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Perfect Girlfriend Juice

by Fidget

Chapter 6: A Loss of Stature

“And for the last group, Max and Ann.”

Max groaned inwardly. Group projects were already bad enough, but randomly-assigned group projects were much worse. And randomly-assigned group projects where he had been paired with the most conceited, selfish, rude, stuck-up rich girl in class were his worst nightmare.

Class was dismissed, and Max cringed when the tall, leggy blonde approached him after class to get his information. He knew that Ann was widely considered attractive, with her short blonde hair and bright blue eyes, but she wasn't really his type even aside from her numerous personality flaws. Ann's six feet of height dwarfed Max's 5'9" stature, and she was flat as a board, with no tits or ass to speak of. But, Ann was tall, and blonde, and athletic, and though her white t-shirt and black yoga pants weren't doing her lack of curves any favors, Max could understand why the guys found her attractive even if he didn't share their opinion.

“Hey, whatever-your-name-is!” Ann commanded imperiously when she reached his table.

“Max.”

“I literally don't care. Give me your address so that I can stop by sometime tonight and make sure you're doing my project right. And try to clean up your place before I get there, huh? I don't want any of your nerd funk getting on my clothes, since they probably cost more than your apartment does anyway.”

Max's jaw tightened in anger. Just because he was highly intelligent didn't make him a nerd. In fact, he was in pretty good shape himself due to his work as a personal trainer in his free time, but it wasn't like telling Ann that would do him any good. Plus, the spoiled little princess's clothes very well could cost more than his apartment, so he just ignored her and gave her his address.

Max figured that going along with what Ann said whenever possible was probably the path of least resistance toward getting her out of his way; that way he could work on the project in peace and at least ensure himself a decent grade, even if it meant that he was helping Ann in

the process. Maybe this was one of those classes where there was a post-project survey where he could put her on blast or something.

True to form, Ann arrived just after Max had finished working out that evening, and so he hadn't had time to change out of his sweaty workout clothes.

She forced her way in, looked around his apartment disapprovingly, and loudly declared, "Your place is a dump!"

Max had to bury his indignation once more. His place was definitely not a dump; in fact, it was pretty tidy most of the time. He did have some dirty gym clothes draped over a chair from a session the night before, which probably didn't smell great, but it wasn't like Ann had given him any warning about when she was going to show up, and Max wasn't going to deep-clean for Ann of all people anyway.

"Whatever, let's just get to work," the stuck-up bitch huffed, before slouching into a chair by Max's computer and looking at him expectantly.

Yeah, let's get to work, Max thought to himself sarcastically, rolling his eyes as he sat down and opened his browser to do some initial research for the project.

Now that Max was so close to Ann, he noticed that she actually smelled really nice. Her shampoo and lotion gave her a pleasing, spring-y scent, but it didn't change the fact that he wasn't really attracted to her. Or the fact that she was a rude, spoiled rich girl.

And, as he quickly discovered, Ann was nowhere near as enamored with his scent as he was with hers.

"Ewww Max, you stink!" she exclaimed, sliding away and leaning as far over the edge of her chair away from him as she could without falling out.

"I just finished working out! If you had let me know when you were coming over I could have showered!"

But Ann wasn't having any of it. She eventually got up from her chair entirely and retreated to the couch at the other end of the living room. Max immediately missed her pleasant scent, which just made him angrier at the absurdity of her rudeness.

"Ugh, that's awful," Ann began an exaggerated gagging motion in his direction and grabbed a can of energy drink that she noticed sitting on Max's coffee table in front of her. "I need something to cover up the stink of your nerd funk!"

She popped the top and took a large swig as Max watched with disbelief. Who just helped themselves to someone else's stuff like that? Project or no, he didn't think he'd be able to put up with much more of Ann's bullshit.

Ann flinched a bit after her large gulp of the carbonated liquid, surprised at the strong, tangy bubblegum flavor saturating her taste receptors. "What the hell is this stuff!? I guess it makes sense that your drinks taste as bad as you smell!"

