

The Craftsman

A Patreon Exclusive

THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

LOST & FOUND

When David goes looking for a new podcast to listen to, he ends up stumbling across Lost & Found, a podcast dedicated to digging up lost media. This week's episode? A television show set in a small town in the 90s centered around a sheriff. Simple enough...but the more David listens to the podcast on his morning commute, the more things begin to change.

Featuring — *male transformation || weight gain || reality shift || personality alteration || accent change || age progression*

Enjoy. . .

"AND THIS WEEK'S PODCAST IS SPONSORED BY LYONESSE WINERY, THE BEST SERVICE FOR ALL YOUR WINE NEEDS. BE SURE TO CHECK OUT HOW YOU CAN SAVE 20% OFF USING OUR CODE..."

David couldn't help but roll his eyes. When he complained about not having enough podcasts to listen to, his friend was more than eager to suggest one, ***Lost & Found***. Apparently the whole thing was about talking about and tracking down lost media, whether it be forgotten books, lost music or in today's case, a television show. He had given a couple of random episodes a try and the host was charismatic enough to solo through such episodes, with a silky smooth voice to match.

This week's episode...a television show called Sheriff Bailey, apparently a forward thinking show about a sheriff set in a rural town in the 1980s, inspired by the likes of Twin Peaks and whatnot. It wasn't so much 'lost' media as it was exceptionally rare. Apparently a lot of the DVDs were corrupted in some production mishap and there were low sales. It sounded like a whole ordeal based on the description David glimpsed over before he got the podcast ready on his phone as he hopped into his car. He swore that this show, this one guy talking about media that David had never heard of and wouldn't otherwise really be interested in, was the only thing keeping him sane during his half hour long commute to the office.



A few minutes later, he was driving down familiar streets about to make his way to the highway further into town. The podcast host finally made it past their sponsor for the week.

"ALRIGHT SO LET'S GET INTO TODAY'S EPISODE OF LOST & FOUND, WHICH IS ABOUT A SHOW CALLED SHERIFF BAILEY NOW IF YOU DON'T KNOW, THIS SHOW WAS SORTA LIKE A CULT CLASSIC IN THE LATE 90S. IT DIDN'T DO TOO WELL ON THE NETWORK BUT WITH THE RISE OF THINGS LIKE THE INTERNET, IT WAS REALLY SOMETHING...THE MOST INTERESTING PART WAS ABOUT THE STAR OF THE SHOW, SHERIFF BAILEY..."

David frowned slightly.

He doubt some show which was probably just a bunch of copaganda could really be *that* interesting. If it wasn't for the fact that a lot of the show was missing or at least, hard to find, then nobody would probably remember it.

At least that's what David thought.

"SO USUALLY IN THE EIGHTIES AND NINETIES WE SAW A LOT OF Y'KNOW TYPICAL BEAUTY STANDARDS THAT WE STILL SEE NOW. GUYS WHO ARE JACKED, MUSCULAR AND MANLY AND ALL THAT. IT HAPPENED WITH THE MACHO MEN FROM ACTION MOVIES TO THE MUSCULAR SUPERHEROES TODAY, BUT SHERIFF BAILEY WAS DIFFERENT. INSTEAD THE ACTOR WAS LIKE THIS PRETTY OLDER CHUBBY GUY AND SURPRISINGLY A LOT OF WOMEN WERE REALLY INTO THAT..."

Really? David thought to himself. He could see that happening now, what with body image becoming more of a trending topic and people liking body positivity. But in the 90s? The guy must have just had a pretty face or not been *that* big. Even still, it was surprising.

"ORIGINALLY THE PRODUCERS OF THE SHOW WANTED SOMEONE WHO WAS KIND, MANLY BUT IN A NICE WAY SORTA LIKE A NICE UNCLE WHO TAKES YOU FISHING AND IT WAS MEANT TO REVOLVE AROUND THIS TOWN TOO. BUT A LOT OF IT WAS ABOUT SHERIFF BAILEY, I MEAN IT WAS RARE TO SEE AN **OLDER GUY LIKE THIS BEING THE STAR..."**

David blinked. For some reason that word hit him and as he continued driving, he shifted in the driver's seat before taking a cursory glance at the rear view mirror. He didn't know what it was, but something looked a little different. *Recently* different too, enough that he knew something was...just off. As he looked in the mirror, he swore that his hairline had been pushed back, some of the hairs slightly thinner with more greys than he realised.

"Must be stress, this job is killing me..." David murmured as he tried to tune out the sounds of traffic that were around as his car slowed down. Just what he needed, a traffic jam. No wonder he was getting grey hairs. He tapped his wheel and craned his neck to see just how long the line of cars in front of him (and soon forming behind) was. The last thing he needed on top of a sure-to-be-boring workday was to be late too.



