

# Trade Secret

by **Wrestlr and Freyr**

[M/M]

Synopsis: What happened to the wrestling team? No one seems to know!

Disclaimer: If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, go elsewhere. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say.

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***Author's note:*** *This vignette was written for Freyr's Studs in Stone website, in the 1998/1999 time frame. Freyr provided scenarios, Wrestlr did most of the writing, which started via an online chat, and Freyr cleaned it up for publication.*

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After another long hard practice, Joe and his teammates hit the locker room and spread out to their lockers. Joe got out of his uniform and jock, got his towel, headed for the showers. Joe was sweaty and stank. The tiles of the locker room floor were cool against Joe's feet. They felt good as overheated as he was. He threw his towel over the rack and went into the communal shower area. His teammates were laughing and cutting up, some soaping and some rinsing. Joe had to take one of the showerheads near the far

end. He wet himself under the cool spray, rinsed the worst of the sweat off.

He was lathering his hair when he heard the first of them. Strange sounds like something electronic squealing. He rinsed his head. Some of the other guys heard it too; they'd never heard anything like this in here before. When Joe tossed back his head, slung the water out of his eyes, he was just in time to see a guy he didn't know standing in the entry to the showers. The guy stood there grinning for a second. Then he leveled this large, strange pistol. The guys pulled back, surprised. The electronic sound was deafening in the confined space as the guy opened fire. He went down the line, rapidly, before anyone had a chance to duck. Joe, behind

Tom, got missed and fell in the corner. From there, he saw it all.

The guys, his teammates, were just standing there. But they were different. They were standing stock-still, some of them with their arms raised up to ward off the shots, and their skin was paler. The guy with the gun was occupied at the far end of the showers; he hadn't seen Joe yet. Joe crouched behind Tom's legs. They weren't flesh and bone anymore. They were perfectly lifelike; every detail, every crease and pore and hair in the skin--but pale as marble. Joe reached out and touched Tom's leg. Hard. Cool. Smooth as marble. Joe looked up. Tom stood like those statues he saw once in a museum. Every muscle defined. Every limb perfect.

But not flesh. Not human. Statue. The guy was moving closer, coming down the line inspecting his work.

There was no way he could miss Joe, and no way Joe could pretend to be stone.

When the guy is seconds away from seeing Joe, Joe reaches up, gives Tom a shove by his buttocks. Tom--or the statue of him--with its arms frozen out as if he was trying to block the gunfire, toppled onto the guy. Joe was on his feet in a second. The guy was stumbling under the weight of what used to be Tom but he wasn't down. Joe's feet slipped on the wet tile. One of Tom's arms struck the floor hard and slid between Joe's legs, and Joe went down hard. He rolled into the line of statues, his former teammates, on the other side of the

shower area, knocking a few over. He managed to get back on his feet, though his ankle throbbed. He heard the guy toss Tom's statue, what was left of it, off. Joe had seconds! He bolted, ignoring the pain. He rounded the entry wall, instants before two shots from that ray gun screamed past. His feet were wet, he kept sliding on the tile, but here in the locker area, he was out of sight.

He lost himself in the maze of lockers, avoiding the men frozen where they had been. Some naked and toweling off. Some looking up as if at the noise. The towels, the clothes on those dressing, were as they'd always been. Only the flesh below had been calcified into stone. He had to find a way to get to the door, get help. He



rounded a corridor. From here, he would have a clear shot at the door. But there in front of him was Scotty. His best friend. Frozen like the rest. He was naked. He looked like he hadn't know anything was happening. From where Scotty was standing, with the door just down the corridor, he must have been the first one changed. Joe knocked on Scotty's shoulder. Hard stone. Nothing flesh left. Joe couldn't help but glance down at that body he had seen so many times before, wanted to touch. It was cold now. Hard. Perfectly shaped. Perfectly Scott. All the way down to the hairs around his nipples and cock. All stone. Blank stone. Cold stone. That face, still Scotty, even if the eyes had turned to blank, staring orbs. There was nothing of Scotty left there but

his shape. A statue as perfect as any executed by a Renaissance master. Joe patted the shoulder of what had been his best friend.

