

Clocking In: Electricity in the Air

By: Firingwall

Featuring [Wyraachur of FurAffinity](#)

“So yeah, boss called me up and said I’m basically out of the kitchen now. I’ll be working up front with you, Memphis, and everyone now.” Peter explained, walking behind JD as they ascended the stairs to the employee area.

“Hey, that means you got a promotion then.” JD responded, flashing him a toothy grin. “Working up front is a lot more fun anyways. Pay is a little better than kitchen work, you get to really express yourself, and the tips the customers give are, let me tell you, incredible~.”

“Yeah... I guess, but it’s just... I’m just a little nervous about moving up to something like that. Plus, I really like my Behemoth form and I’m not sure if anything can really compare.”

“Heh, I haven’t heard a single employee complain about whatever form they land yet.” JD smiled, a reassuring and comforting sight to Peter. “Trust me, whatever you get, you’ll be a fit and perfect, regular Ballers employee!”

Another day at Ballers and two of its regular employees were about to clock in, JD the Umbreon and Peter, still in human form. Every shift, he’d clock in and shift into his beefy, FFXV Behemoth self for his behind-the-scenes work, as it were. Now, with a new job position, the old look was out and something new would await him.

Stepping up to the clock-in room, Peter hesitantly looked at it. His best friend pat him on the shoulder. “Hey, it’ll be okay. I’m sure whatever form you land, you’ll love it.”

“Hopefully...” Peter sighed and stretched. Mustering as much courage and hope as he could, he headed into the room and closed the door behind him.

Looking down, he readjusted his loose Ballers shirt and tacky, orange short shorts. Always a pain to wear before he clocked in for his shift. Once settled, he approached the time clock and stared at it.

He took one more deep breath. *Okay... here we go!*

He pressed the first number, 7. Almost immediately, there was a burst of static electricity. It was bright, neon blue and sizzled as it sparked. Peter felt it sting his fingers just a little before he snapped his hand away as fast as he could.

Shit, that looked dangerous. He thought, shaking his hand. *Was it supposed to do that or...*

He glanced at his hand, hoping there was no damage or anything. What he found though was the beginning. His fingers were sprouting yellow fur, fingernails growing out to his fingertips and stretching into small, white claws. Patches of skin inflated and bulged, turning dark blue as they became pads.

Peter gulped, watching his ring and pinkie fingers merge together, giving his hand only four digits each. A quick glance of his other hand, he found the same change striking it now as well. Even if he liked it, transformation still was something hard to get used to.

That being said, he did not dislike it either. He gently nodded, wiggling and examining each finger to get a feel for them. “Well, so far, so good. I think... I’m turning into some feline at least.”

Feline was good, he thought. He did like cat anthros and being one could be a lot of fun. His ears positively twitched at the thought until they actually did. They stretched out, concaving and growing black fur within them. They widened into a rounded triangle-ish shape, moving the top sides of his head and growing even more.

Hmmm... let's see where this goes then~ He pressed the “0” next.

Bzap. Another spark of static electricity shot out of the machine and into his arm before it hopped over and shocked the other. Peter flinched, shaking both of his limbs as they felt all tingly and wobbly. Not painful, but certainly awkward.

Bushy yellow fur flowed from his paws and down his arms to his elbows. Black, electric stripes appeared on the forearms, an electric blue dot on the back. Once the yellow fur reached his joint, it stopped growing. Instead, shorter, finer black fuzz coated his biceps, running up to his shoulder blades.

“Well... that’s pretty fuzzy and warm...” Peter remarked, feeling his arms. “Not bad at all, but... it could really do with-”

He trembled as a hot flash washed over him. He let out a harsh pant, his arms tensing and spasming. His paws clenched tightly as muscle mass swelled, bones and tendons strengthening. His forearms lengthened and widened as his biceps surged, swelling to an incredibly thick, satisfyingly beefy size.

Peter smiled. “Now that’s what I’m talking about!”

His smile was short-lived as he felt a new, uncomfortable feeling strike him. He looked down, spotting his shoes bulging slightly. He winced and quickly bent down. He yanked off his shoes and socks as fast as he could. Those didn’t come cheap after all.

Peter got them off in the nick of time. He got to see his feet stretch out, growing black fur over his now three-digit toes. Claws shot out of his feline digits, the back of his feet cracking just past the balls of them and lifting upwards. Black fur extended just past the half-way point of his calves before stopping.

He smirked proudly, tapping the ground and making satisfying clicking noises with his claws. “Okay, this is getting better and better! Gotta keep this going!”

He punched in another “0” and another shock struck him. This time though, the feeling was far different. The shock sent a different sensation throughout him. His body felt warmer, hotter, especially down in his crotch.

