Sex Virus

by Pandora Box

Part 1:

Zack moaned as he thrust in and out of his former classmate Becky. He'd come four times in the last five hours and showed no sign of slowing down. And to think, he had been worried that this year’s alumni reunion would be boring…

Zack flipped Becky over and spanked her affectionately. She squealed with pleasure as he groped at her breasts and started fucking her from behind.

Becky had been attracted to Zack for as long as she could remember — it had started as a crush when she was younger, but when she'd started masturbating a few years ago he'd made regular appearances in her fantasies.

For his part, Zack had never particularly noticed Becky until today — he'd seen her at school, but he hadn’t seen that her young body had been developing for a while now, bringing sizeable breasts, hips, and a healthy sexual appetite.

But for reasons he didn't understand, he'd been unable to look at any female in a non-sexual light all day. It had started at the airport, while he was standing in line munching down on a burger he'd bought from a little kiosk outside. He was just finishing the last of it when a woman walked past — she was attractive, but not strikingly so, and there was nothing overtly sexual about the way she was dressed… but Zack had been unable to take his eyes off her.

Within seconds he was erect, and as luck would have it, she was seated next to him on the plane. She was the type that falls asleep the minute the plane takes off, so he didn't have to make conversation with her, but every movement she made on the flight, every time she tossed or turned or adjusted her sleeping position, Zack stared, entranced, aroused, unable to look away.

His erection had started to get painful, and so he'd sneaked into the airplane bathroom to "take care of it". On the way out, he couldn't shake the feeling that the stewardesses knew what he'd been up to and started watching them to see if they were treating him any differently.

Again, the staff weren't particularly attractive, but soon he wasn't watching them to see if they were watching him, he was just enjoying the view. Their knee-length blue skirts, the hint of cleavage one girl showed… Every time he looked at a stewardess, he imagined taking her into the bathroom with him, enjoying her body in new and erotic positions…

Zack made a second trip to the bathroom before the flight was over.

The taxi ride to the reunion hadn't been much better. His driver was male, but travelling through the city had taken him past dozens and dozens of girls, and each one seemed more sexual, more slutty, more… erotic than the last, somehow.

Before entering the reunion, he'd checked briefly that no one was watching and pleasured himself out the front of the building. It was extremely risky, but he just didn't care — Zack was more sexually charged than he'd ever been in his life, and he simply *needed* to get off. Besides, he was so turned on that there was a serious risk of entering the party and creaming his jeans… and surely, he reasoned, that was a greater faux pas than jerking off in the bushes outside.

Now, less than an hour after arriving to the reunion, he was slamming his former classmate against the wall as she screamed for him to fuck her harder. His cock stretched her well-lubricated pussy as he thrust in and out of her, while her young tits bounced rhythmically. Becky was a blonde, with hair that fell down below her shoulders, hair that Zack was more than happy to grab onto. He'd already let one load loose into her mouth, and he wasn't far off cumming again — into her tight little cunt.

After jerking off outside, Zack had wiped the cum off his hand and hidden his (still hard) dick back in his pants. Entering the reunion, he'd had to go through the inevitable round of handshakes and questions that every reunion brought.

After shaking over two dozen of his former teachers’ and fellow alumni’s hands and answering the same questions over and over again ("Where do you work these days, Zachary?" "My, you've grown! How old are you now?") Zack had excused himself to look for the bathroom. Even shaking his forty-five-year-old ex-principal's hand had gotten him worked up, and he knew that he'd need release again soon.

By tradition, Zack's high school held their alumni reunions at the Allen House, a huge mansion owned by a couple who had both attended the school when they were much younger.

A dozen bedrooms, just as many bathrooms… Zack had only been here once before (he tended to skip all but special alumni reunions —this year was the school’s 150th anniversary), but even though it had been years since he'd visited, he remembered the labyrinthian route to a bathroom far from the main party. A place where he could find his release without fear of interruption.

Before he could find a bathroom, just two doors down from sweet relief, he'd run into Becky. She'd just heard that morning that her childhood crush was coming to their reunion and had dressed up for him — a nice party dress that showed the swell of her breasts, did nothing to hide her long, smooth legs, and rode up nicely to show off her tight little ass if she ever needed to bend over for any reason.

Becky had smiled at Zack. He had just stared back — in his erotically-obsessed state of mind, Becky resembled sex on legs. His hands had twitched, wanting to rip her dress off and knead her breasts, to pull down her panties, bend her over, and fuck her silly. His eyes couldn't stop staring at her exposed cleavage — seeing where he was looking, she pulled her shoulders back and thrust it out even more.

