

Sitting alone in the office, Jon did his best not to think about the shot that was coming, taking a series of deep breaths to distract from his nervousness and fear. Remembering what he had done to help him sleep the night before, he tried to recall all the things the needle promised once its contents were in his system. He would finally be allowed to visit friends, family, and go out in public without a mask. All he had to do was get over his fear of needles, and then he would be, essentially, home-free!

Those thoughts had him drift to the past year, how a global pandemic had changed the world, perhaps forever. Its rate of spread was unseen, and its effects were detrimental to the health of those infected. Mask mandates, lockdowns, and social distancing laws could only do so much to slow the spread, just enough to keep patients out of hospitals to not overwhelm such a fragile system. And each day, each week carried with it no signs of stopping, of life getting back to normal.

Jon, for his part, had not handled the pandemic well. Cut off from his social circles, already estranged from his family, and living alone, his already present depression had taken its hold on his already precarious mental health. He'd spiraled down into periods of not talking to people for weeks on end, to the point where his social network worried that something had happened to him. He barely had the energy to get groceries, essentials, and care for himself. Though he longed for it to end, the depressed part of his mind seemed to fixate on the notion that things would not, could not get better, leaving him to suffer silently in a world where everyone was suffering in equal measure. In his isolation, he was lucky not to have been infected with the deadly virus, though it was a small reprieve with other areas of his health being so harshly impacted.

Of course, the world was waiting with bated breath for a return to normalcy. There, of course, were a few ways that could happen, according to experts. There was always the chance that the virus would weaken over time, lose its effectiveness, and become endemic. Or, eventually, the virus would infect enough hosts that their antibodies would limit transmission, a magic number of so-called 'herd immunity'. And third, the reason Jon found himself here in the first place, was the development of a new vaccine, one that could be mass-produced and distributed to the populace at large.

With that hope on the horizon, Jon signed himself up as a candidate for early trials. He didn't think he would get in; after all, they were taking priority of people who were at high risk, or high-risk jobs and obligations. However, given his isolation and his eagerness when applying, he was one of the few who was accepted for an initial run. Assuming he met the required health profiles, he was given an information package, an appointment, and the hope that his life would be better soon.

Yet, in the days leading up to his vaccination appointment, Jon found that scouring the internet for information was a mistake. There was a small, yet loud movement that seemed sure that those who got the vaccinations had gone missing, not to be heard from again. Many of the people who had gotten the shot posted pictures on their social media, though more than a few cited friends and family had not returned from their appointment. However, given the fear-mongering around the vaccinations in general and the viral shot in particular, Jon decided to go anyway. Surely, they were fabricated rumors to convince people not to take the shot for some sort of unknown agenda. And the rumor mill was, as best as he could tell, unfounded. There was nothing more dangerous in getting the shot than a day-long immune response and a sore arm.

And so, Jon found himself waiting in the office, wondering what life would be like once he had taken the shot. He had been assured that his vaccine was 99.99% effective in making one immune to the virus and its ability to transmit to others. He would no longer need to isolate, wear masks, and could partake in regular activities just as though the pandemic had never happened. That was, of course, if the trial run of the vaccinations worked, after all. He would be monitored for a time, he was told, to see if any side effects were present. Still, afterward he was free to do as he wished, and Jon was eager to get back to the start of his old life!

After what felt like forever, a nurse came in, explaining all of the required information about vaccines, the risks, the benefits, and if he had any questions. Jon had done research on how vaccines worked, impressed that this one carried no trace of the virus within the fluid, not even in a dormant form. It should be, in theory, perfectly safe. He agreed to all of the terms, though didn't bother to read the print on the paper as he signed. It was all explained to him, anyway, and there were at least three pages of small print. Jon had been waiting over an hour at this point, and was eager to get back to his day and what would be a better life for having taken it!

Understandably, Jon was both excited and nervous in the moment of injection. His fear of needles certainly didn't help matters, though there was nothing to be done for it, given it was the best mode of introduction. He closed his eyes, told when he would feel a pinch, and braced himself, the prick of the needle going in something that he dreaded and longed for in equal measure. Though in reality, the process took only several seconds, to Jon, it felt like an eternity as the needle went in, piercing his skin and holding steady as the vaccine was delivered.

"There, that's it!" The nurse said, placing the needle in a sharps container and having him hold the spot with a small piece of gauze. Jon couldn't believe that it was over. It was finally happening! He would get everything he wanted and more, now that a safe vaccine had entered his veins. He could finally get back to activities and social interactions that had evaded him in the past year, getting a semblance of his normal life back. Needless to say, Jon felt elated over the whole affair!

Afterward, the nurse asked him to follow out the door into a corridor, to be monitored for fifteen minutes before he was allowed to leave for vaccine side effects. Though he was unlikely to experience any, dizziness and weakness within the first few minutes were possibilities and they had to monitor him for the next 15-20 minutes to make sure that he was right to head home. Jon agreed, of course, and headed into what he assumed was a waiting room.

Yet, after sitting in the room for a moment, Jon noticed a peculiar smell, one that hung heavily in the air, though not one he could place from the lack of other objects in there with him. It was a pungent aroma, one that made Jon want to gag a little the more he sat there. It was almost like...a barn, if memory served him. It had been so long since Jon had been in one that it was impossible for him to recall the odor specifically, such as it was. But, the smell was strong, and the more Jon sat there, the more he wanted to get up and get out, thinking that to be the source of his discomfort.

Yet, despite the heavy odor and his desire to leave, Jon couldn't quite bring himself to get up. The dizzying stink of the room was the likely culprit, though, the more that he sat there, the more that the odor seemed to increase in intensity. It was almost like he was in a barn, and the vaccine had somehow weakened him to the point of feeling fatigued and dizzy from the pungent stench. It started making him a little nauseous and left him wondering if he should call for help. Was this one of the side effects they had mentioned? Surely, someone was monitoring him and would come in to give him aid, right?

Stunned as he was by the dizzying stench, Jon failed to notice the tingling in his ears for the first few moments. However, a numbing sensation soon made it impossible for him to fully evade the sensations, and, reaching up, Jon was determined to try to rub the numbness away. However, what met his fingers was not what he expected, not in the least. The skin of his ears seemed to be...longer, if such a thing was possible. It was like there was simply more ear there than what he had been expecting. And, there was a fuzzy quality to the sensation that almost felt like...hair. Was that right?