"...BUT I MEAN THE BEST THING IS SO MANY WOMEN AND PROBABLY GUYS TOO WERE JUST LIKE SO INTO THIS HOT GUY. AND IT WAS KINDA STRANGE AT THE TIME BECAUSE SHERIFF BAILEY SURE HAD LIKE CLASSIC MASCULINE TRAITS, LIKE HE WAS TALL..."

David had almost forgotten that the podcast was still going on until he could hear the almost melodic voice of the host singing the praises of that sheriff guy once more. He had no idea that as he listened, his previous 5'8 frame was beginning to stretch. A frown came to his face as he stretched and felt his back click, beginning to lengthen as he felt that urge to stretch just growing stronger the more he was doing it. As if there was almost an itch within him that could only be scratched if he readjusted for what was the fifth time, a growing discomfort as his body felt *alien*, torn between his 'normal' 5'8 self and the sudden memories of being 6'2. As he stretched, his car seat seemed to shift too, suddenly leaning back slightly to allow more space as if that was its usual position. His hand almost reached to turn it back, but the instinct suddenly disappeared.

"...AND I MEAN Y'KNOW HE WAS PRETTY RUGGED, LIKE HE HAD A NICE BEARD AND STUFF..."

An itching sensation spread across David's cheeks and when the same hand that wanted to readjust the seat went to scratch it, he finally knew for sure that something was wrong. It was like snapping out of a dream at the last second, right before he could feel his body beginning to wake up and plunge him out of the other world.

David's fingers grazed the unexpected roughness along his jawline, the beginnings of a beard that hadn't been there that morning. His breath caught in his throat, confusion swirling like a dense fog in his mind. This wasn't normal. His skin was usually smooth, the occasional five o'clock shadow the extent of his facial hair. Yet here it was — thick, coarse stubble spreading along his chin, jaw, and up to his cheeks, almost like it had been growing for days and with plenty of grey's in. All it forming until some of it was shaved and shaped into more of a goatee with stubble across his jawline.

"No...no this can't be- What the-" But before David could even get the words out, the podcast droned on in the background, but the once comforting voice of the host now felt surreal, almost hypnotic.

"...HE HAD THESE BROAD SHOULDERS AND A PRESENCE THAT COMMANDED THE ROOM. YOU JUST COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE HIM WHEN HE WALKED IN."

David's grip tightened on the steering wheel. His shoulders, which had always felt a little narrow compared to his broader friends, now felt...heavier. Like the fabric of his shirt was straining slightly across his back. He glanced in the rearview mirror, eyes wide, and saw the thickening lines of his neck, the veins more pronounced. His collar stretched slightly as his shoulders pressed against the seams of his shirt, the discomfort building. He blinked rapidly, heart racing.

"What the hell..." David muttered under his breath as he panted and looked down at himself. He quickly glanced up, seeing the traffic was still backed up, cars barely inching forward as the background noise was punctuated with car horns blaring, people likely on their own work commutes too. None of them would have any idea that in the grey Toyota Camry, David was suddenly looking down at himself and then at his phone. Just as he reached for the phone, the host cut him off.

"I KNOW WE GOTTA CUT TO THE SPONSOR SOON BUT DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL NOW—"

The host laughed, the type of laugh that had an air of mischief around it, like he was telling some inside joke. But the joke was on David as he tried to reach for the phone but he felt like he couldn't, as if there was something holding him back, like his phone was a fire and his body forced him not to touch it. "We have a lot more to talk about in the next section, like mainly about his **weight**, it was really surprising that he was considered so attractive back then when he had a different body image."

"No...no, not this—" David whimpered but he could already begin to feel it, his office shirt starting to feel strained as the belt around his pants grew tighter. He tried to suck it in, but he knew that the familiar feeling of a bloated stomach was coming in and growing all the more intense as he looked down.

"I MEAN HE WASN'T ENORMOUS, BUT HE WAS DEFINITELY A BIG GUY..."

"N-No stop..." But David already felt ten pounds heavier, because he was and it was only growing as more fat was protruding from his stomach.

"LIKE PACKIN' ON POUNDS AND NOW I THINK HE'D DEFINITELY BE CONSIDERED A DADDY TYPE—"

"N-Not a..." Yet David couldn't help but moan and whimper as the more his stomach inflated, the more he had to admit...it felt *good*. It was as if his larger body was somehow amassing more pleasure and the larger he was growing, the more pleasure was allowed to take root within him, like a balloon about to pop with air, he felt that his fattening body was soon going to reach its own special climax as his eyes threatened to roll in the back of his head.



"O-Oh god so...much..." David whimpered as he felt his growing stomach.

