

Virum Pulchrum - Part 2

“Umm, ok. Please, stand-up and go to that wall over there.” Kirk ordered politely.

“Sure!” She said happily, her mood perking up all of a sudden. She straightened up in her seat, her magnificent bosom heaving and jiggling then she got up from the couch, her boobs shaking and quivering madly, threatening to burst out of her dress. She turned around and walked to the wall.

Kirk took that opportunity to get up and quickly adjust his hard on in his pants so that it wouldn't stick out so obviously. 'Ok let's get this thing over with as quickly as possible. This is getting rough now'.

Violeta stood near the wall, smiling, with her legs closed, waiting for further instructions. There was just something so incredibly sexy to Kirk about a girl who's so willing to do what he says. It wasn't like a “control” thing. It's just that vibe of compliance with a smile, a girl that wants to be led and being told what to do by a man who knows what he wants. Even if all he wants is to examine her. Medically, that is, of course...

“Alright, I'd like to first take your height. If you would be so kind as to take off your shoes and stand with your back against the wall while I measure you.” He asked her.

“Sure. You can measure me anytime you like, doctor” Violeta replied ‘innocently’ with a devious smile. She casually took off her heels one by one. Kirk, who had a height advantage on her, got even a better view on her simply breathtaking deep cleavage now that she was shoe-less.

She then backed up against the wall until she touched it while Kirk positioned himself in front of her. The problem was, it wasn't her back that first touched the wall, but rather her ass. She noticed the problem, frustrated, and tried to back up even more so her back would touch the wall, but because her ass was so tight and fit – it almost had no give and so she was bound to lean back with her upper back a little in a slightly weird way so that she would be able to touch the wall.

As a result, her big bosom stuck out even further than it already had, poking Kirk in the eyes.

“Just uhh, if you could stand up straight and not lean back so much while your back is against the wall”, Kirk said while he looked at her posture.

“This is as straight as I can get, doctor Alston. I'm sorry, my ass is just too tight I guess. Would you prefer if I stood up straight like this?” she leaned forward again, her ass being left the only body part touching the wall. Her breasts continued to stand up high and proud no matter what her posture was, leaving about a foot of space between Kirk and them.

Kirk lost a little blood from his face. He had a clue as to where that blood was flowing to right

now.

“That’s... that’s fine. Don’t worry about it. Your posture is perf... FINE! It’s fine.” He fumbled with his words. Violeta’s look was a combination of 98% innocence and 2% sexual predator.

“Ok doctor, I’m ready”, she said.

‘The way she says “Thoctorr” with that Spanish accent...’

“Would you like to measure me now?” she asked, snapping Kirk out of his day dream.

“NO! Eh, yes! Yes, of course.”

Kirk took out his tape measure and crouched to set it near her foot. In the process he got an overall look at Violeta’s perfect body from top to bottom. He was so close to her he could smell her sexy scent. It was so intoxicating.

He pressed the twisted end of the tape measure under her bare perfect foot.

“Eee!” Violeta squealed in surprise. Kirk panicked for a second, but then he looked up and saw that she was smiling at him, urging him to continue.

He rose back up, looking at the numbers on the tape but also leering at her incredible body. He might be a professional doctor but he was still a man after all. Being so close to that level of femininity was irresistibly arousing for him. ‘These calves, those legs, that perfect ass, her tight and toned stomach, that... oooo!’

He suddenly bumped his head against something very soft and very wonderful. He jumped back and the tape swished his hand as it returned to its original folded state and landed on the floor with a smack sound. A second later Kirk realized what his head had bumped into and he turned beet red.

“I’m so sorry!! I didn’t mean to, I just wanted to measure you. Your body! I mean your height! And they were in the way. Well, one of them was in the way. It’s because they stick out further than most... I’m so sorry this was very unprofessional of me. Please accept my deepest apolo...”

