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Perfect Girlfriend Juice

by Fidget

"Wait, what do you mean you changed the recipe?" the CEO asked his genius but socially inept lead mixologist.

"Well, I didn't realize you wanted the drink to *actually* make a girl into your Perfect Girlfriend, so once I saw your incredibly sexist ad campaign, it inspired me to go back to the drawing board and craft something that would make your dream a reality. Now whenever a girl drinks Perfect Girlfriend Juice, she'll develop a crush on the first guy she talks to afterward, feel compelled to ask him about his Perfect Girlfriend, and will immediately become whatever she hears him say! What do you think?"

"I didn't mean it *literally*! Jesus, Christine, that should be impossible, how on earth did you manage to... you know what, nevermind. At this point it doesn't even matter. Just get the head of distribution in here so we can start the recall. I just hope no woman actually drank that stuff, or we're gonna be in for it..."

Cut to Leslie and Dan, two undergrads eating lunch at their local college.

"What's that?" Leslie asked Dan, pointing to the brightly colored can sitting on his tray as the mousy brunette plopped down next to him on the bench.

"Something called Perfect Girlfriend Juice," Dan mumbled self-consciously.

"Why would you drink something with a misogynistic name like that??"

"Hey, don't get mad at me! They were giving out free samples, so I grabbed one before I got a chance to look at it. Here, you can have it then," he said, thrusting the can at her to demonstrate that he meant nothing by it.

She *hmped* a bit as she reluctantly accepted it, before popping the top and hesitantly sniffing the carbonated liquid inside. It smelled like any other energy drink, so Leslie took a tentative sip, and was surprised to discover that it actually tasted pretty good, like tangy bubblegum.

"How is it?"

An odd shiver ran through her body as she looked back up at the sound of his voice, and she suddenly found herself admiring his face more closely than she had in the past, taking in his dark eyes, cute nose, and strong, attractive features. She'd never really thought about Dan

this way before, but she had to admit that he was cute, and that she was feeling more and more drawn to him as she continued sipping on the potent, bubbly liquid, and the shivers, now tinged with arousal, continued to travel up and down her spine.

"It's actually kinda good," she answered, but as she glanced back down at the can in her hand, still cool and wet with condensation against her fingers, she felt a new curiosity building up inside her, and couldn't stop from asking, "So, speaking of perfect girlfriends, what kind of girls *do* you like?"

"Oh, uh, I guess I like cute, girl-next-door kinda girls," Dan started, embarrassed at the forwardness of the question, especially since he'd always felt a slight attraction to Leslie (along with most other girls, to be fair), and didn't want to accidentally offend her with his answer. "... who are smart and confident and uh, value self-improvement," he concluded, looking down at his tray and wondering if he'd said the right thing.

Leslie, however, had focused her attention on his words, free of judgment, open and intensely curious as the information seeped deep into her brain and her body began to discreetly modify itself accordingly. She snapped out of a brief, trance-like state a second later, feeling a bit uncomfortable and out-of-sorts both physically and mentally, but unaware of her changes as her facial features tightened up into a cute, button nose and a welcoming smile.

She noticed Dan's discomfort and changed the subject. As they chatted, however, Leslie thought her wit felt a bit quicker than usual, and she experienced a warm, giddy sensation at making Dan laugh, feeling an unexpected familiar closeness to her recent acquaintance as her body toned a bit under her clothes to give her pleasant softness some shape and curve.

"Did you do something different with your makeup today?" Dan asked suddenly, aware that something seemed different about his friend's features. She looked especially cute today, and felt so familiar and easy to talk to, almost like they'd been close for years, instead of only having met a few weeks prior. "It looks good."

Leslie felt herself blush with pleasure at the compliment, especially coming from Dan, and she practically glowed with happiness as they went their separate ways a few minutes later.

During her next class, despite how frequently her thoughts of Dan filled her body with warm, exciting tingles, Leslie somehow felt much more attentive than she usually did, and with much higher information retention. She was a Psych major, but she'd always felt that the subject matter was just a bit over her head. Apparently that was no longer the case, and Leslie found herself devouring the finer points of the lecture with an ease she'd never felt before.