Fat spilled over his shirt as *Pop* went one button. *Pop pop* went another two and suddenly he couldn't even hold it in anymore, letting out an exhale as the stomach bloated and popped through the rest of his office shirt, exposing a suddenly much more hairy stomach.

"BUT I MEAN HE WAS STILL KINDA FIT, AT LEAST THEY HAD HIM DOIN' CHASE SCENES AND STUFF. WE HAVE TO REMEMBER, HE WAS A SHERIFF..."

Sheriff...

Sheriff...

Sheriff...

The word echoed in David's mind until it felt like it wasn't a word anymore, it was a concept he could hardly grasp. Him? A sheriff? No way. But that didn't stop the altering force of reality. A jolt of warmth spread across David's chest. It felt like the weight of something heavy pressing down, something metallic, cold, and firm. His eyes darted to his reflection in the rearview mirror, and for a split second, he thought he could see it, a gleam of silver pinned to the tattered remnants of his shirt. A sheriff's *badge*.

His mind felt divided, caught between two versions of himself. One was the David he remembered: the regular guy, the one with an ordinary job, ordinary dreams. But the other was something bigger. Stronger. *Sheriff Bailey*. A man people looked up to, a man who commanded the room. A man who didn't just take orders, he gave them.

The memories that weren't his swirled in his head, faster now. He saw himself standing in front of a group of deputies, giving out orders. Handling affairs. Sitting at a desk with his feet up, his boots worn but polished, his face relaxed.

Even his car jolted, as David glanced around. His Camry's smooth edges began to blur, the silver paintwork shimmering as if it were about to warp and fade from existence. The sound of metal groaning, twisting, and reshaping itself filled the air. Darkness spread across the surface like ink spilled on paper. The once pale exterior turned jet black, interrupted by bold, white streaks that formed down the sides. The sedan's sleek profile grew boxier, more rugged, as the back end elongated, the rear window splitting in two, forming the recognizable frame of a police cruiser. The roof seemed to bulge, and in an instant, red and blue lights erupted from the top, currently off, not yet casting sharp red and blue light on the surroundings.

It was almost like the car was growing *heavier* like David too, a county emblem on its door as the podcast went on.

"AND HE LOVED HIS TOWN, I MEAN WE ALWAYS SEE HIM WALKING AROUND IT—"

David's own legs started to shift. As his open too-small-shirt was beginning to wrap around him to form his large sheriff uniform, turning from white to a more sandy beige, his pants began to darken. They turned from grey to a deep dark, almost blue colour as they thankfully didn't tear, already adjusting to his suddenly thickening thighs. If he thought that the weight he added on to his torso and arms was enough to fill his body was pleasure, then his changing lower half was pushing the limit.

The balloon was already full but it was being pumped more anyway.

"Ffhuckkkk-" He accidentally honked the car and was thankful he did, covering the sound of his moan that he was sure was loud enough to escape. But it seemed that if nobody was taking notice or doing anything about his changing car, then he doubt they would care what he was doing now or the fact he was trying so hard not to let his cock throb as it swelled. The extra weight seemed to had gone down to his genitals too, his balls swelling, almost churning full of cum ready to blow.

David's breath hitched as he felt the pressure building in his feet, a dull ache that quickly sharpened into an intense, overwhelming sensation. His toes twitched, the leather of his shoes protesting with every slight movement as his feet stretched longer and wider. The feeling of his toes pressing against the inside of his shoes turned from uncomfortable to painful, the fabric straining impossibly tight.

"Fff-fuck!" he hissed, his voice rough as he slammed his oversized foot down against the floorboard. His toes burst free, the cool air rushing over them as they flexed, spreading out. His heels pushed outward, stretching the back of his ruined shoes until they too gave way, the remnants falling to pieces around his now enormous feet. His toes curled instinctively, relishing the freedom, but the change didn't stop there. The skin thickened, the soles hardening as though they were made for something more rugged, more demanding. As his bare feet pressed against the car floor, the sensation began to shift, no longer the feeling of

cool air on exposed skin, but something sturdier, something more solid wrapping around them. His toes twitched again, but instead of meeting the floor, they felt the stiff support of thick leather material forming around them.

All the while his legs continued to thicken as he felt like more mass was being pumped into his body, injected by the podcast and the host's words as his feet began to lengthen next. Sheriff Bailey gripped the steering wheel, his knuckles white as a storm of sensations surged through him, overpowering any thoughts of reason or control. The heat in his body was almost unbearable now, radiating outward from his core, pushing through his limbs and pooling heavily in his groin.

"...AND Y'KNOW, SHERIFF BAILEY WASN'T JUST A PRESENCE BECAUSE OF HIS BADGE. PEOPLE LOOKED UP TO HIM FOR A REASON. HE HAD THAT CONFIDENCE, THAT SWAGGER. THE KIND OF MAN WHO DIDN'T NEED TO SAY MUCH, BUT WHEN HE DID, EVERYONE LISTENED."

