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Perfect Girlfriend Juice

by Fidget

Chapter 3: Perfect Secretary (Part 1)

Alani burst out of her boss's office, trying to hold back tears after seeing just how angry Jack had been. She knew that it was entirely deserved - she'd double-booked him for a meeting again, only a few days after having already made the exact same mistake, but this time it was with their two most important clients, and Alani knew how unorganized it made him seem.

And this was only the latest in a long line of similar gaffes going all the way back to her hiring almost a year prior. It wasn't that her secretary job was overly difficult; there were just so many things she needed to keep track of to keep the office running smoothly, and she'd never been a talented multitasker in the first place. Little things soon began to fall through the cracks, and as patient as Jack had been with her so far, she could tell that her endless minor slip-ups were starting to wear on him. She *wanted* to do a good job, and she really needed the money, but she just didn't know how she'd be able to get it all done.

She retreated to the break room to buy an energy drink she hoped would help perk her up after her ordeal. Along the way she passed a blonde, oddly busty soft drink company employee who had just finished stocking the machine, and the strange-looking can that popped out after Alani put her money in was like no energy drink she'd ever seen before.

Too distracted by her distress to notice anything awry, she snapped open the lid on her way back to her desk and took a gulp without thinking anything about it, and was suddenly flooded with a slight sensation of dizziness as she sank back into her seat. It soon passed, but was slowly replaced by an odd feeling of yearning as she inexplicably found herself wanting to be in the presence of her boss again for some reason, even though she had fled his office scant minutes before. The surprisingly strong urge was accompanied by a restless discomfort that grew the longer she resisted it, however, and so after only a few more seconds she found herself standing up once more.

Jack Davidson looked up only briefly when he noticed her enter. "Oh, Alani, I'm glad you're back," he said somewhat guiltily. Jack regretted having been so harsh to her, but lately,

despite his best efforts, his business always seemed to be falling further and further behind, and the strain was starting to take a toll on his usually steady nerves.

In his embarrassment, however, he failed to notice his homely secretary's sharp intake of breath as her pupils dilated and her face flushed as soon as she laid eyes on him. "I wanted to apologize for what happened a few minutes ago. I know that with all of the various responsibilities you have to stay on top of in your position, it's only natural that things would get overlooked every once in a while, and I shouldn't have gone off the handle like I did. Still though, you have to become better organized."

Alani, meanwhile, was finding it hard to focus on his words as she became more and more fixated on her boss's ruggedly handsome features, and an uncharacteristic, euphoric giddiness grew within her. She'd never noticed how attractive and *masculine* Jack was before, but now she couldn't help but notice his sexual desirability as her body grew warm with pleasant, tingly arousal. When he got to the suggestion of how she could improve herself for him, however, her ears involuntarily perked up, and she found herself unconsciously resolving to do just that. Even so, this simple request wasn't enough to sate the new curiosity she suddenly felt growing inside of her, and soon she wasn't able to prevent herself from bursting out with, "Mr. Davidson? I know this is an incredibly inappropriate thing to ask, but could you please tell me what you find attractive in women??"

"What? What on earth are you talking about?" Jack demanded, completely blindsided both by the words and by the almost manic intensity of her unprompted question. Though Alani squirmed in pleasure as his eyes jumped back up to hers, his gaze was full of confused suspicion: he'd never once thought about his secretary romantically, and she'd never given him reason to believe she felt that way about him before either.

"I have to know, sir!" she continued, her outburst fueled by the inexplicable passion burning within her that made all concerns of social propriety pale in comparison. She knew how inappropriate her behavior was, but she was overwhelmed by her sudden infatuation with her married boss and just couldn't help herself. "I have to know what your Perfect Girlfriend would be like!"

"Alani, I'm married! I don't *have* an idea of what my perfect girlfriend would be like, and even if I did, I certainly wouldn't tell you! You're my employee!" Jack briefly reflected that his home life was perfectly adequate, if not overly exciting, but then his thoughts returned to the fact that the last thing he needed right now was any kind of harassment suit directed at him, and so he tried to play the situation as lowkey as possible. "Alani, just go back to your desk, and we'll both pretend this conversation never happened. I'm sorry I lost my temper with you earlier, but whatever you're doing here really isn't necessary."

"But sir, I... I need to know what you want me to become!" Alani persisted, confused by her own words, but knowing that they were somehow true all the same.

"In that case, just worry about becoming my perfect secretary," Jack concluded with a disarming grin that sent pleasant tingles up and down Alani's spine. "Our relationship should

be strictly professional. Now go back to your desk, get back to work, and please don't bring up any of this girlfriend stuff ever again, for both of our sakes."

