

# Good as Gold

**For Clancy**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

One of the best parts about owning a motorcycle was that nobody ever asked you to help them move. It did not, unfortunately, stop you from helping somebody pack. I sighed as I removed my helmet and shook out my long dark hair before looking up at the old farmhouse; though calling it that might have been a bit disingenuous. It was a farmhouse in the same way that those old plantation houses in the south were 'technically' farms. The house was atop a huge hill, surrounded by bare orchard trees still clinging to the last of their leaves before winter arrived.

The whole building had an ancient green aesthetic, with great white columns and heavy stonework that looked distinctly out of place compared to all the places I had passed on my way here. When Allison had asked for help from me and the rest of our college group cleaning out her newly inherited property I had been expecting the job to take a few hours max. Now, looking at the size of the place, I had a sinking feeling we'd be back tomorrow as well.

"Wow," Scott whistled, getting off his own bike, "Allison really undersold this place."

I looked at my boyfriend as if to say 'you think?' and he snorted.

"Hey, Allison has always helped us out when we need it, what's one day of lifting a few boxes and shifting furniture. Plus I bet she gives us all a six pack at the end of it." Scott pointed out.

I just sighed fondly; Scott would have come and helped for a week for no compensation at all, he was just that sort of person. Every day she was grateful he didn't own a car either or he'd have helped the entire campus move in and out of dorms by now.

"Mary! Scott!"

There was Allison now, standing on the front porch with a wide smile waving at us. The bubbly brunette was practically vibrating with excitement and I couldn't blame her. In this property market inheriting a place like this was like hitting the jackpot. My stomach swirled

with jealousy for a moment before I forced myself to humble; Allison had lost her grandfather to get this place, that wasn't something to be jealous of.

“Come in and take a look around, Daniel and Michelle are already up in the attic having a snoop.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Don't you usually start with the main rooms and stuff when doing this sort of thing? And avoid poking your nose where it doesn't belong?”

Allison just waved me off.

“My grandfather was...eccentric. He's sure to have all sorts of weird shit in here.” Allison giggled, “I can't wait for the first surprised yell when somebody stumbled across something really weird. Attic seems like the best place to start.”

We walked inside, heels clicking on the polished marble as they admired the decor. More columns and several large, gold framed works of art from various mythological stories. I vaguely recognised a few, the muscled man wearing a lion skin had to be Hercules but other than that I was just in awe at the cost of everything. By the time they had sorted through it all and found buyers Allison was going to be set for years.

The three of us wound our way up to the attic to find the rest of their little group. We'd met on the first day of college a few years ago and been thick as thieves ever since. We were forced to clamber awkwardly up into the attic via a staircase that was so thin and steep it may as well have been a ladder and emerged into a huge open space. It seemed like the room took up the entire floor plan.

Allison's boyfriend Daniel and his sister Michelle were elbow deep in several wooden crafts, pulling out what appeared to be...circus costumes? Daniel held up an elegant leotard patterned with white and silver and grinned devilishly.

“I think it suits you man, you should wear that to the next party we go to.” Scott teased and the other man wiggled his eyebrows.

“Don't give him ideas.” I sighed, “he'd do it, just to get a rise out of you.”

“I know, that's why I said it.”

I looked around the room for a good place to start; at least the work was going to be interesting by the looks of it. There were several shapes in the corner, boxes covered by what once would have been white tarp but had greyed in time. Lacking any better ideas I grabbed one of the tarps dramatically and pulled it away, sending dust swirling in the low light of the room and revealing a chest. This one was pristine and coated in what looked like Greek symbols. Or at the least I recognised a few of them as the ones used by fraternities.

Allison gave a delighted gasp when she noticed my discovery and practically bounced over to join me.

“Oh wow, I remember this...” She whispered, so low that even I struggled to hear.

“What is it?” But Allison just shook her head.

“Not important, let’s see what’s inside.”

She lifted the lid eagerly to reveal the strangest assortment of items I’d ever seen; everything from jewellery, to animal collars to even a saddle. All intricate designed and patterned with more of those Greek style embellishments. Allison rummaged through with an excited smile on her face and held up a long necklace made of gold; the chain was thick and patterned like snake scales with the form of a snake itself coiled around a large green gem that seemed to shimmer even in the low light.

