

Stone Fluid pt 1.
Erdo Taali

Alex lied in his bed wide awake; he was far too anxious to fall back asleep. His eyes darted from the moon out the window over to the night stand where two bottles stood. He'd bought them from a very particular "dealer" in the city's sex shop. They were very expensive, costing him half his summer job's pay. He had plans for them once he got back to college, but he was just too excited to focus. It'd probably be the longest week ever!

So giddy, he felt he had to read their information again. He sat up, nude in bed. The moon was bright enough that his shaggy red hair seemed to flair in the light. He stood up, 5'8 pale body almost glowing from the moonlight outside. . He had a slight softness to his body, though not overweight. He was pale - his heritage left him easy to burn so he was more of an indoor guy as he grew up, much to the disappointment of his dad.

He could almost read the blue bottle's label: "Stone Transformation Formula." Next to it was the pink bottle: "Stone Formula Antidote," to reverse the effect. Of course, the second bottle was all up to the user's partner. Alex's member began to grow just by fantasizing about using it: rubbing the liquid on himself and, if the dealer at the shop was telling the truth: Turning him into a stone statue. Awake and aware, but locked in place. The ultimate BDSM scenario, and there to be used by a more dominant partner to stroke, taunt and tease however he wished. Or, if Alex was

finding himself in a more dominating mood, he could do the same to his partner for the night.

The 20-year-old was already packed to go back to his university dorm, but they wouldn't allow student's back for another six days, and his dad wouldn't drive him back for seven. He was not on good terms with his still-commanding father. Even as an adult he felt like he was being spoken to like a child whenever he was home. Just a few more years home, and he'd finally be away from this tyrannical house. He shook the frustration off and just stared at the bottles again, his grin and cock both regrowing.

His soft fingers felt around the blue bottle, staring over at the design for at least the 20th time. He was curious about its contents - he knew he had to be careful not to get any of it on him, but he wondered what it'd look like out in the air, or what did it smell like? He gripped the lid with his hand and started turning. He heard the seal *pop* at last after a second or two of force, then easily unscrewed it the rest of the way. He looked inside, examining the consistency. Slowly, Alex brought his nose to the rim to give it just a gentle smell.

A disgusting, molten, musky, pungent smell suddenly stabbed his nostrils. His eyes went wide and he had to turn his head to cough. Perhaps it was because he was more tired than he realized, or perhaps it was because he was always a klutz, but in his coughing: the bottle suddenly slipped from his hands. Alex's green eyes

went wide and he instinctively tried to reach for the bottle and grip it out of the air before it could spill.

Instinct overcame reason, forgetting that he had to avoid any contact with his skin. His fingers wrapped around the bottle but missed their grip, tipping it mid-air and spilling it over the tops of his feet! He grunted, quickly reaching for the bottle that now lost about half its liquid, quickly putting it back on the table. He sighed in frustration about the mess he'd now have to clean.

He went to take his first step to quickly wipe himself and the floor up, but picking up his right foot, he felt an incredible weight. He *plopped* it back down to the ground with a thud. He looked down, confused at the sudden weight and strange feeling only to see that the sight of his feet had changed texture. They were still pale, but they shined differently. They were smooth, chiseled, perfectly-sculpted gray marble!

His face went pale, and he whispered, "oh my god," panicking to himself. His eyes darted back to the night stand with the pink liquid antidote! He took one step, maybe he could take another? He grunted, and tried with all his might to pick up his left foot again.... it only inched forward. His right thigh spun back to face the table. He looked down to see that the marble surface was rapidly spreading. He couldn't wiggle his toes, he couldn't even bend his knees. The stiffening feeling was quickly climbing up his soft thighs and invading his skin, down through his muscle and

bone, converting it all into lifeless stone!

In desperation, he bent down to reach the table, but he found himself quickly losing balance with no leg muscles to support him. He quickly stood back up, afraid he'd lose balance and topple over. He shuddered and moaned out helplessly as he felt the stiffening feeling tingling under his balls. It wrapped around his shaft, gently trailing up. The feeling was enough that he almost felt himself ready to orgasm! But just as he felt like it was about to happen... it simply stopped! It built, stuck in the feeling, but simply remained there with his now-stone prostate flaring in its time.

