Sex Virus 2

by Pandora Box

At the same time that Albert was sodomizing Becky, Zack was chatting with two of his former teachers, Isabelle and Carol. Their friend and host Lydia had been in the conversation as well, but she had wandered off to see if she could locate her husband Albert.

Isabelle and Carol (they assured Zack he no longer needed to call them Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Combs) certainly weren't immune to the Virus — ever since Zack had walked in, they'd felt a steadily increasing warmth in their nether regions. He'd disappeared for half an hour, but the feeling hadn't gone away — during his absence, the two of them had started participating in an unspoken rivalry.

Carol had dropped a chip and had to bend over to pick it up, and Isabelle had responded by casually stroking her breast while talking to Carol's husband. Carol had given Isabelle's husband a friendly kiss on the lips, and Isabelle had sneaked away and returned a few minutes later without a bra.

The rivalry was really starting to heat up when Zack returned — his resolve to stop thinking with his dick was thrown out the window in less than a minute when the two targeted him as the new subject of their little game. Carol had "accidentally" rubbed her breasts against him, and a few seconds later Isabelle was talking about her garden, growing "enormous melons", and asking him if he "liked big ones."

"Don't forget the melon juice you can make from them, Isabelle." Carol had responded mischievously. "You could sit around at the end of the day, with a few jugs of melon juice in front of you. Doesn't that sound good, Zack? Some big jugs, filled with melon juice?"

Zack didn't know why any of this was happening — these two normally prudish teachers were flirting outrageously with him, and he was fairly sure that Isabelle wasn't wearing a bra — but he had passed the point of caring a long time ago. Despite the surplus of sexual activity he'd already had that day, his dick was still hard, and he was ready to fuck again.

He didn't waste any time.

"Follow me," he said simply and started to walk towards one of the house's many guest bedrooms. There was a moment of hesitation, as the two teachers stared at one another, each challenging the other to move. Zack was almost across the room when Isabelle started to follow him, with Carol less than half a step behind.

They waited submissively as Zack helped himself to a bowl of chips — he didn't notice as a combination of his and Becky's juices fell into the bowl as he took a handful of chips and munched on them as he led them out of the room.

The three of them stood in a guest room. Zack sat down on the bed, completely relaxed — he didn't know why things were happening they were, but he was fairly sure that before long, he'd be taking both of his former teachers any way he liked. The two of them stood awkwardly; they were both extremely aware of their own arousal (and still feeling extremely competitive), but there were two things unnerving them: how casually dominant Zack was behaving, and how submissively they were responding to it.

Carol was the first to break the silence. "So, Zack… Do you have a girlfriend?"

She had just been trying to make small talk, but that was the question that came to mind. Instantly, her imagination and Isabelle's were both filled with images of Zack naked, fucking, drilling a young co-ed or an intern at his work. Isabelle couldn't remember if he was still at college or employed, and the image in her head alternated between him taking one of his female professors in the classroom and seducing his boss for a better rate of pay…

Zack watched, amused, as the innocuous question caused a dreamy, far-away look to appear on both women’s faces. He knew what was racing through their heads right then, and he decided to have some fun with it.

"No, Mrs. Carol. No girlfriend. Just a couple of different girls I fuck."

Both of them gasped at the word, but before their sense of propriety caused them to respond, the unspoken rivalry between them reared its head again — the seconds dragged past, as both of them refused to be the one to question him, to be the "uncool" one. This time, Isabelle was the first to respond.

"Well, that's… nice. It must be good to have such diverse… female company."

"Yes," Carol piped in, "I know that if I don't dress up every now and again, my husband wouldn't be nearly as sexually satisfied. Something about the costumes allowing him to pretend that he's… enjoying… more than one woman. We wouldn't want him to get bored now, would we?"

Isabelle glared at her. She thought that she was sure to make Carol uncomfortable by accepting Zack’s dirty talk, but Carol had taken it one step further. Isabelle couldn't back down now.

"Oh yes," Isabelle said, one hand unconsciously drifting up to her breast. "My Lawrence would just go crazy if we didn't have… intercourse at least a few times a week."

