

The Perfect Body - Part 1

DAY 1

When Mr. Matthews called my name, I couldn't believe it! Finally, in the final month of my senior year of high school, I had finally been paired up with the hottest girl in school. And for our senior project that would require us to spend half of every day together for the next month.

I had always dreamed of this moment. Fantasized about it even. But now that it was actually here, it seemed almost... *scary*.

As I approached her, I swallowed hard. She was seated perpendicular to the table, her long, shapely legs extended before her. My eyes were drawn to them, zeroing in at the end closest to me, finding her petite feet inside the sexy ballet flats that she always wore. As I continued to approach her, my gaze drifted over slender ankles before roaming upward over the endless expanse of firm, bare flesh that were her breathtakingly shapely legs. As my wandering eyes rose to the middle of her tanned thighs, they disappeared under the hem of a short skirt, which flowed over her lap in silky waves.

By the time my exploration of her incredible body reached the inch of sculpted stomach put on display by her cropped top, I realized I was sweating. Reaching up a hand to wipe away the beads of perspiration that had emerged from my forehead, my gaze rose over her flat tummy to linger on her full, rounded breasts. Neither large nor small, they looked amazing on her slender, youthful figure.

By the time I reached the seat next to her, my eyes found hers. She seemed amused, biting on the blunt end of her pen with a faint smile.

"Hi, there!" she said, drawing those interminable legs of hers under her chair to lean forward and extend a hand in my direction. "It's Matt, right?"

"Uh, hi," I returned, feeling strangely giddy that she knew my name. Until I realized that I had just wiped the sweat from my forehead onto the hand that was supposed to be shaking hers right now.

Fuck! How did I always manage to get myself into these awkward situations?!

I quickly wiped my hand on the side of my jeans, then thrust it forward, awkwardly shaking hers. Her smile grew wider as I failed to meet her gaze, a blush rising my cheeks. This girl clearly knew the effect her modellesque form was having on me.

“Um, so... any ideas for our senior project?” I stammered in a desperate attempt to change the subject, quickly taking a seat next to the teen stunner.

“I do!” she said, her large, expressive eyes suddenly glimmering with barely contained excitement. “I think we should create a new kind of perfume!”

“Perfume?” I said glumly, before realizing that this probably wasn’t the best reaction to her idea after I’d just made a fool of myself. I attempted to force my mouth into the shape of a smile, hoping that it was at least somewhat convincing.

But *perfume*? That wasn’t exactly what I had in mind.

Okay, it wasn’t *remotely* what I had in mind.

Good Lord. Perfume was the *last* thing I wanted to spend my final four weeks of high school working on.

“Yeah!” she confirmed, leaning forward to place her hand on my shoulder. Her touch was electric, and I couldn’t help shuddering in pleasure.

Okay, correction: she could talk about perfume all she wanted if it meant getting her worked up enough to touch me!

“I was watching this National Geographic special on these jungle creatures and how they use pheromones to attract mates. It got me thinking about how humans are attracted to one another, so I researched it.” She paused to take a breath, thankfully not seeming to notice my lack of enthusiasm for the idea.

“So apparently scientists suspect that there *might* be human pheromones, but no one has actually proven it,” she continued. “But I *know* that people can be strongly attracted to others, right?” Her luminous eyes blinked twice, awaiting my response.

Well, she was certainly right about *that*! All this talk of attraction made me want to check out her body again. I fought the urge to drop my gaze to her cleavage, sensing it hovering just below my line of sight.

“So here’s my idea: we find someone who is attracted to someone else, then take a sample of the molecules floating in the air between them and add whatever’s not just normal air to an awesome-smelling perfume, and create the sexiest perfume out there—guaranteed to truly enhance your attractiveness!”

I considered. Could it really be that simple? I doubted it. Scientists would have already figured it out if it were that simple, right?

"Sounds, um, interesting..." I ventured uncertainly, continuing to force a smile.

Her voice took on a sultry edge, sending shivers down my spine. Her hand turned, and she ran the back of her fingers down the outside of my arm.

"Of course, it would be easier if *you* were attracted to me. I could just breathe into a bag or something and capture some of *my* pheromones, right?"

Christ! Was she suggesting what I thought she was suggesting?

"I turn most guys on," she said with a seductive wink. "Do I turn you on?"

Oh, God. *Oh, God!* What was I supposed to say to *that*? This conversation was going placed I'd never dreamed possible. And in the middle of *class!*

"I, uh..." I stammered, searching for the right words. Damn her sexy fingers! They were so distracting! Not to mention those dark, mischievous eyes of hers. And those lips! And those ripe, nubile breasts that I knew were just inches away and growing closer as she leaned toward me...

