Golden Opportunity

There was a loud clank as the metal grappling hook that had soared through the air landed on the sandstone ledge, followed by a scraping noise that filled the air as it was dragged towards the edge. Eventually the sound the stop when it found purchase on a large set of stones that was nearby and soon the rope went taut. For a few moments everything went silent until there was a new sound that came from the underside of the ledge. It was made by a red-scaled dragon, the muscular man pushing himself up and crawling over the edge before hoisting himself up the rest of the way.

It was the latest in a series of challenges that Rook had to undertake as he paused for a moment to catch his breath. He was in the ruins of a temple that was essentially in the middle of the desert and though technically he was trespassing there was no worry that anyone would be checking up on him. The main area of this place had been looted, inspected, and studied for years before they had moved on to the next archeological find, but according to his client there was a secret that had been missed by everyone else. A temple within a temple… and inside it an artifact that the mysterious collector had tasked the dragon in collecting for him as the dragon got back to his feet and collected his grappling hook.

The red-scaled creature had found the temple early in the morning and the path to the secret entrance was exactly where the client had said it would be, but that was where the ease of this retrieval stopped. Already he had to traverse through several cramped hallways and slide through areas that were rigged with some sort of ancient traps. There was also a few areas that were lined in cryptic messages in an ancient language that thankfully he knew enough how to read in order to figure out where he was going. While all his jobs usually had some degree of difficulty it was the first time Rook considered raising his rates for hazard pay as he moved forward into the large cave.

With the old temple set into a mountain there was no telling how far back this place could go, but as Rook cracked another glow stick and tossed it forward the dragon found it landing on smoothed stone instead of the rough cave floor. He found his breath catching in his throat as he realized that he had done it, this time taking a handful of the implements and activating them before chucking the whole bundle in the air. As they landed all around he saw that the temple entrance was huge; it was adorned with the engravings of what looked to be a large feline creature and had two columns that went far up into the darkness. It was quite the find and if anyone else had come across it first they would have likely told someone, which meant he was probably the first to step foot on the carved stone pathway in ages.

As he walked towards it the coolness of the cave was interrupted by a blast of heat that seemed to come out from the entranceway. Perhaps there was an opening to the outside, Rook thought to himself as he went over to some writing he had seen on a pedestal in front of the structure. “The Temple of the Forge,” Rook read out loud. “Let those souls who enter be molded in the crucible into creatures of metal and flame.”

This was not something the collector had mentioned and it made Rook wonder exactly what sort of deity those who built this temple worshipped, at least until he caught the glint of something shiny further up towards the door. When he went to investigate the large set of stairs he found himself staring at a set of chains that were affixed to the stone post that divided them into two. Though it had been hard to see when he was further back he found his eyes widening slightly as he noticed that the chains as well as the collar and cuffs that they were attached to had been made out of solid gold. Definitely no one has been here before him, the dragon thought to himself as he found a smaller set of writing etched in there.

“Post of the eternal guardian,” Rook read, unaware that the chains had started to rise up around him. “Let those who stand here bask in the pleasure of remaining vigilant for their lord. Interesting, perhaps this is what… uh oh…”

By the time Rook had realized something was going on with the cuffs around him it was too late; before the dragon could pull back he suddenly found them clasping onto his wrists and pulling him towards the dusty disk which was revealed to be gold as well. Another trap, and this one was far more cunning than the others he had dealt with as he felt the second set clasp against ankles once he was in the middle of the embedded platform. Before he could even wrap around what sort of ancient magic this could be he found the collar drifting up towards his neck. In a last ditch effort to try and protect himself he brought his hands out to grab it only for the chains to yank his arms to the side as the cool metal clasped around the scales of his throat.

The rattling of metal could be heard as Rook tried to break free somehow, using his strength to attempt to rip the anchors off the walls when trying to break the cuffs themselves proved futile. When he tried to pull his entire body away for leverage however his feet felt rather heavy and almost stuck to the ground. With the ambient light of the glowsticks all around him he could see what was happening to his scales, the surprise of the trap turning to shock as he noticed the gold coloration was slowly spreading over his draconic feet. It wasn’t just down there as he looked at his hands and found them to be quite heavy as they were also covered in gold.