"A few times a week?" Carol replied, barely letting Isabelle finish her sentence before rebutting. "Why, when I'm ovulating, Mark and I will sometimes go at it twice a day."

"Twice a day? You must be much faster than Lawrence and me. When we get into it, we will have… intercourse… for hours on end. It’s surprising that we ever get anything else done."

Zack broke his silence, cutting Carol off. As soon as he started to speak, she silenced herself and stared at him submissively.

"Have either of you ever been with a woman?"

Another pause, this time much shorter, as Carol eagerly responded.

"Well, I don't even think my husband knows about this, but when I was in school, there was a lesb… there was a girl in my grade who liked girls, and once the two of us French kissed. With tongues."

Isabelle scoffed.

"I went to college in Europe, dear. Over there it's not even considered unusual. Before I met my husband, I had a three-month relationship with a woman. We never… went down… on each other, but I can assure you, we did everything else. Helga had the most amazing fingers…"

Zack realized that neither of them even noticed that they'd started to rub their thighs together, or that they were both starting to sweat. He decided to push them.

"I've never actually seen two girls kiss. I wonder if you two would do that for me…"

There was a pause, and just as Carol was on the verge of breaking, Zack continued.

"…you know, as it is my birthday."

His request hung in the air, as his two former teachers tried to calculate exactly when Zack had been born. The possibility of refusing such an act because it was inappropriate never occurred to them and, as neither of them was confident enough to call him a liar, they had no choice.

After a minute of thinking, unable to find any way out, any loopholes that would prevent them from performing for him, the two of them resigned themselves to the act and turned towards each other.

Isabelle and Carol had been rivals since they had both started teaching at the same school straight out of college, and no matter the environment, no matter the situation, it always manifested somehow. Without verbalizing anything, they always agreed on what they were competing for — here, it was gay chicken (performance style). Whoever was the least erotic, whoever turned Zack on the least, whichever of them backed down, they were the loser.

And neither of them wanted to lose.

It started out tentatively, cautiously. Isabelle put her hand on Carol's hip, and Carol responded by gently resting her hand on Isabelle's butt. They leaned into each other slowly, and soon their lips touched. After a few pecks, the kisses started to get longer — Carol opened her mouth slightly, Isabelle tasted Carol's lips. Carol responded with her own tongue, and soon the two were Frenching like teenagers.

Because neither of the two was infected, the Virus's effects weren't increasing through the exchange of their fluids — being in the room with Zack ensured that a regular supply of airborne Virus was being slowly pumped into their systems, but without direct contact with Zack, there would be no quick rush of endorphins to spur them on, just the slow burn of increasing arousal.

Carol's grip on Isabelle's rear tightened as the two made out. Somehow, the fact that it was a "birthday wish" for their former student made it even more exciting.

Isabelle moaned at the contact with her behind, and Carol's hand was soon not just clutching Isabelle's butt, but massaging it, caressing it. Isabelle retaliated by slowly moving her hand up Carol's shirt — Carol hadn't been felt up like this since she was in high school — the memory of that early fooling around overwhelmed her, the feeling of naughtiness, of young passion, of new sensations — and soon they were moaning in tandem.

With Isabelle's bra already absent, all she needed to do was remove her shirt. Within a few seconds, she was topless in front of Carol and Zack. Carol, not to be undone, took off her entire dress in one go, and continued making out with Isabelle wearing nothing but her bra and panties. Isabelle pushed her down onto a chair, and leaned over her, her breasts swinging above Carol's waiting mouth. Carol didn't hesitate in sucking on her nipples, causing them to harden and making Isabelle squeal.

Isabelle reached down, pushed Carol's panties to the side, and started pumping two fingers in and out of her wet, waiting pussy. Carol stopped her oral ministrations to moan, but Isabelle quickly silenced that with another kiss.

Both of them were right on the verge of cumming when Zack stood up and walked towards them — they had been so caught up in their own encounter that they'd failed to notice Zack pulling out his cock and playing with it. He came right in the middle of their kiss, hitting both of their noses and mouths, giving them a healthy load of his young cum, and unknowingly giving them a strong dose of the Virus.