David, no, *Sheriff Bailey* squirmed in the seat. His cock throbbed, the outline of it clearly visible against the fabric of his pants, and he couldn't help the low, guttural moan that slipped past his lips, despite his best efforts to choke it back.

"...THOUGH TO BE HONEST, THE BEST PART OF HIM WAS HIS VOICE, THIS HOT...SOUTHERN DRAWL..."

"My *what?*" As the host's words dripped through the speakers, something deep inside Bailey seemed to shift, and he felt it, his voice. His throat thickened, and his breath caught as the heat surged upward from his chest. It was as though the very air he breathed had changed, taking on a weight, a warmth that filled his lungs with something new, something foreign

"Damn, I'm feelin' good..." he murmured, the drawl even thicker now, dripping with a slow, confident swagger. He dragged out the words as if savouring them, like he was testing the weight of his new voice. It sent a shiver through him, a wave of pleasure that pulsed down his spine and settled in his cock, still throbbing insistently against the fabric of his pants. Bailey bit down on his lower lip, trying to maintain some semblance of control, but the desire coursing through him was overwhelming. He could feel it in every fibre of his being, an

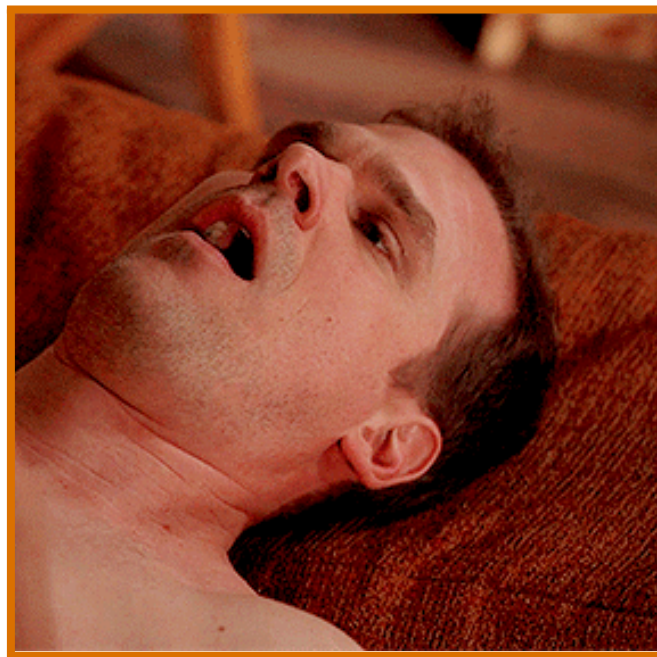
animalistic hunger that he couldn't suppress. His cock twitched again, and he groaned, deep and guttural, the sound vibrating through his chest.

"And you know what happens at this part, right?"

Sheriff Bailey knew he could feel it with each heavy and hefty breath that made him want to just give in, as if he was exhaling his old self. His swollen cock was leaking and he could feel his body just about to finally give in as waves of new memories were forming through him. How he became an officer, growing up in the rural town, how excited everyone was for the new decade, the 1990s. All of it coalescing into a single fixed point, his crotch and as he saw his thicker older visage in the rear-view mirror, the handsome scruffy middle aged man that stared back, he couldn't help but admire how gosh damn handsome he looked and finally...

He just had to...

"LET IT ALL OUT."



It was as if a rubber band snapped, the dam burst and finally all of his resistance, whimpering and moaning and writhing and adjusting finally exploded into pure unadulterated pleasure. All of it coming in waves and waves of cum that spilled out of his cock, intense but not painful, shooting out and basking Sheriff Bailey with such pleasure that he couldn't feel the whole of his reality shifting around him. How the car horns were no longer there, how the

road into town was surrounded by forestry at its sides, how his phone disappeared entirely leaving nothing behind but the car radio. All of it lost to him as he came again and again and again and with it, finally let the pleasure wash over him, grounding him in his new world as he gripped the steering wheels tight and let himself give in completely and utterly.

The first thing that seemed to stir him from his trance was the radio which crackled as if just coming onto life. Sheriff Bailey blinked and glanced around. Had he really just stopped in the middle of the road? Thankfully at the early hour, there was hardly anyone on the road in their small town but he still should have set an example. He shook himself awake as he pressed on the gas and made his familiar drive down to the sheriff station as the radio spoke.

“And we’re back at Lost & Found FM, your favourite show for finding songs that got lost through the cracks and hope you find them just as good as we do. Now playing...”

Sheriff Bailey smiled to himself as he made his morning commute, ready to arrive at the sheriff station and start his day.

