

The Grope Virus

Kallie

“Hi! Would you like to grope me?”

Hearing that across the lesbian bar, spoken in a strange, calm, guileless voice, caught Taylor’s attention at once. She was no stranger to dyke bars, of course, and in her time she had heard much, much raunchier things than that. And yet, it caught her attention.

There was something about the way the girl had said it. It didn’t sound like flirting. Not exactly. It was eager, certainly, but the girl’s voice lacked all of the desperate, drunken arousal Taylor would normally associate with someone asking random strangers at the bar to feel her up. Instead, the girl’s voice was full of a sheer, simple, unvarnished earnestness that was so totally out of place, it was

almost unnatural.

Maybe that was why it caught Taylor's attention. Or maybe it was the girl herself. Appearances could be deceiving, obviously, but she certainly didn't look like a regular. She was pretty, for sure, but in a plain kind of way; her long, brown hair was unremarkable, and the mid-length dress she was wearing wouldn't have looked out of place anywhere except a dyke bar. She looked like she could have been a first-timer; a baby gay, maybe, come to explore her sexuality, or perhaps just a straight girl who'd gotten unwisely curious.

In either case, though, it was weird that she seemed to be here by herself. She didn't look like she was actually with any of the dykes who were currently huddled around her, leering at her body and giggling at her absurdly forward request. The girl didn't seem to mind the attention, but something about the whole scene bothered Taylor. Maybe it was the glazed look in her eyes, or the oddly serene smile plastered across her face.

Was she on something? More to the point, had somebody had given her something?

Taylor sighed. She hadn't come to the bar to play babysitter to some off-the-beaten-track straight girl. But do unto others, right?

"Sorry, sorry!" Taylor called out, grabbing her drink from the bar top and muscling her way through the small crowd. "She's with me. Yeah, she's really drunk. Sorry."

Ignoring the disappointed jeers, Taylor put an arm across the girl's shoulder and guided her, gently but insistently, into a private, quiet corner of the bar.

"Hey, sorry," Taylor began, speaking just loud enough to make herself heard over the music. "Not trying to hit on you, I swear. Just wanted to make sure you're not, uh, out of your depth. You know?"

“Hi!” The girl said, still smiling. “Would you like to grope me?”

Taylor felt herself twitch. Great.

“Um...” She laughed awkwardly as if hoping it was just a joke. “No. Thanks, but no thanks. I just wanted to make sure you’re OK. Not here to grope you.”

“Oh.” The girl’s smile dimmed ever so slightly, although her eyes remained glazed. “Excuse me. I need to go and find someone to grope me.”

“Wait!” Taylor said, stopping the girl with her arm as she tried to pull away from her. Now, she was sure: something weird was going on. “Look, if this is your thing, I swear I’m not trying to ruin your fun. I just... have you been keeping an eye on your drink tonight?”

“I don’t have a drink,” the girl supplied helpfully. She didn’t look particularly annoyed at Taylor’s intervention, although Taylor could sense her eagerness to be elsewhere.

“You haven’t had anything to drink all night?”

“No.”

“Then... is somebody making you say that? Even just as a joke, or something?”

Taylor couldn’t help it. The girl’s bizarre manner had piqued her curiosity and the more possible explanations she exhausted, the more keen she became to get to the bottom of the situation.

“No.” The girl looked straight at her again and widened her smile. “Are you sure you don’t want to grope me?”

“No!” Taylor snapped. She took a deep breath. “OK. What’s your name?”

“Jenny,” the girl replied. Why wouldn’t she stop smiling?

“Jenny,” Taylor repeated. “You understand that I’m worried about you, right?”

“I do,” Jenny confirmed. “But there’s nothing to worry about. I’m just trying to find someone to grope me. Are you really sure you wouldn’t like to?”

“I’m sure,” Taylor told her firmly. Why did she sound so very eager about it? “Is there a reason you keep asking that?”

“Of course!”

Taylor paused for a moment, before realizing Jenny wasn’t going to throw her any bones.

“What’s the reason?”