Not only that, she felt driven by an unfamiliar need to get better at Psych, to see herself making visible improvement in her mastery of the material. In fact, it seemed like she now felt that way about pretty much every aspect of her life. She needed to make herself *better*, and moreover, she had full confidence that she could do so. And besides, Dan had said that his Perfect Girlfriend valued self-improvement, and she suddenly found herself caring an inordinate amount about what her erstwhile casual acquaintance saw as attractive.

That night, as she looked at her body in front of the mirror, she noticed that the slight physical discomfort she had felt earlier seemed somehow reflected in the face and physique of her reflection. She had noticed that her clothes were fitting her a bit more loosely than usual that afternoon, and now she looked, for lack of a better word, *cuter*, a bit more petite overall, with boobs that were smaller but somehow perkier, and it seemed like her facial features had softened and even her hair somehow looked more vibrant, giving her an overall vibe of open sweetness that matched how she had felt all day. Especially about Dan.

Over the next few days, as her crush got the better of her, Leslie found herself seeking Dan out more and more often. It was clear they both felt comfortable around each other, as if they'd known each other for years, and their friendship quickly deepened. Dan thought he sensed a bit of chemistry between them, and caught Leslie staring at him a few times when she thought he wasn't looking, but it was good to have a friend that he felt so close to, and he decided not to make a move.

Every once in a while Leslie would get that irresistible urge to ask Dan about his preferences in women, but each time he answered with the same noncommittal "smart and confident" line that she'd gotten the first time. Even so, Leslie listened just as closely whenever he repeated it, and, unrelatedly, she also noticed that her Psych grades were continuing to improve, and that she was feeling much less anxious around other people than she usually did.

One day, as they walked down the hall together, Leslie noticed that Dan's head had turned, and that his gaze was intently following the ass of one of the cheerleaders as she bounced her way the other direction.

"Hey Dan!"

"Uh huh," he mumbled in response, clearly still distracted by the sight of young, firm ass.

"Whacha lookin' at?" she asked innocently, leaning against his arm. This immediately got his attention, and he snapped his head back around in panic.

"Nothing!"

"You were looking at Emily, weren't you?"

"Uh... no, of course not!"

"It's ok, I just want to know what you find attractive about her. No tricks, I promise - I'm just curious," Leslie wheedled, overpowered by that same odd compulsion to seek out information about what Dan was attracted to.

"You seem to be asking about this kinda thing a lot recently. Well, I like that she's strong and athletic, and I like that she's probably the smartest person in school, professors included..."

Leslie's pace slowed and her face slackened, trance-like, as her mind absorbed this new information and her body discreetly put his words into practice. Once again Leslie only felt a sensation of slight physical discomfort, completely unaware as her thighs and calves strengthened and her arms and core toned, but she did notice that her body was suddenly filled with energy, like she could drop everything and run a mile right then and there.

Dan seemed to get more comfortable with his explanation as he went on, especially now that they'd become so close, and Leslie immediately picked up on this with her improved mental acuity, which somehow seemed to have gotten even better in the past few seconds. She felt an urge to take advantage of his honesty, hoping to finally get a straight answer as her powerful muscles put a new spring in her step and she bounced down the hall beside him.

She uncontrollably blurted out, "You weren't staring at her because she's the smartest girl in school, silly! What were you looking at, specifically?"

"Fine, you caught me. I'm a guy. I like the way her tits fill out that top, I like the way her waist flares out to those hips and the way that tight toned butt fills out those stretchy pants. I like the way that she takes pride in her appearance and wants to be as sexy as possible. If she had jet-black hair instead of blond, she'd be pretty close to my ideal woman."

Whereas in the past Leslie would have scoffed at an answer like that, now she completely understood where he was coming from as she felt her own desire to become as sexy as possible growing within her. Why on earth had she worn such dumpy clothes today? Her baggy t-shirt and loose jeans were *hiding* her body, especially with how petite she had looked the past few days, when they should be showing it off!

