

Mini-Story: Spooky Family (Frat Bros to Vampire Family TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A group of frat bros go to a spooky house on a dare, only to be turned into a new vampire family on Halloween.

Spooky Family

They'd come out on a dare. Jack, Parker, and Terry had often driven past the creepy abandoned manor on the outskirts of town when they carpoled to campus together, at least until they entered their jock-filled frat after being admitted. They had been friends for a long time, and part of their final initiation was to break into the creepy mansion a week before Halloween and see if it was a good sight for a Halloween party.

"It's fucking creepy, my dudes," Jack said. He was the biggest, jockest of the bunch, with bright blonde hair and muscles for days.

"Yeah, but I think there's potential," Parker said. "The door looks pretty flimsy, we could try knocking it open?"

He had dark skin and close-shaved hair. Of the three, he was by far the most pro-active, and had leapt at the chance to explore the place in order to prove his manliness.

"Um, it's open guys," Terry said, pushing open the door. "See?"

Terry was on the football team, but was the least capable player. He was, however, the brains of their little trio. The other two looked a bit sheepish as they entered.

"Let's check this shit out. I bet this place could make a sick secret party," Jack said.

Indeed, he was right. The interior of the manor was incredibly archaic and gothic, with all sorts of ancient chandeliers, creepy portraits, and astonishing carpets and rugs, some of which were literally the furs of creatures like polar bears and Siberian tigers. But it was also deeply macabre, and everywhere they went, it was like a pair of eyes was following them. Over the next half-hour they explored the place, turning it over, laughing as they pranked one another, Terry especially since he was more likely to be frightened. Jack amused himself looking at the portraits of the women on the walls, and soon Parker and Terry were doing the same when they reached the master bedroom.

"Damn, she looks scary *and* hot," Parker said, referring to a painting of a woman on the wall. She had alabaster skin and midnight black hair, and while she smiled it was clear that she had a vampire's fangs. The red eyes only added to the effect. Something about her expression was hungry, and not just for blood. It was undeniably sexy, particularly given the amount of cleavage she was rocking in her Victorian-style dress.

“Totally,” Jack replied. “And those must be her twin daughters or something. Also fucking hot. Like a goth MILF and her goth daughters who are down for anything. Right Terry?”

But Terry was staring deeply into the woman’s eyes. The plaque below the painting called her *Lady Abigail*, and something about the name felt so . . . right. Without thinking, he stepped forward so that he was staring right up at it.

“She’s beautiful,” he said. “I feel like I know her.”

“Dude, you’re acting weird.”

“No, he’s right,” Parker said. “This other one. The twin on the right . . . I feel drawn to her, dude. I can’t explain it.”

The large man stepped up to the other painting. The twins were apparently called Delia and Delilah, judging from the plaque. Like their mother, they were quite shapely and in black Victorian dress, albeit they had a slimmer, more elegant vibe compared to the MILF shape of their busty mother, though they weren’t lacking in the boob department too much either. Delilah, who Parker was drawn to, had noticeably pink eyes and long dark hair that fell in two straight curtains on either side of her face.

“Yeah,” Jack said, “I see what you mean. This Delia . . . it’s like she’s calling me. This is freaky as fuck. We should get out of here.”

And yet he stepped forward too, gazing up at her shorter hairdo, which was clipped up in a more elaborate style.

“W-we need to go,” Terry said, struggling to turn away. His chest was feeling weird, and so was all of his skin. His groin tingled, and this was followed by a strange tugging sensation. “This place is h-haunted or something. I can f-feel it. Let’s g-get out of here!”

“I c-can’t move,” Parker said, still staring up at Delilah. “Her eyes . . . they’re staying at m-me! Oh God, my f-fucking hair, dudes!”

It was getting longer, straightening out. Jack looked at his darker-skinned friend - just for a moment - and saw that his skin was turning a bone-white.

“D-dude! You’re changing colour! Ohhhh - s-so am !! Shit, my hair is growing! And m-my chest! All of me! We’re being possessed or some shit!”