Concerned now, Jon continued to rub at his ears, trying to alleviate the strange sensations. Yet, it almost seemed like they were growing at his touch, getting longer and warmer and spreading up the sides of his head. Jon was certain that he was hallucinating somehow, imagining the whole thing. But the more he sat that, the more his ears seemed to be growing at his touch. Worse, the itchiness was covering the numbing sensation, a potent prickling that was coating their entire elongating surface. It was almost like hair growth, only far more rapid than anything Jon could possibly imagine.

Confused, Jon looked around the room, not really sure how to perceive the alterations. To his surprise, there seemed to be a mirror on one wall, a full-length one that prompted his interest.

Tentatively, Jon walked towards it, not really sure what to expect but needing to see it all the same. As he did so, the tingling in his ears started to intensify, and, to his horror, Jon could have sworn that he felt them *twitch*. It was like they were...

Seeing his reflection in the mirror sent a gasp echoing through the room as he stared at what was becoming of his ears. They were an inch long now, sticking out from the tip of his head. Their surface was covered with a light coat of brown fuzz, and, as he watched, more, longer hairs started to poke from the insides of the appendages, which themselves were started to curve inward slightly. The ridges and creases within the canal seemed to smooth out as the appendages enlarged, though the tingling from further in the cavernous growths seemed to indicate they were to possess a larger inner ear to match their size. That last part shook Jon to the core. Even as he watched in the mirror, it seemed that his ears were still *growing*, two inches now and still each up past the top of his head!

In horror, Jon stared at the long, pointed ears, now waving above his ears and continuing to twitch of their own accord. Jon wanted to reach up and touch them once more, to confirm their existence. However, he was afraid that such contact was cementing their reality when he might still be hallucinating. Still, the temptation was too great, and, to his disgust, the flesh under his touch seemed warm, as though just as alive as his skin was. Worse was the itching that was proceeded by a spreading of a brown coat of fur, short yet obscuring the skin to the point he could no longer see it.

Unsure what to do, Jon groped the appendages frantically, as if trying to confirm they were really part of him now. They were warmer than the skin on his face, flushed with veins and arteries that were pumping blood into the bestial appendages. Alien on his features, it seemed as though he'd donned some sort of prosthetics or other sort of makeup. But given their method of twitching and the sheer weight of them on his head, there was no doubt of their legitimacy. Their shape, too, was familiar, though hard to place when on his head in such a way. They looked to be the appendages of an animal, though which one he was not certain of. Yet, the vague stench of a barn, in tandem with some distant snorts he was suddenly aware of, brought the mental image of donkeys to his mind. Did he have some sort of donkey ears sticking out of the top of his head? How the fuck was that possible!?

Jon sat down quickly, stunned and disorientated by his new additions. The overall dizzying sensation had not abated, as was the ache in his arm where he had been injected. He had to wonder if it was the shot that had done something to him. Yet, what sort of chemical concoction could give someone physical donkey ears?! Surely, he had to have been dreaming and passed out as a result of a bad reaction to the vaccine. Still, it would have to be the most realistic dream he'd ever experienced to have such a vivid recollection of owning donkey ears! And where would such have come from in the first place?

Leaning back on his chair as he was, Jon was stunned when his ass seemed to sit on something, like a bump on his tailbone that he did not know was present. Moaning slightly from the unexpected pain, Jon rolled over, reaching down to feel what he had possibly sat on without having noticed it. Yet, there seemed to be nothing on the chair that could have done him that kind of harm. Puzzled, Jon reached around, unsure as to what could have pained his tailbone. Surely, he would have felt it being bruised before now, right?

The moment that his fingers pressed against his tailbone, however, was the moment his blood ran cold. Sticking out of his tailbone, an inch above the skin, was a warm growth, one that did not belong on his anatomy. The upper side seemed to be ridged, as though his tailbone had separated and pushed into the growth, coccyx altered behind human recognition. Yet, apart from his tailbone being separated, there was no possible explanation for its position on his anatomy. Save for one that sent a shiver through his slightly stretched spine...

Unable to take his hand off the growth for fear that he would miss something to its change, Jon was startled to feel it move, as though stretching even longer on his backside. But, it was far worse than that. Not only was the protrusion growing, but it seemed to be twitching of its own accord, just like his ears had been. It was as though the muscle and linkages had formed within to allow a modicum of mobility that defied his understanding. It was almost like...the mental image of what it could be startled him.

Breathing calmly as he had done before getting his shot, Jon got up slowly, not wanting to pain his new appendage before he fully got used to its presence on his backside. Still, it was a troubling affair to muster the courage to look back and see what he was sure was an asinine tail sticking from his backside. It was hard to see at first, only an inch or two long and sticking from out the back of him. But, the more he struggled to turn around, the more the sight of something waving above his ass seemed to enter his periphery. It was thankfully not confined to his pants, sticking out from under his shirt so that he could feel the fabric along its surface. He couldn't imagine it getting stuck there, feeling as much a part of him as his arms or legs.

Yet, the worst part about its presence was that it began slowly twitching from side to side, as though a sign of his agitation and worry. If he focused on the muscles that he assumed were part of the appendage, he was sure that he could move it just slightly. But, for the most part, it seemed to be swaying of its own accord, as though his body was content with experiencing owning what was surely a tail. The growth, so far, looked like nothing he had been expecting. It was two and a half inches of stubby, ropey tail, naked and twitching from side to side. It was still growing, the rounded tip pushing out away from his body and adding another inch to its overall length. Stranger still, a now-familiar itching of hair growth started to erupt from the widening base, making Jon long to rub the skin to alleviate the irritation. Yet, given the bizarre realization

that he owned such a thing, Jon was too afraid to touch it, worried that it, like his ears, would prove he now possessed a bestial appendage.

Yet, eventually, like the ears, curiosity gave way to temptation and he reached down and shivered when making contact with the bizarre appendage. It twitched once more, swaying from side to side as he stroked the base. The sensation was almost pleasurable, though it made him powerfully uncomfortable. Hair was prickling up from the base now, only slightly longer than the fur that coated his ears. Though the itching at the still-growing tip was getting more intense, as thicker bristly hairs burst forth and obscured the skin. By the time they were done, it seemed as though his tail was that of a donkey's, matching his ears perfectly!

