

Stone Fluid Part 3
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Craig awoke when his cellphone's alarm went off. He was clearly stirred from a restful, heavy sleep. He grunted a bit at the light being on. He squinted his eyes a bit and shuffled a bit in his son's bed. He felt a gentle pressure in his head, but nothing close to a hangover, just a slight headache. The thoughts of reality instantly came back to him, and he recalled the night before.

His eyes darted open to see the sight of his son's statue staring back at him. A rush of adrenaline went over him. He felt his hips and recalled indeed, he'd slept in the nude, and took account of his morning wood, in full view of his frozen son. He felt a wave of heat and a chill over him - he wasn't sure if he was blushing, paling, or switching between the two. He simply stood up, his erection full, and walked by the statue of his son, shutting the light off. Alex would only hear the sounds of his dad getting ready for work, though he didn't make coffee this morning - he simply drove off, and would again feel the sun burning the front side of his body today.

Craig cleaned up nice for work. Without an ounce of coffee, and with no meals in him - he was perfectly awake, alert, and seemed jittery. As he worked at his desk, made the phone calls he needed, went to a meeting with colleagues, the only thing on his mind was what happened the night before. In his haphazard state, in a method to try to teach his adult son a lesson in responsibility, he passed out drunk in front of him - in the full nude. For the whole time he was asleep, the light

was on too, making his nude form visible for the statue's eyes. Alex probably saw him tossing and turning, probably looking at his ass.

His eyes trailed down to his paperwork - if Alex was buying something as extreme as this odd transformation fluid, it probably wasn't the first time he'd bought sex toys. It certainly couldn't have been the first time he'd seen someone nude. Ever since the first year he went off to university, Craig suspected Alex was gay, but the topic never came up.

He completed his work for the day. Some coworkers even asked if he was feeling alright since he was so unusually quiet, but he assured them he was feeling fine, just not hungry or talkative. Indeed, his work was well in order and was more than alert. "Lay off the coffee!" He began his drive home, being unusually slow and careful how he drove - he kept replaying the thoughts of how his son would react when he finally reformed him to his human flesh and blood. Tomorrow was a day off: it would clear his head, and he'd be able to think then.

Alex heard his father come home. He was filled with disgust and shame. He kept replaying the sight in his head - he was forced to see it for so long it was burned in his sight. Worse still, despite feeling disgusted at seeing his dad in the buff like that, and being used as his personal clothes-hanger, he was still locked in his pre-orgasm feeling. Even through it all, he felt ready to come. Worse still, the sight of seeing his dad like that seemed to send more waves of adrenaline through

him. Did he like the sight? He liked tall, buff, hairy guys like his dad. Was he actually attract-NO! NO NO NO! It couldn't be possible, it's because he was stuck in this feeling and position! It's not because he thought his father was sexy, it was just because of the damn stone fluid!

Craig went about his evening. Alex saw the light in his room again tint from yellow to orange, down to the low red and eventual tint from the night sky - just slightly darker as the moon was getting progressively darker as the days passed. Craig didn't go into the room that night. Craig was lying in his bed wide awake, still replaying the fact that he'd slept nude in front of that statue - what if Alex told anyone? How could he even face Alex again? Would he be able to go to any family events again?

But then, he made a realization, and a grin spread across his face. He realized Alex was in the same boat as him - who could Alex tell? That's when he remembered what he told the statue last night: Who would he tell? And who would believe him? Perhaps it was blackmail - mutual blackmail at that, but enough to ensure that he was safe. He shut his eyes, and fell right to sleep.

The next day, Craig woke up at nine - late for him to sleep in. He got out - buff as he always slept. His morning wood full. The thought of the statue crept into his mind again - and his groin flexed in delight. His eyes went to the calendar. He was supposed to take Alex back to school in three... four days? He forgot. He

made his way to his personal bathroom, showering away, again thinking about the statue. His groin was fully standing, flexing with each pass of the soap. His eyes were shut, and he recalled the feeling of his hands on those stone hips, and recalled the sight of that stone cock... A sick thought passed him. A lesson, that's what it was - a lesson for Alex.

