

The Statue's Deception
Commission for Hassburg
By Edliam

"Oh, Jerry, look! Isn't this a cute statue? It's hilarious!"

Marco stood in front of a glass shelf at the pawn shop and called his dragon husband over to have a look. The bumbling dragon slumped over with pants and wheezes. His heavy chainmail armor went *clank, clank, clank* with every heaving footstep. His armored legs were thick with muscle as a black and blue loincloth danced in his mad rush. Red, glistening scales adorned his chin and neck, and a white mustache sat silently, seemingly oblivious to the affair, as Jerry took off his helmet. Strong, black horns protruded from the base of his head, curled up to the back of his head backwards. Hazel cat-eyes darted around, searching for whatever it was that his beloved deer wanted to show him. A yellow, golden nose ring sat proudly in his nostrils.

Marco was the excitable one. The deer wore a rather simple flannel shirt and blue pants, stained with coal marks everywhere. His muscled arms showed burn marks of various sizes and dimensions. The bruises in his hands demonstrated years of handling the hammer at the forge. The blacksmith was certainly blessed with a rather enviable physique, though it paled a bit in comparison to the dragon's. But at that moment, what really mattered...

"Oh, for gods' sake, Marco. It's just a statue--*what the hell is that?*"

"I know, right?! Look at it!"

Marco pointed at the seemingly innocuous figurine behind the shelf. Its initial appearance suggested it was a rather ancient statue, but this was betrayed by how polished and clean it was. It kind of looked new. It was a statue of a flexed arm. An

imposing bicep, sized like a young watermelon, showed several veins, meticulously carved into the rough marble. The fist was bent a bit, as if making additional force on the muscle. The anatomy of the arm was rather accurate, or rather, *exact*.

“...I don’t see the appeal,” Jerry commented, staring at the statue intently, even wary. Marco chose to ignore that argument.

“Sure, it’s a weird thing, but I think it’s perfect for the forge! Come on, let’s buy it!” Marco demanded, wrapping an arm around Jerry’s waist and pulling him closer.

“I dunno. Something’s weird about it. Read the description.”

The two got closer to the plaque at the very base and began to cautiously read.

Behold, the might of Blacksmith Maximoff,

Strong and mighty!

Ask ye for dominance,

So shall ye be granted dominance.

But woe be unto the foolish.

Ask not in the moonlight,

Witnessed by flame,

Lest ye be cursed or blessed,

With strength not of this world!

Marco and Jerry stared at the description, then at the statue, then back at the plaque.

They didn’t say anything, or rather, there was an awkwardness in the air.

“Campy as hell,” Marco admitted scratching his head.

“And creepy,” Jerry added, stepping back a bit. Marco grew worried as the dragon soldier was visibly disturbed. Neither said a word. What seemed like seconds lasted so

long in their minds that their legs quivered.

“I’ll buy it.”

“No fucking way, man! That shit’s cursed! I don’t want any curses chasing my tail!”

Jerry demanded, attempting to leave. Marco stood in his way.

“No! I want it and I’m buying it!”

“I don’t want any part of this!” Jerry said, trying to leave. Marco got closer to his face and began to whisper ominously, with a grin.

“I swear to the gods, if you don’t buy it, I’m telling the city watch about how your, um, stuff, landed in the plaz--”

“NO!” Jerry screamed, drawing the attention of whatever souls were in the store.

Marco crossed his arms in victory, grinning madly.

“So you’ll buy it?”

“What the shit, man! What kind of boyfriend blackmails his mate!?”

“The kind that is trying to say that you’re worrying too much and that this is just a silly story. It’s just a little piece of memorabilia I’d like to have at the forge, that’s all. Besides...” Marco got closer to his boyfriend and embraced him, pulling him into a deep, passionate kiss as his hand rubbed the insides of Jerry’s armor, feeling the big chest breathe heavily. Jerry was very startled, falling into a big blush as he slowly started to return the gesture, but pulled himself apart from Marco, clearing his throat before any damage to their public image was done. Marco shook his head.

“As I was saying... I know you saw a lot to like.”

Jerry slumped his shoulders, admitting defeat with a sigh.

“Alright, alright. Just save it for the bed.”

