
THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

SNAPPED IN PLACE

The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

The years have been kind to Derek Hale and Stiles Stilinski. After saying their goodbyes to Beacon Hills to embark on the road together, they ended up at college where the two learn to live together after a life of dealing with the supernatural.

However, old habits die hard and history repeats itself when the two notice a string of male students disappearing after seeing a hypnotherapist in town. Derek and Stiles can't help but give in to the urge to investigate and stop what they know must be another supernatural threat.

Only this time, the supposed threat is a handsome hypnotist who can be very convincing and change his clients in ways the two will soon understand.

Featuring — male transformation || reality alteration || mind control || inanimate transformation || forced transformation || musk || foot worship

Enjoy. . .



“Are you sure this is the right place?”

The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

“...No.”

“*Perfect.*” Throughout all the years, if there was one thing Stiles Stilinski hadn’t lost it was his love of sarcasm. After Beacon Hills, he and Derek hit the road and left after he graduated. What was a road trip to get away from it all turned into something else, it morphed and mutated into the both of them settling down in a small town where nobody knew their names. A town where there were no werewolves, no Nogitsune, nothing supernatural but themselves and the past. It was odd how a place could also be a time, that was what Beacon Hills was, his high school years worrying about werewolves and packs and whatever monster lurked from the supernatural shadows to try and kill him and his friends.

If he could go back to do it all again, hell to even consider fighting the supernatural one more time, Stiles couldn’t say he would. He didn’t even know if he could anymore. His boyfriend had different ideas. The two of them should have been as normal as could be. Stiles was a skinny tall Criminal Justice student, dark-haired, pale-faced and whose most interesting trait on the surface was the old jeep that he drove. His boyfriend, Derek, caught the eyes of everyone, a handsome and slightly older guy who looked more akin to an actor or model than a student. Neither of them should have been here, parked outside an office in the wintry evening, which was essentially dark enough to be a summer’s night.

It wasn’t that the two of them currently had an appointment with a therapist concerning couple’s counseling that was the issue. In truth, the two of them couldn’t have been doing

any better, except for the slight hiccup that had them in a near-empty parking lot. Stiles killed the engine as Derek leaned forward, green eyes narrow as his supernatural senses cut through the darkness to read the sign by the front door:

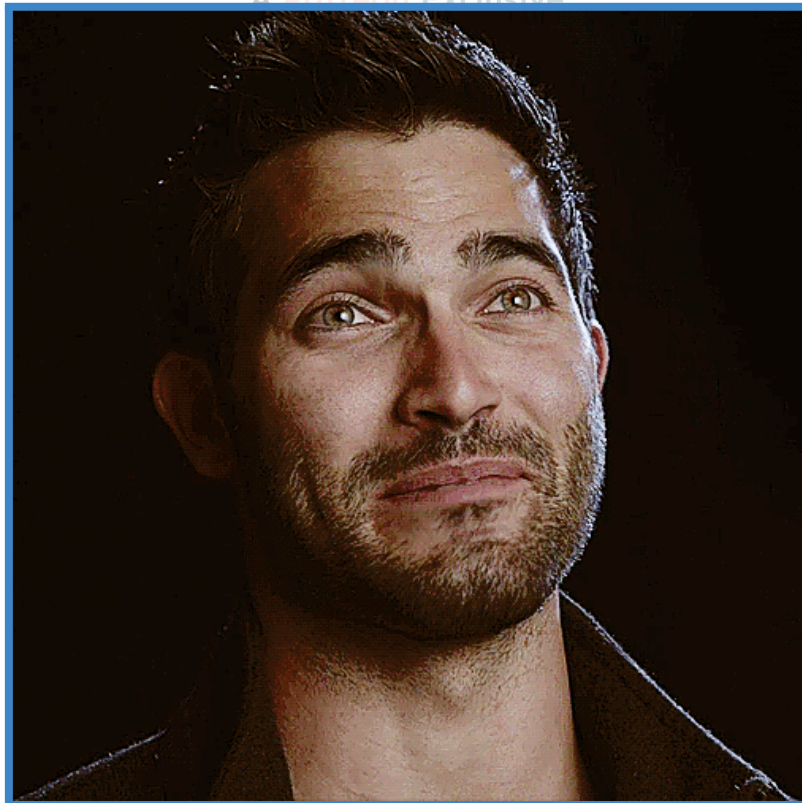
DR. ASCLEPIUS

HYPNOTHERAPY

“This is it. His name is Doctor Ascel- Ascleur- As-”

“You mean *Asclepius*? Same name as Apollo’s son, god of healing and stuff?” Stiles corrected with near-perfect pronunciation. Derek resisted the urge to roll his eyes, even if he knew his boyfriend’s smarts were part of what made him so attractive. “Kinda weird name.”

The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive



“Like Stilinski?” Derek joked as he opened his side of the jeep and before Stiles could even reply, shut the door. Stiles sighed. He felt like they were two detectives on some middling case, Derek the eager partner with a hunch, and himself, the wiser one who knew that this could only mean two things: either nothing or *something*, and something was dangerous.

Even still, the two of them couldn't ignore the signs. It had barely been a semester before Derek felt the need to go sniffing around some odd going on at the therapy office.

Apparently, since the summer men had been disappearing from the small town and nobody had any clue what was happening. It should have been enough to alert the authorities and start some mass media campaign, small town suddenly the most dangerous place in the country. Lock your doors, interview the friend and family, and let the police or FBI do all the digging. Except this wasn't just run-of-the-mill disappearances, which was sad, Stiles thought, that there was even such a thing as disappearances that could be described like that. But it was true.

It started just after a week of searching for where a divorced dad kicked out of his home to a seedy motel on the outskirts of town, suddenly turned back up in his room. At first, people thought it was some hoax, but the man genuinely didn't know he had been gone for a month and had his family sick and worried for the worst. There was a gap in his memory where his life was supposed to be. He wasn't injured or sick, not even thirsty or hungry, it was just as if he disappeared and popped out of nowhere.

