

The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

STICKY VARIANT

After a string of panicked texts from his roommate, nerdy college student Jamie rushes home to find...nothing, except a trashed room and a Spider Man suit. Just as he begins to wonder what happened to his roommate, the suit moves with a mind of its own, beginning to transform Jamie into its new owner as it latches onto him and makes him grow into a new variant of Spider Man.

Featuring — *male transformation || muscle growth || superhero transformation || personality alteration || reality shift*

Enjoy. . .

11:50AM

gonna be doing something in my room so please dont come in

11:57AM

hey tried calling pls call back

11:59AM

fuck im sorry but really need help

12:02PM

DUDE HELP

12:03PM

PLS NEED HELP

12:03PM

FUKK CLAL SOMEBUDHU

12:04PM

CNTTGSATOPP

12:04PM

HSNDANSHANDSTSOFSOFTTT

12:04PM

STAYOUTFOCTHEROOMMZKMXM

12:04PM

FUCSXACKOSOKDAKDOAD



When Jamie got the random slew of texts from his roommate, he had no idea what the hell was going on. He was on his way home from class when the texts came through and he even as he rushed back, he only got back at least five minutes after the last message. They didn't know what to expect when they opened up that apartment door. Overturned furniture? A soaring heat as flames invaded the place? The scrawl of a ransom note left on the kitchen table? Jamie's mind went everywhere and then collapsed into nowhere as he scrambled with his key to open up the apartment door and find...*nothing*.

There was no fire. No note. No sign of anything wrong and for a moment confusion met relief and together they mingled as Jamie glanced around the apartment as adrenaline pumped anxiety through his body. He couldn't believe this, but then again, he realised, why couldn't he? From the moment he and his roommate, *Deacon* (he doubt that was his real name), met they were like oil and water. Jamie was a typical college student, perhaps on the nerdy side of things but he looked...well, *plain*. It wasn't a bad thing, even he himself would admit it. From his skinny frame to the tousled brown curls atop his head and the blemished skin dealing with the second acne breakout of the month, he was an average looking guy trying to do an average degree in Computer Science. He liked videogames, loved his dog from back home and had two loving parents who grew up in the suburbs like he did.

Everything about him was as neutral and disarming as could be or so he thought. Maybe what was neutral was instead just plain, unattractive, boring. One time a bully said that was why he was so into nerdy stuff like comicbooks and superheroes, because they were interesting and he wasn't. For some reason those words still had their grip on him.

Then there was Deacon, the troublemaking, leather wearing, noisy and messy roommate. He was a punk, not that Jamie even realised those still existed. From a head of spiked black hair that unfortunately did look really good with highlighted green edges, piercings and nose rings, Deacon was everything Jamie wasn't. He was loud, rambunctious, extroverted, he had opinions and he wasn't afraid to let everyone hear it. He had come to college on an arts scholarship, which, much like his hair, did unfortunately look really good. Jamie only thought 'unfortunate' because there was a perverse and far more interesting side to him, as small as it was, that would've liked if Deacon's punk attitude wasn't reinforced.

But from what he could see the man had all sorts of friends, went to tons of parties and must have gotten pretty decent grades because he was still in. Jamie and him had tried to make some effort at first to get to know each other and talk and hang out, but Jamie became far

too intimidated and even though he shouldn't have cared, Deacon probably found him far too boring. There was also something else Deacon was sort of into, witchcraft. Or was it Wicca? Jamie didn't really know. But one time he stumbled into Deacon's room when he wanted to ask them for something and didn't realise they were in their shower. What he saw was a messy room that still carried the faint scent of weed and on his desk looked to be what must have almost been a shrine, a collection of odd, possibly occult items. There were crystals, bundles of herbs tied with string, a strange goblet and an open book that had symbols Jamie couldn't begin to understand. He backed out of the room quickly, trying to erase the image from his brain, and since then, he made it a point to never go in there again.

If it was just for the smell alone.

But today looked like the day he was going to have to break that promise.

"Deacon? Uh Deacon I got your text...Is...Is everything okay?" Jamie asked, punctuated with him tapping on his roommate's door. "I got your texts, I'm sorry I didn't...Look please are you seriously okay man? I'm gonna come in." The oddest thing wasn't the fact that Jamie couldn't hear Deacon talking, though that was hardly comforting. But it was the fact that he didn't hear *anything*. Deacon was the epitome of loud and brash. Jamie always knew when the man was in there because if he wasn't blasting music or talking to friends on some voice chat, he was always moving around, doing something, toiling away. Maybe doing that witchcraft stuff Jamie thought of.

But there was nothing. No sound. No movement. Not even the sound of snoring or like someone moving about on a bed. Jamie swallowed and went to tentatively reached for the handle, pushing open the door.