As they breathed in the cum, the Virus headed straight for their brains, and within a few seconds Zack had been pushed onto the bed, where they rapidly started undressing him…

Before today, Zack reflected, he'd never had sex with more than one person in a day, never had a threesome, never had anal sex, never had sex with someone more than a few years older or younger than himself… and he'd certainly never come more than six times in a day.

It had been a day of new experiences.

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Zack lay back, exhausted. He'd been undressed and practically raped by his former teachers… of course, he hadn't said no, but he suspected they wouldn't have stopped even if he had.

Over the last hour, through the orgasms, the wild and varied positions, the cum-showers, and the hard, animalistic fucking… two things had remained constant. Isabelle’s and Carol's submission to him, and their constant rivalry. Even undressing him had been a competition… Isabelle was sure that she'd won when she had been the one to rip his pants off, but that just gave Carol first access to his cock.

Zack's cock had been filthy — covered in a mix of his own cum and Becky's juices, a concoction which would have had enough of the Virus to turn even his virginial assistant Fenella into a raging slut. Carol didn't know what had hit her as she’d slurped it all down — the Virus lit up the pleasure receptors in her pussy so quickly that she almost came just from licking Zack's cock clean. She moaned and leaned back for just a second — enough time for Isabelle to seize the opportunity to take over.

The majority of Virus-filled fluids were gone, but there was still enough to turn Isabelle on. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Zack's cock hit the back of her throat, and she started fellating him with increased enthusiasm, gagging on his cock, her own drool spilling out from the sides of her mouth.

Carol had sulked for a few seconds as she became nothing more than an observer of Isabelle worshipping Zack's cock with her mouth, but she quickly worked out how she could distract her. She’d slipped down to where Isabelle was fiddling with her own clit, pushed her hand aside, and replaced it with her mouth.

Zack had been annoyed. He'd been laying back with his eyes closed, enjoying the wet, messy blowjob, but just as suddenly as Isabelle had begun, she'd stopped. He’d started to sit up, but before he could say anything, the blowjob resumed.

He’d looked down to see why she seemed… distracted.

The view of his strait-laced teacher licking her first pussy made up for the less than adequate blowjob, Zack had decided, and he grinned as he watched Isabelle try to continue fellating him while writhing around, enjoying the ministrations of her inexperienced co-worker.

*This is easy*, Carol thought. *You just do what you'd like someone to do to you.* Maybe if someone had mentioned how much easier homosexuality was, she'd never have gone back to men. She'd only been going down on Isabelle for a few minutes, and she was already cumming. It wasn't just easy; it was *hot*.

Carol tried to switch her brain off and go down on Isabelle with increased intensity, see if she could make the orgasm a double, even a triple.

*What is she DOING??* Isabelle had asked herself internally, as everything went white with pleasure and she forgot about the cock she had been so determinedly serving a few seconds ago. She felt like she was going to pee… oh god, she couldn't hold it in. She was… she was…

Another first, for all three participants. Zack had never seen a woman squirt before, Isabelle had never squirted before, and Carol had certainly never made someone squirt. *It doesn’t taste too bad*, she thought, smacking her lips *almost… sweet.*

Seeing Isabelle squirt awoke Zack's animal instinct once more, and he grabbed Carol by her hair and brought her to his cock.

"See this?" he growled. "You're going to fuck it."

Even as she happily lay naked in front of Zack, with Isabelle’s juices all over her mouth, a part of Carol's brain still questioned the morality of what she was doing. Oral sex — that was fine, there was no chance of pregnancy and little chance of disease. Lesbianism, that was something that she'd been interested in for a while. But fucking her student? Well, former student, but still. That could end in her being knocked up, with a child that would be very difficult to explain to her husband Mark, especially after the vasectomy he’d had a few years back…

Unfortunately (or, depending on your perspective, fortunately), that part of Carol's brain wasn't in charge of her body. The rest of her brain was listening to her pussy, and her pussy wanted a cock in it, wanted to be taken, roughly, again and again. The rest of her brain found the idea of being knocked up hot, found the idea of cheating on her husband incredibly arousing.

