

New Ownership (Multi TFTG, Inanimate)

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A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

Scarlet has inherited a luxurious house on the hill following her grandmother's passing, and has decided to move there with her husband. Together with a pair of young renters, they are quite happy, until a vengeful grandson who was written out of the will arrives with the power to claim the property, and transform those living there to suit his preferred lifestyle.

New Ownership

It really was grand, Scarlet had decided. Sure, it was in an older style, but the house on the hill was practically a *manor*, and more than enough for her and her husband Neill. Together, the pair could settle down, do the place up as they desired, and finally start thinking about starting a family. They were both in their thirties after all, and while she was quite the beauty with her golden blonde hair and fine figure, and he quite handsome in a folksy kind of way, glasses and all, they weren't getting any younger either.

"We'll have to paint some of the interiors," Neill said. "And also think about getting down those deer heads."

"Thank the Lord," she replied, looking down at the entry hall. "They're giving me the creeps. I don't know how Chet and Harper put up with it!"

"They're young and in love," Neill said, tickling her playfully. "Just like we used to be."

"We're still young," she retorted, putting her arms over his shoulders, and drawing her lips close. "And we're still in love."

They kissed for a long while, until a pair of excited hollers came from down the stairs.

"That's right, you go, you two!"

"That's true love all right! Weeee-oooh!!"

The pair broke apart and looked down at Harper and Chet, their pair of renters who were also being paid to help them do up the place in exchange for discounted stay. Chet was pretty counter culture, with numerous tattoos and facial piercings, as well as a penchant for wearing black. He was also an incredibly sweet man who loved cooking. Harper was just as much a rebel, though she preferred a black leather jacket over a casual green dress. Her hair was cut very short. She was also the easiest tenant Scarlet and Neill could imagine having, despite the tonal difference between the pairings.

"Yeah, yeah," Neill said. "It's all very sappy."

“Nothing wrong with sappy, Mr Neill,” Harper said. She was in her early twenties, as was Chet, but they were keen on calling the pair Mrs and Mr, almost like a private nickname. “Chet here can be sappy when he plays me songs on his electric guitar.”

“That’s . . . interesting,” Scarlet said, who couldn’t imagine being serenaded by such a loud instrument. “How are you settling in?”

Chet gave the thumbs up. “Still going well. Cleared some of the old boarding, just painting up some of the spare rooms. Thinking of keeping all the deer heads, though. They look rad - what?”

Neill burst out laughing.

Scarlet had never been particularly close to her grandmother: few people had. She was often a snappish woman, and the kind of individual that took pride in being disagreeable. Still, Scarlet had never much liked conflict, and had always been quite patient and respectful in her nature. And that patience had paid off, because after her grandma had alienated just about every member of the family, Scarlet remained in contact. When the old bat had finally answered the call and dipped off the mortal coil, the granddaughter had been astonished to find out that she inherited the woman’s estate and much of her savings, whereas the rest were cut out of the will or only given meagre offerings. Most had grumbled at this, even shouted at Scarlet, but Neill had helped her hold her ground, and now things were coming right: they were doing up the place, they had two wonderful tenants for the lower rooms, and their future was stable. With her similarly patient and down-to-earth husband at her side, it really did seem like her life was coming together.

That was, until four weeks after moving in, there was a knock upon the door. The knocker was a loud gavel-like thing, so even through the rainstorm and thunder and lightning that was raging on that particular night, Scarlet still heard it. It was late, and she was in bed, snuggled against Neill and hoping their latest bout of lovemaking had done the work of getting her pregnant. She decided to ignore the sound: it was probably the wind.

But then it came again.

And again.

Neill stirred, and grabbed his glasses. “What is that?” he said.

“No idea,” she replied. “I thought it was the storm, but -”

Another knock. A succession of them. A musical rhyme.

“It’s someone,” Neill said. His brow furrowed. “Get dressed but stay on the top level, just in case.”

He got dressed quickly, took a bat from under the bed, and descended the staircase. At the bottom were Harper and Chet, both looking a little concerned.

“Yo, Mr Neill,” Chet said, “any idea what serial killer we’re facing here?”

“Chet!” Harper cried. “You absolute dick. That’s not funny.”

“It’s a little funny,” Neill said, brandishing the bat. “But I’ve got a home defence system. Do you mind backing me here, Chet? Could be the Mormons again.”

Chet chuckled. “Sure thing, Mr Neill.”

Harper shrunk back to the corner a little, looking nervous. “You fuck them up if they’re bad, Chet, okay?”

“I’ll do so *after* they turn out to be Ghostface, okay?”

Another loud series of bangs upon the door. They were again in a musical rhyme, like something out of a demented children’s song. Neill felt nervous, and a chill ran down his spine. He reached out slowly, unlocked the large and heavy door, and opened it. A crack of thunder accompanied the reveal.

