

## Good as Gold - Love Statues

For Clancy

By TheSpiralledEye

*Mary, Scott and the rest of their friends decide to use the Medusa pendant to become living sex toy statues at a risqué museum exhibition.*

~

Life had become far more interesting ever since stumbling across the box of magical toys in Allison's attic. Sometimes I would just sit back and thank that uncle or grandfather, or whoever it was that gathered them; thanks to them my sex life had become anything but vanilla.

"So Christine and Paul are going through their erotic art phase." Allison explained as we walked through the empty gallery, "They decided to make art people could actually interact with, rather than just sexy pictures to look at."

"And they want us to be part of the display?" Scott said, I held back a little moan.

The idea of being involved in something as salacious as interactive, sexual art was arousing to say the least. Especially if it meant I got to be turned into gold again with that amulet. Allison opened the door to a private gallery with black velvet curtains covering the viewing window and let us inside.

The room was normal, as far as galleries went, save for the statues, all made from different materials in the shape of naked people scattered about. All of them were in position to be mounted or used in some way and I felt myself getting wet; they were so lifelike! Scott seemed just as enthralled.

"Hey, is that...?" He trailed off, staring at one of the statues before Allison distracted him.

"There they are!" She grinned, waving at the couple standing on the far side of the room.

I'd been so taken with the statues I hadn't even noticed them. The woman had a halo of platinum curls floating around her head and bright red lips that pulled into a bright smile as we approached.

"Allison! And this must be Mary and Scott? I'm Christine and this is my husband Paul."

"Nice to meet you." I held out my hand to shake both her and her husband's hands. "Your statues are wonderful."

"Yes." She giggled, "Did you recognise them?"

"Recognise?"

"I knew it!" Scott clapped his hands together, "I knew they looked familiar."

I glanced around at the statues again and felt my jaw drop; Scott was right, the statues were familiar and very lifelike. A man carved from smooth black obsidian was laying on the floor, cock hard and upright, ready to be mounted.

"Daniel!" I gasped, "and is that Michelle made out of platinum!?"

She was, and spread eagle with her hole open for anybody to fill with whatever they pleased. Christine giggled, clearly delighted at my shock.

"Yes, see, that's the gimmick of the show." Paul explained, "People will be told that some of the statues are real, but won't know which ones. There will be that extra thrill for them, not knowing if they are using a toy or a real person held in place for the duration of the exhibit."

"Are we going to join them?" Scott asked, barely keeping his excitement contained.

"Yup!" Allison grinned, "In fact, I believe it's my turn!"

She handed over the familiar Medusa pendant to Christine and skipped over to a bare piece of floor where she proceeded to strip off her clothes and hand them to Paul. I knew I should

have looked away and given her some privacy but what was the point? Besides, I'd seen Allison in all sorts of positions since finding that chest.

I watched, trying very hard to hide my arousal as Allison sank to the floor on all fours while Christine transformed into Medusa, slithering around Allison and teasing her body with the tip of her tail, sliding it inside like a dildo to ensure there would be enough room for people to fuck her, before freezing her into place. In a flash Alison went from flesh and blood to pure, green jade.

"There we go." Christine hissed.

I couldn't resist sneaking up to Allison and taking in her frozen face; I knew from experience she was perfectly aware in there. With a wicked grin I began to run my fingers over her hanging breasts, pressing against the nipple hard enough that it would be painful if she was still human but of course in this form it would cause her nothing but pleasure. Scott followed my lead, dropping down behind her to slip his fingers into her open hole.

"I can never get over how smooth it feels, fingering a statue." Scott purred. "A whole week of this? You'll go insane, Allison."

"We all will." I grinned, before looking up at Paul and Christine. "Where do you want us?"

"You're sure you're okay? It'll last a full week." Paul cautioned but I couldn't care less.

"Oh we are so in." Scott grinned, "Now, what do you want us doing?"

"I was thinking blow jobsssss." Christine hissed, "One to give, one to receive."

A whole week of my life spent on my knees, sucking cock as a literal stone sex toy. The whole idea was simultaneously humiliating and almost painfully arousing.

"Ssssstrip off then." Christine grinned and I shivered, obeying without question.

Once we were both naked I sunk to my knees before Scott, both of us ready to get into position. Christine hovered behind Scott, staring me down with those terrifying eyes ready to freeze me in place as soon as I looked just right. It could happen right as a start or right before Scott came, I had no idea and the anticipation only added to the excitement.

