

Virum Pulchrum - Part 1

Disclaimer:

This story contains content of sexual nature. If you're under 18 - go away. The rest of you - enjoy! 🍷

"Sure... thank you Theresa. Thank you... Yes. No. No, don't worry, I'll be fine... well, I'm a big boy, I think I can handle it... yes. Ok, great. Just send me the address and tell her I'll be there as soon as possible. Yes, today. Stop worrying! Gosh... well, that's very sweet of you. Thanks. You too. Bye for now... Bye bye!"

'God she's worse than my mother...' Dr. Kirk Alston was contemplating as he was on his way to yet another "extreme case" patient. 'Still though, I'm so lucky to have had her by my side through all these years', he thought thankfully.

Through his cage bars – Napoleon, his hamster, saw Dr. Kirk Alston hanging up the phone and walking out the door, as it continued running like hell on his wheel, without any specific purpose. He was chewing his food like a pig. Or rather, like a hamster, actually...

'These "Extremers" are getting more and more frequent these days', Kirk thought, worriedly.

He got inside his car and sighed heavily, partly out of exhaustion, and partly because of the heavy rain of thoughts about this whole situation. He put one of the old heavy rock CDs he carried in his glove compartment (who still uses CDs?!) and drove between the streets of Lakewood, looking for the said house of this patient. Outside, a very beautiful and sexy red-headed girl was walking her dog in the park. However, Kirk continued to drive away, unfazed, barely even noticing her.

'It used to be different just a few years ago. Before it had all started. How did all this happen?!'

The government was trying to get things under control but so far its attempts at stopping or even slowing down the virus spread have failed miserably.

Another sexy brunette was jogging, wearing a very tight blue sweater and black yoga shorts, both accentuating her big breasts which were bouncing heavily with each step she took. Kirk was waiting in a red light when she came running his way. This time he had actually glanced at her for a second before his eyes drifted back to the road, his mind continuing to daydream lazily.

Kirk remembered the reports, 8 years ago, about this woman who was traveling the rainforests

of Brazil. Apparently she decided to go by herself, feeling confident (some might say overly confident) that she'd be able to handle the difficult path on her own, and ended up getting lost too deep in the forest, reaching an area unreached before by mankind.

She was found a few days later by villagers on the threshold of their village, lying on the ground face-down, exhausted and dehydrated, with many mosquito bites all over her body. One of the villagers called for help and a medical helicopter took her to the nearest local hospital, where they tried to find out what was wrong with her.

The medical staff reported later that they couldn't find the source of the problem and that this woman wasn't responding to their treatments. Eventually her state sort of 'miraculously' improved over the course of the next couple of days, until the doctors had no choice but to release her from the hospital, not knowing what had caused all of this, and furthermore – how the woman's condition improved all by itself.

Experts these days explain that she was infected with a new virus previously unknown to mankind. This virus had probably been able to sustain itself on the mosquitos in that unique, unreached inhabitat deep in the rainforests, but now it had a new host – humans.

'Where the heck is her house? It's like she's trying not to be found...' Dr. Alston thought silently, not able to even swear properly in his head.

He recalled the special training he'd received, along with several other doctors finely selected by the government, two years after the said incident. A training which contained a lot of information about nothing really. Nothing concrete at least.

They explained how the virus was able to infect everyone, men and women alike, but it apparently stayed dormant and non-harmful inside men. However, women infected by it developed all kinds of symptoms which could vary from one to the other, both in their types as well as their intensity.

Most women developed a mild flu which passed after a few days. This also made it very difficult to detect because it looked just like a regular flu, only the woman infected was still infectious to other people.

However, a small number of women were a lot more susceptible to the virus's effects, and they developed a much stronger initial reaction to it, including high-fever, dizziness, shivers, migraines, and in some extreme cases, even hallucinations, though only momentarily. Only this small subgroup of women which reacted strongly to the virus then experienced a series of morphological changes in their body. This was the part that doctors and researchers still found to be the most difficult to understand.

