The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

PROFESSOR IS AN ASS

The assignment was simple, write a 2000 word story about someone you know. So Professor Somerton couldn't understand the jock-ish student Jack still couldn't do it after two weeks. After refusing to give him an extension, Jack seemingly has his own plans in mind and sends the professor his finished assignment…a story based around Professor Somerton.

More specifically a story based around how much of an ass Professor Somerton was and is going to become.

Featuring — *male transformation || animal transformation || anthro transformation || intelligence drain || reality shift*

Enjoy. . .



PROFESSOR IS AN ASS.

For some reason those words kept going through Max's mind as he kept typing away at his laptop. There was no real reason for him to have been cooped up in the cavernous lecture hall (besides how good the heating was). He didn't have any more lessons planned and the last lecture was at least an hour ago, he'd lost track of time. He didn't have office hours, so it wasn't as if he was lingering around campus either in case anybody knocked on the office that was just outside. Instead the lecture hall had become something of his domain. The particular room was a place Max used often knowing that there were few other classes around in a forgotten room down an oddly long hall in a campus building few people even used. Most people attended the college for things like Law and Business. Nobody was really aching for a discussion about Creative Writing unless they were a sprinkling of students who attended or the other half of his class, people who failed to get 'good' electives in time and were saddled with him or *Intro to Astronomy*. Over the years, he was used to a litany of students that clearly did not want to be there. But still as long as they managed to make the meagre 70% mark, they passed his class, got the credits they needed and were off to another class next semester.

Good luck kid, Max would always think. They would come in two variants, one for the students who genuinely were enthused about writing and were going to go off and use his degree for…whatever it is that people used creative writing degrees for anymore and the other batch of students. The ones that didn't want to be there. He just wished them luck on picking a better class when they came back to campus.

Of course regularly having a group of dissatisfied students in his classes came with peaks and lows. The high would come when he realised that they were interested. Suddenly their hands would shoot up to ask about simple things, onomatopoeia, pathetic fallacy, third act structures and then weeks later would be using them, exploring them, experimenting. It was like watching a spark turn into a fire and he could see the passion transform into pristine essays and assignments. Such peaks were a rare thing, like a mountain, you can't climb to the top everyday. Max was instead relegated to being at the bottom, the ground, mostly this meant uninterested students. Some who may try but just didn't get it or just didn't care to even bother at all, just hoping their short stories and essays were passable. But every so rarely, things would go lower. If mountains were such a rare thing in his class, it was odd then how cave ins came about all the time. This would be in the form of some overdressed Business major questioning why they're being taught this (like *they* didn't choose the class even if they had little options) or someone arguing about this and that. But sometimes, sometimes those lows, those cave-ins, those collapses would be the dreaded disruptors. Whenever he encountered one of them, it felt as if reality had warped. Max half expected to look up and see the grand lecture hall to turn into a small classroom of an underfunded middle school. Disruptors were those who would openly be talking in lectures, clearly distracted or playing games on their laptops or even worse, sometimes joke around with *him*.

The behaviour was appalling, not only because it was, as its namesake clearly put it, disruptive. But also because it was downright embarrassing. He knew that likely hungover eighteen years olds to twenty-somethings weren't exactly the pinnacle of maturity. But he hoped they wouldn't act like they were still the popular guy in high school. This semester's 'disruptor' came in the form of Jack and Max was surprised 'ass' wasn't a suffix. Jack was a loudmouth jock who had recently pledged himself to Alpha Omega Zeta whatever in his senior year of college. He showed up more like the lecture hall was a gym than a college class, often sleeveless with a backwards cap and sweatpants. Max thought he must have stepped out of some vague 80s movie idea for a jock. He spent his time either not paying attention or sometimes making jokes in class, either to pure chagrin from some or laughter from others.

In fact it was earlier that Max had to deal with Jack in the same lecture hall, not only during a class but after it too.

“Oh come on professor can I just like I dunno, can you give me an extension man?” If Max didn’t know Jack and the way he drawled his words and spoke like he was a Cali beach bum, he would have assumed the man was drunk or hungover. Who was he kidding? He would have suspected that anyway.

“Two weeks Mr. Grayson. You’ve had two weeks to do the assignment,” reminded Max without looking up, pretending to be busy on his laptop even though it was hard to focus with Jack right beside the lectern. “Look, the best I can give you is…twenty four hours. Twenty four hours and you do the story and I will *think* about letting this slide.”