Stiles remembered reading over the comments on old news articles, townspeople giving their two cents as if it would be paid back to them in double. Many thought he was just lying, it was all some scheme for attention or sympathy from his family. But then the next disappearance happened. This time they were only gone for a couple of days, barely enough time for boots to hit the mud on the outskirts of town before they turned up. And then another.

And another. Men would repeatedly all disappear and then come back, some in days, some in weeks, one in a couple months. None of them would have any memory of being gone. To them, it was as if they had slipped into some crack in reality. They disappeared with no evidence, no CCTV, and no trace and then were whisked back.

It got to the point where the local law enforcement was stumped and with the men returning safe and sound, it was almost like they didn't even need to be concerned. But the tenth disappearance was different. Summer had faded into the semester, the first few weeks of college when students from all over the country and sometimes even the world, came to study at the local college. The tenth disappearance was a student, someone who just so happened to be in one of Derek's classes. He came back a couple of nights later and it seemed maybe it was just some drunken bender he went on.

But when the eleventh student went missing for a week, that's when Derek couldn't help but tell Stiles all about it, showing him tabs and tabs of articles from the local paper's website. Stiles indulged, less curious and more doing it to calm Derek down. He knew just how anxious he could get. Yet the deeper he went down the rabbit hole, the more calm faded and curiosity began to take over. He thought about stopping it, that this was a job for the police, not them. But then they had a breakthrough.

Weeks of investigating led them to a connection between all the victims. They were all single. They were all adults. They all went to the same therapist. At first, the connection seemed slim. A couple of them had gone to the same therapist, but that wasn't odd to do in such a small town. But then others mentioned they remember doing a session with him, the week before they disappeared. And then the nail in the coffin, the students who disappeared, they used to go to a therapist back home but started seeing hypnotherapy while at college. Stiles thought maybe they could still take the evidence to the police.

The Craftman
A Patreon Exclusive

Hypnotherapy? Despite how bogus hypnosis sounded, maybe it did actually work and it was somehow causing men to disappear. But even if that was the case, Derek argued, how would that even work?

How would it leave the men practically unaffected from disappearing for hours on end? So there was only one to find out. Stiles opened up the jeep door and slammed it shut behind him. His phone said it was only 5:35, they had ten minutes before their appointment with Dr. Asclepius, a hypnotherapist and possible supernatural being. The oddest part, Stiles realised, as he let Derek go first and speak to the receptionist, was that the police should have established the connection too. But even odder, there was practically nothing on the exotically named Doctor Asclepius. There was no social media, no pictures on his website, and no comments to the press.

"So do you believe in it?" Derek asked suddenly right after Stiles and he had sat down, waiting the few minutes before Doctor Asclepius would 'be right with them'.

"In what?" For some reason, Stiles muttered as he eyed the receptionist. They were a handsome man, dressed more like he was a business executive than a simple receptionist. He wondered if they knew just what was going on here, worth questioning. They must have seen all the patients coming and going, the men that would go missing, and then mysterious turn up again with no memory of what happened.

“Stiles?” Derek snapped him out of it. “In this...you know, hypnosis whatever.” Stiles frowned.



The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

“Oh, no, it can’t be. It has to be some...” started Stiles. “A spell, some power, something. Maybe it’s something to do with suggestions but that’s about it. Either way, we should be careful.” Derek smiled.

“Well, then we should be fine. I can resist something like that. Maybe I’ll have to save you.” Stiles knew that Derek was saying such a thing lightly.

It was nice to hear him not be a cynic for once. But there was something about it all that didn’t make things much better. He didn’t like them having to deal with another supernatural threat. He didn’t like them ebbing closer to the life that they had tried desperately to escape.

It seemed that thinking wasn’t allowed in such a place as the therapist’s office, as before Stiles could spiral even further, a door opened down a distant hallway, and a loud voice grew closer. In the blink of an eye, a man turned around the corner, looking back at something with a wave and he was perhaps, the most unexpected person Stiles or Derek thought they’d see in a place like this.



“Man thanks again for the lesson brah, you rock!” The excitable stereotypical relaxed drawl of a surfer left the lips of a man who looked the part, almost oddly so. It wasn’t like he was a surfer at all, but more so some actor playing a caricature of one. Everything from his long blonde hair to his board shorts and sandals, to even the surfboard that he carried under one arm was completely out of place in the sleek office.

He smiled with a set of pearly whites and flashed a rock sign when his blue eyes saw Stiles and Derek, sitting them, staring at him. Then before they knew it, he was gone, stepping out into the night. Just as Stiles realised that the town didn’t even have a beach, another person rounded the corner.

“Doctor Asclepius will see you now,” chimed the receptionist, and Stiles could not believe what he was looking at. Compared to the buff surfer and the modellesque receptionist, the man that came out was a marvel. It looked as if all his features had been carved away by hand, from the chiseled jaw to his high cheekbones.

His nose was long and sharp, like the visage of a Greek statue and a shadow of a beard accentuated his already sharp jawline. Even his body seemed perfect, not too muscular nor

too slim, the suit that hugged his body had to have been fitted. All in all, he looked like a caricature himself, a character, as if every proportion was perfectly designed. If there was ever a man to be hypnotizing, then it surely would be this one. His brown eyes focused in on Stiles and Derek.



“Welcome, you must be my new patients.” Even the man’s voice, smooth and sultry like honey dripped over words wrapped in a charming British accent. “Mr. Stilinski and Mr. Hale I believe? Couple’s counselling?” There wasn’t a hint of judgement in his voice, just a gentle request for clarification.

“That’s us,” answered Stiles, wrapping an arm around Derek. Derek glowered. He didn’t like the idea of both of them going in. Initially, he wanted Stiles to wait in the lobby and Derek to go inside. But Stiles knew it was safer this way, even if they had to roleplay the struggling couple much to Derek’s chagrin.