The rest of her brain was currently lowering her wet pussy over Zack's cock, fucking him without him even having to move, providing sex to the nearest male as a service, as her body was built to do…

After a few minutes, Isabelle came out of her blissful reverie to the sight of her friend bouncing up and down on Zack’s cock. She moaned — she wanted that to be her. She wanted to be the one feeling that thick cock inside her, filling her up, rubbing against her clit, pumping in and out and in and out…

As she played with her tender pussy, Isabelle's competitive nature reared its head once more, and her eyes gleamed. She disappeared into the en suite bathroom, her hand never leaving her wet cunt, and returned a few seconds later with a bottle of hand lotion. So, Zack thought fucking Carol was hot? Wait until he got a load of what she could provide…

Zack was getting close to orgasm, getting close to filling up another pussy with his seed, when he felt a tapping on his foot. He stopped his thrusting for a second, leaving Carol grinding frustratedly against his cock (she had been close too) and looked to see what Isabelle wanted.

Carol grunted in annoyed frustration as he pulled out of her and casually tossed her aside. She just wanted to be filled up with his cream, knocked up, a million of his tiny sperm racing to her eggs… Instead, she was laying on a bed, her hole that had been full of cock a few seconds ago gaping, open, while her lover was… she looked up to see what had caught his interest.

Carol had almost laughed. Isabelle was such a slut — she must have picked it up in Europe, because her upbringing had always been quite conservative. She was bent over at the end of the bed, her head between her knees, her hands holding her asshole invitingly open — already lubed up, while Zack lubed up his cock as well, ready to drill into her.

How could Carol compete with that?

The next hour followed the same pattern — one of the two of them would get Zack close to cumming, and the other would find a way to distract him and make him switch which of them he was fucking. He'd fucked Isabelle's ass until Carol distracted him by deepthroating her own fist. Isabelle had pulled him away from the blowjob with her feet, which was a fetish Zack hadn't even realized he had — Carol had retaliated by double-penetrating herself with a hairbrush and a can of deodorant, and Isabelle had won him back by giving Carol a rim-job.

He'd come for the first time deep in Isabelle's ass, while she continued to rim her friend. Carol had sulked, and Zack had tried to make it up to her with a titty-fuck, but before he'd finished, Isabelle's years of yoga came in handy, as she showed Zack a position that he'd never imagined was possible.

This had continued until Zack got sick of the game and took control — his commanding voice had sent chills up both women's spines, and they had meekly obeyed his every order. He'd blindfolded the pair, had them make out, and then inserted his cock into whichever orifice struck his fancy, until cumming for the third time with them, onto their tits, and having them lick it off each other.

He lay back, reflecting on what was happening. Clearly something was happening, something that made him a sexual god, or had just made everyone unstoppably attracted to him. Before his mind started to wonder too hard what was causing this strange turn of events, Isabelle's fingers made Carol come, and her hand tightened around his still-hard cock. He'd think about it once he'd taken them once more — he still hadn't come in Carol, and he knew that she'd get sulky again if she didn't get her fair share.

Of course, if Isabelle tempted him away before he was finished, it would be up to Carol to up her game…

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Lydia wondered where her husband had wandered off to.

She had no idea that Albert and Becky had been fucking for as long as she'd been looking for him, but as the Virus had already started its hold on her, if she had walked in on the pair mid-coitus, she would probably have feigned anger only for as long as it took her husband to ask her to join in.

By the time she thought to look in the spare bedrooms, they were no longer fucking — Albert had left to check on the rest of the party, the second man that night to abandon the horny girl. What's more, he'd forbidden her to leave; he wanted to come back and fuck her ass again once he'd done his hostly duties, and he knew that if he let her rejoin the party, she'd have cocks in every hole within a few minutes, and he'd have to wait his turn.

Becky was almost climbing the walls by the time Lydia found her. The idea of disobeying Albert and leaving the room had never even occurred to her, though if her hands hadn't been busy, she most likely would have loaded up her phone and sent out a mass email to every guy she knew, begging them to come around and fuck her.

Lydia entered the room and was immediately hit with the smell of sex. Becky had fucked two men in this room in the last few hours; Zack, the primary carrier of the Virus, and Albert, who by the end of their escapades had been practically overflowing with it himself. The air in the room was thick with the stench of sex, and the stench of sex carried the Virus.