“It’s ok Doctor”, Violeta said, smiling widely. Kirk was so embarrassed that he didn’t even notice Violeta was enjoying every second of this examination so much. “If I was uncomfortable by anything you did, you would’ve already known about it by now. And besides, you’re right. My breasts do stick out further than most girls. It’s not your fault you bumped into them. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did, though”, she said, biting her lower lip teasingly.

Kirk’s face turned even more red than they already were. He looked away and Violeta giggled

at that.

“Would you like to continue measuring me?” she suggested, seeing there was no good way for him to reply to what she just said.

“Umm, yes, sure. Let’s continue. Let me just…” he mumbled.

“Oh no please, allow me”, and with that she leaned WAY down to grab the tape from the floor, giving Kirk a magnificent view of her expansive cleavage. Her massive breasts swayed from side to side, almost reaching her knees. She also didn’t bend her knees at all, thus sticking her beautiful ass even further. She was simply irresistibly sexy to look at. To be around. Kirk was about to burst soon.

“There you go doctor, you can measure me now”, she offered him with a smoldering look. Kirk almost came in his pants at that last remark. This whole scene was getting way out of his control. He sighed intentionally, trying to blow away his horniness. Yep, that didn’t help one bit.

“Ok, let’s continue, shall we?” he said.

He tried again measuring her height, this time taking extra care not to bump into (un)wanted body parts. For her part, Violeta just stood quietly and allowed him to proceed with the examination, only smiling to him and giving him a subtle sexy look here and there.

“Ok, so that’s 5’7” and a quarter”, he said, trying to stick to his routine check-up. “In terms of weight I’d say you look in shape. Do you exercise?”

“Yes doctor. I train 4 days a week and also do Yoga every day. Though I can’t jog so much.”

“Yes yes, that’s understandable. I mean, that’s good, exercise is good for your body”. He remarked.

‘Yoga... Of course she’s doing Yoga! She can’t just be NORMALLY super-hot. She has to do Yoga so she’s that much hotter, as if simply seeing her is not hot enough on its own.’

Kirk tried his best to carry on with the exam but he was having a very HARD time doing so. He checked her throat which looked perfectly healthy.

When he took her blood pressure, he lightly but accidentally grazed his hand against her right boob when he put the pressure cuff on her arm. He froze for a second, but Violeta just smiled at him, acting as if nothing had happened. He breathed a sigh of relief and closed the cuff cautiously.

“You might feel some pressure for a few moments” he warned and started pumping air inside with his manual pump.

“Ooo... oohhh... umm...” Violeta let out a small moan with each pump. ‘God, does everything she do have to sound so sexual?!’ Kirk felt like he was inflating his own dick with blood instead of the cuff with air with each pump.

“110 over 70, that’s perfectly fine”, Kirk said. This was getting kind of weird. ‘Isn’t she supposed to feel sick or something?’

He performed some more tests but each one confirmed the same diagnosis. Violeta was perfectly fine.

Something didn’t add up. The doctor inside of Kirk was suddenly awoken back to reality. Kirk might have been very aroused and more than a little distracted by the sheer beauty and sexiness of Violeta but he got the sense that something was not quite right in this whole story. That maybe she wasn’t telling him the truth. Or not the whole truth in the very least.

“Ehm, forgive me, Violeta, for my boldness, but... I have to ask you”, he started.

“Yes?” she straightened up a little, pushing out her chest in the process. Kirk was not sure whether this was intentional or not, but he was caught off guard for a moment there, almost forgetting what he was about to say. A few seconds later he’d regained enough focus to continue however.

“Well, I don’t know exactly how to say this, but when Theresa, my secretary... when she called me about your case – she gave me the sense that things were, well... urgent”. Violeta listened intently to his every word and tried to keep a straight face. However, Kirk could’ve sworn that he caught a small flinch in her face for a split second. She didn’t say anything though, so he continued.

“The thing is, and I don’t want this to come off as something bad, but, according to my medical examination – you’re perfectly healthy. In fact, you might be the healthiest person I have ever examined.” He said hesitantly, trying not to make it sound like he was implying something. “Is there something I’m missing here, maybe?”

