happened. It went over and over the situation until...

His eyes fell on the machine. *Did... did it cause this?* He bit his bottom lip. His hand slowly inched over to it, hovering a claw over the ‘0’.

He jabbed the button quickly and snapped his digit back. He felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise, his teeth gritting as his arms quaked. The same feeling struck.

But before he could fully take that in, his shoes started pinching. His feet hurt like they were being stepped on from all sides. He quickly yanked them off and tossed them before he lost all sensation down there.

A loud series of rips followed his de-shoeing. Claws jutted out of his socks at the front, the sides of the footwear tearing along with it. Soon, two large feet burst out. They were covered in white fur like his arms, but with only four digits on each foot. His claws were longer, with thick, black pads on the soles.

Not satisfied with stopping there, the white pelt swiftly moved up his ankles and onto his legs. It crawled up and under his hot pants, stopping there. He blushed, quivering gently. He felt a bit hotter down there now.

Though, he couldn’t say it was UNcomfortable. It felt almost nice. Fuzzy, but strangely pleasant and relaxing. He blushed at the thought, but he couldn’t deny it.

He looked at the machine, a small smile forming. *Wonder what it’ll do next...*

He pressed the second ‘0’, his body rumbling. He quivered a bit harder this time, his knees bending in and hands & toes clenching. That button press felt *really* good that time.

And his body knew it. The natural bulge in orange short-shorts tented as excitement grew. However, it seemed to grow a bit larger than what the size would usually expand. Not by much, but just a few extra centimeters in length and width.

He snorted, taking a deep breath. He looked down, eyes passing over the white hairs growing on his chest and to his crotch. He stared at it, his arms trembling.

He reached down and stretched open his pants. Within was a furry scrotum and sheath instead of his usual equipment. From the sheath, a red rod was extending out.

Tom’s face might as well have been red as he quickly covered his junk. His pants clinging over his dick caused him to tremble a little bit more. His ears instantly swelled and expanded, turning into a pair of white, fluffy wolf ears.

They twitched a little as he tried to calm down, taking several deep breaths. As a large, fluffy, white tail slithered out and over his shorts, he thought, *okay... this is getting crazy... really crazy. I-I should stop... right? It would make sense to stop...*

He glanced over at the time clock, still waiting for the next digit to be punched in. He felt his heart race, his fingers twitched. A drop of sweat slithered down his face. There was only one thing he could do he knew, deep down inside.

He took a deep breath and pressed the fourth digit. He closed his eyes and groaned softly, heat rising throughout. White fur bloomed across his body, coating almost every inch.

He panted heavily as fur reached his head at last. The snow pelt covered most of his face in a matter of seconds, except for his nose that turned bumpy and black. His jaws cracked, the teeth within them turning sharp and canine. His nose broadened as his face pushed out with it, forming a thick, distinctly lupine muzzle.

Tom started to relax, taking slower and slower breaths. “Pheewww...” He rubbed his mug, pausing when his paws went over his muzzle. He casually felt it up before tugging at his wolf ears.

Letting go [his ears twitching], he looked over himself. He was a full-on wolf from head to toe. His new muzzle, ears, tail, and pelt were pretty good indicators. He also was a rather ‘big’ wolf judging by the large bulge that was stretching at his shorts.

I’m a wolf, he chuckled, looking over himself closely, *a frickin’ wolf... this is awesome!* All of this, for as strange and wild as it was, excited him on a level he had never felt before.

He looked back at the machine, his heart racing. *There’s got to be more. I’m not finished even clocking in.*

And given the state of everyone here~ He smirked and jabbed the ‘8’.

Shivers rolled through his body, coursing from his arm and into the rest of his body. He found himself rising, growing several extra inches. His arms and legs bulked up, gaining a touch of muscle definition that wasn’t there before. Even his waist and shoulders widened.

His deep panting returned, his teeth gritting. In his pants, his rod started to unsheathe itself. It poked out and pressed against his orange shorts, rubbing against it ever so temptingly. That felt even better than before.

He hit the sixth button and moaned. His orange shorts stretched even further than before. They tented like mad as his cock went fully erect. Even his furry balls were bigger, moving past cantaloupe size.

Tom groaned, breathing heavier and heavier. The hairs around his jaws grew, their tone darker and a bit scragglier. It was almost like facial hair.

He kept growing the whole time, muscles quivering but never aching. Several more inches were added, pushing him over seven feet tall. His torso widened as his muscles bulged there. His pecs grew very wide and thick, a set of abs appearing as well, his top clinging tightly over them.

He grinned, licking his chops. This was it. One more time and he hit the grand finale. So, why wait any longer than he needed to?

He pressed that final button, '3', and let the excitement wash over him. There was no more height, just more power. His shoulders broadened as his limbs thickened, putting him right on the level with a bodybuilder. He could finally stand proudly with the beefy behemoths of the building.

His clothing was hugging his body tightly at this point. Every inch of him was highlighted with perfection. From his strong core to his tight, firm rear, he was an amazing wolf beefcake.

Well, except for one, unhidden thing. His cock had fully popped out of his shorts. It was far too big and erect to be held back, displaying proudly and dripping with pre.

Tom's panting finally died down, the wolf brushing his brow. *Okay, now that was a rush! I'm more than ready to start my first day now!*

He chuckled but stopped as the door creaked open. Mr. Vance walked in, looking the fine lupine up. He let out a chuckle himself, asking, "Any issues with the uniform not fitting now?"

"Not a problem, whatsoever."

"Great! Then, Mr. Alcatraz, welcome to Ballers."

Tom turned. "Glad to join your crew and-" Vance was frowning, looking down. He looked down as well, his raging erection greeting his eyes.

"Hmmm, can't really allow that. We may be a very suggestive place, but hard-ons and exposed rods are a no-go around here. You're going to need to lose that. Just hit the bathroom across the hall and fix yourself up."

"Oh, sure! Right away!" Tom hurried out of the room and over into the nearby bathroom. It felt a little awkward to move around with his new junk hanging out like that. Definitely for the best to fix this issue right away.

He closed and locked the door, getting all the privacy he wanted. He took his seat and pulled his shorts down, getting to work. He moaned softly as his paw gripped his cock, moaning harder as he pumped it. This was far more intense than he was used to.

He went to town on his rod, soaking it all in. The whole time though, his mind flashed back to Jinx. The thought of her made him grin. He couldn't wait until she picked him up. She was going to love the new him and, hopefully, love what he could do for her at home that night.~