

Gold and stone

Jenny was a woman that could be described with plenty of words. If one went for her physique lean, sensual and attractive were usually the first to come around. On the non physical side impulsive, daring and quick-thinking were some that fit the bill quite nicely; and the usual ones that floated around her were less flattering for the masses. Cat-burglar, exhibitionist and sex-crazed fitted her, but she didn't like making a poor first impression, even though she made a habit out of sneaking in and robbing, particularly the young nouveau riche that had been given everything in a silver platter since popping out into the world. She invited herself into their lives and manors, basking in their version of luxury and decadence before legging it once more, a dangerous hobby to have, maybe because she enjoyed such a lifestyle and her antics were just fitting her down to a t.

However, a twist she had not seen coming was meeting and befriending Michelle Collins, actress, rich woman and quite the eccentric in most people's eyes. She had snuck into her property twice before, but the third time she was caught red handed by both Michelle and her wife Mikuna. She expected them to either stop her or get help, but instead they invited her for a drink, followed by a long talk where they had her explain in detail how she had snuck in. They let her go, but with the condition she came back and had some "fun" with them. A couple of months later she complied, starting a strange three-way relationship with the couple, as she tried to snuck in, get a hold of some trinket and leave before she was found. Although being caught was also a pretty good outcome in her eyes.

This night she had arrived once more, ready for either another triumph or some fun time. She was wearing her usual tight catsuit, which fitted her curves and left little to the imagination but also let little for her to be grabbed. She didn't bother with any sort of mask, since not only was something between acquaintances, and if caught it would only make them lose time. And Michelle could be as impatient and impulsive as her, so best not keep her waiting. She had made her way into her penthouse from the roof of another building using rappelling equipment she had procured herself, having learned long ago using her immense wealth when bored. From the roof she made her way down, quietly opening a large window after preparing her way out and sneaking in. She landed with the silence and agility of an actual feline, scanning her surroundings. It was a large penthouse, with plenty of illumination coming from the outside when sunny, decorated lavishly and

luxuriously. Luckily for her clouds covered the moon, but it was forecasted they wouldn't be there for long. Moving quietly and swiftly, she walked upstairs into the upper floor of the penthouse, where she could find something to take away with some risk involved. Her steps were carefully taken and quiet, but not enough, as two doors, one on each side of her, opened. To rub it in, the moonlight came in, revealing her to the two women and forming quite the image. Jennifer, completely still in her catsuit, illuminated by the moon while Michelle and Mikuna looked at her lustily, each woman leaning against the frame of a door while only wearing expensive and smooth looking black lingerie.

- Well, well, well. Point for us. -Said Michelle as she walked towards her. – Better luck next time Jenny darling.

- Oh, you bet. -She answered as she opened her catsuit revealing her generous bust before being kissed by the approaching woman.

No more words were needed as Mikuna joined them and between both women took Jenny into their bedroom. As they made her way, her catsuit peeled off her, leaving her bare naked as she caressed the bodies of the couple of ambushers and their expensive lingerie, helping them get rid of it as the three reached the bed nude. She was taken in, left at the mercy of them as what little foreplay was involved blossomed into full-blown sex. They kissed and caressed, they groped each other and pleased as much and as best as they could, both themselves and their lovers. It was a strange relationship, most befitting of them and their eccentric lifestyles, but none of the three cared. They went back and forth for a long time, until they eventually achieved release, proceeding to cuddle next to each other while they basked in the afterglow. A camera snapped a photo of them, recording the result of this last attempt by Jenny. Three fair skinned women, all of them lean and tall. Jenny was very good-looking, with generous assets and plenty of sex appeal, and yet she was surpassed slightly by the other two women. Michelle was a gorgeous blonde with wavy long hair, contrasting with the dark manes of the other two, her blue eyes full of passion for her wife and their lover. She had two absolutely massive breasts on her chest, whether they were real or enhanced being kept secret. Mikuna was as gorgeous as her

wife, but more on the shyer side, her almond shaped eyes fixed on her wife while she gently caressed her and gave her a peck. She had a long, lustrous straight dark mane, similar to Jenny, but kept it free instead of tying it in a ponytail. She had a great bust too, complete with a very shapely rear and long and slender legs. While talented, she knew she was mostly eye candy for public appearances, but that didn't keep her from the music nor stop her and her wife from loving each other very much.

