

Viral Lust

By

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Spike slams his locker shut, somehow more furious than exhausted. Fucking asshole!

He thrusts his arms through the straps of his worn backpack and marches out of the dingy locker room. Cocksucker!

He stomps into an empty elevator, jerks his wrist at the security scanner and commands through clenched teeth. "Level one." The doors slide shut and the elevator begins to ascend.

His X-Pod vibrates; a personal multimedia terminal including Virtual Video Phone, holographic-imager, and Metaverse node all in one. He unclips it from the belt of his black one-piece jumper and twists it open: A text message. The sender field is blank. Must be an error. The subject field states the message can only be retrieved in a private g-way train car. Why would he have to jack-in to view a text message? Maybe the blank sender field isn't an error.

The elevator doors slide open. He twists his X-Pod closed and clips it to his belt while pushing the inscrutable message to the back of his mind. Fantasizing about the gruesome demise of his supervisor takes precedence at the moment. He'd love to use his blade-slinger on him, but he'd never get away with it. There are security cameras everywhere.

Spike strides from the elevator across the foyer toward the building's exit, shoves a piece of Amp-Max chewing gum into his mouth, infused with mild stimulants, then pulls his filtration mask from his pocket and sticks it to his face before stepping through the exit.

With a thought command directed through a transmitter plugged into his neural interface on the back of his head, just below the occipital protuberance, he activates his DC Razors; sneakers with electro-gravitational propulsion-pads capable of reaching twenty-five miles-per-hour. He glides across the vacant loading zone into an awaiting mag-rail train car on the blue line. The car is barren except for a few fellow employees.

Sliding his backpack off, he collapses into a seat distant from the other occupants and slips into the safety-straps. An alarm will sound if he doesn't buckle up. The seating is positioned like an airplane rather than a subway train. Twelve rows of four bucket seats on the left and right side of each car.

A moment later the subterranean magnetic-propulsion monorail fires. It can travel up to four-thousand miles-per-hour. Spike is pressed into his seat, briefly revealing his dark-green eyes from under his straight black hair, which usually veils his face. His grisly reveries of murder continue on uninterrupted.

Spike works as a day laborer excavator for Halliburton, ten hours a day, six days a week, in a waste dump in the middle of nowhere. Due to lack of petroleum, the buried plastics need to be recycled. Corn oil can only do so much.

Today marks one-year continuous employment. Never once was he late. Never once did he not show up. Yet, while everyone else under his supervisor has been trained and promoted to using industrial-exoskeletons within six months, he is still doing the shittiest and most grueling work.

The only plus to the backbreaking manual labor is the ripped physique he has acquired over the past year. Though he greatly appreciates the female attention his muscular figure grants him, it does little to alleviate his aggravation over his supervisor's continuous and gratuitous discrimination.

After a few minutes of his homicidal brooding, the mag-rail comes to a halt. Spike exits the train car and weaves his way through the crowded loading zone to the closest McDonald's for dinner. He feels he deserves to treat himself for his year of employment anniversary. He devours a chicken sandwich and gulps down a Pepsi Jolt, overloaded with caffeine and other mild stimulants, and then cruises speedily to the Sleepwell Capsule Hotel.

He moves into the germ scrubber, a three-by-three-foot cube decontamination foyer, and the door sheathes closed behind him. He shuts his eyes and holds his breath as he is flash sprayed with a white sanitizing misty from all directions for two seconds. His skin tingles. He is then scanned for Tuberculosis, A.I.D.S., and various airborne cancer viruses. The entire cube flashes green once and the door before him sheathes open. He glides out while peeling off his filtration mask and tucking it into his pocket.

Vending machines line the outer walls within, selling everything from hot noodles and military rations to one-piece garments and nano-bot inhalers. The machines supply the bulk of his sustenance intake.

He takes an elevator down five levels. It stinks of piss and poorly cleaned up vomit that edges the wall. The hotel has been in need of a new janitor-bot for quite some time. I need to remember to keep my damn filtration mask on until *after* the elevator ride.

Spike hovers past row after row of capsules, stacked four high, until he reaches the capsule that he has called home for over a year. He tosses in his backpack, containing everything that he owns, then climbs in and lays on his back with a sigh of relief. The capsule is eight-foot-long, three-foot-wide, and three-foot-tall. Just barely big enough for two people to hump. He knows this from repeated experience.

With a voice command, the door seals and locks, and it becomes as silent as a sensory deprivation chamber. The capsule self-cleans once a day while unoccupied, so it always smells of lemon and antiseptic. A luminous strip runs the border of the ceiling, designed for minimal power usage lighting. Warm air flows in passed the synthetic cyanobacteria filtration system.