She thought about her own tits in comparison to Emily's, concealed by her top, perky and small, perfectly fitting the cute, girl-next-door vibe she had been giving off recently, complete with darker brown hair that now felt woefully inadequate. She knew that lots of guys found that look sexy, and was certain that Dan was attracted to her body, but now she realized that what Dan actually liked was toned, athletic, cheerleader types with big tits and firm asses. He liked a girl who seemed cute and innocent, but whose wholesome demeanor did a poor job of hiding her curvy, invitingly fuckable body, which was further emphasized by the revealing clothing that clung to her shapely form and welcomed the male gaze. Rather than be offended at how stereotypical his preferences were, however, Leslie instead integrated that tidbit of important information deep into her psyche like all of the other info she had pieced together, and as before, her body began to subtly conform to her new, sexier mental outlook.

She didn't pay it any attention at the time, as enraptured by Dan's presence as she was, but as Leslie continued to strut down the hall her breasts and hips began to feel odd, almost swollen, and as her conversation with Dan turned from sexy girls to more mundane topics, her loose t-shirt and jeans began to feel tighter, and in certain places, *much* tighter. Meanwhile, struck by an uncharacteristically sexy impulse, Leslie began to arch her back and stick out her chest a bit as it grew, but the combination of her new posture, stronger back muscles, and the weight of her bookbag all worked together to mask her changes as she continued to unwittingly ripen into Dan's Perfect Girlfriend.

When they split up to go to their separate classes a few seconds later, Leslie caught Dan's eyes looking at her hair in confusion, before briefly flicking down to her body as he waved goodbye, and she felt a surge of arousal and pride at the success of her new, sexier posture. She put some sway into her stride as she walked away, hoping that his eyes were on her butt even as she cursed herself for her loose jeans, and committed to putting in the work to fulfill her goal of becoming as sexy as possible.

That night, free of Dan's inexplicably intoxicating physical presence, Leslie finally had the wherewithal to reflect on the odd physical sensations she'd felt throughout the day, which upon reflection closely reminded her of the discomfort she had experienced before discovering that she had somehow become more petite a few days ago. And, though she had been full of energy all day and her body felt lighter than ever, this time her unfamiliar physical sensation was a satisfying, heavy fullness, which, when combined with the tightness of her clothing on her bust and hips led to one obvious conclusion.

Moving over to the mirror and shucking off her horrible clothes confirmed her suspicions, but with one additional surprise: her increased energy and strength was predictably accompanied by a much more athletic figure than she had ever had before, with larger musculature and visible muscle tone, and this time her boobs had *grown* instead of shrunk, very noticeably so, and now uncomfortably filled out her B-cup bra to overflowing, but, for some reason, her hair was also much darker, practically black, and perfectly framed her face with its glossy tresses.

Too excited about her new body to be overly disturbed by her new hair, Leslie unfastened her bra, sighing in relief as her bra strap finally stopped digging into her back, and reveled in her new tits' sexy shapeliness as they jutted proudly off her chest, hanging high and heavy with large areolas and perky, upturned nipples. She had no idea how it had happened, but she was ecstatic to have already made so much progress toward her self-improvement goal of becoming as sexy as possible, to be measured by Dan's standards of course.

If anything, they're even larger and rounder than Emily's boobs... wait. Leslie suddenly felt an incredible clarity wash over her as the most intelligent brain at her school started making connections far more easily than she was used to, even after her first intelligence increase a few days prior. Each time, she had started feeling different immediately after Dan had mentioned what he found attractive in women. Her physical discomfort afterward and the physical changes she had noticed later had seemed unrelated at the time, but in hindsight, it was clear that her changes lined up perfectly with his words.

Suddenly it all made sense. The Perfect Girlfriend Juice, her frequent, odd compulsions to ask Dan what his Perfect Girlfriend was like, and her sudden, almost debilitating crush on him, which had her pussy moistening even now in pleasure and anticipation at the thought of being in his presence again.

This led her to a much more damning realization as she continued to flex her athletic body in the mirror with pride, happily groping her sexy new tits as she appreciated their size and

fullness. If Dan's words could alter her body, what was keeping them from altering her mind as well? She thought back to his comments over the past few days, and noted that her sudden success in her Psych class had started immediately after Dan telling her that his Perfect Girlfriend was smart at lunch that day. Similarly, her recent desire for self-improvement must be the result of Dan and the Juice, along with her incredibly uncharacteristic need to become as sexy as possible.