His words washed over her, finally giving her what she needed from him, and suddenly Alani found herself with new purpose in life. She obeyed his order automatically, smoothly shutting the door on her way out with an uncharacteristically formal "Thank you, Sir."

Alani slowly made her way back to her desk, her mind fully consumed with the question of what it meant to be Mr. Davidson's Perfect Secretary. He had told her that she had to become better organized with regard to her various responsibilities, and since those words were now pulsing loudly in the forefront of her brain as well, she figured that was as good a place as any to start.

She sat down and quickly made a list of all the duties her position entailed. She anticipated that this would be a difficult task, given her usual scatterbrained nature, but was surprised to find that ideas were flowing out of her head and onto her corporate stationery in a remarkably orderly manner, and that her bullet points were perfectly aligned and her sloppy penmanship suddenly looked practically calligraphic. In less than ten minutes she had detailed and categorized all of her responsibilities, formed action plans for how to improve efficiency and accuracy in each task, and even brainstormed new areas where she could potentially be of use to Mr. Davidson within the strict confines of her duties as laid out in her contract. Having made significant progress in the most immediately relevant aspects of her job, she then turned her mind toward all of her other characteristics that could use some improvement on her way to becoming Mr. Davidson's Perfect Secretary.

Alani's thoughts briefly drifted back to the strength of her newfound physical attraction for her boss, which quickly led her mind to all of the pornographic secretary tropes she had heard about, of impossibly busty women in hilariously revealing business attire seducing their bosses. She briefly wondered if Mr. Davidson's idea of his Perfect Secretary involved any of that, and secretly hoped that it did, but she had no evidence for it so far. Still, she knew that men liked big tits, so it made sense that Mr. Davidson would as well, but he hadn't told her to become a porn secretary - he'd told her to be the *perfect* secretary.

Even so, making things around the office as pleasant as possible for her boss was obviously an important part of her responsibilities, and that meant she should be pleasant to look at as well, though not so much as to distract him from his duties. Satisfied with her conclusion, she looked down at her small chest in disappointment, but was surprised and pleased to see her tits inexplicably plumping up a bit at the idea. Her blouse pulled tighter around her torso as her breasts went from "small and perky" to "pleasantly full and eye-catching", and Alani unbuttoned her top button both to relieve the pressure and to proudly show off a hint of her new cleavage. There, that was better. And, judging from the slight tightness of her skirt, it seemed like her hips and backside might have filled out a bit as well. Now Mr. Davidson would be all the more likely to welcome and look forward to her presence in his office, and that only meant that she would be able to do her job more easily and efficiently. Alani knew

that she should probably be concerned about being objectified, since it could affect her (and more importantly Mr. Davidson's) reputation, but it seemed that his more immediate need for an agreeable workspace overruled that concern. She and Mr. Davidson were both professionals, after all, and it wasn't like he would want a porn star interfacing with his clients. Probably.

As her mind continued to sharpen in order to handle the increased mental load of performing at peak efficiency, Alani realized that her sudden interest in improving her figure was likely due to her inexplicable infatuation with Mr. Davidson, which she was still feeling the full effects of despite having been ordered to forget about being his Perfect Girlfriend. Her feelings seemed to be a natural physiological response to the energy drink that was clearly and irresistibly transforming her into Mr. Davidson's Perfect Secretary, but she figured that as long as her crush didn't effect her job performance it was probably fine. It wasn't like she could do anything about it in any case. Plus, it felt so good to go slightly weak in the knees with adolescent desire whenever she was in his presence, and Alani figured that she was due this small amount of pleasure and sexual thrill in exchange for the drastic improvement Mr. Davidson would see in her duties.

She let out a long suffering sigh at the decidedly unprofessional urges the beverage that had likely saved her job had also instilled in her, and looked down in helpless amusement and conflicted affection at the large tits her moment of unguarded horniness had saddled her with. There was always a catch. Now that she had briefly indulged in her new sexual impulses, however, it was time to turn her attention to the rest of her appearance with a more critical eye. Instinctively, Alani knew that she should look as neat, tidy, and well-organized as her work would be from here on out, so she smiled in satisfaction as her nails went from carelessly trimmed to perfectly manicured, and she opened her compact to find that not only was her makeup now perfectly applied, but her facial features themselves had somehow become a bit more elegant as well, befitting her role as the liaison between Mr. Davidson and the rest of the business world. Her hair had shifted from a loose ponytail into a neat bun with an understated braid along the outside. Alani had no idea how any of these physical changes were happening, of course, but that information was currently irrelevant. All that mattered was becoming Mr. Davidson's Perfect Secretary, and she felt a satisfying, visceral conviction that she was well on her way to becoming just that.