So as Lydia opened the door, a few things happened. Her pussy immediately became soaked — as her nostrils filled with a smell that she couldn't place, the arousal that she'd been feeling for the past few hours suddenly doubled, tripled… threatened to take over her body.

Consciously, she didn't know what the smell was, but she knew that she liked it.

The influx of Virus pouring in through her nose immediately traveled to her brain, turning down her inhibitions, turning up her libido, making her want sex and not care where she got it. Almost instantly, the smell of cum and sweat and Becky’s juices went from being slightly unpleasant to extremely desirable — she wanted more of the scent, and she wanted more of the things that caused it.

Opening the door and seeing Becky, naked and spread-eagled on the bed, half of her hand pumping in and out of her own pussy, another hand twisting one of her nipples so hard it looked like she was in danger of ripping it off, Lydia wasn't appalled, as she should have been. She wasn't disgusted or put off.

She was turned on.

The sight of the girl's young body writhing on the bed, desperately trying to bring herself to orgasm set Lydia's desire on fire, and she stood there in silence for a few seconds watching, her nipples growing harder, her pussy growing impossibly wetter, her hands unconsciously starting to mimic the actions of Becky’s hands…

When Becky had noticed the door to her room open, she'd assumed it was Albert, and so without opening her eyes she hadn't slowed down or stopped, but simply repositioned herself so that he'd get the best possible view of her went, cum-soaked cunt as she got herself off yet again. It helped — Becky found it easier to cum knowing that she was pleasing a man while doing so.

She had hoped that Albert would punish her for her slutty behavior with another spanking, or perhaps forcibly remove her hand and replace it with his cock (they'd rutted several times now but, disappointingly, she still hadn't had him in her wet cunt). When nothing happened, she’d wondered if he was even watching, and had carefully opened one eye to take a peek and see what was stopping him from joining in.

Seeing Lydia standing in front of her instead of the strong, dominant Albert was momentarily disappointing, but then Becky noticed what Lydia was doing — rubbing at her breasts, with one hand creeping down to the visible wet patch between her legs.

Lydia was as horny as she was.

This was going to be fun.

The smile that spread slowly over Becky's face made Lydia wonder if she had noticed her presence. When she didn't say anything, Lydia reasoned that she must just be happy. No one was going to keep masturbating with some random person watching from the doorway. You'd have to be a complete slut to do that, and Lydia knew Becky wasn't a complete slut.

Was she?

Lydia looked closer and realized that it wasn't lubricant that was sloshing in and out of Becky’s cunt while she practically fisted herself — it was cum. Becky had been fucked, and it looked like it had happened fairly recently. In fact, it looked like there was some cum dripping out of her ass as well. What had happened to this sweet little angel?

Not even realizing that she was now openly playing with her tits and pussy, Lydia took a step closer, to see if she could get a better look. Just to, uh, make sure that Becky wasn't… hurt. Yes. Yes, that was why.

It had nothing to do with the fact that Lydia was suddenly trying to calculate how many days it'd been since her husband had fucked her; how many days it'd been since he'd cum in her mouth, and let her taste his thick, salty sperm. God, she missed the taste of sperm — she'd never liked the act of swallowing cum much, but suddenly the idea held an enormous appeal. Suddenly she felt like every day was a series of wasted opportunities, all of her time was time that could be better spent sucking down sperm, tasting it, swallowing it, feeling it sit in her stomach…

Her fingers had unzipped her jeans at this point, found their way past her panties, through her unkempt pubic hair, and one was slipping past her lips, exploring deep into her pussy, while another found her clit and started circling it. Lydia was lost in her own head, unaware of her own fingers turning her on, unaware that she'd taken several more steps into the room and was now standing over Becky, watching her get herself off…

Becky had decided on a plan. It was simple, but she was sure it would work.

"Oh god…" she said, as she got closer to orgasm. "Oh god, oh yes. Oh god, yes, mom…mom…oh yeah, mother, fuck me. Fuck me mom, fuck me! Suck on my clit! Yes! Do it! Suck on your baby's little clitty!"

She came, loudly, screaming for her mother to get her off, to fuck her and suck her and everything in between. Lydia was shocked for a few seconds, but her arousal quickly took over, and she came as well, her mind filled with thoughts of fucking this hot young girl, of kneeling between her legs and tasting the plentiful supply of cum within...