"I, uh, well, um, yeah. I guess. A little."

Her lips took on a sexy pout. "Just a *little*? I think you might have to be *really* turned on for us to be able to find enough pheromones, don't you?"

Holy *fuck!* What exactly did this girl have in mind?

Just as her face came even closer to mine and it looked like she might be trying to kiss me, we were interrupted by Mr. Matthews tossing a packet of papers onto our table. "There's the senior project proposal form, lovebirds."

The rest of the class laughed at the comment, and Nina pulled back with a sly smile. I looked down to find a raging erection bulging the front of my pants. I crossed my legs, squirming uncomfortably in my seat. Had Nina done that on purpose? To embarrass me? Looking over, I saw that the sexy girl beside me had grabbed the packet and was leafing through it. No, I didn't think so. She was holding the papers in front of her face, obscuring it from the view of the rest of the class as well. Maybe she was as embarrassed as I was.

But a lingering doubt remained in the back of my mind. I didn't know Nina, and I wasn't certain what she was really like, personality wise. The girl always seemed to be surrounded by a swarm of friends whenever I saw her, and she seemed cheerful and upbeat most of the time. But that's what everyone looked like when they were with friends, right? The real question was, what was she like outside of that environment. This had been my first and only taste of her apart from her crowd.

I stole another sidelong glance at her. She was still reading. And still so damn beautiful that it almost hurt my heart to look at her. I considered complimenting her on her looks. Luckily, the bell rang before I did. It would likely only have made things more awkward.

“Think about it,” she said, quickly rising to her feet. “The perfume idea, I mean,” she said with a flirty wink, running her long fingers over my shoulder once more as she left.

I leaned back, exhaling loudly. *Geez!* That girl was a flame, and I was a damn moth, fluttering around her. I wasn’t sure what I had been expecting from my first interaction with her, but I sure as hell hadn’t been prepared for *that!*

Gathering my class materials, I left the room, still shaking my head in disbelief at the odd—and strangely wonderful first conversation with my dream girl.

DAY 2

“So did you think it over?” Nina asked, taking her seat beside me the next day. I turned to watch her sit down, giving a small gasp as I saw what she was wearing today. Was this even allowed by the school dress code?

She wore a pink silk camisole over a black micro-mini, a crooked grin on those luscious lips of hers, her lipstick the perfect shade to match her sexy top.

“I-I did,” I swallowed again. I seemed to do that a lot in this girl’s presence. “And I like it!”

“You do?” Her doe eyes sparkled as she clapped her hands together in delight, sending a gaze-stealing jiggle through her shapely breasts. “I’m so glad!”

I smiled. I couldn’t help it. Her enthusiasm was infectious. I felt slightly off-kilter, my sense of balance tweaked, as if I’d been drugged.

She cocked an eyebrow. “Are you feeling it?”

“Feeling... what?” I replied, still off balance from the visceral weight of the gorgeous girl’s mere proximity.

“Attracted?” She bit her lower lip nefariously, flicking her gaze toward my crotch.

I crossed my arms, placing each hand on the opposing thigh as I shifted in my seat. I could feel my body responding to her again, and I definitely didn’t want to put the bulge in my pants on display.

"I guess so," I admitted, willing my rapidly heating cheeks not to blossom into a full-on blush.

"Perfect!" Her eyes sparkled in delight.

She pulled out a plastic ziplock, opened it, and held it before her pink lips with a glint of anticipation in her smoky eyes. She breathed in deeply, the action causing her breasts to swell under her top, before exhaling into the small plastic bag.

She smiled coyly, then squeezed one end of the plastic bag shut between two slender fingers before sliding them across its top to seal it. Patting me gently on the arm, she passed the bag to me and rose to her feet. "Now it's your turn, Matt. You're the genius in our little partnership, so let me know when you've figured out which particles in there are the pheromones."

She proceeded to walk over to the nearby table with some of her friends, and melted into their midst, joining effortlessly into their conversation.

Amazed by the beautiful girl's quick, confident certainty in my abilities, I walked to the lab equipment in the back corner of the room, and did as she bade me. While I was skeptical that anything would actually come of this, I was pretty good at chemistry, so I supposed it wouldn't hurt to try.