"I have no idea what that is," Max replied mildly. "They were handing them out on campus today, so I just grabbed one. I didn't even look at it, really." *And maybe if you didn't just take other people's things without asking, you wouldn't have any complaints about what you got.*

"Perfect Girlfriend Juice??" Ann burst out once she'd taken the time to read the can. "What are you, some sort of pervert?" Just at that moment, however, Ann felt a strange sensation of warmth spreading through her body, followed by an unexpected, growing curiosity about Max.

For all of her flaws, Ann wasn't stupid, and the tall blonde immediately realized that the Juice was affecting her somehow. She read the can again as a wave of dizziness passed over her. Maybe the growing interest in Max meant that this crap was trying to turn *her* into Max's Perfect Girlfriend somehow?

Ann had to stifle a laugh at the ridiculousness of that idea. She was far too good for someone like Max – he was significantly shorter than she was, for one thing, and he was poor, and he even *smelled* bad. Whatever this stuff was, there was literally zero chance that it could bring someone like her down to Max's level.

She watched him working in his chair, his back now pointedly toward her as he did all of the work on her project. Her tongue was still tingling with bubblegum flavor. *What would a gross nerd like Max even want in a woman?* she found herself idly wondering. *Probably some ugly nerd girl so that they could do nerd things and be unpopular together*, she thought with a giggle.

Even so, the thought of what it would feel like to be an ugly, nerdy girl herself forced itself into her mind, causing Ann to recoil in disgust at the thought. *Nice try, weird bubblegum shit, but there's no way I would ever go out with a short nerd like him, even if he is kinda cute.*

The feeling of curiosity refused to go away, however, despite her resolve. In fact, it continued to grow stronger inside her the more she tried to ignore it, and it wasn't long before the urge to know about Max's Perfect Girlfriend was more than even Ann could resist.

Her mouth opened of its own accord, but she told herself that her desire to know was just so that she could use the information against him later. There was no way that someone like her would ever legitimately *want* to know what someone like Max found attractive in women. Even so, she felt the words spilling out.

"Hey, uh, Max, what do you look for in a girl?"

Max was immediately suspicious of the question, but he finally decided that even if this was some sort of trick, he had put up with enough of Ann's shit for one day.

"Well, I like them to not be a stuck-up bitch, for one," he said matter-of-factly, not even bothering to turn toward Ann as he responded. He went back to work and tried not to think about how this was going to come back to bite him in the ass later.

That makes sense, Ann thought to herself. *Nobody would be interested in a stuck-up bitch*. She found herself wondering whether *she* were a stuck-up bitch, though she told herself that she was only interested in the question intellectually. It had nothing to do with Max.

She quickly concluded that, no, of *course* she wasn't a bitch. She was just fully aware that she was better than other people, and was self-confident and honest enough to let them know it.

Still, it was possible that Max had misunderstood her, and that he *mistakenly* interpreted her natural superiority as bitchiness. Inexplicably, the thought chilled Ann. All of a sudden it seemed oddly important to her that Max knew that she wasn't really a stuck-up bitch.

Well, she had plenty of experience playing nice to get what she wanted, so that shouldn't be much of a problem.

"Hey Max, um, can I help you with the project?" Ann asked sweetly. She stood up and walked back over to the computer, past the Perfect Girlfriend Juice still sitting on the coffee table.

Ann pulled up a chair next to Max once again, trying to hide her disgust at the smell of the sweat drying on his body. Once she'd played nice for a while and had him wrapped around her little finger, she'd have to do something about his hygiene.

Max did a mental double-take at the tall blonde's unexpected offer to help with the project, but he made sure not to let his surprise show. He knew that there was no way that Ann genuinely wanted to help, but until he figured out what her game was, there wasn't really a reason to say no. So, he briefly caught her up on his initial research, and she sat beside him listening attentively, and when he asked her to take notes, she did so without complaint.