Lastly, Alani looked down at her blouse and skirt and decided they'd do for today, though she also made plans to go shopping after work to pick up a few outfits more appropriate for her position. Finally satisfied with her personal progress for the time being, she immersed herself in her work and got more done that afternoon than she had the entire previous week.

Jack's eyes briefly dropped to Alani's chest when she went in to see him late that afternoon to discuss the budget for the upcoming corporate retreat, and she appreciated the instinctive pleasure she could tell he was getting from the sight of her pleasantly feminine body. She

tingled uncontrollably with her own desire, of course, being so close to him, but ignored the sensation for now. She had work to do.

"Did you do something with your hair?" Jack asked, confused by what seemed to be a marked, instantaneous improvement in her appearance. Alani hid a self-satisfied smile, knowing full well that his attention hadn't been anywhere near her hair.

"Something like that, Sir. Don't worry about it."

"You're not trying to seduce me or something again, are you? We talked about this."

"Oh, no, Sir, not at all! Please don't misunderstand. I'm only trying to take my duties more seriously like you asked me to, and so I took the time to put a bit more effort into my appearance after our last talk. A secretary's professional presence is an undeniably important aspect of her duties, and I'm just doing my best to fill my role as perfectly as possible, Sir."

"Ah, well that's good to hear. Very commendable, Alani, keep up the good work!" he said, giving her appealing body and plump cleavage one more brief glance before finally noticing the folder in her manicured fingers.

"Thank you, Sir. Now, about these figures..."

Alani's marked improvement only accelerated throughout the rest of the week. Where she had previously struggled to keep all of her tasks straight, it now seemed to Jack that they had somehow become second nature to her. All of Alani's responsibilities were handled immediately, efficiently, and with a newfound professionalism that starkly contrasted with the bumbling ineptitude of her performance the week before.

Alani was even more aware of her progress than Jack was, of course, but as proud as she was of the improvements she had already made, she was always looking for new ways to optimize her workflow to please her boss. Whenever she had a bit of downtime in her schedule and knew that Jack did too, she'd often feel compelled to come in and ask him for a bit more information about his Perfect Secretary.

"Again? You can't be serious," he joked after her second intrusion into his office that day to ask how she could better serve him. The truth was, he was looking forward to seeing her more and more these days, especially now that the office was running smoother than it ever had before after the seemingly overnight transformation of his disorganized secretary into an elegant, no-nonsense master of efficiency. Apparently the talk he had had with her had done some good, he thought to himself with satisfaction, leaning back in his chair and letting his gaze drift over her shapely form.

"I'm serious, Sir. I want to know *everything* about your dream secretary, the one you know you've thought about, but haven't told anyone about," she purred, a bit irritated as the physiological effects of the Perfect Girlfriend Juice on her body made her request sound more suggestive than she had intended.

"Well, I'd say you're pretty much my dream secretary already, Alani," he responded, taking a second to indulge his lizard brain once more with a lingering glance up and down her sexy figure. He knew she noticed his looks, but she had never commented on them. If anything she seemed to encourage them, and so he had slowly become more daring in his undisguised enjoyment of her body. But, she had also never shown even the slightest interest in wanting to come onto him again after that first conversation, and mostly just seemed glad that he was enjoying himself, subtly encouraging his gaze, ever the picture of calm, collected professionalism.

Jack couldn't remember thinking that Alani was especially attractive before "the talk", as he'd started calling it, but now he couldn't deny that she had become positively stunning, a picture of elegance and polish, but still with an undeniable sensual femininity that threatened to captivate him. She had also gotten much wittier, and had somehow become a brilliant conversationalist practically overnight, to the point where talking to this vision of refined loveliness became the most natural and enjoyable thing in the world. And so now he found himself looking forward to seeing her every day, multiple times a day even, drinking in her presence, which still somehow managed to be both invitingly sensuous and coolly platonic. Regardless of his earlier rejection of her odd advances, he could see himself easily falling for her if he weren't careful, though if he did he'd only have himself to blame, since Alani had only ever treated him with professional courtesy.

"Are you sure, Sir? There must be something I could be doing better, or some other way I could make your job easier for you," Alani responded as she preened inwardly at his praise, feeling a bit giddy as he glanced down at her chest once more, though she was careful not to let it show. She had gone shopping the day of her first transformation and had made sure to select outfits that were perfectly appropriate for her position, but which also advertised the inviting swelling of her new breasts and hips. Only so that he would look forward to her presence and they could work better as a team, of course. And that seemed to have been the right decision, since despite the suggestiveness of her phrasing and the keen interest in his eyes as he looked at her body, he took his capable secretary at her word, closed his eyes for a second, and thought about whether there was anything else she could do to help the business.