Gently, I took Scott in my mouth and began to suck, swirling my tongue a little but trying to keep it flat under his length so that if I froze the next person could slide in easily. I pushed forward so that my lips were almost pressing into Scott's crotch as I deep throated him. Just as the tip of his cock brushed the back of his throat I began to pull back only to catch Christine's eye and-

I was still.

That same warm, relaxing feeling filled my whole body as Scott pulled away and I already missed the ability to moan. I somehow knew I'd been turned to gold which was my favourite form; I wondered if Allison had mentioned that. Scott pulled himself free of her mouth and grinned down at me, from the very edge of my vision I could see his teasing expression.

"You look so naughty right now, babe." he chuckled. "Your eyes are already half rolled back in pleasure, most men would cum seeing that face while your lips were wrapped around their cock."

He reached over to a nearby table and picked up a mirror to show me my reflection.

"See?"

I couldn't reply obviously but I felt an odd sensation run through my body, like a shiver, when I saw my reflection. He was right, I looked so lewd and perverted. A golden work of sexual art. My arms had pressed my tits together without even realising it. Scott ran his hands down the side of my face before moving it up to rest atop my head, like he was petting a dog.

"I want to make good use of you before joining the show."

To my surprise he pushed his cock back into my golden mouth and began to thrust, using my mouth to finish himself off. Now that I was solid he could be as rough as he pleased without worrying about hurting me. The tip of his length slammed into the back of my open throat and pleasure radiated through every part of my body. I didn't need to breathe, so there was no risk of gagging or choking. Just the ecstasy of being a living sex object.

It was such an odd combination of feelings; all the pleasure and satisfaction of knowing I was giving Scott an amazing blow job, with none of the effort. I was held perfectly in place and never tired as a statue, I could keep this up all night. Scott of course, couldn't. I felt him shudder, then he groaned as his fingernails scraped across my shining surface.

He pulled away just in time to cum all over me; his seed dripping down my rapidly cooling, golden body. He pulled away, that same teasing smile on his lips but now with a hazy, satisfied look in his eyes. He knew exactly how it felt to be used like this and how much I loved it.

“You’ve dirtied my newest piece.” Christine hissed with mock annoyance. “Clean her up before I make you join her, uh I mean *it*.”

Scott chuckled, picking up the offered rag and wiping his cum off me. I would have been sad about it had he not felt me up at the same time. Hands swiping over my solid breasts and even down toward where my legs were fused together. It was such a tease; My bare pussy was on the floor, where nobody would be able to reach it. But I could still feel it; it’s hunger and need. God, it was such a turn on; and I was going to be like this for an entire *week*.

Once I was properly cleaned Scott got to his feet and slowly stroked himself to hardness again, sliding his cock against the side of my face just once before taking a step back and allowing Christine to freeze him in place as well. I watched from the corner of my eye as he turned pearly white; a statue of pure marble like those ones you always saw in the Ancient Greek section of museums.

We were both works of art.

“Beautiful work my dear.” Paul said as he stepped forward to admire us. “They look utterly gorgeous, and sexual. I wonder where the line between art and pornography is; these certainly test it.”

“Yessss, some of my finest work.” Christine reached beneath me to fondle my pressed breasts with one set of hands while stroking my face with another set.

They were talking to either other without even looking at us properly. Their gaze moved over our bodies as if we really were statues, objects to be used and adored but nothing else. The whole thing made me so horny.

“I can tell they’re enjoying it though.” Christine giggled, flicking her tail over my back and top of my ass. “This one gets off being an object, she loves being out play things and soon she’ll be dozens, maybe even hundreds, of other people’s play thing as well.”

“I cannot wait for the exhibition to open tomorrow.” Paul said smugly, “I can't wait to see what people do to them.”

We were utterly helpless and horny at their hands until they finally left, switching off the light and leaving me in darkness. Helpless, aroused and eagerly awaiting tomorrow when I would finally be touched again. But until then, I had hours of deprivation to wait through, knowing full well it would only heighten the pleasure once it arrived.

