

Stone Garden

TopLegal

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By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Greece: 2002

I was alone on my tour of Greece. I have never been very successful in relationships so being alone in Greece was no surprise. I had a gay travel guide in my bag and since I was traveling light, there was little more than a few days change of clothes and a small camera. It had been three weeks since I had left my house in Orlando for Europe.

After visiting Athens, I had made my way to the island of Corfu. Right now I was on the nude part of the Myrtilotissa beach lounging on the beach and minding my own business. Getting there had been a bit of a challenge but with my skin bronzing against the warm sand it felt good.

Perhaps if I had planned more carefully I would have left the beach earlier and bummed a ride with someone from the top of the crest. Instead I found myself stumbling into a Monastery as the last rays of daylight faded into night.

I fell asleep in the Monastery quickly and in the morning woke up and decided to try and find my way back to the road. Instead I got more lost. It was as if surrounding forest was alive and moving paths. In no time it was growing dark again and I was no closer to finding a road or any signs of civilization.

I was getting very hungry, and thirsty, and decided to sit down and rest. I tried not to panic reasoning that the entire island of Corfu was hardly big enough to get seriously lost on. I looked further ahead and saw what looked like an opening in the forest and decided to push ahead.

I found myself in a clearing with ten or twelve statues surrounding a central figure. The statues were all of naked males—except the central statue. That was of a clothed monk-like figure carrying a staff.

The statues were quite lifelike I thought as I sat down again. I felt strangely relaxed and decided to stay in the statue grove for a while.

Nightfall in the Garden of Evil

I lost sight of my hunger laying in the grove. Darkness came upon me quickly and I felt a strange urge to masturbate.

I took all of my clothes off and began to stroke my cockshaft. I must have been feeling particularly randy because I even put a finger up my ass to stimulate my prostate. As the last rays of the sun faded into darkness I unleashed a massive orgasm.

I was so absorbed in stimulating myself that I nearly jumped out of my skin when I noticed a staff in the ground right next to my naked body.

A tall man in monk robes stood over me, “Where are the other monks?”

“The who?”

The monk continued, “Why are you here after night fall?”

“I was lost.”

The monk pushed me into the ground with the base of his staff. It was quite uncomfortable.

“Let me up,” I said.

The monk asserted more pressure on my chest subtly. “Where would you go if I let you up?”

I looked around again. The statute from the center of the grove was missing and there was no entrance to—or exit from—the grove. The staff was pushing into my chest more painfully and I was afraid he was going to crack my rib cage or drive the staff through me like a stake.

“What is on your chest?”

It took me a few seconds to figure out what he was referring to and I suddenly was quite embarrassed about having masturbated.

“This is a sacred garden, only monks are permitted here. You came here and defiled it with your seed.”

“Please,” I begged, “let me go, I won’t say anything, please let me go.”

“GET UP,” the monk’s voice said firmly as he removed the staff from my chest in a single fluid motion.

I stood up.

“This way,” he said nudging me towards an empty pedestal on the perimeter of the garden.

I decided to run for it and got whacked across my back with the staff and knocked to the ground. Then two large men came and picked me off the ground and carried me to the pedestal.

I was screaming and kicking against them but they were much stronger than me. As my feet were pushed onto the pedestal they seemed to freeze to the ground.

“Relax,” the monk said as I felt my body stiffening. “You are in the punishment garden, for

defiling this sacred place with your presence and your seed you will spend 1000 years here as a statue.”

I tried to scream, but it was too late, I was stone.

Imprisoned

It was horrible being there. I could hear things, see things, and think, but could not move. From time to time, the monk in the center of the garden would come to life from his pedestal and walk around talking to us.

I learned of the crimes of my fellow prisoners. Two thousand years for a serial murderer from the times of the Romans. Five hundred years for a man who had killed his wife. There was more to it though. Monks had assembled the prisoners here because they had escaped the law of their time. I was an exception.

I had just had the misfortune to wander into the wrong place.

My first full moon came and I found myself able to move. The monk was already in front of me and cautioned, “if you try to leave the grove you will die.” He pointed to some shattered sculpture fragments on the edges of the grove.