- Jenny darling, there is a little something I want us to do.

- And that is...?

- I want the three of us to do one of those break-ins of yours.

- You what? You DO know the risk involved, right? What about your career?

- Don't worry about it, I can make any problem that arises go away, I have more than enough for that.

- If you say so... what about you Mikuna?

- Where she goes, I follow. No questions about it.

- That's... straightforward. Are you two absolutely sure? If this goes-

- Don't worry, we'll cover for you, dear cat-burglar.

- Alright then, do you have anything in particular in mind?

- I do! -Said Michelle a bit too enthusiastically. – There is this place, quite out of the way belonging to a couple of artists, or so they call themselves. oh, I do love the idea of getting a couple of catsuits for us two...

Jenny rolled her eyes and Mikuna smiled beatifically, Michelle losing herself in her fantasy as she rambled on and on about tight catsuits and the three of them. They would have to concrete some details and how to go about it, and while she preferred acting alone, to minimize the chances of being caught, both women were quite capable on the physical side, and she knew first hand their endurance.

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It had been a week since they had agreed to it, and this night was the one they would go ahead with it. They had little information about the place, since it was quite distant from other parts of the city, perched on a side of a hill. They had to use a car to approach it and even then, they had to walk for a little while to stand next to it. from what they knew, it belonged to two artists, two sculptresses. They answered to the names of Petra and Gilda, and little else. The place was a cross between a classic palace and modern architecture, built with white stone and with plenty of French doors and windows that didn't allow one to look in. It was surrounded by a massive garden, the building being in the centre of it among a labyrinth of topiary and some fountains placed here and there. And the whole place was surrounded by a tall wall that formed a square perimeter around it, some vegetation covering part of it, but with more than plenty visible. There was a complete absence of security, cameras or alarms, which allowed the three of them to climb the wall and enter the complex easily. Under the cover of the night, they made their way towards the topiary, crouching next to it and waiting in silence for any sign of possible security should they have to get out immediately, but nothing came.

- Alright, let's go girls.

Following Jenny's command, Michelle and Mikuna did as told, the three of them entering the garden proper and immediately having their jaws hit the floor. It was very well maintained, the topiary not having a single branch or leaf out of place, even the tiniest details taken care of. It had surprisingly plenty of colour, being dotted with different flowers whose colour was enthralling and when put together created the most wonderful forms. The sound of flowing water from different fountains around helped the calm ambient of the garden remain in a stillness that seemed otherworldly, the warm breeze gently swaying the trees that dotted the place. The flora emitted a sweet scent, one that crawled up their noses and gently made a place for itself, contributing to the calm ambience. But the most significant and eye-catching sight were definitely the statues that decorated the place. They were made of some sort of stone or marble, they didn't recognize it since none of them dabbled on that aspect, but they didn't care. They were gorgeous. Women of whitish stone with dark spots all over them, although they couldn't tell whether it was due to the porous texture or something belonging to the material itself. But it didn't affect their beauty, as they decorated the place in a considerable number. Just in the small clearing they were, next to a small basin with water, four of them stood silently. They were all female, gorgeous stone women in the middle of some sexual act. One with its hair tied in a ponytail reclining in a bench, legs spread and a content smile while she cupped her breasts; a couple groping each other with their foreheads against each other, both looking at the same spot with an expression of pleasure and surprise; and a last one down on her knees, her mouth open in a silent moan as she squeezed one of her breasts with a hand and pleased herself with the other. Silent guardians, standing watch over the garden they populated in a permanent display of eroticism and artistry.

- Oh wow... whoever did these definitely loves the female form...

- And with good reason Mikuna dear, and with good reason. They are so gorgeous...

Jenny had to agree with them if they belonged to the collection of the two sculptresses, they definitely knew their taste, and if they were their craft, now wonder they could afford such a place. The stone statues were truly gorgeous, and their presence felt both soothing and welcoming, like a group that simply minded its business but welcomed anyone to stay. They could stare at them for one knew how long, simply taking in how different they were, some being taller, others being more well-endowed, different hairstyles... They were fantastic, but they had something to do. The sight of Mikuna being enthralled by the one on the bench, kneeling before her and delicately touching her thighs before approaching her stone nether lips with her mouth made Michelle squeal with glee and Jenny focus on their task.

