The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

THE SEA WOLVES

At a renaissance festival, Derek and Stiles end up going to explore a nearby ship that they assume is another part of the festivities. However, when they realise the ship's captain has other plans for the two of them, it's already too late as the both of them soon embark on an erotic journey that ends with them forced to join his crew.

Featuring — *male transformation || feet worship || personality change || hair growth || musk*

Enjoy. . .

It was amusing, in a good way. Seeing Stiles reacting to the different sights as the two men drove down the road. Stiles had never left Beacon Hills, so Derek wanted to treat him to a little road trip before the younger man started college during the fall.

Seeing how Stiles would look at the building in New York, the different shops and scenery in awe as they travelled out of the city on their way to Maine. Derek hasn't told Stiles yet the big surprise he has for him. Tickets for them to attend a renaissance fair, vip tickets at that. He knew Stiles always wanted to attend, so Derek had made sure to get tickets to one.

With them being vip tickets meant the two men got to attend the fair a few days earlier. Seeing special shows put on, private tours, and more. He looked forward to seeing Stiles reacting once they got there, knowing his smile would make this worth it.

Stiles practically vibrated out of his seat with excitement. When they pulled into the parking lot of the renaissance fair he quickly turned his attention away from the mediaeval sign and decor decorating the entrance to the fair to look at Derek.

"Dude no way you got us tickets to this." Stiles said in disbelief.

"New York, the stores, and now this? Derek you really shouldn't have." Stiles felt bad that Derek spent so much money on this trip for him. Having no idea how he could ever repay Derek back for this generous trip.

"You're going to college to be a detective Stiles." Derek started. "So you'll be busy with not only the classes but the training once you pass all those classes."

"I wanted to give you a trip filled with stuff you'd enjoy before you became swarmed with work." Derek said.

Stiles didn't say anything, he just hugged Derek tightly before they both got out of the car. Holding hands as they started into the fair.

In the distance a large pirate ship sat docked, Stiles never seen or heard of renaissance fairs having pirate ship attractions. Then again this was the east coast and the ocean was right there. So it wasn't such a farfetched idea to have one set up for people to check out.

"We should head to the pirate ship first." Stiles said.

"Really? Why?" Derek asked, puzzled why Stiles would want to start there.

"I've never heard of these types of places having those here so I figured it's something special. Might as well check it out while there's not a whole lot of tourists here." Stiles said.

"Ahoy mates!" Killian called from the ship, hoping to attract the two men to get on board. Thankfully for a festival like this, it seemed mimicking mediaeval men was just the style and so whilst they would think he was a character, they would never realise all in all, he was a captain. "Come aboard if ye dare!" He chuckled, glancing at both men.



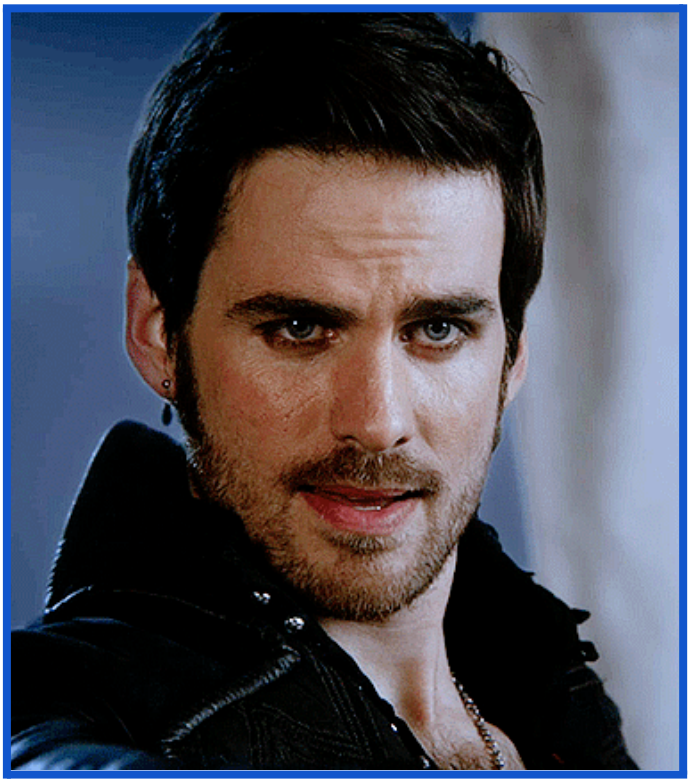
"Derek isn't this cool?" Stiles asked. The younger man was vibrating with excitement that he couldn't be still. Rushing ahead of Derek as he boarded the ship. He greeted the handsome Captain of the vessel, admiring how authentic the ship's layout was.

Stiles had studied old ships in the past, during one his all nighters when he couldn't sleep and would research random things. This ship looked like it was plucked straight out of the olden times with how in shape it was.

While Stiles was busy admiring the ship and asking the Captain questions, Derek came onto the ship. The werewolf felt a little uneasy for some reason once he was on board. He couldn't describe why he had this rather odd feeling. At first he assumed it was due to them being on the ocean.

'That can't be it though.' Derek thought to himself. He would just need to keep a watchful eye out for anything suspicious. Glancing at the Captain of the ship as he joined Stiles. The captain then introduced himself as Killian Jones. Stating how he was a famous pirate.

Stiles began asking more questions, seeming to be into this little role play of a show the man was putting on. Derek however just rolled his eyes at how over the top this all was.



"Aye and those masts are built to survive any storm that comes our way. Ironwood." Killian patted the base of the mast as he was mid-answering another excitable question from Stiles, already looking the man up and down.

He would be a fine lookout. Smart. Energetic. But unfortunately, not as perceptive as his partner.

He leaned against the ship's railing as he looked over to Derek, who seemed to be cautious at best and suspicious at worst. This one was going to give them trouble and Killian already knew, even his magic was going to struggle with them.