“Oh wow that’s beautiful.” Michelle sighed with jealousy, “It must be worth a fortune!”

“Oh, you don’t know the half of it.” Allison said, smiling coyly as she slipped the article around her neck. “Watch thissssss...”

As soon as the jewellery settled around her neck I could sense something was off; not just by the fact that Allison’s voice had all of a sudden taken on a snake like hiss.

She began to rise up, her skirt tearing slightly as her legs seemed to grow and fuse together into a long serpentine tail; a layer of shimmering green scales coating it like gemstones. The tail grew long enough that it could wind around the chest and I was so busy watching it that by the time my eyes returned to Allison’s face they almost bugged out of my skull.

She’d grown a snake-like snout with a lipless maw framed with sharp fangs. Her eyes narrowed and her pupils turned slitted as her iris turned blood red. Four extra arms grew

from her sides and spread out, making me think of all those paintings of Hindu Goddess' I'd seen at the museum as a child. Most striking of all was her hair; now a writhing mass of green scaled snakes to match her new lower half.

I took a few steps back and Michelle even gave a small scream as our friend became a monster right before our eyes! Even her clothing seemed to shift and warp, forming a loose cream coloured toga. Allison flexed her new arms and smiled.

"I only ever sssaw grandma in thisssss form." She hissed, "I alwayssss wondered what it felt like."

"Allison..." Daniel said slowly, "I think I speak for all of us when I say...what the fuck?"

The snake woman laughed, her new hair hissing along with her eerily.

"My grandfather wassss a circussss ringmaster." She explained, "He toured Europe with thissss box, using the items to transsssform his employees into monssssterssss for the audience. This is the Medusa Amulet."

Michelle immediately clamped her hand over her eyes in fright.

"Medusa!? Why aren't we stone?"

"I can turn it off and on, darling." Allison laughed, "Oh thissss feelsss amazing! I've never been more powerful! I was sssso hoping we'd find thissss stuff."

I didn't know what to think; Allison may as well have turned me to stone because I was frozen on the spot.

"Wait, wasn't the medusa supposed to turn people to stone out of just how ugly it was?"

Allison smiled coyly, slithering over to her boyfriend with a predatory look in her arms. She reached out with four of her arms and held Daniel's face and shoulders just tight enough that her razor sharp nails threatened to pierce the skin.

"Do I look ugly to you?" She hissed, lipless mouth curled upwards, as if daring him.

Daniel swallowed.

“Hideous.”

There was a red flash from Allison’s eyes and suddenly, Daniel was frozen in place, not metaphorically but literally. His entire body now solid, white marble. Michelle screamed again and the shock was enough to break my stupor.

“Allison what the hell!?” I yelled.

“Oh relax.” She giggled, “I can turn him back any time and being petrified thissss way actually feelssss quite nice. If the storiessss from Grandpa’s circussss are to be believed.”

Michelle circled her brother curiously; running a finger along his marble shoulder.

“It feels nice?”

“Of coursssssse.” Allison hissed hungrily, “Want to try? I can make you gold, all shiny and pretty.”

Michelle looked awkward for a moment and I felt my jaw drop.

“You cannot seriously be considering saying yes!” I gaped.

“Oh come on, have ssssome fun, Mary.” Allison rolled her eyes at me.

“I want to try it.” Michelle nodded bravely, “Just uh, give me a moment.”

She struck a pose, arms reaching up, hips cocked to the side with a charming smile.

“Okay!”

Another red flash and suddenly Michelle was a glittering gold statue; fit for Midas himself. Allison slithered around the statue a few times, admiring her worth before she met my disapproving gaze and sighed.

“Oh fine.”

Another flash from her eyes and Michelle was back, fully human and gasping. Her face went flush and to my shock she pouted in disappointment.

“That was just starting to feel nice.” She complained, Allison gave me a look that said ‘I told you so.’

“Want to be turned back?” She offered and Michelle nodded enthusiastically, striking a new pose and allowing the medusa to change her back into a golden statue, this time with a look of irreverent joy in her face.

