

The Craftsman

A Patreon Exclusive

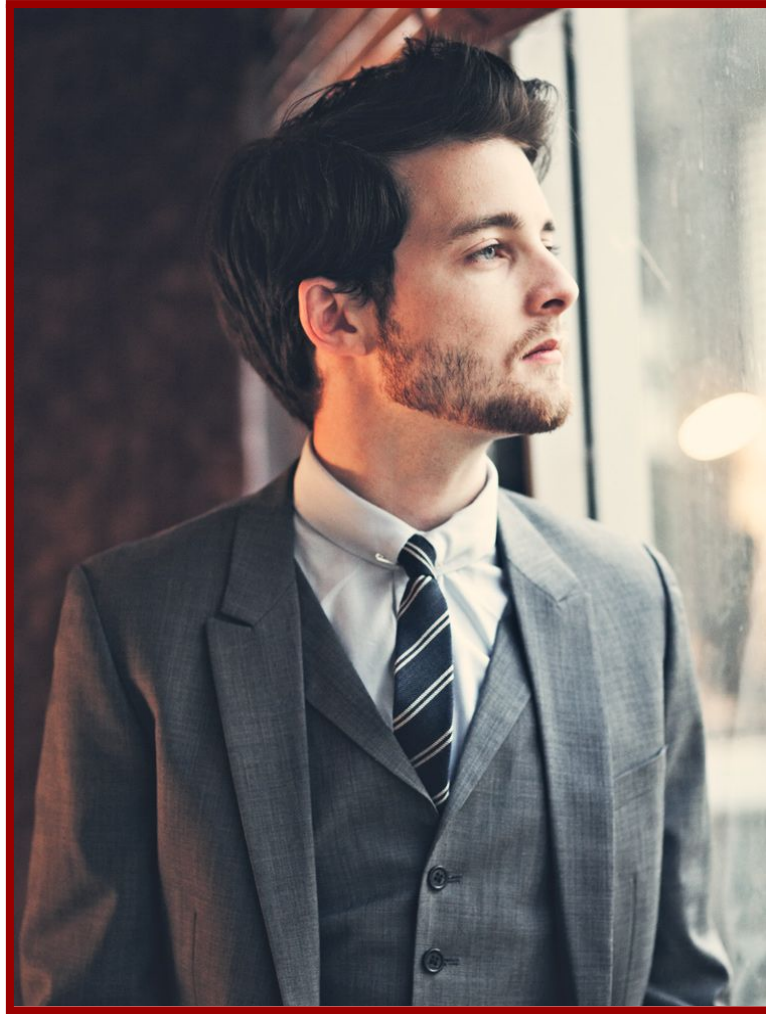
THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

Investigative Journalism

An up and coming journalist's investigation only needs one more thing, a sit-down with the main suspect, business mogul Sean Johnson. Except the only thing that anybody will soon be investigating is just how Sean can get the journalist hard and throbbing with one snap of the finger, one word and just how many times the journalist will throb until he gives into becoming Sean's new partner.

Featuring — *male transformation || personality alteration || reality shift || age progression*

Enjoy. . .



Greg Scorsese, a new and upcoming journalist fumbled with his tie and his formal attire. The lanky thin man had never bothered to wear any formal clothes before, barely even making the dress code for 'smart casual' at work with his messy office shirts and sloppy suit pants. But this was the interview of a lifetime, the one that could change everything. Despite his outward appearance, Greg was one of the most hardworking journalists there was, spending night after night digging through old files and talking to people of interest all over the globe (thankfully on the record), until he finally found it.

A business called Kyne, already under investigation had been managing to make a cozy little profit in certain pharmaceuticals and other Wall Street businesses through illegal investments. One in particular being headed by a Sean Johnson, the man he had called who suddenly wanted to meet him and even offered to pay for a private dinner at some fancy restaurant or another for the interview. His way of buttering him up, clearly.

