

The insistent ringing of the doorbell jarred Heather away from the novel she'd been reading. She hurried to the door, hoping to reach it before either of her kids, lest her surprise be ruined. She doubted either of them would bother though. Her daughter Linda was in her room studying, a rare day off from her classes. Her son Jimmy stayed confined to the basement as he usually did, blasting some sort of ruckus he called music. Both were absorbed in their own private worlds. Both so close in person yet further away from their mother than they'd been in their entire lives.

She greeted the delivery man warmly, shocked to see the size of the crate he had lifted from the back of his dated truck. She signed the necessary documents and denied his offer of aid to lift the package into her home. The crate was large but wasn't as heavy as it looked and Heather was able to carry it into the kitchen without too much trouble. In her haste she hadn't realized the door behind her wasn't closed the entire way. Yet, it was a warm summer day and she figured an open door could do the household some good.

Her package was a crate of fresh produce purchased from an online delivery for a local farm called 'Grimoire Gardens.' The food they provided was all grown from a single operation, and they even offered to provide free samples to new clients. Heather had ordered a sample right away in the hopes to attract her daughter's interest. Upon entering college Linda declared herself a strict vegan and was insistent about sharing her views with anyone she could find who would listen, much to the chagrin of the rest of the household.

Linda had been attending college since fall, and through a meticulous study, she'd managed to keep her grades high which left her little time for anything else. Though she lived at home, she spent many hours at the campus library, working hard at her studies and spending what little spare time she did manage with friends and classmates. She'd been distant from her mother lately, the long hours of classes and studying creating a rift between them. Heather was proud of her daughter, of course, but missed the bond they had once shared. All part of growing up, she supposed.

Heather carried the box into the kitchen and opened it up, enjoying the earthy scent of the fresh produce within. Everything was so clean, so green and vibrant with life. She was extremely happy with the potential future investment. Along with the various farm-grown veggies came a tiny recipe guide, some sample dishes that incorporated the provided produce. Heather looked over the options before deciding on a steamed cabbage dish her daughter was certain to love. She set to work preparing the cabbage, following the instructions to the letter. She'd never prepared something so simple from scratch before but Linda's reaction would be well worth the effort. The ease of the meal prep ensured that she had it ready in time for supper, with some time to spare!

“Dinner!” Heather yelled, hoping to attract the attention of her kids. Jimmy came out of his basement room unusually quick, smelling strongly of marijuana. Heather begrudgingly allowed him to smoke in the basement. It was all she could do to keep her son at home instead of God knew where else. She desperately hoped he would get his act together, perhaps attend college like his sister. Ever since he'd finished high school he'd shown zero initiative. He was hardly able to hold down a job for more than a few weeks at a time. He always spoke of grandiose plans and get-rich-quick schemes, each less feasible than the last. Yet, all he seemed to do was confine himself to his room, spending excessive time online or playing video games. Heather didn't know how to reach him, and the thought of him wasting his potential broke her heart. This evening it seemed she'd gotten lucky. It was evident that Jimmy had nothing better to do and decided to join the family for dinner without any semblance of an argument.

“Oh,” was all Jimmy could say at the sight of the steamed cabbage at the dinner table. Heather thought she heard him mumble ‘the fuck’ under his breath, but it wasn't worth her notice. She didn't want to start a fight right now. She just wanted her family to come together and enjoy a healthy locally-sourced meal.

Meanwhile, Linda sat up in her room with her nose buried in a textbook, sending the occasional text message to friends. Though she lived at home, for financial reasons mostly, she preferred not to associate with her family as much as possible. Jimmy was the worst offender, a total slob in all aspects of his life. However, even her mother, a hard worker though she was, seldom kept herself ladylike in public. Linda found it hard to believe that she was part of the same family. She took meticulous care of her appearance and was highly self-conscious of how she presented herself to others. Quite frankly, she found her family to be an embarrassment and she kept her distance whenever possible.

