

Infectious Preface

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This is the preface to the fanfic I'm writing about two deviant art users raptorjaci and kitsuneodoom they're not in the preface but will be in the rest of the story.

Slash will be coming later C:

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/yaoi_is_my_life/58379/Infectious-Preface

0 - Preface

Can you imagine in one unbelievable moment the feeling it is to know your life will never be the same? Do you think you could cope with knowing you only had a few months left? It's crazy to think about how little a person accomplishes in their time spent on this planet. One man spent far too much time thinking about it. This world paid for his obsession. Twenty-two year old Dr. Mason Ferall Coin was a most promising biochemist at The Medical College of Wisconsin. Biochemists are scientists who study the chemistry of living things. Their work includes studying the complex chemical combinations and reactions involved in metabolism, reproduction, growth, and heredity. Equipped with his eidetic memory, inexplicable desire to learn, and a fierce ambition to be famous he knew he stood apart from the people claiming to be his peers. While eating outside, on the college grounds, he began to observe his peers more judgmentally. Even the teachers fell victim to his critical gaze. "Anything we try to accomplish in this life will never do us any good. One's life is simply too short to produce results that time demands." he would often think to himself. What, he pondered, could be the answer to this seemingly sealed fate? The answer was quite simple, longer life. To extend one's youth and delay the aging, both physically and mentally, was his ticket to fame. Diving deeper into research he found classes for a subdivision within biochemistry often referred to as molecular biologists. He started to study bacteria, viruses, and other organisms to better understand the chemical basis of life. He also studied the effects of chemicals on the human body, during which aging was more rapid. It soon dawned on him, he needed to tweak the chemicals so instead of rapid aging decreased aging occurred. His research led him to a rare disease called Progeria. The disorder had very low incidences and occurs in one per eight million live births. Those born with Progeria typically live to thirteen years, aging almost at a rate eight to ten times faster than normal. He studied the disease for a while until discovering Werner Syndrome. Although mimicking the symptoms of Progeria the differences were enough to convince Dr. Coin. Individuals with the Werner syndrome typically develop normally until they reach puberty. Following puberty they age rapidly, so that by age forty they often appear several decades older. This would be perfect, he thought the moment he began investigating, if he could somehow figure a way to reverse the effects. To change the disease's mutation in the WRN gene and make the body, when it begins puberty, slowly age so by age forty it would be several decades younger.

During Dr. Coin's planning to start the experimentation, things began to go wrong. He had never expected his research to be discovered by the staff of his college. When it did all the staff unanimously decided they needed to put a stop to it. This only caused him to submerge himself deeper into his project. He was convinced the staff was trying to stop the succession of his work due to pure jealousy. So he continued on ignoring their warning to stop. Soon after most classes were over and the lab equipment was unused Dr. Coin attempted, for the first time, to synthesize a vaccine. The first attempt was a fruitless endeavor so he continued to use the lab equipment far after hours. About two weeks flew by with no results that he could use. Anger and desperation slowly grew inside his already fragile mind. The next few days as he worked he became sloppy. On the day he finally produced positive results he was discovered again. Forgetting to shut the door, making haste to pick up where he left off, allowed the janitor to find him. When the janitor confronted him instead of remaining calm he grabbed all of his papers and chemical work, quickly but safely secured them in his duffel bag, and ran for the exit on the far side of the room. The janitor didn't attempt to run after him, being an older and slightly overweight man, he knew he wasn't capable of catching such a physically fit student.

Dr. Coin had bolted out to his car and sat behind the steering wheel, panting from all the sprinting he

had just done. Starting his little, brownish gold car he sped away from the college in the direction of his apartment. His thoughts ran wild all the way on his way home. Unbeknown to himself his sanity had started to slip. Upon arriving home he pulled out all his work to see if anything negative had happened during his escape. Surprisingly enough the exact opposite was taking place. Right before his eyes, under the microscope lens, he could see the mutation reversing. The following week he didn't attend his classes, he didn't eat, he didn't sleep, nor did he leave his apartment unless absolutely necessary. The addiction to complete his work drove him farther and farther to the brink of schizophrenia. Unfortunately for him he soon realized he had progressed as far as he could with the confines of his living quarters. He needed to test his vaccine out on a living thing and it just couldn't be done there. His options were limited as where to go but he eventually decided going back to his college to use the controlled observation laboratory was his best bet. New questions began to rattle around in his brain. How was he going to get the time he needed and what animal would test his creation on? Deciding to figure out a way into the lab became his first priority.