"Ah, I'm glad you made it," Greg spun on his heels to see the imposing figure of the Wall Street broker, he wanted to say his name but the moment he looked into those dark eyes it suddenly seemed harder as he was guided to a table. Looking around, there was no other guest or table ready, and barely anybody working at all, just one waiter clearing everything. The two got to some small talk. "So how are you doing?"

"Fine, Mr Johnson," admitted Greg as he sat down. The man rolled his eyes.

"Good, have some wine," urged the man and Greg blinked as he only just realised there was a wine bottle between two glasses in the centre of the table. He poured himself and for the sake of some manners, Mr Johnson a drink and instantly drank. He needed as much alcohol in his system to put up with this man. But the moment the crimson liquid trickled down his throat, something felt very...*off*.

Greg gripped his head slightly as he found his vision almost blurring, as if he was growing short sighted but it was more than that, everything blurred except the table, except Mr Johnson.

"Everything all right?"

"Yeah," grunted Greg as he tried to focus. The man's fingers drummed on the table, the sound of it pulsating through his mind with every tap.

"I'm glad to hear it, now I hope you appreciate the effort I've been through to get here, I'm a very busy man," said Mr Johnson. "I rented out the whole restaurant, I hope you don't mind I just don't want this interview **leaking**, it wouldn't be good for either of us." Greg felt his cock throb at those words as he started to not only be growing hard but a constant stream of pre-cum began leaking from his own cock.

What the fuck? thought Greg as he stifled a moan and tried to concentrate, shakily taking out a notebook and pen as Mr. Joh- the err, Wall Street man was waiting for him.

"Wait, before we start I've had a very **hard** day," admitted the man as Greg's cock somehow grew even harder, he bit his lip.

"Er great, m-may I please be excused?" asked Greg, the man gave him a smile.

“Oh but we haven’t even got to the starters yet,” replied the man, as he moved his hand up and clicked his fingers several times. “Waiter!”

And that was it, a sudden burning tidal wave of pleasure rushed through his body and he almost jumped in his seat, his hand falling onto his crotch as he felt himself cum again and again, the sound and focus of his stifling grunts and groans almost made him ignore the sudden sensation of his growing feet.

He didn’t just cum once, but he felt himself cum three times with every click of the finger to get the man did to get the waiter’s attention, a similar burning at his own feet which churned and changed growing out to the point where the toes pushed through his own socks and stretched them to their limit.

Greg endured the sensation of his own two feet now larger with sweaty soles upon the ground and bursting through his only pair of dress shoes.

“Everything all right?” asked the man who gave him another smile of understanding. Greg barely nodded. The waiter just brought their starters two bowls of soup. “I took the liberty of ordering and planning our meals for us, hope you don’t mind.”

“Yeah, yeah ‘is fine,” he panted, moving his hand away and trying to ignore the wet stain. He didn’t know what was going on but he needed to get out of here, as he felt his own two large feet moving underneath the table.

“Good, good, well let’s get started,” urged the man as he leaned forward, Greg couldn’t help but try to lean back as he straightened himself, ignoring the feeling of cum trickling down his thigh.

“Right, the first question...first question is...How did you...err, how did you get into contact with...”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Scorsese but are you feeling alright?” asked the man as he began drumming his fingers again, Greg felt his own legs closing in on themselves as he was growing harder and harder again. “You just seem a bit HOT under the collar.”

Oh fuck I feel so hot...so hard and horny...what’s...can’t even focus... Greg thought as he stifled another moan, his cock already throbbing.

"I'm fine," he lied.

"I'll get the waiter to get some water for us," said the man, smiling again as he raised his hand and Greg watched as he clicked his fingers once more. This time around there was no denying it as Greg grabbed the table, his fists growing pale as he started to see what was happening underneath the table. He watched as his cock jolted and another wet patch of cum joined the first as pleasure overrode his body.