Violeta shifted in her seat uncomfortably. She had an anxious expression on her face, and... was there also sadness mixed in it?

She shifted her gaze away from Kirk for a moment, considering her next words carefully. Kirk panicked for a second that he might have offended her in a way, but then she returned her gaze back to him, looking slightly more determined this time.

“Do you have any hobbies, Dr. Alston?” she suddenly shot out of the blue. Kirk was caught off guard with this one. He blinked a few times.

“What?” he asked confused.

“Hobbies. Something you like to do with your free time.” She explained the obvious. Kirk was not sure where she was going with this.

“Well, I, uhh, I do love playing chess.” He admitted.

“Are you good at chess, Doctor?” she edged on.

Kirk blushed slightly.

“I, I guess I am. I’m very good actually. But I still don’t...”

“Would you say you are the best?” she cut him off, looking straight at him, narrowing her eyes questioningly.

“Of course not. I mean, I did win a few local and state championships. I even reached the national a few times, but...”

“But there was someone better, wasn’t there?”

Kirk tried not to take offense at her question. He was sure she had a point for this whole weird interrogation.

“Well, yeah. I didn’t win the national. But I did come...”

“Second place?” she asked, finishing for him.

“Err... yes. How did you...?” he asked, puzzled.

“And how did that make you feel, doctor?” she continued, though now an empathetic look was added to her rich repertoire of facial expressions.

“I guess I was disappointed a little. A lot, actually.” He said.

“Uha... Anything else?”

“I guess I was also angry”, he played along for the moment. “And frustrated. I put in hours upon hours of training, trying my best to improve, to better my tactics. I thought it was a sure win for me. Then this one guy, at the final round, he just knocked me to the floor. He won. And he made it seem so easy. Like, like...”

“Like he wasn’t even trying. Right?” she finished for him, getting more and more flustered. “Like no matter how hard you try, he had you in his pocket this whole time?” she was getting redder in

the face, her eyes started watering. Her voice started quivering and getting more emotional with every word she said. "And that no matter what you do, you will never stand a chance against him? Because your very best, your utmost best effort, doesn't even tickle him? Is that it?!" she almost yelled that last part.

She panted heavily, her chest heaving up and down. Tears started rolling from the corner of her eyes.

Kirk was awestruck. 'Obviously, she's talking from personal experience. Otherwise, she wouldn't have reacted this way. But what is it?' Kirk thought to himself. 'I still don't understand what she was trying to tell me here.'

Violeta just sat there for a few moments, sobbing quietly, staring at the floor. She just looked so very vulnerable, so breathtakingly beautiful. The way she looked now, Kirk just wanted to take her into his arms and hold her tightly. Instead, he settled on holding her hand with his own, trying to comfort her. She squeezed back gently.

But then, she surprised him completely by inching towards him, closing the gap between the two of them, then launching at him and hugging him tightly. This act apparently opened the flood-gates and tears started rolling out of her eyes while she cried and cried.

Kirk was so dumbfounded he didn't know what to do. This never happened to him. He still didn't get an answer to his question, but he sensed that right now was not the best time to bring it up.

However, something else was definitely up. Kirk's system of primal instincts didn't care if he got his answer or not. All it cared was that Violeta's massive, soft and wonderful breasts were mashing heavily against his own chest. He could feel her grind up against him, smell her intoxicating sexy perfume. Her hair gently rested on his face. Her angelic cry stirred feelings of empathy, but also a want, no, a need to maintain the amount of physical contact he had with her while she cried and cried into his shoulder.

The hug lasted quite long. Longer than what would be considered "regular hug". Kirk very gently patted her on her back a few times, trying to console her, but also give her a subtle sign that she can let go now. For as much as he was enjoying this hug, it was starting to reach the "unprofessional" territory now, and he sensed this was a slippery slope towards "very and utterly unprofessional land".

Unfortunately, Violeta took his patting as a sign to let it all out. She increased the pressure of the hug, mashing her pliable tits even further against his chest. Oh, how horny Kirk was right now.