Still, knowing that the Perfect Girlfriend Juice had put these ideas in her head didn't make them any less appealing, and she also knew that she was just as likely to ask Dan about his Perfect Girlfriend the next time she saw him. Furthermore, she would be just as helpless to resist any further comments or suggestions that he made; whatever he told her would become her new reality, and she would love it, whether she liked it or not. Even now, her Juice-induced crush was making her *want* to hear what he had to say, so that she would be forced to change even further into her crush's Perfect Girlfriend.

Still, though, this could have gone much worse. Intelligence and a desire for self-improvement are hardly bad traits, Leslie thought to herself, grateful for Dan's restraint as her brilliant yet altered mind continued to explore the possibilities of her current predicament. Inherent in the concept of *self-improvement* was the idea that *she* should approve of the changes being made to herself as well, and there didn't seem to be a rule against trying to influence *how* Dan expressed his thoughts about the kinds of girls he was attracted to. If he just so happened to word his desired characteristics the way she wanted him to, she would still be making progress toward her involuntary goal of becoming Dan's Perfect Girlfriend. Just, her way, and on her terms.

And in the meantime, being sexy isn't so bad either, Leslie thought as she gave her tight, toned body one more look in the mirror before deciding to sleep naked that night. As she slid under the covers, she shivered at the thought of how sexy she would become, and at how badly she would make Dan want her body.

Over the next few days Leslie continued to spend as much time with Dan as possible, due to the addictive nature of the blissful happiness she felt whenever she was with him, even though it meant that her irresistible urges to prompt him to change who she was as a person came more frequently. Now, however, when her compulsion overcame her and she was once again forced to ask what Dan found attractive in women, she began to ask him leading questions instead of the open-ended ones that had unintentionally led to her current desire to show off her curvy body. Not that she was complaining about the way her tight tank top and tiny athletic shorts displayed her full breasts and tight ass - she loved being sexy, and couldn't wait to become even sexier with Dan's help.

"Do you like girls with thin waists? How about girls with perfect makeup?"

When Dan signaled his agreement this time, Leslie recognized the slight physical discomfort in her midsection as the signal that her waist was tightening, and when she looked down at

her midsection, she was happy to see that her stretchy tank-top was still tightly clinging to her torso as it narrowed into an even more pronounced hourglass. Simultaneously, however, she was also nearly overcome with an intense desire to rush to the girls' room and do what she could to rectify the train wreck that was her current makeup. Still, she reassured herself with the knowledge that her new physical and mental changes, though just as irresistible and just as central to her personality as the previous ones, were changes that she'd chosen for herself, and were improvements toward her goal of becoming as sexy as possible.

Leslie also began to color her questions with approval or disapproval to help elicit the answer she wanted, though it was difficult for her to express any other emotion than eager curiosity at discovering Dan's preferences.

"You don't like submissive girls, do you?" she asked with the slightest hint of accusation, hoping that he'd be more likely to give a favorable answer, and sure enough, when she heard his "of course not", she felt her proclivity toward asserting herself strengthening and congratulated herself for her cleverness. She was the smartest girl in school, after all.

Sometimes she even gave Dan a somewhat open-ended choice when she didn't really have a preference, and honestly wanted to know what he thought.

"Do you prefer blue eyes or green eyes?"

"Hmm, green eyes probably," Dan asked, before glancing up at her face to see Leslie's beautiful emerald irises staring back at him. "Wait, are you wearing colored contacts? I could have sworn you had blue eyes."

"Oh, yeah, I just started wearing them a couple of days ago - do you like them?"

"Absolutely! That's so funny, I was just telling you about how prefer green."

"Weird. I guess I'm just good at predicting what you like!" she responded innocently, fluttering her new eyes at him in satisfaction.

"Yeah, weird," he thought, dropping his eyes to steal another glance at the ripe breasts filling out his friend's tight tank top to perfection.

