

# Clocking In: Pumpin' Moose

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [ThroneZwei](#)

“And that’s all I can share with you for now,” said the large beast, “Is there anything else you need to know?”

“N-not that I can think of, Mr. Vance,” Alex nervously answered.

“Please, call me Henry,” the tiger chuckled, “We have a casual atmosphere between management and staff here. There’s no reason to worry.”

Alex nodded, but he was still nervous. He was talking with the manager for his city’s Ballers, a knock-off of Hooters but with men. It was not the kind of place he would usually go to work at, but he needed the job.

And beyond all expectations, he landed a waiter gig there and rather abruptly. He had only just submitted a resume a few days ago and had one small phone interview. Now, he was suddenly at the restaurant with the job in hand, going over basic orientation.

“Either way, welcome aboard Alex,” Henry remarked, leaning over the table and offering his hand. Alex leaned in and shook it. His hand was so small compared to the tiger’s that it felt like one good squeeze would turn his hand to dust. He was pretty sure any of the other anthros walking around could do the same.

As worry set in about being the smallest guy in the building, the tiger added, “Well, time for you to clock in and head downstairs. One of the floor managers will show you the ropes on all the various tasks you’ll need to perform.”

The human nodded and as he was getting to his feet, something struck him. “Umm, wait a minute. Don’t I need a uniform? I can’t clock in without one, right?”

The tiger casually waved his paw. “Don’t worry about it. Just head to the room next door and clock in. We can deal with that after, alright?”

Alex merely nodded. Best not to question authority on the first day and just go with it. He headed over the room next door, entering it and taking a look around. It was mostly empty besides a table with a clipboard and tissues on it.

In front of him on the wall was the time clock, a digital screen with a series of buttons beneath it. Looking at it, it appeared he had to just simply punch in his number, and he would be good to start his shift.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the piece of paper he was handed earlier. “Let’s see... employee ID is 7002850.” He hit the Punch-In button and typed the first digit into the machine.

His body shivered. From deep in his gut, a heavy moan escaped out his mouth. Goosebumps rose across himself as his body hair grew a little thicker and quite a bit darker. On his chest, legs, and especially his arms, his skin was hidden somewhat by the fuzz.

His pants in the rear twitched slightly, something pushing against them from the inside. The tent grew slightly until something popped out the top, sticking over his pants. It was a small, almost finger-length tail covered in chocolate brown fur.

His shoes felt tight and then a little off. As he shook, he unconsciously kicked his feet to the side, his shoes, taking his socks within them, flew off. Uncovered, his feet were now thick, dark brown hooves.

Alex huffed, clutching his chest. *Wh-where the hell did that come from?*

Confused, but unflinching, he pressed “0” next, looking around just in case something happened. He let out a groan as a familiar feeling struck him. Upon his face, a rough, dark brown five o’clock shadow appeared, along with a soul patch on his chin.

His body shivered as it began to expand. He extended several inches up, putting him at least six feet tall. Muscle growth followed, adding some slightly visible definition to his lanky arms and legs. He looked far closer to an athletic runner now.

As his ears grew brown fur and changed to cervine in look, Alex panted. *This is nuts, all of this is nuts. Why does it feel like this? It’s so... so...*

Looking at the machine, he gulped and reached towards it. He pressed the next “0” and felt his body quake again. His fists clenched, his paper crumpling up. The bulge in his pants pulsated, swelling up to a bigger size.

Speaking of which, his clothing shivered themselves. The long, black pants’ legs slowly shrunk up to his knees. His shirtsleeves did the same, going past his elbows. With them uncovered, his limbs were visible and looked quite hairier, positively furry now.

He let out a rather animalistic snort as his body grew a little bit more all around. His nose gained a dark, chocolate brown color to it as it swelled. Its bridge widened as his nostrils flared. It completely reshaped itself, looking more like an animal snout than anything.

*This machine,* Alex huffed and moaned, *this... this has to be the cause... it has... has to...* But, despite that revelation, he eagerly typed in “2”. He had to keep going.

He gritted his teeth as his face went numb. His jaws cracked and shifted, cheekbones widening a little as his mouth pushed out an inch or two. His nose melted in with the extending jaws, forming a small muzzle.

As he grew another two or so inches, more changes struck his head. His messy brown hair shortened up, almost looking like a buzzcut. His five o’clock developed into a beard, even standing

out amongst the brown coating now on his muzzle. Curiously, on the top sides of his head, two large bumps had emerged, bulging out of his hair noticeably.

His clothing shifted again. The zipper and belt loops in his new shorts vanished, the material quality becoming rather stretchy like spandex. His dress shirt thinned as its collar vanished fully. The material turned to a more cotton-like texture, similar to that of a cheap t-shirt.

