

Stone Fluid: Part II
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Craig could not believe the time. He didn't like how shut-in his art-major son had become. Or perhaps he was more lazy than anything. But it was noon now, and he was still in bed. It was Craig's day off, but he was still up and about at least! He made his way up the stairs - his black hair slightly shaggy, and a properly-trimmed goatee decorated his face. He nearly snarled as he made his way to his 20-year-old son's door as though he were still a child. He slammed the 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?"

Craig gripped the handle and opened it up. He was hoping the creaking of the door would be enough to annoy Alex to get out of bed like it used to. The first thing he saw was his son's empty bed. He swung the door open the rest of the way and saw the statue before him. The sight caused him to gasp and squint his eyes before looking again.

It was that of a naked man standing away from him, mid-step, seeing the arms stretched for the table. The first thing he noticed was that chiseled ass. He blinked in confusion at it for a few seconds. At first, he thought this was some odd piece of art or toy that Alex probably wasted his money on. Maybe even an art project he did? He grunted in annoyance at the sight and quickly looked away, just looking left and right around his son's room. "Alex? You in here?" A few seconds of

silence passed. "You home at all?," he asked a little quieter.

With no answer, his face turned to something more confused. He spun around to the corner where the closet was to see if Alex might be in there, but nothing. Did he creep out without him knowing? Did he even come home last night? Sure Alex was an adult, but he at least would mention if he wouldn't be home. Still, it was one, and there was no sound from him. Craig reached for his cell phone to check if he'd missed any calls from Alex, but there was nothing.

He dialed Alex's number, and nearly jumped hearing Alex's loud metal ringtone. His eyes darted up in the direction of the end table where the sound was coming from. He heard the sound of the phone's vibrator against the table too, and took another look at the statue. He blinked and peered at it with a more studious gaze - he noticed it was oddly the same sight as Alex, and the shaggy hair atop seemed perfectly like his son's style.

He sighed and walked closer to it. His eyes went down to the phone, only to find Alex's wallet and keys next to it. Alex never went anywhere without them. He felt a little worried, and couldn't help but catch glimpse of the detailed statue he was still trying to pretend wasn't there. But his eyes trailed down to that gently rounded stomach, and saw that it even had a fully erect cock. His eyes went wide again and trailed up the statue - to the chest which even had carved nipples. He looked up at its neck.. its jaw shaped like his, mouth open, nose with a likeness to his own, and

gray eyes... that face...

"What the FU-.." Craig caught himself, taking a step back at the sight of this statue. He stared in shock. It was a perfectly-detailed marble statue of his own son! The body shape, the face, every bit of him was exactly like Alex. Had it been painted, Craig would perhaps have thought it were really him. He grimaced at the nudity, feeling adrenaline go through him to see the sight of his son nude in this odd position, even if it was some odd commissioned art. He looked away again, back to the table, wondering what the bottles were.

He picked up the blue bottle, trying to keep his eyes off of the stone cock which seemed to point at him. He looked at the label: "Stone Transformation Formula," finding it only about 1/4 full. Was this some sort of cheep liquor? He kept reading: "For the lovers of advanced Bondage. Experience complete helplessness... or complete control." Below was bold red lettering: "WARNING: Please read all directions carefully before use."

Alex, meanwhile, quite awake and aware was screaming in his mind to his father to look at the pink bottle. He tried to even giggle like he had before to show he was alive, but found himself still locked away, and still feeling as though there was an orgasm about to burst. The feeling was starting to drive him insane. All he could do was wish his dad could find the directions on what to do. But he shuttered in fear as he heard his father's judgmental voice muttering to himself, "Figures,

fuckin' pervert would get a statue of himself." It seemed Craig didn't understand the meaning of the label.

Craig looked at the statue again with a grimace, putting his arm on its shoulder, talking to it, and himself, not realizing it was his own son he was addressing. "Alex you sicko, you shouldn't bring this shit into my house." He looked at the blue bottle again, "What else are you wasting your money on? College guys don't know how to drink anymore..."

Turning the bottle, curious about its info, he read some extensive instructions: "Applying a tablespoon amount to any part of the body will begin a chain reaction that will spread throughout the subject to transform into a solid stone statue. The subject will remain alive, awake, and intact within his or her new stone form to be played with however the dominant partner may wish. It is very important to treat the statue as a work of art, as it will remain the subject, and any damage given cannot be undone. Subject will still see, hear, and feel, experiencing time as it travels."

Craig went completely pale reading this, and his eyes quickly went back to the statue. It couldn't be! "Alex! Oh my God, Alex, is that you there?" He waved his hand in front of the statue, expecting an answer. He didn't bother reading the rest of the label, that first paragraph was all he needed to realize what his son did. He

looked closer at the face, noticing every little bit of his son's likeness, and blushed a bit when he again noticed his nudity. He knew now that this statue was no project weird piece of memorabilia: it really was his son.

He looked away with another blush, and then looked back at it, feeling rather helpless as he stared at his son, who he noticed now was looking like he was reaching for something on the table. He didn't even think to look at the pink bottle. He saw the "Antidote" logo, and it was all he needed to let out a sigh of relief, letting out, "Oh thank god," under his breath. He then looked back at the statue, staring for a few minutes. Waves of anger and frustration suddenly went through him.

Alex suddenly felt his father's hands gripping him, by the waste. It was strange to feel skin against stone, yet he felt it all the same, hoisting him and slowly turning him around away from the table to face his father. Craig was sure to face Alex. Alex was now staring, though with face unmoved, directly at his father's judging, angry face.