"Are you-"

Jamie's voice left as if someone had clamped their hand over his mouth. The first presence that came out the room was hot musk, like the room was a sauna that mingled together an assortment of scents that didn't make sense. There was lavender, herbs and most of all *that dizzying musk*, the same kind of musk Jamie sometimes smelled when Deacon was coming back from a party. The same musk that he hadn't realised was making him half hard when he smelled it. The same musk that was making him cough and stumble back.

But it wasn't just the smell that was throwing him off. It was the room. The chaos he worried about had seemingly all been contained to an en-suite bedroom in a cheap apartment off campus. Deacon's room was a mess and not from the general messiness of the punk, but a mess as if he had been robbed or fighting someone or both.

The desk chair was on its side, books and papers were askew on the floor and the dresser had been left open with some clothes spilling out. Amongst all the chaos was a general messiness that Jamie realised didn't look like someone was robbing the place, but that there was some kind of struggle. But there was no blood and right now, no Deacon, making things all the more confusing. The only thing that was untouched was the oddest part, close to his feet at the door was a tangle of red and blue before Jamie blinked and looked at what it was.

A Spider Man costume. It looked brand new, like it had just been made, the colours still vibrant, the spandex untouched and not even crinkled or creased like it had ever been worn. Jamie couldn't understand it.

"Deacon? Are you-"

And it turns out Jamie wouldn't understand because that's when his voice stopped like a hand had been clasped over it.

Except it wasn't a hand.

It was something thinner, larger and all over his face.

It was a mask.

Jamie's eyes widened in shock as he stumbled and the shock quickly evaporated as he realise something was on his face, forcing its way onto him as it moved with a mind of its own. Cool spandex started to slither and clutch onto him like a hands grasping at ledges to climb a cliff. He could feel his hair indented with the grip of whatever was tangling onto him, almost sucking at his face as he suddenly reached and tried to claw whatever was on him.

"MMMMRRGPGPHHH!" Jamie tried to scream but that only made things worse, the lack of air starting to make him light headed before he drew in as much as he could with a shallow breath. He didn't have enough to waste speaking or screaming, but that didn't stop

something else from happening...a groaning, as the spandex felt almost wet on him, like it was melting over his body.

As it did...he felt another sensation, like something was suckling at him. Before he realised it must have been the mask, the sound of something slick and wet filling his head as his face felt like it was being tugged by the mask, the same mask that had successfully wrapped around his head.

“Nnn-mmmrrphh ogghhhhh-” Jamie moaned as pleasure invaded his senses as he continued to feel the mask warp around his head. His neck thickened as the skin beneath his face started to age slightly, no longer resembling the college senior as he could feel the skin growing warmer, sweat trickling down as the skin continued to get more tan as the blemished of his skin were sinking in like they had never been there.

His nose was pulled out and nostrils flared as the mask sealed over them, the spandex molding perfectly to the new shape thickening and the the bridge sharpening. All the while Jamie’s lips were growing fuller, feeling like they were inflating. Jamie’s hands flew to his face, fingers scrambling against the slick, clinging material as it moulded to his features. The mask wasn’t just covering him, it was changing him. His breath came in ragged, panicked bursts, fogging up the inside of the spandex as it sealed tighter around his head.

“Goddhmmmrph!” Jamie’s cheekbones began to shift, a sharp pinch as if his face was being pulled taut. His jawline clicked as it squared off, the chin jutting out slightly as the mask felt like it was shifting, pushing and moulding him like it was smoothing out any imperfections. Jamie finally managed to reach his hand underneath the mask, managing to finally pull at it and take a deep gasp before the mask fought back, closing around onto him and his fingers. He continued to fight back, trying to wrench it as his eyes shut tight, a heat behind them as his previously murky blue irises darkened, swallowed by a deep brown. The white lenses of the mask locked over them as he finally dug his fingers deeper beneath the mask, into the heat and musk as sweat dribbled freely down his thicker, tanner neck and finally he pulled it off. He hadn’t even noticed the tips of his fingers were starting to tan and lengthen too.

Instead Jamie threw the mask down and took deep breaths as if he had broke the surface of the sea, clutching his throat as even his grunts and groans sounded like they belonged to a deeper voice.

“W-What the...” His *accent* had shifted slightly, making him blink as he ignored all the warning signs of the room and went for his phone again. Even with his fingers right in front of him, he couldn’t focus on how much they had begun changing, a pulsing spreading through them as he went to the camera app and went to look at himself. “Oh fuck!”

The image made him drop his phone again.



His face...*His* face, if it could be called that, looked so different that Jamie wondered if somehow he had stumbled on someone else’s profile pic or if he just had a picture of what must have been a model in his gallery. No longer did he have the look of a pale faced average looking man dealing with an acne breakout. Instead there was the smooth, tanned and sculpted features of a stranger, full lips, a broad nose, a jawline where freshly trimmed dark hair lingered and...was that one of Deacon’s earrings?