Jenny kept beaming at her. “Because I want someone to grope me.”

“Right.” Taylor couldn’t help rolling her eyes. It was like talking to a stubborn kid. “And... why do you want someone to grope you?”

It felt like a stupid question, but the answer she received was stranger than she could have fathomed.

“Because I have the grope virus.”

“The... what?” Taylor blinked. She was sure she’d misheard her.

“The grope virus?”

Jenny nodded helpfully. “That’s right!”

“What’s that?”

“I’m not really sure,” Jenny confessed, although her uncertainty seemed not to dampen her sunny mood. “But it’s a virus, and it makes me want to get groped.”

Taylor was really starting to regret involving herself—but it was too late. She was in too deep. She had to figure out what was going on with this weirdo.

“That doesn’t make any sense, Jenny.” As she spoke, Taylor wracked her brain for everything she’d ever read on the internet about viruses. Wasn’t there something about cats? Or was that a parasite? “A virus can’t just make you want to get groped.”

“Huh.” Jenny seemed to entertain that thought for a moment before it bounced right off of her. “Well, I guess this one can.”

“But how would that even work?” Taylor demanded, agitated by the absurdity of Jenny’s claim. “A tiny, microscopic virus gets into your body, takes over your cells, and you just start wanting to get your tits grabbed? C’mon.”

“Oh!” Jenny exclaimed, as if she’d hit on the source of Taylor’s confusion. “Well, it’s not a normal virus.”

“Yeah?” Taylor cocked an eyebrow.

Without a hint of embarrassment or doubt, Jenny told her: “It’s a mind virus.”

Suddenly, Taylor didn't regret involving herself at all. This was amazing. Sublime. She was going to get free drinks from her friends over this story. She was desperate to hear more incredible nonsense coming out of this crazy girl's mouth, even if it was starting to give her a weird, pulsing headache.

"A mind virus?" she echoed.

"That's right!" Jenny confirmed happily. Taylor had never seen a more indomitable smile. It was as if Jenny was completely deaf to the mockery in Taylor's voice.

"So, let me get this straight," Taylor laughed. "One day, you got this 'mind virus'." She made air quotes. "And you realized you wanted to get groped. That about right?"

"Sure!" Jenny replied, with astonishing earnestness. "Pretty much!"

"Isn't that just, like, an idea?" Taylor pointed out. "You know. A desire? Why do you need to call it a virus?"

"Well," Jenny explained. "That's because it's infectious."

It was all Taylor could do to keep her sides from splitting with mirth. "Infectious. Right. So you caught it from someone?"

"Yup!"

"And how did you catch it from them?"

"I overheard her asking someone to grope her," Jenny replied. "And I decided to ask her what was going on."

Suddenly, Taylor stopped laughing. A strange chill went down

her spine. “You mean, just like I’m doing to you now?”

“Uh-huh!”

Taylor sniffed and scoffed. “Then, you’re telling me I might get infected?”

“Probably,” Jenny agreed. “Especially if you keep talking to me. Which, actually, mind if I go ask that girl over there to grope me?”

“Hold on.” Taylor again used her arm to keep Jenny from slipping away. Jenny didn’t seem to mind too much, even though her eagerness to go and get groped was palpable. Maybe the ‘grobe virus’ made you extra helpful or something. “You seriously think that if we keep talking, I’m going to start wanting somebody to start groping me?”

“Uh-huh!”

“Just like you do?”

“Just like I do.”

For a moment, Taylor was simply lost for words. “Well,” she said eventually, and a touch lamely. “That’s just ridiculous.”

Annoyingly, Jenny did nothing but stare up at her with her big, glazed, guileless eyes. Taylor felt herself start to grow warm.

“I mean, come on,” Taylor felt pressed to say. “That’s just impossible, right?”

More staring.

Lost for a good way to argue against such utter, absent-minded

acceptance, Taylor resorted to shrugging pointedly. “Well, it’s not going to happen,” she announced. “I really don’t want to be groped. In general, actually. I like being on the other end of things.”

“Oh!” Jenny seized upon that hopefully. “Then, maybe you do want to grope me after all?”

