

Sweating profusely, Lorren made sure to riffle through her papers one more time, nervous about delivering the information they carried. Not that she had much to worry about, her tenure as head of the research department for the CDC being nothing but exemplary. It was not the first time she was tasked with giving a presentation to the CDC board, debriefing them on her team's recent findings. Yet, she was nervous as hell as of late, having second thoughts about the work they were doing here. Part of her work involved the development and distribution of vaccines against the latest virus strains. However, with her knowledge that the versions given out to the public weren't as effective against them, she had to wonder why they were still distributing them. With some of the recent goings on in the company, Lorren was getting less and less comfortable working here. But there was the very real likelihood that they wouldn't let her leave one way or the other. There was no getting out of it now, as much as she wished otherwise.

Her information should have been good for the upper crust. Recent days showed infection rates were soaring, something that would please them and inspire further trials, of which she would be spearheading. The more they requested of her on that front, the more she found herself worried about what they might be used for. Such could infect large populations and change those present into mindless, horny beasts. And in the wrong hands...hell, she wasn't one to buy into conspiracies normally, but things were a little suspect. Thankfully, she was fully inoculated with the latest version of the vaccine, though it felt like a small reprieve with the concerns nestled in her thoughts.

Regardless of what she told herself, her trepidation could not be ignored, even as she walked down the hall toward the boardroom. Not since her first job interview did she feel so nervous, and sweaty through her dress suit. Despite having a shower this morning, under the scent of soap and perfume, a strange, rank odor seemed to be wafting from her body, one familiar but strange in these circumstances. She was sure she smelled it before, down in the stockades where she had gone to study the 'victims'. But she hadn't been around the beasts today, and surely they wouldn't have been brought up to the offices. So then, why was she unable to get it out of her nose? In the end, she figured she must have been imagining things and entered the room, trying her best to keep her composure.

Yet, there was something in recent memory that bothered her, even as she opened the double doors to the board room. It was not the first time Lorren had smelled the bestial odor on her person before, often just before long periods of rest when she had forgotten when she had gone to sleep. She might have correlated them to bouts of nervousness when the scent seemed to burn into her nose more than usual. Given her work, it was likely a phantom odor that seemed to perturb her. Still, she was inclined to douse herself in more perfume than she used to wear as a countermeasure. Given how her nervousness seemed greater than usual, the smell seemed to worsen, though there was little else she could think to do about it without canceling the meeting.

Sitting around a circular table, a room of twelve members of the board were chatting, sipping coffee, or staring at their phones. A pair seemed to be eyeing each other across the table, and Lorren found it a little perplexing they didn't sit beside each other. She had it under good authority that some of those on their phones were chatting with other members of the company whom they were having affairs with. Such was not a close-kept secret, though each member had dirt on each other to the point their relationships were relatively stable and benign. And in a company that dealt with such consequential viruses, most people were adamant about remaining amicable with each other.

In most instances, she might have been offended by the lack of attention, but given her current state of trepidation, Lorren felt very out of her element. She was itching all over, and sweat stains were beginning to form on her blouse, obvious if anyone was staring at her. And the barnyard stench was clinging cloyingly to her, making her wish to gag had she not been somewhat used to it. Even that was a little reprieve, especially as several noses around the room started to wrinkle in disgust. If they didn't know the smell was coming from her, they likely soon would, and such was more trouble than it was worth. At least they didn't say anything, but it was more than embarrassing to smell like one of those filthy beasts. Hopefully, the meeting wouldn't take too long!

Ignoring the cloying stench, Lorren set up her projector and went to work. It was mostly charts and graphs displaying the latest projections of viral loads and likely infection rates if exposed to large urban centers. Their current iteration of the mutagen was far more infectious than anything the company had previously studied, which had the older members more pleased than she was comfortable. At least her tests had shown that their newest antigen was still effective against this purified strain, and she, as well as most of the higher-ups, were inoculated. She couldn't help but wonder if there was more to the resorts than what she was privy to, but without more information, she was unfortunately forced to keep such concerns to herself.

"As you can see, the viral load is far more potent with the purified variant, able to infect at an exponential rate compared to our initial variation. It seems that airborne vectors are possible sources of infection, though they still do not persist long on surfaces. The changes do not come faster, though as before, the victims experience brief periods of memory loss and unawareness of the process until-" Lorren stopped, raising her arm and seeing a swash of something gray that had not been there before. Was it... *fur*? That wasn't possible, was it?

