

The Statue - WIP
Violet Kirkwood
Ch. 02

Sadie managed to actually ignore her new urges for a few hours. Lunch, however, lit the fuse once again. She didn't want to risk being alone with Tom and doing something unseemly, so she'd dragged Marie and a few of the other teachers along as well. It worked to distract everyone from her fidgety nature, but not from how she gorged her way through her meal. Sadie didn't understand how she could be so hungry until she returned to her classroom and felt the snugness of her underwear.

Fuck, am I getting bigger? She didn't have a mirror in the room and didn't want to go halfway across the campus to the teacher's lounge. Even without the mirror, a quick assessment of her body confirmed it. The small bra wouldn't last much longer if things continued. As it stood, her boobs spilled over the top of it and made a strange protrusion in the sun dress. Her hips had widened as well. Lifting the band of her panties showed deep indentions in her skin. They were also still a mess of her own juices and Tom's cum, but she found she didn't mind it. In fact, it gave her an unusual feeling of pride.

Nonetheless, she couldn't ignore the issue. Her efforts to make it go away through a frenetic midday fuck had only made it worse, which meant she had to confront the problem at its source. At first, she attempted to find some information about the statues on the internet, but searching for weird magical statues only led to more porn for some reason. Next she tried to find information about her uncle, but that proved sparse, too. She didn't even find an obituary, just a notice of death to creditors. So, she went to the one source she did have.

"Sadie? Is something wrong?" her father asked as he answered the phone.

"No, dad. Nothing is wrong," she said, instantly flung back into a feeling of guilt for having a dead battery in her car or needing extra money to buy a new dress.

"Then what the hell are you calling me for?" he said with a laugh. "Is your mom not answering the phone?"

"I wanted to talk to *you* actually. Your brother, Uncle Jeremiah, passed away..."

Her father didn't speak for a while, but she heard the rush of wind as he walked. "Sorry, hon, I'm out on the golf course, and everyone gets a stick up their keister when you take a phone call. What's that you say about Jerry?"

"He's dead!" she said in a much harsher tone than she intended.

Another laugh. "Course he's dead. He's been dead for six years or so."

"But, I just got a box of stuff from him." She went on to explain the letter, the boxes, and even mentioned the statues while leaving out the parts that would make the conversation extremely awkward.

Her father listened to it all with a few sporadic "uh-huh"s and the suspicious sound of

liquid moving around inside a bottle. “Sadie, I would have sworn we told you about him dying, but it’s not like I was close with the guy. He had moved out when I was still in diapers. Hell, he was more my uncle than yours. I didn’t even make your Mom go to the funeral. I only went for Nelly’s sake. Your Aunt Nelly, who is alive and well I guess I should say. He died not long after your wedding. That was the first time I’d seen him in ten years, probably.”

“So why would he send this stuff to me?”

She could picture her dad’s irritated shrug, “You said it yourself. Some leftover clause in his will. I’ve stayed out of it, but Jerry was a wealthy guy. A hermit and probably a misanthrope, but he lived well. Left behind three women who have been completely amiable to one another, but untangling the legal ownership of everything has been a nightmare from what I understand. I get a call every year or so asking about some little plot of land or some account, and I have to tell them that I had no business dealings with my brother.”

“Three women? Was he married?”

“Not that I know about,” her father said. He paused then and took in a long, slow breath. “The thing is, sweetie, that Jeremiah was a strange guy. Not mean or crazy or anything, but peculiar. I did try to get to know him when I was in college, and he was in to some weird shit. Our father, your grandfather, wasn’t...well, it was a different time back then. He raised his kids the way he thought was right. I got the least of it. He was too old and tired to be strict when I came along, but Jerry got the worst. He left home at sixteen and went to live with your...now let me see, Frank would have been your great, great uncle? Frank was my mother’s brother, whatever that is. Uncle Frank as it turns out was a follower of a fella named Aleistar Crowley, ever heard of him?”

“Yeah, I’m familiar,” she answered. The idea that her family had links going back to the notorious occultist would have shocked her more had it not been for her experiences that morning.

“Ah, well, Jerry was apparently one to rebel no matter who was the authority figure. He learned what he could from Uncle Frank and then decided that Crowley was full of shit. — Oh, don’t tell your mother I’m cursing —”

“Or drinking?” Sadie said.