“No!” Taylor sighed. This was maddening—and the worst part was, she simply couldn’t bring herself to let it go. “I... look, why do you want to get groped so bad anyway?”

“I told you,” Jenny answered. “I have the grope virus.”

“No,” Taylor groaned. “I mean... what’s so appealing about it? Why does it seem so important to you? From your perspective, why even give a shit?”

“Why...” A distant look came into Jenny’s eyes, and they widened briefly as she considered the question. For a brief moment, Taylor thought she’d actually gotten through to her. “Well, it feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Does it?” Taylor challenged.

“Yeah.” Jenny sighed happily, her eyes fogging over with heady, pleasant thoughts. “It really does.”

A delicious shiver raced across Taylor’s skin.

“I wouldn’t know,” she shot back, ignoring the treasonous sensation.

“You wouldn’t.” Jenny sighed happily. “It feels blissful. Truly, just the sensation of it... hands on your skin. On your body. Touching you. Feeling you.”

“Well, sure.” Taylor wasn’t going to argue with that. But she remained skeptical. “I mean, yeah, I’ve been touched before.”

“But you haven’t been groped.” Jenny infused that word with special significance that was palpable even to Taylor. It was like it was something sacred. “It’s different. It’s special. It’s like... like you’re turning your own body into something wonderful. Into a gift.”

“I’ve been groped,” Taylor retorted, a touch defensively. And it was true; sure, she was invariably the dominant partner, but that didn’t mean she didn’t let other girls cop a feel. She wasn’t that kind of dyke.

“It’s different,” Jenny insisted, with a calm, firm certainty that seemed difficult to argue with. “You haven’t been groped like I have.”

Her resolute calm caused Taylor’s frustration to flare for a moment. “What?” she sneered. “In a bar? By strangers?”

As ever, Jenny proved oblivious to her scorn. Her wide grin of recognition made Taylor shiver again. “Exactly!”

“What’s so great about that?” Taylor asked flippantly—but as she spoke, she realized that her curiosity had become completely genuine.

“Everything.” Jenny’s face lit up as she spoke. “It’s like magic. It just feels so special. When it’s a stranger. When it’s just because you asked. There’s such a beautiful simplicity to it.”

Taylor half-laughed at Jenny’s over-poetic description, but the girl’s utter sincerity drew her in. “Yeah?”

“When I get groped,” Jenny smiled, “it’s like I’m nothing more

than a pair of tits.”

Taylor raised an eyebrow. “And that’s a good thing?”

“It’s incredible,” Jenny gushed. “I’m not sure how to even describe it. It’s such a rush. Like an out-of-body experience, only... the opposite? It’s like I’m not me anymore. Not Jenny. Just my tits. Just my ass. Just something to be groped.”

“OK,” Taylor said slowly.

She couldn’t believe she was actually nodding along to Jenny’s explanation, but it made a certain kind of sense. It wasn’t her lane, certainly, but she couldn’t appreciate the kinky appeal Jenny was describing. She just wasn’t sure how the mind virus part factored in.

And why did her forehead feel so hot?

“I promise you,” Jenny told her, fanaticism shining in her glazed eyes. “Once you’ve tried it, you can’t get enough. You won’t believe how good it’ll feel. How sensitive it’ll make you. You’ve never felt your own body like that before, but it’s better than anything.”

“Better than anything, huh?” Taylor found herself echoing. It was difficult not to be curious, in the face of Jenny’s absolute, unabashed endorsement.

Another shiver raced down her spine.

She wasn’t infected, was she?

Taylor shook her head briefly, and inwardly laughed at herself for letting a thought like that even cross her mind. Infected with what? The grope virus? Ridiculous. It wasn’t real. Just Jenny’s crazy fantasy. What was a mind virus supposed to actually be, anyway?

Jenny still hadn't explained a thing.

She was just curious.

And who wouldn't be? It was natural, wasn't it? Like anyone, Taylor had been skeptical at first, and like anyone, she had been swayed, just a little, by the words of someone who was truly passionate about their fetish. Chalk it up to being open-minded.