At the faint sound of her mother's call, Linda slowly closed her book, dreading the upcoming confrontation. She'd begrudgingly agreed to indulge her mother's request for a family dinner, though she was cautious of her mother's insistence that it would meet her rigid standards. She slowly made her way downstairs, the appetizing smell wafting from the dinner table quickly changing her demeanor. She was greeted to the sight of a lavish green display at their table with plates of steamed cabbage set out. Linda was instantly excited. Had her mom really gone through all the hassle of preparing the family a proper vegan dish?

“Where'd you pick this up from, mom?” Linda asked as she sat down, eager to sample her mother's cooking.

“A local farm, Grimoire Gardens, I think? It was from a free sample crate, though their actual prices weren't too bad either,” Heather replied with a laugh.

Linda was amazed at her mother's efforts. Heather had done her research and had gone to all this trouble to prepare a proper vegan supper. She hadn't given her mother enough credit, it seemed. Linda poked at the meal a bit with her fork before digging in, finding the dish to be rather enjoyable. She pestered her mom with questions about how she'd found out about the delivery service, where the farm was located, and a dozen other things Heather had no immediate answer for.

Heather simply enjoyed her daughter's enthusiasm in their conversation, a feeling she hadn't experienced in months. It had clearly been worth the trouble. Heather planned to use the service fully, ready to try some of the other dish recommendations from the included recipe guide.

The family continued their meal, carrying on the odd bits of conversation that were usually unheard of at their dinner table. Even Jimmy seemed somewhat interested in the meal and discussion. It was everything Heather had hoped it would be. She smiled at the sight of her adult children together with her as a family.

As the three of them ate, Heather suddenly felt warm all over, as though she'd been wearing a thick blanket. She paid it no mind, however. The cabbage was tasting better and better the more she ate and she simply couldn't get enough of it. She had lowered her head into her plate, using her fork to shovel the food into her mouth as rapidly as she could. A part of her was shocked at the need to eat so ravenously but the food was simply too divine to consume slowly. She seemed blissfully unaware that her nose was much larger in her field of vision as she continued to inhale the food.

Linda looked up from her plate from the bizarre sounds at her mother's end of the table and was treated to a grotesque display. How could Heather be making such an ass out of herself? Her mother and brother would always embarrass themselves in public by their lack of common hygiene or manners.

Linda wanted to yell at her mother but was slowly distracted by the tantalizing scent wafting up from her own plate. She found herself quickly buried back in her own food from the overwhelming scent. As tasty as her supper was, however, she at least forced herself to eat slowly, using her fork. She wasn't about to degrade herself in such a fashion as her mother had. She, too, seemed to overlook the itching all over her body or the ache in her ears as they slowly stretched upwards.

Jimmy, too, continued to pick away at his plate, legitimately surprised at how good the shitty rabbit food tasted. Slowly he became distracted by an insistent ache from his crotch as he ate the scrumptious meal before him. Blushing with embarrassment, he could feel his now erect cock tenting in his pants. He had no idea what could have possibly triggered his arousal. Ignoring the heat flushing his body and the occasional itch there was nothing stimulating about eating dinner in front of his family. Perhaps he had simply not gotten off in a while. He was tempted to go into his room and jack off, but the hunger in his belly kept him focused on his dinner.

In his feeding frenzy, Jimmy hardly noticed the other irritations that were cropping up around his body. His grip on his fork seemed to wane, and he flexed his fingers, trying to work out the stiffness that had abruptly set in. He felt his skin prickle fiercely, as though something was pushing up all around his follicles. The itch was particularly irritating around the back of his neck and down his shoulders. Jimmy had to move up in his seat as something above his spine started to feel compressed against the chair. His entire frame felt warmer, larger, expanding as he continued to eat. Yet, like the rest of his family, he was too consumed by the meal in front of him to care.