As Lydia came down from her orgasm, she felt Becky’s hand on the back of her head.

"Becky!" she exclaimed, but before she could object, her “daughter” had cut her off.

"Sshhh, it's all right. It's okay." Becky whispered, and pulled her head down to taste her throbbing, sperm-laden pussy.

Neither Becky nor Lydia had ever been with a girl before, but they were both fast learners. Lydia's first taste of pussy had been slow and tentative, but once she tasted the cum on her tongue and allowed the Virus to break down the last of her resistance, she dove in enthusiastically, causing Becky to scream for her mommy, again and again.

Becky was enjoying the dominant role she got to play; after leading Lydia’s head to her pussy, she sat back and enjoyed her ministrations. It wasn't quite as exciting as getting pounded by a nice thick cock, but it was just as erotic, and she could feel an orgasm swelling in no time. She held onto Lydia’s head, and bucked her hips forward, pushing her cunt into her face, rubbing the mix of juices into her talented mouth.

Even after Becky had finished orgasming, Lydia continued to explore her privates with her tongue, trying to drink down as much cum as she could. If she’d a taste for it, she would have quickly recognized some of it as her husband's, but she swallowed down the combination of Zack and Albert's sperm without as much as an inkling as to whose it was.

The feeling of Lydia’s tongue burrowing deep inside her asshole gave Becky an idea; she told her to stand and disrobe, enjoying the sight of the normally strict, prudish woman obeying her every command, taking off her clothes slowly, obviously trying to turn her on with the sight of her body stripping.

Lydia's inhibitions had completely disappeared — if, a few hours ago, she'd known that later in the day that she'd not only find herself lapping at a twenty-something girl’s hot pussy, but that she'd love doing it and want to go again, her head would have burst. She was loving doing what she was told, being a slave to Becky’s voice and the urges of her own hungry pussy. All she wanted to do was cum, again and again, and help others do the same.

Becky stood next to Lydia, who shuddered with pleasure as she started exploring her body with her hands. Becky cupped Lydia’s breasts and tweaked her nipples, making her jump in surprise and arousal. She ran her fingertips up and down her stomach, dancing around the tangle of hair between her legs, pinching her full, round ass.

She was a full head shorter than her, but as Becky stood in front of Lydia, all she needed to do was tilt her head back, and Lydia bent down to kiss her. Within seconds, the two were rolling around on the bed, hands roaming freely around each other's bodies, finding the sensitive spots and pushing each other's buttons.

The vibrator had been a novelty gift at first — a joke from one of her friends, given to her at a birthday party to embarrass her in front of everyone. But it had only been a week before Becky's curiosity had overcome her and she'd tried it out. Soon it had become a regular part of her sex life, and Becky had almost forgotten how she'd masturbated without it. Becky was glad she carried it everywhere now, just in case. Memories of earlier uses only increased Becky’s arousal as she reached down and slipped the vibrator out of her bag. This time, however, she wouldn’t be using it on herself…

Now, the vibrator had found a new use; Becky turned it on and slowly inserted it into Lydia’s tight anus. From the look on Lydia's face, Becky deduced that she'd either never had anything there before… or never enjoyed it this much, at least. No wonder Albert had been so excited to fuck her from behind; it was a brand-new experience for both of them (and one that Becky was happy to introduce Lydia to as well).

When Lydia didn't object to her taking her anal virginity with a vibrator, Becky took it as a personal challenge to see if she could find her limits. She got Lydia to go down on her, to eat out her ass, to lay still as Becky pissed on her and drink as much as she could, to take a full fist in both her holes… but no matter what Becky did, Lydia not only obeyed, but seemed to get off on it. She was insatiable, and after a full eighty-three minutes of non-stop sex, Becky was finally exhausted. She'd been thoroughly fucked that day, in all her holes, by the authoritative Albert, the obedient Lydia, and her childhood crush to boot.

Lydia watched Becky fall asleep naked in her arms, and when she was confident that she wasn't going to wake up, got up, tucked her in, and left, looking for someone else who could satiate her needs.