The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

JACKSON II

TO SUIT MY NEEDS

After the disappearance of Scott McCall, Jackson is contacted by old friend Stiles Stilinski who is searching for Scott. But when the man suspects him, he knows it's only a matter of time before he'll have to transform Stiles into something better that should suit his needs.

Featuring — *male transformation || inanimate transformation || feet || musk*

Enjoy. . .

PART II

TO SUIT MY NEEDS



News spread like wildfire in the small town of Beacon Hills. Scott McCall had been reported missing and thankfully due to Jackson being far smarter than he looked, any and all evidence that he was the last to see Scott wasn't found. Nobody knew that he had the supposed 'Alpha werewolf' as his musky shoes, wriggling his toes and making him moan underfoot. However, one week later and people were starting to grow worried. But then again, it was in their lifestyle in Beacon Hills to have always been dealing with the supernatural, the risk of always randomly disappearing, dealing with some threat was unfortunately common.

But that meant those who knew of the supernatural were now starting to get involved, something Jackson wasn't expecting.

So when he got word from Derek, Liam and even Stiles, Jackson knew that something was going to come knocking about the whole sordid affair. Jakcson offered his "help" in the efforts

to find McCall. All the while as Jackson watched the search going on, he wriggled his toes to hear McCall moan underneath.

“Don’t worry man, I’ll try not to make your little hiatus that long,” Jackson chuckled as he continued to walk around his room wearing Scott. He ignored it at first, getting used to the stream of social media that flooded into his life, but this one was different. Whether he had a sixth sense or whether it was just pure luck, he happened to glance at his phone to see a text message from none other than Stiles Stilinski himself.

Jackson furrowed his brow, perhaps out of everyone Stiles was perhaps the nicest to him over the years. He always admired how smart the man was, smart enough to try and realise how awful all the supernatural happenings of Beacon Hills were. But they barely spoke to one another before even then. So why would Stiles be contacting him now? It didn’t matter, Jackson knew that Stiles was just going to have to be next on the list and smirked as he started to type back.

Things were about to get very interesting.

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The next day seemed to slip away and ceaselessly escape him as time ticked on and the world continued almost as if nothing happened. Scott was still missing but now that Stiles had so easily come to Jackson, he had no worries about whatever was going to happen. He had many plans but finally lingered on what he would turn Stiles into as he continued to enjoy the fruits of his labour, being able to wiggle his toes and have Scott moan as he continued to forget his name in pleasure, swearing up and down that Jackson wouldn’t get away with this.

Until he suddenly felt Scott continue to make him groan and moan just from walking and knew who he should be obeying as he continued to let himself roll his feet and feel the familiar sensation of McCall’s mouth wrapped around them both, sucking and worshipping his feet. All this, as he continued to drive through the streets of Beacon Hills. He had to admit, he looked odd to be dressed in casual clothes with formal shoes, but he’d grown an attachment to them and whether it was the sweet musk that emanated from his larger feet on a sunny day, but he noticed a lot of men seemed to be enjoying the sight of his hypnotically shiny dark shoes. Today was a good day not to wear socks.

After the better part of an hour, a slice of sunlight chipped away from the world as the skyline was choked with twilight and Jackson carried on until he finally started to get towards the bar that Stiles wanted to meet at. He chuckled to himself at the name as clouds began to swirl overhead, an omen for what was to come as the sky would soon turn as black as Stiles's skin once he became what he needed to be as Jackson walked inside, '***A Tight Suit'***, the same name as the bar.

