

# The Craftsman

## A Patreon Exclusive

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THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

### A Stay On The Farm

*Of all the things to happen, Eric just has to break down while he's out in the middle of nowhere. Thankfully when Eric finds a farm and a friendly farmhand to help him out, he thinks all his issues will be sorted soon. But what he doesn't know is that the farmer has plans for him and soon he realises he's going to be staying on the farm for a lot longer than he ever thought.*

**Featuring** — *male transformation || animal transformation || intelligence drain || feral transformation || donkey transformation || mental shift*

*Enjoy. . .*

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“Can I help you there, boy?”

“Yeah, sorry er my car broke down about a mile down the road,” Eric stammered as he looked at the tall and lean figure of the cowboy, smirking at him with nothing more but a sliver of his muscles shown and tight underwear across his legs. Eric had a girlfriend, a good one at that, back at college, but right now he couldn’t help but feel his lips dry when he started to see the farmer’s own bulge.

He was just some college kid, in his early twenties, thin and in some old grey hoodie who now found himself here, on an odd farm seemingly in the middle of nowhere.

“Ah, I see, well why don’t you come in and tell me all about it,” said the farmer, his grin growing wider as his eyes glistened. Eric was about to deny when he felt himself with a faceful of musk and odd scents that made him reconsider as he felt his cock begin to harden at the farmer’s sculpted body.

He gulped.

Why was he doing this? He liked girls, he had never liked guys before. But from the way the man's bulge moved as he walked back inside and pushed open the door, Eric bit his lip, wanting more as he followed. "Here, beer's on me. So tell me more about this broke down car of yours."

"I really shouldn't be drin-"

"Drink," commanded the farmer and Eric drank, enduring the awful taste that went down his throat as he ignored the odd feeling that was on his chest already or how his throat continued to thirst."I was just heading back home to my dad's for the weekend and well I don't really do car stuff."

"You don't do car stuff? Well I think you do boy, drink up," urged the farmer and Eric nodded, drinking and whilst he did he enjoyed the growing sensation as he was flooded with all sorts of knowledge on mechanical engineering, what type of car he had, and even the most basic issues to fix them.

"Well I mean I know some car stuff not a lot. But usually I don't like getting my hands dirty so I-"

"Don't like getting your hands dirty? But you look like such a hard working man to me," told the farmer. And Eric shifted as he felt his own hands growing, the fingers elongating as the palms thickened whilst the skin grew weather beaten. Hard work with his hands was what Eric was known for, things like his Art History major made no sense to him as he remembered clearly switching to Engineering. "And I mean with them thick arms of yours, how could you not be?"

"W-What I- erm," Eric shuffled as he felt his own arms were thick, in fact they were incredibly thick and bulging biceps that only grew more muscular as he had a tight grip on his own beer bottle, savouring the taste more and more. From the way that he had been working hard and dirty all his life, of course he expected himself to have a more toned body.

"Yeah and what about all the hard work you do on the farm here?"

"Hard work? But I've never...been...on a...on err..." Eric's own body continued to grow, clutching at his own stomach as abs started to fill in from the fat that once resided there and showcase through his own thin vest that he always wore and clung to his stinky sweaty skin.

He stood up, taking a great swig of the beer as his back stretched and he stood with pride as his own clothes started to shift and change. He was now confident in his own body, enjoying the hair that was growing and looked up with a type of haze to his eyes as his own IQ lowered significantly until he was just a dumb farmer.

“W-What are ya sayin’?” Even his voice was different, deeper and more southern sounding.

“Oh nothing. How are you enjoying that drink of yours?”

“Oh it’s great, thank you. Great for such a hot- a...” Eric gulped as he started to feel different, a heat was spreading throughout his body as he realised he wasn’t finished growing, he wasn’t even close to being finished. “Such a...hot...fucking...really **h-h-HAAAAWWW!**”



Eric, now in a suitable farmer body suddenly brayed out loud as he dropped the beer, not from shock or fear but from the fact that his own hands had converted to hooves, watching as the fingers were encompassed in a black mass due to his own changing nails. He watched as they continued to thicken, glaring up at the farmer.

“W-What’s **HAAAWWWWWW!**” Eric brayed once more and with every bray a blissful pleasure flooded what little remnants of human mind were remaining as he didn’t panic like any ordinary human. Any ordinary human would run, would try to call for help, but instead Eric kicked both his back feet as his own legs grew thinner the more they grew hairy. Seas of sprouting brown fur obscured his thick animalistic skin whilst his own feet formed the hind hooves of a donkey much like his changing hands.

Eric tripped over as he tried to grab at the door, watching as the one hand that managed to barely have enough fading fingers to latch onto the handle started to fall away as he heard the farmer laughing at his plight, unable to open the door handle not from the fact his hands were almost hooves, but he was too dumb to know how.

“F-Fuck! Please **s-s-stAAAAAWWWWWP!**”

But Eric knew that begging was going to get him nowhere as the fur continued to rally up his own body, his own ass now becoming the hindquarters of a dumb and dirty animal as his heart skipped a beat when he could feel it. He winced at the sensation of a long ropy tail growing out from his hairy ass.

Eric tried to ignore and stifle his moans from the sensation of his own length beginning to grow more equine as it no longer resembled a human cock. Instead it was a more equine shaft that elongated and thickened to the point where it was inhuman. The cock grew dark and animalistic, with no areas left in his mind to think about anything else it all became a bastion of lust as sex was all he could think about.

He wanted to cum, he knew he couldn’t, but he wanted to as he started to feel the fur racing up to cover his face whilst his own arms thinned and Eric flopped on all floors.

“P-Please...please...I-I’m not a...not a...donkey...not a...horny...dumb...**HEE-HAWW!**” Eric’s own nose darkened as his ears continued to grow and elongate, lengthening by the moment with his once hazel eyes becoming a deep and dark brown.

His own cock throbbed and he felt himself cum over the floor in great gushes of seed that flooded the floorboards as his muzzle pushed out and his ears finished growing as the dumb donkey before the farmer panted, now nothing more than a tired and lazy animal.

“Well now, I think you’ll do fine on the farm, thank ya for comin’ bye,” laughed the farmer.