“What? But…but man can’t I get a week-”



“A day.” Max gave a sharp look at Jack who looked utterly baffled. It was as if he didn’t know the consequences of his actions. The assignment was simple enough, a 2000 word short story based on someone they know. That was it. It should have been simple and yet Jack had just somehow failed despite a two week deadline. “That’s all I’m giving you.” Jack huffed

at Max's mercy and readjusted his gym bag over his shoulder, stomping off with a string of unintelligible mutters. Max could've sworn some of them were so smothered by quietness and growling irritation that they almost sounded like a different language. The only thing Max could clearly hear?

Asshole.

So it was so odd when Max thought that Jack's flare of annoyance had seemingly translated into…well, an assignment staring at him in his inbox. It was from Jack's email. It came about an hour later whilst Max was working and the assignment was titled: ***Professor is an ass.***

Max took one deep breath and questioned why he was even going to give this a chance before he clicked it open. Surprise surprise, he thought. It wasn't a computer virus or a bomb somehow. Instead what he saw was a document loading up with the title rearranged in block capitals at the top and a stream of paragraphs. The word count said it was far less than two thousand words, but it was at least…something?

AI, Max thought to himself. There was no other way that Jack could've spat out two thousand words that quickly unless it was a sloppy first draft. There was still a surprising lack of red or blue underlines. He shrugged and went to read it:

Professor Max Somerton was standing proudly in his lecture hall. He didn't know that it was actually going to be the last time he could stand properly as he opened up the assignment.

Max shifted. He didn't give into the irrational part of his brain that was thinking this was a setup, that he would get jumped by the jocks and pranked or something stupid. But just as he thought about double checking nobody was waiting outside the hall, he read the next line:

In fact he realised that he couldnt stop reading the assignment.

Max blinked and huffed. Wow, not only was the assignment going some lazy meta route but now it was complimenting itself? But there was an eerie feeling in the back of his mind, like a ghostly hand that was creeping along his skull, sweeping over his thoughts. Max continued to read:

Anyway the professor soon started to type away doing nothing.

And type, even though the document couldn't be edited and he wasn't sure why he was typing.

*But as he did and was working in the lecture hall, he started to feel a tingling in his crotch as he thought about what an **ASS** he was.*

Max blinked. There was a feeling suddenly as if he had just noticed it, a true tingling around his crotch like a quiet buzz at the head. He frowned. Just what the hell had gotten into him? And why was he even still reading this garbage?

In fact he found it harder to think because the tingling was getting stronger and stronger and the more stronger it got, the more he felt his dick get hard.

A sudden gasp was drawn in as Max's eyes widened. A surge of panic rose up in him and he wanted to shut the laptop by instinct. But then came another feeling quickly after, if the surge was fire then this was something wet and cold to douse out his fears almost as quickly as they came. Instead what he felt as an undercurrent before it invaded and became the main sensation was a spike of arousal. Max hadn't even realised until too late that his cock had grown hard and not just harder but:

His dick was getting harder and harder.

"O-Ohh fuck-" Max felt a flush of embarrassment and then a thankfulness that hardly anyone was in the building at this time. His moan came out louder than he expected, but then again so did the feeling of just how hard he was getting. He usually never suddenly found his cock practically slithering into a thick throbbing length with bulging veins unless it was for two things, morning wood or feeling *very* horny. He gasped and wanted to look down at his dick or close the laptop or just take a moment and head into the bathroom. But he found he just couldn't stop reading as:

*Professor Somerton started worrying about why he can't stop reading, he just had to realise that he was and always will be an **ASS** who shouldn't have messed with his favourite student Jack. In fact he was getting so horny and found Jack to be the hottest man ever.*

Max had a second, just barely a second to comprehend what was being said before new reality struck. It was akin to fingers clasping together right before they *snapped*. His 'what the fuck' devolved into a groan that massacred the words on his tongue as he felt his cock twitch once again and…a wetness began to escape from the head. Was…Was he…leaking? At Max's age, he wasn't used to suddenly getting horny like he did in his college years, where he could get hard by practically anything and jerked off enough to know how his cock could still beg for attention even after just cumming. But that had been something of a decade and a half ago. His body had aged. So why then was he harder than he'd been in years and throbbing over…over…Jack.