Not covered, the dragon quickly corrected himself, whatever was happening to him was actually somehow petrifying his body and turning it to solid gold! He could feel his breath quickening in panic as the movements of his arms and legs started to become sluggish, his digits completely frozen in place as the coloration began to spread. When Rook tried to crane his head around to see what was happening he let out a gasp as his neck was also completely petrified, his gaze locked in on looking at himself as his body was becoming more statuesque by the second. There was a saving grace in that even as he began to lose control of his limbs and feel his chest stiffen there was no pain…

…in fact, it actually felt quite pleasant.

Rook would have tried to shake his head of the thoughts but with his head frozen in place all he could do was watch as the petrification reached his clothing. While he wasn’t sure what would happen he found that when the magic touched them it rapidly spread over the entirety of his outfit before shattering into pieces around him. That left him completely naked and for a brief moment he forgot about the weight of the situation and found himself blushing slightly at being naked in the middle of a cave. If he didn’t think of something soon though he would have to wait for the next retrieval expert or archeologist to discover nude dragon statue form as he felt his forearms and shins become solid metal.

With his limbs pretty much frozen in place there was little that Rook could do to try and escape from his plight, especially as he began to feel that stiffness starting to trail up his jaw. That wasn’t the only thing that was getting stiff however as his permanent viewpoint had him watching his maleness start to grow erect. He found himself blushing slightly as he found that his arousal had been growing in the background of his petrification, or perhaps because of it? It was a silly thought to have but as his mind followed that train of thought he couldn’t help but notice his rather burly form did look exotic with that golden shine.

No… the magic was corrupting his mind, though the thought of being a statue on display had caused his cock to just out from his body just as the golden sheen was traveling up it. The fact that he was going to be on full display for the next person to find him made it twitch even more before it stopped as he watched the flesh get assimilated. Just like the rest of his body he could still somewhat feel it even though it became harder than it was, and while he was becoming increasingly horny with his arms frozen in place there was nothing he could do except let out a slight gasp. When he tried to breath back in however he found that he couldn’t and that his muzzle had been caught in that slightly open pose while gold moved up and coated the inside of his mouth.

It was a bizarre sensation to feel his tongue and lips no longer able to move, the red of his scales disappearing rapidly as the petrification went down his spine. He could feel his tail following suit and becoming stuck in the position it was in along with his rear and hips becoming just as solid as the rest of him. This was it, Rook thought to himself as the pleasure continued to build in his body, he was about to become a statue trapped down here for the rest of his life. Strangely he found himself not as devastated as he imagined he would be, though his golden form still being stimulated was enough of a distraction as his eyes rolled back into his head before they became just as shiny as the rest of him.

To Rook’s surprise he was still able to see and in his struggles he had turned himself around to look out from where he had come from. He imagined that with the chains on his body and the collar around his neck those that would proceed him might think he was supposed to be the guardian of the temple. Just the thought of that caused an unusual sensation of pleasure to go through his body. If he had the capability he probably would be stroking himself just from how horny he had gotten, but all he could do was stand there in his frozen pose as a calm euphoria settled on his mind.

Rook wasn’t sure how long he had stood there in his petrified state, but as a shadow began to move about in the darkness he saw that it couldn’t have been long since his glow sticks were still active. They had just started to dim however and that made whomever was out there lurking about even more mysterious. With no means to move or call out all he could do was wait and see who or what it was, and he didn’t have to wait long before the creature stepped into the pool of green light. It was a feline creature, one that was distinctly familiar to the dragon as the glow reflected off his skin that had an unnatural luster to it.

As Rook continued to stare the creature walked slowly and purposefully towards him, those golden eyes staring right at him as though knowing that he wasn’t just a statue. “I have to say that I somewhat forgot about this particular temple,” the feline said as he got up close enough for Rook to get a better look at him, which he noticed both tiger stripes and various spots of shiny silver on his otherwise obsidian body that made him look like a statue himself. “But I’m glad that I’ve decided to revitalize the area, there is so much potential here.”