His anguish was almost audible as she licked her lips, and stared up at him with those big, blue eyes. She had a perfect baby-face, topped off with a fantastic pair of cock-sucking lips. Plump, ruby-red, slightly open… he couldn't work out if she was deliberately tormenting him, or if she was just at that age where she wasn't aware of her sexuality, of the effects of her movements, the way she was standing, the way she was dressed… at that moment, she could barely have turned him on more if she'd started to strip.

Becky, for her part, was surprised at the heat that seemed to be radiating from Zack. She didn't know what was happening, but just standing there in front of him was starting to turn her on. This was more than just the simple crush she'd held since childhood; she was acutely aware of his eyes as they ran up and down her body, mentally undressing her, and when she'd looked down and noticed that his cock was erect, practically straining to get out of his jeans, it had taken a physical effort not to reach out and touch it.

She'd had sex before, and she'd had crushes before, and she'd been aroused before, but nothing quite like this. Just from being a few feet away from Zack, she was starting to feel a flush come over her body, starting to feel her pussy getting wet. From the looks of it, he was feeling it too…

Unsure of what to do, Becky decided to throw caution to the wind and play out the fantasy she'd had for many years. In all likelihood, nothing would happen, and there was no harm in playing… but if something did happen, it would fuel her masturbation for years to come.

"Zack," she murmured coyly, trying to lean forward and show off as much cleavage as she could, "Let’s find someplace more private."

It took them no more than a minute or two to find an empty bedroom, but by the time they got there, Zack was so turned on that he couldn't wait any longer. As soon as they were through the door, Zack slammed it shut, pulled Becky to him, and kissed her passionately. Within five minutes his cock was down her throat, and within fifteen he was fucking her.

When her tall, handsome crush had agreed to go with her, Becky had felt a thrill run up her spine. When he'd forcefully pulled her towards him and French kissed her, she'd felt her heart flutter. But after a few minutes of their tongues dueling, it felt like her skin was on fire and electricity was running through her body. Her arousal took over — she wanted his cock inside her, any way he wanted. She wanted to be fucked. Hard.

As he'd pumped his first load into her eager young mouth, Zack had no idea that he was infecting her, unleashing a Virus into her system that would take over her body, her mind, and soon enough, her life. The burger that he'd consumed at the airport had contained a Virus that was about to change the world and infect the entirety of the human race... starting with Zack and everyone else at this reunion.

Its method of survival was simple — it increased its host's sex drive and lowered their inhibitions. The Virus spread by air or bodily fluids — saliva, semen, vaginal fluids, sweat… the more of the Virus a new host ingested, the faster its effects would take hold. If infected by an airborne Virus, it could take hours before the full effect of the Virus would be felt (though hints of an increased libido and lowered inhibitions would take effect almost immediately and magnify rapidly with increased contact with the Virus).

The small sample of the Virus in Zack's burger had spread rapidly throughout his body, and it had taken no more than a few hours for him to be almost entirely under its grip. He would soon be unable to think of much else but fucking, spreading the Virus, spreading his seed and taking as many women as possible. His cock would never again be soft, and anyone he came in contact with would soon be his for the taking.

By the time their sweaty fuck-session was finished, Becky's contact with Zack's saliva, sweat and semen was enough to bring her to Zack's level of infection.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, laying back on her bed. She'd come before, but never that loudly, never that intensely. She could fuck like that all day — simply going down on Zack had caused an orgasm, and that had been followed by many more as he’d fucked her.

"That was amazing — the best I've ever felt. More!" she demanded, and sat up, her sweaty breasts swinging freely. "Fuck me more, Zack. Fuck me all day long!"

Zack, however, was already getting redressed. The temptation to turn around and take Becky again and fill her every orifice with his seed was strong, but the Virus knew that he'd done his job. Becky was infected, and Zack was ready for new, fresh pussy. His attraction to her was lessened ever so slightly, enough to make him think that leaving the room was his idea.

"We can't, Becky," he said, avoiding looking at her, knowing that if she was playing with herself, or lying with her legs spread, or on all fours, trying to lure him back with her tight young body it would probably work. "Someone will miss us. Let's go rejoin the party."