The school was closed Friday through Sunday so he would wait and attempt to use the lab on those days, when no one was around but a stray professor or two. When night fell over the college he picked the lock to the door of the lab and quickly disabled the alarm. The place was perfect it had a two way mirror attached to a spacious room, moderately sized cages to hold the animals being tested on (they looked to be able to hold a large dog at the most), sound proof walls, computers that were capable of being hooked up to monitor living things, and both a cooling and heating storage unit, for whether the substance you were working needed to be at a certain temperature above or below room. He looked around noticing there were no animals in the cages and found that to be strange. Investigating some papers showed the lab was going to be expanded, starting in two weeks, and all activity was moved to a different building until completion. That only gave him six days to work there and fourteen for the vaccine to mature in a host. He knew right then whatever he hoped to accomplish had to be done in that short time span. Having procured his location deciding on what animals to use came next. Dogs and cats became the animals of choice, seeing how they're easy to obtain. He needed many different kinds so he went to the local animal shelter and adopted two older dogs, several puppies from a litter just weened, several older cats, and the shelter had no kittens but a number to a lady giving some away. After stopping at the lab to drop off the animals from the shelter, he then went to the woman's house and collected all three of her remaining kittens. Returning to the lab with the kittens, meowing in an open box, he quickly entered to begin testing. He started up a computer and one by one picked an animal, attached the two small electrodes, recorded its pre-vaccinated data (along with naming each one), and injected half of them with his vaccine. The vaccine was in theory supposed to be Werner syndrome reversed so he expected quicker results with the younger animals about to be able to start reproducing, as that would be their puberty so to speak. There was not much left to do except to let the vaccine mature. Leaving he left food for each of the animals and locked the door.

He came back the next day sad to see, but not unexpected, no results. On Sunday he had an epiphany. He would sleep there at the lab and only leave at night or the weekend. Dr. Coin began a schedule of recording each host's data, let the animals converse in the room with the two way mirror, fed them, recorded their data again, then put them back up for the night. No symptoms were showing of any change until Thursday. Judas, a kitten he'd adopted from the lady, had stopped eating cat food and started to distance himself from the rest of the animals during the time spent out of his cage. During the following week his condition progressed. Judas became dangerous to handle, he started to attack Dr. Coin whenever he came near. The kitten's data showed signs of senility, a symptom not commonly found in a person suffering from Werner's syndrome, that explained some of his strange behavior. The kitten's symptoms rapidly progressed and a few of the other animals showed signs of the same changes happening to them. By Wednesday almost every animal injected with Dr. Coin's vaccine was unable to

be handled. Judas still progressing faster than the rest was now extremely aggressive. The next day he decided it would be best to simply put all the animals down and start over. He put all the uninfected animals in the room with the two way mirror. He then pulled on thick gloves on to protect his hands as he grabbed one infected animal at a time.

After he tossed the first infected one, Judas, in the room with the others and came back with another screaming, clawing, practically salivating animal. Apparently the increase of their aggression made them stronger than a regular animal of the same build. On his way back to the door he passed by the mirror and what he saw almost made him drop the small kitten right there. Blood was everywhere, smeared all over the once sparkling white room. In one corner all the uninfected animals were huddled, watching in horror as Judas mercilessly ripped apart and ate one of their own. He had gone feral. Suddenly he became more scared of the small thing in his hand struggling to break free. He became even more convinced killing them all was the best solution possible. It was too dangerous to give the virus, as he now called his creation seeing it was a bit more appropriate, a chance to spread beyond the lab. Quickly he tossed the kitten in with the other and went back for more. He had gotten all but one dog which was too big to handle like the cats or puppies. Unable to figure out what to do he took a taser, out of his personal bag, and zapped the dog until it passed out. By the time he threw the dog in with the others all the uninfected had been devoured by the infected. The smell from the copious amounts of blood and torn flesh filled the room upon closing the door for the last time. This was a smell Dr. Coin was sure never to forget. As he turned on another computer and waited for it to boot up he thought out loud "How did this go so wrong, so quick?". The computer whizzed to life and he immediately started to run different programs. He sealed off all the vents to the whole laboratory building, then started a program that would spray carbon monoxide into the room where both the alive and dead animals were.

Watching in horror as each infected animal died slowly from the poisonous gas Dr. Coin grew angry his attempt to extend human life failed so badly. He hated the idea of starting over or trying to back track and find where he went wrong, but it looked those were his only options. He snapped out of thought when the computer started beeping. The room was now filled with as much gas as it could handle before it became a hazard. Turning the computer off he went back over to the mirror and shook his head. He had a lot of cleaning to do after the room had been aired out. Until then there wasn't a lot to be done. He started to pack, once the animals were disposed of, he had no reason to be there anymore. After packing all his things, cleaning out the cages and such became the next task. Before finishing, a low grumbling sound came from the room with the dead animals. It progressed with scratching and loud thumping noises. Cautiously he rose from cleaning and walked towards the mirror. Every animal that he watched die was alive, even the ones eaten by the infected. Though they had only been dead for a few hours their skin was ragged and looked decayed well beyond that. They were truly a grotesque site. He watched not knowing what else to do and saw that they didn't harm one another now. Instead they were all ramming themselves into the door or against the mirror. Dr. Coin wanted to leave but he couldn't, fear now mixed curiosity kept him rooted in place.