Besides, it wasn't like Taylor was going to actually do anything.

She was just curious.

"Have you ever seen a sex doll?" Jenny asked her suddenly.

Taylor was so surprised by the question she almost laughed. "Uh, what, like a blow-up doll or something?"

"Sure!"

"Yeah, I have."

"It's just like that!" Still that same calm, eerie, guileless smile.

"Look," Taylor told her flippantly. "Just because you want to be a sex doll, doesn't mean we all do."

"But you would," Jenny promised fervently, "if you knew how it felt. Haven't you always wondered?"

"No, of course n—"

Taylor paused, as the words that had risen to her lips suddenly felt false.

Hadn't she?

It would be so easy to just say 'no'. But Jenny wasn't asking if it was a secret fetish or longing. Just if she'd ever wondered. And hadn't she? Taylor could quite discount the possibility. Hadn't it crossed her mind, once or twice? A few times?

She wasn't sure. But she couldn't deny it.

"See?" Jenny seized on her hesitance.

Weirdly, Taylor found herself blushing.

"I promise," Jenny insisted eagerly. "It really is that good. It's not about the sex, really. Sex is for people. Dolls just get touched. Get used. It's like that. There's a special kind of bliss to it. You can forget about being a person."

"And just be a pair of tits?"

Taylor had meant to say that derisively. It didn't come out that way at all.

"Exactly!" Jenny looked overjoyed at the fact that Taylor seemed to get it. Taylor wasn't sure how to feel about that at all.

Just a pair of tits? A sex doll? Taylor had never once thought about herself that way. What would that be like? What would it even be like to fantasize about?

Before she realized quite what she was doing, Taylor glanced down at her own chest—neither large nor small, and only modestly visible beneath the shirt she was wearing. When had she gotten quite so warm? When had the material of her bra started to itch quite so much?

No, not itch. Something else.

“Look,” Taylor recovered. All that weird talk about tits and dolls had left her light-headed. Getting this bogged down in the intricacies of Jenny’s bizarre fantasies had been a mistake. She needed to drag the conversation back on track. “This isn’t about how hot your kinks are, or whatever. You want to ask people to grope you? Cool. Great. Sounds like fun. But the mind virus thing...”

She let her sentence hang in the air, unfinished. Taylor wasn’t quite sure what she wanted to say. She had been going to, once again, pour scorn and doubt on the concept, but her earlier sense of skepticism no longer came to her quite so readily. She was just distracted, she told herself, by the heat in her chest and the alluring fantasies Jenny had painted for her.

“Well, look at it this way,” Jenny proposed happily. “It’s a virus because now that I’ve given it to you, you’re infected. And you just can’t stop thinking about it.”

“I can’t stop...”

Taylor froze.

Jenny was right.

She couldn’t stop thinking about it. For their entire conversation, virtually right from the start, it had been going through her head on a loop. What would it be like to ask people to grope her? What would it feel like to get groped? Whatever answer Taylor tried to provide for herself, it didn’t quite satisfy.

Not the way the real thing would.

Because then she'd know. And she had to know, didn't she?

"That's just..." Taylor struggled to find words to object with.
"That's just an idea. Isn't it? Isn't that just how ideas work?"

Jenny shook her head solemnly. "No. The grope virus is special."

"Oh." In a sudden lapse, Taylor simply failed to question what Jenny had told her. It just made sense, somehow. Plus, Jenny seemed so sure. "It's... special?"

"It's the one thing that you can't stop thinking about," Jenny told her as if that explained everything.

Somehow, it seemed to.

"The one thing that you..." Taylor echoed. "That I..."

That was right, wasn't it?

She couldn't stop.

"That's why it's a virus," Jenny elaborated. "Once it gets into your head, you have it. That's all it takes. One little thought. One little idea. And then it spreads... and spreads... and spreads... until it's all you want. Until it's all you are."

"All I..." A chill passed over Taylor. She wasn't laughing now. "That's impossible," she said slowly. She wasn't sure she believed it.