Jon wanted to sit down again, the dizzying sensations getting worse the more he stood there, trying to adapt to the situation. He had grown the ears and tail of...an *animal*. A donkey, if his guess was right. It was insane to try to think about. People didn't turn into donkeys, no matter what they were injected with from a vaccine. At least, as far as he knew. It had to be a bizarre side effect of the shot to make him think this was really happening to him. But the more he changed, the harder it was to deny the reality of what was happening in real time. And getting worse if the sensations were any indication.

The heat started to rise in his groin just then, as though the same sensation had altered his ears and the back of his spine. It was different in that it came with a powerful flush of arousal, one that shook Jon's stunned state to the core. Though he was already dizzy from the injection and the changes that were coming over him, it felt like whatever limited reserves he had were being funneled towards his groin, where his penis was pushed painfully erect. There should have been nothing arousing about the whole affair, though from whatever stimulus, Jon was rock hard to the point of being unable to focus on anything else!

In his lust-addled haze, Jon was hardpressed to do anything but unzip his pants and pull out his member, cameras or anyone watching is damned. Though, even with that worry in the back of his mind, there was no chance of being modest with the intensity of the need in his loins. Like in a trance, he pulled out his cock, feeling it bobbing up and down as soon as it hit the air. There was something off about the sight of it, as though it was far too larger for the cock that he figured that he should possess. But, in the moment, it was hard to focus on anything other than the great *need* that was burning away at his loins. He needed to get off, and he needed it *now*.

The heat only seemed to intensify as Jon stroked himself off, eager to feel the shivering pleasure that even the lightest contact was providing him. It was almost more than he could bear, the flesh of his cockhead far more sensitive than he had been prepared for. Better yet, it seemed to be growing in his hand, much like his tail and ears had prior. Though the more it seemed to expand, the more pleasant the sensations of stroking himself off seemed to be. Despite the

bizarre changes and the unexpected growth, Jon couldn't deny how good it felt to play with himself, much less stop it before he did something that he might eventually regret.

Even as he touched himself, his penis continued to grow, far larger than he had ever seen on his frame. His normally 5-inch penis was at least 6 inches now, and each stroke he made seemed to extend it even longer. The tingling of change was getting more and more intense as he stroked, towards 7 inches and even past that. Soon, his cock was 8 inches, and likely still growing if the ongoing sensations were any indications! Despite the horror of the changes, there was no denying his curiosity about how big he might get or how it would feel to stroke off a larger member, enough that he couldn't bring himself to stop even if he was furthering the changes in some way.

Though the pleasurable sensations were almost overwhelming, Jon was still aware of the bizarre alterations that were slowly overtaking his penis. For one, his shaft started to change color, some patches shifting from their usual skin shade towards something that appeared pinker. It seemed to be mutating in random patches, as best as he could tell, some becoming more pinkish while others started to darken as though crisp. Far from the pink that had become of the rest of his shaft, the skin soon darkened to brown, then almost black. It was a matte shade that added an inhuman quality to his member that left Jon stunned to the core. This was no color that should exist on his skin, much less over his penis! The skin seemed slicker too, firmer, though it was impossible to tell with how much he was leaking. Still, there was an obvious texture difference as he stroked with reverie, scared by the changes but unable to stop with how much ecstasy touching himself was giving him.

All the while, his cock was getting bigger, 9 inches now, and still steadily expanding the more that he stroked. Yet, despite the alien shade and its expanding girth, Jon could do naught but stroke himself off, eager for the sensation and pleasure it was granting him. If simply stroking himself off felt so good, what would the inevitable release feel like? He couldn't wait to find out, despite himself!

By now, the ache in his member was starting to grow uncomfortable, to the point that Jon could no longer stand it. His testicles were swelling in his underwear, making it powerfully uncomfortable. Prompted to reach down and pull out his junk, Jon was made quickly aware that his balls were not the same size as he had been used to. They seemed to be more akin to grapes now and rapidly swelling, likely to support a penis the size of the one that he now possessed. All the more eager, Jon pushed off his pants, cupping swelling testicles and enjoying the sensitivity they possessed. Even the spreading of thick, black skin as they expanded to the size of golf balls made no difference to his lust. He should have been freaked out, Jon knew deep down. There was nothing for it with the potent lust blaring from his loins. It was almost too much for him to bear!

Swelling testicles were needed to support the now 12-inch penis he possessed, it seemed. It was thicker, too, almost impossible to stroke off with a single hand. Taking both at once, Jon struggled to rub up and down, the slick sensation of precum lubing up his hands as he ran it over a cock that was, by now, almost three times his human member. Best of all was running it over the medial ring that the center possessed, the skin popping each time as its sensitivity grew to a crescendo. He was getting closer with each stroke, and the more that he managed to play over it, the harder it was to hold onto the fear over the bizarre changes.

Still, it was a trying exercise to mentally accept he was about to orgasm from a partially donkey's cock. He was too close, trembles of pleasure waving over his shaft as he stroked with desperation now. It was as though he had been denied pleasure this entire time, as though his mutating shaft was not able to achieve the required ejaculation. His penis was able to explode the heavy load that his softball-sized testicles kept inside and hidden from him. Just a little more...oh god...fuck...it was happening!

“Ohh...Ohhh...HHAAWWW!” Jon called out, a beastly inflection that he did not intend to escape his lips. Though it was impossible to hold it back as his cock shot like a fire hose, several thick, sticky wabs of jism erupting from the strangely shaped tip and plopping down the shaft, his hands, and even some of it collecting on the floor!

Given the sheer force of the orgasm that he'd experienced, it was a wonder that Jon had any awareness left to take stock of the situation. But, as he sat there, awash in post-orgasmic reverie, there was still a hint of worry in his thoughts that struggled to rise in the back of his mind. The sight of the ears, the tail, and that animalistic cock brought to mind a familiar mental image, though not one that he'd ever wanted to see on his own form

To his horror, his cock seemed to stay semi-erect, preventing the blood from returning to his body and giving him the level of awareness needed to perceive the situation. As impossible as it was, it seemed as though his cock was close to 15 inches, troublesome for a human body to handle. Dangling as it was, Jon was able to look it over with some sense of awe over the member he possessed. Though the head was unchanged, it seemed the rest of his maleness resembled what seemed to be a donkey's penis. The mottled shaft, the medial ring, and the sheer girth looked fit for a farm animal, not the human being he had been before he'd entered the facility today!