Before Becky could say anything to convince him to come back to the bed, Zack slipped out the door. She pouted. A small part of her knew he was right, but that part was being drowned out by the rest of her, which just wanted to be fucked, again and again and again…

Alone in the bedroom, Becky played with her clit until she came once, twice, three times. After her third self-induced orgasm, she decided that she wanted more, and got dressed. If she couldn't find Zack to satiate her needs, maybe another of the strong, virile men at the reunion would…

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Albert was enjoying the party. He loved his wife, loved seeing her happy and mingling with all their guests. Even at forty-five, she had a hell of a body on her. He'd been shaking one of his young guests’ hands when he'd looked over and seen his wife standing with two female teachers from the school.

Inappropriate though it may have been at a reunion, with children running around and the like, the image had come into his head of the three women standing next to each other nude, and his cock had immediately started to rise. It had remained erect ever since — the image of his wife and the two teachers naked, the three women making out, touching each other, touching him… He'd found an excuse to sit down almost immediately, before anyone noticed how tight his pants had become.

Since then, he'd been sitting back in a large lounge chair, enjoying the view, casually pretending each of the women around him were completely naked, engaged in sex acts with himself and each other.

He was continuing his game, enjoying the projected nudity of the young woman walking towards him, when he realized it was one of their younger guests, a girl named Becky who Albert had known since she was a child. She was in her early twenties now, but it still seemed wrong to be thinking about her perky tits. Albert quickly mentally redressed her.

"Enjoying the party?" His voice boomed, and Becky smiled at him. She'd never noticed how attractive Albert was. He had such a deep voice; it was so authoritative. And he owned the house, too. Such… power. It was very alluring.

"I'm having a great time!" Becky replied and jumped onto his lap before he had a chance to stop her.

Albert held his breath — he hoped that this innocent girl hadn't noticed his bulging pants, or at least that she wouldn't know what it meant. She didn't say anything though, and after a few seconds he relaxed slightly. Becky wriggled around, writhing on his lap — she must have been trying to get comfortable — able to feel the discomfort caused by his erection without knowing what it was.

It quickly got worse — the poor girl must have no idea, Albert realized, that her wriggling was causing his penis to grow even harder. Albert wondered how he could stop her without embarrassing either of them — he looked down and saw that all of her wiggling had caused her dress to ride right up. She was now unintentionally rubbing her panties against him, her cute little ass grinding into his hard cock… This was a tricky situation, but he knew that he could salvage it without bruising her innocence.

"Becky…" he started, but his words got caught in his throat as her hand reached around and unzipped his fly. His eyes widened as he put two and two together and worked out what was happening: she must have thought the hardness was his pants zipper and decided she'd get it out of the way. But all her well-meaning actions had done, of course, was cause his boxer-covered penis to be exposed through his gaping fly.

There was no way he could say anything now without making the situation even worse, so he tried to ignore it and look around the party. Fortunately, it didn't seem as though anyone had noticed anything — all the men at the party were too busy openly staring at the women, and all the women were pretending not to stare at the men.

He was wearing button-up boxers, and as Albert stared at his wife leaning over the chips, Becky undid the buttons, causing his cock to feel the fresh air of the party.

As her hand started to flutter up and down his shaft, occasionally straying down and playing with his balls, Albert started to suspect that this was no accident.

Becky ground her ass against Albert’s exposed cock, enjoying the sensations. She too had been periodically checking to see if anyone was watching, but for different reasons than he had — where he was concerned about being caught, Becky found the idea quite exciting.

When she was convinced that no one was watching, Becky gave up on seeking an audience and turned around to face him. His eyes were open in shock and betrayal, but she could tell that he was turned on as she started to grind her soaking wet pussy against his member.

Her panties were so wet that she could barely feel them between his dick and her cunt — she was on the verge of cumming now, for the umpteenth time that day. In the heat of passion, Becky grabbed Albert’s hand and thrust it down her panties.

He had no idea how to react.

On one hand, this was completely inappropriate behavior from a young lady, especially in public….

On the other hand, he was horny, and from the feel of her pussy, so was she… in fact, from the feel of it… Albert's brow suddenly furrowed in anger.

On the most important hand, *his* hand, the hand that had just been playing with her pussy… was semen. He lifted it to his nose and sniffed it, inadvertently increasing his rate of infection. Yes, definitely semen. It felt fresh, too.

Becky had slept with someone — in the past hour. This was outrageous — she needed to be punished. She needed discipline. He silently pushed her off him, slid his cock back into his pants and stood up, quietly indicating that she should follow him. There was no need to let the rest of the reunion know what a little tramp she was.

No, this was something that should be dealt with in private.

