

The Craftsman  
A **Patreon** Exclusive

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THE CRAFTSMAN PRESENTS

**THE SEDUCTION**  
**OF CAPTAIN AMERICA**

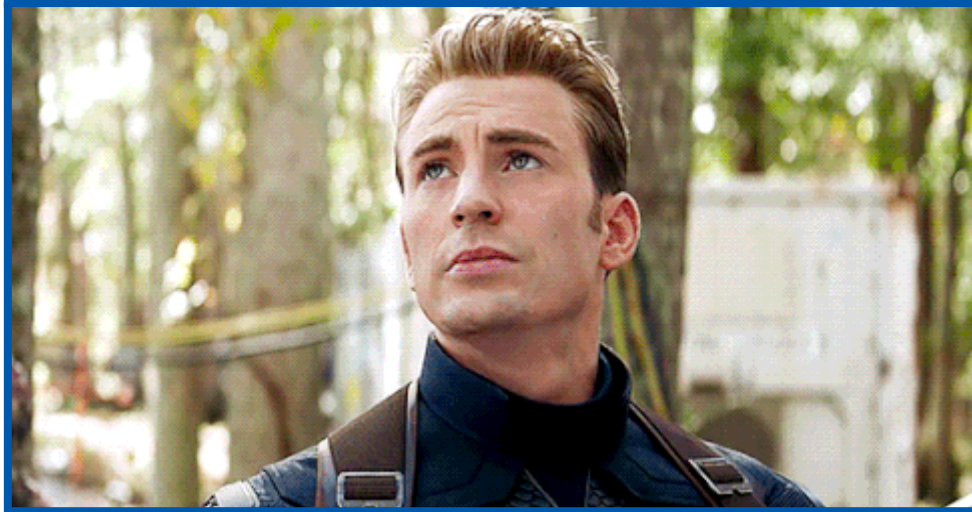
*Captain America is on a personal mission. When his best friend Bucky goes missing, he tracks them down to a handsome hypnotherapist. He decides to confront them in person, but is in for the surprise of his life when he sees just what's happened to his best friend...and what is in store for the star spangled superhero.*

*One snap at a time.*

**Featuring** — *male transformation || hypnosis || superhero transformation || personality alteration || clothing transformation || straight to gay*

*Enjoy. . .*

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“I’m going in.”

Steve Rogers suddenly heard a cacophony of different voices through his comms, all of them telling him not to go in before they shut off at once. He tapped at his earpiece, disabling it and sighing to himself in relief as he looked up at the manor in the distance. It was an...odd job for the hero to do, not a world-saving mission or dealing with some city destroying villain. At least he hoped not for the latter. But his best friend, Bucky had gone missing and the only place he had managed to track them down (with the help of a few other heroes) was the manor that stood before him.

The manor stood tall, its spires clawing at the overcast sky. The empty windows seemed to watch him like unblinking eyes. The air was heavy, charged with a tension he couldn't place. He was alone now, and he preferred it that way. Too many had put themselves at risk following him into the unknown. Steve didn't think that the others would need to put themselves at risk, especially for something like this.

Bucky wouldn't have disappeared without reason, and Steve couldn't shake the feeling that whatever had taken him was still inside. From what he understood, the only thing he could find out about the manor is that it was owned by Bucky's new therapist, one of the most successful men in psychological academia. Dr Asclepius, renowned hypnotherapist and professor of psychology. Steve knew of him because it was he who recommended Bucky go to him, to deal with all his PTSD and trauma. Bucky hadn't been seen since he went out to his last appointment and though there were a thousand different ways he could've suddenly disappeared, Steve wanted to go to the obvious. Steve pushed open the iron gates and the manor looked...unexpected.

Far from the looming, sinister structure he had imagined, it was elegant and warm, almost inviting. The stone façade was immaculate, the ivy climbing its walls carefully pruned rather than overgrown. The tall windows glinted faintly in the overcast light and even the faint scent of lavender seemed to linger on the breeze, emanating from the flowers that were growing amongst the hedges. This wasn't some haunted house. If anything, it radiated the sort of peace and stability that he knew Bucky would be after. But to Steve, the carefully curated tranquility only made him all the more uneasy.

