**Outbreak Report**

**Name:** Dr. Jessica Adams

**8:45 AM:**

The problem first came to my attention at 8:26 AM when security personnel witnessed an unusual event on the security footage. Dr. Richard Howell was seen being lead by one of his interns, Ms. Tiffany Staiger into a supply closet. When they emerged several minutes later, Ms. Staiger's hair color had dramatically changed to a golden blonde. Her breasts as well had increased in size dramatically enough to prevent her lab coat from being closed completely.

I reviewed the recording leading up to the event, and traced the source to an experiment the two were working on. An unknown chemical reaction occurred, emitting a faintly visible fume that was apparently inhaled by Ms. Staiger. The fume seemed to disorient Ms. Staiger for several seconds before she said something to Dr. Howell and began to lead him to the supply closet.

I ordered the immediate quarantine of both Ms. Staiger and Dr. Howell for observation.

**9:15 AM:**

Dr. Howell was cooperative with security, and has displayed no symptoms so far. Ms. Staiger, on the other hand was extremely reluctant to follow any orders from female security staff members. As soon as the nearest male security personnel approached her, however, she was cooperative with all instructions given.

**10:00 AM:**

The outbreak, as I will now refer to it, has begun to spread to other faculty members. One security officer noted unusual behavior in the female security officers who previously attempted to detain Ms. Staiger. One has left her post several times to visit the restroom since the incident, while the other has become visibly anxious.

At 9:33 AM the second officer sexually assaulted one of our staff as he passed by her. The entire event has been recorded on security footage, to include the physical transformation of the officer from a red haired, and modestly proportioned woman into what can only be described as the very definition of a bimbo. I have ordered an immediate quarantine of the floor, evacuating only vital personnel.

**11:20 AM:**

Currently one quarter of the women on floor B4 are now blonde. In order to prevent the conversion of more intelligent women into bimbos, I ordered the men and women to separate from each-other on the floor, though I have no power to enforce this additional quarantine without sacrificing more personnel.

Seeing what has happened to so many already, most agreed to the quarantine willingly. Several personnel, both male and female responded to the information by seeking out members of the opposite sex deliberately. Whether this is an uncommon effect of the contaminant or deliberate misconduct is unknown.

In order to minimize temptation, the women who have already been transformed are being quarantined with the men to keep them both… satisfied. There is no proven theory on how the contamination spreads. We are working under the assumption for now that it is airborne and have B4 segregated to it's own air supply.

**11:45 AM**

The quarantine has had limited success. Many of the quarantined women have taken to self-pleasure, and even a few have resorted to pleasuring each-other. None of this seems to have triggered transformations in any of the women, though it is safe to conclude that all of them are contaminated now.

We have begun tests to determine the impact contamination has on intelligence prior to, and after transformation. As expected, the women who have transformed have lost most of their higher knowledge. It is unfortunate to see great minds, many with PHDs having been reduced to such a state. The women who have not yet transformed appear to have normal intelligence when able to concentrate. Sexual stimulation appears to relieve the inability to concentrate temporarily.

Thus far, no symptoms have been noted in the male staff, though we cannot discount the possibility that they are carriers.

12:30 PM

Local Quarantine has failed. Nearly every woman on floor B4 is now a bimbo. At 11:55 AM the majority of the women decided, against my urging, to seek out the men on the floor. After a disturbingly coordinated effort, they located the room being used for quarantine, and broke the door down. By 12:15 PM every one of them had become a bimbo.

It did not stop there, however. The women began to lead the men back to their room. I had just enough time to warn the few remaining women of the danger before it was too late. Now, there is a massive manhunt on B4, seeking out and converting the last remaining women.

At this point, I can safely conclude that the men are affected by the contamination, as the number of men cooperating in the capture and conversion of the remaining women is too large to dismiss as standard misconduct.

**1:10 PM**

I had floor B3 evacuated to make room for the last women from B4 to use as a safe haven. I say women, but at this point, there is only one. My personal friend, Dr. Catherine Jones. Her resistance to the contamination implies either an incredible will; something I can personally attest to, or perhaps an immunity.

I am not sure how she managed to evade the manhunt, but I was able to mislead enough men and women to open the elevator momentarily and allow her access to B3. Both that elevator, and Floor B3 are considered quarantined. There are two elevators remaining before stairways become the only means of transportation between the floors.

**2:45 PM**

At the request of Dr. Jones, we have allowed one bimbo into B3, in order to take blood samples from both of them. We allowed Dr. Jones to secure the bimbo… it is impossible to tell who it used to be. I personally visited B3 wearing a full body bio-hazard suit to take both samples. With any luck, comparing the samples will give us an idea of what the contamination is, and how Dr. Jones has continued to remain symptom free.