As the two worked, Max once again appreciated the sweet scent of Ann's body, but he soon noticed that she was still leaning away from him in her chair slightly, ostensibly due to his own smell. Once again Max felt the burn of self-conscious embarrassment at still wearing his sweaty gym clothes. Maybe that was her angle – maybe she was being nice and helpful so that she could subtly make him feel worse about smelling bad.

Max experienced a brief flash of indignant anger at that thought. No, *Ann* was the one who had shown up unannounced, so if she's uncomfortable with it, that's on her.

In the meantime, Ann was surprised to discover just how good it felt to be nice to Max. It gave her an addictive, almost sexual thrill, and it wasn't long before she was smiling and flirting at her partner in spite of his smell. *Soon I'll have him right where I want him*, she told herself, though she wasn't quite sure what she meant by that. She didn't notice that her behavior was feeling more natural by the second. The bubblegum tingle had almost completely disappeared from her tongue.

Max was enjoying the attention in spite of himself, but he was growing increasingly suspicious as well. *Wow, when she turns on the charm, she's practically a different person*, he thought to himself. *This must be why the professors are so willing to give her good grades*. He felt a fresh burst of indignation at the unfairness of it all, but he couldn't deny that the project was going much more smoothly now that Ann had begun inexplicably being nice to him, and he was determined to get as much out of it as he could, regardless of the consequences later.

Even so, the question of *why* Ann was suddenly being nice to him continued to rattle around his head. He couldn't see any way that her current behavior would lead to any benefit for her. He could understand flirting with him as some sort of leverage in lieu of helping with the project, but she was being nice to him *and* helping with the project.

Beside him, Ann was grappling with her own private battle. Now that she'd settled into a rhythm of being nice and helpful to Max to prove that she wasn't a stuck-up bitch, she'd noticed that insatiable curiosity to know more about Max's Perfect Girlfriend growing inside her once again. And, once again, she stubbornly refused to do anything about it.

She was too good for Max, too good for this stupid Juice, and she refused to lower herself to acknowledging what was happening, much less do something beneath her like running away, or worse, asking Max of all people for help.

Still, Ann couldn't deny that Max's looks and stature weren't as bad as she'd originally thought. In fact, now that she thought about it, he was pretty close to being her type. His shortness no longer bothered her; that just made him cuter. His low social status was oddly endearing. Plus, by this point she'd noticed the surprising amount of muscle under his workout clothes, and couldn't deny her physical reaction to the sight. If only he didn't *smell* so bad! She found herself wondering if he had a girlfriend, one who wasn't a stuck-up bitch, and this time the voice inside her head telling her how much better she was than him remained silent.

Maybe I can get Max to make me his Girlfriend, she thought idly to herself as her still-growing need to become whatever Max wanted continued to pulse through her body. That thought was too much, however – the Juice had pushed too far too fast, and the sheer outlandishness of the idea shocked her back to reality and made her take stock of her situation.

She was thinking *fondly* of an unpopular loser like Max, of all things! Worse, she was *flirting* with him! Unironically, even! But the worst part was how she was finding it increasingly difficult to even be grossed out by that thought!

Ann could no longer deny that the Juice was affecting her, regardless of whether she thought that it *should* be able to affect her. It occurred to Ann that she should have run away when she had the chance, as soon as she'd felt the Juice's effects, but she'd been too conceited to escape, or to even plan any countermeasures at all.

Now it was too late - her mind was all fucked up, and it was unthinkable to leave Max before she'd learned more about what he liked in a woman, so that the Juice could involuntarily force her to take on those qualities herself.

The Juice apparently didn't realize how much better Ann was than Max (*Am I really, though?*), or if it did, it just didn't care. Ann had been wrong about the Juice not being able to force someone like her down to Max's level – it was quickly becoming very clear that it was quite capable of having its way with her, and with the way she was already thinking about Max, it was also becoming clear that she wasn't strong enough to resist. Perversely, the stuck-up blonde was even beginning to look forward to her debasement, and couldn't wait to see how Max changed her next.