After his hour-long shower, the sun had passed up the window, and the statue was finally out of the blazing heat. Craig stepped into the room, looking at the back of his stone son: the perfectly-chiseled ass, those soft calves, the backs of his heels, his cute shaggy hair... it was really handsome to look at. It made his groin flex again. He walked in - the warm air hitting his still-nude body. He grinned at the statue, placing his hand on the right ass cheek from behind, walking around.

He hooked his right leg around the statue's left leg, tapping his big toe against the top of the statue's foot. He grinned at it, giving the statue a good look, up and down. "So this is the shit you're into, huh, Alex? I think I could get into it myself!" He gave those stone cheeks another grope with his hand, and massaged his other hand across that smooth, stone chest, grinning, staring right into those stone eyes.

"You're into the humiliation and all that? Well it doesn't get worse than this, Alex! Maybe you'll think twice about giving into those dumb kinks." He gripped his grouch and began to pump, pointing it directly at the statue, "Like being dommed?"

Let this be more fatherly advice how it's done! Hah!" He pumped and pumped, and finally fired out a powerful load of his seed, spraying onto the stone stomach - a very gentle round bulge.

"Aaaahh...." He sighed, grinning, looking down to see the trail of his come trail down from the belly, passing his naval, and trailing to the stone erection, settling until enough had gathered before it finally rolled around the side. It was drying as it kept trailing down. "I'll let you feel what a real man's seed is like for a while." He said with another grin, patting the stone shoulder, and leaving the statue alone in the room, the cum stain still on him.

The natural light in the room was beginning to turn orange when the door finally opened again. Craig again greeted that panic-stricken statue in the nude. He caressed the right arm all the way down to his hand, circling his fingers in the reaching palm. "Hope you remembered what I told you yesterday, Alex," he said with a firm tone, "No way for anyone to know. After all, we'd both be ruined So it'll be our secret here, heh, and YOUR lesson." His eyes trailed from the arms up to the face which appeared to look directly from this angle. Originally it was beggingly looking at the bottle. He mocked, "Hehe, from this angle it almost looks like you're begging me to help you, or begging to say sorry. But I don't think you're fully sorry just yet..."

Craig made his way back behind the statue. His arms felt those hips, trailing

up to his sides and over the stone chest. They massaged in circles, fast and slow. He pressed his groin up against those stone cheeks. Sealed shut, but he pressed his length up against that perfectly-smooth crack. He gently thrust his hips up, and back down. His hands massaged around the chest a little more, and trailed closer to that stone cock....

His groin continued to hump against the stone ass, gentle, rough, fast, and slow. His hand finally reached the base of that stone cock. He was sure it even felt warm. He gripped his masculine fingers around, and stroked its length. A small damp drivel of his seed in front remained, and worked as lube to trail his fingers up and down its length.

He stroked that stone cock faster and faster. His fingers teased the underside of that head. His thumb rubbed gently underneath. His index finger trailed around its surface. He gripped again and pumped faster and faster. "Haha, can a statue still cum?" Let's see which of us comes first?" He humped harder as he pumped that cock... and ultimately sprayed a rope of his sudden on his statue of a son again, this time pup his back. He held still, holding his hand to that cock.

He took a step back, watching that cum slide down the statue's back, watching it gently trail down, and even pass between the ass's cheeks. "Heh, it's a good look for you, Alex. Maybe you can tell me where I can get a bottle of this stuff for MY friends!" He again turned around and left the statue alone - silently

screaming in need for an orgasm that wouldn't come.

All throughout the night, Alex was just focussing on his need for an orgasm, desperately wishing for his stone groin to let out its seed. How could he still have a sense of touch, hearing, and sight if he was all stone? Something HAD to be alive in him, didn't it? To his shame, he kept thinking about how his father groped him, humped him, and came on him, he kept picturing Craig nude in front of him - it didn't matter, ANYTHING to make his orgasm finally hit... but it still never hit. He kept trying to picture it all again - even as he heard the car drive off, even as the sun's rays burned him again, and still kept at it when he heard the drive up again.

It then hit him - maybe if his father kept taunting him like this, he'd finally release? The thought sickened him, and awakened his need again. It didn't matter! He wouldn't tell anyone! He just needed release and NOW! He heard the steps of his dad heading up. He heard the door creak open, but he didn't turn the light on. He felt that delicate hand on his back again, and the sight of his father stepped in front of him again - dark in the night. It was like a deep indigo silhouette. Even in the darkness, he could see that Craig was in the nude, and grinning at him.