Apparently, in these rare cases – the virus can act on the DNA level of the host (in this case – humans), by repairing DNA damage, changing the metabolism of specific cells, regenerating

damaged skin tissues, increasing hormones secretion, and the list goes on and on. One of the end results of all these inner changes is that this subgroup of girls then experiences a striking transformation, becoming, well, more beautiful. So powerful is this virus, in fact, that it got the name – “Virum Pulchrum” (‘The Beauty Virus’ in Latin). In most cases the virus is usually active for a short period of time, between 3-5 days, sometimes up to a week or so, and then it returns back to a dormant state, for some reason.

Unfortunately, in spite of all these facts taught at the training on this peculiar virus – no real line of treatment was offered. The only thing doctors could do was to monitor the patients’ condition closely and to treat the symptoms until they withered.

After finishing the training – Dr. Kirk met with hundreds of patients. Most of them were quite happy with their condition, in fact, while others were shy and embarrassed about it. For research and documentation purposes he would ask his patients if they minded showing him pictures of them before they were infected and tried to gather as much information as possible from each case. Afterwards, at his clinic he tried to understand the connection between the transformation exhibited by the patients and the severity of their situation.

He was astounded to find how girls could change so much over the course of a short amount of time such as a few days. He had some patients that looked like runway models when he met them that were very average-looking in their “before” pictures. Even the previously most unattractive girls had toned bodies and pretty faces after their transformation.

He also discovered that usually girls that were prettier in the first place tended to stay sick longer and then change more, while girls that were less attractive to begin with were sick for a shorter period of time and also experienced the least amount of change in their appearance, although the transformation was still quite significant.

In a few cases he met girls that were extremely beautiful. These girls were very pretty before being infected, and those girls were being referred to as “extreme cases”, or “Extremers”. They usually got the worst symptoms, had the highest fever and recovered the slowest of them all, sometimes for up to two weeks, but eventually they also experienced the biggest change.

That’s where Dr. Alston was headed to now. Another “Extremer”.

A few minutes later he reached her building. He parked the car in one of the many spaces available. His heart was pounding a little, he realized. Even though he met with hundreds of infected patients already, out of which dozens were “Extremers”, he still got a little excited every time an “Extremer” case showed up on his doorstep. To be fair, it was hard not to get excited near these girls. Most people were not used to be around this level of beauty. If anything, Dr. Alston was more accustomed to them than most people were thanks to the encounters he had with so many of them.

He pressed the intercom on apartment #17, as his secretary had instructed him in a text

message. After a couple of tensed seconds, a female voice was heard on the other side.

“Hello?” the woman asked. Her voice was high pitched but soft and very pleasant to the ear.

“Yes, hi, this is Dr. Kirk Alston. You called me for...”

“Oh yes, hey! Please, come on up. It’s on the 5th floor!”

A buzzer was heard and Kirk was now able to open the door to the building. He entered the old elevator and pressed the “5” button, looking up at the ceiling of the elevator, as though trying to speed up its machinery with his mind.

Now his heart really started pounding. ‘Theresa sounded quite serious this time...’

1st floor.

‘...but she always sounds way too serious... it’s just that her way of talking...’

2nd floor.

‘...although she had this urgency in her voice. Like it’s a really bad case.’

3rd floor.

‘But, I mean... how bad can it be?! Huh?’ Dr. Alston half smiled to himself. Then he quickly stopped smiling.

4th floor.

‘She really should start giving me more credit. Heck, the things I’ve seen... you would think that by now...’

DING!

The screen on the elevator indicated that Kirk had arrived at his destined floor and the door slowly opened.

Kirk zoomed out of his train of thought. He walked outside and quickly found apartment #17. He gathered himself professionally and then knocked assertively on the door three times.

After a short while the sound of a lock was heard and the door was opened. A girl was on the other side of the door, smiling.

Ok, not just “a” girl. She was, by far, THE most beautiful and sexy girl that Kirk had ever seen in

his life. In person or not.

Kirk had an inner “hotness-scale” in his mind. There were the above average looking, usual pretty girls that were attractive enough to get his attention. They were 7 or 8. Then there were very attractive ones, those you might see in a club dancing and drawing a crowd of guys around them. Those were the 9’s. Then there were super-hot girls. Those rare ones that you might see on Instagram like Lindsey Pelas, Wendy Fiore or Abigail Ratchford (Yes that’s right, I’m Name-Dropping...). Those are the super sexy girls that have everything, a gorgeous face combined with an amazingly built body. a perfect 10.

