



**Squeaky N Clone** @k13ad · 11h

Girl walking around an old castle accidentally stands on a mysterious pedestal that freezes her in place as she slowly turns into a monstrous male gargoyle

**Contains: Petrification, Gargoyle TF, FTM TGTF, Muscle growth, Dick growth, Exhibitionism, Unwilling TF, Mental changes**

A wealthy family will move in soon and they need people to tidy up the place before they get there. It'd be nice if the building wasn't so creepy! Why does this have to be her first castle job ever?

Susan brought enough cleaning tools and is now sweeping the floors, room by room. It's tedious, it's really dusty and lonely. The echo of her steps is daunting and both the lack of noise and the uncertainty that she's truly alone or not keeps her forehead sweaty out of nervousness.

By the next hour, she wants to leave. The pay is good, but it's just too big of a job for only one person! Clearly, she's faint of heart and can't stand something like this.

However, on her way back to get her things, she... Can't find it. She's not familiarized enough with this place and there's no one to ask.

Such an anxious person as she is, she wanders around, walks in circles, and gets increasingly more desperate. So many of the rooms are similar, especially those without any furniture. She hasn't even been able to clean enough to tell someone's been there already.

"Silly, silly Susan, why did you accept this job? Oh, gods, I wanna go home..." She speaks to herself, frustrated, while entering another room.

She can tell this is one of the more decorated rooms. Pillars, door frames, chandeliers, all stuff no one would like to take out— It's part of the castle, so it has stayed there for centuries.

Just like in any other room, Susan walks towards the closest door she can see. She didn't even think it through that much, but she stops when she sees an odd statue beside it.

It is a very pretty door frame and a rather monstrous statue for it, but she can tell it's some sort of guardian. It's got wings, claws, muscles... Somehow, Susan feels very intensely about it. Entranced, she reaches one hand to caress its stone claws, thinking that if this were a real creature... Well, she'd be terrified! She'd fear for her life! But up close and knowing it's only a statue, she would appreciate some company.

"Oh... If only..." she sighs as she gives up reaching for the door, at least for the time being. She sees an empty, cleaner space at the opposite side and decides to rest there.

She lifts her cleaning dress in a ladylike fashion as her shoe steps on this flat, stone tile. Her weight immediately sinks the tile and she realizes with the reflexes of a prey animal— But even that was too late.

Her foot is stuck on the tile, shifting against her will. In a few seconds she's almost losing her balance as her foot slips and locks in a different position, her right foot to the right side of the tile, then her left foot to the other, both pointing outwards.

“Eep! No, no, help! Help, I'm just here to clean, I'm sorry!” She yells as she's fighting to move her feet, but they're completely still. “I'm- I'm turning to stone?! No way, this can't be happening!”

But not only is she being slowly petrified, her body keeps shifting in place. She's forced to squat, the stone progressing from her feet to her calves, thighs, and while they turn gray they also swell in size. Susan can feel herself involuntarily flexing her calves with all her strength, and as she does she can feel them growing even more. No matter that it's stone, they still feel strong.

What use is there in feeling strong right now?! Susan keeps trying to fight it, but she can't do anything when it reaches her pelvis— She would've bet she couldn't feel any more startled but the growing bulge in her panties makes her scream unlike any other time before.

“W-w-what is this??!!! AAH!! HELP! AAARRRGGGHHH!” Her voice and yells end up in a guttural growl that sends an even more unsettling vibration throughout her body and her new appendage, a thick stone penis with its own set of big, round testicles hanging down and resting on the stone tile, very realistic weight for a statue.

Next thing she knows is that it's coming up her torso, strengthening her muscles beyond anything she ever believed was possible. Every muscle growth made her new dick tremble— As much as it can, being made out of stone, a small trickle coming out of the tip. Even though she's terrified, a part of her brain wants to stroke it as fast as she can and— and—

A pair of wings suddenly sprouts out of her muscled back. The stone wings are big enough to carry a creature even bigger than her current size— And it's then and there where she finally makes the connection: she's turning into a companion for the other gargoyle, isn't she?

Her friends would probably describe her as a prude, because even in this castle, alone, she consciously avoided looking at the other gargoyle's groin. Did it have an erect penis like she does now? And why does it make her feel so much warmer to think about it?

She feels her breasts expand out, breaking the fabric as they turn into big pectorals to support her wings, a tail sprouting out of her back for balance and coincidentally the last straw that completely rips off the rest of her clothes, showing the entirety of her muscled, scaled, monstrous stone body.

Susan pants and moans as her arms lose mobility and drop right in front of her body, hunching over and perfectly avoiding any of her other body parts. Now she can only move

her head, and she can only think about the rest of her life as part of the same castle she was trying to leave.

All that's left is her pretty, scared face. She's able to look to the other side, and as she does she can tell the other gargoyle—the other Guardian—is also looking at her. He's still made out of stone, not exactly moving or anything, Susan can just tell she's not alone.

Being watched like this by the other Guardian is what finally breaks her— him, another Guardian. They were never meant to have individuality, but to be rewarded for a proper security job via constant pleasure throughout their bodies. Susan didn't notice his new life partner also had a huge member and testicles sitting on the floor in his permanently hands-off pose, and it's so hot to share the same fate!

"H-he... Hello... N-nice... To meet you..." Susan says before losing his face to the stone, it morphs and mutates into another gargoyle with horns and all. Permanently frozen in place, proud to be so strong, monstrous and virile.

Soon more people will inhabit this place. They'll be able to see the Guardians eventually, will they like what they see? Susan hopes so, never did he ever want anyone to see his junk before, but now? The mere thought of being seen makes him about to bust.