Becky was almost giddy with excitement as Albert forcibly led her away from the reunion. She knew that within half an hour, the two of them would be fucking, exchanging fluids with gleeful abandonment. She knew that he'd be pounding into her soon enough. He'd fill her with his spunk and give her the hard fuck that she so desperately craved…

Albert might not know it yet, but Becky certainly did, and she found the idea extremely exciting.

Albert, for his part, was furious. His blood was boiling; this innocent young girl was… she'd turned into some kind of… slut.

Yes, that was the word. Slut. She was a slut; nothing but a dirty, whorish slut. She wasn't the virgin-until-marriage that he'd been imagining; she was a slutty little tramp, who had let someone stick his cock between her legs and pump until he filled her up with cum. She'd probably been egging him on, too, begging him to stick his hard rod between her legs and fuck her like the whore she was.

Albert was unaware that his breathing had quickened, as his mind filled with images of Becky, naked, spreading her legs and pleading to be fucked. His cock throbbed, harder than it had been in years, and his grip on Becky’s arm tightened as he dragged her down the hallway to find a bedroom.

What made him angriest was the sense of betrayal — just a few minutes ago he'd excused her grinding as unintentionally sexual behavior, instead of the slutty whorish attempt at seduction that it clearly was. She hadn't wanted to sit on his lap, or get comfortable… No, she'd wanted to seduce him.

Well, that sort of behavior was unacceptable. He wouldn't stand for it.

They reached one of the bedrooms — if he'd been thinking clearly, he would have recognized that it was filled with the stench of sex (this was the same room where Becky and Zack had fucked just an hour earlier) but his mind was focused on her misbehavior.

"Young lady," he began, his voice low and dangerous, "I'd ask you to explain yourself, but I suspect you'd just try to seduce me. So lay down, shut up, and take your punishment. I bet you haven’t been spanked since you were a little girl, but I'm sure you remember how it goes."

Albert's fly was still undone and as he sat down, his erection popped back out. He tried to ignore it, ignore the way that Becky's eyes lit up at the sight of his hard cock. He was a firm believer in corporal punishment, and a tiny part of him held out hope that after a good, hard spanking, she’d be an innocent little angel again.

Becky lay down on Albert’s lap. She moaned at the feeling of his hard cock poking against her belly. She writhed in pleasure as he flipped up her skirt and lowered her panties. And she squealed in delight and surprise as he lifted his hand and brought it down hard on her wriggling ass.

The Virus had several minor side-effects, and one of them was altering pain receptors to produce pleasure instead. Unless the flesh was being severely damaged, any activity that would produce minor pain brought intense pleasure. Hard, brutal fucking; spanking; slaps; nipple-twists; scratches… The Virus wanted its host to feel nothing but pleasure, so that it would seek out more and more pleasure, and distribute the Virus to more and more hosts…

After five hard smacks on her rump, Becky had an orgasm, and Albert started to realize that his discipline may not have been as effective at bringing back Becky’s innocence as he had hoped. What's more, the smell of her was starting to fill his nostrils, cloud his mind… Her sweat was all over his legs and hands, and her wet pussy had soaked through his pants; he could feel her juices on his leg.

As the Virus started to take hold of Albert's brain (and other organs), his thinking got a bit jumbled. Becky was a slut, he reasoned, a dirty little slut who loved to be fucked, who needed to be fucked, who needed to submit. Yes, submit… If he showed her that he was worth submitting to, then she wouldn't question him, she'd behave, she'd be good.

If he showed her that he was someone to be feared and respected, she'd change, she'd stop being a fuck-happy slut and start being a good little virginal girl again.

And what was the best way to show her that he was someone to submit to, to demonstrate that he was an alpha male, the top dog, someone she should unquestioningly respect the authority of? Well obviously, he had to talk to her in the only language she understood and fuck her. If he fucked her harder than anyone had ever fucked her before, if he brought her to a screaming orgasm and filled her hot cunt with his steaming jism, everything would go back to normal.

Becky wasn't aware of the convoluted logic running through Albert’s head, all she was aware of was that as she was coming down from her intense orgasm, he had been taking his clothes off, and when she finally opened her eyes, she was met with a close-up view of Albert’s cock, pointed right at her face, waiting for her to take it in her mouth.

She happily obliged.

Less than a minute later, Albert pulled out and gave his princess a cum shower. Without warning, of course; it was the only way to educate her. His first spurt hit her right cheek and dripped down to her perfect little cock-sucking mouth; her tongue came out enthusiastically, and she tasted his seed for the first time. His second spurt was aimed at her mouth, and his final jet of hot cum landed in her hair.