Her curiosity had become too strong to ignore. *I should have run away.* She was already opening her mouth again, could feel her thin, severe lips forming the words.

"So, what do you find attractive in a girl, like, physically?" There it was. The sound waves had left her mouth now, and there was no way to call them back.

Max's glance over at Ann was full of suspicion, but her blue eyes were wide with what appeared to be naive curiosity.

Well, if all of this is a ploy, and I'm going to regret it later anyway, I might as well strike first.

"Well, I'm *definitely* not attracted to tall blondes that are flat as a board!" Max said pointedly, and Ann again felt cold shock flow through her. *He doesn't think I'm attractive!* She hated how much that thought bothered her, but Max hadn't finished yet.

"I like short girls with big tits and even bigger asses," Max said, staring the tall, spoiled brat straight in the eye.

How typical, Ann thought to herself, glad to see that she could still feel a small measure of disgust at just how basic the horny loser's sexual tastes were.

Still, as the Juice continued to pound in her head, Ann couldn't deny that Max was making at least a bit of sense. In her weaker moments she'd often stood in front of the mirror, wishing that she wasn't quite so flat, hoping that her tits would grow a cup size or two, and that her ass would fill out her black workout tights a bit better. And even though she'd always loved how tall she was, she couldn't deny that it severely limited her dating options, and it had occurred to her once or twice to wish that she was a *bit* shorter.

Ann hadn't noticed yet, but the Juice had already begun to change her. Even as her tits perked up and her ass began to swell, Ann found herself thinking that it wouldn't be so bad to change just a little, to lose a couple inches in height, and to grow some tits and ass that a boyfriend could *really* wrap his hands around. Not *too* much though; she didn't want to reward Max's pervy desires.

The two got back to work. Max pointedly ignored their previous exchange, and Ann was preoccupied with thoughts of how great it would be to be shorter, bustier, and thicker. In fact, the more she thought about it, the more it almost felt like her body was willing Max's preferences to become reality. She could swear that the chair felt more comfortable, as though she were sitting on a slightly thicker cushion. Similarly, it seemed like her tits suddenly felt heavier, and that they protruded further into her vision than she remembered. She'd never

lower herself to grabbing her tits in front of someone like Max, but she couldn't help but glance down and confirm that her chest was indeed larger.

Her body seized up with panic. Not only was the Juice invading her mind – it was changing her body as well, causing her to grow big tits and a fat ass like some basic slut! At the same time, however, a small but growing part of Ann urged her transformation to continue. She *wanted* Max to be sexually attracted to her, so that she could become his Perfect Girlfriend and let him take her any way he pleased.

Max caught the slight stiffening of the girl's body out of the corner of his eye, and briefly followed her gaze down to her chest. He let his eyes linger for a second, taking in the small but pleasing curve of Ann's breasts.

As focused on Max as Ann was at the moment, she couldn't help but notice him glancing at her tits, and found herself sticking her chest out a bit in response. She really wanted Max to like her tits and ass. She didn't *want* to want Max to like them, but she did anyway.

Meanwhile, Max was just confused. He was sure that he wasn't attracted to Ann, but something about her figure was now really catching his attention, making his eyes want to roam over the tall blonde's body in a way that they hadn't before. If anything, Ann looked... fuller than she had before, and in all the right ways. Maybe it was just the way she was sitting.

Still, the indentions of her tits seemed significantly larger against her tight white t-shirt, and even though he hadn't moved the chairs, he could now feel Ann's hip and thigh gently pressing against his own.

It also occurred to him how much nicer Ann had been to him for the past twenty minutes or so. Inexplicably nice, but with no apparent way to use that to take advantage of him. Heck, she'd legitimately *helped* him, and had even come up with a few good ideas that hadn't occurred to him.

...And it had all started after she drank the Perfect Girlfriend Juice.