He had to get help now, find someone who could put Scotty back, put the whole team back, as long as they weren't too broken. Joe sprinted for the door. He grabbed the handle. He gave it a tug. It did not budge. Locked. Trapped. No other way out. And there, just beyond Scotty at the far end of the corridor, was the man. Grinning. Grinning at Joe. Joe stood, his back to the cold door. Legs pushing his back as if they could shove him to safety through the wood. The guy came closer. He leveled the gun. At Joe. Joe closed his eyes. What he heard was a roar of rage, then the

scream of the gun and a crash. Joe snapped his eyes open.

Coach Wilson had been there somewhere, secreted away. he had thrown himself onto the guy from behind. Bowled him over so the shot went wild. They were struggling on the floor by the bench. Joe looked at himself. Still flesh. The door though--the wood had been turned to stone. The guy shoved Coach Wilson off. Coach was a big bear of a man, a beefy football jock gone a little soft with age but still built. He was no pushover. Coach was on his feet, crouched and ready to jump. The guy is scrambling for his gun. Coach leaps! The guy rolls away, snagging his gun as he does. Joe yelled for Coach to watch out. But Coach, half-risen to his feet again, is

off-balance. The guy shoots Coach straight in the chest. Joe sees it happen as if in slow motion. The slow spread of the paleness up Coach's neck, down his arms, along his legs. The stiffening as Coach realizes what is happening and tries to fight it anyway. The hardness of his body. The smooth, cool shine taking the place of skin. The horror of the crackling, like aluminum foil being crinkled as Coach tries to move his changing form. It takes less than two seconds. The change is complete. Where Coach Wilson once stood now only a statue him in coach's clothes. His hand is less than three inches from the gun. Another second, and he would have made it, maybe turned the shot aside. Too late now. All that is left is Joe. The guy. And his gun.

The guy gets to his feet. He brushes his clothes off. He has all the time in the world now. He can take his time. Only Joe remains. And what can he do? The guy has the gun on him. The guy is coming toward him. Ten yards away and closing leisurely. Grinning too. In spite of his panic, Joe is getting a hard-on.

"I have a request," the guy says. "It won't matter either way, but I'd prefer you standing like this." He pulls a picture out of his pocket. A Greek statue posed like a grappling wrestler.

"Okay, whatever you say." Joe says. Is that whine his voice? "Just don't shoot."

"Oh, I'm going to shoot anyway." the man

says grinning. Joe gets into the position, half-crouched, arms up and forward to grapple with an unseen opponent. He Has a vain hope the guy will not fire. But he does. Joe feels the warmth where it hits his left pectoral. And then nothing where it was. A warmth that spreads and leaves nothing behind. Joe tries to move--one last attempt to run, but too late. His chest. Arms. Neck. Belly. Cock and balls. Thighs. Jaw. Cheeks. Calves. His whole head. His feet are the last to turn. Joe can still see, still hear. it's fading but he's still conscious. The guy strolls forward, smiling. "Perfect," he says. "Flawless." He runs a hand over Joe's shoulder. Stone now but Joe can feel a ghost of the touch. The man rubs his pants as he rubs his other hand over Joe's back and butt. "Just

what I wanted." He pulls out his cock and jacks off, feeling his way along the stone of Joe's arms. The perfect solidness of his pecs. The rock-hardness of his hard-on. Joe's sight is failing but he can still hear. He hears the man gasp and groan and cry out as he cums. Joe barely feels the man's scalding hot cum splatter against his stone thighs. After that, nothing.

Two days later, the guy hands the invoice to the museum curator. "Did you hear about all those guys turning up missing at the gym," the curator says. He's making small talk while he signs.

"I heard about that, yeah," the guy says.

The curator hands back the manifest.

"Such a shame. You know, I think this is your best work ever." The curator rubs his hand over the statue of a crouching naked athlete with a hard-on. "I wish I knew how you make them so lifelike."

The guy just smiles and says, "Trade secret."

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