Just the name alone made him blush as he thought about the man and his hot biceps, the way he kept staring at them sometimes during his lectures. Or the way he Jack would lean back in his seat, his legs wide open, almost like some invitation or showing off, making Max sometimes bite his lip and wish he was that manly and fuck, what the fuck was wrong with him? Why was he thinking such things? Jack was a student…a…*hot* student, one that he wanted to plow him into next week and oh god it was just making him so hard and wet thinking about him. Max's legs were shaking so much as he dripped enough pre-cum that it was as if his cock had turned to a pussy, wet with arousal that was dripping down his leg as his thoughts were filled with memories of Jack's taut muscles and handsome freckles and gorgeous lips and…and…

*But he didn't realise Jack was dating a hot girl who happened to be a witch or the spell Jack put on Professor **ASS**hole when he denied him a week extension. Now whatever Jack wrote it happened to the professor and there's nothing he could do about it.*

"F-Fuck…" Max squeaked, half out of an invading horniness and half out of a fear that he was fucked. He tried to will himself to look away, to tear his gaze, shut the laptop, toss it if he had to. But it was like his body simply wouldn't obey. Whatever he wanted to do that wasn't reading, his body did the opposite as if some of the circuits in his brain were switched; like trying to raise his left hand when all it would do was curl the fingers on his right. He even thought of shutting his own eyes but all he could do at best was force a blink. Whatever it was that Jack had done to him it was working and things were growing even worse when:

So the professor really made an ASS out of himself and it wasn't going to get better when his dick started to change.

"N-No…"

It started to grow.

"God no…" Max protested as he could already feel wet squelching and the feeling of his cock beginning to slither down his pants.

It started to get bigger.

"P-Please J-Jack…" He groaned as his hands managed a surge of resistance, clutching both sides of the laptop. But they refused to budge, refused to slam it like he willed them to as he read:

It started to turn into the dick of an ASS.

Max's eyes widened again. Wait if the words could change him and they were literal did that mea-



But then it was too late. Max's cock began to slither and thicken and grow like it was becoming a whole other appendage. His heart leapt a beat when he felt like something else was happening to his cock and he couldn't help it as:

The professor wanted to pull down his pants and look at his fine ass of a dick.

His hands yanked down the pants at once and pulled his boxers in tandem, letting the cock flop out with a sudden surge of relief. The growth and wetness had caused his pants to practically vacuum seal around the member. But there was also another reason for the relief, there had been a deep aching curiosity to see just what was going on and why oh why he could feel mass surging and thickly moving through his body to add to his cock. What did it look like? Well Max got his answer when the thick appendage that was growing to almost be as large as an arm swayed and throbbed against the lectern. He could just look away to stare at the glistening cock, expecting it to be a monstrous pink limb of flesh. Just his cock but bigger.

It was anything but.

Instead of the pink and light skinned cock that once was between his legs, this one that throbbed as (Jake's pecs) he kept thinking of (his full lips) indecent thoughts (his huge crotch) was dark. He watched it sway like it was magnetically being pulled back and forth for some hole to fuck as the darkness crept over and took over the last slithers of pink skin. What was even odder was how his uncut cock was beginning to almost shed its skin. The foreskin pulled back and kept pulling, instead of any pain or pressure it felt more relieving and almost soft with his glistening dark cock. Max couldn't resist the urge and looked up:

Unable to resist wanting to read more of my story his cock continues to grow to show what an ASS he is. Even better his ASS grows the same way too.

"O-Ohhh fu-fuckkk Jack-" The tip of Max's cock began to flare out as the glans began to blossom into something more like a mushroom shape. All the while the foreskin slid further down the length toward the base of the cock. If he wanted to stroke it (which he so desperately did), he would have to wrap his whole hand around it, maybe comfortably use two with how big it was getting. It was so wet now that huge splotches of pre-cum were staining the floor, forming a puddle as the animalistic cock he had now carried a libido of its

own. No longer could it be compared to that of a twenty something Max, a healthy adult man. Instead it had to be something more, like it belonged to some creature so dumb that much more of their mental capacity, their body, their everything was dedicated to just being horny. He drooled almost as he continued to read, he started to feel a pressure at his buttocks.

A bump could be felt at the cleft and the strange bump began to wriggle and move with a life of its own. In the dumb haze of horniness, Max cobbled together the thought that maybe he was so horny that his body was having to compensate. It would grow two cocks, as if having more would regulate it and make him not feel so stupid and consumed by arousal. But it wasn't a cock that began to grow out of his, now stretching, ass. Instead his fingers went back, trying to explore the strange new appendage that was slowly crawling out of him, before he realised it wasn't something moving *out* of him. It was something that was a part of him, as he could still feel it attached to the back and continue to grow, lengthening and swaying like it was a ribbon being pulled out of his hand. It thrashed around before sudden brown hairs began to bloom along the length and a tassel formed quickly on its end, swaying and almost slashing at the air as Max could feel the nerves.



"O-Oh god…oh god what the fuck is t**HAAAAAAWWWWW**t-" Max wanted to desperately put a hand over his mouth but his hand were already feeling heavy. Both of them were

forced to brace against the lectern as Max could feel his assholes push and began greedily taking up more of the mass coming from nowhere for themselves. The cock had already grown big enough and now with his new hairy tail that continued to sway fast, it was time for such coarse hairs to form fur across his cheeks. He was thankful that he had taken his pants off, if only because as his asshole puckered he could feel the cheeks inflate. Fur that had quietly grown around his crotch was now invading his ass as they continued to press and grow.