His body is heavy with fatigue, though due to the Amp-Max chewing gum he chomps throughout the day and the Pepsi Jolt he just drank, his mind surges with vitality.

Kicking off his sneakers, he pulls open his black one-piece and shimmies out of it, then slips a disposable splooge-catcher over his manhood. Since tomorrow is his day off, he'd love to do a few hits of Hype; a psychostimulant-entheogenic hybrid drug, but it makes him horny as hell, so he refuses to take Hype without finding a partner willing to share the journey. His plan is to visit The Stars My Destination, an exclusive adult nightclub. If he can't find someone willing to visit his capsule, he'll settle for the readily available cybersex. Thus the need for the splooge-catcher.

Pulling out his DC Razors' transmitter, he retrieves his camouflage-green Cyber-Goggles from his backpack, slides them over his eyes and plugs the data-cable into his neural interface. With a mental command he jacks-in to the Metaverse, slipping into a oneiric state of consciousness, similar to the lucid dreaming state. His mind disassociates from his body.

Spike adheres to the urban-ninja fashion style, for it is reasonably admired by the ladies. He wears matching black and nuclear-green leather vest, fingerless elbow-length gloves, tight-

fitting pants, and bulky knee-high boots. The outfit shows off his mean biceps and firm ass. Each boot also houses a cleverly hidden vibroblade-dagger. They are illegal and very expensive, but no one should voyage into a guerrilla-network unarmed.

Spike steps into a private train car of the Google Metaverse Railway. It is a digital bullet-train used to move from one network to another and is the only legal means of Metaverse travel. It also provides customizable chat lounges, vast video and music archives, classified and personal ads, and various other social networking tools. Silent advertisements for various goods play continually across the windows.

He sits upon the patterned plush seating, and there is a poof of violet smoke. A chirping black bat appears from the haze and flaps around Spike's head. He holds out his hand to accept its attention, and it morphs into the anonymous text message:

Come to The Burning Skyline

The message includes the server address to the club and an access link to the guerrilla-network where it is hosted. The train car begins moving without him giving any type of command. The message must have an embedded command file.

Only a hacker could send me a message anonymously, but why would a hacker want anything to do with me?

The train car comes to a halt and the doors slide open without his command.

The entire inside of the train car flashes red three times, and a female digital voice sounds. "Warning! You are entering an un-trusted domain. Warning!"

Ignoring the forewarning, Spike steps out into a desolate landscape, resonate of an alien metropolis long forgotten. Colossal spires of twisting metal, rusted and jagged, reach for the starry night, which is poisoned a toxic green. The streets are constructed of neither asphalt nor concrete, but corroded grating, fallen through here and there. The abysmal darkness below is disturbed by haphazard flashes of crimson and the distant echoes of dysfunctional machinery, grinding and clanking malignantly.

Spike runs a finger over the underside of his left glove, and it splits open giving access to the watch-sized computer embedded in his wrist. He presses his thumb to the circle touch-screen and it fans outward, tripling in size to display a larger image.

"Network map," is his voiced command, pinging the primary network server, and a three-dimensional map displays. "Locate The Burning Skyline." A spire several blocks away pulses with a red hue. He memorizes the most direct route and thumbs the translucent holo-screen. It fans closed and his glove seals over it.

Spike wearily walks the course, ignoring a spazzed-out pusher offering the latest cyber-drug upgrades, and declining a techno-pagan cyber-cultist that wishes to convert him, until he reaches The Burning Skyline.

He waves his wrist-embedded computer over the metal doorway to pay the cover charge; once inside, drink and dance are freely unlimited. The door becomes temporarily transparent so he may step through into the club.

It consists of a sequence of rooftops connected via light-bridges. Each rooftop overlooks different scenery that corresponds to the music.

The first roof quakes with the breakbeats of drum and bass jungle pop and looks out over a post-humanity NYC. Spider monkeys climb huge vines that wrap around the high-rises. A pride of lion stalks a family of zebra in the crumbling streets far below. Bald eagles rule the afternoon skies above. The roof is packed tight with half-nude amazonians and a few dark-elfpunks, all dancing a wild tribal jig.

Spike weaves through the throng and crosses over onto the next rooftop. The music shifts seamlessly as he walks the light-bridge, transforming to a post-trip-hop acid jazz hybrid sound, and the post-apocalyptic afternoon becomes a Neo-Tokyo night. Flying cars, taxies, buses, and trains zoom around the lit up skyscrapers, leaving streaks of ruby in their wake. Lightning dragons of sapphire and jade clash in the heavens. The rooftop is crowded with urban-samurai, ninja, and geisha. A few space pirates and steampunks are thrown into the mix. This is his scene.