“No, you can tell her I’m drinking. That’s why she sends me to play golf. Anyway, by the time I caught up with Jerry, he was on a warpath to prove that Crowley was a fake and that real black magic existed if you knew where to look for it. I remember he showed me some stuff that made my bumpkin head spin. Pictures of...well, look up the old version of *Caligula* and that’ll give you an idea.”

“And how do you feel about Mom knowing that you told me to watch a skeezy movie from the 70s?”

He didn't answer for a few seconds, "Maybe leave that out next time you talk, too. — Look, if you don't want the stuff, just dump it off on some charity. You're not going to hurt my feelings or his since he's dead. The books are probably worthless, but whatever that other stuff is, artsy stuff, that might be worth something. Could always try to sell it. Or just dump it all in the bin. Ok?"

"Sure, dad," she answered.

They said their goodbyes since apparently his golf buddies were waiting on him. Sadie had hoped for some more helpful information, but at least she had a small thread linking her uncle to the weird side of life. Now the problem was that she didn't know how to pull it. She was meant to stay at the school for another two hours. It was all done on the honor system, though. Most teachers were damnably honorable most of the time, which meant she could leave and no one would ever bat an eye about it. She gathered up her things, locked up, and went to Marie's room.

Marie, much to Sadie's shame, did actually seem to be in the middle of work. That ethic dissolved the second Sadie appeared in the door. "I was thinking of heading home. Wanna leave a little early?"

"Fuck yes," Marie said with a wince. "Oh, it's weird to say curse words here during the summer."

"Lots of weird going around today," Sadie agreed.

Together they went back through the school, stopped to talk with another teacher for an agonizing minute, and finally got out of the building only to run into Donna Monroe, Tom's first wife. Officially, Donna and Sadie got along perfectly well. Neither had ever said a cross word to the other. That was the way it had to be for everyone to keep their job once Tom and Sadie got married. Some people even believed it. Marie wasn't among them. Sadie's friend made a noble effort to shield them from Donna as they crossed the school's courtyard. It didn't work.

"Sadie! Marie! Where are you two scuttling off to?" Donna said in her bright, forced tone. Donna taught kindergarten, but she also coached the cheerleading squad. Sadie figured these roles allowed her to be as infantile as possible while still reliving her glory days as the high school cheer captain. Donna kept herself aggressively fit and dressed borderline inappropriately for working at a school. Sadie figured Donna got away with the crop tops and tights because the principle liked looking at Donna's tits.

"Going on a supply run," Marie answered. "Martin's downtown has a deal going on for printer paper."

Donna's vacuous smile showed off too-perfect teeth, "Really? You know, we don't spend nearly as much on printer paper down at our end of the building, but you wouldn't believe how

much construction paper costs these days. And you can't ask the kids to buy some all the time. Most of them can't afford it any more than we can." Her expression tightened as her gaze shifted from Marie to Sadie. "Do you and Tom have summer plans?"

My current plan is to go home and fuck him until his balls pop, Sadie thought, but she answered, "Not really. We're going to take a week off, but the team starts regular practice first of next month."

"I know," Donna said with no sympathy. "I'm the same way with the girls. We've already done tryouts, and I'm on my way to write out a plan for tomorrow. Erica's coming up with me to help teach the new girls."

Marie caught Sadie's eye roll. They both knew that Erica had effectively been the cheer coach in her mother's stead for the past three years. And they both worried that if Erica didn't get off to college, she would wind up trapped in Donna's shadow for the rest of her life. "That's nice of her," Marie said. "She has to be busy getting ready for the move. Is she excited?"

Sadie saw a moment of irritation chip through Donna's abundance of friendliness. "She's driving me up a wall, actually," Donna said. "That's part of why I'm getting her up here to help. We keep these kids slammed with responsibilities and activities non-stop until they graduate. Then it all vanishes. Erica has *nothing* to do. I would tell her to get a job, but she'd have to leave it in six weeks."

"She should enjoy it," Sadie said. "Last time in her life that she'll really have no responsibilities."

Donna's venomous smile grew to a new intensity, "That's good advice, Sadie. I might send her over to visit so that she hears it from a woman who would know. And she always likes to see, Tom." She opened her mouth to say more, but glanced at Marie and stopped. "I should let you two get to that sale. It was good seeing you Marie. Have a good summer!" Donna gave them a wave that rattled due to the collection of bangles on her arm.

Marie was content to stand and gawk. Sadie's condition was getting worse, though. She grabbed Marie by the wrist and yanked her toward the car. Once they were on the road, Marie said, "You know she wants to cut you open and live in your skin, right?"