His balls had grown heavy, weighed down by his scholarly intellect and common sense that was melting into sperm as the same dark heavy balls drew upward. As muscles rearranged, his ass began to stretch apart, revealing that puckering hole as the butt compounded with more and more mass. Max could barely see through sweat that threatened to drip into his eyes as his body had never felt so hot, heating like it wasn't good enough for his IQ to escape through his drooling maw or his wet cock. It had to get out through sweat too as his mostly human body was just not used to the addition of fur. There was only one thing left in his mind to try as Professor ~~Ass~~ Somerton finally managed to think of an idea.

"S-Siri…please…email-" Max heaved, his own vocal chords sounding distorted like words were barely parsing through. But that may have been from his own thickening teeth as some of them merged and others sank away. Thankfully he had a modicum of luck when his iPhone opened up his Outlook email and he went to tap his phone. It was hard enough when he could barely tear his gaze away from the phone but even harder when he could see just what was happening to his hands. The fingers were beginning to thicken as the nails grew outward and darkened. A muffled bray of alarm sounded out before it devolved into a moan as he tried to ignore his hardening hoofs and managed to barely click on the microphone icon. "E-Email Ja**hhwwkkkkk** G-Graaayson-" Max exerted all his effort to speak clearly as he tried to ignore the fast racing fur over his barreling chest.

"J-J**aaaahhhwwk** p-please I'm saaa**aawwwhhhry** t-turn m-m-me b-b-b**aaawwhhhhk** b-before I c-can't stop…" Max whined as he was unsure what it was the 'email' was typing. But some trickle of human intellect was telling him that if Jack caused all this then surely Jack could undo it somehow with his writing. All he had to do was ignore just how good it felt as his cock throbbed, as his ass pushed out and as his feet were hardening into hooves. The oddest part was that he was still mostly human, with fur invading him but there were some things that weren't fully changing. His face had remained the same as had the anatomy of his upper chest (mostly) with the ability to still somehow stand on two feet. The heaviness as the toes began to merge into hooves was coupled by a shifting of bone as he realised that

his legs were still digitigrade by design. “J-Just h**aawwwwwwwlpp** mee pleasee…F-Fuckkk send!”

Max couldn’t be certain but he swear he saw the app manage to pick up his commands and send the email. Hopefully it was sent to the right person and not some other Jack. Wasn’t that the name of someone on the board? Max shuddered and was thankful at least he could get the message to Max before he suddenly heard a *PING* not a moment later.

Thank god for desktop notifications, Max thought for the first time in his life. He really was getting dumb as his hoofed fingers managed to barely move the mousepad to press down on the notification of a new email. It was from Jack and all it read was:

Professor is an ass, a huge human donkey anthro ass where he will dumbly cum and turn into a full ass. He will be stuck like this for a week no matter what.

Author’s Note: Should have given me the one week extension Professor Ass.

And that was the last thing Max could read and understand before his eyes widened with shock, fear and an arousal he had never felt in his entire life.

“OH FFAAWWWWWWKK HHEHEEEEEEHAWWWWWW!” The brays were the only thing that came out of Professor Somerton’s mouth before his prostate throbbed and euphoria took over. If it was an invasion, then this was the crux, the battle, the *moment* that had made base pleasure win the war. Ecstasy rippled through Max’s anthropomorphic body as his cock twitched and throbbed and could just *cum*. A blissful sense of relief throttled Max’s brain and made every thought, every worry, everything just blissfully fade away like the man was yanked into a deep slumber as he continued to cum and cum and then cum again.

White hot sticky mess spilled over and stained the lectern, his laptop, his everything as even still half human he brayed and jutted and kicked out like a wild animal. His cock throbbing and cumming everywhere as in the chaos of it all Max’s lanyard fell away, ripped like the last shred of humanity within him and spilled somewhere on the floor before a fifth or sixth orgasm that ripped from Max’s core and came out his cock spat hot gooey whiteness over the lanyard. There, the portrait of a still smiling, still intellectual, still *human* professor was drowned out as more of the cum slithered over the picture and the name underneath.

All that could be read was *Professor* and soon enough all people would realise after they come back from the weekend to Monday and find a dumb donkey in the lecture hall, is that all that's left for the week is *Professor Ass.*

Somewhere along campus Jack kissed his girlfriend and smirked, ready to use his powers to turn another one. But perhaps not animals, after all…the frat was having a low turnout for new members this year. There's always more than one type of ass to make people after all.