No way. That's not possible, Max thought to himself. Still, the coincidence was uncanny. Ann had asked him what he looked for in a woman after drinking it, and as soon as he had specified not being a stuck-up bitch, Ann had immediately started being nicer to him. And then after he'd said he liked short, busty girls with thick asses, suddenly Ann seemed noticeably bustier and thicker than she had before.

He looked over at Ann again, this time noticing that Ann's head wasn't towering over his like it usually did. Her eyes were even with his own. If anything, Ann might be an inch or two *shorter* than he was.

This isn't possible, he thought to himself again. But, while there were plenty of explanations for Ann's odd behavior, there really wasn't any rational way to account for her physical changes, which were becoming more and more noticeable to both partners by the minute.

The only rational conclusion was that the snooty bitch had *really* fucked herself over with her selfish behavior this time, and karma had caught up with her. The Perfect Girlfriend Juice was somehow changing Ann's behavior, and even her *body*, based on what he said. Well, there was an easy way to test this hypothesis, but should he say something minor that wasn't likely to get him into trouble, or should he go for something major to make sure that he'd be able to tell if it worked?

Oh what the hell, Max thought to himself. If this backfired he could just play it off somehow, though if this was a setup he knew Ann would make him pay once her game became clear.

"Hey Ann, you should know that I like my women to be subservient. They should obey my orders without hesitation."

What?? Ann cringed with disgust even as pleasure coursed through her thickening body at having discovered something new about Max, in spite of the fact that that knowledge was the last thing she'd wanted to hear. *I'd never let myself be humiliated like that*, she told herself firmly, but by this point she knew how helpless she was to resist the Juice's effects, and she just sat there in horror, terrified at the thought that she could be made submissive and obedient to someone like Max even as the Juice went to work incorporating this newest piece of info into the stuck-up blonde's psyche.

Inevitably, Ann began to consider what it might feel like to be told to do something, to be given an order by someone. She obviously wouldn't obey – no self-respecting woman would ever stoop to that sort of demeaning behavior – but she couldn't deny that she was finding the idea of being ordered to do something by Max oddly intriguing.

Maybe it would be fun to match wills with him, she told herself to justify her feelings, all while her ass unconsciously swelled a bit larger under her tight black leggings. Resisting one of Max's orders while under Perfect Girlfriend Juice's effects would be a worthy challenge for someone like her, and it would give her an opportunity to demonstrate her superiority. Heck, by this point Ann almost *wanted* Max to tell her to do something.

In the meantime, Max was watching Ann's face closely to gauge her response to his statement, and he saw her expression change from disgust, to curiosity, to determined hunger. Her eyebrows furrowed, and Max decided that now was the time to strike.

"Stand up!"

The command came out of the blue, catching Ann completely off-guard in her musings. The time for detached introspection was past – she was now confronted with the real thing. An actual order. From Max. Her stomach began to flutter, and she told herself that it was just excitement, and definitely not arousal.

Initially, Ann remained seated, meeting Max's stare with defiance, but then it occurred to her that she could obey him this once, let him think he'd won this round, and then he'd be all the more surprised when she threw his next command back in his face.

Now that she was considering standing up, however, she was surprised at just how much she wanted to, how satisfying it felt to let her legs naturally unbend themselves. Before Ann realized what was happening she had already reached her full, rapidly-shortening stature, and her knees went weak with submissive pleasure at having given in so easily.

Uh-oh. The Perfect Girlfriend Juice was affecting her entirely too quickly now. Her delusions of her own grandeur were once again shattered; Ann could feel the idea of being made subservient to Max becoming more and more appealing, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

Max was surprised at just how much shorter and thicker Ann was when she stood up. It was quite the improvement. He noted the defiant look in her eyes at first, but he also saw the look of rapture on her face once she'd obeyed him, followed by panic. *Perfect.*

He quickly looked around the room for something else to order her to do. His glance fell on the small pile of old gym clothes on his living room chair, and he remembered Ann's exaggerated response to his post-workout smell. Yes, that would do nicely.

"Ann, I think I'm going to let you take over this project while I watch you work, so go clear those clothes off my chair!"