But like all men it was going to be slow. His musk, his charm, even his rings and pendant all played a key role from giving someone a tour of the ship to having them turn into the crew, if

for a few weeks before they were ejected back into their life, feeling that their time away was a pleasurable dream.

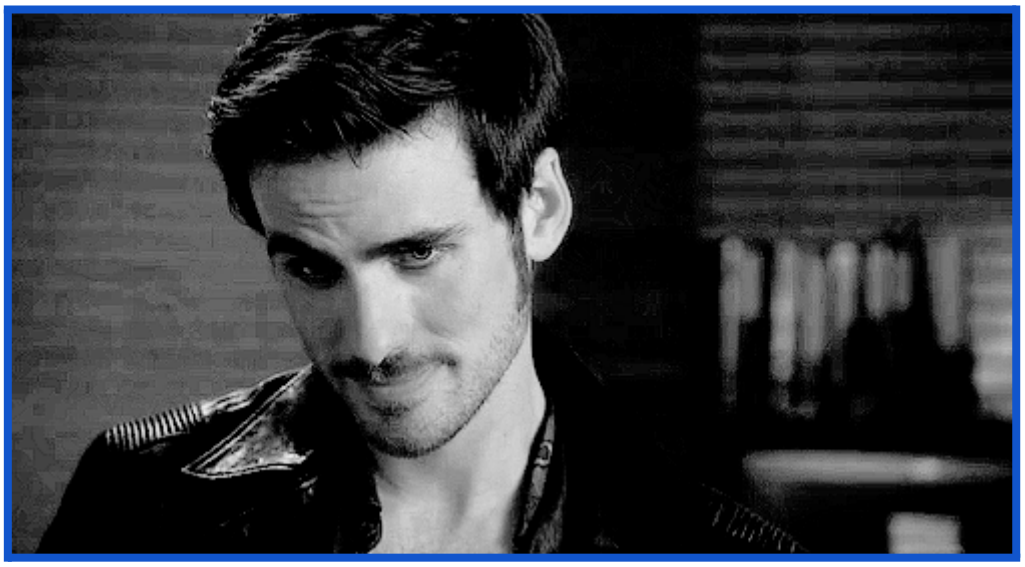
"So ye asked me a fair few questions, tell me about yaselves," Killian glanced over towards Derek. "Could start with ya names." He gave a wink as he admired Derek's form, the muscle underneath his shirt, thinking he would be a fine pirate.

"Derek." The werewolf introduced. While he would just observe and not act didn't mean he had to be all chummy with the guy.

Stiles stole a look at Derek, frowning in confusion as to why Derek seemed so guarded. He figured he was a little jealous. Killian was attractive and he had been up close to Stiles as he explained more about his ship. Stiles could smell the man's alluring musk, and wouldn't lie it was attractive to smell.

Stiles didn't want to put Derek on the spot so he figured he wouldn't ask Derek what's up till they were alone. So he wouldn't say anything and just go on like nothing was odd with Derek.

"I'm Stiles." Stiles said. "No it isn't my real name. My real name is a mouthful so I stick with the nickname." Stiles rambled a little.



"Aye, well Stiles and Derek..." Killian nodded towards one of them as he said their name, saying Derek a little louder as to get the man's attention from whatever it was he was

thinking about. He was cunning. He knew that look someone had when they were thinking of something in the back of their mind, something to be aware of. What he really needed was to work on taking the edge off of that man and though he could already begin to see the musk working its way on 'Stiles', he didn't know if Derek would be the one to pick it up.

At least not yet.

"How about I give you a tour of the ship?" He smirked, wanting to take them both away from prying eyes. Some of the crewmates had said some hellos to Stiles, all staying "in-character", oddly enough none of them really looked the part of a dirty pirate. They all looked far too attractive, but perhaps that would help sell that they were "actors" not real pirates.

Killian didn't even bother to wait for an answer, he was already making his way to the door that led to the lower decks of the ship.

"After ya both," Killian said as he held the door open with a smile, gesturing for the two to enter. He gave a look over to the last crewmate, Dean, knowing he would lock the door after they had gone down. Just in case these two were runners.

"Come on Derek." Stiles said excitedly. He grabs Derek's hand and leads him to the open door before Derek could protest. Stiles was eager to see how the lower deck looked, his eagerness to explore the pirate ship was growing the longer they were here.

Heading down the wooden steps they come down to the lower deck. Once again Stiles is left awestruck. The lower portion of the ship was larger than he expected. A long hallway of sorts that had several doors that led to different parts of the ship. Stiles wondered if there was any place off limits on the ship. Because he really wanted to see the captain's quarters.

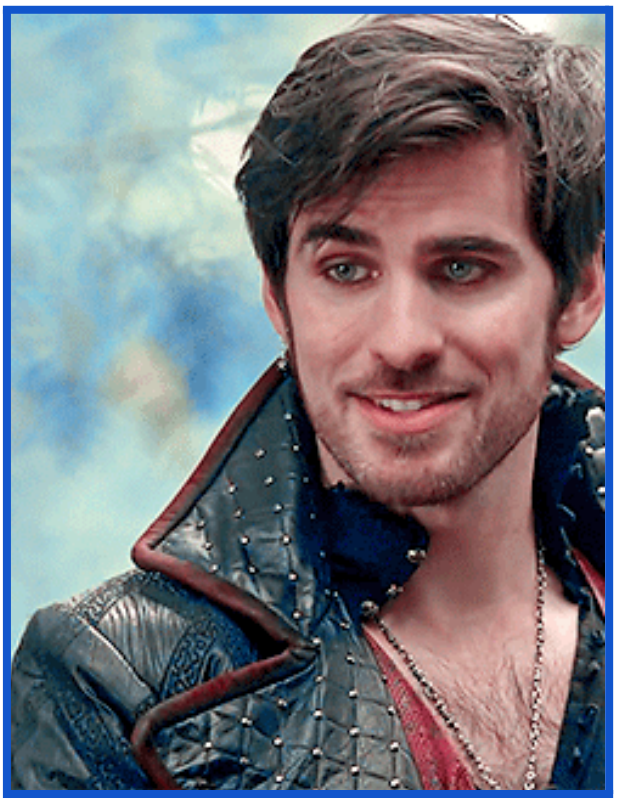
Derek allowed himself to be dragged to the lower deck by Stiles.