I squirmed a little where I stood; it seemed like Allison wasn't tricking us, being a statue really did feel nice. To my surprise and shame, I felt a warmth begin to form between my legs; just what did she mean by ‘nice’? Pleasurable?

Allison slithered between her boyfriend and Michelle with a happy smile on her face; like an artist admiring their work. I turned to ask Scott; who had been oddly quiet this whole time, what he thought but he wasn't there. He had rushed forward to Allison, reaching up her tall, serpentine body and plucked the necklace from him. Just as quickly as she had changed, suddenly human Allison was back and looking irritated.

“Hey!”

“I want to try!” Scott declared and my jaw dropped once more.

I'd never seen my boyfriend's face so excited; hungry almost as he gazed at the necklace before putting it over his neck. The transformation was much the same; with the added surrealness that was watching my boyfriend not only turn into a monster but a female one at that. It turned me on more than I dared to admit; I spent most of the change doing my best to school my features so I wouldn't give myself away.

“Wow, thissss really is amazing!” Scott grinned before slithering over to me.

He grabbed my hands in two of his, while using another pair to ‘fluff’ up his hair while the final pair came to rest on his hips.

“What do you think babe?”

“I...I...”

“Aw, cat’s got her tongue.” Allison teased.

“More like Ssssssnake.” Scott chuckled. “I know that look, Mary. You’re loving thisssss.”

I blushed, looking to my feet while Allison squealed in delight; this was so embarrassing! It was always weird discovering a new fetish but having an audience at the same time just made things humiliating!

“Check these out too.” Scott giggled, holding up his breasts beneath the toga, the fabric shifted slightly and I could see that they were also coated in fine scales. Soft and delicate like that of a snake; I couldn’t help but wonder how it might feel to touch them.

“Well, if you’re like that you may as well give me a treat too.” Allison smirked, throwing her hair over her shoulder and taking on a power stance, “gold thanks.”

Scott grinned and with a flash there were suddenly three statues; leaving me effectively alone with my now transformed boyfriend. I wondered if the others could still see us in their statue forms; were they aware of the way Scott was coiling his tail around my ankles? Or the way it made me shiver. I really hoped not but something told me they were.

“Now what?” I asked nervously.

“We could make out?” Scott joked and I felt my heart thump.

“...Okay.”

“Wha-really?” He blinked in surprise. “I didn’t think you were into girlsssss.”

“I didn’t think I was into snake women either but I guess we are both learning a lot about me today.” I blushed. “And to be honest before we got together I had been considering...dabbling.”

Scott's eyes went wide.

"So having a boyfriend who is also a woman is sort of like-"

"Having your cake and eating it too." He replied huskily, slinking closer and stroking my back with the tip of his tail. "Do you want to make out with me or...Medusa?"

Another shiver down my spine; we'd done roleplay before of course but this took things to a whole new level. I swallowed nervously.

"Medusa."

"Well then, you'd better closssse your eyessss."

I did so, clamping them shut and eagerly anticipating Scott's medusa touch. It felt so thrilling and exciting, feeling those clawed hands rake over my skin playfully all the while knowing that if I risked opening my eyes, I could be turned to stone. This was the kinkiest thing I had ever done; and I was doing it in front of three witnesses!

I could hear that distinct, hissing laughter as 'Medusa' crept around me, coiling slowly until suddenly her tail went tight around my legs, pinning me in place. Six hands began to undress me, some even slicing through the fabric so that her iron grip on my legs didn't have to be loosened. As more skin was revealed, those hands began to play with me. Touching and caressing everywhere. Four more hands than I was used to; it was so overwhelming. 'Medusa' could now play with my hair, tweak my nipples, and pet across my stomach and breasts all at once. I didn't know where to focus.

Then there was something else, a lighter touch that made the hair on my body stand on end. It was feather light, but slightly warm and wet; a snake-like tongue. With a shock I realised 'Medusa' was scenting me, smelling with her tongue just like a snake. It flicked across my nipples; then my stomach, inching lower until I felt it flick against my folds. A shaky moan escaped my mouth in response and it took all my self control not to open my eyes to watch.

Eventually 'Medusa' wrapped herself around me, those soft, scale covered breasts pressing into my back as one of her many hands snaked down my body between my legs. They were tightly clamped together but somehow 'Medusa' managed to slide one finger between my folds and slowly began to finger me.