"Not how I would phrase it. She probably just wants Tom back. My skin suit isn't a factor."

"Nuh-uh," Marie said, "it's *you* that she wants to be. She definitely wants Tom, too, but I think she's got some weird fascination with you. She looks at you like a serial killer watching a co-ed. You know it drove her insane the way Erica buddied up to you all last year. Wait— is Tom her legal father?"

Sadie didn't want to think about Tom's former life on a good day, let alone under the

current circumstances of feeling like her tits were on the verge of erupting out of her clothes while she ruined the car's driver seat with her gushing pussy. "No," she answered. "They've barely spent any time together."

"Didn't their marriage last ten years? You're as bad as Donna sometimes."

"Yes," she said, not bothering to hide her irritation. "They were married for ten years, but Erica wasn't a part of their lives. She visited some weekends, but Erica lived with her biological father for most of her life. Tom saw her more at the school than at home. Donna loves to be the mother hen for those cheerleaders, but being an actual mother eluded her. Then Henry remarried and moved to Michigan two years ago. Erica didn't want to leave before finishing high school, so she moved in with Donna."

"Ah, so that's why she wanted to go to Michigan State." Marie gripped the door handle as Sadie curved sharply onto the road. "Hey, so, no pressure, but as your best friend, you're eventually going to tell me why you're wiggling out today, right?"

Tell her now. Just word vomit for ten minutes about fucking a creepy idol your uncle left you. She won't judge me immediately and hate me forever. She might even want to see the idol. Maybe the same thing would happen to her — "Um, yeah, I'll explain everything. Just one of those days." Sadie tried to smile reassuringly. *I should compliment her; that always gets her distracted. I could say that I like the way her tits look so round and soft in that top.* Sadie shook her head both to focus on driving and to get the idea of her friends breasts out of her mind. It didn't work, so she went faster.

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Sadie slammed the door behind her and made sure to lock it. She wanted the world to leave her alone. No delivery men, no friends, no Donna, not even Tom. She need time to figure out what was going on in her head. To pursue this goal, she decided that stripping out of her clothes was the natural first step. It was like pulling off an old dead scab to leave that sundress in a pile with her bra and panties just inside the front door. She took her first real breath in hours, since she'd silently moaned while Tom emptied inside of her.

A cold feeling lingered at the back of her neck as she approached the bedroom. She expected to look inside and see the statues dancing, their odd shapes tangling into different poses as they worshiped the idol. She stepped around the door frame brazenly, ready to confront whatever demons waited with her own nudity. The statues remained where she left them, inert and uncaring about the sudden appearance of a naked woman. Sadie realized the house was exceedingly quiet. A distant lawn mower and a few bird calls could be heard through the closed windows, but inside the house was an eerie stillness. No air conditioner running, no refrigerator or other appliances, and none of the barking sound of modern technology. On days that she spent with dozens of students, the silence would have been refreshing. In the house with the idol, it felt oppressive, as though everything was being deferential.

Unnerved, but still determined, Sadie walked over to the statues and picked up the idol.

She thought some other change might have come over it in her absence. Or that touching it might bring the shadows back to life. The idol was unchanged since she last saw it, and nothing happened when her fingers ran over its strange markings. “What’s the trick, huh?” she asked it. “How do I make you work?” She put the idol back and spent a few minutes trying different arrangements of the statues with no result other than her growing frustration. Her body’s demands hadn’t stopped growing. Every time she moved the idol, she remembered the feeling of it inside of her and wanted that feeling back. Looking at the thing though, she was convinced her first time with it had been enabled by magic. *That thing would tear me in half.* She glanced at her closet and smirked. *But I do have my own toys.*

Wondering if an idol could feel jealousy, she went rummaging through the stacks of boxes and bags in the back of her closet until she found a gaudy purse. Hauling it out of the closet, she opened it and dumped the contents onto the bed. She picked up the two slender vibrators, one four inches and the other six, and fiddled with them until she found the on switch. As expected, they needed to be charged. She put them off to the side with the chargers that had also fallen out of the bag. Next she picked up a silicone dick and balls with a suction cup on the end. She bought it to put on a show for Tom, but hadn’t used it since. Beside it was a similar, but significantly larger purple dildo. Sadie thought that every woman eventually came into possession of a large purple dildo, likely as a result of a gag gift from bachelorette party. Sadie received hers as a prize for a ladies’ night pub quiz, and it had gone into the bag without ever being used due to its intimidating size. The idol changed her opinion on the purple thing since it was only half the idol’s size. Rounding out the toys were two cock rings, a silver butt plug, and a tried and true “back massager”.