“Right this way,” Doctor Asclepius spun on his heels and began to stride over towards a nearby door, holding it open for the two of them. Inside was a lush and lavish office that contrasted entirely with the more modern and sleek design of the building. There was a cushioned sofa, a beautiful lavender carpet, a deep red chair behind a dark mahogany desk, and the wall behind lined with bookshelves.

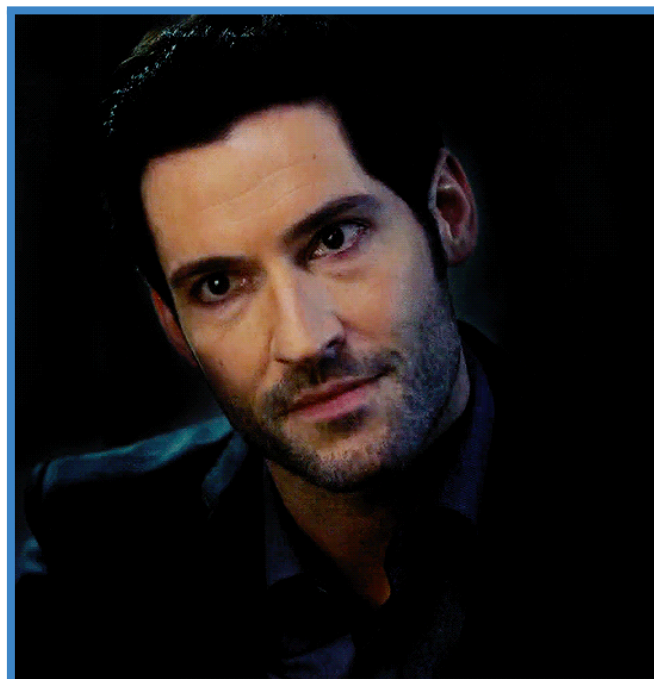
But what was stronger than the sight of such a colorful office was a smell, Derek smelled it in hints outside the office but when Stiles stepped in he had a deep inhale. It was a nice and becalming scent that seemed stronger than Derek. The scent was a concoction of lavender

and cologne with just the barest hint of something else, Derek sniffed it and could tell that there was another pungent aroma in the mix but he couldn't quite place what. "I hope you don't mind the smell," Asclepius noted as he glanced toward Derek.



"No, no it's fine," replied Stiles before Derek could speak. The two of them stepped over to the sofa as Asclepius closed the door behind them. The smell only grew stronger, feeling like it was massaging their nostrils with how soft it was with each inhale. By the time they sat down on the sofa, the cushions massaged their body. Derek couldn't help but let out a slight groan of relief, causing Stiles to look at him with a raised brow.

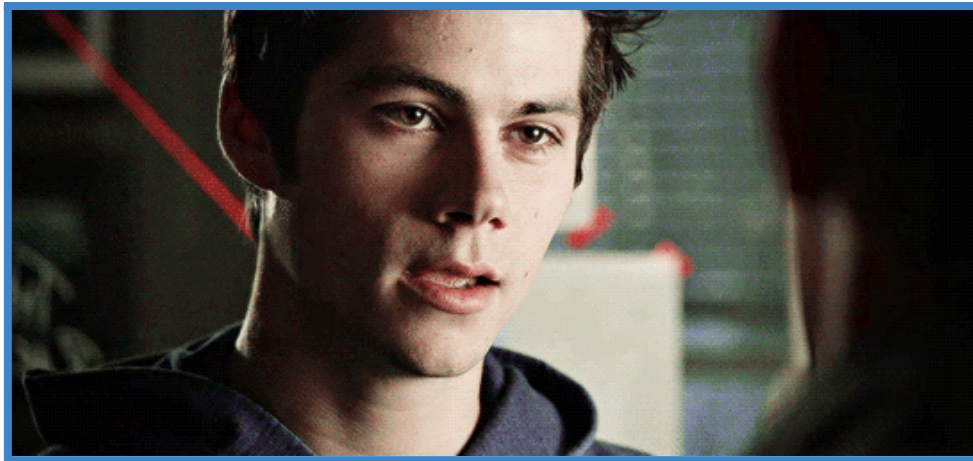
"What? The jeep's rough," mumbled Derek. Stiles resisted the urge to smile, still trying to play the role of the irritated boyfriend. Derek rolled his eyes.



“So, what exactly brings you here uh...Mr. Hale and Mr. Stilinski? Doing some digging?” Asclepius questioned as he sat down, one leg crossed over the other as he leaned back into his velvet armchair and looked at the pair with a raised brow. Derek and Stiles both exchanged concerned looks.

“Digging?” Derek stared at Asclepius who smiled in response.

“That’s what I call it. Digging. Investigating...” Asclepius started. Stiles shifted in his seat, not that he could move so easily on the sofa he realised. The cushions were almost keeping his body in place, hugging him tightly. “You know getting into what is the cause of...all this.” Asclepius gestured towards both Derek and Stiles. “The fighting, I mean. That’s why you came in here, right? I could see it on your faces, you’ve been fighting a lot more, is that it?”



“Oh uh...yes. Yeah we have, it’s been...awful, terrible,” lied Stiles. “We’ve just been...” He held onto Derek’s hand tightly. “Arguing a lot about all sorts of stuff...”

“Oh yeah, like about his jeep just now,” Derek nodded. “It’s just so...”

“Expensive,” grumbled Stiles. It was hard to tell whether he was acting or genuinely annoyed at having to admit it. “Upkeep is crazy.” Asclepius blinked.

“I’m sorry, so...do you think it’s expensive? Or does Derek? Just that *you’re* the one saying the upkeep is a lot.” Asclepius was clearly as sharp as he dressed, his brown eyes narrowing. It was hard to tell if it was out of suspicion or confusion. Perhaps both. Derek and Stiles exchanged looks, clearly knowing that this impromptu recon mission of theirs was already heading toward disaster.