His cock stood proud like a steel pipe. He tried his best to keep his position – while his upper torso was inevitably locked against Violeta's hug, his lower region was slightly turned sideways, while his rock hard cock was trapped between the waistband of his pants and his stomach, underneath his shirt.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, and at the same time, not more than a millisecond, Violeta let go from the hug, slowly. She stayed seated close to Kirk, however, her thigh almost touching his own. She sniffed quietly and wiped her tears from her eyes. Her face was flushed. After a few moments she started talking again.

“I’m sorry, Dr. Alston. I didn’t mean to burst out like this. I just couldn’t help myself.” She said quietly, slowly elevating her gaze back up to meet his.

“That’s, uh, quite alright. D... Don’t worry about it.” Kirk said, his own voice trembling. He tried his best not to let on how much this hug affected his libido.

“I think I need to explain myself, Doctor.” She said.

“That’s ok, Violeta, you don’t have to...”

“No, no, I mean, I should tell you the truth. The whole truth, that is.” She started. Kirk listened intently, keeping a compassionate face all the while. Violeta sighed, her breasts rising and falling heavily. Then she began:

“I have a friend. A very close friend.” Violeta started. “She was my best friend since I’ve known myself. We grew up together, went to the same class from elementary school all the way to the end of high-school.” Violeta looked like she calmed down a little now. She was still sniffing here and there but at least she managed to continue her story.

“Anyway, we did everything together – hanging out, studying, traveling... we even started dating boys at the same time.”

“But there was one problem.” Violeta now had a very sad look on her face. “She always got all the boys.”

‘Huh?’ Kirk was confused. “What do you mean?”

“She was always the prettier one of us.” She pouted sadly.

‘Ok now it’s getting really weird’, Kirk thought.

“She, ugh... she always got all the attention from guys and I was left out. And she didn’t even mean for that to happen. I know that. It just, sort of, ‘happened’ to her. But that’s the thing, it always happened to HER. Never to ME.”

Kirk could hear the frustration in her voice, although he really, absolutely, had no idea what the hell she was talking about. Clearly, this was a girl with some sort of a body image disorder. Otherwise, there’s no way in hell she would feel inferior next to her friend. Or any other girl, for

that matter. However, Violeta continued her story:

“Don’t get me wrong. I did get to draw the attention of a few guys here and there. But that only lasted until she came along. And the second she joined us – they totally forgot about me and only focused on her. And every time it happened, I felt more and more unwanted, ugly, ashamed and also angry.”

She surprised Kirk by squeezing tighter on his hand, apparently needing support to continue. Kirk was caught off guard when he felt that gentle but firm, just so wonderful touch of hers. He thought of letting go of her hand because it was only making things worse for him, but he decided against it, seeing she needed him right now.

“At first, I thought I was angry at her”, she carried on. “But she really did all she could not to draw their attention. She really tried her best to be a good friend and not to give these boys any sign she was interested in them. But that didn’t matter. She could join us for an hour or so, just to grab some coffee and then be on her way, and the guy I was with would just make an excuse and leave, never to be heard from again. She never went out with the guys I was with, out of respect for our friendship, which I really appreciated, but still, that didn’t stop me from being so extremely frustrated.”

‘Ok. Now I’m certain she’s delusional. Come on, that... that just can’t be right, can it? Or perhaps Violeta was a late bloomer or something and thus lagging behind her friend? That could maybe explain it. But still, even before she was infected with the virus, she was so very beautiful. It just doesn’t add up.’ Moreover, Kirk still had no clue what the hell this weird yet intriguing story about her friend had anything to do with his visit there.

“Eventually, I accepted the fact that she will always be the prettier one, and I just tried to really focus on her as a person, since she really always was such a wonderful friend to me and I loved hanging out with her.”