Even in his dazed stupor, Jon was aware that the changes to his penis were not done. It was the head that was tingling now, the cleft fanning out into a crown of sorts that seemed to encompass the head of the shaft. His pisshead, too, lowered towards the bottom, thicker as the head flattened to resemble the cap of a mushroom. The alien shape should have made him

uncomfortable, though, given his dizziness, it was hard to hold onto that panic that should have been prying its way into his mind. That, and the remnant afterglow from such an orgasm was still fresh in his mind, making Jon almost eager to see it come to a full erection once more. The pungent stink of semen in the air only served to keep him at half-mast, the slightest stimulation sufficient to bring him the rest of the way. And, although seminal fluids were drying over his hands and cock, he didn't seem to be bothered in the slightest, enjoying the pungent stink and awash in pleasant hormones.

It was a tugging from his foreskin that brought his eyes down again, the covering peeling from the shaft down towards his groin. The was bizarre like it had been stuck there and was peeling away with an audible sound. Soon, it reached the base of his penis, the flesh pooling, and thickening as though building up mass. Its skin turned from a former skin shade of black, and the surface itched slightly, preceding the formation of a series of soft hairs, covering the skin entirely to the base. The exposed skin that had peeled away soon altered its way to match the coloration of the rest of his donkey shaft, and his penis pounded erect in excitement, fully out of what Jon was starting to realize was an equine sheath.

Soon, the outer skin of the sheath pooled at the base and started to tingle as it connected to the skin of his groin wherever it seemed to touch. Jon was only aware of a slight tugging, making him want to reach down with his hands to try and pull his sheath back. But, the sensation soon rushed forth from the edge of the sheath, pulling his entire cock along the edge of his groin. The shaft bobbed up and down a little, and Jon felt a wave of dizziness run through him one more time, as the sheath even spread to the skin of his belly and beyond, until the sheer length of it forced his cock to face towards his head. In fact, the head of his cock was almost pointed towards his own head, sending a shiver of excitement through the man. It was so massive, so powerful, so...

An ache in his skull drew Jon out of his reverie as he reached up reflectively to try and quell it. It was as though something in his skull was shifting, giving him what was registered as a sinus headache. It wasn't much; none of the changes thus far had been particularly painful. But it was enough to send a surge of panic through his mind that counteracted the haze of lust that had been the cause of his downfall. Jon was turning into a donkey, and the process was making him actually *enjoy* it!

The ache seemed to be centering in his teeth now, and Jon was prompted to get up and look in the mirror, not wanting to see what was happening but needing to know all the same. It wasn't like he had a way to stop or even slow the changes. There was nothing to be done about them, other than to try and watch the changes as they happened to lower the surprise. Still, Jon was not prepared for the sight of his two front teeth enlarging, pushing against the gum line and the rest of his teeth with it. They looked comically out of place on his features, and Jon was

tempted to try to push them in and try to slow what was happening. But, he knew there was nothing to be done as splotches of darkened enamel-covered the teeth from the gum line, which itself was becoming splotchy and thicker with dark skin patches, not unlike those on his penis. Though they were not fully formed yet, it was obvious to Jon that they were on their way to becoming the buckteeth of a donkey!

“Stop this! STAAAWWWWWWWP!” Jon called out to no one, before realizing the equine inflections that were plaguing his voice. The sound was familiar; it had been the same that he had elicited when he had been overtaken by orgasm. It was not something that he could elicit under normal circumstances, Jon was sure. Were his vocal cords changing as well?

Wanting to smack himself on the head, Jon found himself wondering why he hadn't just thought to try and leave. Yet, upon trying the door, Jon went to chastise himself again, thinking that the solution to solving the changes wouldn't be so simple as for him to leave. No matter how much he tried and struggled, the door would not budge, locked from the outside. Naturally, he was being held here against his will, likely until the changes reached their inevitable conclusion. That led to the obvious explanation that his changes were a planned side effect of the vaccination. Or, perhaps, the intended goal all along? None of this made any sense!

His next thoughts drew to pulling out his phone, another forgotten piece of technology that could aid in his escape. Yet, he had been painfully unaware of a tingling in his hands until he reached into his pockets. Stunned by the size of his fingers, Jon pulled them upward, not sure what to expect. It took him a moment to realize what was wrong, disturbed as he was by the changes that he'd already undergone. But, soon, it was clear that these were not the hands that he'd possessed all his life, and they rapidly altered into something unusual. It was the middle digits that drew his attention first, the tips bulbous and bloated. The nails on one each seemed stretched and rounded, rising from the surface of the cuticle like rising bread. Their thickness only seemed to increase the more he stared, happening before his eyes. Soon, the tips were double their circumference, pushing the rest of the digits out of the way to make room for their girth. It seemed, to Jon, like they were on their way to some sort of hooves!

Scared for his life, or at least humanity, Jon reached back into his pockets struggling with the changed fingers as he fished out his phone, hoping to look for a signal to call for help. It took more time than he wanted, those precious few seconds passing by and potentially preventing him from reaching his salvation. Still, with some effort, he was able to pull out the device, though his middle fingers caught on the fabric as their ends swelled as though being filled with water. Worse, the other fingers were stiff, barely able to grip the phone, much less work it once he got it out.

Cursing, Jon dropped the phone, hearing it clattering on the ground as he reached down with some effort. The other fingers were smaller now, the joints popping and dissolving into the tissue as though they had never existed. After all, donkeys walked on single digits, not at all like the primate features that he enjoyed. He was steadily being relieved of them, as much as he needed to get to the phone and call for help.

Yet, the moment that Jon eyed the screen, the moment his heart sank. His screen security required a fingerprint to open, something his altered digits could no longer provide. But, even had he been inclined to try that method of escape sooner, it would not have saved him. He could still make out, in the corner, the words ‘no signal’ that meant he would not be able to send out a text or phone call for help, leaving him to suffer in this room as his humanity was steadily robbed from him. Whoever had him trapped in this room had thought of everything, it seemed.

Jon was left to stare at his hands as their currently hybrid shape warped towards what he knew would be donkey hooves, possibly for the rest of his days. The nails were slowly starting to wrap around the tips of his fingers, curved over the skin even as it swelled within to make up the several layers. Far from flat at the tips, several lines of indentation formed from the lower surface, equine terms for each section that escaped the man’s awareness. The outer rim was ovular, stretched at least the size of his former palms and still growing, weighing heavily on his wrists as Jon held them down so as not to strain them.

As the middle fingers thickened, the rest of the fingers continued to wither and crack and pull into his palms, which themselves were compressing in on themselves. Even his mental efforts to twitch them seemed for naught as their ability to do so was robbed from them. Soon, the stubby nubs of fingers and thumbs were pulled into the skin, only small fragments of bone remaining in his internal anatomy to denote their former presence.