~

I knelt on the floor and listened eagerly as the gallery doors finally opened. The exhibition was finally open to the public and I was so glad! I only wished I hadn't been positioned with my back to the doorway. I listened intently to the footsteps on the hard stone floors, trying to figure out how many people had shown up for the first event. The footfalls were oddly muffled though, as if everybody was wearing socks or soft soled shoes.

I discovered why a moment later when the first guest walked into view. They were totally naked.

As people began to mingle through the room I could see they were all naked; it must have been a requirement of the exhibition; you had to be nude to experience and use the nude art. What a stroke of genius; Christine and Paul were essentially teasing us, even when we weren't being used, using the guests themselves.

“Remember!” I heard Christine's voice announce from somewhere behind me. “Some of these statues are sculptures, but some are human! See if you can figure out which ones.”

The crowd murmured; I could hear some debating if it was just a gimmick or truth. Either way, everybody was here for the fantasy; only the artists, myself and my friends knew for sure that Christine was telling the truth. I watched from my position on the ground as people began to examine each statue, trying to find some evidence of which ones could be real.

“This one has to be real, it's so lifelike!” Exclaimed one woman pointing to a statue I knew was made from stone.

The same woman wandered over to Allison's jade form and shook her head.

“This has to be a real statue, the jade is so smooth, it has to be polished stone.”

A thrill went through me with each comment as people had fun trying to figure out which one of us were real or not. A man stopped before me and knelt down to examine me closely. He peered at me with a detachment that only came from looking at an object. There was no personal connection in his eyes, they never focused on my own, instead they concentrated on the tiny details of my golden body.

“This one is fake, no woman would ever pose so lewdly. Especially not if she knew she was going to be stared at and used by so many people.”

Others agreed as they looked down at me and I felt myself getting hornier and hornier by the minute. Being looked down on like that, there was something indescribably arousing about it. Perhaps it was the way people were so indifferent, it wasn't that they distained me or thought I was lesser; they literally thought I was an object and gave me no more thought than you would the glass you fill with water every morning.

Eventually the allure of the statues proved too much and people started to use them. I watched with glee as a man mounted behind Allison and began to pound into her doggy style. I wondered what she was thinking, being fucked so roughly. I knew from experience just how amazing it felt to be fucked like that.

My own pussy, trapped against the floor, ached. Nobody would be able to touch it and frozen like this I couldn't even subtly grind myself into the floor. The deprivation was killing me. Especially as I watched more and more people start using other statues. Both the real ones and my friends, they were all getting lavished while I knelt her, mouth open and waiting.

“Look at that perfect O face.” A voice echoed from just outside my vision me. “No way she's real.”

If a shiver could have run down my spine it would have. I felt a hand over my head, stroking my solid golden hair.

“Oh and look at her pair, this statue looks like it's right out of the parthenon.” A female voice cooed.

A woman appeared next to me and stroked her fingers along Scott's marble dick.

“Shall we try them out my dear?”

“Absolutely.”

The man appeared in front of me with his cock curving upwards, hard and ready for me. He reached down to fondle my breasts for a moment with an appreciative chuckle before standing again and getting his cock into position.

He pushed it in slowly, perhaps expecting my mouth to stop after a while since he believed me to be a fake. But when he was finally flush against me with his tip brushing the back of my throat. He was bigger than Scott, so my mouth was tight around him and he groaned. It didn't take long for him to start fucking my mouth in earnest.

I was simultaneously aroused and embarrassed to know that Scott was watching. He could probably see everything since he was standing above my kneeling form. God it was so hot.

Luckily, that went both ways; because I was in the perfect position to watch as the woman got down on her knees and started to suck on his marble cock. I could hear her moans and slurping sounds. She did her best. Others took photos of her blowing the marble man's cock and no doubt I was in some of them as well. Would those pictures turn up online one day? Could I find them? I hoped so.

The man finally came, some of it dripped down my throat but the rest bounced off my golden cheeks and dribbled down my mouth. The man stood back and admired his work for a moment before moving on, leaving me with the feeling of cum dribbling from the corner of my mouth and no way to wipe it away. Every person who passed me saw my shame and smirked or laughed.

Eventually, another man decided he wanted to give me a go and came to clean the cooling viscous liquid off me so that he could. The process repeated, over and over throughout the night. It was so humiliating and horny; I loved it. I wondered how Scott was feeling, having so many people suck him off without being able to cum at all. Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise that my pussy was hidden.