B2 has been evacuated and an air tight decontamination zone has been set up in front of the elevator. This will be the last floor to be evacuated and quarantined as any further testing can be conducted on B3. Personnel on B4 seem to understand that we control the elevator and that transportation between the floors can only be done on our terms.

I am unsure if it will be possible to restore the minds lost to the outbreak, but if an antidote can be made, we can at least put a stop to it so no more women lose their minds.

**4:00 PM**

Due to the outbreak, we are working overtime. I have begun to interview the victims about their inhibitions, sexual fantasies, and desires over the last hour while I await the results of the blood tests. As suspected… and feared… None of the victims, male or female, seem to find any sexual activity to be objectionable. Many volunteered excessively detailed fantasies and had no problem including me in them.

**4:30 PM**

The last interview is finally finished. Dr. Jones still seems to have her full presence of mind. She does not believe that her inhibitions or fantasies have changed, though from my familiarity with her, I can say that she does seem at least somewhat uninhibited. Perhaps it is only my imagination, however, as the nature of the interview did take a more sexual tone than our typical conversations.

I will continue to monitor her status while I await the blood test results.

**5:00 PM**

The blood test results just came back, but they are neigh on incomprehensible. While we have isolated the contamination, we have not been able to identify how Dr. Jones has been unaffected by it. She has suggested one more idea; she did major in the same field as Dr. Howell. We have sent down the test results for her to analyze.

**6:00 PM**

Dr. Jones has begun work studying how the contaminant functions. Although it was clearly created in a chemical reaction, it behaves like a virus. Entering the body's cells, and altering them to suit it's purpose. Did Dr. Howell design the virus on purpose? Or is it merely a coincidence that the virus behaves the way it does?

**6:30 PM**

Dr. Jones is doing amazing work considering her work conditions. Without any long-term assistants (Assistants are rotated hourly due to the need for full body bio-hazard suits and air tanks) she has managed to find proof that the virus was manufactured deliberately. It has two distinct stages; the first stage primarily affects the patient's sex drive, to the point that the need for sex overwhelms every other need. Once semen has been introduced to the body, the virus enters it's second stage.

In this stage, the virus alters the genetic code in the cells housing it, rewriting whole sections of the patient's DNA and triggering a rapid reproduction of cells to replace the old ones. As seen on the security footage, the entire transformation takes less than a minute to complete.

At that point, there is no undoing what has been done without a counter-virus pre-programmed with the patient's original DNA. Lost memories would be impossible to recover. Since we have Dr. Jones' blood sample we might be able to at least save her.

**7:30 PM**

There is no point in being here any longer today. Our staff is exhausted, and I am anxious to get home as well. One of the bio-hazard suits was found to have a hole; a tiny pinprick in it. That is pretty much the last straw, someone is getting clumsy and bumped into a needle or something. I've ordered every staff member who has used a suit in the last two hours into overnight quarantine on B2, each in a separate airtight room with segregated air supplies. Aside from a few security personnel to keep an eye on things the rest of us are going home for the night.

We will continue in the morning.

**Morning!**

A good night's sleep made me feel way better. Talking about sex all day had me so horny by the time I got home I pretty much jumped my boyfriend the second I walked through the door. Didn't even bother closing it, I was already stripping before I even reached the door! Anyways, he was super suprised when my titties blew up to like, giant sized and my hair turned yellow. I guess that means I'm a bimbo now too!

Best part was when my sister came over to visit. She likes to like, suprise me and usually it's annoying but she was like, way more suprised than I was. She like yelled at me and totally thought I was someone else. She like, totally thought my boyfriend was cheating on me! It took like for-ev-er to get her to calm down but then she was totally horny and we had our first threesome! Now we look like twins and my boyfriend's really happy about it.

I kinda didn't want to come back to work but I kinda have to finish writing this report thing. So, anyway, when I got back Cathy said she poked a hole in my suit when I was taking the blood sample from the other girl. She's like, super smart! She knew we wouldn't let them off the floor and like, resisted the urge to fuck so that she could figure out a way to get past the quartertine.

Pretty much everyone's a bimbo now and the guys don't mind it, so I called off the quartine. First thing Cathy did was run down to B4 and fuck Dr. Howell. She didn't like, even wait for us to get the elivator working, just zoom! Kinda jealous! Anyways, Dr. Howell suggested we should like, let the guys drive us to a bunch of cities and drop us off so we can spread the fun before the CDC has time to stop us.

He's gonna take me and Cathy out to the club tonight! We're going to have lots of fun. Oh uhm… So I guess this is the end of the report. Hope it helps!