This couldn’t have been right. It didn’t look like Deacon, but for some reason it felt like it had some influences from him and something else. Jamie reached tentatively up to his hair, where his mop of brown curls had instead been transforming into the spiky dark hair that Deacon had, just without the green.

“Oh god...Oh fuck fuck fuck, I gotta...I gotta get out of here...I gotta-” Jamie massaged his throat where the deep accented voice came out, like someone dubbing over his words as he

reached with one hand to his phone. But the moment he bent over, was the moment something else pounced. A swift movement of something he didn't even realise he was standing on, sent him slipping and sprawled onto the floor, his jaw almost colliding with the ground. "Ohh god- W-What the-" Jamie moaned, trying to recover but that's when something slick and cool pooled at his feet.

Curiosity got the better of him as he glanced over his shoulder, looking down wide-eyed to see what exactly was there. The Spider Man suit...along with its mask that he had thrown off. As if sensing Jamie about to get up and run, the suit pounced and leapt right onto his feet, clenching around it as Jamie moaned, feeling the heat and sensation of his calves suddenly beginning to bloat and thicken with strength. His toes popped one by one so quickly that the sound of their growth overlapped as Jamie tried to get up.

But he stumbled again as the suit felt like it was beginning to almost devour him, crawling up his body and changing it all the way.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck, no no no, this isn't- S-Stop!"

He didn't know what was worse the fact that he was begging a suit or the fact that it clearly wasn't letting him go. If anything his resistance, his moans and whimpers that it could strangle out of him like they were admittance to the pleasure he felt began to make the suit more aggressive in its schemes. It covered his calves, starting to move up toward his thighs as Jamie desperately tried to crawl away, kicking out whilst the strain of his growing muscles pulled at the suit's fabric, stretching it as if the material itself were alive, shifting and tightening around him like a second skin. Every part of him that was touched by the suit was becoming foreign, contorting in ways that felt both wrong and strangely exhilarating.

Enough so that the feelings of growing half hard at Deacon's musk or whenever he would see the man stretch and show a happy trail, felt like nothing compared to the bomb of arousal and hormones that was rocketing its way through his system. His cock throbbed, almost like it was even providing another thing for the suit to grasp, another ledge for the mountain it had to climb as Jamie felt his legs sprawling and stretching longer. But he felt some sweet relief as he crawled closer and closer to the doorway, managing to just barely get over the edge as he watched in surprise when his tanning hands began to slowly grow paler, the fingers shortening again, the changes reversing.

But the suit pulled him back with such a sudden unexpected strength that Jamie almost clawed the ground as his escape from the changes was being yanked away. The suit crawled closer to his thighs which suddenly started to thicken as they bulked up. His muscles burned as if being torn and rebuilt from the inside out, every inch of his flesh feeling more tense, more solid. He could feel the suit cling to him, almost hungry, as it felt like it was kissing the material and in jealousy, delighted in the sound of his pants tearing and shoes finally giving way.

The tattered remnants of the clothing disappeared, absorbed by the suit as it felt his flesh and stuck to it like a symbiote. Jamie wondered if the suit was doing more than just changing his body as he had to admit, those same feelings of the delight at his clothes tearing, the relief, the euphoria were starting to infect his own mind too, like him and the suit were becoming one. His thighs continued to grow, the boxers practically pulled taut across the behemoths of musculature that his legs had become, like he spent all his time studying in the gym. Though...that wasn't the memory that came to him. Instead for some reason it was more memories of parkour and running on rooftops that bubble in his mind.

But that couldn't be right. He wasn't *actually* Spider Man...right? The thought distracted him enough that he didn't realise how much the suit had changed him, now almost his entire lower half unrecognisable. Tanned, muscular, bigger and if this was a war, the suit had just about captured the capital as it claimed his ass and crotch.

The pleasure that spiked through Jamie was enough to make him think that he had somehow gone from throbbing to cumming in less time than he could comprehend. But the wetness at the tip of his cock was pre-cum, almost gushing out of him and almost feeling as good as orgasm as the suit clenched around the head of his cock. *Almost*.

His ass inflated with a sudden, obscene plumpness, the suit tightening around each cheek as they swelled outward, round and firm, almost mountainous as his previously flat ass continued to thicken into what the suit deemed perfection. Jamie gasped as the spandex squeezed, molding his backside into something sculpted, powerful, the kind of ass that looked made for tight superhero costumes. But the best part was the more it grew, it was like the more pleasure that could spread through it.

Jamie turned with a groan, now laying on his back as he looked down at himself and saw that something else was happening. It was as if something was affecting the suit too, transforming it much like it was changing him. Or perhaps it was Deacon's influence

somehow shaping things. He still had no idea what had happened to him, but the moment he thought of his roommate the suit seemed to respond and latch even harder, almost like it was trying to give its own answer in a way.