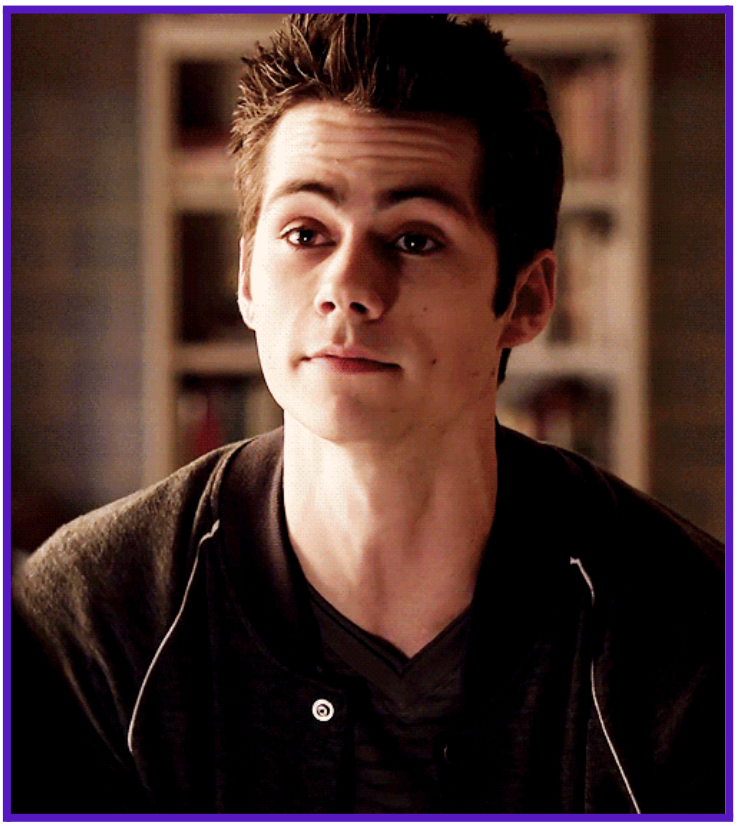
The neon light seemed to flicker as Jackson pushed open the door, the once faded bar music now clear along the filthy air as the scents of smoke and booze strummed along like the music emanating from the glowing jukebox. If Jackson hadn't known any better, he would have assumed that he walked directly onto a movie set, the dingy bar that the detective meets a witness at to get some crucial information, something like that. The smell alone seemed like it would intoxicate him and sent him into a drunken haze. When he saw Stiles waving at him from over a small table at the edge of the bar, Jackson only nodded, raising an eyebrow as he quickly went to get a drink.



"Vodka and lemonade, thanks," Jackson ordered, quickly paying the bartender and trying to keep his face hidden. Thankfully it looked like there were no CCTV cameras around. He had thought about this as he started to step towards Stiles, his footsteps pushing and pounding onto the creaky floor, McCall clacking against the floor as his shoes. But Jackson continued to think, it was already somewhat suspicious that McCall had suddenly disappeared and if he hadn't managed to get to him in time, then deleting his text messages and call history might have proven to be a lot more difficult.

He had a hard time trying to plant the notion that Scott had been kidnapped by some supernatural threat or something.

At most, he had perhaps only had a week to keep him as his mindless shoes before things got even more suspicious and the idea that someone would know that he had met with Scott. It would cast him in a spotlight, and not the kind and gentle light; instead a harsh and spontaneous glaring light that blinded and broke him before he even began.



“Jackson! It’s been a while! How are you doing man?” asked Stiles, he was dressed quite casually, a hoodie draped over his lean body and a cap covering his short hair as he looked from side to side. Jackson furrowed his brows as Stiles did the same, only whereas Jackson studied his visage, Stiles studied his shoes. “Nice shoes.” It sounded more like an observation than a compliment.

“Thanks,” replied Jackson, mirroring the same tone as he took a sip of his drink and let the familiar heat of summer soar and scorch throughout his throat as he swallowed a gulp. Too many people had seen him and he had to wonder what the excuse would have to be for Stiles’s sudden disappearance. As Stiles’s phone buzzed, Jackson smiled and took another

sip, an idea forming in his mind. Jackson almost dropped his drink as Stiles typed away before turning the phone to reveal the screen:



“What’s that?” asked Jackson, taking another sip as he leaned back, trying to act casual as he eyed the bar. There were a few patrons, but some of them were already starting to leave. Jackson of all people knew that there wasn’t much nightlife in Beacon Hills, even now years later.

“It’s from a couple weeks ago, Scott and I ran into each other. We were talking about old times and all that stuff and then he…” started Stiles. “What’s weird is he never told me about it. Anything like weird stuff going on around the town, anything he needed help with. He knows I’m still with Derek, we could’ve helped with anything. He didn’t seem to have any plans, so I just don’t know what’s going on.” Jackson shrugged, though Stiles had always been the nicer “friend” to him, he didn’t understand why he, of all people, was being told this from probably one of the most shadowy bars in the city, and that was saying a lot. Stiles took a swig from the beer nestled in his hand as he put his phone away.

“Why are you telling me this? I mean, you must’ve told the police, right?” questioned Jackson, Stiles narrowed his eyes slightly.

“No, I haven’t, at least not yet,” replied Stiles. “I wanted to ask you because I hired some hacker guy to try and tap into Scott's phone.”

Oh shit.

Jackson resisted the urge to have his eyes widened, but the grip on his glass grew tighter. Stiles didn’t seem to notice, thankfully. “And he had his GPS on, the last known location was his place. I tried to call him, but the phone is probably dead. I wanted to ask since you’re back in town, if you noticed anything, did you meet him or see him at all?” Jackson remained silent as he took another swig from his near-empty glass.



“No, I can’t remember anything,” recalled Jackson as Stiles nodded, slowly but surely he knew that something wasn’t right.

“Well, okay then,” said Stiles. “I’m going to go to the bathroom for a minute.” Jackson nodded and drank the rest of his vodka.