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The long sighs and moans could be heard from the entrance. The humble home, made of stone and marble, also served as the forge. Behind said forge, in a bed made of straw and cotton, an exhausted, sweaty couple lay together. Jerry lay on top of Marco, panting and grunting as he rested on Marco's large, muscled chest. The dragon's physique was certainly admirable as well. An excited, tired Marco, on the other hand, breathed rapidly, eyes closed and rubbing Jerry's back.

"Oh, gods, thank you. My stud husband knows how to make an entrance... And a graceful exit."

"There are perks to dating a dragon, you know."

Jerry kissed Marco passionately, yet forcibly, just like Marco wanted. The deer pulled back.

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but I need to work on some swords for the army."

"I'll help. You're on a deadline, right?"

The couple got up from the bed, took a bath together, and were already dressed at the forge, working hard on several swords of various sizes. The night went by as they fought against the deadline, hammering and handling swords for as long as they could. Before long, the orders were finished, and the two sat together in front of the fire, panting.

"Thanks, J. At least now your boss won't get pissy with the watch again." Marco said, resting his head on Jerry's broad shoulders.

"He can be a major ass, yeah."

"Good thing we bought that statue, huh? I think it blessed us or something!" Marco said proudly, looking at the newly minted statue as it sat on the counter. Jerry shuddered

and looked at his boyfriend disapprovingly.

“Oh come on.”

“Come on, don’t tell me you haven’t wished to be as big as that arm, haven’t you?”

“Dude, not funny!”

Jerry yelled in fear, cowering a bit as Marco laughed.

“Honey, come on, I’m sorry! I couldn’t resist--”

A sudden, shrill sound interrupted them. They gasped and grabbed swords, searching for the source of the sound.

“Did you hear that?!”

Crack.

“I did, Marco! I swear, if this is a prank just to scare me, I’m divorcing your ass!”

Crack.

“Not even *my* pranks are that elaborate!”

BOOM.

“...Holy shit. Um, Jerry? I am never ignoring your counsel again...” Marco stuttered, pointing at what used to be the statue. In its place stood dozens of pieces of marble, scattered across the counter and the floor. A writhing, strange mass had started to grow in the statue’s place. Shadowy trails rose from the mysterious object and started to materialize. The things resembled flesh, with bumps along its slimy skin. Pointy, soft tips lay at every one of the shadows. Horror overtook the couple, whose swords started to shake violently in their hands. The hissing, formless creature got itself closer to them, extending the entrails towards them.

“Are... Are those tentacles...?” Marco asked, shaking with every step backwards he

took.

“M... Stay behind me!” Jerry commanded as Marco refused, standing at his side instead.

“No! I’m staying with you! Even if this is exactly what kills the bride in every romantic novel known to man!” Marco said, trying to mask his fear with stubborn humor. The dragon tried to fight the humor, but a chuckle soon forced itself out.

“For shit’s sake, really--RUN!”

But it was too late. The tentacles wrapped themselves to the couple, lifting them in the air. They screamed and tried to fight as the slimy things started to wrap themselves around their broad chests, sliding underneath the clothing. They seemed to slowly rub every inch of their polished, hardened muscles. They shuddered in disgust as the tentacles started to rub around their nipples and underarms, as if having a taste of their strong musk and heavily warm sweat.

“What the fuck are these things?! I can’t get them off--ugh! Mrrrrfff! Get off!” Jerry tried to scream, but something in his mouth wouldn’t let him. His eyes widened as a tentacle slowly forced itself inside his maw. The tentacle’s skin, if it could be called that, felt warm to the touch. Almost... Invigorating, even. It slowly started to thrust itself inside his mouth, making him swallow something. Jerry almost threw up, but the tentacle refused, instead massaging his maw softly, releasing some sort of liquid from its soft tip. To his horror and outrage, Marco wasn’t faring any better. In fact, it was worse. Marco grunted and growled, trying to fight, but there was not only a tentacle thrusting in his mouth and injecting the very same liquid, but there were also two other tentacles in his nipples, sucking on them tenderly and ‘injecting’ the liquid. It was a clear, transparent

substance. At least to Jerry, it had no taste. Soon, another tentacle started to force itself inside Jerry's and Marco's crotches, massaging their genitals and spilling the substance in their pants.