All the while, the rest of his fingers continued to swell, the joints lengthening relative to his anatomy and far wider than even what his humanity could have hoped to match. It was as though his lower leg, what he assumed would soon be as such, was more made up of the bones of his fingers and that his palms had been largely reduced in mass. His wrists almost looked like what he might expect for his elbows, now hocks, the one term he did recall. There was little of his humanity left in the appendages, well on their way to a pair of front donkey hooves and useless for holding up any more of his weight!

In his panic, Jon ran to the door, banging on it frustratingly in an attempt to get help. “Help me! Help! Someone HAAWWW!” He called out, not realizing at first that his voice had altered to elicit an equine bray. Yet, the moment he heard the asinine inflections in his tone was the moment that he stopped, not wanting to bray lest it sped his descent into donkey-dom.

Still, it would do him little good to wait, needing to get out of here before more of the changes took him. Yet, the more he slammed his hooves into the door, the more they seemed to grow, swelling with mass as the pristine appendages reached what he could only assume was the proper dimension for his new additions. Larger now, Jon's only relief was that he could bang on the door with more force than possible with human hands. Yet, no matter how much his panicked self beat at the door, he had no hope of bursting through, instead of being stuck in the room and cursed to continue changing into an inhuman creature. Possibly a total jackass, if the current level of change was any indication.

Even an intense itch starting on the backs of his hands, where keratin nails met smooth skin, was not enough to stop his frantically wailing on the door. Still, he was aware that his skin was prickling, blackening patches playing over the skin that were soon swept up in a swash of short brown hairs, not unlike the ones that had peppered his ears and groin. The blackened skin seemed more like equine hide at this point and only served to thicken the more than his flesh was overcome. Soon, it spread over the skin of his arms, even disappearing up his sleeves. Yet, the itching of hair growth did not stop, and even hide was not stiff enough to prevent that persistent prickling that signaled that his skin would soon be entirely obscured.

Eventually, Jon had to cease his efforts for the aches that were assailed in his arms. Muscles were dissolving and pulling apart, making them feel weak as the bones within started to stretch and strain him. All the fat and meat was dissolved, not unlike his fingers had been. It seemed as though his arms were to become stubs of their former selves, though their overall strength seemed not to abate. Perfect for holding up a donkey's chubby body, though Jon was having trouble with that realization. Eventually, he pulled back, staring at his lower arms below the elbow as they came to resemble what he was understanding were equine legs.

Jon shuddered suddenly from a shaking in his shoulders, as though the bones were being forced to compress on his rib cage. That seemed to be the case, as best as he could tell. The blades seemed to be thinning, pushing under the skin and rending the muscle aside like paper. Of all the changes, this should have been the most painful, though only a bizarre discomfort rocked his form. Still, it was of little reprieve as his flattened blades seemed to push on the very skin, sinking down into his torso and pulling at the fabric of his shirt.

In order to accommodate the changes to his shoulders, it seemed as though the other bones in his chest were beginning to barrel, pressing against the skin and muscle and parting them painlessly. The gradual growth was enough to tug on his already tightening shirt, the fabric not meant to accommodate something the size of a donkey within. The only discomfort really came from that ever-increasing tightening against the skin, and the itching as hide and hair formed against the barrier of clothing, not meant to be confined without such coverings. It was getting harder and harder for his shirt to resist tearing, and a series of pops made his long donkey

ears twitch. Jon wanted to reach up, though had no ability to do so with his newly formed hooves. He was therefore forced to feel his shirt bursting from its place on his back, exposing skin that was steadily being encroached by hair and hide. Straenst still was a prickling on the back of his now-exposed neck, like hair growth, though thicker, bristling. Like a mane...

“Well, aren’t you coming along well? The serum works wonders on the body, and so fast, too! All without pain or any ill to your form or future. I never get tired of watching it!” Came a voice with a blast of static.

“WHAAAWWWWT is going HHEEEEEAAAAWWWWN?” Jon tried to call out, though the bray that escaped him had Jon more scared than anything. He was already losing his voice, his body. He had to be at least halfway through his change into a jackass. Worse of all, this seemed to be the plan, someone’s sinister design that was watching his agony with a queer sort of pleasure!

“Don’t you understand? Well, I suppose it is hard to comprehend from your standpoint. Such a thing is impossible if you’ve never seen it. But, I have to say that regardless of what you think about the impossibility of your situation, I can say that you are truly undergoing a most impressive transformation. Into an animal, to be sure, a simple, stupid farm beast. But, in the face of the impossibility of formulating a vaccine against this virus, it was the next best, if not the most obvious solution!

“But whaWWWWWt about the other doses?” Jon managed to say without braying. Though, with the swelling in his chest and the tightness of his shirt, it was harder to focus on the man’s words. He recalled some people had gone missing, perhaps this being the result if the rumors were true. But many more returned home, citing no side effects as they waited for the trial run to complete and the promised return to normalcy. Just as Jon had wished for!

“Simple, but sad. Those people were given placebos. Nothing but the buffer solution that normally coats a vaccine, sadly. They will go out in the world, and think themselves safe. The data will come along eventually, saying the vaccines aren’t working. But, before then, we will have achieved our goal, and it won’t matter anymore! It’s truly for the betterment of mankind as a whole we work! Totally altruistic, as rare a thing it is!”

Jon remained silent, wanting to ask more questions, but the man didn’t seem to have any inclinations to stop speaking. He appeared to be overly proud of his achievement, however, demented Jon found being its subject. And, perhaps worst of all, seemed to have no inclinations to let him go or change him back.

“As I said before, there is no chance of making a vaccine against this virus. Its genetic structure is nothing short of insidious, and there’s no way to coat our cells to reject its advances, no matter how many antibodies we make. It’s far too adaptive! But, there was an unexpected side effect of the virus that allowed us to think of an eventual solution. A retrovirus, of a sort. Unconventional, mind you. But certainly exciting! The virus leaves a signature in the DNA that allows itself to embed inside. Like the virus becomes a part of its host, permanently. And, with its structure, it was discovered early on it is possible to add another form of DNA to its spiky protein strand. One of an entirely different species. One that, with our delivery system, can change one’s DNA structure rapidly into that of another organism. As you’re well seeing for yourself!”