It was a man. A rather ordinary man in his thirties, with rounded glasses and a somewhat nebbish aspect to him. He was sniffing a bit in the wind and rain, and was positively soaked through.

“Finally!” he declared in a voice that sounded more than a little wet. “I’ve been banging on this door for ages.”

“Who are you?” Neill said, holding the bat behind his back.

But the man ignored him and walked right in. “Scarlet? SCARLET?” he called. “Where is the inheritor, hmm!? Is she going to appear and face me, the one she ruined the most with her scheming and conniving!?”

Neill and Chet were both about to force this weird maniac out the door, even as he strode to the staircase, when suddenly Scarlet appeared at the railing above.

“Marcus?” she said, bewildered. “Is that you, Marcus? What the hell are you doing here?”

“I should ask you the same question,” he said, coldness in his eyes. “I have travelled halfway across the country just to be here, and this storm delayed me. I was the one who was meant to see this house - you didn’t return a single one of my calls.”

“Because you were yelling in them,” she said. “And because of what you called me.”

“A thief,” he said. “And it’s true. You are all thieves. I was meant to inherit this house. I was the one who paid for all of grandma’s bills, her care in the home. I was the one who sent spending money to her.”

“You didn’t spend time with her though, did you?”

“I work across country, Scarlet. And yet thanks to you not putting one good word in, I was cut right out of the will.”

Neill stepped forward. "Look, all this is behind us. Marcus, let me call you a cab. We're not sorting this out today. We're--"

But Marcus whirled around, his face full of hate. "I was *counting* on her money. I was *counting* on this place! The only reason I sent that money was to stay in her good graces, and to eventually get my prize. But now I've lost everything. Do you hear me? *EVERYTHING!?*"

Chet grabbed him by the waist, pulling him back. Scarlet descended the staircase, shocked by the chaos. Harper shrieked a little, but called for her boyfriend to throw the interloper out. Neill set about helping. Meanwhile, Marcus frothed at the mouth as he was manhandled.

"Get your fucking hands off of me, you worthless ingrates! You shouldn't even be here! This house is meant to be mine! And it will be mine, Scarlet! I'll have our grandmother's house, and you won't even be around to enjoy it!"

Chet and Neill suddenly stopped. The blood of everyone ran cold in the room, and a dread flash of lightning through the still open door illuminated Marcus's vengeful expression. He managed to pull an arm free just long enough to hurl a piece of rolled paper on the ground.

"Read it," he said victoriously, smugly. "Read it and hear your future, Scarlet."

Scarlet stepped forward cautiously, keeping out of reach of the man, who was now securely in the arms of Chet and Neill again. They were moving him to the exit, but she found herself needing to know.

"Wait!" she said, and all three men stopped. "What is it?"

"It's your future," he said, smirking. "All of you. Read it."

Neill shook his head. "Honey, don't give him the time of day."

"Yeah," Harper agreed. "Chuck the freaky fucker out of here! Belt him if need be, Chet!"

"I will, babe, don't worry."

But Scarlet was too curious. She picked up the strange, old-looking scroll and unfurled it in her hands. There was writing on it, and it was set out like a contract, though not quite like any other she'd ever seen: the writing was in dark red ink that had dripped like blood.

"Read it," Marcus repeated, eyes wild.

And she did.

"In accordance with your payment to the Hags of the Eastern Woods, a bargain is accepted. If you, Marcus Williams, can force your way into your grandmother's house while all four members of the abode are present, and convince one of them to read this message, they will be compelled to read it aloud. The dark magic we weave in your own blood's bond

will curse these four, remaking them in the images and behaviours that you desire, so that they are your slaves in perpetuity, and yours to do with as you wish. Ownership of the property shall pass to you, and will remain yours so long as you give us five years of your lifespan and a solemn promise to allow us to conduct our rituals in the forests at the rear edge of your property. If you agree to these terms, sign here, and our collective agreement will hold beneath the darkness of night.

Signed, Marcus Williams.”

Scarlet was bewildered. She took a step back, dropping the scroll.

“What is this?” she said, feeling strangely meek and dazed.

“It’s the completion of my little bargain,” he said, smirking, easily pulling free from Neill and Chet, who reached out to grab him but found that they simply . . . couldn’t.

“Neill!” Scarlet said, as Marcus approached her. “Chet! I - please . . .”

She wanted to be rid of this man, but could no longer bring herself to demand he leave, or to ask the men of the house to drag him out. As he drew closer, she was overcome with a strange submissiveness. Marcus extended a hand and stroked her cheek.

“You know, you really are beautiful, cousin,” he said. “But I’m sick of playing second fiddle with you. The witches have given me the power to reshape you, so I think I will. But I’ll do that last, just for fun. First, I think I’ll deal with the two interlopers.”