Albert looked at Becky, still wearing her party-dress, having just gobbled down his cock like she was starved. She'd drooled as he thrust in and out of her mouth. Her face was covered in cum, and her hands were frantically scooping it up and shoveling it into her mouth.

She clearly hadn't learned her lesson yet.

He flipped her over — again, without warning. The squeal of surprise and shock his actions invoked helped pump some more life into his cock, which had deflated slightly after his first orgasm of the day. Lifting her skirt, he admired his handiwork of a few minutes ago — her ass still glowed red from his ministrations and was much more enticing than her soggy pussy.

Even in his most wild days, Albert had never shared a woman; he and his wife weren't "swingers", and in fact Becky was the second person he had ever had sexual relations with. Even with his wife, it was rare for them to go more than once in a night, and on the rare occasions they had, it was straight after their first rut, as they lay entangled, his soft cock still resting inside her pussy.

As a result, until he was staring at Becky’s exposed ass and pussy, Albert had been completely unfamiliar with the concept of "sloppy seconds". Looking at her pussy, however, as it oozed another man's cum, Albert independently came to the realization that it wasn't very appealing. Fortunately, there was an alternative staring him in the face with one brown eye…

Becky stared back at him with delight as he playfully spanked her ass again. He leaned down next to her and, while playing with her puckered young asshole, whispered in her ear, his baritone voice sending a tingle down her spine.

"How many men have taken you here, Becky?"

Becky tried to look innocent, but it just came across as sluttishly coy.

"None."

Albert sneered. He would have laughed if her sluttish behavior didn't disgust him so much.

"Truly, Rebecca? You expect me to believe that?"

"It's true."

She paused, and her next words were so soft that they were practically a whisper.

"You can be my first."

Albert's vision went red, and pure animal instinct took over. When his consciousness reared its head again, he was fucking Becky’s ass, pumping his cock deep into her bowels. She was screaming; whether in pain or excitement, he couldn't tell, and didn't care.

Albert came, hard, into Becky’s ass, but didn't slow down. His dick didn't soften; the Virus took care of that, and he knew that within a few minutes he'd be cumming again. Becky's brain had turned off as well, as the jolts of arousal she'd been feeling since running into Zack in the hall had turned into a constant current, frying her brain, turning her into nothing but a wanton slut, a hot body for men to dump their loads into, a sex machine — she didn't have the mental capacity to count the number of orgasms Albert’s cock in her tight young asshole brought her, but it had been a near-constant stream for the past ten minutes.

Twice more, Albert unloaded his spunk into her ass. Finally, the fog lifted, if only slightly, and he pulled out. As he did, the sperm he'd been unloading dribbled out of Becky’s asshole. She moaned, feebly reaching around to try to catch some of it.

Becky had learned her lesson, Albert decided, and the decent thing to do now was cut her a break. He let her preserve her limited energy and walked around to the other side of the bed he'd put together so many years ago and slipped his still-hard cock into Becky’s mouth. No need to make her waste her energy trying to gather up his cum, he'd deliver a fresh load straight into her mouth, as well as what she could lick and suck off his penis.

As Albert once again came in Becky’s mouth, he wondered if he'd been a bit harsh on her. Sure, she'd slutted around, acting like a whore. She'd let him fuck her mouth and ass, as well as whoever she'd been with before him. But anyone who looked at her could see that her body was built to take cock; if she tried to deprive herself of her natural urges, she would do nothing but suffer.

"Becky…" he started softly. She was lying next to him, playing with her pussy as she swilled his semen around her mouth. "You're a little slut."

"Yes, daddy," she replied, smiling up at him. She'd known that he was going to fuck her but had been completely unprepared her for the ferocious sodomy she'd received. "I know."

He was surprised by the term of endearment — the way she looked up at him when she said it with her eyes wide made his cock pulse again, and he felt a desire, almost a need, to claim her as his own.

"Give your mouth and your pussy to anyone you like, sweetie, but your ass…” his eyes flicked up to look at it, as his soothing deep voice wormed its way into her ears. "Your ass belongs to me. Understand?"

"Oh, daddy," Becky replied, a hint of a giggle in her voice. "You know I can't promise that."

There was a pause as they stared at each other. Then Albert began to laugh — a deep chuckle, which turned into a roar of laughter. Becky joined in, her giggle high and infectious.

"Oh, Becky," Albert said at last, as the final peals of laughter faded away, and the pair wiped the tears of laughter out of their eyes, "You just can't say no, can you?"

"No, daddy, I can’t," Becky replied, a smile dancing around her lips.