*I only wanna question the guy*, Steve told himself as he walked through the courtyard and to the large front doors. They gleamed like they had just been polished and smelled brand new, making Steve relax a little, shoulders unclenching even if he was still on high alert. He pushed the button to the doorbell and the chime that rang out was gentle, almost melodic.. He stood, waiting, watching any of the windows for signs of movement, but there was nothing. Just as he thought about pressing the doorbell again, that's when he suddenly heard a creak and the door opened seemingly on its own, beckoning him inside.



Warm light spilled across the polished wood floors. A faint hum of classical music played in the background. Every single thing about this told him it was a trap but Steve still stepped through the spacious foyer, just as a gust of wind slammed the door shut. It didn't matter if it was locked or not, Steve told himself, he was Captain America, he could easily bust out of here. But it didn't make it any less unnerving.

The main room that sprawled off to the side seemed to match the manor's welcoming exterior: pristine and tasteful. The walls were lined with bookshelves filled with texts on psychology, neurology, philosophy and all sorts of other complicated subjects that a man like

Dr Asclepius bothered himself with. Overstuffed armchairs sat arranged by a roaring fireplace, created like they were just waiting for a patient to sink down into them. A faint aroma of tea and bergamot lingered in the air, lulling his senses for just a moment. It was perfect...*too* perfect.

A framed photograph on a nearby table caught Steve's eye. It showed Dr. Asclepius seated in a high-backed chair, surrounded by shelves of books in what appeared to be his study. In his lap rested an ornate pocket watch, its polished silver catching the light. His expression was calm, contemplative, and his piercing grey eyes seemed to follow Steve even through the still image with a handsome older man at the side dressed in formal attire.

A soft voice broke the silence.

"Sir Rogers?" A distinct British voice called out and Steve turned around, eyes widening slightly as he saw what looked to be the handsome older man from the photos. He wasn't too old, perhaps only in his late 40s, early 50s from what he could estimate. Considering Steve was born in 1918 and was still around in the 2020s meant he wasn't really one to judge.

He would've smiled at that, if he wasn't almost captivated by the figure that welcomed him in. He looked even better than in the photos and oddly familiar.

The man who greeted Steve stepped into the room with an almost ethereal grace, his dark suit perfectly tailored to his lean, muscular frame. He was tall and impeccably dressed, wearing a tailored three-piece suit of deep charcoal with subtle pinstripes, the sort of attire that seemed more suited to a gala than the quiet halls of a manor. A crisp white pocket square peeked out from his breast pocket, and the silver cufflinks at his wrists gleamed in the warm light. He moved with the confidence of someone who commanded the space but without arrogance, almost gliding over the floor before he came to a stop, his head bowing slightly in acknowledgment of Steve's presence.

His face was captivating, with sharp cheekbones, a strong jawline and an almost statuesque symmetry that could rival a runway model. His dark sleek hair was neatly styled, not a strand out of place and there were strands of silver at his temples that added to his distinguished appearance.

~~He almost looked like an older version of Bucky.~~

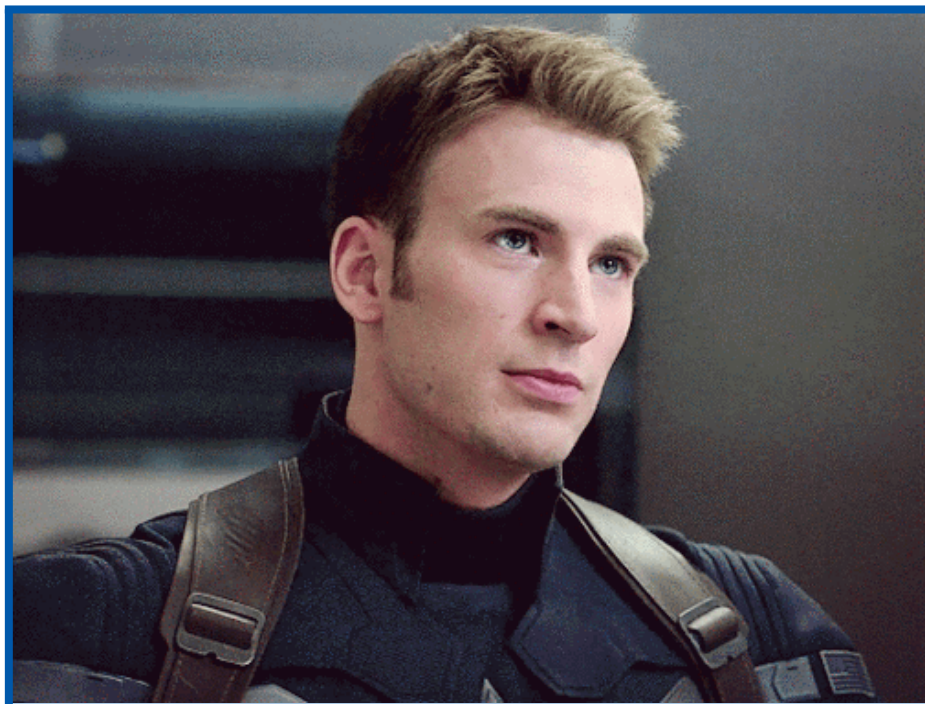
His familiar blue eyes, so vivid they almost glowed, stared at Steve. His hands looked to be almost coated in soft white gloves that were perfectly tight on his hands so as not to leave a single crease.