The large dog he had tasered earlier ran hard toward the door. With a crack he could hear and see the door start to give way. One more solid hit from that dog or any other animal would surely free them from their confines. He saw the dog run to the other side of the room then sprint back towards the door again. It all must have happened in five or six seconds, but it seemed like an eternity. The bottom hinge ripped off from the wall and the door swung forward. Unfortunately the weight of the door was too much to be held by the lone top hinge and snapped, sending the door crashing to the floor. The reanimated animals rushed for their freedom, stopping when they saw Dr. Coin. Their gaze all focused on him. He remembered the animals not eating anything, until they devoured the living of their own kind. Did it have to be their own kind or just something alive? His question was immediately answered when he felt a sharp pain in his calf making him fall over. Scanning the ragged faces he saw a puppy eating the chunk of meat pulled

from his leg. This was it, he thought, they are going to eat me alive. He decided not to try an run; considering this was all his doing dieing because of it would be a fitting death for him. He just felt like accepting this horrible fate was the ethical thing to do. So in his last moments he thought about the inevitable negative fame he would have after someone found his mangled carcass and research. Just how far would this spread and could anybody find a cure? He laughed until Judas bit down on his throat and savagely ripped a chunk of his vocal cords out. Construction was due to start on the lab tomorrow, in the morning everything would be exposed. The animals, however, were not willing to wait. They began to ram the windows, just as they had to the door in side of the lab, and seeing as the glass was no where as thick broke through them with ease.

When the builders arrived they noticed the broken glass from their cars and alerted the campus security as well as the local law enforcement. The police opened the door to the lab and quickly cover their noses while making gagging noises. Upon seeing the busted door and blood splatters everywhere they pulled their guns out of their holsters. Preceding they aimed the fire arm in whatever direction they headed. Finally the darker one groaned "You better come look at this!" putting away his gun, while calling for a coroner on his walkie talkie. When the other cop cautiously made his way over he unconsciously put his hand to his throat "What do you think it was?" The darker cop bent down to get a better look. Before he was able to answer though a cat leaped out of nowhere and took a slew of skin and muscle from his arm. Instinctively he kicked the animal across the room and pulled his arm in. Figuring the blow he delivered to the cat was too much for him to get up he inspected his wound. He couldn't believe a cat could do so much damage, but then again he saw the cat's decomposed flesh and knew it was no ordinary animal. When his partner finally spoke it voiced the fear he was feeling. "Whatever the frack was that thing is it's not dead, not even hurt!" Stunned and fear stricken he reached for his gun and fired a bullet off at the cat. Piercing thru the cat's skull it stumbled forward a bit then fell dead.

After the coroner arrived and pronounced the body dead, all but the wounded cop, began to search the room for clues to identify the body. All the research papers and the name scribbled on a lone bag told them it was Mason Ferall Coin. The coroner now knowing who the body was contacted the dean and sent the darker cop to hospital, who was now convulsing, off in an ambulance. The coroner talked with the dean and suggested the government get involved. Whatever Dr. Coin had created was definitively going to spread if not quarantined. He showed him the dead body of the former student and animal. His years of logic convinced him; if he tested on one animal he must have tested on others. Although the dean knew he was right, he also knew this would be very detrimental to the college's reputation and credibility. He debated with the coroner saying even if they alerted the government who knows how far the animals had gotten or what they spread the virus to by now. He tried every angle he could to leave the college out of the equation but in the end failed when the coroner received a call from the hospital. They both rushed over to see the infected cop. The virus had killed him on the way to the emergency room and while filling out the paper work for his death, the same virus had reanimated him. The virus had worked far faster in the host of human then an animal (Of course none of the doctors new that though.). Luckily due to his convulsing they had to strap him down and when he came back to life he didn't seem to have the brain capacity to free himself. So he just futilely struggled.

When the dean and coroner arrived at the hospital and saw what had become of the cop the gravity of the situation suddenly became clear. Within days of contacting the proper channels to have this newly created threat dealt with the city became a hive of activity. Reports of sighting strange aggressive animals were coming in to the police station, people were forced out of their homes being told the had to evacuate the area, whispers of a terrorist attack happening at the college spread, multiple places became closed off to the public, and men walked around in strange masked suits all over the place. Soon, despite the efforts attempting to keep the virus from resulting in an outbreak, everything was for

nothing. People weren't just reporting sightings of infected animals anymore. The government feared a pandemic and with good reason. Biochemists from all over the globe were summoned, forced to sign a gag order, then informed of Dr. Coin's virus. The biochemists were all made an offer, for a substantial amount of money, to try and create a cure. If a person declined they would leave unable to mention a word. If a person accepted they would be transported to an undisclosed location to work for a set amount of time on a cure, unable to communicate with others not at the location. Many of the biochemists accepted, all wanting the prestigious honor of saving the human population. Some accepted strictly because they didn't trust themselves not to tell anyone. The virus was given the name Ferall syndrome, a play on feral, after Dr. Coin's middle name and for its more obvious looking symptoms.

That was almost five years ago and little to no progress has been made. Unable to stop the virus from spreading more undead are walking the streets. People and their life styles have changed. Life is now dismal, with only a few that are hopeful tomorrow will bring something good.