He moves to the bar and orders a heavy voltage martini from a bartender wearing the garb of an emperor. As he sips his drink he watches the breakdancers surrounded by people dancing the techno-robot.

Just as he begins to feel the surge of his martini, like arcs of electricity jetting through his muscles, he is spellbound by a goth chick winding through the crowd.

Her shoulder-length hair is jet black with crimson tips, which along with her cherry eye-shadow, emphasizes her glittering scarlet eyes. Eyes as piercing as they are dazzling. Her long bangs are pinned back with skull-shaped barrettes, which to him says she's innocent while pretending she's hardcore. Her slim neck is adorned with a lacy black and violet choker, and her slender arms with matching corset-style long arm-warmers. Her pointed fingernails look like they're carved from amethyst. Both beautiful and fearsome. Her black strapless short-dress with plum stitching and lavender thigh-high stockings leave about three inches of her tan thighs exposed.

I'd give anything to run my hands up her legs, lifting her dress for a peek at her panties. I wonder what type she wears.

Black and violet sneakers round off her sexy attire with a touch of playfulness. She looks about sixteen-years-old, eighteen at most. How the hell did she get in the club?

Spike closes his eyes, to mentally access his Cyber-Goggles' memory, and loads a hacker-utility bot that he purchased from a hacker alliance known as Section 9. He uses it to scan the girl's Explorer registration.

Her first name is Keaira. She is five-foot-one, ninety-five pounds, twenty-one-years-old. Her ethnicity is a mix of Spanish and Italian.

Either she's a hacker or she paid one to alter her registration, because there's no way in hell she's twenty-one.

Spike opens his eyes and his heart skips a beat. Keaira is gazing through the crowd directly into his eyes. Did she notice my scan?

She gives him a seductive look and licks her plump pink lips.

Half the men and most of the women on the rooftop are staring her down like a starving fox gawking at a strung-up chicken. Yet she gives *me* that look?

Spike leaps from his stool with the speed and poise of a pouncing puma and stalks through the crowd toward her. He retains eye contact as fiercely as if to blink would cause her to vanish from this earthly realm.

Midway through the crowd, she turns away from him and walks toward the next rooftop. Spike follows with a hastened pace, determined to catch her.

He blunders right through the middle of a breakdance mock-battle, narrowly ducking a swinging boot to the face. I've got to talk to her. She may have sent the bat.

As he paces the light-bridge the music transitions into gothic trance, and the futuristic Asian landscape becomes a daunting vista. Instead of a skyscraper, he stands upon the watchtower of a dark citadel, overlooking a demonic cathedral with a joining cemetery, where the corpses had risen from their graves. Stone gargoyle sentries circle the fortress.

There are men spanking other men's bare asses with leather whips. Women fucking other women with glowing strap-on dildos. And a massive orgy of men and women, at the center of the tower, in a huge whirlpool bathtub of blood. Each and every one of them are cybergoths. They glare at him like he is an angel intruding upon Hades.

Keaira seems to be swallowed up by the swirling sea of neon and black cybergoths. And there is no way I'm going in after her. If she's truly interested in me, she'll come find me.

He backs away as though witnessing a crime, hurries back to Neo-Tokyo, and returns to the bar for another drink.

Just before he lost Keaira, as she turned her head, he had noticed a small tattoo on her neck behind her right ear. He accesses his embedded wrist computer and opens Google. With a finger, he traces the simple glyph he'd seen on Keaira's neck.

It is the symbol of Perth, the rune of mystery. It's associated with the phoenix.

After a wait of about an hour, he decides she is not going to return. She is probably just playing a prank, luring normals over to the gothic freak show. Guess I'll be hitting The Stars My Destination after all.

Spike exits the club the same way he entered and begins walking his way back to the g-way.

He stops suddenly when he thinks he hears someone pacing his footsteps. Maybe it is just an echo, though he doesn't remember hearing it on his way to the club.

After a vigilant moment of listening and gazing about, he treads forward again. This time, no echo follows him. Fear slowly unfurls deep inside him.

About halfway to the g-way, he hears a muffled cry. The message must have been a trap! He breaks into a full on sprinting run.

Three blocks later, he comes to a brutal stop as a figure appears from around a darkened corner. It's Keaira!

Spike huffs, "Who are you?"

She cocks an eloquent eyebrow. "You already scanned my registration."

"Are you the one who sent me the anonymous invite?"