“Then, I got sick with the virus. This part that I told you was all true. I did experience all these changes in my appearance. I was getting more and more pretty, and I finally felt a little more beautiful. Of course, I still didn’t reach her level of beauty, it was just so out of reach that I didn’t even dare to think about winning or even leveling up to her in this category, but at least I regained some of my dignity.”

“But, but you said that you’ve transformed so much. That you were even fired from Victoria’s Secret as one of their supermodels because you outshone all the rest. So... how come...?”

Violeta smiled a very sad smile. It was that kind of dark smile someone has when he knows he’s so much out of luck in life that he starts laughing instead of crying about it.

“Oh but you haven’t seen her, have you? Otherwise, you wouldn’t have said that, Dr. Alston.” She said gloomily. “Yes, I did transform a lot, but even after all that, it still didn’t even ‘tickle’ her

level of beauty and sexiness. But like I said, I was grateful for what I could get, even if it was measly a level of beauty that could outshine Victoria's Secret supermodels."

Kirk looked hard into her eyes and saw that she was not crazy talking. She was not delusional in her speech. She was really genuine. When that realization dawned on him, he started getting really intrigued. 'Was there really someone more beautiful than Violeta? Could it be true?' His heart started pounding and his cock stirred again in his loins.

"So..." his voice really shaking now. "What happened afterwards?" he asked anxiously. Violeta sighed.

"A couple of years ago, she got ill." Violeta stopped for a moment. She seemed to be having a hard time resuming her story. A moment later she continued. "At first we thought it was just a flu, but it didn't go away. Since she was like a sister to me, I took her to the doctor myself, but he didn't know what it was and just gave her some medication to help with her symptoms..."

'Oh ohh... this sounds familiar now', Kirk thought inwardly.

"She had high fever, she was shivering even when it was warm outside... I never saw her like this. A few days into her illness she started saying weird things. Like she was seeing a group of singing mushrooms. And something about a unicorn galloping in circles around her room. I don't know, I think she was hallucinating things because of the high fever she had." She narrowed her eyebrows.

Kirk got a sense of the direction this story was headed to.

"Hmm... how long was she ill?" he asked.

"Oh, so long. Two months? It just seemed like it will never go away." She answered.

'Two months?? How is that possible?! The virus is not supposed to be active for so long. But if that's true, it had such huge implications on her friend's appearance...'

"We went to see more doctors, but none of them had any idea what was wrong with her. We didn't know what to do. I was really worried for her. But all of a sudden, after these two months, she just seemed to..."

"Miraculously recover?" Now it was Kirk's turn to complete her sentence.

"Yes. How did you know?" Violeta asked, surprised.

"Tell me, Violeta, did you notice any changes happening to her, after she recovered? Maybe her appearance?"

Violeta almost started crying again. Tears again welled up in her beautiful eyes. Kirk regretted

he said anything.

“Yes. Oh god, yes. She transformed from super beautiful into this... GODDESS of beauty. I know this sounds awful and selfish, but I thought I was going to explode with envy! I got ill before she did, and for almost a whole year I thought to myself, ‘hey, this isn’t so bad. I might not be as pretty as she is but at least I’m not that ugly anymore’. But after that, it was just so out of reach it was ridiculous. It was like trying to run a sprint while competing against a race car, then this car turns into a stealth fighter with its engines turned on all the way. I never stood a chance.”

Kirk felt for her. He really did. He still had no idea how this was even possible but he saw how much this saddened her. How crushingly painful this all was for her. He squeezed her hand again in empathy, suddenly realizing they never let go of their hands this whole time.

“Look doctor, I won’t stall you any longer. I have to confess something.” She took a deep breath.

“I am not the case you are here for.” She said, waiting for his response.

Kirk tried to process that piece of information. “What do you mean, you are not the case?” Violeta reddened in the face, embarrassed.

“I mean, I’m not the one who needs your help. It’s my friend. I called for her.”

Kirk wanted to get upset, but frankly, he was so turned on at the moment that he couldn’t really feel anything that resembles anger. He was confused, though his earlier suspicions were starting to fall into place now.