His dress shoes reflected the dancing flames in the fireplace, perfectly polished and pristine, whilst he was adorned in perfect formal attire befitting a butler. For a moment, he wondered if this man had stepped out of a portrait or a history book like him.

Steve's brow furrowed. Something about the man set his instincts on edge, though nothing about his appearance was overtly threatening. If anything, he was too perfect, a sculpted visage of composure and civility.

"And you are...?" Steve asked.

"I am Mr. Grey," the butler replied, his faint smile never faltering. "The head of Dr. Asclepius's household. It is my duty to oversee the estate and ensure all is as it should be. May I offer you a refreshment? Tea, perhaps? Or something stronger, if you prefer." Steve shook his head, the spell of the man's charm breaking slightly as he remembered why he was here.



"You can bring me Bucky Barnes, I'm looking for him. He was last seen heading to an appointment with Dr. Asclepius and now he's gone...I was hoping I could speak to the good

doctor and figure out if he knew where he went,” explained Steve and although he told himself it was in his good nature to be diplomatic, he had to admit that Mr. Grey helped put him at ease enough to talk.

Mr. Grey’s smile softened, his hands clasped neatly behind his back. His posture was perfect, military in its precision but without the rigidity.

“Ah, Mr. Barnes. A most fascinating individual. Yes well if what you’re saying is true, I can take you to him-”

“To Bucky?” Steve asked. Mr. Grey shook his head, smiling bashfully.

“My apologies sir, no, to Master Asclepius. I can assure you he will be more than willing to answer your questions in his study,” Mr. Grey spoke. “Though if I must say, I assure you that Dr. Asclepius is masterful when it comes to the mind and I am sure any patient of his is safe and being well cared for. Mr. Barnes’s treatment has been...transformative. But rest assured, he is in capable hands.”

There was something about that word ‘transformative’ that made Steve’s nerves stand on edge. He remembered the last time someone tried to ‘transform’ Bucky and how much havoc it caused. The man’s tone was calm, but beneath it, there was an unsettling confidence, as though he knew something Steve didn’t.

“I need to see him,” Steve said, his voice firm. “Now.”

“The doctor anticipated your urgency,” Mr. Grey replied smoothly. “If you would please follow me, I will take you to him.”

As Mr. Grey turned to lead the way, Steve couldn’t help but study him more closely. The man’s movements were impossibly fluid, his every step precise and deliberate. The back of his suit jacket was perfectly tailored to his broad shoulders, and his collar was so sharp it could have been cut with a knife. But it wasn’t just his appearance or his poise. There was something about him, at first Steve thought maybe he was assessing how well trained the man looked. Clearly, he must have been in the military from the way he moved. But there was something else, something gnawing at Steve’s mind, his memories. He couldn’t place it, but the way Mr. Grey carried himself, the faint rasp in his otherwise smooth voice and even the shape of his shoulders kept pulling at him.

“Have we met before?” Steve asked, his tone edged with suspicion. He had met Dr. Asclepius but he wasn’t sure if he had ever encountered their butler, maybe if they were their assistant or if he’d seen them during one of the interviews he searched up of the doctor when looking for the best people for Buck.