Craig gripped the statue by its hips again, and hoisted it closer... and against the bed. Carefully, slowly... he started to tip it, leaning it down to the bed, and finally rested the statue down on its right side. Its arms were still reaching forward and over the bed's edge, but there was nothing either of them could do

about that. Craig had nothing to say tonight. He just stared at the stone form - blue in the night's light through the window. A soft, smooth surface from top to bottom, even all the way down to his beautiful, stone soles - still flat from having stood on the floor. He simply stood over the statue, and pumped his cock again, draping another rope of his seed over its surface. he left the room without a word.

The next morning Craig left without visiting the statue. Alex felt the sun against the back of his head, his calves and feet. The feeling passed, and he was sure he felt the spray from his dad hardened over his surface. The sound of the car pulled up again, and Craig continued his day. The room was orange when the door finally opened. Craig walked in fully dressed with a grin - his goatee was trimmed since he'd last been in.

Craig walked over to the statue, and rubbed over its head, caressing down its neck and resting a hand on its shoulder. "Think tomorrow's the day I'm taking you back to university right? I'm sure you've learned MOST of your lesson by now..." As he spoke, he gripped his pants, unbuckling them and sliding them away. His erection was already bulging in the silk of his boxer-briefs. "You've learned what a man looks and feels like... but now you need to know what he tastes like..."

He slid his boxers away. His erection fell out, almost like it was looking directly at the statue. He gripped his cock, stepping closer. His other hand gripped behind the statue's head, and gently slid it forward. Alex's mouth was perfect -

locked from when he silently whispered out his "no." In that moment, Alex learned just as he could see, feel, and hear, he could also taste...

Craig pressed his cock into that perfectly smooth marble mouth. He pushed its head through, he pushed the length through - Alex's position was absolutely perfect. He pushed the whole way through until he felt his cock head hit the back of the throat. He slowly pulled away, and then thrust his cock back. He thrust some more. Just as he stroked that stone cock - he humped into its marble mouth fast, slow, rough, or gentle - switching between it all. He finally groooooaaaaned out, and released his load down the marble throat.

He pulled away, and smiled only to see a few traces of his seed covering his cock. Not an ounce of it though trailed out of the maw. He rubbed the stone head again, and mocked down, "Guess you like to swallow too? The guys will love that."

The next morning at five, Craig was up, though he'd requested the day off to drive Alex back to school. He walked into the room, and headed for the table, looking at the pink bottle. He spun it around to read the directions: "A tablespoon is all that's required to reverse the effects of the Stone Transformation Potion."

Craig started unscrewing the bottle, staring down at the statue with a judgmental look. "Well it's been fun, Alex. I'm sure you learned a lot this last week. Maybe some responsibility, and how to be a REAL man. Hell, I had fun, maybe we

could do this again sometime. Then again, maybe we shouldn't - we won't tell anyone." He unscrewed the nozzle, and a whiff of the sour air hit his nose. "BUUURAGH... Gah this stuff smells like SHIT. Make sure you shower after you change back to get this smell off of you. Oh, and those stains too." He tilted the bottle, blocking his nose as he trailed it down the statue's surface.

He quickly screwed the bottle's top back on and stared down at the statue waiting a few minutes. He looked at the surface where he poured it, expecting it to transform first, but all the liquid seemed to do was just trail down and onto the bedsheets. He got closer, and even started to rub at the liquid, massaging it against the statue, just in case that was what it needed. Still, nothing. "Hmm... how's this stuff work?" He grabbed the bottle again and poured a little more out, this time over Alex's head, not even waiting before he started to massage it, a little more frantic. Why wasn't it working? "Alex, you son of a bitch I hope you got the right stuff, because I can't figure this out..."

He huffed out some air, gripping the statue and standing it back on its feet again. He then took the bottle and poured the entry of it down the top of the statue's head. He watched it wash over the shoulders, down its stomach, looking behind to see it trail to his back. It went to the base of the stone cock, and simply dripped onto the floor and the tops of the stone feet, but still, the pink fluid did nothing, and the statue didn't change.

