

# SOME STRINGS ATTACHED

By Dan Standing for his [Patreon readers](#)

Janey stopped sweeping for a moment and looked across the orchestra stage. She saw the empty seats, rows and rows of them, which had been full for the Friday evening performance the night before. Janey brushed aside a lock of blonde hair, and looked over to where she had been watching from the past evening – back stage. The cleaning staff didn't get to be on stage during the performance.

But how Janey wanted to be on stage during the performance. She held up the broom to her full lips and pretending she was playing the saxophone. The wooden shaft brushed against the full breasts squeezed into her white t-shirt and squeezed under her overalls. It was only now, a few years after college, that Janey wished she'd actually learned her way through school, instead of fucking through it. Yeah, she had paperwork saying she'd graduated from things, but more than one dismissal had proved her plan of sex-for-grades had not panned out in the long run.

Janitorial work didn't care if you fucked your professor to pass geometry.

What Janey really wished was that she hadn't mocked all those band kids and actually learned an instrument when she had the chance. Since working at the orchestra house Janey had been overwhelmed by how amazing the music was, how loved the musicians were, and how passionate the audience was.

"I wish I could be on this stage every night! I wish I was the one making such perfect music!"

"Maybe I can help with that."

Janey spun around towards the voice, startled, scared, and embarrassed all at once. What she saw was a woman who was alien and alluring all at the same time. She was lounging across the timpani, her body impossibly long and lithe. She wore...not clothes, but fabric – no, some sort of silky latex. It wrapped around her hips and nethers, but hugged her so tightly Janey could easily make out plump define lower lips and an eager nub pushing up through them.

The material didn't even attempt to cover her breasts, instead it wrapped around them and added to the sense of watermelon sized zeppelins that reached out towards Janey with thumb-sized nipples that looked to be painted in the svelt silver. The same material was wrapped around the woman's legs from the thighs down, and the toes of her silver feet were visible amidst the exaggerated ballet heel that extended down like a spike.

Janey cautiously took a few steps towards the visitor. She stared at her eyes – large and doe-like on her thin face, almost bigger than the pouty lips that threatened to extend further than her cheek bones. Now and then those eyes would dart down at a holographic tablet which projected symbols Janey did not recognize. Occasionally her luscious lips sipped from an exotic cocktail glass gripped by thin fingers, when she wasn't smoking a green cigarette clenched in a long filter. The filter was gripped by the most unusual part of the woman – a long, prehensile tale that stretched out from behind her bubbled ass and had a penchant for using an occasional undulation to stroke her silver nipples or pussy.

“Who...who are you?” Janey asked, become more and more comfortable around the woman every moment.

“You'd best call me Lady Reduxia, don't need you exploding your vocal chords trying to pronounce it properly.”

The woman's voice was practically a warm purr. Her absolute confidence and comfort, even lying atop the metal drums, continued to calm Janey.

“How did you get in here?” Janey muttered, almost dismissing the question as she said it.

“I own this transdimensional plane; I can be wherever I wish to be in it. This is why you've come to accept my

presence, some small part of you knows it is only natural for me to be here,” Lady Reduxia explained, taking a long drag on her cigarette. She puffed out a cloud that hovered for a moment in the shape of a breast before it faded away.

“And why are you here?” Janey asked, pulling out one of the black metal folding chairs in the strings section and sitting down.

“Well, now and then I like to spice things up a bit, put something a little unexpected into the order of things. I head you...” Lady Reduxia pressed a glowing sigil on her tablet and Janey’s voice played back, “...wish I could be on this stage every night! I wish I was the one making such perfect music!”

“You...can make that happen?”

“I can make anything happen, my dear...” Lady Reduxia smiled, “Literally anything. So, let’s get started. What sort of instrument are you thinking about?”

“Uh...” Janey was suddenly embarrassed for being unprepared to provide more detail on her off-the-cuff aside, “Strings, I suppose. They seem to be the most famous and respected for what they can do.”

“Very well...” Lady Reduxia affirmed, spinning and poking lights on her device, “And how often do you want to practice?”

“Practice?” Janey scoffed, “You said you can do anything, why do I have to practice? I just want to be having a good time on this stage and play perfectly for whatever song is being played!”

“Well, that does appear to cover things...” Lady Reduxia smiled, moving a few more lights around, “If you’d be so kind as to press your thumb here we can start.” Lady Reduxia held up the tablet, a square bright and visible in the center. Janey couldn’t reach it from where she was, so she eagerly jumped up and made her way to the percussion section. With a giant grin she jammed her thumb down onto the pad.

The screen flashed and Lady Reduxia pulled the machine away. Janey stepped back and continued to grin.

“So...” the eager woman could hardly contain herself, “...what now?”

