

Clocking In: Stallion on Time

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [AKwriter92 of FurAffinity](#).

“He’s not in.” Sean jolted, swinging around. His eyes came into contact first with Baller’s company logo. Diverting them upwards, he saw a large, bestial face looking down at him.

The Umbreon smirked. “Bossman isn’t in now. I’m sure he’ll be here soon though.”

“Oh... okay.”

His co-worker nodded behind himself to a door nearby. “Just clock in there and head downstairs. We got to finish prepping before we open.”

“Will do!” Sean nodded his head, the anthro Pokémon chuckling and leaving. The human sighed. He was a barrel of worries, especially when comparing himself to the large, beefy creatures roaming the building.

This was Sean’s first day on the job at Ballers, a restaurant filled with large, well-built, and well-endowed men. A parody of Hooters, this was a job he was more than willing to admit he was not qualified for in the physical department. He was just some small, slightly chubby guy and not some anthro Adonis-esque figure like the others there.

But, beyond all belief in his mind, he landed the job and was there now. He was ready to start his first day and prove himself worthy. *Though, hope they put me in the kitchen. Anyone I serve is gonna be super disappointed...*

He slapped himself, getting the thought from his mind. No need to think like that, especially before he even really started.

The door the Umbreon pointed out opened, a large reindeer man carefully stepping out so his antlers didn’t get caught in the frame. He held the door open for Sean, who swiftly went through.

Stepping in, he spotted a large sign on the wall to his right. ‘Close the Door Before Clocking In!’ Odd request, but Sean did so.

Walking past the foldout table, Sean pulled out his phone as he stepped up to the time clock. Checking his notes, he found his employee number: ‘7002857’.

Here we go! The first step into this new job. Please be a gooooooooooooo~ Pressing that ‘7’ sent a wave of energy through his body. Not electricity or something harmful. Something more... satisfying to him.

His messy, blond hair stood on end, shaking a little as if a breeze passed through it. From the top to his shoulders, his mop’s color dulled and lost its luster, darkening to grey. Its style

became wavy and flowy, like out of a shampoo commercial. It shortened up on the sides of his head just a little, more long hair growing out on the back of his head and neck.

Shivers ran up from his arms to his head down to his toes. He felt the pleasant sensation linger in his bottom, the back of his pants bulging for a moment. Feeling an uncomfortable pressure, he tugged them down somewhat. Out popped a thick, scraggly, light grey tail.

“Wh-what was that? Why did-” He brushed his forehead but felt something hard rub against it. He pulled his hand down for a closer look, discovering the issue. His fingertips were covered in thick, black, nail-like material. They looked similar to mini-hooves, a light coating of grey fur covering his hand.

Checking his other mitt, he confirmed it was the same thing. He frowned. *Wait... is this what those guys were talking about when I got in? 'You'll love clockin' here!' Something like that? Could this be-*

Sean shook his head. It didn't matter. He still had a job to do, and he needed to clock-in. Regardless of the results, he had to prove himself and not just give up.

He typed in “0” next, bracing himself. It did somewhat help, but he couldn't stop but quiver happily at the feeling. His pants simply bulged at that, even swelling a bit larger than usual. Not that he noticed, his eyes rolling back.

His body vibrating, his form shifted. He shot up several inches, pushing him just at six feet tall. Body fat decreased in return, thinning his arms and legs quite well. Even his stomach tucked in, leaving him with a flat tummy. Despite the extra height, his clothes looked baggy.

Sean shook his head, calming himself down. *Need to focus... need to keep clocking in. Can't disappoint anyone or...* He paused for a moment. Looking at his arms, the hairs on them looked much thicker than before, almost like fur. It was even a different color, light grey.

He huffed and quickly pressed the next button before he got distracted. His shoulders clenched, and he bit down on his bottom lip. That felt good.

Oddly, he began to bobble. He swayed from side to side, having difficulty keeping straight. He took a step back. Clomp. He took a step back with his other foot. Clomp.

Looking down, he saw his feet were out of his shoes. For good reason as they were large hooves. Shaped just like a horse's, they were light black and thick. His socks had long since torn off of them, leaving them completely bare.

But his gaze on his feet didn't last for too long. His eyes returned to his crotch. It was bulging out more than before, almost as big as a cantaloupe. The button on his pants had broken from trying to contain it. Nervously, he poked it and shivered again, a heavy moan following after.

Fur was starting to grow up everywhere on him, from patches on his limbs to his face. Grey hairs even poked through his shirt. His muscles were growing as well. Now that his body fat

dropped, his body was bulking up a little. Not too much so, but enough to give his arms and legs noticeable definition. His clothing was even fitting him again.

He tapped the “2” and felt something different for a brief moment. Not pleasure or joy. It was numbness.

His face was stiff and empty, all sensation lost briefly. During this, his head cracked and shifted. His cheekbones widened a little while his nose broadened, its bridge and nostrils enlarging. His teeth thickened as their shape changed, becoming more akin to molars.

The numbness left soon after, pleasure flowing back in. He shivered happily, embracing it as his body broke out into goosebumps. More and more fur sprouted across him, fully coating him in a grey pelt, some lighter splotches appearing here and there. The only spot not covered was his face, but that was certain to follow soon enough.