The werewolf was still very sceptical but he continued to be silent. Only speaking when Stiles spoke to him and nothing else. He needed to be focused, the way Killian had eyed him made Derek further suspicious of the captain. Even the actors playing his crewmates seemed fishy.

He swore he caught a few of them eyeing them before looking at one another and sharing a smile with one another. It made Derek feel like the two actors knew something.

Derek became distracted when Killian came up beside him. Stiles had moved ahead down the corridor to explore the ship further.

"Quite the setup you have here," Derek said. He could smell Killian's musky aroma. The older man's scent mingled with the leather of his clothing. Derek wouldn't lie, the scent was alluring and Killian was quite attractive. Still Derek didn't trust this man and refused to let his guard down while they were on the ship.



"Thank ye lad," Killian said with a smile as he began walking through the hallways, opening up some of the doors where he was explaining the different kinds of room towards Stiles especially.

As he was getting them familiarised with all the different parts of a pirate ship, as if giving him a history lesson. But the longer that he was around them, the more his musky aroma was continuing to spread throughout the ship.

He continued to be close to Stiles and Derek, as he began to play with his pendant when he was beginning to talk with the two of them back in the hallway, away from any of the rooms.

"Aye and that's when I got this, one of me most prized possessions," Killian replied as he leaned against a wall and glanced at the two men. His aroma smelled of musk and the salt of the sea as he glanced at either man. "So where would ya both like to go next?"



'The exit.' Derek thought bitterly. He didn't like the way Killian was hovering close to Stiles. How the older man's hand would touch Stiles shoulder or arm and linger there for moments too long.

Derek wasn't a possessive person, but something was making him feel as such towards Stiles. Being so focused on Stiles Derek didn't notice how Killian too was doing the same with him. Being close and his touch lingering.

Derek also noted how Killian's scent seemed to be everywhere now. Sure the older man worked here on the ship, but this felt like something different. Leaving Derek unsure why Killian's musky leather aroma seemed to be all he could smell.

He stayed quiet for the most part still and let Stiles continue to speak for the both of them. After all this trip was all about Stiles and what he wanted.

"Would we be able to see the captain's quarters or maybe the navigation room?" Stiles asked.

Usually Stiles was more observant than this. Seeming to still be clueless as to Derek's sour and suspicious attitude. As well as to Killian's behaviour with how close he was getting to both him and Derek through the tour.

He didn't even question how even without the werewolf sense of smell that all he could smell was Killian's pungent odour. If anything the Captain's scent was very alluring to the young man.

Finding himself enjoying this more than he should and eager to learn more about the Captain ship. Even starting to forget at times that this was all supposed to be just a pirate ship tourist attraction filled with a crew of actors playing pirates.

To him however he was actually believing this was the real deal and didn't seem to question it. Falling further under Killian's spell.



"Aye? Well ya both been so good and seem to fit so well on the ship, I suppose the navigation room could be good for ye," Killian wet his lips when he said that as he observed both the men. He noticed how they started to stand closer towards him, how their nostrils flared when they thought he wouldn't notice.

Even Killian could begin to smell some of his own musky aroma, but he knew what was probably left behind in the navigation room. It was all confirmed when he opened up the double doors leading to it.

The scent of rum was thick in the air, mingling with the musk and the salty scent of the seas. The navigation room was a large spacious thing closer to the underbelly of the ship, the double doors opening up to a small platform where one could take a couple steps down to the main area of the room.

There were small rectangular windows that went around the room to shed some light. Though the waters seemed calm before, the ship now was rocking ever so gently making anyone who didn't have sea legs just the slightest bit tipsy.

The room hosted a large map on the opposite wall of the doors, a long table with maps, books and coins. As well as that, another small table with a candlestick to the side had a half empty glass bottle of rum with seats situated around the long table.

Every little detail in the room seemed so accurate, the chippings of the wood, the splashes of sea water on the glass window, how the room had no source of light but windows, lanterns and candles. Even all the books seemed to come from a different era, the pages were old and the legends within them even older.

It seemed...too accurate almost.

As Killian entered, he took the opportunity to pretend to slip on the stairs, almost tumbling down before catching himself.

"Oh bloody hell," Killian chuckled as he regained his footing and looked to the others, feigning surprise. "Well look at that, ye both got good sea legs. Ya ever sailed before?"

He smiled at both of them.



Stiles was amazed by what all he saw within the navigation room. The younger man was standing close to the entrance of the room just looking around. The books, the maps, the trinkets. Everything was eye-catching and Stiles felt a strange pang of familiarity. The large map on the table with coordinates jotted along the sides. Somehow Stiles thought of how he could read and understand it so well.



That was when he heard Killian and turned to see the Captain stumble and right himself. Stiles took a few steps towards him. Opening his mouth as if he is okay when the Captain spoke. Hearing him asking if they've been sailing before made Stiles silent. Another wave of strange familiarity with being on the open sea creeps into his head.

Derek meanwhile had acted quickly. His instincts when Killian started to stumble he was right there and rested his hand on the Captain's shoulder. Derek didn't know why he acted out like that. Quickly removing his hand. He was still incredibly suspicious and untrusting of the Captain, at least he thought so.

Like Stiles hearing what Killian said had an odd effect on Derek as he too had faint memories of the sea.

"Yeah a little." Derek admitted. Unsure why when he hadn't even been sailing, let alone stepping a foot on any kind of boat till now.