Meanwhile, Linda suddenly felt an uncomfortable pressure building up in her abdomen. Leaning forward, she accidentally passed an unexpectedly loud bout of gas that shocked and embarrassed her to the core. Face flushing with embarrassment, she looked over at her mother and brother to see if they'd react. Surely, they must have heard the obvious noise. Yet both continued eating, blissfully unaware of the unintentional release or its accompanying stench that followed. Linda was repulsed at first by the noxious stink she had created but soon her disgust passed as she became increasingly accustomed to it. In a similar fashion, her mother also let loose a potent smelling fart, filling the dining room with a strong smell of their as of yet undigested meal.

Slowly Linda felt her concern over the discomforts waning as her need to eat overrode her immediate thoughts. She knew the involuntary action had bothered her but as she ate she had difficulty remembering why. It was as though a haze had formed over her mind, leaving room for little more thought than to attend the meal before her.

Linda idly scratched at her leg, feeling a thick patch of hair growth that had not been there earlier. It was surely not something she had missed during her regular routine of shaving. Try as she might, however, she couldn't shake the notion that having body hair was *normal*. She had always been covered in a lovely gray coat of fur to keep her warm and deter pesky flies from her thickening hide. Right?

The insistent itching was crawling up her body, making her feel overheated and uncomfortable under her clothes. It was as though the garments were ill-suited to be worn over the expanding swatch of fur her skin now sported. She had a sudden urge to remove them, wondering why she'd bothered to wear such silly things over her beautiful fur. Without thinking, she took off her top, struggling as her arms didn't seem to rotate as well as they used to. She struggled to remove her pants as well, the edges seeming to hook onto something extending out of the base of her spine. Yet, her family didn't take notice of this, too engrossed with their own meals.

Heather, too, rubbed at her face and neck to alleviate the itching with her free hand, noting the softness of her fur under her touch. Had her face always felt like that? She had to constantly adjust herself in her chair not to sit on a strange protrusion poking out above her ass. Her ears were now pointed and stretched far above her head, picking up a far greater range of auditory detail than she'd recalled having previously. Her darkened nose sat wide in front of her face, drinking in the scent of the delicious feast before her. Her teeth ached in her mouth as they grew thicker and wider, easier able to chew through larger sections of the cabbage.

A deep moan escaped Heather's lips, upset that she'd cleared her plate despite still being hungry. She reached towards the bowl in the center of the table, thankful she'd prepared such a large portion for just such an occurrence. She nearly knocked the large plastic bowl over with her stiffening fingers, desperate to access more of the satisfying meal.

Heather's body became heavier with each passing moment, causing the kitchen table to creak under the weight of her frame. She braced herself over the bowl and picked at the cabbage with her now pliable lips. Her dress was uncomfortably tight all over, particularly around her slowly distending stomach. All dexterity in her fingers had been lost as her thumb and remaining digits retreated into her palm. The middle finger had stretched and thickened as her nails grew to encompass the surface in a hard layer of darkening keratin. A fierce itching assaulted her neck as it stretched and cracked, thick hair growing down the length, giving her a distinctive mohawk.

Yet all of the alterations went ignored as she continued to devour the prepared cabbage with gusto. "EHeeeeHawwwwat up!" Heather brayed, undeterred by her deepening voice as her neck expanded and her vocal cords shifted to match the equine body she was slowly inheriting. It was important for her nearly grown foals to eat up, after all.

Thoughts began to cloud and the ability to form coherent sentences abated as her focus simply shifted to eating. Heather felt comfortable and relaxed in a way she'd never fathomed possible. She had ample food, and she had her offspring present and healthy. What more could she possibly need?

By now Jimmy's cock had grown lower down his pant leg than befit the human member he'd had not moments ago. Reaching down with his free hand, Jimmy tried to undo the zipper, the embarrassment of pulling out his thickening dick in front of his family long since evaporated. Try as he might, however, he couldn't seem to work the damn thing. His middle finger had expanded well beyond his other digits while his thumb had migrated up his stretching palm, useless and vestigial. He only succeeded in rubbing against the thin stretching material of his shorts, the sensation of his pseudo-hooves providing little relief to his aching member.