“You’re nice for a human.” She hissed, tongue flicking at the shell of my ear. “But I prefer my lovers firmer...”

A small squeak escaped my lips.

“I can make you stone, all you have to do is open your eyes.”

I felt her shift, moving to my front and loosening her tail’s grip slightly to allow one more finger access to my clit. They slid back and forth and I felt almost dizzy. It was tempting, especially after what Allison had told us, to open my eyes. The curiosity of what it could feel like to be turned into a statue was agonising but somehow I shook my head. ‘Medusa’ chuckled.

“Ssssmart. But you won’t be able to resssist for long.”

Her tail manoeuvred me, supporting my body and lowering it to the floor before forcing my legs apart. I was so wet and turned on it was hard not to writhe; the anticipation was killing me. I wanted to open my eyes to know what was coming so badly but I kept them firmly shut.

‘Medusa’ climbed atop me, the tip of her tail between my legs slowly stroking my folds as her many hands continued to fondle me. There was just...so much. My moans were getting louder and I could hear that threatening, yet oh so arousing hiss of ‘Medusa’s’ laughter. The tiny snakes that made up her hair kissed along my body with their tiny tongues, furthering the overstimulation.

“What should I make you, hm?” She taunted, “Gold? Stone? Glass?”

I shivered; glass; so beautiful and smooth yet so fragile.

“Oh? I think we have a winner.” ‘Medusa’ teased, “Do you want to be a pretty glasses statue, human?”

I was so close to the edge; I could barely think straight. That tail stopped stroking and to my utter wonder, began to push inside me. Thrusting in and out like a phallus. It was too much. I came and came hard; screaming in rapture as utter bliss filled my entire body. ‘Medusa’ laid a scaly kiss on my lips and before I could realise my mistake my eyes flew open as she continued to fuck me with her tail.

Immediately I was met with those blood red eyes and fear and arousal in equal parts hit me like a bolt of lightning. The face of a medusa close up really was terrifying; the red eyes, the scaly skin, the cruel smile and yet somehow I found beauty in it; so much so I found myself stunned for just a second. A second too long. I didn't have time to rectify my mistake.

'Medusa' hissed in triumph and a flash of red filled my vision and suddenly; I was still. My whole body replaced with that of solid, smooth, clear glass; frozen right at the moment of orgasm with my eyes wide in fear. 'Medusa' slithered over me, admiring her work while I watched helplessly from the ground.

There was nothing I could do but enjoy the sensation of being a statue; Allison and Michelle were right, it was an oddly relaxing experience. I no longer had lungs, I didn't need to breathe and yet I was totally at ease. I expected a sense of panic to fill me at any point being so helpless but the exact opposite seemed to be happening. A deep seated relaxation spread throughout my glass form, melting and mixing with the post orgasm haze. I could even feel the warm sunlight filtering through the dusty window, subtly warming my glass skin.

"You should ssssseee youressself." 'Medusa' cooed, "your face frozen in such perfect ecstasy, shock, horror and surprise all etched onto your face for eternity. It is utterly beautiful."

She crept closer, looming over me again, her hands caressing my now firm breasts and legs. I could feel them as strongly as I could in my human form; but unlike then I was unable to shiver or moan to let out the pleasure. I was left to stew in bliss as that tail once again began to caress my glass pussy. Eventually I felt something else; 'Medusa's' own snake pussy rubbing against it, warm and wet.

Her whole body undulated over me as she groaned and moaned, red eyes never leaving my face. It was so hard to believe that this monster was really my boyfriend, or that he was getting himself off on me like a toy. 'Medusa' shuddered as she came and I felt pleasure flood me as something similar to an orgasm washed over me as well.

It was torture, to be feeling so much bliss and unable to react in any way. Yet the danger made the thrill all the more delicious. It was like being between a rock and a hard place. Or maybe I was the hard place now, it was hard to tell.

I let myself totally relax; I had no choice. My body didn't even need to work to keep me alive anymore, no heart to beat, no lungs to fill and empty. It was utter, total relaxation like I had never known. Time seemed to take on a strange flow; it could have been minutes or hours before I felt the tingle of my form turning to flesh once more.