“Oh yeah uh...I wanna sell it but I dunno and Derek here thinks I should but I’m hesitant,” lied Stiles. Asclepius just nods, writing notes and for a second, Stiles swore he saw the man smile to himself and it only looked as if he drew one large word over scribbling some notes.

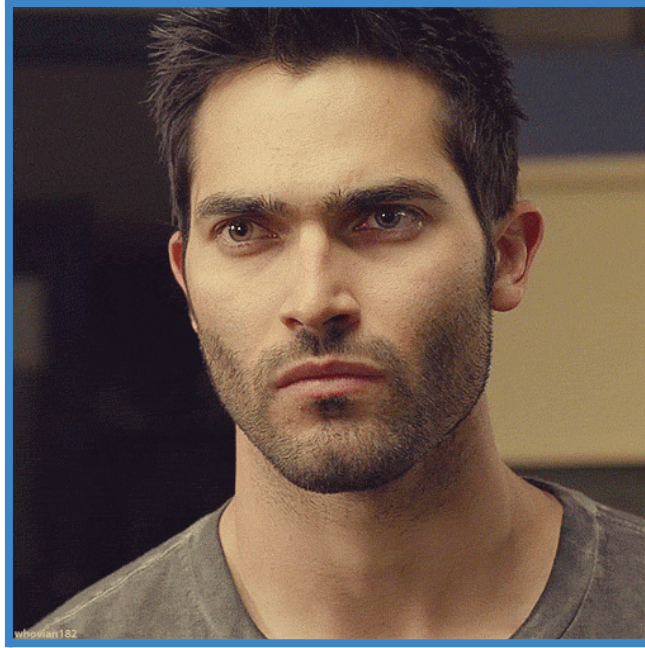
“So tell me, do you two **sleep** together?” asked Asclepius as he stood up. There was a sudden wave of lethargy at the question as Stiles and Derek both found themselves staring at the therapist like a hawk. It wasn’t as if they were staring at him, but more so as if their eyes were being forced to lock onto him like their sight was a camera and the therapist was all that they needed to focus on.

Derek sniffed again, it felt as if the scent had grown stronger suddenly and wondered if it could be because Asclepius was getting closer, walking around his desk and pulling his chair along.

“Uh sorry, what?” Stiles asked, blinking and managing to look away as he shifted uncomfortably. He had no idea if Derek felt that same way, if maybe the smell was just getting to him or the nervousness at Asclepius subtly calling them out. He blinked again and watched as the therapist now brought the armchair over to the front of the desk, seated opposite them but now in full view. His legs were toned and his shoes were...oddly shiny, as if he’d just polished them now.

“It’s just a common question. You see most couples, when they argue, they either **sleep** with each other more to distract themselves with **pleasure**...” Derek took a sharp intake of breath as Stiles did the same, they both could feel a slight tingling emanate from their crotch. “Or they stop altogether, sometimes **sleeping** isn’t enough and they could replace the breakdown of their relationship with other things. Money for example. All that **shines** is not gold or something like that...”

Derek was known to be on edge but this was something else. It was like his wolf senses were telling him that something was wrong here, but he couldn’t quite place what. As for Stiles, all he knew was that he didn’t like how Asclepius stared at them, how his smile widened, and how he casually swayed his foot as he sat cross-legged. Was his shoe somehow growing shinier? Stiles swore it was.



"Uh no w-we were sleeping, I mean- are sleeping," Derek started. Stiles shifted, glancing uncomfortably at his partner. It wasn't like him to stumble over the words and he could see that there was some hesitation with Derek. He saw how the handsome boyfriend blinked and looked slightly confused before his eyes lingered on something else.

At first Stiles' eyes widened slightly, thinking that maybe Derek was checking out the hypnotherapist's crotch. But what he saw his boyfriend looking at was infinitely more confusing. He saw that Derek's eyes lingered on the man's shoes. They weren't particularly that good looking, Stiles thought, perhaps a little expensive looking. Dr. Asclepius' feet were contained in dark shiny leather shoes and at first, Stiles thought maybe Derek was going to ask about them, despite the man rarely wearing anything formal in his life. But then he could see why.

For some reason, Stiles found the shoes so intricate. Almost like an illusion that his eyes couldn't quite figure out, staring and trying to decode them with sight. He blinked and tried to look away, even if he couldn't help but see the blurred reflection of him and his boyfriend in those shiny dress shoes.



“Excuse me?” There was a **snap** of the fingers as both Derek and Stiles looked up in slight surprise. “Sorry, you two just seemed to **space out** there. I guess you got a lot on the mind?” There was something odd about the way the hypnotherapist spoke. Derek and Stiles both exchanged glances, somehow knowing they were thinking more or less the same thing. Dr. Asclepius’ accent was unique enough in a decently sized town in the Midwest, but there was something about his specific voice that was hiding something. It was as if whenever he spoke, there was just another layer to his voice, barely audible, just there and on certain words that would purr something subliminal, something that could be felt but not seen, like wind.

“Uh yeah no, we...sorry what were we talking about again?” asked Derek. Stiles glanced over towards the werewolf, wondering why he would be getting confused too and why he took another deep inhale.

If the cologne was this strong for Stiles, was it even stronger for Derek?

Could Derek smell scents that Stiles didn’t even know about?

Was there anything else that they could smell?

For some reason, Stiles took a deep inhale and he could smell something else, a slightly lighter scent compared to the cologne but almost just as strong. It was the hint of musk and he could only imagine it came from one place as Stiles glanced down towards Dr. Asclepius’ sockless feet in those shiny dark dress shoes. He suddenly saw the toes bulge at the very

end, as if the hypnotherapist knew that Stiles was watching, wriggling the toes as if to tease him.