“Not in this life, Captain. But I am honoured to make your acquaintance now,” answered Mr. Grey with a slight smile. His answer was maddeningly vague, delivered with a graciousness that made it impossible to press further without seeming rude. Steve just sighed quietly before they approached a polished mahogany door where the classical music he must have heard earlier was stemming from. Dr. Asclepius must have turned it down when he heard him come in. Mr. Grey gently knocked on the door.

“Come in,” a voice answered, smooth and resonant, carrying a peculiar warmth that immediately grated against Steve’s nerves, like it was trying to invade him. Mr. Grey opened the door with a grace that seemed second nature, stepping aside and gesturing for Steve to go ahead.

“The doctor will see you now.”

Steve’s jaw tightened as he stepped into the study, his gaze sweeping the room with a soldier’s precision. The space was as curated as the rest of the manor, yet there was a stark shift in atmosphere. The walls were lined with ancient tomes and modern academic journals, their spines boasting titles in Latin, Greek, and half a dozen other languages Steve couldn’t decipher. A massive desk dominated the center of the room, its surface impeccably organized.

A decanter of some red liquid stood next to a crystal glass, untouched, glinting in the soft, golden light of the room’s chandelier. Steve had the feeling whatever was in the glass was worth more than his suit. A ticking filled the room. At first Steve assumed it was a clock of some kind but he could see that it was instead a metronome, its quick *tick tick tick* creating a rhythm to the room.

Behind the desk sat Dr. Asclepius.



The man was exactly as Steve remembered from when he first met him. Slim with a short head of hair and piercing eyes that looked like they were staring right into his soul. His tailored suit, a deep charcoal much like Mr. Grey's, fit him perfectly, and his posture was as unyielding as the oak chair he occupied and in his hand was a pen that he spun to the *tick tick* of the metronome, a few papers in front of him.

"Captain America," Dr. Asclepius greeted, standing and extending a hand. His voice was every bit as smooth in person, warm too but it was less comforting and more like a reminder that if Steve were to get too close he'd be burned. "A pleasure. I had hoped we might meet under less... concerning circumstances."

"Where's Bucky?" Steve ignored the handshake, eyes narrowing. Dr Asclepius smiled slightly.

"Please, sit. This is no place for hostility, Captain. I assure you, your friend is quite safe," assured Dr Asclepius as he gestured with a leather gloved hand to an armchair in front of his desk. Steve furrowed his brow, as if he was insulted by the implication he was just like another patient.





“I’ll stand,” Steve replied coldly, arms crossing over his chest. “And I’d prefer you didn’t waste my time. I want to know where Bucky is, you were the last person to see him.”

“Captain, I am not your adversary here, alright? Mr. Barnes has been in my care, yes. His progress has been remarkable, truly. A testament to his resilience and willingness to confront th-” Steve planted both hands on the desk, shaking the room and causing the wood to whine beneath his fingertips. He barely controlled himself enough to not end up splitting the desk in half.

“Dr. Asclepius, answer the question. Where. Is. He?” Steve glared, growing more angry when he saw Dr Asclepius’ smile widen, a hollow chuckle escaping his lips.

“I believe he is exactly where he needs to be.” Before Steve could respond, a sharp creak drew his attention. He turned to see Mr. Grey closing the study door behind him, the butler’s ever-present calm now tinged with something Steve could only describe as *obedience*. He didn’t even look at Steve, he kept his eyes on his master, on Dr. Asclepius.

Something wasn’t right. It hadn’t been since he stepped into the manor, but now, the feeling was suffocating. Steve’s muscles tensed as his mind raced. Bucky’s disappearance, the doctor’s cryptic answers, Mr. Grey’s familiarity, none of it added up, but it all screamed one thing...*trap*.

That's when the metronome suddenly began ticking louder and louder and suddenly with it, Steve felt something...odd as he looked at the metronome.

A heat rose to his cheeks, his lips parted and suddenly he began to blink, feeling strange. He felt himself starting to grow more aroused, only just noticing a hardness from his crotch.

"Do you want to know what happened the last time you saw Bucky and I saw Bucky? I assure you it's all connected," Dr. Asclepius replied, his smile faint and enigmatic. "Have you ever heard of something called covert hypnosis?"

"What are you..."

