

The Craftsman

A Patreon Exclusive

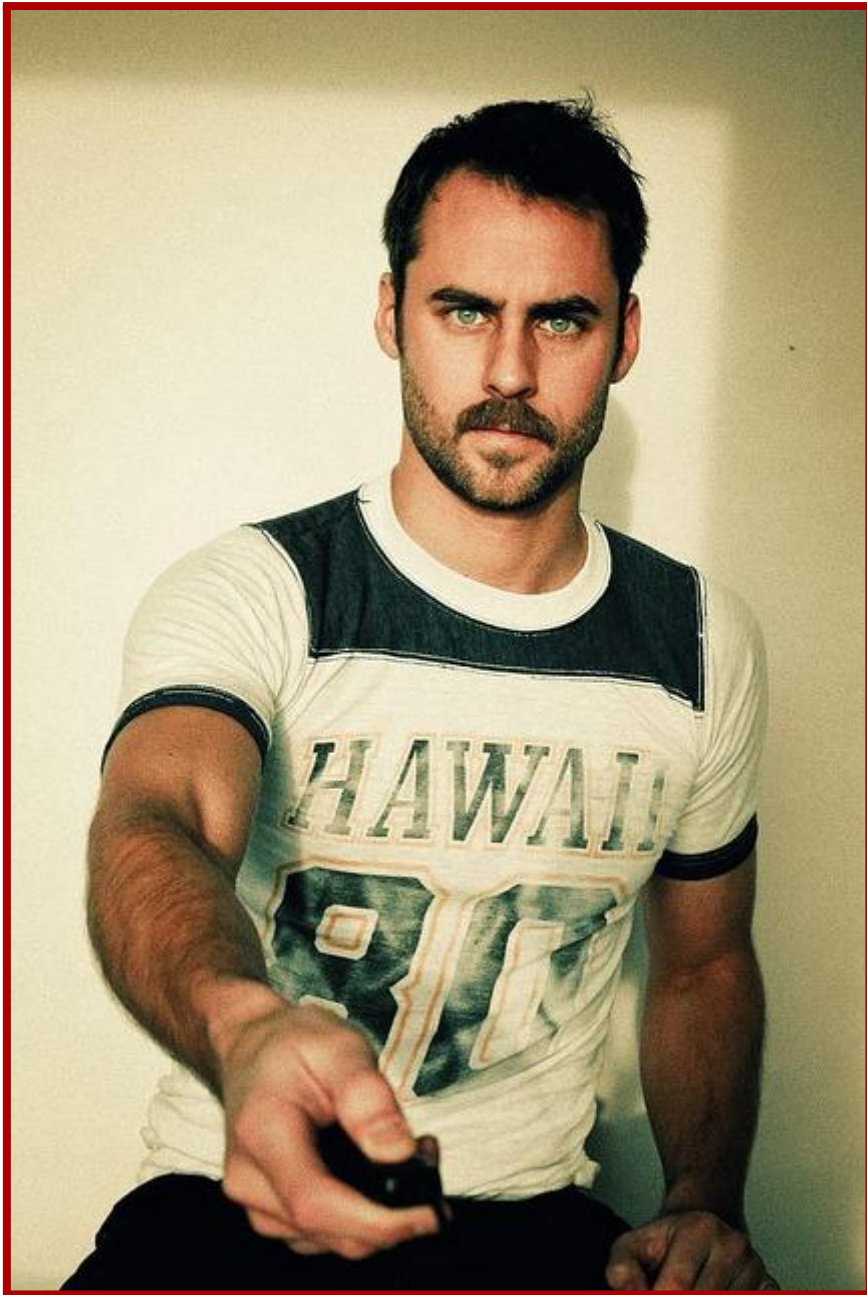
THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

J O C K T V

Tim feels like he can't get a grasp of technology. The mid-40s father is having trouble with a new TV remote when it suddenly takes him to a workout channel. As he tries to turn it off, he realises he can't as the handsome trainer begins to make Tim start to actually workout and grow into a cocky muscular jock.

Featuring — *male transformation || muscle growth || personality transformation || reality change || jock transformation*

Enjoy. . .



“John! Are you sure the new remote’s working?” A frustrated Tim continued mashing his fingers onto the remote as his brows knitted together whilst he frowned, staring at the television.

“Yes! Look, do you even need to watch TV? Why don’t you go out, have some fun?” called John from upstairs.

He didn’t even want to know how or what his son was doing to somehow be back from college for just one week before breaking their remote. But this new “universal remote” that he bought to make up for it wasn’t even working, even after spending hours just making sure it was working with the right television. But as he continued clicking and checking out how to change the channels, his frustration continued to grow. “Oh for god’s sake, why won’t this just-”

The channel suddenly switched, a random assortment of numbers Tim had pressed appearing on the screen in a black bar and switching to a fitness channel - of all things a fitness channel. No matter how "cut" or good looking the guys were, Tim wasn't obsessed with the latest and greatest workout equipment or routines.