A **Patreon** Exclusive

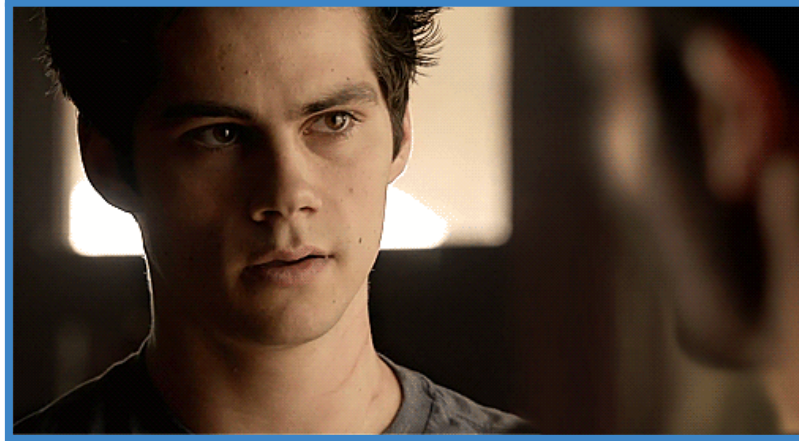
“We were talking about your **sex** life, you know if you two are still **sleeping** together, facing any **arousal** difficulties, that sort of thing,” explained Dr. Asclepius and with each word that he purred, Stiles could see the toes wriggling. If he didn’t know any better, he felt as if he would almost start drooling, but something other than the conversation distracted Stiles.

“Oh,” mumbled Derek, in a voice that only Stiles knew, it was a voice he’d heard rarely. It was the voice of Derek Hale biting back a moan, the same voice when he was just about to go over the edge when Stiles licked the tip of his leaking cock. Derek was horny and from one quick glance, Stiles saw the noticeable bulge in his pants, the awkward shifting in the seat, and the even more awkward cough as he cleared his throat. “Oh- Oh yeah, yes, no we’re definitely uh...not having arousal issues.”

It didn’t take Stiles long to take another sniff, the musk growing stronger, as if it was alive and responding to him, like a hot guy across the bar who noticed they’d grabbed Stiles’ attention. The scent was teasing him too. Soon enough, his own cock began to rise in his pants and throbbed as if it outstretching to get closer to the source of its arousal.

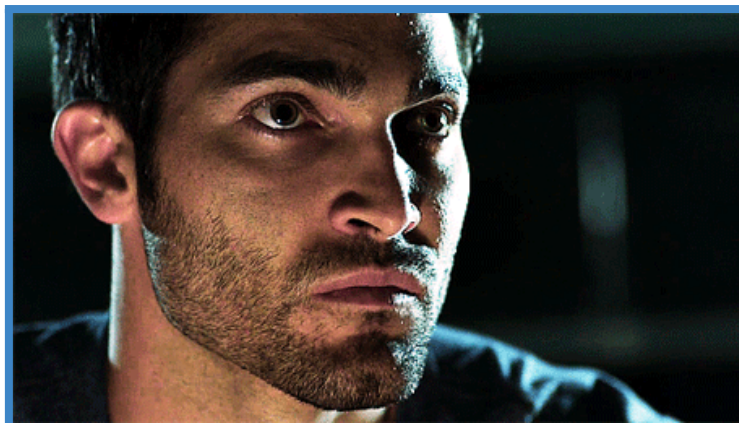
“So if you two are **sleeping** together and seem plenty **aroused**...” The two men swore they could see Dr. Asclepius glance at their crotches, if for only just a moment. Derek tensed up, ignoring it. Stiles just felt a warmth rise to his face, hoping he was just seeing things. Despite the hypnotherapist speaking in the same sultry tone, Stiles swore that his voice was growing

louder, almost as if that other layer to his voice was now echoing softly around the room. His mind swirled like all his intellect was flowing down to his throbbing member. “Then what’s the problem? Is it money? Or are you two being...duplicitous?”



“Duplicitous?” Stiles swallowed. There was always this knowing gaze behind Dr. Asclepius’ eyes, a slight tinge to his smirk as if he could read their minds and know their every secret. “No, we aren’t...that’s not us.” Stiles tried to laugh it off, but as he looked to Derek, the man almost looked to be sweating as he tried to tear his eyes away from the hypnotherapist’s shoes. By now, the foot that was crossed over the leg was swaying slightly, back and forth...back...forth...*Fuck! What am I doing?* Stiles blinked and looked up at Dr. Asclepius. He hated the man’s smug grin.

“Oh? So say you wouldn’t ever lie to me about any of your troubles, any of your **drifting thoughts**?” Dr. Asclepius nodded as his dark eyes flit between Derek and Stiles. He looked like a predator whose prey looked so scrumptious that he didn’t know which one he was going to devour first. “Or any reason why you might be here?”



“Nope,” lied Derek. Stiles thought it was more the arousal, his boyfriend’s throbbing cock, and the struggle with holding back any gasps of arousal that made his voice seem so shaky, his deception so obvious. The hypnotherapist’s smile widened. “Know what? I think we should cut this session short. This isn’t for us. Come on Stiles.” Derek already stood up before Stiles could say a word,

“Oh **come** now Derek-” Derek suddenly moaned and looked down at himself, halfway to the door. Stiles couldn’t see what he was looking down at that made him so surprised.



“Wha...” Derek began. But Dr. Asclepius shushed him just as it looked as if Derek was about to take another step towards the door.

“I said **come**,” and with a snap of the fingers, Derek groaned loudly as his legs shook like pleasure was reverberating through his body, as his own cock throbbed, untouched, and released great spurts of warm seed at his crotch. The pleasure was enough to nearly make the werewolf buckle at the knees, as it looked less like one but two orgasms as Derek’s cock jerked itself off, throbbing again and releasing another wave of seed.