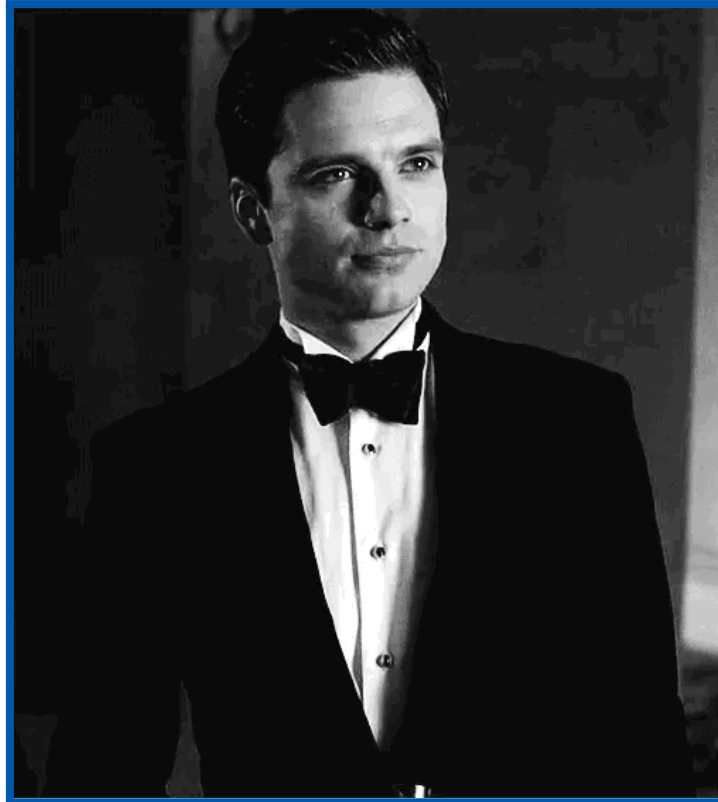
"It's when a subject enters trance without even realising it. The last time you visited to pick up Bucky from our session...you both went under." Steve blinked, his sharp focus faltering for a split second before he shook his head, jaw clenching as he forced his gaze back to Dr. Asclepius.

The ticking of the metronome felt like it was seeping into his skull, each tick reverberating through his thoughts, pulling at his resolve. He straightened, taking a slow step back from the desk, his fists clenched at his sides. It was only then that he realised...his cock was throbbing in time to the metronome.

"No...No way. I've been in combat. I've been trained to resist every kind of psychological trick. Whatever you think you did, it didn't work." Asclepius chuckled.

"Ah, but that's the brilliance of covert hypnosis, Captain. It bypasses resistance because it doesn't demand it. It whispers rather than shouts. It sneaks behind you rather than storms the gates...for example...**SNAP.**"

With the snap of his fingers, Steve felt like something in the room had shifted out the corner of his eye, like part of the world was a dream that he had just woken up from and was now seeing the truth. He turned slowly, almost not wanting to see until he saw exactly who Mr. Grey was...or rather...



“Bucky?” Steve looked shocked as he saw that the butler that had greeted him no longer looked older, didn’t have the greys at their temples or the taller stature. Instead they were the spitting image of Bucky Barnes, slightly more fresh faced, skin glowing, adorned in that charcoal suit and white gloves, looking every bit like he had just stepped out of some regency era drama. Steve’s breath hitched, his eyes darting between Dr. Asclepius and the man who now stood before him, unmistakably his best friend...Bucky Barnes but with an unsettling air of refinement that was alien, like he was some stranger. He hadn’t felt anything like this since he realised they were the Winter Soldier.

The dark suit hugged him perfectly, his posture immaculate, and those gloves Steve couldn’t help but notice the way they stretched over Bucky’s fingers, almost like a second skin. For some reason, that made him realise his cock was still throbbing to the *tick...tick...tick...* of the metronome. This was Bucky, but it wasn’t.

“What did you do to him?!”

“Captain Rogers...” Bucky’s smooth voice came out, still in that British accent that sounded so foreign but so arousing coming from his lips. “Please, remain calm. Dr. Asclepius has only ever had our best interests at heart.”

“Our? What the heck do yo-*ohhhhh*” Steve’s breath hitched again as his cock seemed to suddenly be slowly massaged and pushed down gently at the sound of another **SNAP**. He heard a *squelch* as he readjusted, before looking down. He could feel *something* that wasn’t there before pushing down at his cock, like latex that was containing his cock and almost vibrating against his sensitive head that flared against the new underwear. Steve grabbed the desk, looking at Dr. Asclepius. “W-What are you...”