Leslie also knew how careful she had to be, because whenever he gave her an answer she didn't expect, she was helpless to resist that characteristic becoming a permanent part of her body or personality. One such failure was "You don't like impulsive girls, do you?" to which Dan unexpectedly responded, "I dunno, it can be kinda hot to see a girl acting on her feelings once in a while, unable to help herself," and, sure enough, Leslie's powerful sexual attraction toward Dan suddenly felt much less under her control. She was now constantly on the verge of throwing herself at him, and she knew that she was now much more likely to act on her impulses in general, without consideration for the consequences. Which, given her current condition, was incredibly dangerous. Even so, she found herself embracing her new

impulsiveness with an unexpected fondness - since this was what Dan's Perfect Girlfriend was like, this was how Leslie loved being!

As she began to slightly lose control of herself in his presence and her affections toward him became more shameless, Leslie noticed that Dan was agreeing with her more often when she was teasing him with her body. This led her to realize just how much more impressionable he was when he was feeling horny, which made it that much harder to resist indulging in her overpowering need to act on her sexual impulses in his presence.

In an attempt to kill two birds with one stone, Leslie began to overtly flirt with Dan when asking him questions, fluttering the long, perfect lashes he had unknowingly given her earlier that day, or stretching to draw his attention to her perfect tits, or gently touching his knee or arm as she looked deeply into his eyes, becoming sexier and sexier as Dan mindlessly gave her whatever answer she wanted. This light flirting gave Leslie a not-insignificant amount of tingly pleasure as well, because her crush on him was stronger than ever, and she knew it wouldn't be much longer before her physical attraction to Dan would force her to make a move.

And so she continued to progress toward her goal, taking all of the best features of the women around her for herself with each innocuous question and each mumbled, unwitting response from the oblivious Dan. Even so, Leslie knew that she could become even sexier, even more irresistible, and her yearning for self-improvement and her pride in how she looked drove her to continue.

As oblivious as Dan was, he did eventually notice that his increasingly clingy friend was also becoming increasingly sexually attractive, and he made efforts to hide his own constant arousal when he was in her presence. Rather than assuming that her startling transformation was due to a random soft drink sample that Leslie had consumed more than a week ago, however, Dan chalked her changes up to dying her hair, putting more effort into her appearance, and wearing clothes that emphasized her body, which, now that she was showing it off, seemed custom designed to make his dick hard. His ridiculously hot friend was sending him some pretty obvious signals too, and he really liked the way her figure and flirtations made him feel when he was around her. So, Dan decided that if Leslie ever made a move, he'd go as far with that curvy, fuckable body as she'd let him.

That night after dinner, the dream seemed destined to become a reality for Dan as the increasingly irresistible Leslie decided to accompany him back to his single dorm room. Once inside, Leslie finally allowed herself to wrap her arms around him, enjoying how good her large tits felt squished up against her crush's hard chest, her cleavage pressing up and out of her tight blouse into his face.

Having made it this far, however, a simple embrace soon proved inadequate for the raven-haired seductress as Leslie was again overwhelmed by her urges and lost control entirely. She gave up all pretext and jumped him, pushing him down onto the couch and riding him,

pinching his nipples, nipping at his neck, and demanding that he re-examine her fantastic features, attempting to maximize his desire for them and therefore their beauty.

Dan, overwhelmed by the sexy goddess in his lap having her way with him, could only lay back and enjoy the attention as her hands roamed over his body and her soft lips explored his face and neck, agreeing with whatever she asked.

"I know you like my big titties Dan. You want them to be even bigger and sexier though, don't you, you horny boy!?" Leslie demanded as she pulled her top down and offered her full C-cups to his eager mouth.

Eyes wide, Dan mumbled "God, yes," and got to work groping and sucking, though he was soon met with the confusing impression that her fantastic tits were getting even bigger and heavier against his hands and face while Leslie moaned in helpless pleasure as his words caused her breasts to expand even further.

Feeling his bulge throbbing against the warm, moist crotch of her shorts as she straddled him, Leslie gave in to her urge to please him and dropped between his knees, asking him another impulsive question as she unzipped him and started stroking his erection.