The feeling of his almost-burst of seed made his eyes water. He breathed heavier and desperately, gripping his hand around his stone cock, stroking it desperately that his seed would pump out! He pumped and stroked the stone erection. Waves of pleasure went through his body - even down his legs. Just as the shady dealer advertised: His body was still awake and would feel all its senses, but were completely unable to move. Even his cock was full of fire, but was locked in its moment of time.

His eyes squinted, wincing lightly at the feeling of wanting to orgasm. He barely even noticed that his naval had already glossed over in the marble substance. He tried to heave a deep breath in response, but he felt his lungs lock. He looked down to find his smooth, small belly completely solidified. He pressed his hands to it gently, feeling and knocking at its surface in fear. He looked back to the

bottle, reaching his arms out for it again. Even further away now, he still reached like he could get it. He felt the stiffening sensation reaching his shoulders.

They locked in place, spreading down to his arms. He let out a muted grunt as his arms kept reaching for the bottle. Hands outstretched like he was reaching for a cookie jar that was too tall. It was only two feet away, but it might as well have been over a canyon. He tried to wobble himself forward, but he felt his whole frame starting to shake off balance. Alex went deathly pale and silent, not moving as he felt himself shake back into place, shuddering in fear at what might happen should he tip and fall over.

In waiting for his body to secure back in its spot, he'd looked forward to see that his outstretched arms were frozen ahead of him, reaching for the bottles. He helplessly stared down at them, "no!" he whispered in a shout! But his mouth suddenly locked in that position. He felt his saliva dry up in a second. His lips quivered and locked still in the open mouth position. His throat locked up, unable to scream. His eyes shifted side to side, then straight forward back to the bottle.

His shaking green eyes stared at the pink bottle in need. He blinked once - the beautiful green had faded paler. He blinked again, and they'd gone grey. The whites in his eyes spread the substance, and his face locked as the marble continued to invade. It wrapped around his ears and started to spread up his hair. His beautiful fire-red hair glossed over from its soft fibers to solid blocks of the mono-

chromatic marble.

There Alex stood, his nude, 5'8 body locked in time. His erection full and still ready to come. His feet firmly planted on the ground, his arms reaching for the night stand just a short distance away, his eyes looking desperately forward, his mouth still open and mouthing "no" - locked in time as a sculpted marble statue. Every detail was there - the curves in his legs and hips, a shapely ass crack, the shapes of stone nipples, curves of weak muscles, even carved lines of his hair up on top!

But though the statue was locked in one moment, inside, Alex was fully awake, aware, and moving with his time. Thousands of thoughts were running through him. Visions of sex kept clouding his mind; having his groin about to spasm and let out his load kept distracting his rational thoughts. It suddenly dawned on him that the only way to be free would be for someone else to find him. He realized who'd be the first one to find him in fact: His dad.

He shuttered in his mind at the thought. How would he react? Would his dad read the instructions to see what happened? Would he read the antidote bottle? What would he say to him finding him like this? Worse, how could Alex possibly explain to his father that he liked this sort of thing?

Dozens of scenarios and imagined conversations ran through his head for hours. The sunlight started to creep through the window. He felt it warming up his

whole body, harshly shining and reflecting off of his stone. He was sure by now he'd even have a sunburn. The light perfectly showed off the detailed carves in his form. An hour of sunlight was in the room. It was probably 7:00 or so now. Another hour passed. Alex heard sounds of his father cooking downstairs. A few more hours of silence passed. The sun rose passed his window. It made it a little more comfortable, but he knew the moment would be coming soon.

The footsteps went up the stairs. Was this it? He felt tense inside. Even without a beating heart, he was sure he felt a rush of panic or adrenaline running through his stone form. He heard his father's voice sigh and walk away to his own bedroom. Both relief and frustration filled Alex. Whenever his father would find him, it'd be both his saving moment and an embarrassment of a lifetime. How could he face his dad again? How could he even look at him the same way at family events, dinners, and holidays? What about other family gatherings and events? Would his father have the decency to keep his mouth shut? Would he spread it to his aunts and uncles?

He was so distracted, he didn't notice the approaching sound an hour later. But then the sounds of THUD hit his bedroom door. "Alex! Wake up! It's noon for God's sake! Are you going to be a lazy ass and spend all day in bed!?" Alex was sure something in him was quivering in fear as he heard the knob turn and the creak of the door starting to open.

Erdo Taali