He snapped his fingers excitedly, in time for another flash of lightning. He turned on Chet like a predatory animal.

“You tore my suit,” he snarled. “I don’t have much left in life - though soon I’ll have everything. What I *won’t* stand for, though, is people acting like animals. And given that I’ll need one to keep me safe from strange visitors in the night, I think I’ll choose you, my lovely guard dog.”

“D-dude,” Chet trembled, unable to move to hurt the man. “Wh-what are you doing?”

“Oh, that’s easy. Sit, Ubu, sit.”

He laughed as Chet sat down, but Harper only squealed in horror as his body began to change. Fur began to grow from his flesh, and his face pushed forwards into an impressive snout, his nose turning dark. Chet groaned and whined, his voice taking on a strange growl.

“Noo! What? What the f-fuck is happening to m-me!?”

“Silence! I won’t have my dog barking indoors, y’hear?”

Chet looked up at his master, and realised he was seeing him as just that - his *master*. He tried to say something, but his ability to speak dissipated entirely as his ears became furred and floppy, and his arms and legs altered, reducing in size and taking on a new configuration. In moments, he was pulling out of his clothing, having become an

impressive German Shepherd. He panted in terror, but could not avoid his master's gaze, whimpering slightly.

"Good boy," Marcus said, patting his head. "Stay put."

The dog barked, but Chet screamed inside, terrified of what he had become.

"But then, just for fun, let's make you a good *girl!*"

There was one final change, and this made Harper cry out again. Neill and Scarlet looked on in silent horror as the male dog became a female one, and whimpered again.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to spay you. I might need a litter in the future."

Harper choked on a sob. "You - you fucking monster! Change my boyfriend back!"

Marcus shook his head. "I don't think so. But don't worry, you'll soon be joining him. Well, in terms of transformation, but not in terms of what you turn into. Don't worry, I'm not making you a dog. I need . . . a maid. A rather sexy Latina one, in fact."

He grinned as Harper cried out. Her pale skin altered, becoming darker, and her brunette hair shifted to become long and curly and black. Her petite chest swelled, getting larger and larger until she had a fine set of D-cup breasts, which were shown off in a top that had suddenly changed to no longer be a casual green dress and leather jacket but instead a sexy French maid outfit that showed off part of her thighs, and certainly her cleavage. Her expression became docile, her hands gained gloves, and her thin figure became quite curvaceous.

"There we are!" Marcus announced, stepping forward to grab her tush and squeeze it. To her absolute humiliation and horror, Harper moaned in pleasure.

"Ohhhhhh, *Dios mio*," she groaned, "that feels *buena!* No! *Para nada!* I don't want to be your *submissive little maid who will keep everything tidy and nice for you, maestro.*"

Her eyes - now dark amber instead of pale blue - went wide at what she'd just said. The worst part was that she really *did* feel like serving him. His every whim, even sexual ones.

Neill summoned enough will to step in front of Scarlet. "Run, my love," he stammered. "Get out of here!"

"Aww, so protective, Neill!" Marcus announced, whirring to face him. "And I was thinking of having some fun with my new maid, first. But it seems I should attend to you. I was going to just make you a grandfather clock, or make you into a mouse for the new Chet to chase, but now I think I can see why my cousin fell for you. Such a strong protective instinct. I'll need that in a good woman, I think. You see, my girlfriend left me because of my anger over this whole scenario. And while a maid is fun, I truly would like a good future mother to my children. I hope you enjoy it as much as I'm going to enjoy *you*, Neill."

"No!" shrieked Scarlet. "You can't! You wouldn't!"

But Marcus just cackled, another flash of lightning and boom of thunder accompanying his mania. "Oh, you have no idea just how sick and perverted I am, cousin."

Scarlet could only plead for her tormentor to stop as her husband's form began to shift and change. He became thinner, shorter, smaller. His features softened, and his skin lost all blemish. His brown hair altered to become golden blonde, but longer and more glowing than her own hair do.

"N-no! I won't I-let you!" Neill cried, voice becoming positively feminine. "You c-can't! I'll never be your *beautiful wife who just knows everything about how to please my sexy dominating husband!*"

"Neill!" cried Scarlet, shocked. Her husband could only give her an apologetic expression before gasping, his hips widening to become a set of impressive babymakers, and his chest pushing forwards to become a ripe pair of tits that were more than a match against a pair of big cantaloupes. They rose and fell on his chest, even as the rest of him altered, and his penis inverted to become a vaginal passage. Finally, his clothing became a tight red dress with white spots, a pair of earrings appearing out of nowhere to complete the effect. He looked like a nineteen fifties housewife, and smiled like one too - against his will - as Marcus put a hand around *her* waist and kissed her passionately on her neck.

Neill couldn't help herself. She moaned in pleasure, her nipples stiffening in response to his touch, and her slit becoming moist.