His clothing tightened on him, especially on his chest and stomach. Looking down, Alex couldn't help but smile slightly, seeing a trace of abs beneath his top. *Ya know... this ain't bad. Ain't bad at all. I feel so much stronger and thicker...*

He snorted as a hand groped his package. *Hornier too. Heh, I feel like I'm almost ready to properly serve the guests here.*

He eagerly pressed the next button, embracing the incoming pleasure. The package he held in his grasp swelled, moving past orange size and feeling more sensitive.

His clothing transformed even more. His shorts' legs shrunk further, reaching up to his crotch almost. They looked and felt like short shorts. His shirt's hemline shrunk as well, lifting to his bellybutton. It exposed some of his navel and stomach, which was very toned and fit.

Fur was erupting over most of his body. Dark brown fur coated most of his limbs, his back, and sides. Upon his chest, light brown fur was cloaking his stomach and then his pecs. Said pecs were widening and hardening, a soft coat of dark brown hairs growing on top of the fuzz and down to his navel.

Alex felt his head numb, sensation leaving briefly. The bridge of his nose widened, nostrils flaring as they ascended. His jaws cracked, shoving forward an inch or so. His brow thickened with his eyebrows. Then the bumps on his head swelled, stretching several inches out. Hardened bone came forth from them, forming mini antlers for the man.

"Yeeeeesssss," Alex bellowed, his voice dropping in pitch, "**This feels wonderful... I need more... I need more. More fur, more muscle, more girth...**"

"**...all to serve the customers.**" He chuckled, licking his chops. He pressed "5" and braced himself, letting out a powerful snort. His shorts tenting, stretching as the bulge expanded even more. A musky scent began emanating from them as they damped a little.

He reached down and stroked the bump. He basked in the wonderful feeling as his body grew some more. His waist widened, shoulders broadening to better fit his pecs. His arms and legs bulked up further, putting him on par with the tiger boss much to his delight.

His teeth gritted as he grew to six feet, eight inches, his head feeling numb again. His jaws pulled forward even more, lengthening and widening until his face was over 2-feet long. His neck musculature expanded, better able to support his heavier head.

He groped his package again, letting out a rather animalistic moan. *Al-almost...* he thought, his shirt turning white and shorts going orange, *almost th-there... need... need...*

**MORE!** He jabbed the 0 and finally clocked in. His eyes went cross as his cock popped out of his orange short shorts. It was darkish pink with a ring in the middle of its shaft, the head pointed. The second it was released, it blew its load, splattering the wall.

Alex moaned loudly, arching and throwing his head back. His antlers shot out even further. They grew large, blunt branches as they settled into their moose form.

More hairs grew over his whole body. Thick patches coated his arms and legs, somehow darker than the coating on his limbs. The hair trail from his navel continued down and into his crotch. His beard growth thickened up along his bottom jaw as well.

As his cock went limp, upon his white shirt, a logo appeared. In bright orange, lowercase text, the words: “Ballers” appeared. He was now a true employee of the restaurant.

Alex huffed, brushing his forehead. **What a rush**, he thought, examining his chest and then his arms. He smirked, flexing his right arm. His biceps bulged intensely, absolutely massive and dense. Such a far cry from his old self.

He chuckled, **“Mmmm, now this is a body made to love and serve.”**

“Well, we’ll see about that,” a familiar voice spoke up. “You got the body and looks, but the skill to perform and satisfy is another thing entirely.” Alex blushed, knocking him out of his lustful stupor. He quickly pulled his shorts over his limp cock and turned.

Henry stared him curiously, his tail swishing behind him. He looked over the new moose man with a harsh stare. Alex could only gulp, mouthing, **“Ummm, I can clean this up.”**

Henry shook his head, waving his paw like before. “This is fine. Most newcomers tend to blow their load on their first clock-in. I’ll get our janitor, and he’ll clean this up in no time.”

**“Oh. Well, alright then.”** Alex felt a little embarrassed, but at least it wasn’t a big deal.

The moose cleared his throat and put his hands on his hips, thrusting his chest out proudly. **“Well... I’m all clocked in and ready to learn the ropes.”**

“Good, I like to hear that and see that confidence!” Mr. Vance smiled, flashing his fangs. “That’s the Ballers attitude I like to see. You ready to learn how to properly greet and serve our customers?”

**“Of course!”** Alex smiled himself.

“Are you? Are you truly ready to greet and serve our fine, *hungry* guests and give them whatever they want?”

“**Oh yes.**” Alex felt his shorts start to tent, his heart racing.

“Anything they want and do almost anything they need, no matter how close and personal it maybe?” Alex softly moaned, a hand moving down and groping his tenting bulge.

“**Yeeeeess,**” he excitedly moaned, “**Anything... anything they want, no matter... no matter how hungry. As our motto goes: The customer is always right to be horny.**”

The tiger smirked, walking over and patting him on the shoulders. “Then welcome to Ballers. Our customers are gonna love you.”

*THE END?*