

Mini-Story: Date with Medusa (Woman to Gorgon TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Matt is pretty sweet on someone . . . too bad she's the new gorgon at school, a victim of a magical event that unexpectedly changed her. Can he seduce this blindfolded beauty? Rumour has it that a gorgon's love makes one immune to their eyes!

Date with Medusa

Matt waited at the restaurant table for his date to arrive. He was a little nervous, but far more excited. Truth be told, he'd never been on a date like this, nor expected one, but Samara had utterly changed his conception of what beauty was, and he was desperate to see more of her, especially after they had chatted during alchemy class and discussed their shared love of poetry together.

Suddenly, a bumping caught his attention, and he perked up, seeing his date arrive. The green-scaled form of the beautiful Samara had just arrived outside the restaurant, and she had accidentally collided with the waitstand. He quickly leapt to his feet and moved to her.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she gasped, bending down to pick up the stand before an astonished waiter. "I've got my blindfold on! My snakes can help me see but they don't always give the best directions! Is that alright?"

She'd put the sign part on upside down, and the waiter quickly corrected it to spare her embarrassment. "Perfectly, ma'am," he said. "Um, do you have a booking?"

"She's with me," Matt announced, stepping up to the pair. "Booking for two under 'Matt.'"

"Ah, of course. I'll take you to your seat. The gentleman arrived just moments ago."

Smooth, Matt thought. It had been ten minutes, and he decided he was going to tip this man well. He walked back to his seat and pulled out Samara's. She sat down gracefully and the waiter gave them some time to think about drinks. It gave Matt his own time to take in how damn *beautiful* Samara was. He'd met many nonhumans at the College Arcane before, from cute red-skinned demonesses to centaurs that required their own kind of stairs to access the upper reaches of the towers. He'd even taken Premonition Studies alongside a bark-skinned dryad and her lover, who was a satyr. The secret world of magic had all types, but Matt had always found his own tastes so completely vanilla: human women mainly had his interest, and formed a majority of his girlfriends except for one elf he had a fling with.

But then Samara had arrived at the College Arcane in the last semester. She was twenty years old, just like him, and she majored in alchemy and herbology just like he did.

But she was a *gorgon*. A *medusa*. She had lovely green scales along her forearms and sides of her legs, as well as across her clavicle and down her back. She had sharper canine teeth that were more like fangs, and a forked tongue that, very occasionally, made her elongate her 'S's, much to her adorable embarrassment. And her hair! Living, writhing snakes, forest green and dark green in colour, that shifted and moved atop her head and reacted to her emotions.

She was beautiful, and it didn't hurt that she wore these lovely white summer dresses that showed off her figure well. She went barefoot - apparently another gorgon thing, given her scaled feet - and there was a sensuality to her movements, a kind of attractive elegance and demure grace as she walked. It fitted her snake-like nature.

Naturally, everyone stayed clear of her. A gorgon's gaze could turn someone literally to stone, after all. But Matt wanted to get to know her better. He sat next to her, treated her like a person, even described things to her since she had her red blindfold on.

"I wasn't always a gorgon," she said. "Or a medusa or whatever you want to call me. I used to be a human girl. I had blonde hair. But last year I went exploring the caves where the ancient gorgons were set to reside along with my mother. I touched an artefact I shouldn't have, and the original Medusa - yes, *that* Medusa - appeared before me and told me that I was to be blessed with her power. Some blessing! Now I've got the world's worst hairdo, I have to wear a blindfold when I'm around others, and I've got gross scaly skin."

"You're not gross, not at all. I think, honestly, that you're really quite beautiful. The same for your hair."

Her snakes shifted over to him, but he didn't flinch away. They seemed to . . . pat him.

"Aww," Samara said. "They like you!"

"They've got minds of their own?"

"Yes, but we're connected. That was really sweet, what you said. You really think I look nice?"

"I believe the words I said were beautiful. Besides, do you really need to wear the blindfold?"

She chuckled darkly. "Trust me, I do. I've turned one person to stone already. Total accident, but I don't take risks, now."

"But can't you control it? I hear that if someone wins the heart of a gorgon, then-"

"Then he can look her in the eyes and be unharmed? Yeah, I've heard that too. I'm not risking it! It's why I'm studying alchemy and herbology; ways of mixing magic to undo that poor guy I turned to stone. Poor Roger. We were having such a good date."

Perhaps Matt should have stayed away, but he liked spending time with Samara, and routinely guided her to classrooms and chatted with her and generally enjoyed her company.

He began flirting with her even more overtly, and despite her reservations at first, when he asked her out on a date a month later, she said yes.

"I've got the perfect dress to wear!" she said. "I'll be wearing a cute matching blindfold, too."

"I love it," Matt said, though he smiled to himself. He had a good feeling that it wouldn't be necessary.

Said feeling only increased across the duration of their date. In the present, Matt couldn't stop drinking in the sight of her. The red dress she was wearing showed off her lovely curves, and left her scales glistening beneath the light. Her snake hair seemed very calm, and occasionally the longer ones reached out so he could pet them, usually between meals. This caused them both to laugh.

"They *really* like you."

"Well, you're connected to them, right? I guess it just means they know how much I like *you*."

She blushed at that. "I like you too, Matt. I . . . I never thought I'd have this kind of connection again. A date I'm actually enjoying. I just wish I could see."

Matt put down the dessert menu. He took Samara's hand and smiled warmly. "Why don't you? See, I mean."

"Don't joke. You know I'm a gorgon."

"But you said it yourself, you feel a connection. So do I. Samara, you're an amazing woman. I've never felt like this about anybody. I want to see your eyes. I want to see the real you. Trust me, I can take it."

Samara hesitated. "Are - are you sure? I don't know about this."

"Just believe. You have more power than you know over this."

She swallowed, then slowly nodded. "Okay, here I go."

She undid the tie at the back of her head, and slowly the blindfold came down. Matt sighed with joy as he stared into her eyes. They were a lovely emerald green, bright enough to be unnatural, befitting her mythical nature.

"You're so beautiful," he said again, still holding her hand.

"Matt," she said dreamily. "You're amazing."

He squeezed her hand, then pulled it back for a moment to raise his glass in a cheers. But his hand didn't make it that far. His skin began to turn to stone.

"Uh . . ." he said.

"Oh, shit! I'll put the fold back on! Fuck, I'm sorry!"

The stone spread further, over his chest and up to his chin.

"UUHHH!"

"Don't look at me! I've got my eyes closed, I-"

“SAMAR-”

There was silence. They were in a little booth in the corner, but people were gasping and moving away. Samara hesitated, then opened her eyes. Sure enough, poor Matt had just turned to stone, his frozen body half-posed in a look of shock.

“Oh, drat!” the medusa said, slouching into her seat and folding her arms. “I’ve gone and done it again!”

She threw on her blindfold and gestured for the waiter. “Um, can I get the check please! And you might want to call the college!”

What a lousy date. She *really* needed to figure out this alchemy thing, fast.

The End