Yet, despite her confusion, a sense of shame was enough for her to lower her arm, not wanting to be seen. She had to be imagining it. All the latest tests using her own blood had shown her to be immune even to the purified strain of the mutagen. Hell, she wasn't even a carrier with her state of immunity, which was not the case for some of the earlier variants of the

antigen. Still, no one seemed to notice anything was amiss with her reaction, and she continued with her presentation.

However, before she could switch to the next slide, a sensation from her tailbone made her gasp. It was as though something was crawling within the back of her panties, itching across the skin and causing a rather sizable lump. Part of her was terrified that she had perhaps relieved herself, though no horrid scent came with it, leaving her to be confused. Part of her knew she should get out of there and try to figure out what was going on. Yet, doing so would embarrass her in front of her bosses, and if she moved to leave they would surely see the lump and wonder what the hell was going on. So come hell or high water, she would stay till the end, hoping she could make it out unseen after it was over.

“So, all tests concluded that the new strain of the virus is resisted by our current vaccine. If you haven’t gotten it, it’s best to get it soon in the event of exposure, given how highly communicated it is. There are concerns that our early variant of the vaccine isn’t as effective as-yes?” She remarked, answering a hand that was raised.

“What effect does this strain have on those already infected?” A woman asked something that Lorren had been expecting. There was a point to be made further along in the presentation, though she had not delved deep into the topic and figured it was a fair enough statement.

“It’s cawwwwwHHHAAAWWing!” Lorren asked, shocked at the sound that came out of her mouth. Despite the thing like fur on her arms, she quickly raised her hands in embarrassment. Everyone in the room raised their heads to look, confused as to where the sound came from. As impossible as it was, she had made a perfect asinine bray in the wake of her speech.

The touch of her hands against her nose gave her pause, realizing she could see it in front of her face. Drawing in deep breaths, the scents of her own body were amplified tenfold, though they no longer carried that notion of disgust. In fact, the barnyard stench of her sweat was more natural, and barely noticed over the other scents growing in the room. One was of sexual arousal, not only from the pair of board members still staring longingly at each other. Some of the others that had been looking at their phones were tenting in their pants as well, excited from the lunchtime romps that made up their days in the office. Above all, however, was a rising odor that was oddly familiar. It was as though she was scenting her own musk emanating from others in the room as well, though it was impossible to be sure. And in her confusion, she was hardly able to discern what that meant.

Blinking a few times, Lorren was a little concerned as some of the colors in the room, especially the greens of the plastic plants, seemed to fade from her sight. Blinking a few times,

she was hardly able to make sense of it, though quickly found it mattered little. Something seemed off about her sight, as though things were too narrow. But she ignored it, ignorant of the reflection of dull, feral brown eyes or the rectangular irises of an equine. Something she had seen dull in the eyes of viral victims but nothing like she expected to see in her own reflection!

As concerned as she felt over her strange actions, it was obvious none of the board members were paying attention to each other. The scent of their sweat was rather distinctive, and if Lorren focused on it a little more, she felt she could almost determine what they were thinking or feeling. Lust seemed to be rising between the two who had been staring at each other, the man grinding on his desk and the woman rubbing her clit. Several of the men were on their phones, parsing their lips as they browsed their phones for pictures sent by their mistresses. Some were likely shifting their attention to donkeys, videos of others changing that Lorren could hear as her ears twitched. A few people smelled concerned, though the more she took in the scents of the room, the more relaxed she became.

All the while, Lorren carried an expression with an awkward smile, one that was parting as her lips felt raw and rubbery. She was sweaty and red-faced, her body struggling as pops and cracks rang through it. It was all she could do to manage standing there, and while she didn't fully understand what was going on, she was thankful the room was distracted. Still, she was left awkwardly clutching the lectern, notes falling from her shaking hands as she did her best to catch them. Several were scattered now, and she tried her best to turn to the slide to the next one, the stack fell entirely, making her call out with a rather heavy bray. As much as she was used to the sound from the victims in the stockades, it was jarring to hear it coming from her own lips! Some of the staff were included to mock their bestial brays from time to time, something she saw as childish and disrespectful. But they had gotten rather good at imitating them, and the sound she made was just like them.