Then there was this girl at the door, who somehow managed to surpass even those on the uppermost part of the “hotness-scale” of Kirk by one or two levels of magnitude. On a scale of 1-10, she was at least a 12.

Her face was beyond drop-dead gorgeous and was also quite tall, about 5’7’. She had those big blue eyes that could penetrate your soul, a super smooth skin with a tiny hint of tan that showed zero wrinkles or flaws whatsoever. Her nose was pert and just the right size for her face. Her lips were full, luscious and pouty. Her cheek bones were high and further accentuated her womanly features. Her hair was golden brown and reached her mid-back level. Her neck was slender and accentuated her womanly features. She was simply enchanting to look at.

Then Dr. Alston’s eyes wondered south and as a result - his cock started wondering north. She wore the tightest dress he has even seen on a girl. It was sexy, gray colored, with a low V-shaped neckline, which showed her breasts VERY well.

They were simply amazing, perched high and proud on her chest, perfectly round and perky. And they were very very big! Each melon about the size of her head! They projected almost a foot in front of her and several inches to each side from her torso, seemingly unaffected by gravity whatsoever, even though at their impressive size they should have sagged on most women’s chests.

Her waist was ever so slim and toned and couldn’t have been more than 22 inches. It was just begging to be grabbed. Kirk continued to lower his gaze further down automatically.

Her hips flared from her waist and stood in stark contrast to it. They were wide and very toned. The girl stood at the door in slight profile, offering an incredible view of the finest piece of ass the world has ever seen, curving beautifully outwards into two perfectly round balls of perfection, inviting Kirk to take a bite from them. Her super-tight dress made sure it would be impossible to miss her super-hot features.

The dress ended at that point, as if playing relay race with her legs to take it from there. Her impossibly sexy legs were long and trim and continued on and on, with the slightest bumps of her shapely calves, ending finally in two silvery high heeled shoes.

Dr. Alston has considered himself as someone who was much more accustomed to be around

beautiful girls, thus, was also able to act more naturally around them, after having seen and treating so many “Extremers” before. However, this incredibly hot and beautiful girl was on another league from the other “Extremers”. She was so much more beautiful than even the most beautiful “Extremer” he’s ever seen. Kirk found it extremely difficult to keep his cool demeanor around her. His heart pumped blood furiously to certain parts of his body as Kirk started sweating a little, his breath becoming heavier. He could’ve sworn that even his knees buckled for a split second.

“Hello Dr. Alston”, she said softly with a hint of Hispanic accent. Only now did Kirk notice that he had been staring at her for quite some time now. He looked back up and saw her smiling a dazzling smile that sent powerfully erotic sensations down to groin area. But aside from being turned on by her, Kirk found himself questioning and even scolding himself a little, because of how he was not able to maintain better self-control around his patient and to stay more professional.

“Ehmm, yes, hello!” he tried to compose himself, straightening his posture and smiling politely. “miss...”

“Trinidad!” she answered enthusiastically. “Violeta Trinidad.”

‘God, her voice! And the way she rolls that rrrrrr... makes you think how she can also roll something... Wow! Get it together man!! You’re better than that! And she needs your help!’

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Trinidad” he finally said with as much professionalism he could muster in his voice, and extended his hand for a handshake. Nevertheless, his voice had a slight tremble while he was speaking.

“Aww, the pleasure is all mine” she said, smoldering the doctor with a searing sexy look in her eyes. “And please, call me Violeta”, she continued and reciprocated his offered hand for a handshake.

Dr. Kirk Alston never knew that a simple handshake could be this exciting. Her touch was softer than silk, and he felt shivers running from his hand down his spine as her delicate fingers gently encircled his own hand, giving the most minimal resistance needed for it to be considered a proper handshake. Her touch was only further delivering the amount of femininity she was exuding. He felt that he had to act quickly.

“Umm, shall we sit and talk a little, Ms. Tri... I mean, Violeta?” he offered, quickly breaking the handshake before it could lead to things he did not wish to happen to him.