Terry grunted, groaned, gasped as his body changed, and his friends followed in turn. Parker and Jack shrank down in height a little, but Terry rose in height until he was positively statuesque, even as his shoulders slimmed immensely. His hips, on the other hand, swelled wider, while his rear and chest expanded massively. He cupped his chest, trying to keep his budding breasts contained, but he was helpless as his increasingly pale white boobs blossomed into being. They rounded out, filling more and more of his clothing, which was also changing too. Before his very eyes, his figure altered, waist pulling in, legs and thighs

becoming shapely, his own face becoming aquiline and commanding, yet also ethereally beautiful. The same was true of his daughters - his friends! His friends!

“You’re not my d-daughters!” he cried out, in a voice that sounded quite feminine.

“Of course we are!” Parker and Jack replied, before gasping. “I mean, we’re not! We’re not your daughters, mother! Shit!”

They spoke almost as one, their brains occupying a near-identical mind wave. It was only appropriate; their bodies had become lithe and elegant, their chests ripe double-D’s that were easily shown off in their revealing dresses which pushed their bosoms up high. The bottom of their dresses was transparent over their legs, showing their gorgeous proportions, and before they could take in all of this, all three would-be women moaned in high voice as their manhoods scuppered back into their bodies, replaced by a very sensuous new female opening.

“Ohhhhh! Yessss!” they moaned together, the new twins clutching one another. As if to finish the effects, their fangs descended, and their eyes turned red, though Parker-Delilah now had more pink-ish eyes than her sibling.

“G-got to fight it! Don’t want to b-be possessed!” Terry said. But he was already cupping his enormous breasts, which were easily twice the size of his - or *her* - new daughters, and they were *wonderful* to feel. So very wonderful.

Instantly, the group were hit with mental changes that flooded over their minds, altering them completely. They did not forget who they were, or even some of their preferences, but it was impossible not to think of themselves by their new identities anymore. Terry was horrified to realise that she was now thinking of herself not only as a woman, but as *Lady Abigail* specifically, reborn. What’s more, she knew in that moment that she was a *vampire*, needing to drink the blood of the living to survive, even if just a harmless cupful on occasion. Her two friends from childhood were now her reborn daughters Delia and Delilah, a pair of mischievous girls who were deeply lustful women just like her mother, and just *loved* to share everything. They were aware of this too, clutching each other closely without even thinking about it.

“Oh God . . . oh, dark forces,” she said, rubbing herself lustfully. “I’m - I’m Lady Abigail now.”

“Shit, and I’m Delilah!”

“And I’m Delia, sister!”

“We’ve become one big family, dears, and I’m your mother now! Your matriarch!”

They both nodded eagerly at this designation, for it only seemed right: Mother was their leader. Their commanding voice. Their domineering master of the household who determined who was friend and who was food, and who was *mate*. The creepy daughters bowed a little before their mother, their chests jiggling a little in their tight dresses, a feeling

that was both natural and all wrong at the same time. The male vestiges of their minds were shocked by everything that had happened, but their new female vampiress instincts were in control, and already awaiting their mother's orders.

"Mother, what shall we do?" they said rather creepily as one.

Lady Abigail looked around the manor that was now hers. It needed dusting, and some human thralls would be needed for that. Perhaps some tasty ones - and she wasn't even thinking about blood in that respect. Yes, she was feeling a strong need not just for drink, but for bodily pleasures as well. It was all so crazy; only moments ago she had been a young man, and now she was an immortal vampire MILF. It should have freaked her out far more . . . but there was a shiver of excitement running through her splendid form. She felt powerful. Wonderful. *Alive*.

And besides, she still had a job to do.

"My darling daughters," she said, stepping between them and cupping their chins. They looked up at her with supplication. "What kind of question is that? We have a Halloween Party to prepare for, of course. We're going to invite the tastiest men and women from campus, and have a bloody great time."

Delilah and Delia smiled, and soon all three new women were baring their fangs in excitement. They may have still been getting used to their changes and new lives, but the allure of vampirehood and womanhood was too strong to resist for long.

The End