- Hey! Focus, we are...

- Relax Jenny -smiled Michelle- nothing happened, they might not even be home.

- Uh-huh, yeah, whatever. Let's go.

- Aw... you're mean to my dear wife...

However, Jenny managed to get them moving, the trio waking through the maze calmly. There was no security, no lights on the house and the statues would certainly not say a word. They walked around the garden with little to no care, sometimes stopping to admire some of the statues around, all caught in erotic and sexual poses, some more overt and other demurer, but all of them in line with the calm feeling that permeated the garden. They were surrounded by beautiful flora that smelled wonderfully, the soothing sound of the water accompanied them and the quietness complemented the setting perfectly. They could doze off and wake up without problem, always under the caring gaze of the stone women. And speaking of women, had Michelle and Mikuna always been so attractive? She had gotten to know them intimately, but under the light they were more attractive and gorgeous than usual. Their well-endowed and curvy bodies left little to the imagination

under the tight catsuits. Mikuna's shapely rear swayed gently as she walked, accentuating it even more under her blue suit, while Michelle's breasts seemed rounded and fuller than ever before. She couldn't tell with complete certainty, but she thought she made the forms of her nipples underneath. A giggle from them both brought her back to reality, both women clinging to each other as Michelle gave her wife a peck and Jenny averted her gaze, blushing hard.

- Oh, don't look away darling, you look fantastic yourself. Such a fantastic figure, lovely hair and those assets of yours... -Purred Michelle. – Just like her.

Her eyes were on them again, as both women approached a nearby statue. She was gorgeous too, tall, lean and with big and round breasts. Her hair was done in a tall and elaborate bun, two locks framing her face with an expression of peak pleasure. She leaned against the topiary wall behind her, right hand cupping her breasts while the left approached her crotch, her eyes looking down between her legs, to a lover that was no longer there. Michelle and Mikuna gladly took her in the arms, each latching on to a side of her and rubbing their bodies together. Drawn in, Jenny could not aver her eyes from the gorgeous statue. She was taller than her, but in her pose, she reached her face easily, taking it in her hands as she approached those stony lips. She felt herself breathing hard, finally gathering courage and kissing the statue earning coos from the other two women as she parted lips with the statue. They still had some way to go, and at their pace it took them a little while to reach the building.

The door opened without any effort, almost inviting them in, and the interior was just as wonderful as the exterior. Plants and flowers were sparser, but the very present collection of statues made up for it. The slightly cooler ambient also did its part to differentiate the interior collection from the exterior gallery, a slight difference in temperature, nothing drastic at all, but noticeable for the intruding trio. The furniture that was around was surprisingly spartan, being simple but elegant, and thought for two as the pair of chairs and such manifested. It was thought with a practical point of view, but small decorations gave it just enough to fit right in, never taking the spotlight away from the female statues

that were everywhere. They followed the same trend as the ones on the outside, being made up entirely of naked females, very attractive females, in all sorts of erotic and sexual poses. Some were in a demurer pose, plenty in different shades of overt and explicit, but none broke the theme of nudity and sexuality that bound them all. However, the great contrast that set them apart from their sisters on the outside was their material. As they shone and glistened under the dim light, the three would-be cat burglars were floored to find they were made of gold, or some other metal coated in golden colour. The display left them speechless, as golden statues of women dotted and decorated the place much like the stone women did outside. They were just as lovely, just as fantastic looking and, if they were the pair of sculptresses' handworks, magnificent examples of their mastery. They were a blend of erotic, sexual, graceful and alluring, the nearest two ones drawing the women to them. Michelle and Mikuna approached one of the golden women, standing on a low pedestal. Her short golden hair was a single solid piece with extreme and intricate detail, while her face was confident and sultry, smiling seductively as she held her big bust in her hands, offering it to anyone that stood before her. With her legs flexed slightly and bending the torso slightly forward, paired with her pose and expression, she presented herself as a challenge and a magnificent prize, should anyone take her offer. And both women would gladly do so, their mouths eagerly approaching the hard and golden nipples. Each breath they took condensed in the statue's cool surface, and they could see their silhouettes reflected on it, two very aroused women ready to show the trophy girl some affection, which they would gladly do so.