“Sure. Why don’t we sit on the couch in the living room?” she offered. ‘Was there some disappointment in her eyes when I let go of her hand?’ Kirk pondered.

“Can I offer you something to drink? Coffee? Soda?” she asked.

“Ehmm... just water would be fine, thank you”. He suddenly realized his mouth was very dry.

“Coming right up”, she said cheerfully, turning around and heading to the kitchen. The living room and the kitchen were in the same open space and so Dr. Alston could see everything. And he saw a LOT!

During the short period of time it took Violeta to casually walk to get a glass of water until the moment she handed it to Kirk, he managed to spring a full blown hard-on in his pants. It was so arousing it was almost unbearable to watch.

Each step she took in her high heels accentuated her world-class ass, each cheek almost looking like a separate entity from the other, teasing Kirk when it went up, then making room for the other cheek to tease him as it settled down (though still at a high position). Her legs! God, her legs were out of this world, seeming to not want to ever end, ever so slender yet very toned, enchanting with every step she took. And her breasts! They were big enough to be seen from BEHIND, shaking and poking here and there from Violeta’s left or right side alternately, as if winking at the doctor each time.

She opened the cabinet and reached her hand for a glass from the upper shelf, her would-class sweet bum jumped and perked more than before, making the impossible – possible. ‘How can such a simple act be so arousing?!’ Kirk was perplexed by her sheer sexiness.

She took out a bottle of fresh water from the fridge, opened it with her delicate yet apparently strong enough hands, and poured it. It seemed as though she was putting on a show for him. While she was pouring water, her ass stuck out as she was leaning slightly forward, giving the doctor a side view of her spectacular body, stirring strong sensations of lust in him.

Kirk wasn’t sure if she did that on purpose or whether her ass was simply built in a way that made it stick out teasingly. This way or the other – he was very turned on and found himself trying very hard to contain himself, keeping as much of a professional appearance as possible. However, it almost looked like Violeta picked up on his efforts to try to stay professional and she took great pleasure making this very HARD for him with all her teasing.

Violeta walked back with the glass in one hand while the other hand swung gently but ever so sensuously from front to back. Her hips rotated like crazy, each step causing perfectly circular motion which ended with a sharp twist of her hips. Her full luscious boobs swayed from side to side and jiggled up and down, causing her massive cleavage to dance hypnotically in front of Kirk and tease him to intense arousal.

Violeta’s gaze was piercing. She looked straight into Kirk’s eyes, smoldering him, giving him the sense that in her mind – she was already getting fucked by him. For a second he tried to flinch and look away because it was almost too strong of a gaze to maintain eye contact with, but he couldn’t. He kept staring directly into her eyes, his lust building with the increase of sexual

tension between them.

There was silence for a couple of seconds. All of a sudden Kirk realized that a cup of water was presented to him, waiting to be taken.

“Ehmm, oh.. umm, thank you. That’s very... uhh... ehm” and he just grabbed the cup of water and downed it in one go, nervously, without even completing his sentence.

Violeta smiled her perfect sexy smile at him knowingly. She was very aware of the strong effect she was having on Dr. Alston and she seemed very satisfied with it. Like she was savouring the moment, trying to prolong it for her own pleasure. She said nothing and instead just shook her shoulders ever so slightly, causing her bust to sway from side to side while absent-mindedly playing with her beautiful hair.

“So, miss Tri... umm, sorry, Violeta. Why don’t you tell me a little about yourself and what do you need my help for.”

Violeta shifted position, apparently stopping her little “tease” game, for now at least, as she straightened up a little, cleared her throat and started spilling her story to the doctor:

“Well Doctor Alston, I was infected with a virus about three years ago. I believe it was called... ah, ‘pulcha’ something?”

“Virum Pulchrum” he corrected her. “Yes, please go on”.

“Right, that. Anyway, I don’t know exactly who I got the virus from but I was very ill and couldn’t get out of bed for a long time.”

“For how long were you ill exactly, can you recall perhaps?” Kirk asked, returning to his professional demeanor.