All of a sudden, they started to shake violently, even worse than before. The creature continued to entreat them to the activity. Slowly, the feelings of horror and fear subsided, eventually becoming the last thing they wanted to feel. It was a pleasure unlike any they had ever known. The wave of comfort and bliss hit their muscles and skins, feeling them behave strangely. All of a sudden, Marco started to moan wildly. His arms and chest felt heavy and compressed, and suddenly began to feel like something was bursting. He felt his skin expand, and his muscle started to grow. Slowly but decisively, the pleasure he derived from this overtook him as his limbs started to thicken and engorge. Veins and slabs of meat materialized in his tight skin, threatening to rip it apart. Slowly, Marco's head started to be buried in the muscle mass. His clothing started to rip apart, breaking up into tiny rags. Marco's enlarged nipples, gigantic abs and swollen biceps welcomed and enticed the moaning Jerry, who suddenly started to feel what he thought was the same thing Marco felt. His own dragon muscles started to throb furiously, pushing harshly against the chainmail he wore.

The armor pierced against his skin, hurting him a bit as the cold metal marked his skin. The chains began to shatter, one by one and at a suspenseful pace. His crotch throbbed maddeningly, threatening to break up the loincloth and armor he wore. The muscles they had been apparently cursed with were so huge, they were pressed against the walls. The tentacles pumped more and more of their mysterious liquid, pleasing them faster and pulling the couple closer. At long last, the couple's clothes and armor exploded.

Bits of metal and cloth surged forth, making a mess of the forge. Huge erections and massive balls were now in their crotches as they were brought together by the tentacles, which ceased to thrust in their mouths and abandoned them. Jerry and Marco coughed and gagged before they realized that they had been pushed together so closely that their huge, beefy chests and horny cocks were rubbing together. They stared at each other with a mix of awe and disgust. But then these fears slowly turned into genuine attraction for these new features. The tentacles didn't cease, and continued to rub their newfound muscles and abs, pressing themselves tightly against these pleasurable, orgasmic bodies.

"...what is this we're feeling...?" Marco asked, rubbing Jerry's newfound body slowly and gently. The hot, sweaty muscles felt incredible. Marco tried to pull himself towards Jerry, but his body was so thick, it was practically a lump. It was practically impossible. The dragon started to rub Marco's pecs and nipples as much as he could, moaning.

"I dunno... But I *like* what I see."

The tentacles grabbed their heads and pushed them forward with extenuating force. It almost felt like their bones would break, but at the same time, they were *too strong* for it to happen.

"...I fucking *love it*."

Jerry started to kiss his deer boyfriend as much as he could. Marco was only too horny to oblige, groping his dragon mate everywhere he could and as much as his swollen, beefy muscles allowed him. The mass of tentacles from the statue, meanwhile, started to grab their heavy bodies effortlessly. The mates continued to grope and kiss passionately with loud moans as the creature continued to rub the lumps of muscle against each other's bodies. The erections felt wonderful as they rubbed the other and they continued to make

out furiously. All of a sudden, the dragon started to growl.

“Argh... Marco...!”

“Please, Jerry! Just get it over with!”

The two started to howl in unison, and at long last their release arrived. Thick gusts of cum sprayed themselves all over the room, covering it, and each other, in warm white. The growls and moans refused to cease as the tentacles pushed and grabbed tighter, now massaging and basically worshipping the giant muscles. The couple continued to orgasm as they made out, beating each other’s chests into the daylight.

“Goddamn. Marco... I am never ignoring your crazy delusions again.”

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The pain had started to hit Jerry’s eyes slowly as he opened them. The harsh sunlight had punished them deeply while he rubbed them, groaning. He felt like hell. The exhaustion was even worse than his days at the knights’ academy. Soon, the room came into full view... Or rather, something did. He screamed, shocked and horrified at all the semen that had basically ruined the forge.

“Don’t yell, asshole. I saw it too. Now I know what a hangover feels like. At least I hope to the gods I do.”