“I consider it a personal duty to tell all the patients this before the change is completed. One last humane treatment before your life as an animal. Oh, there’s no going back for you, not now. As you might have guessed, you will change all the way into a donkey, a farm animal. You are not the first to undergo such a change and you will not be the last. Many of the men that we bring into this program undergo a similar fate, and all are living happy, healthy lives. No longer with their humanity intact, I grant you. But it’s a small price for you to pay, for the longevity of the human race!

“But WHHHEEEEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHAAAWWW!” Jon brayed through buck teeth, unable to speak now as his neck began to thicken, altering his vocal cords beyond the ability for human speech with each passing moment.

“Why? Sorry, couldn’t quite catch that. It’s simple, really. Why farm animals? Well, they are cheap, easy to keep in large numbers, and docile. Some of us suggested using endangered species to repopulate the planet, but such is a more difficult endeavor, and, perhaps something to be done at a later day. That’s neither here nor there, and not something you have to concern yourself with now. All you need to know is that you won’t be harmed, you’ll live a good life with our other subjects, and you won’t be killed or exploited.”

“As for why change people into animals, any animals, really, that, too, is simple. I’m sure you’ve heard of the term ‘Herd Immunity’. It’s all over the news, naturally. The notion is that 60% of the population needs to catch the virus before it dies off in the population. Well, our process is designed to accelerate that within the space of several months. Without a vaccine, the virus will be with us for years, killing millions, if not more. The more humans we change, the fewer potential hosts there are for the virus. Non-human animals can’t catch a human virus, after all! I suppose that’s quite the pun, really. Reaching herd immunity by making you part of a herd! And we have a rather large one, one that I hope you’ll fit right in with. All jacks, like you’ll soon be!”

Jon was barely aware of the words, however, changing as he was all the while. His chest was continuing to barrel, ribs pressing almost painfully against the skin. He could see them writhe under the skin, a series of cracks and pops along his flanks as they thickened to what was surely more equine proportions. His belly, too, was continuing to bloat, the disparity in pressure causing him to embarrassingly bout of flatulence, though there was little to be done for it. The skin itself was itching profusely, getting more and more irritating as it was steadily encroached upon by equine hair and hide.

Though, there was little time to reflect on what was happening to his body with the man's words still ringing in his ears. It was as though the man wanted to taunt him with a sadistic streak that was getting worse and worse the further Jon fell from humanity. "Oh, and there's one more thing you should know, though it will hardly matter one way or the other in a few moments. The change makes you gay! Whether your sexuality was before the process, your inklings will be towards other male jackasses like yourself!"

"Wait, WHHHAAAWWT?!" Jon managed to bray out, terrified by the words. Though it was one thing for him to be losing his humanity, it was far more frightening to think that he would lose his sexuality. He was straight, he liked women. He always had, in fact, liked women, never having inklings towards other men. The revolution was revolting, something that he could never imagine but was as likely to be the case as much as the rest of the man's words.

"Yes, it's true, whether your thoughts on the matter or not," The voice decalred, not caring an iota about Jon's choices or comfort. "We don't need any of you reproducing, after all. Otherwise, the world would be overrun with jackasses as much as it is with humans! And, the hypersexuality of the changes is the best and most humane way to keep you all placid and complacent, after all."

"Well, with that, I think it's time to introduce you to one of your herd mates! I know it's uncomfortable to be in mid-change as much as you are. So, having one like yourself to help you get accustomed to your body is the most humane thing, I think. Do enjoy it, as I'm sure you will!"

With that, the click of the door opening met Jon's ears, and he turned in that direction to see the sight of something that made his heart sink. The clopping of hooves walking into the room was proceeded by a fully formed donkey, braying and pulling back his lips as he took in the sight and presence in the room. Jon was sure it was a male, and not only from the musky, somewhat alluring scent. It was the signing donkey dong below his belly that was a sure sign of his maleness and his intentions for Jon!

“I can’t tell you what to do, but I’d recommend you don’t try to fight it. He will help you get into the mood of things, and induct you into the herd. He was where you were, once, and he certainly likes it now! Well, he can’t speak one way or the other, but all of our changes jacks are healthy, disease-free, and sexually active!”

With that, the donkey came up to Jon, showing his teeth and braying with an expression of excitement. Jon wasn’t sure exactly how he knew, never having been around animals in general or equines in particular. But there was something in the beast’s expression that denoted something beyond what he would have assumed donkeys capable of. It was something that made Jon shiver with the knowledge that the man’s words were to be true and this was to be his fate.

Before he had the chance to push the beast away or consider even trying to fight back, the donkey came up to him, reaching with a thick muzzle and rubbery lips to pull down his pants. With his hooves in their current state, there was little to be done for them, save for pressing them against the donkey’s forehead, unable to feel the skin and hide with his unruly donkey appendages. His hybrid state, and the pressure of his upper arms against his flanks made applying any force impossible. So he was stuck instead trying to retain his stance, feeling his pants being pulled violently down towards the floor. The pressure against his hips was getting intense, as though they were thickening, and the air against them was almost a catalyst for further growth. Jon was scared that exposure to the donkey would change him faster, though there was little to be done for it, given the infection that was altering him all the while. It was a wonder that the donkey was able to tug them off at all, though a series of rips from the pressure of his growing posterior enough that his pants were pulled off with little effort. The pressure against his skin was less painful than he should have thought, his exposed donkey hide made of sterner stuff than humanly possible.

Clad only in his underwear now, the pressure in his backside was allowed to disparte enough that he could feel its further growth. His anus, in particular, was pressing against the back of his underwear, ass cheeks pulled apart by the pressure of repositioned hip bones. The skin of his anus was thick, meaty, and rounded on his backside, moving upward and nearly kissing the base of his tail. Jon was thankful he couldn’t see it, not wanting to be grossed out by its presence, much less the fact that he was to be a gay donkey, he would find much an orifice sexually attractive!

With the continued changes to his backside, Jon was left to struggle, not wanting to fall down on his front hooves and bring himself to the level of the other beast. Though with the ache in his legs and feet, it was becoming more and more likely his efforts were to be for naught. It was as though his thighs were thickened, flanks and belly merging with a pooling of skin and making him pitch forward slightly. His calves, thinning and compressing in equal measure, were compensated by the increase in the length of his heels. Jon wavered back and forth, trying to

balance his top-heavy stature with the alterings to his backside, tail waving frantically as it continued to grow towards its final stature.

