

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 try 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 that 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. Having never seen anything in a hundred years, the world was clearly not ready for a respiratory virus to spring forth and reach every corner of the globe in a span of mere months. Its rate of spread was unseen, and its effects were detrimental to the health of those infected, leading to long-term side effects and even death in those unfortunate to be 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.

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 die out, that if everyone kept apart then it would no longer have hosts from whom to transfer. Or, eventually, the virus would infect enough hosts that their antibodies would prevent further 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. Though, given his isolation and his eagerness when applying, he was one of the few that was taken in for an initial run. Assuming he met the 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 felt that scouring the internet to be the bane of his excitement. 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 that 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. Though, 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 month, he was told, to see if any side effects were present. Still, once that month was done, 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 usual stuff about vaccines, the risks, the benefits, and if he had any questions. Jon had done research on how vaccines worked, impressed that this one had no trace of the virus and 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 about taking the vaccine. His fear of needles certainly didn't help matters, though there was nothing to be done for it, given 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 possible side effects, and they had to monitor him for the next 15-20 minutes to make sure that he was alright 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, as though from something else had been in the room. 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? It had been so long since Jon had been in one that it was impossible for him to recall the odor, such as it was. But, the smell was strong, and the more than Jon sat there, the more he wanted to get up and get out, thinking that to be the source of his discomfort.

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 grow. 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.

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 run 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 that were taking them over. Yet, it almost seemed like they were growing at his touch, getting longer and warmer and spreading up the sides of his head. Such a thing should have been impossible, and 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 into what was becoming of his ears. They were an inch long now, sticking out from the tip of his head and touching his ear. 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 the growths. 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 starting to move of their own accord. Jon wanted to reach up and touch them, though 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 be dreaming, 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!

Sitting 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 agony, 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 enacted his tailbone.

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, feeling like a chunk of skin. 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.

Yet, the worse 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 stub, ropey and 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. It wasn't until the itch 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. This had to be a bizarre side effect of the shot to make him think this. 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 that 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 be 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.

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!

Though the pleasurable sensations were almost overwhelming, Jon was still aware that some changes were overtaking his penis. For one, his shaft started to change color, some patches changing from their usual skin shade towards something that appeared pinker in coloration. They seemed to be mutating in random patches, as best as he could tell. 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.

Stranger still were the remaining bits of skin, starting 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!

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 want to find out!

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 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 explore 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...HHAAAWWWW!” 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 penis 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 covered 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 to 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 way 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.

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 the ache 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! STAAAWWWWWWP!” Jon called out to no one, before realizing the equine infections 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 wanted to smack 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 potential 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 his wrists 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 in to 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 the 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 of 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 HAAWWWW!” 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.

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, though he could only use them in one motion. 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 pricking, 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 skin 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 pricking that signalled that his skin would soon be entirely obscured.

Eventually, Jon had to stop his efforts for the aches that were assailed 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, pushing against the skin and muscle and parting their 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 in time to see them. 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.

“WHAAAWWWT is going HHEEEEEAAAWWWWN?” 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 supposed 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 simply, stupid farm beast. But, in the face of the impossibility to formulate a vaccine against this virus, it was the next best, if not the most obvious solution!

“But whaWWWWt about the other doses?” Jon managed to say without braying. Though, with the swelling in his chest and tightness of his shirt, it was harder to focus on the man’s words.

“Simple, but said. Those people were given placebos. Nothing but the buffer solution that normally coats a vaccine, sadly. They will go out in the world, 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! Not that losing the money from funding and the bad publicity will be easy to take. 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 not chance of making a vaccine against this virus. Its genetic structure is nothing short of incidious, and there’s no way to coat our cells to reject its advances, no matter how many antibodies we make. Its 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. Not longer with their humanity intact, I grant you. But its a small price for you to pay, for the longevity of the human race!

“But WHHHEEEEEHHHAAAWWWW! 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, docile. Some of us suggested using endangered species to repopulate the planet, but such is a more difficult endeavour, 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 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 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 years. Without a vaccine, the virus will be with us for years, killing millions, if not more. The more humans we change, the less 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!”

Pun on herd immunity

Can’t get a human disease if you aren’t human

Jon changing all the while

Chest

Belly

More fur growth

Oh, one more things, makes them gay

What, why?!

Panicked, liked woman

Don;t want them to reproduce, and making them gay makes them more placid

Opens the door

Donkey comes un

Don’t fight it, will help you intp the herd

Donkey comes to pull at this pants

Hips thickening

Ass his larger

Pucker pushing at back of underwear

Tries to striglgled

Legs aching

Feet aches

Hooves formed from big toes

Rest go numb

Shoes pop tear

Falls over

Pants tear

Fall off, donkey pokes at his backside

Musk hits his nose

Starts to stretch

Breathes in donkey cum and precum

Brays

Ass aching

Prostate needy

Donkey licks his rear, feels good back

Back gets longer muscle swells

Changes a little more each lick

Wants to kick the donkey off

Feels too good, cock is out of his sheath

Thrashing against his belly, makes him eager

Wants to pull away, can't

Feels his head bristling

Hide and hair covering his sweaty body

Brays, can't speak well

Mounted, jack struggled

Let it happen

Feels the cock push into his bowels

Trys to cry out, can only bray

Head starts to slope

Harder to think

Feels really good

Doens't want to think

Lets himself go

Muzzle forms

Head compresses

Feels the donkey fulling him uop

Pressure on his prostate too good

Cums

Brays

Good donkeys

Other jack dismount, licks up his cum

Jon kisses the donkey, nuzzles and groom manes

Walkes out into outer area

Other donkeys, smells, hay, manure, etc

Doesn't mind

Kisses the new donkey again, cock gets hard

All the donks hard, ready to go...

Epilogue

Scientist watching the display and the new donkey taken outside

Beast seemed placid, they always did

Really the best way to do things

Only men taken, and then only some, others given placebos

Reflects on the other species being used...