It didn't help that Jamie was turned on by his own moans and groans, the own visceral reaction his deeper voice had to the incredible heat and euphoria travelling through him. The suit clung tightly to his body, its inky material sealing just above his crotch, stretching up to his midriff where the first dark strands of a thickening treasure trail began to sprout. All the while his own cock started to grow so large that he couldn't believe the bulge in the now black spandex. The suit crawled upwards, reaching over his abs as Jamie's previously thin stomach expanded into ridges of solid abs, deep cut and infested with the same dark hairs from the treasure trail crawling up his body. His stomach sounded like it was squelching, made of something wet and sticky as the spandex continued to crawl up his body.

His resistance was quickly weakening as the suit felt like tongues on his throbbing cock, the head feeling like it was inflamed as Jamie's eyes rolled into the back of his head. His hips gyrated as his spandex rushed over toward his chest. Then, with a sudden surge, his chest muscles bulged outward, the spandex stretching impossibly to accommodate their rapid growth. His pecs inflated like balloons being pumped with air and almost sounding like it too, creaking and growing, each fibre of his muscle thickening, hardening into dense, rounded slabs. Veins snaked across the surface as they expanded, the sheer mass forcing his shoulders back as the pecs jiggled. The lack of resistance was only making the changes go faster as with one final urge to fight back, Jamie tried to reach at the suit, not even looking as his head was turned up, neck so tense that he could feel the vein throbbing.

But his hands had already been submitted to the musk and heat of the mask, his fingers having already grown and the sweat trailing down to his hands which itched as more dark hairs grew on them. The Spider Man suit reached up to his shoulders which began to broaden and thicken, the muscles clicking as they finished their own expansion. His hips continued to gyrate, like his body was begging to rub against something, *anything* to relieve the impossible tension that could have him snap at any moment.

The suit continued its dominance, moving down over the shoulders and to his arms. The sensation was odd, the transformation almost coming down his limbs from both sides, his hands already growing and his shoulders and biceps already thickening. Soon the pitiful armies of his old weaker and paler arms were subdued by the tan, the dark hairs, the muscle

as his biceps looked so bulbous as if he worked out all day. He almost wanted to kiss them. But there was the confusing part...Jamie was never into guys.

At least he didn't think so. But the more the suit latched onto him, the more he could almost imagine it was Dean, his lean and lanky body pressing down, the kisses the suit giving him being his roommate, the musk the same thing he would smell pressed up against the man's body. If he closed his eyes long enough, he almost tricked his mind into thinking it was real, as if Deacon had walked in on him, looking like a complete muscle bound stranger and decided to worship him then and there like he and the suit shared the same mind. But instead it was just him and the suit and as it finally clenched around his neck, the mask didn't even have to force itself onto him. It had done its work and instead all Jamie had to do...all he could do was let the suit clench around his cock and finally, with just the slightest brush against the tip, against the sensitive slit, he released.

The pleasure was *confounding*. For a moment Jamie thought he had knocked himself out, his eyes rolled into the back of his head which shut tight anyway as everything around him felt like it disappeared. Shot after shot of cum pulsed out of his cock which had an impossible stamina, never tiring, never feeling too sensitive or too strained, instead each and everytime felt like the first orgasm in weeks, the first hot strip of cum that rocketed out of his dick and all over the inside of the spandex which absorbed it like a craving. He couldn't feel the floor or the walls or anything really, not even his own body, not anything except his suit and the cock that felt almost vacuum sealed inside of a second skin; one that was soft and wet and somehow the perfect temperature, cool enough to feel refreshing, warm enough to feel comforting.

It was as if his entire being had just become nothing more than cock and balls, ceaselessly cumming again and again and again until Jamie realised too late...that with each orgasm, he was forgetting his name, forgetting what he was doing here, forgetting everything and the only thing that could inform him...was the suit. All he had was the suit. He *was* the suit, because after all the suit meant one thing...the only thing he realised as he gasped for air and opened his eyes as the last shot of cum came out of him.

He wasn't some nerdy college student, well not in this universe. The suit must have meant something...He was Pabel Pascual...this universe's one and only Spider Man, forgetting all about the nerd that once occupied the apartment or the punk that was now his iconic Spidersuit. Nor did he care about the messy room, the weird witchcraft things or the inkling

about something like...a ritual had gone wrong? It sounded like it must have been some villain and the only thing going wrong for them was him swinging by to stop them.

Instead Pabel relaxed, kicked up his feet and let his muscles rest after a long hard day being the world's only web slinging superhero. After all, what else was he supposed to be? He smirked to himself as he leaned back and finally let himself relax.