She looks bemused. “An invite?”

He gives her a suspicious look in reply. “Are you a hacker?”

Keaira steps close to him. She smells of crisp lavender twisted with sultry jasmine and vanilla musk. Her aroma has an arousing effect at once.

Wrapping one hand around the back of his neck, she uses the other to cup and fondle his crotch. She takes a sharp intake of breath and her eyes flare, apparently excited by the bulk of his package. She bites her bottom lip as she gives his groin a tender squeeze of admiration, then licks the inside of his lips as though sampling an appetizer.

Keaira whispers, “Accompany me to my private server. It’s only a short distance from here.”

He’s so thoroughly entranced by her seduction, it’s as if she has cast a mesmerizing enchantment upon him.

When he falters to answer her immediately, she seizes his hand and leads him away without another word.

I guess I will get a look at her panties after all.

After walking a long zigzagging path through the bleak and equally strange city, they arrive at a mostly collapsed spire. Keaira scans the area before directing him into the rubble.

When Spike opens his mouth to question the safety of this venture, Keaira presses a quieting finger to his lips. She has done the same each time he attempted to speak during their winding stroll.

Keaira pushes aside a large chunk of metal, which looks too heavy for *anyone* to move, let alone someone weighing only ninety-five pounds. In doing so, she uncovers a hole in the grated flooring, that looks no different than any other place the corroded grating has fallen into the abyss.

With a hand gesture, Keaira directs him into the void.

Having absolutely no intention of leaping blindly into a dark bottomless chasm, Spike replies in a whisper. “Gothic ladies first.”

He finds it strange that the response that flickers across her beautiful face is of false aversion masking an appreciation of his distrust, as though it had been a test of his intelligence or gullibility.

She crosses her arms over her chest and hops into the void just as a burst of crimson lights up the darkness below. He doesn’t see her plummet into the abyss. She simply vanishes. It must be a veiled gateway.

His intuition screams for him to run back to the g-way and never return to this network, but as it is his habit to ignore his instincts when they plead for reason over possible gratification, he jumps into the void without another moment of consideration.

He opens his eyes as he lands in a claustrophobic stone passageway lit by torch. Blood runs continuously up the walls into a crevice where the walls met the ceiling.

“Creepy place you got here. Quite spacious too. Is the rent cheap?”

“Follow me.” Keaira leads him forward and the torches extinguish behind them.

Spike has the feeling she is momentarily deactivating security measures as they walk along the passage. His only question is it to keep someone out or to keep him in.

When they reach a circular chamber with five new paths to choose from, Spike realizes they are traversing the complex barrier-maze of a counter-intrusion matrix. What is this girl hiding?

After passing through four more division chambers, they finally reach the end of the maze. The passageway leads up to a large bedroom of sorts, open to the night sky.

The stone passage seals behind them, leaving no trace of an exit.

Decaying stone walls, covered in blood-red ivy, stand eight-feet-tall. A murder of raven sits perched atop. Each of their heads turns to stare down at them with one beady eye. They are a menacing sight.

Spike realizes upon closer inspection that human skulls are embedded in the walls, and even more ominous, an ethereal vapor bleeds from the eye sockets.

Beyond the crumbling walls lay a haunting forest entrenched in a bubbling bog. All the trees are dead. Their trunks twisted as though wrenched of life by the burping bayou. Every branch is adorned with viscous webs. A forewarning of the crawling creatures that lay hidden within the barren husks, awaiting prey. The luminosity of the full moon looming on the horizon mingles with the marsh gasses to craft the ghostly aura of wandering shades.

Spike can hear the croaking of toads, the chirping of bats, the howling of wolves, and distance gurgling groans. If he had to guess, he'd say it's the muttering of swamp trolls in stubborn debate.

The cool breeze does not stink of quagmire, it smells instead of sweet night flowers.

A black marble fountain, spewing red wine, is located at the center of the room. The Merlot splashes and sloshes over the brim of the great fountain, concealing the floor with a rippling burgundy mirror.

Keaira slips off her sneakers and treads forward. Stepping stones covered in a red moss rise up to meet her every footstep. They sink away the moment her feet leave them behind. Spike takes a tentative step and a mossy stone emerges just before his boot touches the red wine.

Black silk sheets cloth a large bed against the opposite wall from where they entered. Long chains hang around the border of the bed, suspended in midair. Thirteen little purple pixies, clothed in white dresses so tattered they might as well be nude, flutter out from under the sheets, and chase each other about, pinching and groping and kissing playfully.

Spike is drawn to the bed, rapt by their erotic aerial dance.