“Ooooooooo...” Peter moaned gently, his knees turning inward. His calves expanded, followed by his thighs, muscle growth striking them next. Yellow fur bloomed above where the black fuzz stopped, flowing up his legs and under his shorts before gently poking out of the top.

His shorts stretched over his hips and rear. His hips widened just a touch as his chubby butt flattened before tightening up. The biggest change of them all was in his crotch. The normal, human size bump he had swelled, his shorts conforming over it more blatantly.

Peter let out a heavy, satisfied sigh, his cheeks red. That felt great. Everything was feeling great. Even the growth of a single, lightning bolt-shaped blue whisker sprouting on each of his cheeks was great. Why was he ever worried about this again?

He looked down at himself, examining his paws, arms, and bulky legs. Their shape, the fur, the colors... all of it was starting to click. Why didn't he realize it before?

“I... I know what this is~.” He moaned as he typed in “2”.

Shoulders tensing up, the bulge in his shorts enlarged. Elastic orange fabric stretched, quickly moving past anything grapefruit size to something far larger. At the top of his shorts, the material began to tent, stretching out an inch and soon more.

Peter took several deep breaths, wiping his forehead as he took in the sensitive feeling. His jaw hung loose as his teeth sharpened. His canines lengthened, poking out of his maw. His nose shifted as well, turning electric blue as its tip and nostrils shrunk. Its shape further changed, lifting up until it became a rather small, feline snout.

He breathed heavily, his chest going in and out. Each movement brought an extra inch to his body, quickly pushing him up to almost seven feet tall. All body fat slowly melted off, cutting several pounds from him.

With his longer body, his torso was more exposed with his shirt lifted up. He could see his new toned stomach, any pudgy long gone. Black fur flowed out of his shorts and over his stomach, disappearing beneath his shirt. Sharp, pointed patches of electric blue fur appeared over top of the black fur. One patch above his belly button, the other dipping down over his pecs and core.

The sight brought a smile to his face, running his paws over his stomach. “Zeraora~.”

He jabbed the “7” on the clock and moaned, lust overwhelming him. His shorts stretched even further than before, getting a little damp at the end of the bulging tip. It almost looked like they were on the verge of tearing right open.

Peter brushed his sweaty forehead and quickly pulled his shorts down. A strong musk greeted his nose, causing him to quake. Beneath his shorts, a large, yellow-furred sheath and pair of balls awaited. A quivering, feline blue cock extended from it, jizz already dripping out.

Therrrrrrrrreeee it is~. A paw reached down and slid a finger along his penis' shaft, over its small barbs and to its head. He shivered the entire time, his cock throbbing and letting out more pre. *Yeeesssssss~*.

He grabbed hold of his rod with his shaft, moaning happily. His long white hair slowly shrank back up to his skull, streaks of electric yellow filling it until no white was left. Once it reached his noggin, his yellow hair puffed up. It turned into thick patches of spiky fur in the back and along the sides of his face.

Eventually, Peter let go of his rod and looked at the rest of him. His torso was pumping up. His waist widened as light abs appeared on his stomach, strengthening him further. His chest expanded, stretching his shirt as he developed pecs.

He felt his body grow warmer, though not from his crotch this time. The last bits of fur were covering his torso. Thick, almost mane-like patches coated part of his chest, growing up and over his shoulders. Tufts popped out of his arm and neck holes as his shoulders broadened to better fit his new pecs and waist.

Peter's paws were all over his shoulders, chest, and stomach. No softness there anymore. All he could feel was the beginning of power; pure muscle power. "Fuuuuck yeah. This I fucking love~."

He eyed the time clock with a greedy grin. "This is fucking amazing! There was no way I wasn't going to love this!"

He pressed that "9" and moaned louder than ever. He was almost there. One more number, but would he even make it before blowing his load?

He wanted to try and draw out the experience, but his paws couldn't resist. One groped his balls, which had grown larger as they filled with seed. The other was sliding up his shaft as his cock grew another inch. So much pleasure... hard to resist~.

Peter licked his lips, lust consuming him. He could barely take it. Black fur surrounded his mouth, going up and around his nose on its bridge and just below his eyes. Speaking of which, the color of his irises lit up, becoming as shining blue as his whiskers and pads.

He couldn't stand it longer. He had enough teasing. He grabbed his rod again with his paw, gripping it tightly. He shook and growled, gritting his fangs.

Then with a firm stroke, he started pumping his rod for all its worth. His body convulsed and shook, his back muscles strengthening. Right there, below his neck and between his shoulder blades, fur started growing. The tuft of fur grew long, thin, and windy, almost like a tail. Though, a tail that had a lightning bolt-shaped end.