The feeling of emptiness plaguing her drove her choice. She shoved everything back into the bag except for the purple monster. It waggled knowingly as she stuck it on the nightstand. *It’s a dildo,* she thought, *not some guy who’s been chasing me for a decade and is finally gonna get his dick wet.* With the bag put off to the side, she rolled onto the bed and took the purple cock with her. As she rubbed the silicone head along her wet slit, she thought through places that she could make use of the suction cup on its other end. In a pinch, she guessed that any bit of wall would work. She also considered sticking it on the front of the idol, but guessed that would be too awkward and unwieldy to accomplish much.

As she thought, her own arousal coated the purple cock and allowed it to slide inside of her. She let her mind race as she adopted a rhythm of slipping in as much of the fake cock as she could before she met resistance and then sliding it out to let its slippery length push along her outer folds. Her free hand moved to her clit, happy to rub in sync with the flopping cock. She finally sighed with relief as the seven inches of dick slid easily into her. With the base swiveled around, she could even push the fake balls against her clit which left her other hand free to play with her nipples.

Lost in her own pleasure, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine Tom between her legs. When she opened them again, the room was dark. She ignored it, attributing the change in light to a cloud passing in front of the sky. She was too close to cumming to get distracted. Shutting her eyes tight, she moved the fake cock faster and mewled as the sensations that had been

bombarding her all day started to coalesce into another exquisite orgasm. Sadie drew in a sharp gasp and readied her body for the thundering moment — and it stopped.

Like something had been torn out of her, every wonderful sensation fizzled into nothingness. Her body drained of energy and went slack as the fake cock shoved hilt deep in her pussy was instantly obtrusive and vulgar. Confused, she opened her eyes and saw shadows moving on the walls. Sadie's heart raced as she matched each blob to one of the statues. The statues remained unmoving, but the blobs cartwheeled in a circle across wall. As they turned and rotated, their shapes changed until one resembled a half a torso. Another formed into a pair of legs, not human but something with hooves. Then came the other half of the torso, and she could see how each of the three would piece together and blend into a figure. The final shape took longer and yet she felt it glaring at her before it even formed eyes. When a pair of wide, black eyes did appear, she saw nothing human about them.

Minotaur, she thought. She'd read more than a few smutty books teasing the idea of which parts of a bull the man would get in such a hybrid situation. But, she'd never once considered the horror inherent in the creature's origins of Greek myth. As the shadow solidified, she saw the feral rage of an abomination, the brutal delineations between man and beast, and a combination of the beast's raw primal strength and a man's wicked cleverness and cruelty. Its form rippled and shifted, battling against the light, until it finally stepped forward, out of the wall and into reality.

Its horns would have gouged out chunks of the ceiling, but it appeared selective in which portions of its body manifested and which ones didn't. The horns passed harmlessly through the solid matter, leaving small wisps of black smoke in their wake. The monster came to the foot of the bed and then proceeded on its hairy, muscled knee. Sadie made a squeak of alarm which finally made the thing pause. Her body was still reeling from the magically enforced numbness. The last thing she expected to break the spell was the monster's voice.

"You have made the pact," he said in a rich, warm rumble. "Your journey has begun. If you turn your back on it now, you will feel nothing for the rest of your short life. Join with me, and I will give you pleasure beyond imagination."

It occurred to Sadie that the voice wasn't only being spoken, but also coming from inside her own head. "What are you?" she managed to ask. With nothing edging her closer to orgasm, she could concentrate on her fear and demand some questions.

"I am Taurik. Will you accept the gift?"

"Gift? What gift?"

In answer, Taurik brought his other knee onto the bed. With it came the biggest dick Sadie had ever seen. It was a little bigger than her whole forearm and standing fully erect. She could see it visibly throb as it oozed a quicksilver fluid from its tip and tendrils of black smoke slithered away from its girth. "Holy shit, that would fucking kill me."

“No,” Taurik insisted as he moved closer. His massive hands took hold of Sadie’s thighs and dragged her down the bed to him. The enormous cock stuck out over her body reaching from her pussy up to her chin. She resisted the urge to crane upward and lick the head as Taurik spoke, “It is your pleasure. Your deliverance. Accept it. Join with me.”