“What the fuck?!” Stiles yelled as he shot right up, breaking out of whatever trance had left him so calm and docile the past few minutes. He went to take a step over towards Derek before the sound of something hitting the floor caught his attention and a sudden wave of musk filled the room. Stiles turned around to see Dr. Asclepius, having already taken off a shoe and working on getting off the second, revealing his wide, long, perfect feet. Stiles blinked. He wasn’t into feet. He wasn’t even into *other guys* and yet for a moment, those long soles that had accumulated a sheen of sweat was one of the most arousing things he’d ever seen. It was enough to distract him just enough for Asclepius to look up at him and smile.



“Oh **come** on **Stiles**...” Stiles’ eyes widened, realising what was about to happen. From the man’s widening smirk to the raised hand, Stiles went to cover his ears but then- **Snap**. Pleasure. Pure pleasure so much so that there wasn’t even a gap of time in the subsequent orgasm that had Stiles’ eyes roll into the back of his head and his world to turn white.

The orgasm was so great, his ears were ringing, as if the cum that shot out of his cock was an explosion so loud that its echo carved its way out of his body and into his ears. All Stiles could feel was fear, pleasure, confusion, and the soft comfortable texture of his seat as his hand reached out to grab it and stop himself from falling.

“What...What the fuck are you?!” Stiles didn’t have to open his eyes that moment to recognise the blur of red to be Derek’s glowing eyes as his alpha powers took over. Another couple of blinks and he could see Derek now, on his feet, facing the hypnotist with sharp teeth bared. Claws were just about to form from his nails before.

“I’m the man who makes you **come, Derek.**” **Snap**. He said it so simply, did it so easily, as Derek Hale fell to his knees as pleasure shot out of his cock, as his throbbing member pumped itself once more to the snap of the Asclepius’ fingers. But what was almost more concerning than Derek somehow cumming a third time, were his eyes, his teeth. The sharp canines receded, the glow of his eyes faded fast and there were no claws, no transformation, to save them now. “Good boy.” Derek and Stiles moaned at that as the hypnotherapist laughed. “Now...I know who the two of you are, Derek and Stiles, come to investigate me? I mean it was so obvious.”



The man began to massage his foot, the foot resting on the knee of his other leg as no matter how hard he pressed, the sweat from his soles didn’t dry.

"You... You won't get away with this..." warned Stiles weakly. His throat felt hoarse, causing him to blush more as he wondered if it was likely from all the moaning he'd done. He never realised he'd been so loud.



"I already have. You see...I am quite a forgiving man Mr. Stilinski," Asclepius chuckled as if there was some inside joke that only he knew of. "So perhaps I will indulge you in my therapy. After all, it's what I've done to all the men that have **come**-" Derek and Stiles moaned as they came again, somehow their seed never felt as if they'd just cum multiple times over. Instead, their balls were still so heavy and virile, making them just more pent up and horny as if they hadn't cum in days. "To my office for my services. But the two of you...to be doing something like this, no I think you two *could* use some couple's therapy, under my close supervision and being close together."

"No- No fucking way..." growled Derek as he shakily looked up towards the hypnotherapist, still on his hands and knees, struggling to support himself to get up.

"Oh yes way," laughed Asclepius. "It's already too late...after all, you two are quite **magnetically attracted to my feet!**" Stiles watched in dread as Dr. Asclepius raised a hand one more time. **Snap**. It was too late as Stiles could suddenly feel himself drawn towards one of the feet, Derek to the other. "And of course the **attraction grows the more aroused**

you become and the more aroused you become, the more your attraction grows.”

Snap. The moan that left Stiles’ lips was enough to have him completely blushing now, reaching such heights of pleasure that he rarely even got with Derek. Derek couldn’t even hold back, for all his macho and bravado, he groaned like a whore in heat, begging for something, anything to touch his cock. Except the arousal was just growing and growing, causing both Stiles and Derek to moan and groan no matter how hard they tried to bite it back, non-verbally begging for release.

Derek was the first to start moving. He couldn’t help himself as instead of crawling, his hands started to slowly glide over the office carpet as if he was quite literally a magnet being pulled towards something. Even as he tried to summon his claws, to dig into the flooring, it was no use. And then, he couldn’t help it any longer.

He took another sniff of the concoction of musk and cologne that spread throughout the room and with one more throb, he came in his pants again. Except this time...there was something vastly different. Derek could suddenly smell the scent of leather as his own nose had a dark shiny splotch at the very end that began to spread and in shock, Stiles stared at his boyfriend, watching Derek look cross-eyed at the nose as the skin turned into thick shiny blue leather.

“What...What the fuck?!” Derek cried as he smelled nothing more than musk, cologne, and now deep leather which made him groan even more. Stiles looked shocked at Derek with his mouth hanging open and then looked to Asclepius. “My nose!” Derek’s voice sounded as if somebody had plugged his nostrils, his words more nasal as the leathery texture started slowly spreading.



“What are you doing to him?!” Stiles glared at Asclepius who only had that same wry smile in response. He swore that the scent of musk and cologne grew stronger with each passing moment, but Stiles realised that was just because he too was at the whim of the magnetic force pulling him and Derek towards the handsome hypnotherapist.

“Oh not just him, **you’ll join too Stiles,**” the words reverberated around the room and Stiles’ mind as one more **snap** was all that was needed to have Stiles buck and cum again. As he did, for the few seconds his cock shot another wave of seed, he could no longer feel any traction under his feet or fingertips. In fact, while he came, his body glided over even more toward Asclepius. For a moment Stiles looked cross-eyed, terrified at his own nose to see if the same thing was happening. But then he smirked up in some gratitude.

“Fuck you, it didn’t work,” snapped Stiles. He hated how Asclepius kept grinning, when all he wanted to see was the man confused or at least a little annoyed his magic had no effect.

The Craftsman



“Oh, are you *suuuuure*?” Asclepius tilted their head slightly as they studied Stiles, looking like he was holding back laughter now. Stiles’ briefly smug expression soured.