"You want your Perfect Girlfriend to know exactly what to do to get you all hard and horny, don't you?" she wheedled.

"Oh yeah!" was all she needed to hear, and then she felt her hand position on his cock instinctually shift as she suddenly knew exactly where and how to squeeze and stroke to maximize his pleasure.

Caught up in the moment, needing to become even sexier, Leslie continued without thinking, "You want your Perfect Girlfriend to be so sexy, so irresistible, that you can't even look at her without cumming, don't you?" she cajoled, before going to work with her lips and tongue, using her newfound mastery over Dan's sensitive cock to quickly bring him to peak arousal and therefore peak malleability.

Dan knew something weird was going on - Leslie seemed so different, and what she was saying didn't seem completely right, but she was so sexy, so soft and curvy and desirable, and her mouth on his cock felt so good that he would say literally anything to keep it there.

"Uhhh, sure," he agreed carelessly, and as his head rolled back in pleasure, Leslie felt herself changing once again as her face and body became even more perfect, this time somehow supernaturally tuned to make Dan cum just from looking at her.

Dan eventually tilted his head back down and his eyes met the bright green eyes of the irresistible sex goddess between his legs sucking his cock, but he was surprised when his dick suddenly began to tense up in her mouth with an all-too-familiar sensation. He'd never had a problem with premature ejaculation before, but suddenly Leslie's appearance was more than he could handle, and the pressure he felt building in his balls abruptly began to pulse with an irresistible orgasmic finality.

Leslie saw his startled eyes meet hers, and felt his muscles tense and his cock stiffen as her body had its inevitable, supernatural effect on his, and she moaned in satisfaction at having met her goal so soon!

This is it! Leslie thought blissfully, leaning her own head back as Dan's cock began to jerk, releasing the unrestrainable sexual tension the mere sight of her had filled him with in burst after powerful burst all over her perfect face and hair. *What could be sexier than a guy cumming just from looking at you!?* She continued to fondly stroke her lover's dick with uncanny skill, encouraging him to finish fully as he pulsed in her hand, now coating her tits with his cum as his orgasm trailed off, his eyes involuntarily closed in ecstasy.

A second later he looked down at her with an expression of relaxed satisfaction, but as soon as he saw her beautiful features and large, round breasts covered in his cum, Dan felt a switch deep within him involuntarily flipping once again, and then his cock was stiffening and throbbing in Leslie's surprised hands once more as she realized what her careless words had done to him, but there was nothing she could do to prevent her cum-coated curves from triggering his orgasm once more. She saw the panic in his eyes as his unintentional arousal quickly built to a climax, and then his dick was helplessly spurting in her hand again, though this time his load was significantly lighter. Once his enraptured dick finally released him from its powerful reflexive contractions a second time, Dan sat back, eyes closed once again, but this time in spent exhaustion.

In the moment Leslie had thought the idea of Dan cumming every time he looked at her was super hot, but she now decided that maybe it wasn't the sexiest thing in the world for her boyfriend to mechanically jizz himself every few seconds whenever they hung out.

"Maybe your Perfect Girlfriend's body makes you *want* to come, instead of compelling you to," Leslie suggested sheepishly.

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea," Dan responded, finally having put two and two together in his post-nut clarity, but losing the battle with himself to not open his eyes again as the thought of his girlfriend's irresistibly sexy body compelled him to look at her once more. As he did so, however, he was glad to discover that he no longer felt an orgasm building uncontrollably, instead just eagerly looking forward to the next time her body would drive his to climax, and he was free to enjoy the sight and sensation of his Perfect Girlfriend as she hopped back up into his lap.

"Hey Dan?"

"Yeah babe?"

"Maybe your Perfect Girlfriend also has an irresistibly enticing pussy, if you wouldn't mind returning the favor?"

"You know, I think she does, for now at least" he said, and then immediately lost himself between her toned, powerful legs as she writhed beneath him in pleasure.

Afterward, confident that she had become as sexy as she could for one day, her angelic face and busty tits still covered in his cum, Leslie lovingly kissed her new boyfriend and fell asleep in his arms.

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at fidget1@protonmail.com. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!