"Is that so? Have ya both been sailing?" Killian continued to ask as he could see both men blink and feel an urge to say yes, even though he knew that neither of them could sail. From the questions Stiles had and the way Derek was looking around the ship like it was going to swallow him, he knew that they hadn't.

But even still faint memories of the sea started to crop up, Killian could tell as he guided the men over towards the navigation table.

"So where would ye both like to start? Any more questions?" Killian gave a smirk towards the two men. The room continued to be filled with more musk as the doors already closed behind the two men."Oh and of course, can I get ya something to drink?"

Already he knew that the answer was going to be yes, even if they said no. Killian was already beginning to pour three glasses of rum for them, knowing that when they drank it, they would fall further and further into his spell.

It was at this point, from the shifting and such that Killian already knew that the ship was starting to set sail, already beginning to drift away from the land.

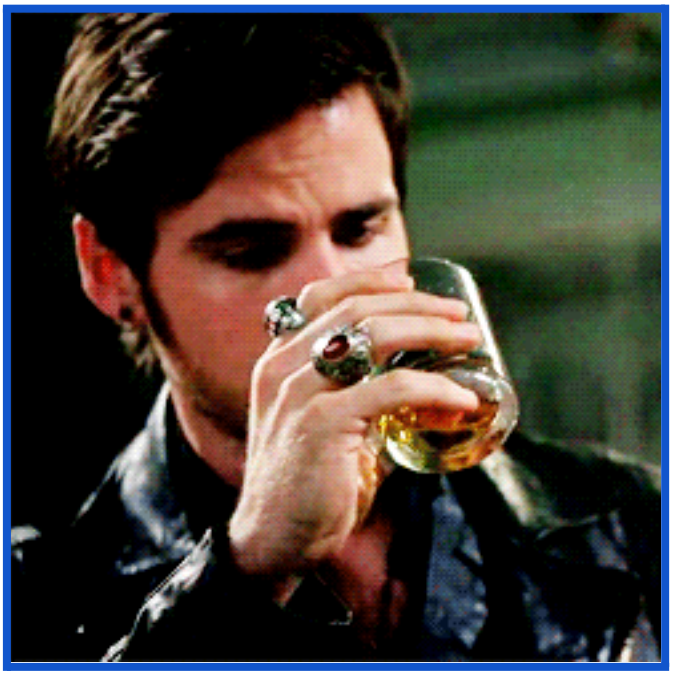
The smell of rum mixed with the musk scent Derek had already been smelling. The smell of the rum with the other scents was a little overwhelming. Derek felt his mouth water and the urge to take a drink became too great for him to ignore,

After all, as a werewolf he wouldn't feel the rum's effects. So without giving it much of a thought, not even of how this could be a trick, Derek takes a sip of the rum. The strong taste and slight burn of the rum as it goes down.

Stiles looked down at the dark ember colour of the rum. Sure he has drank before when he got wasted, and learning alcohol had no effect on werewolves when Scott didn't. But he never had anything that was strong like this. He felt a strange excitement and urge to take a drink. Especially when he stole a look at Derek and saw that Derek had already downed his glass.

Bringing the shot glass up to his lips Stiles takes a cautious sip. His face wrinkled at the strong taste, feeling it more than Derek did as he starts to cough after he swallows the rum down.

"Damn, it's got a kick to it." He rasped and gave a sheepish laugh. He felt funny from just the one sip. No way could he be feeling drunk from it already could he? He set the glass down on the table and began to rub the sides of his head. Trying to sooth the dull ache that was pounding through his head.



"Aye, a real sailor's drink," Killian said as he began to pour some more rum for the two of them. He didn't pour any for himself however as he watched the two already feel a need to

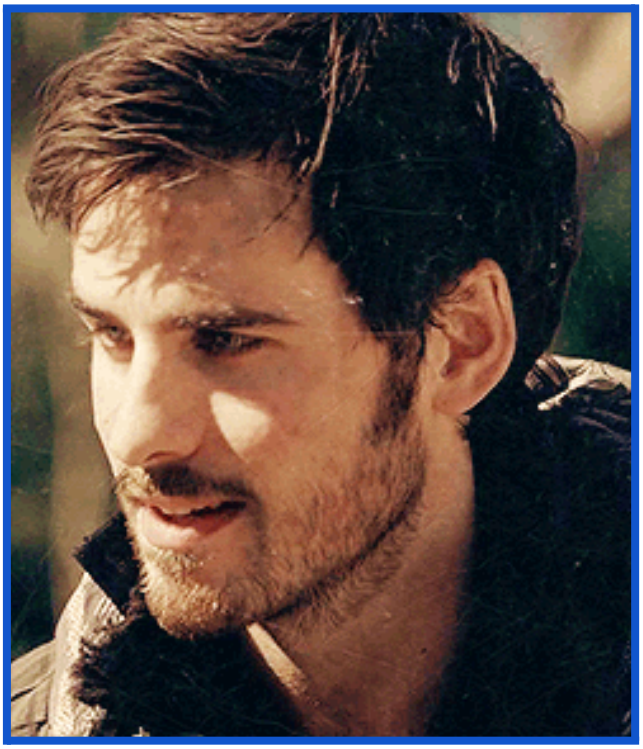
drink some more, though it was just for sailors right? And should they really have been drinking real alcohol at some renaissance festival?

Wasn't there some rule against such a thing somewhere?

But even if the thoughts were cropping up between either of them, Killian still directed them over to the table. The ship continued to tilt slightly, even a little bit more now as it was starting to really get farther and farther from land.

"So as I was saying mates did either of ye have any more questions?" Killian directed the attention to some of the more spectacle-driven details of the navigation room. From the large map to the books and small maps on the table, to even the bookshelf which seemed to contain texts on all sorts of pirate legend and lore. "After all, not everyone gets to see the navigation rule, I usually save it just for me crew."

He gave a wink to the two of them.