Another insistent growth irritated the opposite end of his underwear, now stretched to the point of tearing as he waved his new stub of tail back and forth. The new appendage brought with it a moment of startling realization to his fate, making him realize he was becoming some kind of animal and had grown a tail. Those thoughts faded slowly, however, partially from the changes to his facilities but also from years of cannabis consumption. He was simply high, his degenerating human mind reasoned. There was no other explanation for the rapid expansion of his spine or the itch at the end as his tassel grew in. The sensation was almost orgasmic in nature, soaking his undies and his hoof hands in musky precum.

Meanwhile, Linda felt an insistent gurgling in her stomach that signaled an urgent need to use the bathroom. Yet, the entire notion seemed odd to her. Had she always gone to a private place to relieve herself? A lingering human recollection reminded her that it was wrong to do her business around others. Yet her hunger quickly overrode those basic human instincts. It would be terribly inefficient to leave her meal and defecate when she could simply do it here and keep gorging herself. It was unlikely she could hold back the vigorous ache in her bowels much longer but she could not force herself to leave the delicious banquet before her.

An empty plate caused her to lean over the table to get at the spilled cabbage her mother had toppled over. She felt her back stretch painfully as her spine extended into the beginnings of a tail, pressing annoyingly against the thin fabric of her panties. Her newly hunched form easily reached the pile of cabbage spilled over on the table. Shoulders rotated forward, making her stance more comfortable as she lowered her muzzle into the bowl. Balancing her hard middle fingers on the table, she reached out with pliable lips to grasp at the remnants of supper.

Heather's chair finally collapsed under her bulk, though her back had stretched and snapped so that the sudden absence of seat did little to impede her posture. Thick pliable lips drew in bite after bite of the delicious cabbage, which was made short work of by her broad herbivorous teeth. Her shoulders had rotated forward, ripping at the shoulder straps of her dress and freeing the thick mat of gray fur within. Her back legs had stretched out beyond the confines

of her socks now, leaving them warped and dangling comically to her new hind hooves. Her legs were now long enough to touch the floor as her heavy body gave her vantage to keep feeding.

Meanwhile, Jimmy finally felt his cock burst forth from the confines of his stained underwear as his tip brushed insistently against the underside of the table. He wasn't able to see it past his distending stomach, but he could feel the fuzzy sheath had attached it to his stomach. He could feel how it slid out, moist flattened cock tip and long mottled shaft with a thick medial ring in the center. Unable to grasp his member with his now fully formed hooves, he simply humped his leaking cock head on the underside of the table. The surface shook and rocked under his aggressions as his weighty testicles bounced heavily against the chair he was still seated on. He rose forward from the uncomfortable feeling of his shifting ass pucker against the surface of the chair and to relieve the ache in his back as his hips popped and snapped into new shapes.

A familiar tightening swirled in his furry balls as the sensation of change fueled his lust further. All thoughts of embarrassment at performing such an act in front of his family had long since faded away at this juncture. His chest barreled out, warm and thick and riddled with veins as his darkening hide quickly covered with grey donkey fur. Thoughts drifted only to eating and fucking, wishing he had a jenny in heat to breed. It was impossible to hold out against the onset of pleasure his changing scent was bringing him.

“Yeeeeewww haawww!” He brayed loudly, humanity evaporated from his voice as his thick cock shot load after load of sticky donkey seed all over the underside of the table. Yet, his sister and mother paid it no mind, the scent of his lust doing little to interrupt their insatiable appetites.

Coming down from the post-orgasmic bliss, his body relaxed and he urinated a heavy stream of donkey piss onto the carpet, the excess splashing up onto his legs and stomach. The thick scent held a calming effect in his degraded mind. It stank heavily of his musk, giving him the illusion of home and safety.

His shirt had already torn apart in several places from his progressive changes. Shoulders had rotated forward as his chest barreled, making short work of the meddlesome human trappings. A broad back became exposed as his new jackass mohawk sprouted down his lengthening neck. The rags of fabric hung comically off his still expanding hide, threatening to fall apart with a sudden movement. Likewise, his ripped shorts clung tightly to his massive ass as the growing donkey flesh ripped apart the seams. A newly-grown tail had pushed through the top of his underwear and swayed steadily back and forth in contentment. Bare hooves clacked against the floor, unable to feel the warmth of the puddle of urine he had made beneath him.