“Uff... so long, maybe like 3, 4 weeks long? Closer to 4 weeks I believe”, she replied.

“That’s a very long time indeed...” he said. ‘Wow, 4 weeks? That’s never happened before. It does fit however with the way she looks. I mean, just look at her. But still...’

“I know”, Violeta said, pouting slightly. ‘Gosh, even the way she pouts is so sexy! Get it together man, you’re a doctor. A professional doctor!’ Kirk fought with himself. “So what happened then?” Kirk continued. He found himself paying very close attention to every detail of her story.

“Eventually I got better. It was a matter of a short couple of days. Then, I started, um... changing.” She moved a strand of hair behind her ear nervously. “It didn’t happen all at once. It continued over the course of several weeks after I healed, but I... well, my appearance, it changed. For the better, that is.” She was trying to find the right words for it.

“In which way?” Kirk pressed on. He had a general sense as to the nature of this change but he needed Violeta to describe it in her own words. For proper documentation purposes, of course.

At this point Violeta started blushing. She was embarrassed to talk about it, even though she was talking to a professional doctor whom she knew was dealing with cases like hers on a daily basis. This blush was not lost on Kirk’s part, and if anything – it only contributed to needlessly further emphasize her beauty and overall feminine charm.

“For lack of better words – I, uhh... I became, prettier.” She finally said, “a LOT prettier. God, it’s hard to even say it without sounding like I’m bragging or something, but, I’m just describing what happened.”

“That’s perfectly fine, Violeta. I assure you that you are not the first girl to go through these changes. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. Besides, I’m a doctor and I’ve seen many patients with your condition, so I can guarantee you that there’s nothing you can say that would surprise me at this point.”

“I’m not so sure about that...” Violeta whispered to herself quietly.

“I’m sorry?” Kirk didn’t quite catch what she said.

“Oh nothing, nothing!” She hurriedly replied. “So anyway, after that, things got more difficult.”

“How so?” he inquired.

“I should have mentioned it – before this whole thing happened I used to be a supermodel in Victoria’s Secret.” She started reminiscing. ‘A supermodel! Of course, that makes sense. It’s weird though. I don’t recognize her.’

“Oh, I almost forgot, here! I have an old photo from before the infection. I remember your nice secretary reminded me to prepare this ahead for the appointment”. She said.

Violeta then did something amazing that destroyed the little self-control Dr. Alston had managed to regain during their short conversation so far. She withdrew a photo from the space between her left boob and her dress. It took her some time to find it though, since there was a lot of surface area for it to be hidden in. Her breasts were swaying a lot in the process. Kirk couldn’t believe this was happening. His mouth opened for a second before he quickly closed it. If Kirk thought it was hard to avert his eyes from her tits before, it was positively impossible now. His cock was throbbing with desire for her.

‘Oh god, I don’t know how much more I can take! How can this be? I’m usually really good at maintaining my cool around patients. I’m Dr. Kirk Alston. But she’s just so, so... WOW!’

Finally, after what seemed like hours – Violeta found her old picture. She handed it to Dr.

Alston.

"There we go. Uff, I can be so disorganized sometimes..." she said with an apologetic smile that sent another shiver down Kirk's spine.

Kirk took the photo from her delicate hands and looked it over. The girl in the picture was, by anyone's standards – one of the hottest women on earth. She wore a tight red bikini that left very little to the imagination. The photo seemed to be taken during a fashion show. Violeta's body was perfectly sculpted, her face was beautiful and radiated with a bright smile. Her breasts, while not nearly as big as they were now, still looked amazing, sitting high on her chest. Probably around a D-cup or so. Still, quite unusually big for a model to be sporting this size. Her every curve was standing proud, her ass was would-class perky. Basically, she was every man's wettest dream.

Yet, Kirk didn't see it this way. After witnessing in his very own eyes the way Violeta looked now, after having being infected with the virus, the girl in the picture was merely average-looking in comparison. Perhaps a bit more pretty than average, but that's it. Violeta has changed so much that if the current Violeta were to sit in a pub with her old self and Kirk would've been there – he probably wouldn't have even noticed the old Violeta was there. It was just incredible how much the human body could change. How much Violeta had changed.