"God damn it," growled Tim as he continued fiddling with the remote, pressing buttons that suddenly no longer wanted to work. "For god's sake, if I can just get the stupid- Ah!" Tim dropped the remote and almost dropped to the floor as he felt the back of his legs, his calves specifically burning up and causing him to fall down to his knees as he resisted the urge to cry out. It wasn't painful, it wasn't pleasurable, it was just...nothing, just the feeling of his own legs bulging out and the lack of any clear distinct emotion causing him to make up for the missing pain, and then bask in the oncoming pleasure.

Now let's do some push ups!

The television in the background seemed to be nothing more than some comforting sound as Tim felt his calves pushing into the air, thickening and widening, growing more muscular before both his hands suddenly positioned themselves flat on the ground. His feet getting into position too.

"Oh my god, what am I doing?" muttered Tim, his eyes widening as he suddenly realised his own arms were suddenly helping him do push-ups. He hadn't done this in years and Tim could feel it as the burning sensation continued to flood his body, but instead of pain it was nothing more than pleasure. A type of pleasure that seemed to overcome any thought he had. What was he doing? Why was he doing this? And why did it feel so good? Like his own calves, his arms suddenly began to bulge and this time grow against the sleeves of his shirt that started to slowly cut into his skin as he realised that with every push up, it was causing his own body to sweat and develop a sheen that showed off his changing body. His arms were growing thicker and muscular with every push!

Now we need to develop those abs! Let's get busy with some crunches!

Fuck, Tim realised, he needed to call for help, or find some way to stop this!

"Oh fuck! Oh god! This is so hot!" Tim unexpectedly moaned, realising that wasn't what he wanted to say at all. His body almost flipped over, looking up as his growing hands came to suddenly take off his shirt glancing down at his somewhat flabby body and feeling his muscular arms going behind his head. He started to do crunches, and Tim couldn't tell if it was himself or whatever force was controlling him that was making him suddenly so active, but regardless there was a rush that bubbled inside him that made him want to continue.

With every moment he completed his crunches and allowed his head to rise to look at his stomach, he watched with every moment as he saw his stomach slowly suck in and suddenly his flabby stomach was becoming more defined by the moment. He watched as his head continued to rise during his crunches and to look at his own stomach that was suddenly becoming so defined. He could see where there was once flab instead there was a clear cut six-pack that almost eerily mirrored the man that was on the screen.

“Oh fuck yeah! Keep going!” moaned Tim, enjoying this far too much as he took the brief moment where he stopped exercising to feel his own six pack.

“Dad? You okay?” He heard his son, John, call downstairs.

“Yeah everything’s fine,” coughed Tim, no longer able to tell if it was his own words or someone else’s that was coming out of his own mouth now that he was almost addicted to the surge of adrenaline and pleasure that flowed through his changing body. Watching as all the blemishes and wrinkled skin of a full life once experienced were now starting to fade away, smoothing over as if they had never existed as his mind continued to align itself with youth just like his own body.

And now the most important part of an exercise, cooling down

The sweat and sheen from Tim’s own body began to subside as he felt something else, as the pleasure began to fade he felt his own face twitching and shifting all on its own as if he was almost possessed by some other force as his eyes widened and though a part of him still enjoyed his muscular body that continued to grow in his living room, he couldn’t help but almost be afraid of it too.

“Oh shit, oh god, what the- fuck what is this?” Tim panted, a hand clutched around his growing thighs as he quickly rushed over to some mirror or something in the living room.

Appreciate your body

His nose grew and his bulge followed as he felt his face changing the more he was accepting and enjoying his new body.

“Oh shit! Fuck, try to think of something else, anything else,” moaned Tim as he tried to ignore his aching cock.

Love your body

“That damn TV!” Tim rushed over, his own lips now growing thinner and flatter as his cock grew another inch in his own.

And keep going at it

“Fuck!” Instead of thoughts to turn off the television or even break the remote, exercise routines and the schedule of the show filled his mind, his cock continuing to ache as his pants were now transforming into baggy shorts.

Thanks for watching

“Oh fuck fuck fuck, I’m gonna-” Tim couldn’t even get his next words out from his deepening voice as he finally felt his eyes forced to blink, the world becoming a blur of colour as his eyes grew a deep green to a dark brown. His cock twitched in his shorts having grown three

inches and threatening to drip as the pleasure grew and grew, the insides of his body becoming an active volcano of hormones before suddenly shutting off.

A cocky grin on the muscled man's face on screen as he winked at Tim.

See you tomorrow.

"Fuck," moaned Tim, sweaty and panting and throbbing both with muscles and with his new hung cock. A smirk, mirroring the man on the screen, appeared on Tim's face. He quickly dashed and picked up the remote, heading outside where his ten inch cock swung in his shorts, not held back by any underwear at all and clearly outlined as he leaned on one side of his porch with the remote in hand. Tim always found some of his son's friends pretty hot and as his eyes scanned the buttons on the remote, he smiled to himself. "Thanks son. Looks like your old man is going to have some fun after all."