“Stiles...” Stiles turned around to look at Derek and caught his boyfriend’s green eyes staring back at Stiles and then lower, towards Stiles’ own feet, his own suddenly bare, *darkening* feet. Stiles looked back in horror to not only see that his shoes had disappeared but just in

time to see the toes of his feet, darkened to blue leather before they sank into the soles of his feet. Stiles tried to wriggle them, but they barely twitched before shrinking away for good, the rest of his feet overcome by the same shiny leathery texture of Derek's nose.

"O-Oh fuck!" What bothered Stiles the most wasn't just the lack of feeling in his toes, but the sensitivity of his new feet, as he could feel every single hair of the carpet below, and brushing his feet across the ground made him all the more horny. "My feet! What have you done to my feet?!" Asclepius let out his laugh then.

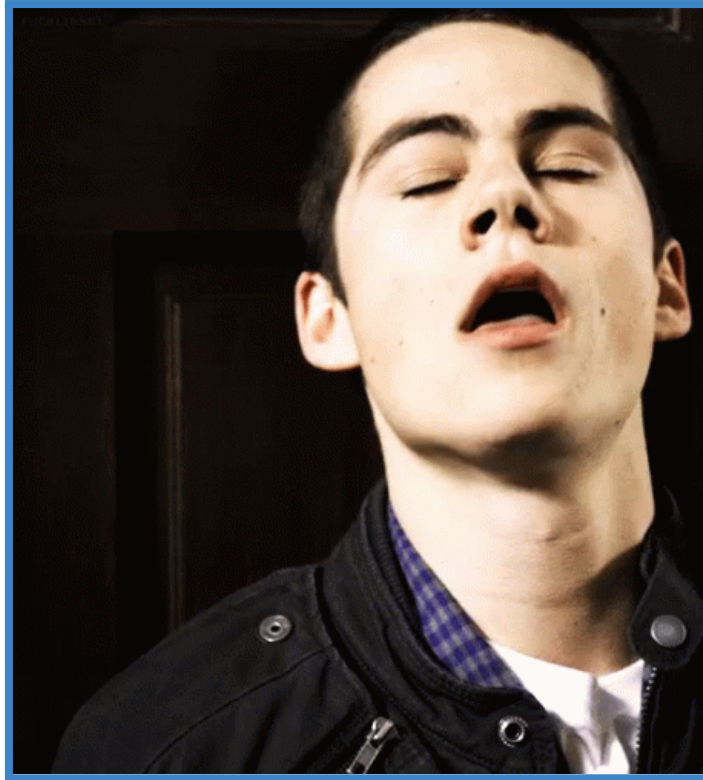
"Silly boy, don't you know?" Asclepius stared down at Stiles and Derek, watching both the men squirm and pant as they inched closer to him on their hands and knees. "**Shoes don't have feet.** They go on them."

Another **snap** and Derek bucked and moaned as he came, gliding forward even further and feeling his own feet fall victim to the same transformation as Stiles, his own beat-up sneakers and socks now disappeared, leaving his bare leather feet on the ground.

"P-Please, alright, you win...you win!" Stiles glared up again, but Derek scowled at the surrender from his boyfriend. Stiles swallowed. He knew that he couldn't do anything now, there was little else to do but beg, even if his arousal and moaning voice made him sound like he was being fucked. Derek quickly reached down to his pocket, fishing out his phone to try and call for help while Asclepius looked toward Stiles, somewhat distracted as if actually contemplating his plea.

"Do I now?" Asclepius hummed in thought, before his head snapped to look at Derek on all fours, typing on his phone. 9... "**Shoes have no hands.**" Derek barely tapped the final 1 as Asclepius spoke, before he heard a **snap** and a gasp from Stiles.

Suddenly, he was gliding forward, groaning and cumming again, but holding tight onto the phone. All he needed to do was to tap the call icon, yet nothing but a round leather digit met the phone screen. Derek looked in shock at his shaking hand to see the fingers begin to merge together until they were a thick digit of shiny leather, the same happening to his other hand as the skin of his palm smoothed out. The smells just grew more intense and Derek looked up to Stiles for help.



“P-Please...” whimpered Stiles as his subconscious mind accepted it by now. It wasn’t *shoe* after all, it was *shoes* and he was one of them, so of course his own hands had changed alongside Derek’s, unable to even grasp any of the carpet or attempt to in order to stop gliding over towards Asclepius.

“Just for that Mr. Stilinski, you can go last, and as for you...” Asclepius looked to Derek with a smile. “**Derek...open.**” The next sequence of events was so odd that even Stiles had to think he was perhaps hallucinating or dreaming, so odd that it was more supernatural than the supernatural they faced. Derek Hale felt himself cum one last time as he glided head first over to Asclepius, trying to stop himself as he realised what was happening before his body moved all on its own to not only zip straight to the hypnotherapist’s left foot but to also open his mouth at the same time.

The man’s musky sweaty foot suddenly made its way into Derek’s mouth, the toes resting on his tongue and as if Derek had no reason to breathe, no reason for a gag reflex, his head inched forward and took the rest of the foot in easily. The worst part wasn’t that Derek had some other man’s foot in his mouth, it was how he moaned at the taste of sweat, the smell of the musk, the toes tapping against his tongue, and without even a command, Derek felt himself cum again.

“Oh, you must really enjoy it, boy!”

Derek only made a noise that sounded like a moan of approval as his eyes almost rolled into the back of his head and as he came...it never stopped. Once...twice...three times, Stiles could see his bulge throbbing and then saw the whole cock as like with his shoes, Derek's clothes began to disappear in the blink of an eye, leaving his hairy muscled naked body for display.

He saw his boyfriend's cock keep throbbing and cumming, he saw Derek blushing and he saw the leathery texture take over the man faster than ever before. His entire form shrunk with each orgasm, with each invisible pumping of his cock, with each gluttonous moan begging for *more*.

More pleasure, more musk, more *feet*.