Craig scolded his stone son, "Dammit, Alex, now look what you've done to yourself! Is this the shit you waste your money on? Now look what you did! You went and got yourself trapped! What if you lived alone? What if I never found you? What if something else happened to you, huh!?"

Indeed, Alex had been regretting it for the last twelve hours. It was quite

humiliating to be scolded like this, but there was no way for him to remotely express his sorrow to his dad.

"I saw that antidote bottle there. But I think this needs to be a lesson in responsibility for you." Craig stopped, and sneered at his son. "Yup, you can stay like that until it's time to take you back to the university campus."

Waves of fear went through Alex - even through the orgasmic need, he had to find a way to explain to his dad why he NEEDED to be transformed back, now! But not a single molecule in his form would shift.

His father continued, "Yup, you like being all embarrassed, huh? Well then you can stay that way for the rest of the week." Craig turned back, and left his son alone in the room.

Alex never felt so alone and vulnerable. He tried to call out to his father, but the only screams he heard were in his head. He heard his father continuing his business around the house. Just as before he'd go up and down the stairs, and work in the kitchen. This time though, Craig fully knew where his son was, but would simply leave him this way. Alex saw the tint to his room change to a slight yellow, then orange as the sun went down. It got darker and darker until a gentle blue tint crept through, and night had hit. For a full day, Alex had been locked.

Around five in the next morning, Craig let himself in with the same sneer, seeing the statue just as he'd left it. "I've got to work today, you dumbass. Watch the house while I'm gone." The door slammed, and Alex heard his father's footsteps fading away, and the car drive away. Once again, he felt the sun's hot beams on his stone form, but now down on his calves, ass, and back. The tint in his room was just barely starting to darken when he heard the car pull up.

He saw his grinning father walk in with a laundry basket. "Bad news, Alex! All the dryers at the laundry mat were either taken or broken. So I need you to dry these up. Can't have you standing here doing nothing, now can I?" Craig then pulled some of his clothes out of the basket, draping shirts and socks across each of the statue's arms. They felt rather cold, and Alex hated the damp feeling. Craig then pulled out a pair of red boxer-briefs, grinning at them, and then Alex. "Heh, this'll make a good look for you." He walked up, and stretched them up and over Alex's head, covering his whole head and face with the damp underwear. "And for Pete's sake, Alex, cover up!" Alex couldn't see it, but he could feel another pair of underwear being draped over his erect stone cock. "It'll probably take a while for them to dry, so don't go anywhere, hah."

It was the end of Alex's day again. His father left the room. Again, the sun fell and left him in darkness. He shuddered already at the thought of the sun on him. As the night passed on, he felt the clothes beginning to dry and evaporate the moisture. Some of them shifted as they dried up. One sock slipped from his arm

and landed by his left foot. The feeling gently tickled him, making him desperately want to scratch the sensation.

Craig left the next morning, not even greeting him this time. The day went on, and Alex noticed, even through the red silk material, it was getting darker - his father was pretty late tonight. Finally the car pulled up, though it sounded different. The sound of two doors opened and closed. When the door downstairs opened, he heard two voices, one of his father's, and the other he had no clue. "You take care Craig, huh? Hah, hope you're not hungover tomorrow." The door closed, and footsteps then sloppily made their way up the steps.

Alex heard the door open, and suddenly saw the light through the red silk when Craig turned the lights on. The material was pulled away, and Alex's lights burned, wanting to adjust. He saw his father's grinning, goateed face grinning at him. Craig mocked him with a huffing laugh, and the smell of booze hit him. "Thanks for finishing the laundry, son!" Craig laughed again, peeling the rest of the laundry off of the statue. Alex felt like he was being stripped as his body was revealed again. "You've been more useful this way than you were before," Craig mocked.

He heaved out another huffing laugh. He then placed his hands onto Alex's shoulders, and rubbed around them. "Of course, I guess I learned you liked to be used, huh? Maybe these last two days have been paradise for you. But it's time

you learned how a REAL man lives his life. Hope you don't mind if I crash at your place tonight." Craig suddenly gripped Alex's hips again, and much more haphazardly spun the statue around to face his bed again.

Craig though kept gripping the statue's hips, staring at its marble work. Admiring it really. He felt a blush as he looked over his stone son's form. His fingers trailed a little down the hips, and passed to his ass cheeks before finally letting go. He then spun around, stretching. "Ahhh, it's like being in college again, Alex!" He started to unbutton his shirt, and tossed it to the side revealing his hairy chest and stomach. He stopped and turned to the statue, mockingly flexing. "Heh, this is where you're headed, bud, not bad for 49, eh?"

Craig grinned a sick grin, and rolled his hips around, seeming to dance a strip-tease in front of the statue, slowly undoing his belt and pants. "I guess this is the stuff you like then, huh? Not so pretty anymore eh? Maybe this'll teach you to be so reckless." Craig finally slipped his pants off, revealing a deep blue pair of cloth boxers. He made his way over to Alex's bed and plopped his drunken self onto it without even draping the blankets over. He paused and looked over to the statue with a drunken grin, "Sorry Alex, but I like sleeping nude. Guess you do too, or at least hang out like that!" Without a pause, he slipped out of his boxers, and Alex was found forced to stare at his nude father lying in his own bed. "Besides," Craig continued, "Who are you gonna tell, and who's gonna believe you? Even if they did, then everyone gets to know your little secret."

Craig then passed out on his side, nude and facing the statue. Now sound asleep, the light was still on, and Alex was forced to stare at the nude form of his father for the next seven hours.