"So... what do you think?" Violeta asked, hesitantly biting the side of her lower lip anxiously.

"Hmm, well..." he stammered a bit. "You've definitely changed. For the better that is! Not that you were not pretty before! Of course! It's just that now... but also before you were very..." Kirk was having a hard time finding the right words. "Ehm, my professional opinion is that you have definitely changed substantially by the virus." He finally summarized.

Violeta looked back at him, smirking. 'Jeez, can she read my mind or something?!' Kirk knew that she had caught his uneasiness of this whole situation.

"So wait, you said something before about things getting more difficult" he tried getting back to his routine examination.

"Correct."

"And that you USED to be a Victoria's Secret model?" he edged on, narrowing his eyes in question.

"Supermodel. And yes, I don't work there anymore." Violeta answered.

"Why is that? What happened after you were infected?"

Violeta shifted in her seat with slight uneasiness. Clearly this wasn't one of her fond memories.

“So, after about a month of not going to work while I was sick, I finally returned”, she started elaborating. “I had a photo-shoot scheduled for that day. But when I went in to start modeling – no one recognized me. They thought I was a new model trying to apply for the job.” Violeta suddenly had quite a sad look on her beautiful face. “It took me a while to convince them that I was in fact the same person. And when they finally understood I had been telling the truth – they said that there was a problem and told me to go home.” She frowned. “I was shocked and didn’t understand what was going on. That same evening, I got a call from my boss who said that I was fired.”

“Fired?! But, why??” Kirk couldn’t believe they would fire someone as hot as Violeta.

“He said something about me not fitting their line of clothes anymore. That my breasts have become too large for their clothes sizes and also something about breaking the contract because of a ‘significant change in appearance’”, she rolled her eyes. “But I know now that it’s not the truth. Later on, I heard a girl I knew there saying to her friend that the real reason I was fired was because I was ‘outshining the other models’ and that the management was afraid that their sales would be dramatically affected by it”, Violeta concluded, pouting sadly.

Kirk was dumbfounded. He just couldn’t fathom the logical process of such a decision. Such a unique and gorgeous model was supposed to be helping sales, wasn’t she? Nevertheless, he could very well see how Violeta might out-shine the other models. Her sheer beauty was in a whole different level from the other girls. Even Victoria’s Secret supermodels, as beautiful as they were, didn’t come close to Violeta’s level of beauty and sexiness. Her ass was perkier than that of the other models.

Her face was prettier. Her waist was sexier. Her legs were more toned. And her tits were out of this world bigger and better. He decided to just leave the subject for the time being.

“This must have been quite hard to deal with”, Kirk said finally, having decided to take the empathetic approach.

“It was”, said Violeta sadly, wiping a tear from her eyes, an act which only added yet another dimension to her endless beauty and feminine gentleness that has captivated Kirk so much. He felt bad that at such a vulnerable state as she was, he was so turned on by it! She was just so irresistibly attractive... whatever she was doing. Whether she was smiling, walking, talking, or even just sitting with her hands folded neatly on her thigh while looking at him – it was simply unbelievably arousing. Hell, just being in her proximity was enough to cause his cock to throb.

Kirk was not a clinical psychologist. However, he found out with time that medical treatment has to go hand in hand with some sort of conversation with the patient as well. Nevertheless, he saw that the conversation was taking a turn to unexpected regions and so he decided to shift it back to its intended course. It was time to start with the routine examination. Perhaps this might also help him relax a little by doing what he knew best.

“I’m sorry about how things went for you, Violeta. Listen, why don’t we do some testing and see

how we're doing, ok?" he asked her in the plural form, as some doctors like to do when they want the patient to feel like their doctor is invested in their treatment as much as them.

"Ok, doctor". Violeta said quietly, nodding her head lightly and obediently while looking straight at Kirk with her big blue eyes. 'OMG stop being so cute and sexy already!!! I can't work like that!' Kirk's cock was so painfully erect right now. This was going to be challenging. His hard on was quite concealed until now, thanks to his coat, but now he had to get up in order to examine Violeta.

'Oh GOD! How am I going to examine her body without cumming right on the spot?!' he dreaded.

To be continued...