Stiles felt himself preen at that, unsure why exactly but he didn't question it. The young man started to ask questions. Pointing to places marked on the map laid out on the table in front of them.

"What's this place?" Stiles asked. He pointed to one place that looked like a cluster of secluded islands. He didn't recognize this area on any other maps he saw of the world. At least he thought at least. His head started to feel more confused, more so the more he drank. The rum didn't bother him anymore thankfully, allowing him to enjoy it more.

Stiles attire started to subtly change. His jeans became a different material fabric, darkening to a different colour.



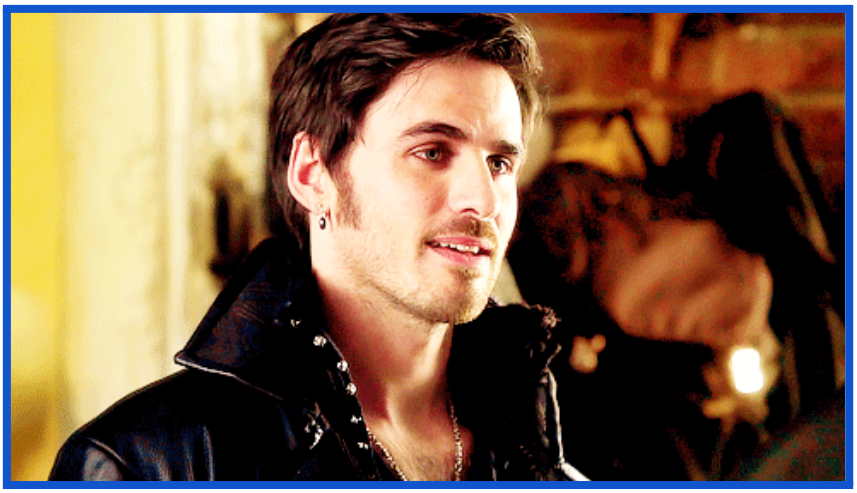
Derek swayed on his feet a little but was able to keep his balance. The rum effects were affecting him and the werewolf was baffled as to why it was. Though he didn't question why it was and instead drank more as a second glass was poured.

He listened to Killian explain to Stiles about the islands Stiles had questioned about. His gaze drifted over the room. More of the room was becoming familiar to him. Recognizing a few books and recounting the stories told within the pages.

'Why are you doing nothing? It's clear something is going on here.' Derek thought to himself.

He became distracted again by Killian wrapping his arm around him and pulling him closer to him. Smelling the Captain's strong musk had Derek leaning closer just to get more of the intoxicating scent.

Derek hears the Captain asking if Derek had any questions and the werewolf shook his head.



"Good, good," Killian said as he glanced at Derek, having wrapped an arm around the man's shoulder and then glanced over towards Stiles. He could now see that some changes were beginning to go on. Stiles' jeans were now starting to become more basic and tighter pants now, a darker shade too, almost black.

All the while Derek's black trainers were now starting to grow darker still, all the white highlights disappearing as instead the only lightness on his shoes came from how the light reflected off the leather.

Killian unwrapped an arm around Derek just as a major shift happened on the ship and almost sent the two boys stumbling slightly like he did. They were now getting further and further into the coast. If they were to turn back to land, who knew how long it'd take. Either way, it was safe to say neither of the men were going to be able to swim the distance.

"Right then, how about I show ye one last stop? The captain's quarters, after all it's the place most sailors go to," Killian said with a smirk as he didn't take any more questions but began walking out of the room, to lead the two men to a door down the hall.

Perhaps he'd gotten too cocky as when he left, his musk wasn't as apparent and it at least let the boys clear their heads a little.



Stiles watched Captain go, leaving him and Derek alone for a moment inside the navigation room. He frowned, glancing at Derek who also shared a similar look as Stiles.

"Derek, what's going on?" Stiles asked, his head more clear.

"I'm not sure, but something isn't right about this." Derek said. Going on to say how he had his suspicions about Killian since he set foot on the ship.

"And you didn't think to mention that to me?!" Stiles asked, glaring at Derek.

"What was I supposed to say? The guy was giving me an off feeling and we should leave?" Derek defended.

"Yes!" Stiles exclaimed.

"Ugh, this is insane. We need to just go now." Stiles added.

He grabbed Derek by the hand and led him out of the room. They saw Killian waiting for them who was giving the pair a questioning look. With no choice they had to follow behind

him, but kept a slight distance between themselves and him as they followed him to the captain's quarters.

"Now that we are aware we can play along with whatever this is." Stiles muttered.

"That way we can make our escape when his guard is down." He added.

Since no doubt if they tried to make a run for it now with them being below deck it would be harder for them to escape. So they needed to just keep their wits about them and move when the moment is right.



"Aye," Killian said simply as he held the door open for the pair of them to enter into the captain's quarters. It was perhaps the warmest room of the entire ship and the most finely furnished.

From the mahogany desk to the bookshelves, the gold coins that were scattered around on the desk to a map. It was half an office, half a bedroom, the other side having a bed and personal belongings, a sort of different area altogether.

And it was musky, not just musky however, but it smelled very much of the sea. A small window allowed some light to trickle in but it was hard as it only showed the surface of the water, the other half being underwater and thus basking much of the room in a blue-ish fractured light.

"So this is where we'll probably end the tour lads," Killian said as he closed the door after them and took a seat at the desk, gesturing to two armchairs that were facing the desk. "Any questions ye got for me before uh we end this little tour?"

Killian placed both feet on the table, more musk from his feet beginning to spread towards Derek and Stiles, as he began playing with a hypnotically shiny coin too.

Spin. Slam. Spin. Slam.

There was no way this was some tourist attraction. Derek berated himself for staying silent at the start and letting them get this far. He knew now that something was in fact wrong here. This man had been up to something this whole time and they sturdily played into his trap.