Jenny for her part was before another golden woman, standing opposite of the one her partners were tending to. Her pose was different, as she stood slightly shorter than her, with a lean figure and modest chest. However, she boasted a very shapely rear, and her pose displayed her butt cheeks proudly, boasting their shape. She also had some long and slender legs, which could fool observers about her height from a distance. Her hair was a simple bun, her face frozen in an expression of pleasure that mixed with a gasp or a sigh, lips slightly parted. Enthralled by her presence, Jenny stepped on the pedestal, gently and slowly running her hands over her form, giving her long caresses that covered her legs and shapely ass. She couldn't help but fantasize about the statue moaning in delight, but unable to give back what she received, at the mercy of her lover and tormentor. And as she stepped back, her eyes on the golden woman, she bumped into Michelle and Mikuna, who had mimicked her movements as they left behind the busty golden woman. No words

were spoken, but the three of them adventured deeper inside, taking a good look at the golden women that dotted the place.

As they walked, they saw some more plants and plenty of statues, mostly single ones, but with the occasional couple of them. However, they now stood before one such couple, and the most eye-catching of the golden women they had come across. They were slightly familiar, but they couldn't quite put their fingers on why, but these thoughts were cast aside as they ogled their forms. They were absolutely gorgeous, two tall and lean women, curvy and very well endowed, not quite reaching Michelle, but still. Their big and round breasts, their very shapely butt cheeks, their long and pillar-like legs, their hourglass shape, their graceful arms and almost delicate shoulders, their long and golden manes, their goddess-like faces frozen in a coordinated and passionate moan of pleasure... everything about them screamed at them to come closer, to know them better, to touch and explore the two gorgeous golden beauties. And they would so very gladly answer, as the three of them approached them, ready to explore every inch of those golden bodies. They felt fantastic, smooth and hard under their hands and against their bodies. The smooth curves of the statues felt cool but welcoming, and so very nice against their heated bodies. Their breaths condensed in the golden bodies, warming them slightly before going back to normal. In their arousal, the three women kissed and caressed each other as much as they did the statues, moaning and gasping in pleasure. They could have almost sworn they had heard hisses of pleasure coming from the statues, or maybe it was their imagination fantasizing, maybe the golden women would come to life, and give them back as much as they had received.

- I see you have really taken a liking to our work.

The women froze at the sound of a voice behind them, slowly turning around and facing the music. It was the two artists, or so they supposed. Two women, attractive and with something unique about them. Maybe it was their physical appearance, one of them slightly taller than the other, with a slightly tanned skin and an attractive figure of her own. But more eye-catching was the white turban she wore, along with a toga of sorts

and the modern sunglasses she had on her. Her partner was slightly shorter, but just as good looking, with a more modest bust but boasting a blonde hair that glistened like gold. She had her hair tied in a ponytail, while some locks and bangs invaded her forehead. Both women looked at them with expressions that took turns going from curiosity to amusement to mild annoyance. The three trespassers did not answer, simply breathing heavily as they looked at them, not letting go of the golden couple.

- By all means, continue. – Said the woman with the turban. – Isn't that right Gilda?

- Petra is right, you most certainly are quite the inspiration.

Jenny would have loved to answer, but before she could, whether it was to try and talk their way out, get some sort of mercy, or, if her lust had its way, for them to join them, she was pulled into a passionate kiss by Michelle. As she melted away in the lust, Mikuna set her breasts free from behind, the three of them being half-undressed by now, as their breasts dangled free in their improvised love making. And she couldn't get enough of them, the two gorgeous women being one with her in a fit of exhibitionism while standing on the pedestal of the golden women they now ignored. Not that she cared, as she went from Michelle to Mikuna and back in a frenzy that was only getting more intense.

- My, my... you are some excellent models. Maybe we could... work something out...