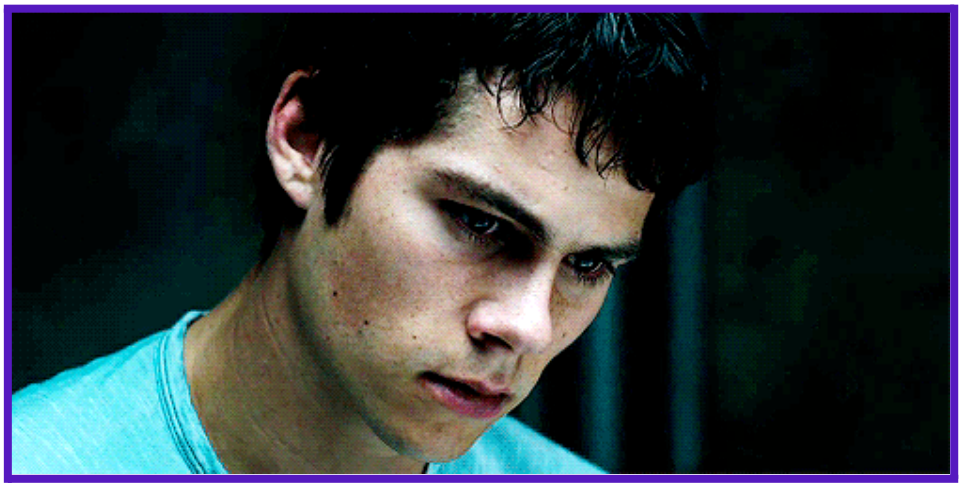
Fuck.

He needed to act quickly, and that was why when his head darted around the bar. He was warned to only use this when he needed to but now was the perfect time as he slowly uncorked the small vial that was hanging around him and slowly slipped a few drops of some unknown clear liquid into Stiles's half-empty beer bottle.

It was just in time as he corked his vial and stuffed it into his shirt as Stiles came out of the bathroom, sitting down at the bar.

"Anyway man, despite everything it's good to see you again," started Stiles before he began to down the rest of his drink and wiped his mouth with a breath for fresh air. "I'm gonna go to the police, hopefully you remember something if they bring you in for questioning." Jackson smiled.

"I don't think that'd...*suit you* Stiles," said Jackson as Stiles, who had already stood up, suddenly fell back down into his seat, losing his footing almost as he seemed to collapse.



"*What?*" asked Stiles, his voice was already beginning to lose momentum getting weaker. Jackson couldn't believe it, the trigger word was finally working. He had been told that the clear solution was meant to be consumed by a victim and he would only have to trigger their transformation by telling them what they were going to become. Jackson pondered whether mixing it with a drink would ever work but here were the fruits of his labour once again as he heard McCall.

“S-Stiles...you gotta get out man...Jackson’s gonna-Oh!” Scott McCall moaned as Jackson wriggled and rolled his toes and feet underneath the table. He took a peek and saw that Stiles’s dark trainers were beginning to flatten out and merge with his already shrinking feet. Both feet started to lose all sense of dimension as the toes curled inwards, continuing to disappear and fade into darkness. To the average viewer, it was almost too dark to see what was going on, obscured in shadows and secrecy. But for Jackson, he could clearly see the outline of Stiles’s somewhat shaking legs as they slowly continued their flattening and fading. Stiles tried his best to stand up but barely got halfway as he lost his footing again.

“W-What is happening?!” Stiles tried to shout, but it came out as more of a slumbering mess. Jackson smirked as he could see Stiles’s eyes widen with realisation.

“Oh come on man,” Jackson loudly declared as he attracted a few heads to turn around with perplexed expressions, including Stiles’s as Jackson hid his smile. “We need to get you back home!” Watching Stiles, the man who was often the smartest in the room, realising slowly that he had been outplayed, having the fear and pleasure instilled in him that Jackson was going to be taking the reins from here, was more than exciting, it was perfect.

Stiles knew what he was trying to do and he couldn’t call out for help, all his murmurings and attempts at protest only aided in the image that Jackson was painting. It was almost as if someone tried to defame the easel by throwing paint at it, only to discover Jackson pulled the strings as Jackson Pollock.



“No…” Stiles murmured, his feet almost disappearing, but still barely filling his shoes so that barely anybody who paid attention would notice how his feet were flattening.

“Yeah, you’ve had too much,” grinned Jackson as he had Stiles lean on him, moreso out of weakness than anything as only the bartender raised an eyebrow, knowing Stiles drank perhaps a bottle of beer, maybe two and already looked like he would pass out before his visage disappeared behind the door and into the cool summer air of Beacon Hills. “Come on, there we go.” Jackson helped ease Stiles into the passenger seat, his head barely staying up as his eyes grew hazy. “Wow you’re less of a fighter than Scott, I’ll tell you that much. He’s still trying to resist now, but you…”

Stiles moaned as Jackson’s hand grazed over the outline of his hard cock. Jackson quickly entered his car, starting to drive down.