Craig looked at the bottle again, and read the directions. He looked at the blue bottle too, and saw the red letter warning about total helplessness, and noticed another warning underneath - what was this one about? Craig peered at the tiny lettering and went pale as he read the words: "WARNING: Leaving the subject transformed to a stone state for more than 24 hours will render the effects permanent."

At least a year had passed since that night. The room had changed considerably. The bed was out, though the dresser was still in there - but just held papers. The bed was out, and was replaced with a couch. The statue was standing in the corner. Footsteps were trailing up - two voices, one was Craig's, the other's a total stranger's.

The door creaked open, and a well-dressed man followed Craig into the room. Craig had since changed to a simple beard, was slightly grayed, but still quite a sight to behold - the statue still found it attractive, still desperately trying to think of sexiness... hoping perhaps his groin would finally burst.

"I must say, Craig, it's fine work. I was pessimistic at first, but it's a lovely work... Here and now. twenty thousand."

"Done."

The two men gripped the statue. The stranger leaned down, head right by the stone cock, gripping its legs and hoisting it up while Craig supported the torso. They carried the heavy load down the stairs and out the door - the first time the statue felt the outside air in over a year. They hauled it over to a truck with soft padding all around its bed. plopping it on, they draped a heavy blanket over it, trying it down so it wouldn't rattle all over. "Think you'll have any more artwork to sell, Craig?"

"Nah, I don't think so, I don't splurge on art. This was just an impulse buy, but I just don't need it anymore."

"What a shame, You've got great tastes in impulses! You got a deal whoever you got it from before!" With that, the conversation was over, and Alex heard the truck start up and drive off.

Over ten years, the mysterious buyer kept Alex in a large living room to an extravagant mansion. Some mornings, he'd walk in with his morning coffee and even grip the hips. "Yes, yes," Alex desperately thought, "Stroke me, PLEASE make me come..." Guests would admire the work, touching over its surface, some even admiring the details of the cock, but still it remained unchanged.

Five more years passed, and there was silence for several days - where had the man gone? A whole month of silence had gone by, leaving Alex alone with his thoughts. Another whole month and the door to the mansion finally opened - they

were men dressed in tan uniforms = repo men. The mysterious buyer had gone somewhere, and now Alex was just property to be hauled away. The men gripped the statue and hauled him carelessly into the truck with other junk.

It was pitch black inside, and he and other items were hauled away to a giant warehouse. He was placed into a locker with other knickknacks and portraits - and the shutter went closed. Again he was alone in the darkness. But even in his lonesome - the feeling of that orgasm that never was continued to drive him mad. But now it was pure loneliness, no one with him, not even a sight to distract him. Just his own thoughts, his own need, his desire, his seed that still never came.

Three whole years had passed - the shutter finally opened to an audience. The statue had some light dust on it, but gasps of impressed buyers were nodding at the contents - items left and right were being sold off - finally it arrived at Alex.

"How about five hundred?"

"Five ten!"

"Five twenty!"

Silence. "Five twenty going once... twice.... SOLD!"

The statue again felt himself wrapped up and hauled away... but it didn't matter to him - not the light, not the people, not the money.. all that mattered was coming, now.

Again he stood in a large mansion - technology had slowly progressed. More people touched and groped him - it was a wave of sensation... he needed it so much.... "What's it called?" he finally heard one voice ask, "Does he have a name?"

A brief moment of reason finally hit him again.... that thought, does he have a name... It was A.... something? He'd been so focussed and panicked, full of need - so long he'd been lost on this feeling, he'd forgotten so much, everything he learned, people he knew.... even his own name!

More years passed... time was becoming a blur. Strong figures again hailed him into a big, dark truck. Hours later, he was hauled back out into a large, marble building. Portraits lined every wall in the corridor, and he finally was put into a room of statues of all types - some people, some animals. He was simply placed up on a pedestal. Red velvet rope surrounded the statue.

But the statue's thoughts didn't even focus on it - it didn't process any sight, sound, or word. It couldn't even understand them any longer. It didn't know what any sight was... all it knew was the feeling of intense, needful pleasure - it had finally deteriorated the mind. It was as mindless as every other stone item in the room. It was just another lifeless work of art in the room. Perhaps one of the other people in the room was just like him? Perhaps fresh? Perhaps it was "sculpted" decades ago, just like Alex. But even if they were, as the decades passed, their

minds would eventually empty just like the rest.

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