“Captain. I gave Bucky clarity in my service as the master of the house. Now...it’s time to give you some too,” explained Dr. Asclepius as his smile widened. Steve's body betrayed him as his knees buckled slightly, forcing him to grip the edge of the desk to steady himself. His breath came in short, sharp gasps as the strange sensations overwhelmed his ability to focus. He willed himself to stay upright, to resist whatever was happening, but the warmth that spread from his core to his limbs was intoxicating.



“Clarity?!” Steve spat, his voice tinged with anger and desperation. “You’ve twisted his mind. This isn’t clarity, this is...this is...*ohhhhhh* this is...” Steve moaned. Steve wanted to lash out, to hurl the desk across the room and rip Bucky out of whatever nightmare he was trapped in. But his body refused to obey. The metronome’s ticking grew louder again, each sound sending a wave of heat and pressure through him. His breaths came heavier, and the strange sensation in his groin intensified, like something was deliberately heightening his sensitivity, keeping him on the edge of surrender. “You... you’re not gonna... get away with...” Steve forced out through gritted teeth, his jaw tightening against the sensations threatening to undo him.

Another **SNAP** echoed through the room, and Steve's vision wavered. Steve looked down at his hands, wanting to will them to turn on his comms but he could see them suddenly being invaded by the tight white cotton gloves that were on Bucky's hands too.

His eyes widened with realisation, with the confirmation he was going to become just like Bucky. His fingers flexed involuntarily, the sensation both foreign and unnervingly pleasurable. He clenched his fists, trying to shake the transformation, but the gloves remained, a perfect match to the ones Bucky wore.

"Come now Captain Rogers...You are a soldier, and a soldier thrives when given clarity, direction, and... proper attire," Dr. Asclepius remarked before he went ahead with another **SNAP**. Steve's knees buckled completely, dropping him into the armchair. He gasped, his gloved hands pressing against the

His iconic blue uniform was beginning to shift and tighten, the fabric morphing. His star-spangled chest began to melt into smooth, featureless silk, the material darkening to a deep navy that was almost black. The red stripes along his torso dissolved, replaced by the same dark navy. All the while the armoured layers of his iconic suit were starting to shift, forming the crisp white dress shirt and an elegant black waistcoat that hugged his body. The buttons down his chest morphed into polished silver studs, gleaming under the light of the study.



"No, s-s-stop **sir**-" Steve moaned, head tilting back as he strained against the overwhelming sensations overtaking him. His arms, once covered by the rugged material of his uniform, now felt the sleek glide of satin as the sleeves transformed into immaculately tailored jacket

arms. The cuffs extended, folding neatly over his wrists, adorned with small, silver cufflinks that seemed to click into place. “Captain,” Bucky’s voice, smooth and refined, cut through Steve’s panic.

“This is the way forward. Dr. Asclepius has shown me the truth, and he will show it to you, too.” Bucky stepped closer, his white-gloved hand resting on Steve’s shoulder with a calculated, deliberate calm. The touch sent a wave of warmth cascading through Steve, not pain, but an almost addictive tranquility. Steve tried to push Bucky’s hand away, but his own arms refused to obey. Instead, they remained at the sides of the armchair, trembling as the transformation continued with another...

### ***SNAP.***

His utility belt shrank and darkened, the rugged leather reshaping into a sleek black cummerbund that wrapped snugly around his waist. His pants started to have the darkness spreading over them like slick paint, as they fashioned into finely tailored black slacks, their creases sharp enough to cut glass. But of course, Steve thought, any good butler would have his clothes pressed and ironed.

“Resist, if you feel you must,” Dr. Asclepius mused, his voice lilting with amusement. “But deep down, you’ve always craved this, haven’t you? Order, discipline, direction... all wrapped in the quiet dignity of service.” Steve’s jaw clenched, his teeth grinding as he fought against the insidious allure of the doctor’s words and all the pleasure that was filling his thick cock that throbbed and trembled wetly in the latex pouch that was his underwear, making his bulge almost invisible.