The night was spent being used and watching my fiends being used as we were constantly teased and treated as living sex toys. It was the single most erotic thing I had ever done and when the last patrons finally filed out and the lights were switched off I realised this was only the beginning. I had an entire week's worth of exhibitions to look forward to.

~



I'd say it was Heaven but there was no way Heaven was this crude. Which was a shame because I couldn't remember ever having so much fun. Every day more people came as word of mouth spread. Strangers oggled and fondled my body, some even taking pictures of themselves as they fucked my mouth or felt my breasts.

I'd lost count of the amount of blowjobs I had given; I'd made so many men cum it was impossible to keep track. I would have lost track of the days if it weren't for our nightly cleaning. Every evening Christine would come and polish me with a rag, making sure to slip it into every nook and cranny with a teasing smile and mischievous giggle. Only she knew just how good those touches felt, everybody else just treated me like a toy to be used.

It was the final day of the exhibit and people were out in full force; after all, this was the event of the season. Nobody wanted to miss out. I watched as yet another couple approached Scott and I with hungry looks in their eyes. The woman got down on her knees and began to lick at his cock while I watched on with envy. What I wouldn't give for a tongue to brush across my pussy like that.

Of course I was only a captive audience for so long before the woman's partner approached me and began to slide his cock along my tongue and down deep into my throat. For the thousandth time I wished I could moan in delight; this really was incredible.

"Fuck this one feels good." The man groaned as he thrust into me. "No way this is a real chick, it's too good. No woman could have a mouth so perfectly shaped and tight at the same time."

Delight ran through me as he spoke; yet another person who saw me as an object. It was so delightful I would have cum if I could. Across the room I could see Christine smirking as she watched the man fuck my face. I wished I could give her a wink.

The man continued to pound into me and I enjoyed every second of it, it would almost be a shame when it came time to turn back. I had to savour the experience while it lasted.

As the final person left the exhibit I felt a sense of loss; soon I would be turned back into a human and have to go back to having regular sex without all these trappings. I'd go back to having a gag reflex and being treated like a person. It was an odd thing to dread, but that didn't stop me feeling it.

The exhibit closed up. I could hear the last patrons shuffling out with thanks from Christine and Paul and finally I heard the doors click closed. I waited for Christine to appear in the form of Medusa to free us but instead she and Paul began to slowly walk through their forest of sex toy statues, talking as if we couldn't hear them while knowing full well we could.

“Well, I think that was very successful.” Paul said.

“Very much, we are at the bleeding edge of erotic art now. Everybody will be talking about us for months. You know, I do feel bad.” Christine sighed as she passed Allison, placing a hand on her upturned rump. “We never got a chance to use the statues ourselves. I’m a little jealous.”

“Well, they do belong to us.” Paul grinned, “Why don’t we give them a spin.”

He placed a hand over Christine’s stroking Allison’s ass for a moment before mounting her from behind. My whole body ached with want; I hoped he could come to me next! Christine approached but instead of touching me, she knelt down to suck on Scott’s dick for a few minutes before mounting him herself, awkward angle be damned.

Paul finished up with Allison and moved over to Michelle, he didn’t so much as glance at me. The way he didn’t even seem to realise just how much he was teasing me drove me wild. I really was nothing but a toy to him, and not his first choice of toy either.

I watched from my helpless position on the floor as Christine and Paul had their way with all my friends while leaving me ignored until finally, Paul approached. He stroked his fingers over my golden surface.

He knelt down and brushed over my cheeks and chin, then my chest, pressing against the nipples hard. God it felt so good. His hands slipped down further, to pat my thighs and cup my ass before he finally approached my front again. He’d gotten hard just from touching me and a sense of pride flowed over my form. He’s already cum twice thanks to using the other statues but I was erotic enough to get him going again.

He slipped his cock inside and began to pump and I made sure to savour every feeling. This might be the last dick I had in my statue form for a while and I wanted to treasure it. Paul groaned as he moved faster and faster, unable to hold back thanks to my tight mouth and soon he was cumming right down my golden throat, not a drop wasted.

“God, this is the best show we’ve ever done.” He sighed as he pulled out.

Christine was shuddering as she came around Scott’s cock and nodded.

“Absolutely, we should do it again in another city.”

“Think we’ll be able to find more volunteers?”

Paul patted my head.

“I’m sure it won’t be too hard to find somebody.”