It was soon to be made much worse by the aches with his heels, stretching beyond the confines of his shoes and pushing them up over the backs. Forced to pitch over once more, Jon left out a rather quine grunt as pressure started to grow within. It was a numbing sensation, Jon was sure, but given the state of his hands, he had it under good authority that his feet would soon go the same way. It seemed like a weight was starting to settle over his large toes, the nails on top of them thickened and developing the layers of an equine hind hoof, one that was continuing to encroach over the surface of his middle digits. Worse than that, the rest of his toes were beginning to go numb in their own right, as though stiffening and preparing to be removed from his body entirely. Desperately, Jon tried to flex them, in hopes that his efforts would keep them on his form. But it was a vain effort, their popping joints and diminishing bones a sign they would no longer persist on his form.

The rest of the forming hooves were soon becoming too much for his shoes, the stitching popping apart at the pressure from the hooves out layers. Jon could feel the pressure somewhat against his hooves, though it was a dull ache as the rest of the single digits burst out, forcing him to stumble forward. They were far too large for human footwear, and with their expanding contours, the shoes were rendered forfeit, Jon wanting to kick them away out of reflex, though such would cause him to keel over. Such was soon likely to be the case, given the stretching of his heels and the awkwardness of his top-heavy stature. He couldn't fall over, couldn't be an ass. Worse, he didn't want to be more like the beast that was still sniffing at his backside, forgotten in the terror of change and losing his bipedal stance. And, yet...

Bulking at the instability of his new form, the adjustment to his hind end left him unable to stay standing, falling over with a loud clop on his front hooves. With the power in his upper body, the force was barely felt, and Jon was left to bray out his frustrations, bucking and kicking like the beast he was becoming. The force was enough to rip the back of his pants, falling over his thinner legs as tears rang out from his ballooning ass. To his surprise, the other donkey had moved out of the way, and Jon was left to panic freely, hating the fact that he was a donkey, close to being a beast and losing his humanity forever.

“HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!”

The moment he calmed down, realizing his thrashing was futile, the sensation of the donkey's nose against his anus made him bray out one more, not expecting the wet nose and thick tongue to play over his rump. Jon went to bray again, though was taken aback by a heady musk that started burrowing into his nostrils, the stench of donkey sweat and cum in the air powerfully perforating. At first, Jon was disgusting, thinking it would be part of the reeking beast

he would be for the rest of his life. Yet, the more he drank in the pungent stench, the more his mind seemed to crave it, an intending scent that sent shivers through his body. No matter how much it had disgusted him initially, he seemed to only want more!

As though a response to the heady musk, Jon could feel his nose start to stretch, nostrils expanding as a fine coat of fuzz covered it, the nostrils almost rubbery. He had to blink a few times, not used to the sight of it in front of his face. Yet, with his face slightly protruding as it was, the view of his nose became more natural, sitting under his periphery as he looked at the world with a wider range. Hell, he could almost see the jack sniffing at his backside, turning his head only slightly to see his would-be mate. Yet, it was the scent of him that really did it for Jon's mind, far headier now that his nostrils had more room to really drink them in. The precum leaking from his dick, as well as the donkey's own, severed to raise his lust, cock stiffening and growing beyond what he could imagine. And with it, an ache in his asshole to be filled with the defied understanding of his previously heterosexual mind. He needed to be fucked, needed his prostate to be stimulated in the worse way. And all he could do was bray his intentions, the donkey inflections more natural to his ears now.

As though responding to his brays of lust, the donkey started to lap insistently at his pucker, leaving the mostly changed man shivering. It felt amazing, sending stimulating waves through his body and Jon to lean back into the tongue fucking he was receiving, craving more. Even the tingling of change was not enough to deter his enjoyment of it, and was rather welcome if they would lead to him being larger enough to take the stud in his backside. He could feel his back expanding, inches of skin spreading and muscles swelling within as he bulked up to match the beast at his backside. Jon had to readjust himself several times as he grew, a best larger than what he expected a donkey to be though nothing that concerned himself as he continued to change with each lick against his pucker.

Yet, the moment the donkey pulled back and raised himself up to mount, Jon felt a shiver run through him, the fear of the changes and their implications running through him. He didn't want this, to be fucked into a donkey, likely for the rest of his life. And he had just let it happen! It was so good at the time, and still continued to be amazing, his cock turgid and forcing his sheath downward, accentuating his pleasure. Even with no way to jerk himself off, Jon was already so close to the brink that the rectal stimulation would be enough to bring him to the end. And with that, Jon had no reprieve but to push out with his pucker, trying to aid his mate in finding his target and shoving his rock-hard donkey cock into Jon's virgin bowels.

The force of being penetrated was almost enough for Jon to buck him off, and he brayed his discomfort, the massive cock filling him up beyond what he could he could stand. There was nothing he could do to expel the penis in his backside as the donkey started to thrust, working his way up Jon's back and roughly gripping his sides with his front hooves. Jon was being used for

the donkey's pleasure, and that notion, rather than dissuade him, only served to up his own lust. Jon braying and nickered, rocking his body back and forth in tandem with the rapid pace. The motion served to rock his penis against his belly, precum flying everywhere and getting on his fur. He was so close already, that everything else faded into the background of sexual pleasure.

With so much sensation rocking his body at once, it was difficult for Jon to focus on the rest of the changes erasing his remnant humanity. Hair and hide continued to encroach over his sweaty body, nothing remaining of his human skin. His human hair continued to thicken and bristle, a perfect equine mohawk running down his neck and allowing the donkey on his back to nip at him slightly, holding him in place as he continued to rut in him. Yet, the compression around his skull, the slight ache of his growing cranium pressing against his human brain was enough to cause him some concern. It was always so hard to think about the sexual pleasure of being taken like an animal. If he continued to change like this, then would he...?

Yet, as the pre-cum leaking from his flared cock tip began to thicken, signaling the onset of his first donkey orgasm, Jon could not find any fault in what was happening or what it would mean for his future. He didn't want to think, didn't want to focus on what he was to lose with all the physical pleasure he was about to gain. It was worth it to let himself go, to feel his face starting to press outward, cracks and pops nullified by the sheer pleasure the prostate pounding was giving him. He wasn't sure when the changes were done, unable to perceive the familiar tingling over the fucking he was getting and his desire to be a donkey in body if it meant life could feel this good.