It almost felt alien having to breathe for myself again but as I blinked I noticed Michelle, Daniel and Allison all coming to as well. Allison stretched and groaned in satisfaction.

“Ah, that really hit the spot.”

“I feel like I just got a full spa day massage.” Michelle sighed happily, looking more relaxed than I had ever seen her.

“Nice show guys.” Daniel smirked, “That certainly was entertaining to watch, wish I could have gotten a better angle.”

I blushed profusely; that answered the question about them working or not. Allison just smirked and threw an arm around Scott as he shrunk back to human form and placed the pendant back in the box.

“Nice work! You’re a natural.”

“Yeah that was...I don’t have words.” Scott said sounding exhausted. “I don’t think I am in any shape to help you move stuff now though. Turning so many people to stone and having some kinky public sex really takes it out of you.”

I knew there were groups of friends out there who shared their sexual experiences openly, even sharing porn and such. We had never been that kind of friend group, I’d expected more awkwardness in the wake of what we’d all just done but everybody was being surprisingly chill. Maybe it was the lingering relaxation from being a statue; even I was feeling almost unnaturally relaxed. Still, curiosity burned inside me; what must it have felt like to be in Scott’s shoes, or rather, tail. Being a statue had been such a thrill, how would it feel to have all the power of a medusa?

The others were all talking excitedly about their experiences, sharing the sensations. So nobody noticed as I slowly slipped the pendant into my pocket. Something told me Allison would understand if I borrowed it for a bit.

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The necklace felt like a red hot poker in my pocket the entire ride home. I slipped it into my jewellery box easily enough while Scott went and took a nap. A text from Allison quickly told

me she noticed the necklace was missing but as expected, she gave me her blessing to use it.

*'I knew you two would be addicted. Tell me how it goes Medusa ;)'*

*'Have you always been this much of a perv?'*

*"Yup, hide it well, don't I?"*

That made me giggle; not anymore. I expected the necklace to sit unused for a few days while we both came down from the intensity of the afternoon but to my surprise that night after dinner, Scott crept up behind me and began to kiss my neck; his way of asking for sex.

"I thought you would have been tired out from today." I joked and Scott practically purred.

"Thinking about today is what got me here." He replied, thrusting his hips gently against my ass so I could feel the bulge in his boxers.

"Being a medusa was really that hot?"

"So fucking hot. Your face as a statue too...you have to tell me all about how it feels."

A grin spread across my face.

"I think I can do you one better than that."

Gleefully I skipped into the bathroom and opened my jewellery box, the pendant inside almost seemed to glow; like it was begging to be put on. When I emerged from the bathroom, pendant in hand Scott's eyes lit up, going from curious to elated in seconds.

"You nicked it?"

"Borrowed." I corrected, "Now, it's my turn to see what all the fuss is about."

I placed the necklace over my head and let the pendant settle against my clavicle. For a single second there was nothing but my own anticipation, then I felt something shift. A warmth flowed from the stone into my skin and spread rapidly through my extremities. All of

a sudden my senses seemed to double, I could feel my hair taking on a life of its own as the strands knotted together into living snakes, their tongues flicking the air eagerly. My legs fused, yet I felt my pussy still, hidden behind a soft row of scales that I instinctively knew I could retract.

Four extra arms sprouted from my sides painlessly and I flexed the new muscles, feeling power coursing through me. The whole transformation took less than a minute and my body filled with adrenaline as I towered over Scott in full, monstrous form. This felt incredible!

“Wow.” Scott breathed, “I looked like that?”

I ignored his comment, I was too busy getting used to my expanded senses. I could taste and scent the air with my tongue, so could the snakes that made up my hair. I found to my surprise that they were their own entities; outside my control. But I could still feel, taste and smell everything they did. I could taste Scott’s sweat, even smell the precum forming on the tip of his cock despite it being hidden away in his boxers still.

I stretched and flexed my new arms; so many new limbs to make use of. So many new and sexy positions that could only be possible with them and not to mention the tail. It was thick with muscle, yet I had perfect control. I flicked the tip back and forth, remembering how it felt inside my pussy earlier today and idly wondered if I could use it to pleasure myself if I wished. It was certainly long enough. That would have to wait though.