However Derek could do anything at all since Killian placed his bare feet on the table. The strong musk off them slammed Derek's heightened sense of smell. The scent immediately worked through him and softened his resistance and anger he was feeling from the situation.

That and when Killian began to play with the shiny coin in his hand, the way the light hit the coin did something to Derek. His light reflecting into Derek's eyes and the werewolf immediately began to fall under a thrall. Staring there almost dumbly, unable to think much or take his eyes off it.

Stiles was the opposite, the younger man was defiant and refused to look at Killian. His eyes casted down at his feet. Noticing how his jeans were now a pair of snug fitting trousers that only alarmed him more to their situation.

"Yeah, I have a question. What the hell are you playing at here?" Stiles asked harshly.



He waited for Derek to back him up, when Derek remained silent he glanced over at his werewolf and saw a glanced look in Derek's eyes. How his mouth was open agape and a small trickle of drool ran down the side of his mouth.

'Shit!' Stiles thought and immediately tried to get Derek to snap out of it.

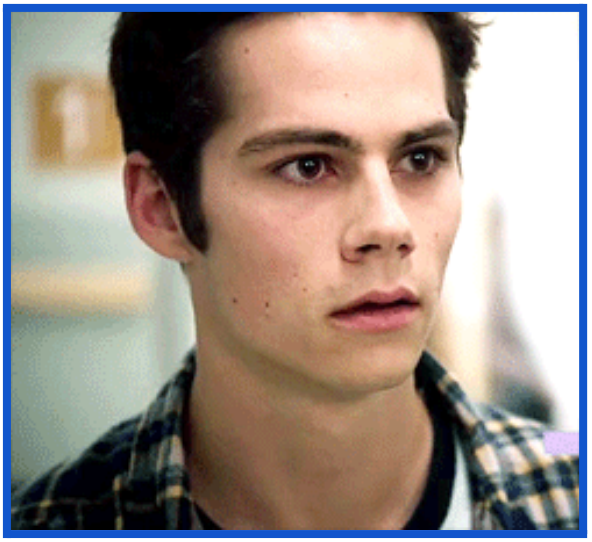
"Playing at? Oh mate..." Killian smirked as he began to let his bare feet continue to enthrall the boys. He could already see that one of them was pretty much going under, staring dumbly at the coin as some drool was beginning to escape his mouth. Meanwhile, the other one, Stiles, who just seemed so eager and obedient mere moments ago was now the more rebellious one.

"I'm just whippin' ya into shipshape..." As soon as Killian said that, he snapped his fingers. Derek's feet immediately began to grow more hairy and musky in his leather boots, whilst Stiles' own feet did the same as his converses turned to long leather boots that hugged his feet. "Oh I see it's working already, ya both look so shipshape..."

Snap. Again.

This time both Derek and Stiles felt their cocks harden at once.

"Ya see...ya both bein' added to me crew, I think you'll fine members." Killian chuckled as he wriggled his feet. "Maybe the first thing I'll do is get ya to worship ya captain's feet."



Stiles became horrified over the change in the situation. This was bad, and with Derek out of commission he could do very little. He could run and come back for Derek but no way in hell was he leaving Derek behind with this man.

Besides, no doubt the bastard had his crew ship them out to sea by now so there wasn't anywhere he could run to if he wanted to. Stiles became distracted by his feet, feeling them shifting with his shoes as a stronger musk waft up to his nose.

He groaned softly as his cock hardened, cursing in his head how he couldn't help reacting like this. He didn't want to find this pleasing yet he did. Next to him Derek had started to paw at his obvious bulge with a small smile on his face.

Stiles hated to see Derek like that, under some handsome bastard's control.

'Handsome?' Stiles thought. Why the hell would he think this guy is attractive when he was obviously a villain. Still it didn't stop the spike of lust he began to feel towards Killian, specifically the Captain's feet.



Derek's eyes focused intently on Killian's feet, moving forward while still in his trance he had no shame in kneeling before the Captain, his Captain, and immediately began to sniff his feet.

"Look at ye friend Stiles, looks like he's already at the captain's feet. Say aye mate," Killian commanded Derek as the more he smelled the musk, the more horny the both of them got, the more they would start to speak like pirates. He wanted Derek to be the first to give in, to finally turn from sceptic into a nice pirate.

"Bloody hell Derek, think I'll make ye my personal foot worshipper. What about you Stiles? Tempt ya for a taste? Or are ye gonna let your boyfriend run amok?" Killian teased as he watched Stiles still struggle with what was going on. Even as Derek continued to sniff his feet.

"Aye Captain Killian." Derek said shamelessly,

Stiles felt despair, seeing Derek doing this, how he spoke in a similar accent as Killian now as well. Fuck, just how far had Derek fallen under this asshole's spell?

"Yer feet smell amazing Captain." Derek went on to say.

"Tastes good too." He added after giving a long lick from the bottom of Killian's foot to the top of it before sucking on his big toe now.

"You won't get away this you fuck." Stiles said. An icy cold stare aimed at Killian. Vowing to not give into, he would break this spell and free both of them.

"Aye is that so mate? Well ye can't stop me..." Killian said as Derek continued to change. He was still the same more or less but his clothing was different entirely. His skin appeared more tan like he was out in the sun most of the day. On top of that, a tattoo appeared like an armband around the wrist.

His biceps became exposed as his shirt was now nothing more than a vest of sorts, grey and thick with an undershirt underneath. His hair started to grow slightly shaggy as a beard crept its way across his jawline.

"Well better hurry of if ye blow yer load you'll become part of me crew." The stench of salt and musk continued to fill the room as Derek worshipped Killian’s feet. "Is that what ye want Derek?"

Stiles tried to step towards Derek opening his mouth to get him to wake up only to be stopped by Killian's snap. Stiles froze, his feet not moving from where he stood. Helpless where he was unable to move or speak. All he could do was watch Derek continue his transition into a pirate.

He hoped that Derek would break free of the mind control chains that ensnared him, but that didn't seem to be happening.