Linda, meanwhile, could no longer hold back the insistent urge to defecate. A last remaining fragment of her humanity convinced her to leave the table, understanding she should go somewhere private but not quite knowing where. The remnants of her torn underwear clung comically to her thick tail as her swollen ass burst forth exposed to the increasingly stinky air. Her tail lifted reflexively and several large clumps of manure fell out onto the carpet floor, adding to the heavy, foul smell hanging in the air. By that time, however, her mind had altered beyond all conceptions of embarrassment or morality over such an act where she stood, and she simply walked over her recently deposited pile, scenting with her heavy black nostrils for something else to sate her hunger.

By now the family was hardly distinguishable from a small herd of donkeys. Heather's dress still clung annoyingly to her frame, even as the seams tore away in response to her ever-increasing bulk. Jimmy finally fell onto all fours with his heavy member hanging lazily underneath him, slowly sliding back into his newly formed sheath. His lusts were forgotten under the hunger pangs that drove him to feed, to supply the energy necessary for his recently transformed body. The force of the fall severed that last threads that allowed his shorts to cling annoyingly to his thickening hindquarters. A loud rip signaled their demise as they fell uselessly to the carpet to be trampled unknowingly under his hooves.

Both he and his mother left the table to join Linda to search for more food now that their supper had been entirely consumed. They made quick work of the other veggies in the box their mother had carelessly stored on the kitchen floor. Changed muzzles and rubbery lips were treated to a feast of carrots, grains, and other farm-fresh delights that might have resulted in a different destiny for the trio. It was too late now; the other contaminated vegetables would have no impact on the fully-transitioned donkeys.

Hunger still not satisfied, the small herd made their way to the slightly ajar front door, beckoned by the scent of lush greenery outside. Though not nearly as sweet-smelling as the produce had been, there was an entire lawn full of food, and the herd set to work on filling their stomachs, grazing in ignorant bliss. They stood on all fours side by side and raised their tails, marking the place as theirs as all memories of anything other than asinine existence left their minds...

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It was certainly one for the record books. The animal control hotline had been contacted by a local family reporting strange noises from their neighbor's house. Imagine their surprise when they found three donkeys on the front lawn of the otherwise well-kept home. They were seemingly tame and docile to the approaching animal control personnel as they feasted upon the

obviously maintained grass. No information could be gathered as to where they had come from. None of the local farms had reported missing animals. The only signs of their presence were the mess inside and the piles of torn clothing, which indicated that the asses had been in the house at some point. Yet, how they had gotten in or why remained a mystery.

No one had any idea of the whereabouts of the family in question. Neither neighbors nor family had reported any signs of strange activity or mention of any leave of absence. Relatives and work acquaintances had not been informed of a sudden absence or departure, It was as though they'd simply vanished into mid-air.

Calls were made to local farms to see if any animals were reported missing. A place to store the asses was needed until the family could be located and proper custody for the animals could be appointed. One nearby farm, 'Grimoire Gardens' was happy to take in the wayward asses for as long as was necessary. They kept a small herd of asses onsite, after all, and a few more certainly wouldn't inconvenience the rather substantial operation.

The owner watched as his new jennies and jack were brought in via truck and was delighted to see that they exited the ramp without any resistance before they were introduced to their small but steadily growing herd. He, of course, knew exactly where they had come from. They had been sent one of only a few boxes that had been enchanted by the transformation spell. Turning the entire county into farm animals was hardly good for business. But a few select families among thousands? No one would be the wiser, having no belief in the magic necessary for such a change.

The newest additions to his farm would make excellent breeders, their superior genetics excellent for creating tame, easy-to-train beasts of burden. All trace of their former humanity replaced with animal instinct and desire. Another spoiled suburban family reduced to common farm animals, and a tiny profit turned in the process. A good day's work, all in all.