“Well, first, you won’t need those clothes anymore...” The sentence was accompanied by a synchronized wave of Lady Reduxia’s hand and tail-held cigarette. Instantly Janey’s clothing atomized and she was standing nude on the stage. Her hands quickly went to her breasts and pussy, not to hide them from Lady Reduxia but from

whomever else might be around. She held them there for a moment before her body started to feel...excited?

“What the fuck?” Janey exclaimed, looking down at her curvy nudity before throwing her glare at Lady Reduxia’s big eyes, “Why am I naked?” She was angry for being stripped, but part of her was feeling very eager to be seen on the stage.

“Well, instruments don’t wear clothes...”

“Instruments?” Janey exclaimed. As she reacted she felt her muscles tugging her arms away from her body – given her changing emotions this is something she may have done on her own given time, but this urge was forcing her to raise them over her head.

“Well, of course. Humans practice, only instruments are perfect – provided they are properly tuned,” Lady Reduxia smiled.

“What’s...what’s happening to me...?” Janey gasped as her legs were forced to bend, sending Janey down onto her knees – a familiar position, but this time there wasn’t a professor before her. Her arms were both fully up over her head, her back arching a bit and sending her tits up and out on her chest. Janey’s view started to rise up, and she felt her thighs lengthening and stretching. Her body was tingling, her nipples popping to full attention and her pussy starting to moisten.

“Well, it’s no fun to just go *POP!* and change you, and it doesn’t really allow for one to come to terms with their new form. This is far more humane for you.”

Janey could feel her arms between her elbows and hands start to stretch backwards behind her, and at the same time her hair was lengthening and wrapping around them like a vine. Her calves and feet were starting to do the same. Soon she felt her elongated fingers touch her reaching toes, and the sense of alteration stopped. Her skin, however, continued to feel electrified and enhanced.

Her hair continued its journey, some of it leaving her arm and reaching down towards her legs. Janey couldn’t feel it so precisely, but forty-seven strands now connected from her arms to her legs.

“What...new...form?” Janey groaned. She’d long lost control of her limbs, but now her face was started to move more slowly. It felt heavy. Her entire body felt heavy. All she could do was dart her eyes about, and a quick look down revealed what was happening – her flesh was taking on a metallic hue.

She was turning to gold. In only a few short moments she felt her chest arrest its breathing, but she had no need for air. The twitching and squirming she had been doing slowed to a heavy stop. Her lips quivered no more, her breasts no longer heaved, and her bare pussy was stilled

for all to see, a little gleam all there was left to betray that some of the changes had been received with pleasure.

For the latter portion of the transformation Lady Reduxia had been toying with her tablet, as if the metamorphosis happening before her was nothing to marvel over. Janey saw her look up and over and smile.

“Oh, you did turn out delightful. Tata!”

And she was gone.

Janey sat silently through the night and morning. She spent every moment trying to move, but it was no use. She was stuck as she was, naked, stretched out, tied with her own hair, and gold. Her eyes had a little capability of movement, but to anyone looking the golden orbs made no discernible change wherever they glanced.

The evening was not without revelation. Janey could sense that her new form was much more sensitive. On and off through the night air conditioning would heave out of the old ducts, the air flitting over Janey's stilled form. If she could have gasped and breathed deep like a lover dancing fingers over her in a bed she could have, but of course all her mind could do was absorb the building desire for release.



Finally members of the orchestra started to arrive. Janey heard them before seeing them. An old part of her brain screamed out about being seen like she was, but part of her begged someone to come over and find her in all of her golden transformed nude glory.

Eventually someone did notice the large object which had not been there the night before. Two of the violinists walked over, placing their cases to the floor. The vibrations from each step, and the pound of the cases to the wood boards, were sending vibrations through Janey – through her strung hair.

It felt fantastic.

“What is this thing?” one of the two musicians mused, walking around it.

“It’s so...naughty...” the other smiled, cautiously running a hand down Janey’s side. The golden woman moaned to herself – *touch me more!*

“I think it’s a harp...shaped like a woman...”

“What, like the golden harp in the fairy tale?”

“Oh, yeah. Maybe Diana had it brought in for the romanticism concert?”

Janey’s mind gasped as fingers tapped on her nipples, each percussion spasming her mind in pleasure just short

of satisfying. She felt another hand start to move towards the fold of her gold-encased pussy, but they were stopped and all the invading fingers slapped away. Janey silently begged for the hands to return, to help her climb a peak she needed to overcome.

“Cut that out, this is artwork. Maybe that’s why Diana had it brought in. Wonder how the sound is.”

Janey’s mind exploded as a hand brushed over her strings. She didn’t even hear the notes she was making, all she could experience were the fireworks going off in her head.

“Wow, she sounds in tune – which is good, since I don’t see any tuning bolts.”

“Yeah, let’s find Diana and see what she knows...”

Slowly Janey came out of her cum fog as the two walked away. She understood now what Lady Reduxia had done.

And she could not wait for the concert to start.

**FIN**