“I don’t understand. If you don’t need my help, then why did you pretend to be the one who was sick?”

Violeta looked like she wanted the ground to swallow her right then and there.

“I, I guess, uhh... god this is really embarrassing... I’m sorry doctor, I really am. I just, well, I guess I wanted to know what it felt like to be the center of attention for once. I wanted to give you the impression I was the one who was sick because, I knew that would mean you will see how much I’ve changed, and maybe, well, I’ll get the feeling, for once in my life, that this change is meaningful in some way. That I don’t have to be compared to a goddess of beauty. That I am beautiful, and desired, and sexy, all on my own... that I’m not someone’s second choice. Even if this is not true. Even if only for a short period of time. That’s also why I put the sexiest dress I had on. And when I saw you, you seemed so cute I had to try to seduce you. I really tried my best to win you over, I don’t know if you could tell. Just to see if I still had it in me. I guess this was all for nothing. I’m sorry.”

Kirk didn’t know what to say. She was trying to seduce him and she just confessed about it. And somehow, she felt that her very best effort was still not enough. He was really torn between

feeling empathy and sorrow for her, to wanting so badly to kiss her, to trying his best to comprehend what the hell she was talking about. He was horny as hell from all the events that had unfolded today. Never in his life has he been so aroused by a girl. 'How in the world can she not feel beautiful? Come on! This has to be a joke! There's no way she...'

"Here doctor. I have a picture of her for you", she cut his train of thought and pulled a second picture from beneath her other breast, causing a great deal of shaking and quivering in the process. 'Is this like a universal pocket for all girls?! Or just for the hot ones?'

"Her name is Olivia Fuentes. Just look at it, please."

Kirk grabbed the picture and all the blood was drained from his face.

In the picture was a girl standing in a room, stretching her arms up, in a simple T-shirt and pants, without any make up, who appeared to have woken up a few minutes before the picture was taken.

However, miraculously, even in this sleepy state that she was, she was UNBELIEVABLY gorgeous. She was just SO VERY MUCH MORE beautiful than Violeta was. This had to be her worst look of the day, yet she managed to look WAY more sexy and beautiful than Violeta, who did her best to look as sexy and as beautiful as she possibly could. If Violeta was a 12 on the "hotness-scale", Olivia was a 20!

Olivia's face was beyond perfect. An angel from heaven would feel embarrassed standing next to her. Her smile beamed with grace and beauty. Her eyes were big, green and blue at the same time, and filled with a mixture of endless amount of joy, sexiness, beauty and energy. Her nose was pert and perfect. Her skin was perfectly smooth and its complexion was just hypnotizing to look at, making it look like she was photo-shopped by the best artist in the world. Her neck was more graceful than that of a swan, her hair was golden and full, flowing to her lower-back. She was just so beautiful to look at it almost hurt Kirk's eyes. In fact, he had to blink a few times just to see if this was for real.

And her body. 'Oh god, her BODY!'

Her legs were so long, slender and toned at the same time, never seeming to end, until they curved up to this way beyond world-class ass that stuck out at an impossible angle out of her body like two perfect peaches waiting to be eaten.

Because of her stretching pose, her t-shirt rose above her pants, revealing a hint of a perfectly flat stomach that seemed to be narrowing to what must have been the smallest waistline this world has ever seen. Even smaller than Violeta's tiny midsection, probably less than 20 inches.

Unfortunately, that was all that was visible from her stomach, since her simply enormous breasts blocked almost the entire view of her midsection. Kirk was sure that had her arms been

down – no part of her tummy would've been visible.

They were round, firm and full and stood up high on her chest. They were bigger than Violeta's, as if to add insult to injury. If Violeta had melons, Olivia had watermelons. Big ones, that is. And while Violeta stuck out less than a foot, Olivia's breasts stuck out almost 2 feet in front of her, and extended even more than Violeta's to either side of her otherwise very slim body. And yet, despite her size, they seemed so perky. Certainly perkier than Violeta's impressive yet smaller boobs.