"I mostly just wish that everyone else could be as efficient as you are, Alani. Accounts Payable are a week behind in shipping out checks, and Accounts Receivable are even worse. Our cash flow is down, and the inefficiencies are starting to build up. I know it's not at all your responsibility, but I wish there were some way you could somehow help out a bit in Accounting."

"Well, sir, I can't promise anything," Alani said as she felt a new, unexpected eagerness to learn all of the ins and outs of the day-to-day workings of a small company's accounting department filling her pliable mind. "But I'll see what I can do," she concluded, giving him a playful wink before preparing to leave him to his work. Jack was dazzled by her wink as she knew he would be, and she allowed herself to feel just the slightest touch of her own tingly infatuation, letting a bit of color rise into her cheeks as she continued to lock eyes with her

manly office crush, before turning and walking to the door. She crossed the room with a deliberate pace, knowing that his eyes were on her hips as they exhibited a perfectly appropriate amount of sway, wrapped tightly in a professional-yet-suggestive pencil skirt.

Once outside, she paused for a second to remind herself that she wasn't here to seduce him - she needed only to make herself pleasant to be around. As precise and perfect as this meeting with Mr. Davidson had been, she resolved to make it even more so next time, and she forced the intense pleasure she had experienced at the slight flirtatiousness of their interaction to flow out of her so she could focus back on her own work.

That night, Alani spent her free time at home researching entry-level accounting duties, and by the next day she felt ready to step in and aid the clerks. It required a masterfully light touch to improve efficiency while not stepping on any toes, and it was also somewhat difficult to both oversee accounting and ensure that she still accomplished her own duties, but somehow she managed to get it all done. Two days later, Accounting was fully caught up, cash flow was up, and the improved efficiency of the department had made its way back to Jack, who called Alani in to his office to congratulate her.

"Alani, you're a miracle worker!" he exclaimed, but she accepted the praise with the calm, collected demeanor that had become her default, even as she flushed inwardly with erotic heat at the effectiveness of the transformation that had been thrust upon her. "I don't know how you did it!"

"It was relatively simple, Sir. I just identified the surprisingly large number of inefficiencies in the clerks' processes, which were mostly due to what appears to be deliberate laziness bordering on insubordination from practically the entire Accounting staff, and gently implemented measures to correct them. It was child's play to get the clerks to think the improvements were their own ideas, and once my system was up and running, the problem fixed itself."

"That's incredible work, Alani," Jack said, a bit surprised at her harsh characterization of the Accounting department's job performance, but filing it away for later nonetheless. He had quickly come to place full confidence in Alani's judgment, and if she said their work was inexcusable, it must be the case.

"What else can I do for you, Sir?" Alani asked encouragingly, still compelled to continue to seek new ways to become even more of a Perfect Secretary even as her additional accounting duties already threatened to affect her own work efficiency.

"Oh, nothing," Jack responded, glancing back up so he could greedily drink in her curves once more. "You've done more than enough, gone above and beyond. If the guys in shipping had a tenth of your new work ethic, our lead times would be the best in the industry."

"I'll see what I can do, sir," Alani said, not sure if she would be able to handle the extra work, but knowing that she had no choice if she were to fulfill her role as Mr. Davidson's Perfect Secretary.

"What? No, I was only complaining Alani, there's no possible way you could take on any more responsibility. There's just not enough of you to go around," he concluded with a jocular grin, not noticing his subordinate's beautiful eyes widening in shock and her body beginning to shake.

"I-if you'll e-excuse me, Sir, there's something I need to go take care of," Alani stammered, turning and practically staggering toward the door.

"Alani, are you ok?" Jack asked, rising half out of his chair in concern.

"I-I'm fine, Sir. I just need a moment. I'll be back soon."

"Well let me know if you need any help or anything," he called out as the door closed behind his secretary's shapely ass.

Alani's shaking got worse as she stumbled toward her desk. It was so simple, but it couldn't be possible, could it? Her body clearly wanted it to be possible, however, and Alani felt her quaking come to a final crescendo before an abrupt end, and she felt a serene calm wash over her as she was suddenly face-to-face with the attractive facial features and pleasantly busty figure of Alani Rhodes.

Both somehow unsurprised at this strange new turn of events, the two Alanis simply smiled at each other in complete understanding and got back to work, still fully unified in mind if not in body. Mr. Davidson had been exactly right. There *wasn't* enough of her to go around, and there was so much more to be done, still so many ways she could make things better for him. A Perfect Secretary's work was neverending, but, thanks to an offhand comment by her boss and a dose of Perfect Girlfriend Juice, so was Alani.

End of Perfect Secretary, Part 1

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 a full two months of 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!