I quickly ran through a number of chemical processes to isolate each component of the gas inside the bag. 99% of it was the typical nitrogen-carbon-oxygen mix of earth's lower atmosphere and its usual accompanying pollutants. But the last 1% wasn't so easily categorized. I stayed after class, working on its chemical composition into the late evening until I finally found something unusual. A quick Google search revealed that the hydrocarbons I'd identified had never been documented, at least not publicly.

Walking home in the dark, I mused over my astonishing findings.

Nina had been right!

Growing more excited at the prospect of having discovered something that had eluded scientists, my walk turned into a run. I jogged the rest of the way home, beyond excited to tell my project partner what I'd found.

Once I arrived home, I closed the door to my bedroom and called her. I got her voicemail. I didn't leave a message. I debated messaging her, but decided that I wanted to see her reaction instead. The failure to connect didn't dampen my spirits much, and I lay in bed imagining the accolades that would be heaped on both of us if we made an actual, important scientific discovery in our little senior project.

Then my mind wandered in a different direction, and I imagined Nina's excitement at my ability to deliver on her concept. Maybe she would be grateful to me for the recognition we were bound to get. Maybe it would be enough to get her interested in turning me on for not-so-scientific reasons.

I fell asleep to dreams of Nina's perfect lips pressing against mine.

DAY 3

The next day, I walked to school with a huge smile on my face as I looked forward to telling Nina about my discovery. When I entered the classroom, Nina was already seated at our table. She was dressed more conservatively than she had been the last couple of days, but she still looked amazing. Her long legs were poured into tight skinny jeans, and though her top was loose-fitting, I could easily see the proud swells of her amazing breasts through its thin fabric.

Her eyes found mine as I neared, and her head cocked to the side as curiosity washed over her face. She could tell I was excited, and she was clearly interested in the cause.

"Find something?" she asked as I sat down.

"Maybe..." I replied slowly, unable to stifle a grin as I let the word dangle before her like the proverbial carrot.

Her voluptuous lips curled upward, mirroring my smile, and she smacked me lightly on the arm. "So spill already!"

"I may have found a unique chain of hydrocarbons that no one has ever recorded before!" I gushed. I had been able to keep my voice calm at first, but I couldn't help but speed up and its volume crescendo by the end of the statement.

Nina squealed in delight, grabbing me by both shoulders and shaking me vigorously. "You're sooo brilliant, Matt!"

For a moment, I thought she was going to kiss me, but the moment passed without her acting on it, much to my bitter disappointment. Instead, she released me, pulling the notebook I'd withdrawn from my backpack out of my trembling fingers.

Her eyes concentrated on my handwritten notes as she read. When she was finished, she set the paper on the table between us, pointing her index finger about halfway down the page. "We should be able to replicate these molecular chains, don't you think? By using a process that could be easily replicated. Maybe combustion of methane and oxygen...?"

I was impressed. I hadn't known Nina was into Chemistry. She had never struck me as a moron, but she also had never seemed the studious type. Certainly not the extent that she would be familiar with methods of producing hydrocarbon chains. She really must have put some thought into this perfume idea of hers!

"That's right!" I confirmed, basking in the glow of her return smile.

"Excellent! Now why don't you figure that part out, while I pick out the right fragrance to go with it. I'll just be over there with my friends if you need any help."

I nodded eagerly as she rose and joined her friends at the other table. Making my way back to the corner, I began experimenting with techniques for replicating the correct hydrocarbon chains.

This time, it took me a couple of days to figure it out, but at the end of class on Friday, I finally got it—just as the bell rang. I turned to Nina, surrounded by her friends and again marveled at the girl's phenomenal figure. Noticing my gaze, she returned it with a smile, excusing herself from the group to make her way over to me. As she approached, I saw an expression of curiosity on her alluring face.

Seeing the victorious look in my eyes, her smile broadened. "You didn't!" she exclaimed.

"I did!" I replied, feeling a huge grin form on my face.

"You did?!" she repeated, her hands rising to cover her mouth. Her eyes danced with happiness. "That's so amazing! *You're* so amazing, Matt."

If I had been a cat, I'd have purred at the compliment. Her brilliant smile, her unadulterated joy—both were intoxicating.

"Yes, you see I used that sample of your hair in the combustion chamber to recreate the pheromones with your DNA signature that we identified. I added the resulting compound to the perfume sample you gave me. I think that the combustion process added a few extra components as well, but I hope that they don't ruin—"

I reached for the beaker that contained the experimental mixture to show her, but in my haste, I bumped it against the faucet at the lab desk. The beaker flew from my hand, its contents splashing all over the sexy girl's curvaceous body, soaking her clothes.

"Omigod! I'm so sorry!" I gushed, grabbing a handful of paper towels to begin patting her off.