Who is this creature… as Rook tried to speak it was just another reminder of his golden state as the other one slowly walked around him. As he felt a hand run down his back it was somewhat soft but definitely felt like stone as it went down to the base of his tail. There were a few other places where he was touched on his body as the creature seemed to be admiring his form, which once more caused a strange surge of both pleasure and desire that hadn’t been there before. The one looking him over was some sort of living statue, and as he remembered what he had seen on the temple wall he finally realized where he had seen this form in front of him before.

This creature was the one being worshipped here.

“It seems that you’re quite clever figuring out all that,” the obsidian creature said, finally running his fingers under the chin of the gold statue dragonborn. “Usually I have to go into a bit of exposition for the uninitiated, but for now I think that the story you’ve got so far will do for the moment. But allow me to properly introduce myself to you Rook, my name is Kirdos and I am in fact the god of this particular domain… as well as your benefactor.”

A god… that was not something he was expecting, but upon hearing that he was also the one that had lured him here in the first place Rook realized that his voice was in fact familiar too. “Yes, I am the one that lured you to this place,” Kirdos cooed as he rubbed a hand against the pecs of the dragon, the feline seemingly reading Rook’s thoughts as he was being stimulated further. “And yes, I can read your thoughts, since you are in my realm now I can hear you even in this state so that we can properly communicate.”

So what’s going to happen to me then, Rook thought even as the fog of pleasure began to suffuse through his mind.

“I suppose that’s going to depend on what you want to do next,” Kirdos replied as he grabbed onto the wrists of the gold dragon statue and pulled them upwards, Rook’s surprise growing when he felt them move until they were over his head and pressed together. “The reason I had you become like this is because as I stated before I’ve thought about revitalizing the Forge, and to do that I need a guardian for the temple. You’ve proven yourself more than capable at this point so I would to like to offer you a permanent position here.”

If he had the capacity to do so Rook would have gasped, not only at the bizarre offer he was getting but also because Kirdos had started to rub not only his pecs but his stomach as well. It was hard to concentrate on what was happening as he found that having to remain completely still while being stroked and fondled was both enticing and frustrating. Kirdos continued to explain that he would be the actual guardian of this temple, a golden dragon statue that would be animate just like he was. For the most part he would remain in his petrified state though and was assured that he would enjoy it as those fingers slid around his gold cock.

But would being a statue and leaving his old life behind really be worth it? Even though he was finding this bizarre situation fascinating he wasn’t sure if he could give up everything just to be some temple guardian statue. “I can sense your hesitation,” Kirdos practically purred into his ear as he got even closer to the frozen dragon. “Understandable, even with the wonders you’ve seen it’s not every day that you are asked to be the eternal golden guardian for such a place, but perhaps if I show you a few perks of the position I can tip the scales in my favor.”

Rook was unsure what that meant but it didn’t take long before those hands were once more back up on his chest. As Kirdos massaged his fingers against them the dragon could feel the gold softening, and while he still couldn’t move at all there was something happening to his form that radiated through his petrified body. This creature was changing him, or more like molding him as he could feel his musculature shifting around. The sensation of those fingertips against him was incredibly erotic and he found himself mentally panting as he saw that the feline had sculpted a pair of rather nice pectorals capped with incredibly sensitive metal nipples.

Kirdos continued to make fine adjustments before he was satisfied like smoothing out the rest of his form so that his new growth looked proportional to the rest of his body. Even in his frozen state he could feel his body practically quivering as the feline leaned down and licked each nipple, slowly sliding his soft obsidian tongue of them to put the dragon in absolute heaven. This creature knew how to entice and he wasn’t even done yet as his fingers slowly trailed down towards his stomach and began to push it in. Rook let out a mental groan as he felt his bulky hips and sides get streamlined, those fingers sliding around and creating a set of washboard abs and strong, powerful obliques before moving to his hips and streamlining them as well.

The sensation of having his body shaped like it was putty was strange but also intensely pleasurable, feeling as though his form was in the hands of a master craftsman. Considering that he had been the one that made him a statue in the first place Rook reckoned that this creature could do whatever he wanted to him, perhaps even change his species as he continued to be reformed. It appeared that the feline had no such radical plans for him though as he felt his legs and arms get worked on to make them muscular and thick without being overly bulgy. It felt like Kirdos was done showing him what he could do at this point, but as the obsidian hybrid sensed that thought he smiled and tapped the petrified dragon on the snout before saying he left the best for last.

