

Mini-Story: Gor-Gone (Medusa TGTF)

By FoxFaceStories

I really thought I was being clever. I thought that buying that Potion of Connection from that Wandering Witch would be a good idea. After all, I'd had a crush on Penelope my whole life. She was a cute Greek girl with a fine Mediterranean nose and sun scorched skin, and a smile that just drove me wild. We got along, but in her mind I'd always just be a friend.

Well, I wanted to be more than friends, and I knew she'd give me a chance if I didn't look so damn nebbish and geeky. So when I heard the Wandering Witch was not only real but visiting our town, I jumped at the chance to purchase an item from her, one that would allow me to change my body into *exactly* the kind of dude she'd be attracted to. And she had such an item.

"It's a two-part solution," the olive-skinned witch said, grinning companionably. "You drink one, and whomever drinks the other is your anchor. You will become the the very image of the individual they are most attracted to."

It seemed full proof, so I forked over the money and proceeded to take the potion straight to Penelope's place. She wasn't home, but the door was open, so I did something that was extra clever: I poured it into one of her juice bottle packs, knowing she'd drink it real soon. I got home, drank mine, and went to bed.

Only to wake up very, *very* changed.

You can't imagine how horrifying and *weird* it is to wake up to find yourself suddenly covered in dark green scales, with a set of firm scaly breasts on your chest, and a full head of long writhing hair. My legs were gone, replaced by a long naga-like tail that went off the edge of my bed and had coiled up in a circle. Naturally, I screamed, and such a scream certainly confirmed that I was now female.

It took several hours for me to work out how to use my tail and lift myself up with its impressive muscles. A look in the mirror confirmed that I was indeed now a medusa, or a gorgon, or whatever you want to call me. I was - and remain - weirdly attractive. Despite my scales, I have the face of a gorgeous model, with big lips and perfect cheekbones. My boobs are huge - like Double-D cups in size - and my figure is a total hourglass until you get to the tail, which is over three times as long as the rest of me. My fingers end in slight talons, and I have cute little fangs. My eyes are dark pools, and I cannot help but move in weirdly sensual ways.

I had no choice in the end but to get dressed and slither all the way to Penelope's place. None of it made any sense. I tried to hide myself in all the embarrassing ways I could. She lived nearby, sure, but I still had to wrangle my enormous tail through several backyards so that no one saw me driving past. A dog even bit my tail, and I accidentally flicked him a little bit into the air with it! My hair hissed in agitation, reminding me of how weirdly alive my 'hair' was now.

Finally, I arrived at Penelope's place. And when she saw me, her eyes lit up.

"Holy shit!" I remember her saying. "Is this a dream? Oh my God, you're a real life gorgon! Pinch me!"

But it wasn't a dream. And soon she was practically *dancing* around me, fascinated.

"Oh my God, this is real! An actual gorgon! A medusa! You look so beautiful, so sexy! I - I had a dream about someone just like you last night! Who are you? Did I do this?"

And that's when I realised what had happened. The Wandering Witch had said I would become any *individual* that the other potion drinker desired most, not *person*. And evidently, Penelope was not only bi, but also *very* into sexy gorgon women. Which I now was.

For life.

It took a great deal of convincing her what had happened, and even then it took time for her to understand. But of course, I was her perfect lover now, just as I had wanted, though not *how* I had wanted. Even in her presence I felt utterly aroused, my scaled breasts demanding her attention, my pussy moistening for the first time, yearning for the touch of her fingers. I couldn't help but coil my long tail lovingly around her, needing to dominate this beautiful woman, just as she craved being submissive to the sexy gorgon before her.

It was only an hour later that we were having wild, weird, passionate sex, me crying out, hissing in pleasure, and my snakehair writhing with the motions of my body.

So yeah, I'm a gorgon. I have been for a few months now, and I've just got to get used to it. That, and being a lady, and wearing tight leather bras that give me the whole 'ancient Greek monstress' look and whatnot. It's what Penelope likes. I had thought I was being clever, and I suppose in a way I was. I may not have become my girlfriend's perfect man, but I sure became her loving medusa.

And we have more than a lot of fun together.

The End