Frowning, she snatched the towels away from me and began to dab them over her luscious body. She left without another word, still drying herself off.

Stupid! How could I have been so clumsy?! Was she upset with me? She hadn't said anything, just left. Had I just ruined any chance I might have with the girl of my dreams?

My shoulders slumped, discouraged that my victory had so quickly turned into defeat. I cleaned up the mess, then grabbed my backpack and started the long walk home, mulling over how I might recreate the process a second time.

DAY 6

I thought of nothing but my awful moment of clumsiness Saturday morning. Finally, still stewing over the events, I grabbed my phone. I selected Nina from my contacts and thumbed an apology text. I read it, frowned in disgust, then quickly deleted it, throwing my phone to the bed. I fell onto the bed, running my hands through my hair as I agonized over what to do.

A few minutes later, I jumped up from the bed, grabbed my phone and crafted another apology note on the touchscreen, only to delete that one as well. I just couldn't think of what to say without sounding either desperate or stupid!

Then, still clutched in my hand, the screen lit up with a text. It was from *her!*

"Matt, want to come over? Something happened to me. I think that the perfume spill may have caused it."

I sent a reply before I even realized what I'd typed. "Of course. See you soon!"

With that, I jammed my phone in my pocket, grabbed my coat, then ran out the door.

Arriving at Nina's house, I rang the doorbell. But I was completely unprepared for what happened next.

The face revealed by the opening door was absolutely riveting, drawing my eyes to its perfection like an electromagnet humming to life with a crackle of electricity. Her skin was completely flawless, as if it had been masterfully airbrushed by a skilled Photoshop artisan. Except that this wasn't a picture. It was real.

Huge, shimmering eyes looked up into mine, their penetrating gaze causing a geyser of emotion to well inside me. I felt my lips begin to tremble as I took in the absolute magnificence of Nina's delicately featured visage.

Her eyebrows were perfectly sculpted, rising high as they arched over her luminous eyes. The raven shade of both her brows and irises was a perfect match for her cascading locks. The thought drew my gaze to the lavish waves of vivid darkness that rolled down each side of her face and over her shoulders below.

I felt a lump form in my throat, as the aching need to reach out and stroke that silken mane grew nearly irresistible.

Lofty and prominent were her cheekbones, giving her face a regal appearance that befitted a divine beauty like hers. Her upper lip formed a perfect scarlet bow; the lower, a luscious expanse of moist, plump flesh. She sucked in that lower lip as I watched the action in ensorcelled awe. She bit down on it sensually with brilliantly white teeth, her dark tresses bouncing with the slight shift of her head.

My knees went weak.

My gaze drifted downward over her cute chin, along her feminine jawline. I was enraptured by its spellbinding shape as it swooped both upward to small, perky ears and downward to a long, swan-like neck. The latter was like a narrow path, drawing my eyes further downward.

I probably would have been even more enamored with her body, except that it was largely obscured by the thick, white terry-cloth bathrobe that she wore. I could tell from the sizable swells at her chest, however, that her already impressive breasts had grown significantly. I wanted to see more of her body, but it didn't seem like the time or place to make such a request. Besides, it wasn't like I still had the power of speech right now anyway. Her presence was, quite literally, breathtaking.

I attempted to focus on my lungs and willed them to suck in some oxygen. Lord knows, I probably needed it. It was difficult to tell whether I was breathing or not, however. My body seemed distant, my awareness fully consumed by the goddess before me. Finally, with effort, I managed a shallow breath...

...only to have her scent hit me for the first time.

It bowled me over with something akin to physical force. I fell backward, down the stairs of her porch.

"Oh no!" she cried, her perfectly manicured fingers rising to cover her sensual mouth. She quickly descended the stairs to help me back to my feet. I staggered into her house and up the stairs to her room, dazed by either the fall or Nina's new appearance. Probably both.

She lay me gently down atop her covers, then began to pace at the foot of the bed. I strained my neck to see her. I knew I should probably be relaxing my sore neck and clobbered head, but I couldn't help myself. It hurt more to know she was there and *not* look at her.

"I think our little perfume worked a bit *too* well," she began, placing her index finger over her amazing lips in a thoughtful expression. "It seems to have changed my body."

She ceased pacing and cast me a meaningful glance. "I mean, I'm so good-looking now that I turned myself on this morning when I looked in the mirror. Even talking about my new body is getting me all hot!"