Once more Kirdos grabbed the wrists of the dragon and Rook felt his arms move of their own accord again, this time being maneuvered to the back of the feline’s head as he knelt down before him. For a few moments they were put near his sides as the one in front of him got into position, licking against the shaft and teasing the dragon while explaining that he had a special way of molding this last piece. It didn’t take much to figure out what that was as those lips pressed against his inner thighs and continued to stimulate him, but without any movement of his own all he could do was go at the pace of his sculptor. After a bit of foreplay Kirdos opened his maw and coiled his tongue around the entirety of the dragon’s shaft before sliding his mouth over it, engulfing his member in one shot.

As soon as Rook felt the muzzle up against the groin of the creature though Kirdos suddenly froze in place. He didn’t move a muscle and with the dragon unable to do anything the only sensation of movement he felt was inside of the hybrid feline’s maw. He had turned himself into a full statue… and with his mouth completely pushed up against him it was causing a strange stimulation in his maleness that he couldn’t quite place. With both their bodies frozen it felt like Rook would be trapped in an eternal edging, the feelings in the feline’s maw enough to keep him fully stimulated but not enough to reach orgasm.

Rook was unsure of how long they remained like that save for the flickering of the glow sticks going out, disappearing one by one in the darkness as the two remained frozen like that. Just as he wondered if this was part of the trap he began to feel something moving again, but this time its his own maleness. He felt the sensation of the tongue wrapped around it as well and with the additional stimulation it was almost like he was becoming erect again. With Kirdos a statue he could feel the girth of his cock pressing against his mouth while the tip began to push deeper down until it touched the back of his throat.

But it was only a slight bump in pleasure even with his draconic dick growing bigger and Rook wanted nothing more than to thrust forward and really stretch out this other man. With the darkness growing around him the image of their placement was burned into his mind, the frozen feline with his muzzle practically buried in his golden groin while his maleness was stretching out inside of it. It would be quite the site to see, Rook managed to think above the lustful thoughts racing in his head, this creature servicing the guardian of this temple. Suddenly his brain seemed to hook into that thought and as the last of the lights went out he imagined others than Kirdos doing the same, replicating the sensations of thrusting into the maw of the one kneeling in front who had chose to worship him.

These strange concepts of being revered and worshipped sank into Rook’s mind as he continued to let the carnal images play out in his head to hopefully get him to orgasm. He could almost feel his hands pressed against the back of his acolyte’s head as they made sure their temple guardian was happy, thrusting his hips forward while feeling the pressure of his orgasm grow. Up until that point he had wondered if he could even have an orgasm as a statue, but with the rush of his corrupted mind playing these images and the sensation of his cock pushing deep into their throat finally tipped the scales. In his mind he let out a silent roar as he orgasmed, letting his metallic seed fill the one in front of him to be no doubt used for other blessings in the forge.

Suddenly as soon as he came he could see again, the darkness banished as though the sun had started to stream into the cavern. When he got his bearings he found that his body was in a new pose, his face frozen in mid-roar as his hands were pressed against the head of Kirdos. As he tried to move again he found himself able to slowly release the creature, the obsidian hybrid carefully pulling back to slowly reveal his new cock. If he could Rook’s eyes would have widened in shock at the state of his hefty new member, and though it took some work he managed to get his hand around the fat shaft to see just how big it was.

“Your transition to a living statue shows that you are keen on accepting my offer,” Kirdos said with a bemused grin as Rook suddenly found himself once more completely petrified, this time in an even more compromising position. “Now that we’ve given you the proper body of a golden guardian let’s see how well you can use it.”

Kirdos got up with startling speed and suddenly Rook found his benefactor directly behind him, feeling his tail get shifted out of the way before it was completely immobile once more. “Every time I pull out of you I want you to get into a pose,” Kirdos cooed as Rook felt the equally impressive maleness of the feline starting to press up between his exposed shiny butt cheeks. “When I push back in you’ll be frozen in place once more. At any time you can stop and I’ll take that as the signal you’ve reconsidered, but if I cum in you then your fate will be sealed. Understand?”