Still, the sound seemed not to draw any unwanted attention, and she bent over, a pressure in the back of her pants left her to freeze, forgetting about the growth until then. Yet, she was too late as the growth found its opening and pushed insistently against the back of her pants. Before she had a chance to hide it, a long, thick ropey donkey tail burst its way out, raising itself as a black equine pucker kissed the air. The shock of it forced her to drop her stack of papers, scating on the floor under the lectern. Lorren's features went white as the thing moved of its own accord. Worse was a loosening in her bowels that was followed by a rather pungent fart. Tail forgotten, Lorren felt her heart sink, knowing there was little she could do to hide action. If for some reason her bosses hadn't heard it, they would certainly smell it!

Faces wrinkled with disgust as her flatulence hit the gathered board members, not expecting to scent something so rank in the office. "Did someone visit the subjects before the

meeting?” One of the men asked, clearly annoyed. No one said anything, and as the smell lingered, some of them seemed to ignore it, as though part of the background.

Ignoring the words and looks of disgust, Lorren did her best to pick up the papers, trying to compose herself and get back on track. As futile as it was to hide away her ailments, a stubborn streak seemed to settle in her mind. That part of her knew she needed to finish the presentation reaching down for the papers and ignoring the insistent twitching of her new growth. Yet, as she tried to do so, a stiffness in her fingers made picking them up difficult. Scrambling desperately, the tips of her middle fingers seemed unable to feel the floor or paper under her. The more she tried to grip, the less ability she had to move her fingers, as though the middle two were fusing into some misshapen semblance of a hoof. What was worse was the thickening keratin over their surfaces, making it hard to feel the papers against her touch. Such was frustrating especially as she brayed her annoyance, once more confused as to why she was making the sound. More to the point, she couldn't fathom why there were mini bowling balls at the ends of her fingers, or why they were so thick. She couldn't pick up her notes like this!

Another strange scent soon caught her attention, this time from her front end. It sent a shiver through her being, as though she was feeling a flush of arousal. Looking down as she was, an obvious stain on her pants made her confused, wondering where it came from. Nothing should have been able to turn her on in the middle of an important meeting! And she had stalled for too long, surprised she had not been chastised thus far. Time seemed to be standing still even as her body ached and stretched and stank with an animalistic odor. Yet, there was no denying her arousal, how wet she was down there, and how an odd swelling seemed to be overtaking her sex, like nothing she could imagine.

That was not the only part of her body to feel strangely wet, this time in her breasts. While she had no way to rub at the tissue directly, she could feel them ballooning outward on her chest, tight against her suit. As she watched, it seemed they hung heavily on her frame, bloated as though full of milk. It made little sense, though the sensation was somewhat familiar, if not easily explainable.

It was worse than that, as she was soon to discover. The pressure in her pants was starting to increase dramatically, like something within was growing and rubbing it against the inside of her panties. It was impossible for something to be growing there, in the space where she might perceive her clit. Yet, her female sex was still there, underneath, if such was possible. Regardless of its source, it filled her with a greater sexual arousal than she had ever known. Thankfully, she was still bent down beyond the lectern, but with the pressure rapidly growing from her sex, it seemed unlikely to be the case for much longer.

“I need to use the HHHAAAwwwshoom!” Lorren blurted out, though it was far too late for that to matter. The moment she stood up and exposed herself, the moment the strange changes would be obvious to everyone. Even if she didn’t understand them, she didn’t want to be seen in such a state, damnit!

“Just be quick about it! We don’t have all day!” Said one of the men, though he seemed to quickly go back to looking down at his phone once more as if that was far more important than a changing woman in front of his eyes.

Looking up, face flushing with shame, it seemed the board members were more annoyed with her than concerned about the presentation being delayed. Many of them were typing on their phones, though the clicking of hard nails against them left them frustrated. It was as though they were gaining the same thick nails that Lorren had developed, though, in their frustration, they hadn’t noticed at first. As much as it concerned Lorren, she had no time, wanting to use the chance to get out and figure things out!

“T’LLLLHHHAAAWWW! HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Lorren called out, unable to suppress the bray any longer.

The moment she stepped out from behind the lectern, she fell over, having been unaware of a pressure in her heels. The same thick nail was present there as well, though much thicker, enough she could no longer feel the digits there. With her heels stretched as they were, there was little ability to maintain her balance, even with her tail as long as it was. Raising her hands to catch herself, Lorren was thankful to discover her nails had thickened enough that they could catch her weight without discomfort. Still, the force of the fall was enough for the growth on her crotch to burst forth, looking more akin to a cock than anything else. Worse, perhaps, was that it was getting hard, head rubbing against the carpet as Lorren grunted from the contact. A shiver of fear ran through her even through the clouded concerns that had plagued her throughout the process. As impossible as it was, there was no denying she was changing into a donkey, but one with a penis as well!