Beginning to pace once again, she continued. "I mean, I've always liked being pretty. Ever since I had a growth spurt a couple of years ago, people have been so nice to me. But this growth spurt makes that one look insignificant in comparison. It's like puberty to the nth degree!"

She paused again, her gaze growing distant before looking down over her cloaked body. "I mean, in a way it's great. But this might be *too* much of a good thing."

I cleared my throat, finally having grown familiar enough with the sight of her gorgeous face that I dared attempt speech. To my relief, my voice was functional. It came out hoarse but audible.

"I don't think it's too much. I think you look amazing!"

"Really?" she said, turning toward me, the dazzling smile that formed on her perfect lips seeming to brighten the room. Then, she looked down once more, her smile faltering slightly. "But you haven't seen my body yet."

It was true. I hadn't. But I wanted to. More than anything.

Seeing the hunger in my eyes, her expression turned sly. Her small hand descended, her delicate fingers curling around the tie at the front of her bathrobe. Then, she pulled.

The tie slithered through the thin belt loops and the front of the robe parted. I felt a tingle of sensation wash through me, my breath catching as she shrugged her shoulders to let the cloth covering fall completely away.

It was the unveiling of a goddess.

Aphrodite certainly had nothing on Nina now. She couldn't have. Because Nina's body was absolute perfection.

I gasped, my eyelids trembling as my eyes attempted to follow the tantalizing lines of her stunning body. Her breasts were full. Lush. Huge. Succulent. Ravishing. The nipples that crowned them equally so.

Licking my lips hungrily, I wondered what it would be like to taste them, to swirl my tongue over their warm, magnificent curvature.

I heard a moan. A moment later, I realized it had come from me.

Her stomach was sleek and firm, softly etched lines of definition giving the impression of extreme fitness while taking nothing away from the smooth femininity of her sexy shape. Her voluptuous upper body bowed inward to a waist so slender that it looked positively miniscule before gracefully tapering outward into lushly rounded hips and creamy, almost polished-looking thighs. Her legs were slender but well-muscled, flowing to the floor in long, lean, sinuous curves.

Oh, my *God!*

The girl's body was like nothing I'd ever seen before, her overwhelming attractiveness awakening a powerful ache from within me. I felt a desperate yearning that seemed to emanate from the deepest, most ancient depths of my primal, reptilian DNA.

She smiled as I quivered, struggling to absorb the staggering magnitude of her physical perfection. She let out a partially stifled giggle as she watched my reaction to her naked body.

Wait! What was my reaction? I managed to tear a small portion of my consciousness away from the goddess-like beauty before me, turning it inward to examine what was happening inside me.

That's when I realized I was in the middle of an orgasm.

Holy fucking shit! I was climaxing! Right in front of my fantasy girl! Well, my radically improved fantasy girl, anyway...

Nina's giggle caused another billow of pheromones to riddle my already spotty ability to think, clouding my mind in a dizzying daze of desperate desire. My hips were bucking, my erection iron, pulses of fluid spurting from its tip into the warm, gooey fabric of my jeans.

I shuddered, now acutely aware of the fact that I was orgasming. Spasming with a virility I'd never before known. In my pants. Right in front of Nina.

Shit.

But I couldn't help it. Hell, I couldn't even muster the energy to care, my attention quickly leaving myself to focus once more on the divine beauty before my eyes.

For a moment, Nina looked pleased, then a bit of longing showed in her eyes, and she took a step forward.

As I continued to erupt, however, she seemed to shake herself out of whatever thoughts she'd been having, and her eyebrows furrowed slightly.

“Matt?” Nina inquired softly. “Are you okay?”

A squeak emerged from my mouth. Honestly, I was surprised I managed that much.

Her expression transforming from one of amusement to one of concern, she crouched down to retrieve the bathrobe, quickly tying it shut over her awe-inspiring curves. She hurried over to me, her spellbinding eyes surveying my helpless body as it continued to convulse at the mental image of her glorious naked form, her fingers fiddling idly before her slim stomach.

I don’t know how long it took, but eventually, the waves of orgasmic energy subsided, and I gulped a few swallows of luxurious oxygen into my ragged, needy lungs. My body ached from its ordeal, the orgasms that had wracked it far more powerful than any I’d ever experienced.

Nina cautiously rested her hand on my shoulder, her touch bringing my heart rate dangerously high once again.

“Maybe you should go home?” she suggested. Her gaze flicked to my hips, and she attempted to hide her amusement. “Maybe take a shower?”

I nodded, no longer able to speak. I rose shakily from her bed, holding my breath so as not to be further affected by her ultra-potent pheromones, and hobbled back to my house.

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