I could feel the magic pulsing beneath my skin, the urge to petrify was strong and remembering how good it felt and how turned on Scott was doing it I turned toward him with an eager grin. I slithered around Scott, experimenting and learning how to move with my new serpentine body. It felt all at once sensual and powerful; an intoxicating combination.

As I leaned in close the snakes in my hair scented him and I closed my eyes, focusing on the smells; they could pick up so many more subtleties in his scent than my human nose could have. I concentrated on the surreal feeling of the snakes coiling around him and realised that if I focused I could see through their eyes.

It was disorienting, being able to see from several directions at once but also fascinating. I could take in the sight of Scott’s pulse point on his neck; the subtle shift of his jaw as he swallowed and the excited way his eyes darted from side to side trying to keep up with my new ‘hair’. All at once!

I could taste the fear and arousal coming off him in waves and it sent a shiver of excitement down my spine. I slid around him, almost threatening to envelop him like a boa constrictor before sliding away back towards the bedroom, motioning with two of my hands for him to follow.

“S-should I close my eyes?” He asked nervously, following behind loyally.

I hissed; feeling the power building inside me, begging to be let out.

“I can control it, for now I want you to sssssee me.” I mused, “I want you to face what you find sssso sssexy.”

The fact that Scott, and I, were so turned on by this monstrous body was far too fun. I wanted to embarrass and tease him a little. Plus I loved the risk and I could tell by his nervous yet accepting expression that he did as well.

I let my many new hands roam all over my scaled body, exploring the unique texture of those shiny scales. I felt so incredible; yet so alien at the same time. Ugly and beautiful simultaneously.

“Are you afraid of me?” I asked with a sly smile, posing before our bed. “Scared of your girlfriend, the monster.”

Scott hesitated; unsure of what answer to give, before nodding hesitantly and flinching as if he expected to be turned to stone.

“All in due time, ssssweetie.” I murmured, slithering across the floor and wrapping my long tail around his body the same way he had to me earlier.

It was interesting, being in the reverse position. I could feel my coiled muscles squeezing against his sides. His body was so fragile compared to mine now, I could do anything I wanted and that knowledge was dangerous.

I held him tight, letting my hands rake over his body and slowly exploring the exposed skin, the only piece of clothing between us were his thin boxers and they wouldn't last much longer. I let my tail undulate against him, brushing up and squeezing that bulge and my hands teased, giggling when I felt his body begin to tremble from the stimulation and want. There was also fear there, he couldn't hide it no matter how much he tried to school his features; I could taste it on the air.

I teased him for a good long while, letting my claws rake across his skin hard enough to leave little red lines in their wake without ever damaging the skin. I could tell Scott was getting off on the danger of the encounter just as much as I had. Finally, I could feel his hard on threatening to break through his boxers and I decided to take pity on him.

Lowering him to the ground the same way he had me, I sliced away at the thin fabric, releasing him entirely to me. Totally at my mercy. With part of my tail still pinning his legs in place I moved up his body, pressing that soft section of scales hiding my pussy from him against that bulge and groaning. My power flared once more and my eyes burned with a need to petrify; but I held it back.

Then I lowered myself down, running my snake tongue across his body, scenting it until I reached his erection. The flavour there was so unique and distinct; there was something so 'Scott' about it. Trying to describe it would be impossible; like trying to explain the concept of flavour to somebody who had no sense of taste. I stroked his cock with my tongue, wrapping it around and flicking across the slit all while Scott struggled not to writhe in pleasure.

"P-please..." he groaned and I giggled around his cock.

My snake tongue's touch was too light to do anything but tease and he knew it, we could be here all night like this and he wouldn't get over the edge. It was a tempting idea but I was also beginning to feel my need grow to unbearable levels. I slithered back up his body, revealing my pussy and pressing it to the head of his cock.

"Hold them." I ordered, using two of my spare hands to heft my scaly breasts towards Scott's own hands.

I used two of my pairs of arms to lift them, while using the remaining set to grab hold of Scott's hands and guide them towards my tits. He took hold of them, eyes darting back and forth between my face and my tits.