"Aye Captain." Derek said without hesitation.

His hand had freed his cock from his trousers and the pirate to be was now shamelessly jerking himself off.

"Want nothing more than to be a part of yer crew." He said grinning.

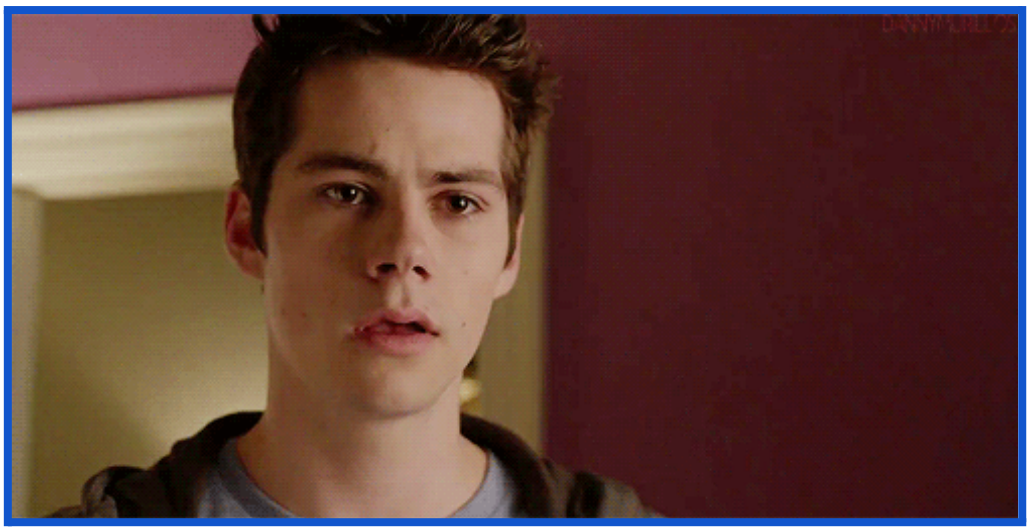


With that Derek stood up, flicking his wrist a little more as he came. His orgasm made him let out a loud moan. Coating Killian's feet in his thick cum. To his pleasure as he became fully ensnared in Killian's spell.

Stiles felt himself wanting to yell out, and yet his dick was so painfully erect in his trousers that he couldn't help fondling himself despite how he was feeling about this entire situation. He knew deep down he was loving it.

As Derek gave in, the rest of his attire, his attitude changed to that as if he had been sailing the seas for months. New memories already faded into his mind, of meeting Killian at a bar, at knowing most of the crew, of him and his boyfriend Stiles sailing together.

As soon as the cum landed on Killian's feet, some of the magic he emitted worked and seemed to clean it all up, as if preparing the feet for someone else. It was only then that Derek would realise that his memories of Stiles were blurred, as if Stiles wasn't really there yet.



"Aye, looks like ye friend needs some help," Killian purred as he glanced over towards Stiles, seeing the man struggling and muttering, clearly powerless to stop him. He glanced over and continued to tease his feet at Stiles, grinning as he could see now Stiles' shirt beginning to look like it came out of some mediaeval cosplay. The shirt now was thinner and a creamy colour, with drawstrings at the neckline instead of buttons.

"Aye Captain. That he does." Derek agreed. He turned his full attention to the strapping young man who stood there watching him and his Captain. Advancing towards him and offering his hand out to him for the young man to take.

"No need to be shy mate." Derek said and gave the young man a wink.

He couldn't place what was so familiar about this man, why he felt drawn to him. He told himself he reminded him of his boyfriend he has.

Stiles wanted to snap Derek out of it to remind him who he was and how he wasn't this scummy pirate. They were both normal people and not only that…a *normal* couple. He didn't let Derek just…worship another man in front of him! He couldn't. But the words wouldn't come out of his mouth though. He stood there dazed as Derek stood close to him to allow Stiles to smell his potent musk.

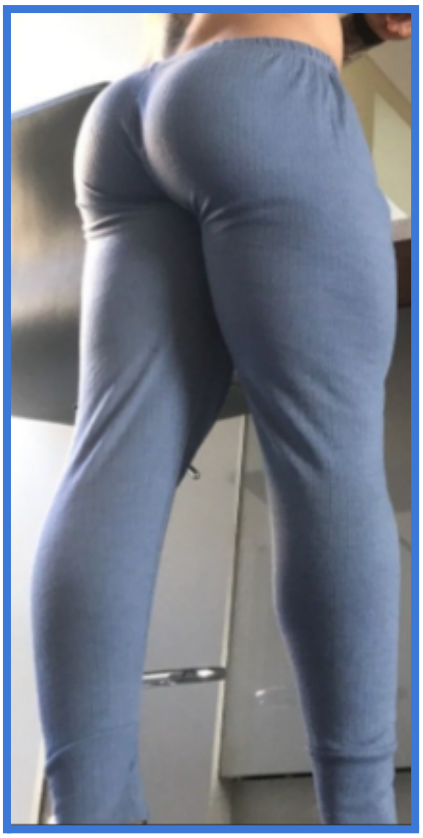
Between Derek's and Killian's musk, Stiles became overwhelmed in the pirate mens stench. To the point he didn't protest when Derek grabbed his arm and led him over to Killian. He felt Derek's hands then rested on his shoulders and guided him down to his knees before Killian's feet.

"Just relax, lean in, and take a big long sniff." Derek instructed.

'No, I refuse to let this fucker win.' Stiles thought to himself. His body though had other plans, reacting to what Derek told him to do. Leaning closer to Killian's musky feet and giving them a whiff. The scent of them invaded his sense of smell and further crumbled Stiles' resistance.

It was just then as a couple rings and a pendant appeared on Derek's form, that Stiles could begin to see chest hair beginning to sprout over Derek's chest. It made the musk all the more intoxicating, especially when Stiles felt the itching sensation himself and found his body moving closer and closer towards Killian's feet. He knew the moment he sniffed them, that he would be going deeply under.