Jerry turned to Marco’s voice, but as he tried to speak, he was forced to hold his silence. The deer that walked over was not the man he had fucked the night before. Well, technically he *was* Marco. But something was different. Now he looked like an executioner. He had grown considerably bigger muscles, but not to the degree that he vaguely remembered from the statue affair. He felt a desirable event in his loins, but the pain his dick felt fought it back into order. The dragon slowly stood up, helped by Marco,

but then he took a look in the mirror, and saw, surprised, that his cum-laden body had also grown. They were no longer the seemingly thick men that almost died from the growing, but they were certainly more of a bodybuilder now, or a mountain man. The men stared at each other, unable to say anything. Marco was the first to speak.

“...So. That happened.”

“Indeed, it did.”

They didn't say anything else. Tears started to flow down Marco's tears as he ran at Jerry, embracing him with mad sobs.

“Jerry, what the fuck happened last night?! It felt good, but I don't care! It was horrifying! I thought I was gonna lose you! I thought it was over, that we had been possessed by some sort of demon or something! I wasn't myself! It was scary and awful and I never want to go through it again!”

Marco continued to cry, holding his boyfriend closer, spouting out sobbing laments and regrets. Jerry just held him closer, refusing to let go. The fear was still there, probably as a remainder from last night, but then, something clicked in his mind.

“...I don't think it was molesting us or whatever.”

“W... What?”

“Think back, M. To the store. We almost argued. Remember what the statue said. Strength not of this world. Dominance. It didn't mean those things literally. I think it wanted to *help*.”

Marco was speechless.

“Jerry, *are you high*? What kind of logic is that?”

Jerry pulled him closer still, kissing Marco deeply.

“The strength to fight for our love and the dominance to make sure no one destroys it.”

Marco stared, and meditated on the unusual perspective.

“Huh. I didn’t think of it that way. Wait, speaking of... Where’s...?”

They turned to the counter, and saw nothing. The statue, and the stone fragments, had vanished without a trace. But then, they noticed something else. Inexplicably, and without them noticing, the room was perfectly clean and serviceable. The tools and weapons were scattered on the floor, but otherwise their semen was gone. They reasoned that it must have been a gift from the blacksmith responsible for creating the statue they had bought. They didn’t pursue the matter any further and instead thanked the gods for their being alive as they embraced.

“Marco... Just answer me this.”

“Yes, honey?”

“...would you want to go through this again?”

Marco stared daggers at Jerry.

“Absolutely not.”

“Why not? It was fun!”

“Not really, no. It was frightening.”

Marco, however, was trying to lie to himself. He thought deeply about what to do about this. Even though it was a seriously dark nightmare that turned out to be just a dark but satisfying experience, he wanted more. The night before, he felt powerful, almighty. For those brief instants, the world belonged to him and Jerry. He simply wanted to walk the earth with his husband, to engage in the most enticing of sexual, muscly activities. He

wanted to grow again, to feel the rush of blood pumping into his veins, the fibers of his skin tear and repair themselves with every bit of growth and for his manhood to burst in pleasurable spasms with every explosion of seed his balls produced. He wanted to share it with his beloved, even if it was temporary.

“...then again, it *was* satisfying, can’t really deny it, Jerry.”

Marco embraced his boyfriend again and pulled him into another kiss. Their lips came together just as soon as Marco’s tongue was already piercing Jerry’s mouth. The nude males rubbed each other’s bodies once more, slowly enjoying how amazing and buff their new bodies were. They slowly began to get carried away, as it were, playing with each other’s nipples. Marco’s senses were titillated once more with every scale he felt in his mate’s chest. Suddenly, Marco pulled back, and stared away.

“...But I can’t do that again, Jerry. I can’t. Those... Things...”

“I know. I don’t want to force you. It’s a fucking kinky fantasy, sure, but not worth losing you over. The town witch should have a spell or something to make us grow temporarily, don’t you think?” Jerry said, stroking Marco’s fluffy chin, observing the deer’s eyes attentively. The furry man nodded.

“So long as we get big and beefy without any disturbing, otherworldly crap.”

Jerry chuckled as he pulled away and started to get dressed in city watch attire, laughing quietly.

“What’s so funny?”

“I love it when you go puritan and saintly on me.”