Struggling to get up, she brayed her frustration, only to feel her guts elongating and her spine stretching her tail to full length. Once more, her tail raised and her puckered anus let out an equine stink, alleviating the build-up of gas through her changing intestines. Yet, that was not the only thing she needed to relieve as her bowels let go against her wishes. Puckered black anus pushing outward, several rank drops of donkey manure fell to the floor behind her. Yet, as much as it stank and reminded her of all those infected souls, it was hard to muster any embarrassment in the act. All that mattered was the relief she felt as she arched her back, forcing more of her clothes from her expanding form.

As strange as the penis on her groin, the strange sensations were not to stop there. As best she could perceive, Lorren still possessed a cunt, sat just below her stained donkey pucker. But a swelling within prompted the descension of testicles, encased in a swaying leathery sack. It was not enough to close her cunt, leaving her with both sets of genitalia. That, and her breasts were still present, Lorren was able to brush her hooves against them as her shirt pulled up. Coated with black skin now, her sagging tits were more akin to udders by this point. Their surface was more sensitive as well, and Lorren started mashing them with her hooved fingers, desperate for sensation. Any fear of infection or the consequences of change was erased from her mind as she pleased herself. Braying all the while, cognizant thought had no room under such pleasures, and Lorren allowed herself to forget her other concerns with the single-minded goal of getting off.

By now, Lorren's longer ears became aware that the rest of the room was panicking, getting up at the sight of someone changing their number. The infection was highly contagious, of course, and even airborne. Yet, they were soon to find out it was too late, and the properties of the virus made them largely ignorant of the changes. Terror coursing through them, it was too late when trembling fingers brushed against longer ears, covered with fur and twitching at the touch. The bestial stink from their presenter was well amplified by this point, each of their sweaty hides as their clothing grew tight and fur sprouted from rips in the fabric.

“The vaccines aren't workkkkeehhawww!” Someone called out, stumbling over and falling as a ropey tail burst out of the back of his pants. Bowels rumbling, a puckered anus pushed out a pile of manure, the stink of which led the man to shame. All around him, the sounds of rips and thuds made his ears twitch. Urine and manure burned into his nostrils as they widened, and a shudder shot through his loins. Arousal was part of the change, and all he could do was feel his clothing grow tighter around his loins, stiffening hands unable to remove them.

The board head, aware of his situation if not able to recall its previous effects firsthand, pressed the emergency button on his desk. With that, the door sealed shut preventing any of them from escaping and sealing off the air in the room. While no one else in the building would be infected, everyone in the room was effectively doomed. For now, at least. He didn't need confirmation from Lorren's notes to know the effect of the pure virus on even those inoculated. While it was true they were changing, it was a temporary measure to being exposed directly. The vaccine would carry enough of their former DNA to reverse the changes. It was degrading and disgusting, but having seen it happen to himself in a recording, he knew his fate would not be to join their stables.

Some of the others who had fallen over, braying for a reprieve, would not receive it. Hands were changing into hooved digits, shoes testing open and hips fattening into donkey flanks. While a vaccine administered to someone changed might reverse it, the newest strain all

but assured they would remain stupid half animals forever. Any increase in heart rate or activity would make the process permanent, and with how sexual the changes made those infected, there was little chance of them holding back.

“If you haaawwwwwve the vaccine, you’ll soon change back!” Someone yelled before their mouth pushed forward into a muzzle, and their speech was mostly converted to brays.

“But I hhhaawwwww taken hheeeehhaaaawww!” The man tried to call out, though his own voice was warping beyond the ability to be understood.

“That’s your problem,” the man said, standing awkwardly and moving toward one of the women pleasuring herself. At his presence, she moved to get on her hands and knees, raising her tail and wafting the stink of her heat. Without regard, he pushed his flat cockhead into her wet folds, temporarily feeling his humanity erased as he fucked her. Knowing he would revert was enough solace as he allowed his brain to turn bestial, fucking them both into oblivion as they enjoyed their burden.

The man who had not been so lucky stared terrified at the changed Lorren, seeing bestial stupidity in her brown, rectangular eyes. She stared back at that, only lust in her expression as she regarded the rest of the staff with a lack of concern. Such was a mirror for their own fates, though it was hard for any of them to hold onto those thoughts as clothing tore and donkey musk filled the air, causing cocks to enlarge and cunts to leak their need.