"Be careful, they bite." Says Keaira, from over his shoulder.

He spins around and she gives him a ruby encrusted goblet, apparently filled with Merlot from the fountain.

He takes a long sip. It is sweet with just the right amount of tart. He complements her. "You've got great color and beautifully rosy cheeks for a goth chick."

"Well, I don't worship the devil or desire death. I just find the darkness comfortable."

"Oh yeah, sure," replies Spike, glancing around with wide eyes, "your private space here does wonders for comfortability."

“Trust me,” said Keaira, “this is cute and cuddly. I’ve spent nights with hardcore goth chicks in places that would leave Pinhead’s cenobite minions unnerved.”

Spike grins. “I’m sorry. I didn’t hear anything after spent nights with hardcore goth chicks.”

“Oh, does that threaten you?”

“More like excite.”

Keaira rubs her lips provocatively with a finger. “I hope to do a lot more than excite you.”

Spike closes his eyes for just an instant, mentally accessing his Cyber-Goggles’ memory. A shot of passion endurance mixes invisibly into his wine. He gulps down the full contains of his goblet at once and is endowed with a boost of sexual stamina. He wants to relish this young vixen for as long as possible.

Keaira finishes her wine while staring over the rim at him, then tosses the goblet over her shoulder and it vanishes. “Now that I’ve drawn you into my lair, I have a confession to pronounce.”

Spike gives her a blunt glare. “You better not be a dude using an avatar.”

“No, this is all me. Well,” she drums her pointed amethystine fingernails in the air, “except for these.”

“I can’t blame you for those. You’d have to be defective not to arm yourself in such a *peaceful* neighborhood.”

“This is why you have hidden vibroblade-daggers in your boots.”

“How did you...never mind. What is this confession?”

Keaira gives him a most wicked smile. “I am vampire. And you are my prey. But I am not without a soul. If you can make me climax three times before you do, I will turn you. If you cannot, I will drain you completely.”

Spike laughs. “Okay, I like to role-play too. But I’ve always played the dominating character.”

Keaira hisses, “Not this time.” And gothic metal, aggressive and dark, booms from the heavens.

Before Spike knows what is happening, he’s dropped his empty goblet as Keaira attacks him.

She springs at him with a startling momentum, strangling his waist with her legs and throttling his throat with her little hands. She kisses him in a frenzy, sucking his tongue as though she wishes to absorb his soul. Her mouth tastes not of Merlot, but of chocolate and raspberries.

Spike is overcome by her fanatical passionate might, unable to resist her, unable to process a single thought.

Keaira releases her choking hands from his throat and grips his hair. She pulls his head back, exposing his neck. She kisses and sucks and licks and bites his neck.

She yanks off each of his gloves as she tongues his ear, then clutches the collar of his vest with both hands and leaps off of him, tearing his vest in half, and lets it disappear into the rippling Merlot.

Keaira grabs the waist of his pants with one hand, holding him steady where he stands, then tugs off one of his boots, switches hands, and tugs off the other.

She unzips his pants. Slips both hands into the crotch. Grasps the leather. And growls as she tears his pants in two, leaving him nude.

Her strength is incredible! How is this possible?!

Keaira grips his balls with one hand and the base of his half-swollen member with the other. She looks up at him like a fiend about to feed for the first time in a millennium.

Spike is as full of apprehension as he is of anticipation. “Not too rough now.”

Seemingly without command, the booming gothic metal lowers in volume and transitions into gothic rock, foreboding and mournful.

“I would never do anything to harm this *big handsome cock*.” And she gives it a deliberate hardy stroke, then looks up at him threateningly. “Though I can’t say the same for you if you fail my trial of three.”

Due to her sheer intensity, Spike actually gulps an upsurge of anxiety.

Before he can gather a reply, the tip of Keaira’s moist tongue swirls and twitters over the head of his prick. He lets out a groan of appreciative appraisal, forgetting his trepidation immediately. Keaira kisses the tip of his thickening manhood delicately and massages his scrotum with care. She runs her tongue up and down the underside of his shaft until he stands fully erect.

Keaira stares up at him with her glittering scarlet eyes, intense with fervent hunger. She encloses one small hand around his stiff cock and begins to milk it, up and down, slow and firm. She puckers her plump lips and slaps his cock against them. Then presses her lips tight around the head and takes him into her mouth, warm, wet, and wonderful, until his cock strikes the back of her throat. Her eyes roll back in bliss, her cherry painted eyelids flutter in jubilation, as she sucks him up and down, up and down, with more and more vigor.

This is the end of the free preview.

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