And like the good shoe that Derek now was, he shrank down into what looked to be a blob of leather at first, but Stiles could look through the haze of shock and fear to see what was actually happening.

Derek's hair thickened to laces. His stomach flattened to a sole. Derek's handsome face and all its features became the tongue as the rest of his body morphed into nothing more than a dark blue leathery liquid pooling over Asclepius' foot and then just as quickly as it all began, where there was Derek, was now a shiny blue leather dress shoe.



Asclepius looked towards Stiles. His remaining naked foot wriggled its toes before he raised it slightly.

“P-Please, look I’ll...I’ll do anything-” Stiles groaned as he barely resisted the urge to cum just from how sexy and shiny Derek looked. *No, don’t have a foot fetish...stop this*, he reminded himself. But then he looked again and almost drooled at how good the naked foot looked. Asclepius smirked.

“Anything? Alright...” Asclepius raised a hand. Stiles swallowed.

“No wait, what are you doing? Don’t-”

“**Say aaaaaah.**” **Snap.** Stiles tried. He really tried to hold onto something, tried to think of something he could use to stop this. But his mind was fast fading and before he knew it, as he glided over towards the foot, all he could do was-

The Craftsman
A Patreon Exclusive

“Aaaaah,” droned Stiles, as if he was at the doctor’s. His fate was sealed. The moment he opened his mouth, he knew, knew why Derek couldn’t stop cumming, why he felt so good. As the same happened to him. The moment his tongue touched those toes, Stiles had never felt such pleasure in his life.

All the orgasms before, in both that room and his own life, fell short compared to the pleasure that wracked his shrinking body as he took more and more of the foot into his mouth. He could feel the last remnants of his old self, trying, pleading to fight back, to remember the investigation. But there was nothing he could do and even if he could, a growing part of Stiles didn’t think he should do anything.

Shoes don’t do anything. All he had to do, all he could do, was just submit and sink and feel his body melt over that naked foot, having the odd sensation of the foot in his mouth, then his throat, and then somehow in his entire body at once.

His cock, his tongue, his nose, his face, all of his body could still be sensed like they were phantom limbs, only this body was very real. Soles, shoe tongue, laces, toe cap and heel, all of his body was together as one unit, as one thing, as one shoe.

And the best part was, the pleasure never ended. There was a moment after the climax, where Stiles could feel as if he could breathe again, even though he didn’t need to breathe

and he could hear Asclepius, smell the musk and cologne of his feet and the room, sense the breeze of an open window as the hypnotherapist walked over to ventilate his office.

“Now...I say our session is over, how do the two of you feel? Derek? Stiles?” Even without being able to see, the men could still sense Asclepius grinning down at them.

F-Fuck...Fuck you. Turn us back. You...You can't keep us like this. The deep voice of Derek sounded through and Stiles could hear it! The both of them could still communicate! They could still come up with some sort of plan, except...

“Now, now Derek, calm down. How about you, Stiles? Feel the same way?”

P...Please look...can still do the right thing here...this magic...you can't...

“Oh calm down **shoes**,” and with that, the pleasure returned tenfold as Stiles and Derek could only moan in response to the sudden sensation of wriggling toes inside of them. The feeling of them spreading out, clenching together, drawing against the insole, it was far better pleasure than anything could ever deny. “Now...how do we feel, **shoes**?”

N-no can't...fuck my head...what did you...do to me? I'm Derek Hale, I'm a werewolf I'm...shoes...I'm...fuck I...Shoes Hale...No I... Derek's once growly voice was now a mumble even in his own thoughts.

D-Der hold on...we're not...shoes, we're...shoes. Wait...I mean shoes...My name is...Shoes...Fuck why can't I say my name? I...I'm saying Shoes...not shoes...I...

Asclepius only let out that taunting chuckle before there was the sound of a knock at the door and soon after, the sound of a window being shut.

“Come in!” Asclepius sat back at his desk, shoes on the desk as he watched his next patient come in. “Ah...you must be Mr. Taylor? Is that it?”

“Yes, that's me. Thanks for having me again this week, it's- Oh wow! Sorry just...”

“Yes?” Asclepius raised a brow with a coy smile.

“Those shoes, where did you get them? They look great and I have this wedding to go to next month...”

“Oh, these? A couple of clients made them for me, but yes they are **good shoes** aren’t they?” Another wriggle of the toes sent Stiles and Derek into bliss.

Good shoes...such good shoes...

Yeah...we’re good shoes...good shoes...

“Well let me know. Anyway uh yeah since last week, I’ve been trying the whole knitting hobby to calm down like you said,” Derek and Stiles could faintly hear the sound of the door closing behind the man, a sniff, and someone sitting on a cushioned chair.

“Oh? And how is that going for you?” Asclepius asked. Mr. Taylor only scoffed in response.

“Are you kidding? Awful. No matter what, I can’t calm down enough even for something *meant* to make me relax. Last week I tried something simple like socks and I couldn’t even get that right.”

“Oh don’t worry Mr. Taylor, I’m sure **you** would **make a good pair of socks**.” Then there was a **snap** of the fingers. Mr. Taylor stifled a moan as he looked down and quickly covered his prominent bulge.

“Really?” Mr. Taylor asked nervously. “I mean it sounds like you got clients who could make you a lot better stuff than some badly knit socks.”

“Oh like my shoes? Well I’ll be honest, they are **good shoes**...”

Good shoes... Stiles and Derek moaned in unison.

“But they can be a bit flashy, a bit bright and **eye-catching**, and of course, if you **look closely** you’ll probably see some mistakes, do you understand?” questioned Asclepius. The man nodded, already staring.

“I understand but...they do look like good shoes...”

“Oh they are, but what I could really use from **you...are good socks.**” **Snap** and before Asclepius knew it, he could hear three moaning male voices in the room soon enough, three patients that were good boys, good shoes, and one soon to be... “**Good socks.**”

Snap.