His hands clenched, his breathing deepening. His arms and legs slowly expanded some more, his physique more on point with a linebacker. His torso widened to better accommodate them. His clothing was hugging his form tightly now.

“Gotta do more... gotta be ready for work and serve.” Sean licked his lips. Serve. That sounded nice. Serve people their food and tend to their every whim. He jabbed the fifth button.

The button on his jeans’ snapped. His zipper opened up. His boxers stretched and stuck out prominently. The bulge they were once holding was huge, his underwear tenting out several inches. The tip of it was a little damp, a strong musk coming off of it.

He sniffed the strong scent, quivering intensely from his hooves to his head. In particular, his ears shook a bit. Grey fur overwhelmed them in seconds. They extended several inches up to the top of his head, his mane between them. They warped and pulled up into pointed oval-shapes, flickering gently.

He huffed and huffed, his chest rising and falling. His torso expanded again, his shirt tightening even further. His pecs widened greatly as his shoulder broadened, small snaps from his top being heard. The waist widened better fit his broader shape, abs developing on his stomach. They pressed against his shirt, his clothing molding over them.

Big... gotta be big and strong. Must be perfect for the job. Sean pressed the “5” and moaned, his voice shifting to a strong knicker. His body stretched, growing several inches until he was nearly seven-feet tall. His muscles slightly grew as well, the back of his shirt tearing and holes opening all over his pants.

None of it compared to the growth that struck his crotch. His boxers blew open as a long, cock tore through. It was black, a little thinner than a soda can, and with a flat head. Below it hung a large, heavy set of black balls, churning with seed. Fully erect and ready to go, it was the perfect fit for the horse man he would soon be.

Sean could not help but chuckle at the equipment in front of him, it poking against the wall below the time clock. He ran one of his hands against its shaft, pre profusely dripping out and his body nearly breaking out into a fit.

Body... body perfect... almost perfect... need to be perfect. Need to serve. Want to serve! Panting heavily as his eyes focused on the clock, he bellowed with a deep grunt, “**Need to clock in and serve!!**”

He hammered that last button with one final burst. His eyes dilated, hair and fur standing on end. Every fiber of his being was lighting up with pleasure beyond all belief.

His cock throbbed one final time and blew. Cum sprayed out of its head with a big blast and long stream, coating the wall in front of it thoroughly. His body swelled with one final burst, putting it on par with the other big creatures there. Such a surge in growth also did his clothing in, tearing it to pieces and leaving him bare.

Grinning, Sean leaned his head back and let out a proud neigh, whisking his head a bit with it. Fur almost immediately engulfed his mug, finally finishing coating him. His face shot forward with one hefty jolt, nose morphing alongside his jaws. Together, they formed a long, but strong equine muzzle.

An equine muzzle that fit perfectly with his equine body. Sean was fully changed, standing proud, nude, and buff as an incredible looking stallion.

Sean let out a long, pleasant sigh, standing straight. His heart and breathing slow down. He stretched himself, pushing out his chest and limping rod. *Phew. What a rush!*

He looked down at himself, running his hand over his furry pecs and abs. He reached behind, feeling his rather shapely, fit ass now. Grinning, he raised an arm and gave a good flex, his bicep bulging enticingly.

Sean shook his head as he chuckled. “**Pfft, forget the kitchen. What the hell was I thinking? I belong upfront, serving customers, and working with my... big... colleagues.**”

His body shivered as his mind flashed to his fellow workers. The reindeer’s large biceps and abs. That Umbreon’s big pecs and bigger bulge. It was enough to make him stiff again.

“Tsk tsk, what a mess.” A voice spoke, his tone joking but also stern. Sean’s ears bent back as his body shivered. This time from fear.

He turned around anxiously. His boss, a large, buff tiger named Henry Vance, was standing there. He was looking over the new stallion with a critical eye. Sean felt a little thankful that his stiffy was over and that fur was covering his beet-red face.

Mr. Vance looked at the clothing and then back at his new employee. He shook his head. Sean quickly said, “**I-I’m sorry! I was just punching in and then everything got all hot and... and... I didn’t mean to.**”

“Oh, that’s not an issue.” The room went silent.

“...what?”

“Almost every new guy does it,” remarked the tiger, shrugging, “I’m referring to the fact that your clothing didn’t change. That damn patch still hasn’t been installed and now you’re out some clothes.”

“Oh... it’s not me... spraying the area?”

“Please, like our employees aren’t always masturbating on their breaks or when they need to use the restrooms. It’s fine. The janitor will clean things up.” Sean felt odd. It feels like this should be a bigger issue.

But... if it wasn’t, who was he to question it?

“Anyways, I’ll get you a spare uniform to wear. Thankfully, it’s one-size-fits-all around here with how everyone’s built.” Sean smirked. “But as soon as you’re dressed, you’ll need to get downstairs. The floor manager will fill you in on the details of your job.”

“**Can do!**” Sean nodded. “**I won’t let you or anyone down.**” This was finally it. It was time to start his first day at Ballers. He was a bit nervous coming in, no doubt. But, with a new, handsome, strong body, he was confident. He was ready.

A new, burly stallion was about to make his debut at Ballers.

THE END