

The Craftsman

A Patreon Exclusive

THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

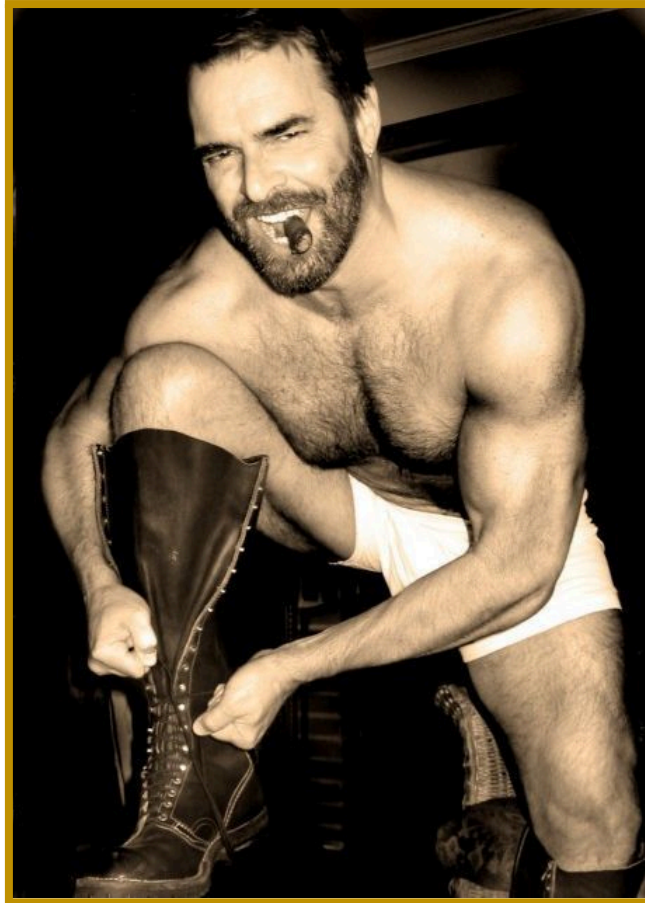
A “Fitting” Punishment

Coach Davies has had enough with two of his football players messing around with one another when they should be focused on practice. So in order to deal with them, he gives them a “fitting” punishment to turn them into his boots for a time and let them know there are consequences to their actions.

However, when the boot start to grip his feet a little too tight and his southern accent grows stronger, Coach Davies realise the jocks aren’t the only ones about to get changed.

Featuring — *male transformation || unwilling transformation || inanimate transformation || accent change || stereotype transformation || muscle growth || light himbofication || personality change*

Enjoy. . .



“Since you boys would rather play with each other than the actual game during practice, I figure you’d be well fitted for a punishment like this!”

Coach John Davies, a professional man through and through who was esteemed for his great college and football career looked over the two boys turned boots. He had invited the young college aged frat jocks for a talk after practice, he didn’t mind that sort of thing, in fact there had been a couple guys his eyes lingered on for just a little too long back in his day.

But he never acted on those feelings. Still, getting two young fit men to worship his feet as he turns them into boots before they learn how to focus on the team and then on themselves off the playing field was as close as he was gonna get.

John zipped up one of the boots in front of his own bedroom mirror, finally taking the boots back to his home to check how he fit in them and he looked perfect, even prancing around his own room like that.

“Well boys aren’t you doing me a good ol’ favour,” John smirked, he coughed slightly as he ignored the sudden raspiness of his voice when he said ‘old’. “Halloween is coming up,

maybe I'll be a cowboy for a costume party." He chuckled, leaning over to take off the boots as he flopped down onto his bed. Except the zip was gone. John furrowed his brows as he began to try and search over the worn material for any signs of a zip or a way of taking them off.

All throughout he had never noticed how his stocky body seemed to feel a bit thinner and lighter when he flopped onto the bed, or how some of his grey hairs had disappeared completely.

"Now that's a bit strange," John coughed again as he got up. "Oh well, mind's playin' tricks on me and all that, plus you two do look good." He had the sudden urge to walk in them and with every step and pose he pulled in front of the mirror, he had never noticed how his own legs began to shrink.

Whilst his feet remained the same and confined in his boots, the legs clearly were beginning to shrink from all the fat that John had gained over the years and instead grew with something else.

Something that made John not even realise how his legs were different as every glance at the mirror told him a different story as his legs still felt heavy and looked large, but with muscle.

His thighs which once flattened with fat now no longer slightly jiggled when he walked, only instead being rock hard from concentrated strength that was like his own thick thighs from his youth.

The great brawn of his calves and the rest of his legs were only amplified in their glamour from the rich coarse brown hairs that sprouted throughout. It was the itchy sensation on what was known as previously ragged haired legs that caused John to double take.

His eyes finally lingered long enough on a man to take in something and acted on it.

He just never thought that man would be himself.

"Oh fuck! What's 'appening?!" cried John in his undeniable southern twang, briefly pausing to acknowledge the changing voice as an unusually larger hand grabbed at his throat in

disbelief. "It's these boots!" John sat back down onto the bed and decided his best to try and pull off the shoes.

But as he tried from boot to boot, every single time they fell back down onto the floor whilst he focused on the other, that still counted as a step, and in this case it was his steps that was quite literally marching him into the new man he was made to be.

John's cock throbbed as he gasped and looked at the mirror, suddenly noticing his new youthfulness and greater muscles just in time to see his own chest change. His pecs had tightened to the point where they hugged his chest tightly, not exactly large but good enough to indent his shirt and be a proud bastion of his own hard work.

All the while his stomach had changed to at least show some form of abdominal musculature.



"Fuck...I look good," John moaned as he slowly got up, following directions not from his mind but from his own cock that continued to throb against the underwear and begged for him to take it off as a new set of moves came into his mind, not football ones, but the ones of a stripper.

He enjoyed the feeling of entertaining a male crowd even if it was himself, watching as he stepped closer to the mirror and with every step, a year wiped away from his body. His skin smoothed, his hair receded, his own body was changing.

His ass felt wet as it jiggled and expanded out to form a bubble butt as John groaned with the realisation that his ass was lubricating itself whilst he was leaned forward and felt his own lips grow large, perfect for dick sucking.

“Oh god fuck! I’m so fucking horny!” John groaned as he continued to think with his cock, scampering over to his clothes where his touch alone transformed his shorts into jeans and his cap into a cowboy hat. He ignored the sensation as everything he owned around him slowly became the apparel that fit the southern lifestyle he loved.

The peace and calm of his farm, the sound of cheering crowds as he revealed his six pack. He needed to get out of here, John couldn’t stand the city, and he figured there were plenty of demand for a great hulking cowboy like him to strip for southern boys.

Plenty of demand indeed.