The only answer she gave to the turban woman was a sultry smile, one she shared with her partners now turned lovers. At the smile of the two artists, and following their call, they stepped behind them, leaving the two golden lovers behind. As they walked, they discarded their catsuits and clothing, leaving behind a set of red, blue and black, the three of them waltzing nude behind the artists. She had seen Michelle and Mikuna nude before, getting to know them very intimately, but never before had they seemed so... drop-dead gorgeous. She was splendid looking, but their goddess-like bodies, the way they walked following the artists, the heat they emitted, their infectious upbeat energy. She loved them

so very much, and it may have taken her a while to realize so, but here they were. Eventually, and after fending off several attempts by them to get them to join in, the two sculptresses stopped before a statue, or rather a small group of them, and their sight properly took their breath away. They were gorgeous, one stone woman and two golden women that clung to her lovingly, the three of them in the midst of their love making. The stone woman stood against a small pillar-like pedestal, her body that of a goddess, curvy, lean and tall. Her hourglass figure was only enhanced by slender and pillar-like legs, wide hips with a shapely and bubbly rear, and a long wavy mane. She was passionately kissing a golden woman that clung to her body, golden hands on stony shoulders while pressing her body against hers while the stone woman surrounded her golden waist. Two gold breasts were pressed against the stone one, while the other was claimed by another golden woman, the two of them much alike. Just like their lover they were tall, sensual looking and very well-endowed. With long and wavy golden manes, the second one had latched on to the other stone tit, one hand on the stony hips while the other teased a petrified sex, her golden lips forever sucking on a pebble-like nipple. Their sight was enough for Jenny, Michelle and Mikuna to long for their touch, their breath becoming heavier if it was possible, their bodies hotter and their arousal wilder. Michelle kissed her wife again, in turn Mikuna pinched Jenny's erect nipples, having her gasp in pleasure. She needed some air, perhaps she could open a window.

- Lovely, magnificent... and so very sexy. – Said the turban woman. – You three have potential, so much potential...

- Tell you what, you model for us, letting us make statues out of you, and we forget this little break in. – Said the blonde as they both discarded their togas and displayed their nude bodies.

Such a proposition got a gleeful squeal from the three women, Michelle and Mikuna kissing passionately as Jenny distanced herself for a moment catching her breath. Taking it as a yes, the turban woman, Petra, got to work circling around them while thinking aloud.

- Hm... three gorgeous beauties... the blonde is clearly the leader in love making...

- She holds that one pretty close. – Intervened Gilda as she pointed at Mikuna, only to turn to Jenny – Maybe she's a third wheel?

- I don't think so, they seem pretty even. She even led them into the garden and seems rather level-headed to break-in. Or rather, seemed.

- So, two leads and a submissive one... ideas Petra?

- Hm... maybe Gilda, maybe...

Petra walked to the couple, separating them in a graceful and swift movement. Almost like a dancer, she took Michelle from her lover's arms and sent her towards Jenny, who received her on her own. At this Mikuna whimpered in discontent, but she had little time to do so as Petra had her full attention, standing as tall as her.

- Tell me dear, what's your name?

- Mi... Mikuna.

- That's a beautiful name Mikuna. And what are you?

- I'm... Michelle... wife...

- Oh, what a beautiful couple you make, dear. – She said, earning a blush from the woman.
– Do you want to be more beautiful for her?

- Yes! -Said Mikuna with no doubts.

- That's very good, but eventually time will set you apart and your beauty will fade. Do you want that, for you? For her?

- No!

- That's wonderful, such a loving and caring wife she has. Then tell me, do you want me to make you a statue, so that your beauty can last? For both of you?

- Yes! -Exclaimed Mikuna excitedly.

- Then look at me dear...

During their conversation, Petra had undone her turban, revealing a mass of snakes where her hair should be. Their scales, a glossy brown, lined with her tanned body, giving her an exotic look. And yet, for all their hissing, not one of them bit the enthralled woman. In fact, while most of them hissed and wriggled behind the gorgon, one of the snakes slithered around her neck and licked the woman, earning a smile from her. But Mikuna only had eyes for the gorgon's gaze, those two emerald eyes that seemed to contain a universe within them. The more she looked, the better she felt, pleasure and lust raging wild through her body. She wanted to go deeper, to see more, to feel more of that pleasure as she swiftly approached climax. When she did, there was not a triumphal moan of release or a whimper as she turned into the newest stone woman of the collection, but

rather a heartfelt sigh of pleasure and content. She had done it, she was beautiful, gorgeous, forever, for herself and for Michelle, her dear wife.

- Oh Mikuna, you're gorgeous!