The pressure against his prostate soon came to a head, but Jon had no inclination to hold back, his actions dictated by the beast he had become. Animals gave into their pleasure, lived in then now, and Jon was no exception as his cock started to spasm wildly and his thrusts became insistent, trying to embrace every bit of pleasure his new body might be granted. An ecstatic bray escaped his lips, as with an "HHHEEEHHHAAAWWWW!" Jon felt his cock explode all over his belly and then ground, the warm, sticky fluid reeking in his nostrils and bringing him an untold amount of bliss. Every inch of his body was electrified from the orgasmic release, his mind and human worries whitening out in the moment of sheer bliss.

Rectal muscles gripping around the jack's cock in his bowels was the only thing about to bring him out of his post-orgasmic stupor. It was throbbing frantically at this point, dragging out Jon's pleasure as he prepared to blow his load. Jon was ready for it now, wanting to be marked by this jack and become part of this new life forever. The pulsating of his cock head before blowing a sizable load of donkey jism into his rear was not only sexually stimulating, but fulfilled a deep psychological need as well, bonded with this male as he nipped Jon's neck and held them together as he took his pleasure. He was part of this male's herd now, another jack, and nothing he his fading intellect could fathom carried with it more promise.

“Yes, yes, good donkeys! What a show!” The man exclaimed as the donkey got off Jon’s back, leaving him stretched and empty. There was a part of Jon’s mind that was aware of the man’s own arousal, and that he had cum in his pants, likely from the erotic display. It meant little to him, however, Jon was more focused on the sensation of donkey cum leaking from his backside and the warmth of the jack’s breath, feeling full and content in the best possible way.

Jon nickered as the jack started to lap at his backside once more, this time seeming to clean up his seminal secretions. Jon firmed up his stance once more, allowing the donkey to clean him, grooming his backside and licking the cum out of his ass. It was a further sign of their camaraderie, something Jon had never experienced in his human life and something that carried with it more promise than he was prepared for. As soon as the donkey was finished with him, Jon turned around, licking at the donkey’s muzzle and tasting his cum on the beast’s breath. The gesture was returned, and soon the pair of them were nipping and grooming each other’s lips, cheeks, and manes. The tingling was sublime, Jon feeling his skin twitching from the contact, more sensitive than he was prepared for it and craving the contact as much as the other jack seemed to be.

Much too soon for his preference, the other donkey turned around, hooves clopping on the tile as he moved toward the now-open door from which he had entered. Jon was inclined to follow, and the moment he walked out into the hall, the scent of donkeys, of hide, hay, and manure filled his nose. The odors were strong, though even the more offensive ones weren’t enough to bother Jon. They spoke of the herd, of other donkeys, and to his delight, Jon was aware they were all male, like him. And the now-familiar odor of ejaculation spoke volumes of their lust, each of them as horny and needy as Jon himself. Enough to bring his cock from his sheath once more in anticipation of the breeding to come.

The view of the wide barn room filled Jon with anticipation as he walked in to admire the dozens of donkeys, most of whom were erect and in the midst of carnal pursuits. Jon was happy to get to know them, to become one with them, and his simpler inclinations made all human pursuits, even the loss of his human life and his previous goals like a distant memory. He wanted to get off, to cum until his lusts were sated, and then eat and lie down with his fellow jacks in bestial bliss. And there was no shortage of eager males to cum with, to explore his new sexuality and the limits of his new body.

For now, he moved to kiss the other jack that had helped him into his new life. A small part of him was glad to be free from the virus and the life that had come from its pandemic. It was true he no longer had to worry about infection now, and he could live his life to the fullest, even though it was far removed from his humanity. That was a small price to pay as his jack turned around, raising his ropey tail and flagging his flared pucker in invitation. All Jon could

manage was an eager bray, lapping at the jack's pucker for as long as he dared before raising on his hide hooves and spearing for his pucker, wanting to fill him up and bray their lusts for all the world to hear...

The satisfied brays hit Frank's ears, sending a shiver through his loins as it always did. Though he had already cum from the spectacle, nothing served to do it for him than the sight of a jackass giving in and losing his mind for the beast he would become. The moment of his final bray as he was fucked into form forever did it for him in the worst way. Hell, he wanted to be a donkey himself, and likely would, one day. For now, he was needed to manage the operation, one of only a few with the, for lack of a better term, amorality to turn humans into mindless beasts. It would take the right person to take over him to allow him to take a permanent leave in bestial bliss.

Frank took a few moments to watch the new jackass integrate into the herd. He seemed placid enough, as though always did. Donkeys were surprisingly intelligent and social, and even if there was still human awareness within the brains of the newly minted jackasses, it would be hard to measure. It didn't matter, in the long run, he supposed. The new jackasses were placid, content, and generally got along with the other members of the herd. A simple, if not satisfying existence, was surely better than the isolation that came with a worldwide pandemic, the end of which was years away. Really, he was doing a service for these men, and they should be so thankful as to undergo his treatment. And, with the bestial bliss they experienced every day, Frank was sure they would, if they were able to understand him.

A smug smile crossed his face, thinking this really was the best way to do things. Animals couldn't catch human viruses, after all, at least this one. It did help he was able to tailor the donkey DNA to give better immunity to disease in general, decreasing the chance of cross-contamination. In the end, it was a far better existence for them, in Frank's opinion. His lust over watching the changes might have made him biased, though it was a small personal satisfaction in the broader scope of things. Making them gay in the process was a stroke of genius, not allowing them to portage, all while giving them mates and enough sex that would make their human selves jealous if they still remembered to compare them. Hell, if only the mainstream political scene would see things his way, Frank was sure he would receive just as many volunteers to descend into jackass life.

Naturally, he couldn't turn every man into a jackass that crossed his doors, that would bring too much attention to his exploits. Many of them were given placebos, and although the truth of their use would come out within the next several months, at best, by then, his operation would have turned thousands of men into jackasses. Decreasing the surplus population,

preventing disease in those injected, and giving his subjects a happy, fulfilling life was an admirable goal, after all. Even if he were to be prosecuted for his actions by those who didn't understand his genius, there would still be time to take the drug himself, joining his fellow jacks in bestial bliss for the rest of his life. What could possibly be better!?

Though donkeys, in his opinion, were really the best species for one to become, be it their caring demeanor for each other, their sexual stamina, or their intelligence, that was not the only potential species his project was looking into. A variety of species might take less resources than their human counterparts, and make suitable animal hosts for former humans to protect them from the virus. And there was little time for him to perform such tests before discovery, making it all the more important that he acquire the test subjects to create his newest animal herds...