His fingers brushed over the smooth scales, sending little bolts of pleasure through my entire body. The only part that was still soft flesh were my nipples, which he tweaked gently. Normally he was so much more forward, he was clearly nervous about displeasing me; how the tables had turned.

Slowly, I revealed my pussy and lowered myself down onto him with a satisfied hiss. It felt different than my usual pussy. Slightly rougher and all the more stimulating for it. My snake body moved so easily, undulating up and down on his cock while Scott felt up my breasts. I leaned down and kissed him hard, pressing his skull back into the mattress with glee and swallowing down his moans of desperation.

“What should I make you?” I mused between hungry kisses, “Glass? No, that issssss sssso unoriginal.”

Scott could only moan, he was too enraptured with the pleasure I was giving him.

“I know...gold.” I grinned, “Golden and perfect. Yesssss. I think I will change you right as you cum. Judging from how you’re trembling, that won’t be long...”

Scott was trembling all over; I could tell by the way he was biting his lip and groaning that he was trying to hold back. Desperate not to cum for multiple reasons now.

“Come now darling it’ssssss okay.” I taunted as I began to undulate my body faster and faster. “Cum for me, you know you want to.”

“Uhhhh...ahhhh...”

“That’ssssss it...”

Scott’s eyes were wide.

“Y-you have no idea...” He groaned, “You’re so...monstrous.”

I could see the horror in his eyes; and the shame. I was truly hideous as this medusa monster but he was turned on by it all the same. I gave him a predatory smile; if he thought those comments would hurt me enough to stop me riding him he was dead wrong.

“And yet...you’re about to cum for me.” I taunted gleefully.

His cock twitched against my inner walls and I smiled gleefully, using two of my hands to hold his face close as I continued to ride him hard. The second I felt the first spurt of seed inside me I released the tight hold on my power, feeling it flow out my eyes and burrow into Scott’s. His face froze in horror as his body instantly turned to solid gold beneath *and* inside me.

What had already been a hard, hot dick was now a solid gold dildo for me to ride and I shuddered, screeching monstrously as I humped it. It was tempting to continue until I came but my curiosity was simply too strong. I forced myself to stop, clenching my pussy a few times knowing fully well that Scott would be able to feel it.



I spent a full minute with my eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of being impaled and held by a golden statue. Those hands were now solid under my breasts, and perfectly shaped to them; my own personal, perfectly shaped human sex toy.

With some reluctance I pulled off Scott and rose back up to my full height, making sure to keep my pussy on display for his sake. I wanted to admire the piece of art I had made. And art was certainly the word. Not only was he shiny and golden all over but his expression was exquisite; detailed in a way no artist could ever fully capture without using a live subject. Every last line of Scott's face, every hair, was perfectly rendered in gold.

His expression was one of rapture, but also terror as he came; I could even see a small drip of golden cum ready to spurt from his cock. My juices still coated the length and I ran a finger along it, feeling all the tiny bumps and creases that fake dildo's simply did not have.

"You really are a work of art." I sighed, feeling proud. "What mussssst it feel like for you right now? Are you still cumming, forever? Or are you held right at the edge? That mussssst be torturous either way."

I slithered around him a few times; admiring him from every angle before finally making a decision. I had created my own perfect, golden sex toy and I wanted to use it to its fullest potential. I reached up and removed the necklace and immediately my body began to shift back to that of a normal human woman.

It felt almost alien to have legs again; I'd grown accustomed to my powerful tail and extra limbs in such a short amount of time. Human once more I stood over Scott; his body frozen in a perfect mounting position with his hands groping the air.

"You're going to be my sex toy." I grinned down at him, "I think you'll enjoy the experience."

I crawled down and mounted myself on his body, slipping my breasts back into his hands and sighing as my pussy slowly descended down the golden cock; it was still warm and slick from my riding it before.

I braced myself against the floor, stretching my neck down to kiss Scott's cold lips with a smile as I fucked myself with him. I could only imagine the agonising pleasure he was experiencing right now and knowing that I was the one that did it to him made me shudder with pleasure.

“I think we’re going to have a lot of fun tonight, babe.” I exclaimed, riding him hard and fast towards my first, but definitely not last, orgasm.