The gorgon stepped back swiftly, averting her gaze and searching for her sunglasses to avoid accidents. Michelle took her place, hugging her petrified wife with passion before kissing her with equal enthusiasm. Mikuna had petrified standing, an arm perfectly posed to surround a woman, while the other was slightly apart, the gorgon having prepared it for the third statue of their little group.

- What do you think? She's gorgeous, isn't she? Hmph!

The gorgon wasn't able to keep talking as Jenny groped her and kissed her with burning passion, and she was very much willing to answer. Such loving and willing volunteers and models had to be given the utmost proper care. Meanwhile, the blonde woman approached Michelle, standing behind the blonde as she put her hands on the stone statue, pressing the three of them together and earning a moan from the very aroused blonde.

- She's stunning, isn't she?

- She is!

- What 's your name?

- Michelle!

- She's gorgeous, isn't she?

- Yes!

- Do you want to be as gorgeous as your wife?

- Yes!

- Ooh, that's all fine and dandy blondie. – Teased Gilda. – But what if I told you, you could be even better. Not stone, as gorgeous as she might be, but something so. Much. Better.

- YES! MAKE ME!

- As you wish blondie!

Using her hips to get her into position, Gilda had Michelle press her body against her petrified wife, turning slightly to the left, so that she was embraced with her wife's left arm while she pressed her fleshy right breast against a stony orb, having her play with their nipples as she ran her hands over Michelle's legs and shapely rear. The blonde moaned loudly, very loudly, as pleasure became unleashed and clouded her mind. She used her right hand to get a hold of the stone woman's left shoulder, keeping herself standing and in the pose as the pleasure consumed her whole. Her body felt like it was on fire, and wherever Gilda's hands touched it became a source of bliss and pleasure unknown before. Raw pleasure overrode every single thought. More, she wanted more, she wanted it all. All of it. As the sculptress' touch covered her legs, her rear, her tummy and torso, her sex, her magnificent breasts, shoulders, arms and neck, she was higher and higher. As pleasure swallowed her completely, she approached the stone statue's lips.

That warm and honest smile, that loving wife she had before her, she wanted to kiss her, but before she could manage, she was frozen so very close, and yet so far. But as gold claimed her pretty face and her blonde mane, she didn't care. They might not share the kiss forever, but where their nipples and breasts made contact sparks flew, binding one to the other in a feedback loop, as the pleasure of one fed the other and otherwise.

- Bravo! Bravo! -Cheered the gorgon, as the blonde woman gave a bow. – You certainly know your way around, Midas.

- Look who's talking, Medusa. – Smiled the blonde. – You almost had me drop and pleasure myself with her wife. Now about you...

Both women turned to Jenny, who was stepping away from a window. It remained closed, which earned a sigh from both Midas and Medusa, the gorgon quickly scooping her up and bringing her close to her transformed peers.

- I'm sorry if you're hot dear, but we can't have you opening windows.

- Yep, that pretty garden you walked through? Full of aphrodisiac flora. The statues you so eagerly loved were but an enhancer of your lust.

- Fitting, given that you three were playing cat-burglar, to end up a prize yourselves. Now, what will become of you? Ideas?

- I... two gold, one stone? Or the other way around?

- Hm... there is something I want to try. What's your name?

- J... J... Jenny...

- Let's pose you, shall we?

Jenny let out a squeal of approval, as the aphrodisiacs and the statues had done a great job eroding her thoughts. Michelle and Mikuna were gorgeous, and hadn't to worry about anything other than being gorgeous and sexy. It wasn't fair, she also wanted it! However, as the snake woman had her pose, her heart pounded harder and harder. Right hand on Michelle's golden waist, left of Mikuna's stone shoulder, her butt under Mikuna's stone right hand. She breathed heavily, she was about to do it, to become gorgeous, as beautiful as them. Her hard nipples gave away her excitement and arousal, which both sculptresses noticed, smiling broadly.

- Excited, dear? Let's do this then, one three Midas.

As both of them counted as one, when it ended, pleasure swallowed her whole. She was gazing deep in the gorgon's eyes, the most gorgeous eyes she had ever seen. Deep emeralds that contained a universe within them. She also felt the most intense pleasure wherever Midas touched her, the already raging pleasure turning into a wildfire or lust that combined with that of the gorgon's gaze. What had begun as a rivalry between both types of pleasure had turned into one, driving her crazy with lust as her body transformed. They no longer competed, but coordinated and worked together, driving her towards bliss she had not dreamed of nor imagined before. She was going higher and higher, and the lust got more and more intense. She shivered in place as it burned her, eating her from the inside out, or she thought she did, to the point she wished for release, to climax and be set free. When she finally did, she was left in a state of complete bliss, as if she had come out of a storm and into a calm pond of water where she could simply be, existing in her pleasure.