His legs shook and trembled from the pure tremor of power that was filling them, watching as his once thin and long legs grew shorter but more muscular by the moment. It got to the point where the suit pants were not only growing so tight from being filled with every ridge and curve of his new stronger quads and muscular calves. But from the fact that his dress pants now began to rip and tear to showcase his new fantastical muscular legs with much darker skin racing up and filling them with every change, every spurt of muscular growth.

"I-I really need to go," whined Greg, he couldn't believe what was happening but he saw the knowing smile on the man's visage and figured it out.

"Oh you don't need to go anywhere," whispered the man as he looked up and down at Greg.
"Hard."



Greg looked down and shuddered to see his own cock not only grow erect once more, but with every time it was getting hard, it was also growing substantially longer. Inch by inch, it was now three inches longer and thicker than ever before and he could feel the new heavy weight of his own cock between his legs as the head poked past his underwear.

“P-Please, what are you doing to me?” moaned Greg as he tried to raise his voice, find some way to get out of this, but for a man growing so strong, he never felt so weak before.

“Oh I’m tired of all you journalists and detectives, always coming and bothering me about the legality of my company. Well for you to know, it is illegal and you’ll be right alongside me,” the man revealed, smirking and laughing to himself. “But first, I want you to call me sir from now on, at least whilst this is happening.”

“P-Please, do-don’t do this...s-sir...” Greg mumbled, his pupils dilating as his resistance was waning. His skin started to feel warm as the changed parts of his body grew more tan, as more and more memories began to collide with one another, mixing into a proverbial cocktail of his new self. His memories of studying Journalism in America were now intermingling with Business Studies in India. At first, it started as a year abroad studying there, before it began to turn into a much longer stay in mind, until it was as if he had grown up in India his entire life.

“Good boy, **leak** for me,” ordered the m-ma-master, yes, not just any man but his master. Greg felt his cock beginning to leak once more, pre-cum dripping from his head. His master raised his hand and clicked his fingers once more.

And once again, another tidal wave of pleasure perused through Greg’s mind and he noticed the odd effects it was starting to have on him. As his body buffed up, Greg saw slivers of dark skin between his shirt, watching as the buttons popped one by one to slowly reveal his broad and muscular chest.

It wasn’t anything to suggest that he was a bodybuilder, but his lean muscle was far better than his skinny self and he enjoyed the sensation of adrenaline and power filling him up to the point where he flexed his biceps and revelled in the sense of his own shirt sleeves being torn asunder by his new bigger biceps.

But he still tried to resist as he saw his master beginning to speak again.

“Oh but it’s far from over boy, you’re going to make a fine business partner,” said his master as he held up his hand. “**Grow hard** for me.”

Greg groaned out loud watching as his thick fat cock grew hard and practically tore his underwear at the seams.

His master clicked his fingers.

Greg started to feel a whole different set of emotions, as if he was no longer in his own body, feeling like he was watching it from afar as his head tipped back and was captured in pure pleasure, his lips quivering and face moaning as the rest of him grew into a beautiful darker tan and his head grew larger to match the rest of his own body.

His green eyes were open and changed to a dark brown as his facial features shifted and rearranged themselves, growing or shrinking much like his own mind and personality. He no longer cared for journalism. He cared for business.

He always wanted to make a profit and was ruthless in doing whatever it would take as his cock spasmed and Greg felt himself cum one last time as he was no longer the thin lanky journalist, but instead a great and handsome businessman. His own clothes slowly stitched

themselves together, beginning to change into an expensive luxury suit that was tailored to his great and sexy body.

“Good, now let’s get going,” said Mr. Johnson who got up once more.

“Sit down,” declared Greg as he stared at his businessman and watched as Mr. Johnson tried to say something, but his own length began to grow hard in his suit pants and he suddenly fell back down in his chair, feeling his body grow limp. “I think I’ll be making some changes to *our* business now, starting with you babe.”

Greg stared at him, his mind already figuring out what he wanted to do with his new partner and how much fun he would have the entire way. This night was far from over.