Lorren's focus, even within her fading mind, was on her cock, rubbing it against her barreling belly as it leaked its lust. It felt better than anything had a right to, a sensation of maleness that felt oddly familiar. Lorren settled on her expanding jackass backside, stroking off its leaking tip. While her mind was still somewhat intact, any hint of shame or embarrassment was long removed as her awkward hoof hands oriented it toward her rubbery lips. With her other hand, Lorren still reached for her scattered papers, as though recalling they were still important somehow. Bringing them to her mouth, trailing lips played over them, nipping them a little before dropping the chewed paper once she determined it wasn’t tasty.

Her primary focus was getting off, however, feeling the floor against her puckered black anus and leaking cunt. One hooved hand moved over her fattened breasts, the skin of which had turned black and leathery. As her muzzle pushed out further, a thought crossed her fading humanity, moving her lips toward her leaking cock and caressing the flared mushroom head. It was difficult with how her fat belly made its trajectory offset. Yet, she was delighted to discover that her lips could reach down and suck the tip of her cock, sending shivers of pleasure through her being and making her quiver with lust. Horny as she was, it did not take long for the tension in her testicles to grow past the breaking point.



“Hhhaawww!” She brayed, nothing more than a stupid beast as her donkey cock erupted and sprayed her face with tank fluid. So much got over her lips and neck, dripping into her chest and filling her nose with the rank essence. Yet, enough filled her lips that she was able to taste it, licking her lips and savoring the flavor. Body shivering in the afterglow, she hardly noticed that her udders had leaked some milk as well, though some got on her hand, and she raised it, eager to taste her secretions.

With that orgasm, her changes continued to encroach over her, though Lorren was long past caring as she rubbed her udders and licked the cum from her cock head. A mane had bristled its way down her back, and the uncomfortable sensation of her anus on the floor was prompt to get up, standing awkwardly on her hind hooves. The newly changed donkey-woman was all beast in mind, feral and disregarding the panic in the changing donkeys around her. The scent of their waste and their heat burned into her nose, bringing her cock to bear and wishing to mount. First, however, her cock moved halfway out of her sheath and her bladder released, filling the air with rank donkey piss. Much of it splattered over her fur as she walked forward, the one fully changed. Given the increasingly bestial scents in the room, however, that was unlikely to be the case for long.

Many of the people in the room carried dumb, bestial expressions on their faces as they urinated or defecated in their clothing, with the simple-minded need to release. Most were masturbating in some way, playing changing hands over massive penises or into leaking cunts. Even though each knew sex would damn the unvaccinated to remaining anthro donkeys forever, bestial stupidity took over. Blackened noses were sniffing for cunts and assholes, anywhere to bury their donkey pricks. In the heat of the morning, nothing else mattered!

The sight of men in hazmat suits did little to deter the dumb donkey who had once been Lorren, cum leaking from her cock as she pulled from one of her boss's slippery donkey cunt. Dumb as she was, she didn't mind the sight and scent of them, something familiar about them keeping her calm. And with the tranq dart hit her, she simply laid down and went to sleep, comfortable after having mating through annoyed from being a little hungry. Maybe she would wake somewhere with food? All she could hope for was that her herd mates would be there, the lust in her loins still not quite sated. The scents of their heat and musk made her sure they were ready and receptive to her advances, whatever they might be!

It was sometime later when a naked, reeking Lorren woke up in a holding cell, one she slowly realized was used for those who had been infected to transition. Confusion crossed her mind, unsure what possible reason she would be taken here. Best as she could recall, she had been in the middle of a meeting, and then had...what? Fallen asleep? Surely that didn't warrant her being kept in a holding cell, especially when she had proof she wasn't infectious. A dirty

cell, one covered with hay and reeking of donkey shit and piss. Her own body stank as well, and she was sure she wouldn't be able to get it all out!

To her surprise, the cells around her weren't vacant, either, though the sight of most of her bosses naked as she was gave her pause. A few of the cells contained transformed victims of the virus as they brayed their frustration at confinement. Had there been an attack on the board members? It would certainly explain things, especially why most of the members hadn't changed. They, too, had been inoculated from the virus. It was pretty obvious not all had been so lucky and were now permanent members of the onsite stockades. But one thing bothered her as she moved to the com, waiting to call for something to let her out. Often, the staff was primed to humiliate those changing, writing things on their cages that had to be removed later. On her own, the words were obviously recent and made in permanent marker, fresh enough that she could still smell it. What had she done to be deserving of the title of '*No Good Dumb Donk?*'