I decided not to test the waters. I did talk with the other prisoners, but they were all from such different eras that we had little in common. All had been prisoners here for quite some time. Most were quite sympathetic of the fact that the magic of the grove had lured me here.

Towards the end of the evening, the monk announced, “My time as warden will end shortly, I am not sure who will replace me, many of you may recall that previous wardens have been significantly less enlightened than me.” Nothing more was explained and there was no chance to ask the others questions.

I quickly returned to my pedestal.

The next night a large number of monks entered the garden and prayed at the central statue. The statue came to life and the monks greeted their brother warmly. “We did not bring this one to you,” one of the other monks asked, his hand fondling my cock. The sensations were overwhelming but I was frozen in stone.

“No,” the warden answered, “the grove lured the poor lad here and he has to stay.”

The other monk continued to stroke my stone cock. My stone body was undergoing an earthquake. The monk stroking my cock commented, “Another gay one then.”

The warden commented, “probably the grove seems to have a taste for gay boys Silas.”

Silas answered, still stroking my cock, “perhaps when I finish as warden I will pick him for my released prisoner.” My stone body felt like it was going to shake itself apart as I orgasmed. “There, there,” Silas said to me holding my gism, “you can get blood from a stone.”

The old warden circled the garden and selected the serial killer for release. Then he handed the staff to Silas and left with the other monks and the released prisoner.

Torment

Silas began to make it a start of the evening ritual to torment me to orgasm. My modified stone body was extremely sensitive to touch and Silas exploited that regularly. As a slab of solid stone I was completely defenseless to stop him or even move in response to his tortures. Only after extracting my cum would he pace the grove like the old warden did.

Six nights in to his reign of terror the monks returned with a man bound tightly to a stretcher. The man was gagged and the monks left the stretcher at the foot of the central statute and explained the man's crimes. He had poisoned his sick wife to get insurance money. He had made the crime look like an accident and the British police had not charged him.

There were no empty pedestals, and Silas came to life and paced the grove to find a suitable prisoner for release. Twice he passed by me and fondled my privates. The atmosphere in the grove was tense as each of us hoped that we might be freed from the torment of the grove.

In the end Silas selected one of the oldest prisoners who had been imprisoned for nearly three thousand years and released him to the monks.

Silas returned to me, "help me prepare the prisoner." I was able to move. I wanted to kill Silas but knew that would not get me anywhere. Instead I used my bare hands to rip the clothing off the new arrival's body. I was surprised by my own strength to which Silas commented, you have been here long enough that your body has changed.

"Before you untie him," Silas said, "suck him off."

I looked at the handsome, nude, British gentleman in front of me and decided to dig in. While I was sucking, Silas removed the guy's gag. He was hollering about solicitors and, "you can't do this to me." I almost gagged on his cock laughing.

There were no solicitors here. We were the property of the grove and at the warden's disposal. And Silas had quite the sadistic streak.

I took my time and eventually brought the Englishman to an orgasm and swallowed the gism.

"Good work," Silas said, "now get him onto the empty pedestal, and try *not* to be too gentle about it."

I ripped the rope to bits like it was nothing and hoisted the Englishman onto my back. The man fought against me kicking and pulling but my body was so much stronger than any normal human.

I forced his feet onto the pedestal and as he froze slowly I smiled broadly.

I felt Silas' hand against my naked butt. I stayed still and looked forward as he inserted a finger into my ass. "Do you hate me for taunting you when you are a statue?"

“Yes,” I said.

“Good,” Silas responded as he continued to probe my fuckhole. I was stiffening up and his new cruelty was now apparent as my fuckhole was open this time for assault in frozen form.

The sensations were a hundred times more intense than just having my stone cock caressed. I was certain that he was going to cause me to break apart from trembling. It took only a minute for me to orgasm but Silas kept at it until my stone form shot forth three more loads.

He then carried me, still in stone form, still bent over, back to my pedestal and positioned me facing out so my ass was accessible to him.

I would stay that way for the next few nights to better entertain Silas.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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