"*Mhmm, my love,*" she said in a voice that could have come from a particularly well-stocked jar of honey, "*I'm so glad to finally be yours. How can I ever repay you?*"

Her voice practically *purred*. Marcus grinned. He pulled her against him, and made sure she kissed him for a long time, even as Scarlet sobbed and wiped tears from her eyes.

"I'm sure I can think of a few ways, my lovely new wife . . . Natalie. Yes, I rather like Natalie, I think."

She smiled, despite the fact that inside, Neill wanted to scream. But his body was now irresistibly attracted to the interloper, and Neill/Natalie couldn't help but want to fuck him so bad. To taste his cum. To be a sexy housewife who served him in every way possible. It was all kinds of wrong. Marcus kissed her again, squeezing her ass and eliciting another moan.

"I'm going to fuck your brains out tonight, Nat," he whispered in her ear, and she went weak at the legs for a moment. He turned to Scarlet, who was quivering in fear, and outrage, and sorrow, and *hate*. So much *hate*.

"You're a fucking monster," she said, shaking.

Marcus just shrugged. "I know. But I'm a monster who'll have everything I always wanted. A hot wife. A loyal guard dog. A sexy French maid I can watch clean when I get bored. And . . . well, I've always considered myself the cultured sort. A bit of an old school

Roman or Greek man, if you will. Because the one thing that would finally complete my happiness, Scarlet, is having you in a place where you can see all the changes I've made, and be able to do nothing but watch them and get unwanted joy from them. So why not make you a beautiful statue in the entrance hall, huh?"

"You - you wouldn't."

"But I just did."

It was too late. Scarlet's body moved without her consent. Her clothes fell away from her form, leaving her entirely naked. She ran up the stairs, trying to escape this dreadful man. Natalie could only smile sweetly at her, despite wanting to urge her to get away as well. But as she reached the top she backed against a wall and froze. She tried to step away, but her legs were stuck the moment she reached her true position.

"No! No, I don't want to be a statue! Please! Take the house, take everything, just leave me and the others be!"

"And lose my luscious new wife? We might start a family in a couple of years. And I need a maid and hound besides. You - you're going to be the greatest ornament, my dear."

"You can't do this-"

She froze, not able to work even her jaw. She posed beatifically, one arm extended behind her neck, the other on her hip, as if she were posing to show off her raw beauty and more than a little sensuality. At her feet, a large marble block sculpted itself to lift her up. The rest of her body turned to marble, completely froze, her head turned a little to one side.

She could not breathe. She could not move. She could not talk.

But she was alive. Conscious. She could see through frozen eyes she could not shut.

"Don't worry, you'll be alive there, Scarlet. I'll even let you enjoy it: whenever I fuck your former husband, or have my way with my maid - or hell, when Chet out there finds a nice mate - you'll feel pleasure too. Consider it my gift to you. You'll also feel blissful whenever someone compliments your lovely form. And trust me, I'll have visitors to this place. Besides, you'll never be far from your hubbie - my wife now - you may notice your vision goes to the master bedroom at the end of the hall. Trust me when I say I'm not closing that door very often."

She wanted to curse him. To plead with him. To beg and cry and scream. But instead, all she could feel was a ripple of unwanted pleasure as he rose to the stairs with Neill-turned-Natalie and caressed her marble form.

"Enjoy your new life as the masterpiece of my collection, Scarlet," he said. "The world won't remember you as anything other than this, and the same is true of the forms of everyone else here. You're all like this forever now, so I hope you enjoy it."

There was another flash of lightning, a pounding of rain.

“My gorgeous Harper, can you please close the door and see that Chet is fed and collared?”

“S-Si, maestro.”

“Very good. Then you can begin cleaning. I might even come watch soon. You can take Chet for a walk tomorrow and try to bond over your past relationship. For now, I’m taking my new wife to the bedroom, and I’m going to suck on her tits and fuck her until she cries out loud with pleasure. You want that, don’t you, Natalie?”

She nodded eagerly, failing to fight her new instincts.”

“More than anything, my love. I need your big dick inside me. I’m so fucking turned on by you right now. I’ll make you the best breakfast if you just make me cum.”

“Of course I will, my sweet. And you, Scarlett, you just stay here and look pretty, and preside over everything that happens in this house: you have a good view of almost everything in it, after all. Enjoy the show.”

He patted her marble breast, and she wanted to move her mouth to moan in reluctant bliss. But she couldn’t: she was just a statue, beautiful as she might be, and so she could only watch and take in the sight of her evil cousin leading her former husband to the master bedroom, removing her clothes, and then making her a woman in full. Natalie couldn’t help herself: she cried out, begging for more as he entered her, and soon the new status quo of the manor had begun.

Poor Scarlet was horrified and terrified.

And yet, in her own way, thanks to her change, it was also all too intoxicating.

The End