But that didn't stop his body from inhaling some of that musk and making his cock jolt with pleasure as he felt himself smelling his Captain's musky sweaty feet. He could begin to feel his ass bloating out, pulsing with new muscle as his already lean form started to thicken slightly.



His once pale skin grew sun kissed as more memories of working on deck slowly wafted around in his mind, all the while his body grew slightly more muscular from all the hard labour he'd been doing on the ship.

Wait hard labour? On deck? That wasn't right...was it? As Derek continued to be able to smell his Captain's musk, he too started to find the man in front of him was familiar, not just his Captain's latest victim, but his lover? Yes, he definitely had a lover.

"Aye come on mate, ye won't be able to resist," Killian said with a laugh as he watched Stiles continue to give in.

Stiles was starting to falter and he knew this was it. He couldn't help but to give in and sink into temptation. His cock sputtered, making a thick wad of precum drizzle from his dickhead that soaked through the front of his trousers to show an obvious wet spot. As it leaked, so too did some memories of his old life, hell he was starting to forget the names of some professors and teachers and…what books he liked…if he even liked books…if he…he…it was getting so much…worse…and Stiles was getting so wet.

Stiles leaned forward and pressed his face against the sole of Killain's foot and sniffed. Closing his eyes and moaning from the aroma he breathed in. That was all Killian needed to fully break Stiles, the pirate Captain watching gleefully as Stiles began to further enjoy serving his Captain's feet.

Licking his tongue at Killian's toes while Stiles hand drifted down to his crouch. Groping himself before freeing his cock from his pants. He gripped his palm around the base of his erected cock and began to jerk himself off. Moaning about how much he loved Captain Killian's feet.

"Aye good lad, come on Derek help ye mate out," Killian commanded Derek and let Stiles take a break from stroking himself as his boyfriend's strong hand wrapped around his cock and toyed with the head.

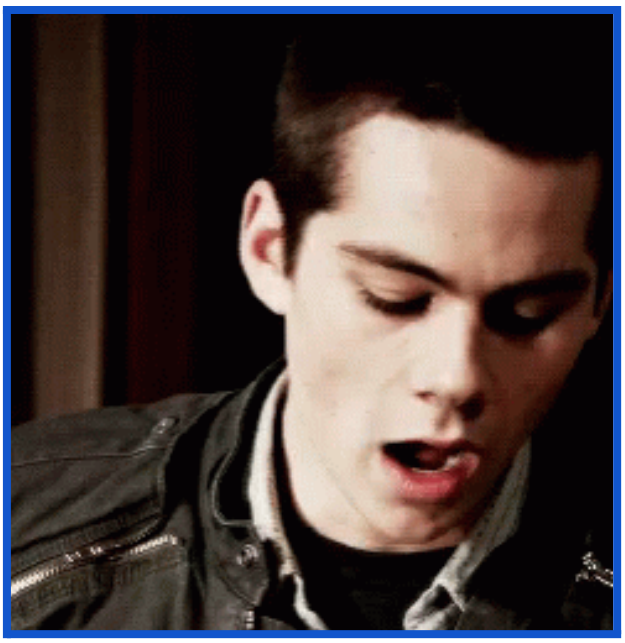
With each stroke, Derek was changing Stiles and remembering him more and more now. How the two of them were lovers, the times they'd hooked up on the ship, how they gladly would serve at the pleasure of their Captain.

Everything and anything about their old lives, about Beacon Hills, about werewolves and the supernatural were going away. All they were now, were just a pair of handsome happy pirates, who got the pleasure of worshipping such a handsome fine captain like Killian.

And with that, it was all Killian needed as Derek continued to jerk off Stiles, toying and teasing with his cock with his grip, sometimes strong, sometimes slow, each stroke bringing a new kind of pleasure to Stiles, enough to make his cock and mind buck under pressure.

Until finally...

"***Cum for me*** mate," Killian commanded and he snapped his fingers, causing Stiles to feel the last dregs of resistance soon shoot out of his cock as a great wave of pleasure.



Stiles let out a moaning shout, his cock pulsating, thick ropes of his seed cascading from his cock that splatters all over himself and on the floor of the captain's quarters. Gone was Stiles Stilinski, no recollection of his past self left inside his mind.

He was now just another mindless pirate happy to serve Captain Killian. His mind was full of memories of being recruited by the Captain, how he quickly became the best scout and navigator the crew has ever had. He grins and thanks the Captain as Derek kisses his neck.

Stiles' hair grew a little longer, becoming a head of messy brown hair. Days worth of scruff grow along his jaw, nowhere near as much as Derek has on his face, but still was enough to be noticeable.

"Aye now..." Killian placed his feet off the desk and went to put back on his boots, giving a smirk as he could begin to see Derek, as horny as ever, beginning to kiss at Stiles' neck. He gave a smirk to the both of them as he glanced at Derek, one of the best muscles on the ship.

Then he glanced over towards Sti, who was one of the best scouts and could read a map with his eyes closed. They were still the newest recruits but already seemed to fit in well as nights of singing sea shanties with the crew, playing cards and drinking at taverns filled their minds.

"Now how do ye both feel?" Killian asked as he put a hand on both men's shoulders.



“Amazing Captain." Both men said in unison. They stood at attention as they addressed Captain Killian. Sti tells the Captain about how they'll hit land within a few hours according to his calculations.

Derek stood beside his lover and gave him a look, wanting to derobe his ~~boyfriend~~ fellow crew member right there and ravish him but refrained from doing so since there was still work to be done on the upper deck.

The two leave Killian's quarters shortly after, bumping shoulders with one another before going to different parts of the ship to resume their duties. Killian stalked back to his own quarters to plot the way to the next port. Who knows, maybe he’ll be in your town next.