Rook tried to nod and say that he understood before he quickly remembered that he was a statue, something that caused Kirdos to snicker before pressing up behind him. Even though the dragon was quite a bit bigger than the feline, even more so with the added touches, the other man oozed dominance and found himself more than eager to start the exercise. As soon as the tip spread open his tailhole he was able to move again and it took him by surprise, though it was quickly replaced with pleasure as the throbbing obsidian shaft slid easily inside of him. By the time he had decided to just do a simple flex of his golden arms to show off his new body he was hilted, petrifying him in that form.

It was such a wild sensation to go from being mobile to suddenly having no sensation of movement, and as Kirdos told him what a good job he was doing while pulling out again he found himself puffing his chest in response. It felt very desirable to get such praise, to be complimented on his body as he moved to another position as Kirdos pushed back into him. He once more found a mental image of others coming to the temple and doing the same thing, admiring his statue form to the point of reverence. Even though the chains were just for show he felt honored to have the cuffs and collar on as a mark of service for the one he was quickly growing to appreciate as his master.

Thrust and flex, thrust and flex… every opportunity the living statue got he grew increasingly lewd in his positions while he was being plowed into from behind. More than once he tried to stroke his cock while he was being stretched open and Kirdos could sense when he was getting close to orgasming again. He found himself being frozen for longer periods of time to drain the momentum he had and soon he was moving little while that obsidian groin was practically grinding against his rear. Kirdos was panting and had moved his own hands around to stroke his golden dragon cock, and as the two living statues synced up Rook realized that he was about to have his first real climax and not be able to move a muscle during it.

Internally the dragon had melted into a puddle of pure lust as his mind accepted his new role, his stiff cock spurting out more of his corrupted cum while he felt the one behind him do the same. Rook was the temple’s guardian, a fact he found himself proud of as Kirdos eventually pulled out of him and he found himself able to move again. “I’m glad to see that you’ve found this position agreeable,” Kirdos said as he rubbed his hands down the sensitive pectoral of the dragon still shuddering in pleasure. “While we’ll consider more modifications in the future there is one gift I want to give you now as my thanks for joining with me.”

“Of course, Master Kirdos,” Rook replied, the word master rolling off his shiny tongue with ease as he saw the feline form something in his hands. “What is that?”

“Close your eyes and you’ll see,” Kirdos replied with a wry grin. Rook did what he was told and for a few brief moments it felt like the obsidian hybrid had put his fingers into his nostrils and pinched there, eliciting another vibration of pleasure through his golden body as he was told to open his eyes again. When the dragon put his fingers to his muzzle he found that there was something there, the heavy weight of a gold ring pierced through his septum to adorn his nose.

Rook let out a moan despite himself as Kirdos did the same to his nipples, this time the dragon able to watch as the golden rings were pushed through the sensitive nubs like they were softened gold. As soon as they were in place the feline gave them a little tug and the metal dragon almost got hard again just from that, his new body having far more stamina than the old one. “Thank you,” Rook said with a sigh of pure delight as Kirdos conjured a mirror so he could fully see his naked shiny body. “This is beyond anything I could have imagined when I took this job.”

“I’m glad to hear that you find my offer so appealing,” Kirdos replied as he left the mirror there for his new golden guardian to admire himself in. “There are still a few more positions that I will need to fill before the forge can fully reopen once more, but if they are all as eager as you are than I don’t think I’ll have a problem. You’ll be here of course to make sure they’re properly inducted and until then you can release those chains at any time so you can have the run of this temple.”

“Thank you master,” Rook replied, keeping himself in his bindings despite them being mostly for show. “If I may ask, what will happen when you have all the positions that you need?”

Kirdos licked his lips as he looked over at the temple entrance. “I’m going to build myself a little paradise,” Kirdos explained as he petted the head of his living statue dragon. “There is so much more potential here in this part of the realm since I had last visited, and fortunately their artistic endeavors have not slowed. The temple is already here after all, so why let a golden opportunity like this go to waste?”