Peter pumped away at his cock, pre dripping more and more out. His entire body felt alive with pleasure, every corner of it begging for more excitement and pleasure. His eyes wandered back to the time clock, glazed over from his lust-filled stupor. He needed to increase the pleasure. There was only one course of action.

He slammed the last button he needed, “1”. Electric coursed from the machine and into his system like a raging river. His fur stood on end as bolts of energy coursed through it. His entire body felt heated and on fire. He loved every second of it.

His masturbation picked up, growing quicker with each pump. “Oooooooh yeeaaaah! **Fuuuuuuck me this is goooood~.**”

His jacking slowly pushed his body to its muscular limits. He grew a few more inches, now way over seven feet tall. His poor shirt clenched tightly over his torso as his beefy mass increased. His pecs were wide and massive, bulging out temptingly through the cotton fabric. His stomach was sporting an impressive eight-pack, longing to be touched and felt.

And more importantly, his bigger, more impressive parts down below boosted. His balls swelled further, the size of cantaloupes as more and more seed filled his sack. His cock extended just a bit further, widening at the base as it pulsated hard.

Fuuuuuuuuck yeah. Peter panted heavily, looking down at his massive form. ***This body... This body is fucking awesome. Everyone is gonna love this~***

He could see it now. The pleased, lustful looks of his co-workers taking in his “shocking”, stunning appearance. The hungry, eager looks of customers ogling his beefy body, hanging off his every word as he took their order and did whatever they wanted.

Do... do anything they want~. Images of everything he could possibly imagine flooded his mind. From the simple to the teasing to the rubbing to the pleasurable... everything was so undeniably wonderful.

And then, it all snapped. His pupils dilated, his toes and fingers clenching tightly. He bellowed loudly, his face stretching into a feline muzzle. **“Zeerrrrraaaaaooooorrrrrraaaaaa!!!”**

His cock finally blew, spraying cum and splattering the wall below the time clock. He shook, his rod pulsating intensely as he sprayed. It was incredible. Everything about it was utterly, completely incredible. Maybe even a little better than when he was a Behemoth?

It went on and on like this for what felt like almost a complete minute. An intense, wonderful feeling of bliss hovered over him. Eventually though, it subsided. He panted heavily as the room fell back into focus. His eyes were greeted by the big mess that laid before him, his snout taking in the intense musk that lingered in the air.

“Phew!” Peter remarked, brushing his forehead and pulling his shorts back over his junk. **“Well, that was fun~.”**

He ran his paws over his pecs and abs, dipping underneath his shirt to feel their shape and strength. He felt his muzzle and then flexed his arms, smirking as he observed his bulging biceps. All in all, this Zeraora form was great, just as good as being a Behemoth, though with extra warmth from his fuzziness.

Wrapping up his self-indulgent admiration, he pumped some sanitizer from the nearby table into his paws and wiped thoroughly. It was time for work, and he did need to clean up a bit after all.

He exited the room a new 'mon, finding his Umbreon pal waiting. The dark type looked up from his cell, pocketing it and giving the new electric anthro a big smirk. "Sooo, how are we feeling~?"

Peter flexed his arm and winked. **"I feel all tingly, electric, and excited to please our wonderful, lovely customers to the best of my abilities."**

"Mmm, good to hear!" JD chuckled, patting him once on the shoulder before yanking it back. Whisking his hand a bit, he mumbled, "Oh, a bit staticy there. You may want to discharge some of that before you get to work pleasing others."

"Hmmm." Peter snapped his fingers, a big jolt of yellow energy crackling. **"Probably a good idea. I'm sure that Luxray would love to show this new electric guy his techniques for discharging~."**

JD chuckled. "Don't think it's quite what you think, but..." He looked back, spotting the electric lion co-worker coming from the stairwell. "I'm sure he would love to help you anyways. See ya in a bit. Gotta clock in too~."

JD inched by Peter and disappeared into the other room, the door closing behind him. Peter, in turn, approached the Luxray, who looked at him with an intrigued stare. "Hmm, can't say I've seen you around before. You new?"

"Sort of," Peter chuckled, stepping up to the 'mon. **"I have this new form that's full of energy that might hurt some non-electric beasts. Got any tips or things you do that release all of this pent up energy?"**

The Luxray smirked, patting him gently. "I know plenty of things that can help you. Why don't we go into the restroom so I can show my personal techniques~."

Peter shivered, nodding eagerly. Today was going to be a great start to a whole new beginning as a waiter at Ballers~.

THE END~