There was just no way getting around this. Olivia just looked better than Violeta in every possible way. Much much better. She was that much prettier, sexier. Next to her, Violeta looked like your typical girl next door. Nice, "ok-plus" looking, but nothing more. The poor girl. Kirk really felt for her, it must have been hard to be around so much sexiness and beauty and not to fall into deep depression.

"Doctor Alston?"

Kirk suddenly realized he was day dreaming. He wasn't sure how long he was looking at the picture but he got the feeling it was quite long.

He looked back at Violeta. Suddenly, she seemed less attractive to him, in a way. It wasn't intentional on his part, it just sort of, happened. He felt really bad with himself for feeling this way.

"Yes, yes, I'm sorry. You were saying?" he finally recovered.

"I wasn't saying anything doctor." She said simply.

"Right, right" He was still trying to process everything.

"So... what do you think?" she asked anxiously.

"About what?"

"About the picture, of course! Was I not right?"

Kirk treaded very carefully here. It was not his place to say that.

"Well, I don't know exac..."

"Do you know how many hours I spent at the gym??", she interjected before he finished his answer. "Working on my ass, my legs, my chest, arms, you name it... all these hours. I'm also trying so hard not to eat junk food, to be healthy. I really am trying my best. And she just naturally looks like that. Hell, I wish she would look like me. She looks WAY better than I do",

she sounded so frustrated.

“Now wait here one minute, Violeta. That’s not fair to you. You said she was also infected with the virus and that she has undergone a remarkable transformation herself. Don’t be so hard on yourself”.

Violeta burst out in tears again. ‘Oh god, what did I say now?’ he thought dreadfully.

“THAT’S... HER... BE... FORE... PIC... TURE!” she wept hysterically, barely able to complete full words.

Kirk gulped.

“I’m sorry? Her ‘Before’ picture?”

She cried some more. “You know... the picture... your... patients... give you... before... they were... infected?” she sniffed between words.

“Her befo... her...” Kirk said slowly, trying to wrap his mind around that little piece of information.

‘If this is her “Before” picture, how much prettier and sexier was she AFTER that? How much has she transformed? How much more can anyone transform? What’s the next level after unbelievably-superbly-drop-dead-gorgeous-beyond-belief?! And Violeta... she never stood a chance against... how can... what... how... WOW!’

Kirk stayed quiet for more than a minute. For the first time in his life, he really had no idea what he was getting into, and how he was going to cope with this whole situation. It was bad as it is when he thought Violeta was his patient. How in the world was he going to deal with... that?!”

He reminded himself that he was still in a conversation with Violeta, eventually resuming their talk:

“Uhm. Ok. So, you said before that your friend, Olivia, needs my help.”

“Yeah, she does. She’s sick again.” She answered.

“Again? Wait, but...” something was still not right here. “You said that she was already sick with the virus two years ago, wasn’t she?” he queried.

“That’s correct.”

“And that she’s recovered already, no?”

“Yes.”

“And now you’re saying that she’s sick again??” he asked, incredulously.

“Yes. But that’s normal, isn’t it? I mean, after you catch the virus – you might get sick again later on in the future, can’t you?” she asked innocently.

“Well, technically yes. But that’s extremely rare.” He said, pondering. A couple more moments during which both of them were quiet passed.

“Anyway, I guess you should go see her now.” Violeta said with a sad face.

“Oh, yes, yes, of course! Ahh, where is she?” he asked.

“Right here in the back room.”

“Wait, you two are living together?”

“Yes, she’s my best friend. Plus, she doesn’t like to go outside much ever since she got sick for the first time. She’s very shy and she needs my help.”

Kirk didn’t know what to say.

“She’s sleeping at the moment. I’ll go wake her up and tell her you’re coming.”

Kirk just stared into space, not blinking, while Violeta got up from her seat and went to the back room. He didn’t even bother looking at her lovely ass as it swayed from side to side while she walked away. Oh, yes. Violeta was right. He certainly was about to come.

To be continued...