“Jackson man...Wh-What is-” moaned Stiles as Jackson’s hand continued to start groping the thick outline of Stiles’s cock as he watched, hearing Stiles’s shoes flop to the ground as he looked down to see his own feet disappear, darkening as they started to almost leave a place to form a hole.

“Oh don’t worry, I think you’re going to make a great set of clothes. Say hello to McCall here,” Jackson laughed as he continued to drive through the near empty streets, wiggling his toes as he saw Stiles glancing down. “You’re going to make a great suit.”

“W-Wha-” Stiles moaned again as his legs started to flatten completely, feeling no pain as his cock started to lengthen out, slimming in its girth as it grew shinier and darker, watching as the very head formed into a belt buckle snaking down and falling to the floor. “Oh fuck, Jackson please…” His moans filled the car but nobody was going to hear him outside as Jackson watched Stiles continue to sink back into his seat, almost merging with it in colour as his thin legs continued to fall down. It was an odd sensation for Stiles to suddenly feel his body almost split apart but joined together in pleasure alone as he couldn’t comprehend what was happening. “I-It was you! You- Oh!” Stiles moaned again as he started to glance down towards his body, seeing his nipples sink into his skin which started to start growing paler.

“Yep, should’ve thought after all this time, I would get the perfect time to give you this pleasure, and help myself,” chuckled Jackson as he carried on driving carefully, looking from

side to side as he made sure that nobody would see what was happening. “Only a few minutes until I’m back home and get to wear you…”

“W-What are you talking about?” groaned Stiles, as he continued to watch his chest grow paler and thinner.

“I’m going to a fancy party, surprised you didn’t know since you still live here. People should be getting ready in about an hour,” explained Jackson as he watched Stiles try to grab the door handle only for his fingers to flop, his hands, much like his feet, starting to darken whilst portions of his arms grew pale like his chest, with buttons slowly fading in, it began to look more like an office shirt. The torso continued to flatten as Stiles’s lean muscle mass slowly seemed to start evaporating from his own paler body.

He could barely talk by now whether too shocked or too weak Jackson could hardly tell, but as he ran his thumbs over the flat sleeve that was once his arm.

He enjoyed watching Stiles shiver in ecstasy.

“C-Jackson...can’t be...serious…” Stiles could feel his murmurings grow quieter and quieter as his body continued its descent into pleasure and prestige as a well fitted suit. The shirt almost seemed to slip away as Stiles’s back had completely been engulfed in black to form a suit jacket. Police sirens suddenly seemed to burst onto the scene as Stiles’s and Jackson’s eyes widened, Jackson quickly watching the rearview mirror as he had suddenly noticed how he had been too swept up in the excitement, travelling too far and fast down the road. “W-Won’t get away with this.” Stiles would smile if he could but he could feel his lips begin to slowly purse tight.

“Oh, I will,” replied Jackson as the car slowed down to a halt and he picked up the belt, every stroke against the leather cause Stiles to moan as he started to realise he was sinking deeper, the pleasure rapidly becoming too much for him as he started to lose the will, unable to divide his thoughts from who he was to who he was becoming as his lips were starting to seal in a permanent whiteness.

“No...No...Please...Officer...Help...Not a...shirt...Not a..sh-sh-s-....” Stiles’s voice faded away as he let out one final moan and a gasp as if he had a cock he’d have climaxed ten times over in that one moment when Jackson decided to rub the head of his cock otherwise the

very buckle of the belt. Stiles continued to descend, his eyes looking up as steps were heard from outside and he continued to shrink into his seat.

Officer Johnson knocked on the window, it had been a late night and he wasn't in much of a mood for any other rich kids that were driving daddy's car for a late night cruise with their friends. Instead what he saw was the well known actor Jackson Haynes and in the side of his seat was a well folded suit.

"How can I help you Officer?" asked Jackson as he eyed the officer and his dark blue uniform up and down.



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"Oh god please...not socks...socks...socks...socks…"

Jackson heard the repetitive moaning of the officer as he slipped on his new dark blue socks, covering his feet and filling the shoes as he glanced down at his well dressed self in his suit.

"No time I'm afraid but I like you all like this. Officer Johnson, Scott McCall, Stiles Stilinski," Jackson smirked as he fished something out of his car boot. There were two vials, one blue

and one green, taking the blue one he eyed it as he gently plopped it into his pocket. “Now you all suit my needs.”