*A good butler would never look so improper*, Steve thought, taking on the same tone and register as Bucky, even forgoing his American accent for a British one. But even with the pleasure invading all his senses, pushing him toward a climax as his cock throbbed again and again and again, his mind screamed defiance, but his body betrayed him further. His shoulders pulled back, his posture straightening to unnatural perfection. His chest rose as the tailored tuxedo jacket finished forming, the lapels shimmering faintly with a satin sheen.

“Bucky...” Steve managed to croak, his voice trembling.

“Do you remember what you and Bucky told me under hypnosis? Of course not...but you finally confessed your feelings, you both clearly like each other but are too burdened to act on it. So why not...allow us to help...”

“No don’t...”

**SNAP.**

The metronome’s ticking slowed, its rhythm now perfectly synchronized with Steve’s heartbeat. His mind wavered, caught between the fading echoes of resistance and the overwhelming calm that had overtaken him. It was as if whilst the relaxation drained all feeling in the rest of his body, it was all coalescing to his crotch where all the feeling in his body would be dedicated to his cock, the pleasure of his slick cock sliding and rubbing against the latex.

All the while he could begin to feel his boots change next.

The scuffed leather smoothed itself out, the thick soles thinning and hardening into polished perfection. They tightened around his feet, reshaping into sleek, gleaming black dress shoes, their glossy surfaces reflecting the dim light of the room. With each tick of the metronome, the shoes seemed to snugly embrace his feet, molding them into the role he was being forced to assume.

Steve groaned, the sensation overwhelming as the transformation spread upward. His legs, now clad in those impeccably tailored slacks, felt restrained yet unnervingly comfortable. Every crease and seam screamed discipline and order, yet the sheer rightness of the fit sent shivers of both dread and unwanted pleasure coursing through him.

“You see, Captain,” Dr. Asclepius said, his voice smooth as silk, “resistance is futile because deep down, this is what you desire...isn’t that right, Mr Barnes?”

“Yes sir...”

“In fact Mr. Barnes, you’ll show him just how right I am...”

Bucky began approaching, the gloved hand caressing Steve and making every single touch cause him to moan. The polished leather of his shoes clicked softly as he shifted, his

trembling body straining against the seductive pull of compliance. His mind screamed at him to fight, to resist, but the rhythmic ticking of the metronome and the relentless onslaught of pleasure made focus nearly impossible. His gloved hands gripped the arms of the chair tightly, the silk of his tuxedo jacket stretching flawlessly across his broad shoulders as if it had always belonged there.

Steve's head tipped back, his jaw clenched as he fought against the growing waves of pleasure and submission coursing through him. The latex restraint around his cock pulsed in time with the metronome, heightening every sensation, every flicker of arousal that he desperately tried to suppress.

"Bu-Buck...Please I...I *need-*" Steve moaned as his voice finally shifted, his accent changing to a posh British voice. His breath hitched as the unfamiliar, refined cadence slipped from his lips. Bucky grew closer, a magnetic pull from his face to Steve's, from his lips to his, growing closer and closer. Bucky's gloved fingers brushed Steve's cheek, the touch sending a wave of heat through his body.

"With each snap of my fingers, pulling you guys closer and closer, like two magnets, closer and closer..." Dr Asclepius said with **snap** each **snap** and every **snap** they got **snap** closer **snap** and **snap** finally...

**SNAP.**

Steve's cock exploded into a climax as his lips met Bucky's. It was rather unusual for two butlers to be involved in such an act but he knew it was just what his master wanted and unless threatening his or their safety, he had to obey. Their soft plump lips collided and with it Steve's mind gave way as he continued to cum, again and again within the latex that seemed to absorb it all. All his old self, his resistance was being milked right out of his cock as he moaned after getting everything he wanted and more, structure, servitude...Bucky. Even if they were no longer proper soldiers together, they were still servants of some kind and he was just glad to have been able to do it together, before the kiss was finally broken at the sound of another **SNAP**.

"Now...you've come under great recommendation from the master of my household. How do you feel about entering my employ for some time, Mr. White, was it?"



“Yes, quite right sir and I would be happy to serve you...” ~~Captain America~~ Mr White answered as he stared at Dr. Asclepius, with the same glazed over relaxed gaze that Bucky shared, the gaze neither of them held for years until now. Dr. Asclepius simply smiled as he offered out his hand.

“Welcome to the household.”