And to her joy, she felt the connection to both of her lovers, now eternally bound to one another. She felt Michelle and she felt Mikuna, their pleasure feeding hers and having it rage again, but in a way more controlled fashion. And yet she felt different to them both, Michelle felt like, well, Michelle; and Mikuna like Mikuna. Or perhaps it was better to say they felt like gold and stone. Yes, that was better, she felt both Gold and Stone, her lovers for eternity. And yet they felt... different, not quite like her. She felt similar and different to them both, so if she wasn't like Gold and if she wasn't like Stone, what was she? Silly question, she was a statue, gorgeous and forever beautiful, just like her sisters and lovers. It didn't matter what she was, she had Gold, she had Stone, she was similar and different at the same time. Maybe she could be Gold Stone. Yeah, that would do. Gold, Stone and Gold Stone; sisters, lovers, statues. Gorgeous.

Stepping back, both Medusa and Midas admired their work. Jenny, the third cat-burglar, had come out magnificent. They had tried something they had not before, combining their powers. And the result was to be behold. Jenny was a stone statue, just like Mikuna, but glistened like golden metal, although with a different sheen than Michelle had.

- Never would have I thought...

- Pyrite. Fitting for a cat-burglar, would you say?

- Yeah, definitely.

Both gorgon and queen stood side by side admiring their craft. The mere sight of them was enough to have their arousal flare up and thoughts and ideas to take flight. Medusa would look so pretty in gold... Midas would make a gorgeous stone woman... They were both flustered, blushing hard as they tried to keep a cool head.

- H-hey Petra, is it me or is it suddenly...

As Gilda fell silent, Petra looked the same way, finding with horror that the window had indeed opened while they were busy. In her heat, the woman had indeed managed to open the window, the warm breeze entering the building and hitting them completely. They had to close it! Before it was too late! A though they both shared, but before they could start moving the aphrodisiac took effect, bolstered by the presence of the statues, of each other and the thoughts they had about the other. Breathing heavily, they faced each other, the gorgon closing her eyes shut while the blonde woman spread her arms as much as she could to avoid touching her. They approached each other, rubbing their bodies together, shivering in pleasure as they exchanged small pecks that evolved gradually into long, passionate and caring kisses. Medusa caressed her lover while Midas displayed her capabilities not using her hands. However, the lust was driving them mad.

- Ha... ha-ha... Fitting end, don't you think, Medusa?

- No... not like this... Midas...

- Hey... listen... it was bound... to happen... eventually...

- No... don't...

- You'll be gorgeous, baby...

- You too... ha... the artists... become... the art...

- Kiss me Petra...

- Ooh... Gilda...

Both women kissed, Gilda putting her hands around her lover's shoulders and locking them behind her neck. Petra for her part put her left hand on her lover's waist and the right one on her shapely ass, engaging her in a long, drawn out, passionate and heartfelt kiss as she opened her eyes. For Midas, gazing into her lover's eyes was discovering a universe of pleasure, diving into her emerald eyes as they turned gold and shiny. For Medusa, the touch of her lover felt like a raging fire of lust that did it's best to control itself, as she watched the blonde and slightly shorter woman pale and harden into stone. They kept the kiss going, their tongues going back and forth, never breaking it nor letting go. Medusa's hair became quiet, an elaborate sculpture of golden serpents, the one from before transforming while trying to reach Midas for a final loving lick. When they transformed completely, they had never felt more connected to each other and happier, so filled to the brim with a lust they shared and provided to each other. Something they had given to every woman in the collection but had not quite experienced for themselves. Medusa the gorgon, under the guise of Petra the sculptress, was now the eternal golden lover of Queen Midas, who under the disguise of Gilda the sculptress, had become her eternal stone lover. Both lovers of each other, authors and sculptresses of the collection they had come a part of, and unquestioned mistresses of the domain they ruled. Together, forever.