Sadie knew a devil’s bargain when she saw one. But, like her expectations of a minotaur, her ability to navigate past an alluring offer seemed to be inadequate. The shadow cock wasn’t touching her, but still she felt all those pleasurable feelings radiating off of it. She cast her mind back to how she’d spent her day. At the time, she’d blamed her frustrations on the nagging need to fuck and cum. Now, she realized it hadn’t been that need getting in the way, but the rest of her tedious life. How could she want to do lesson plans instead of feeling a massive cock pushing into her dripping pussy? How could she have suffered through banal conversations about work when a nimble tongue could be circling her nipple, preparing her for the feeling of hard suction.

And so, when the question came, Sadie was surprised to find her answer. “Fuck me,” she said in throaty groan. The shadow beast obliged.

The enormous cock crammed into her and seeped out into every part of her body. With it came all the sensation that had been taken, and it came back tenfold. Sadie wailed in pleasure as Taurik held her in position and ravaged her body with hard, powerful thrusts. Her eyes fluttered back into her head as heat flushed through her body. The first orgasm shattered her into a groaning, drooling rag doll of pleasure. Sadie simply rode the wave, letting her body be tossed up and down the bed by the creature. “Your ascension has begun,” Taurik whispered and brought her back to consciousness.

Her pleasure dimmed from raging electromagnetic storm to something closer to holding an exposed copper wire. It buzzed through her body and drew her attention to the changes taking place on her previously average form. Her wish for bigger breasts had been granted. The things bulging out from her chest were enormous. Broad, dark red areolas stretched over the distended tissue. At the center, aggressively pink nipples popped out, thick and glistening. Every little bump and ridge on her new boobs ached for touch. Her fingers were enough to cause a bolt of pleasure to rocket down to her core.

The rest of her body had grown to match. She’d gained a few inches in height. A thin layer of soft tissue covered her tummy, but underneath she felt new strength in her core. Her hips had widened which meant none of her clothes would fit any more. The ass she’s worked so hard for years to maintain now looked pathetic in comparison to the fat chunk of cake sticking off her backside. Every spot of it was delectable to the touch, and when she prodded closer to her rear entrance, she felt a peculiar neediness to be filled. Her thighs had the exact proportion to make her a thick goddess. The most shocking thing, however, was the mass of curls falling over her shoulders. She’d had flat hair her whole life, and she knew the auburn ringlets would look gorgeous as their ends scattered over the luscious mounds on her chest. “This is the beginning?”

Taurik’s form was thinner, but she still felt him throb inside of her. “The first step. You

will bring others. Let them drink.”

“Drink? Drink what?”

Sadie guessed the sound the shadow-thing made was a laugh. His massive hand moved across her body, sliding up from her hip to her ribs and then over to palm her heavy breast. His fingertips left popping tingles in her skin until his thumb and index finger pressed on either side of her nipple. He moved them in opposite direction, letting them graze against the sensitive bud. Sadie gasped and watched as milk sprayed freely from the taut nipple. As it happened, she felt the throbbing inside of her change to a more urgent pace. Taurik’s form curved down over her and his bovine snout opened. A long, blue shadow of a tongue slithered out and lapped around her breast, slurping away the milk that had splashed down before moving to the source and drinking deeply.

A fresh orgasm caused her to squeal as the impossible thing drank from her. She could feel his orgasm push over the edge and braced for the feeling of something gushing into her pussy. Instead, she heard Taurik groan resentfully and pull away from her. Her hips bucked as the final pulses of her own pleasure rippled through her. Taurik moved back from the bed and dissolved once again into separate shadows. The light returned, and the world was once again a sane place.

Sadie bit her bottom lip and noticed that it had changed, plumped into a cushion for cocksucking. It made her smile and reach for the purple dildo.

“Hon?” Tom called from the other room. “You in the bedroom? I ran into Donna, and she said you and Marie went downtown, but you haven’t been answering you phone.”

Panic gripped Sadie as she searched for an explanation. Looking at the idol, she saw that new markings and colorations had appeared on it. *Bring others. Make them drink*, she thought. *That will explain it. Tom will understand. When he tastes it, he’ll understand.* She hefted her new tits and squeezed, delighting in the spritz of milk scattering out in front of her. “Yeah,” she called. “Back here! I have something to show you! Another surprise!”