If it was impossible, why couldn't she stop thinking about it? About her chest? About being groped?

"If you say so." Jenny just went on smiling, smiling, smiling. "It doesn't really matter now. It shouldn't take much longer."

“Wait.” Now it was more than a chill. Taylor felt like someone had just dumped ice water over her head. “Are... are you trying to infect me, Jenny?”

Jenny stared straight at her. “Of course I am!”

Those eyes. Blank. Blissful. Glazed over. There was nothing in them but the grope virus.

“Why?” Taylor mewled. Not that it mattered. Not now that she was infected.

“Because I love the grope virus,” Jenny told her eagerly. “And soon, you will too! The grope virus makes me happy. The grope virus makes everybody happy.”

“What are you talking about?” Taylor pleaded. “Happy? I’m not...”

She paused. Taylor didn’t know what she was anymore. She’d been infected with the grope virus—she no longer held any doubts about that—so she should have been scared, but instead, a creeping, dizzying euphoria was beginning to drown out her fear. It was fueled by what Taylor could feel happening to her body. Her chest was hot, but she hadn’t been wrong earlier when she’d called it an itch.

She itched to be touched. To be groped.

It sounded so good.

“It makes everybody happy,” Jenny insisted, and Taylor found it so hard not to believe her. “Just think about it. People would love groping you.”

“They... would?” Taylor hadn’t thought about it like that.

“Absolutely,” Jenny affirmed. “Everybody loves groping people.”

Taylor nodded. That made sense to her.

“Plus, you’re very pretty. People around here probably know you as a top, so that’s extra fun. But more importantly-“

“I have a pair of tits,” Taylor finished.

She seemed to share all of Jenny’s thoughts now. They had the same disease. The same virus.

“Right,” Jenny agreed. “Everybody loves groping a pair of tits. Groping makes everybody happy.”

Taylor nodded. Jenny’s smile now seemed almost conspiratorial. Like she was sharing an important secret. Taylor was hanging on her every word.

“When somebody gropes me,” Jenny confided, “I get to see their whole face light up. Excitement. Glee. Pleasure. All those little expressions. All because of me. All because of my tits. Isn’t that amazing?”

“Yeah,” Taylor sighed.

She was so jealous.

“You like making people happy, don’t you?” Jenny asked.

“Yes!” Taylor immediately discovered that she didn’t just like it. She loved it. She was desperately eager for it.

“Then, don’t you want to be groped?”

“I...”

Taylor wanted to say yes. She really did. She was feverish with excitement. But something held her back. Some memory. Some left-over inhibition.

“Let me put it this way,” Jenny added. “Getting groped won’t just make everybody else happy.”

“No?”

The other girl’s eyes were shining with giddy eagerness. “It’ll make you happy too. So, why not?”

Why not?

That was what settled it. Taylor already knew, in her heart of hearts, that Jenny was right. It would make her happy. The mere idea made her happy, but she was certain the real thing would be even better. It didn’t matter that, just minutes ago, things would have been different. Everything had changed.

She had the grope virus now. Her head throbbed with it. Her body burned with it.

Being groped would make her happy.

And what was so wrong about doing what made you happy?

“I...” Taylor conceded slowly, “want to be groped.”

Jenny looked rapturous. “You want to be groped!”

“I want to be groped!”

Taylor could feel a smile spreading across her face. The very same broad, dumb, guileless smile she saw on Jenny's. She was certain the look in her eyes was the same too; glazed, blissful, absent.

It made sense. They both had the grope virus.

"And do you want to know the very best part?" Jenny prompted.

"Yes!" Taylor did. Of course she did.

Jenny giggled. "All you need to do is ask."

Taylor giggled too, from sheer gratitude. Of course. It was so simple.

All she needed to do was ask, and she'd get groped.

There was nothing more to be said between them. Taylor turned away, allowing Jenny to go off and pursue her calling. Taylor was keen to do just the same. She didn't wait. She fixed her gaze on the closest woman she saw, walked up to them, and opened her mouth.

"Hi! Would you like to grope me?"

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