Now that she knew how good it felt to obey, Ann immediately felt her body begin to move in response to his order. Still, the thought of touching Max's dirty workout clothes was gross enough that she found the strength to resist a bit. "Are you sure, Max? They probably stink as badly as you do, so I really don't want to touch them..." Her asscheeks jiggled as she continued to drift toward the chair anyway.

"Ann, let me tell you some more about what I want." He smirked as she immediately fell silent and her ears perked up. "I don't want you to think that I stink. Actually, scratch that – I don't really care if you think that I stink. But, either way, I want the smell of my sweat to act like a potent aphrodisiac to you."

He could feel himself getting turned on at the idea, and the sight of the plump ass filling out Ann's tights made his decision for him. "In fact, I want you to have a supernaturally strong sense of smell, and I want you to be *obsessed* with the scent of my body, especially the smell of my sweaty cock and balls. The more you smell my scent, the hornier you get."

This was a fate worse than anything Ann could have imagined, but there was nothing she could do to stop it. She was too deep in the throes of the Juice by now, her chance to resist or run away long gone, thrown away by her own stubbornness, and so she just stood there frozen in horror as Max's wish became her new reality.

Ann soon noticed that she'd begun focusing on the tang of Max's stale sweat that was thick in her nostrils from working beside him for so long. She could still smell the stink of it, but she could also tell that something was different now. Something was different about *her*. All of a sudden, Ann was able to detect subtle notes in Max's odor that she hadn't been aware of

before, and, even worse, she was slowly finding them all more and more appealing. The flash of arousal she'd initially received from obeying his orders was starting to grow stronger, and as much as Ann hated it, she couldn't deny that something about Max's stench suddenly seemed specifically designed to make her thickening body feel all warm and tingly.

Her speed and enthusiasm increased as she moved to clear the clothes off Max's chair like he'd asked her to, eager to get more of that fascinating stench into her nostrils, and the tattered remnants of her pride were barely enough to keep her from holding his sweaty workout shorts up to her nose and breathing deeply as she did so. Even so, she could still smell the stale musk emanating from them, and the fact that so much crotch sweat was mingled in the scent only strengthened the pleasant tingle that had started up between Ann's thickening thighs, exacerbated even further by the fact that she had obeyed another of Max's commands.

Ann returned to stand submissively by Max's side now that she'd accomplished his task for her, and she found herself slowly leaning over and down toward Max's seated body to fill her nose with more of his addictive musk, growing more pleasantly tingly as she did so.

By this point Ann could feel her mouth beginning to water, and she knew that it was due to the faint odors wafting up from Max's crotch, mingling delightfully with the powerful stink of his sweat, and Ann suddenly found herself resisting an urge to bring her face even closer to Max's sweaty, musky cock and balls. She stared down at his gym shorts, imagining what they hid and wondering how much longer she'd have to wait before he let her bury her face in his pungent, arousing crotch.

Everything was moving so fast, and Ann knew that she was in danger of spiraling out of control completely. She tried to tell herself that once Max was fully wrapped around her little finger he would let her sniff his cock and balls as much as she wanted, but that damnable subservience had sneakily integrated itself into her personality, and the thought of manipulating Max in any way suddenly seemed... wrong. Ann squirmed through another stronger burst of arousal as she realized that *she* was the one who deserved to be manipulated, to be *commanded*. It was just part of who she was now. She had no more influence over her new identity than she did over her short, curvy figure.

Max just sat there and watched what was left of the tall, spoiled bitch eye his body hungrily, panting with arousal as she grew more and more addicted to his scent. Ann's large breasts were now clearly outlined against her tight white t-shirt, and her leggings had bunched up around her ankles now that they were far too long for her diminutive stature. The tight, black fabric was practically painted on her best new feature: her huge, round ass.

By this point Ann was salivating over Max's arousing scent, and her growing desire for subservience hastened the inevitable. Her lips opened once more, but this time she found herself exulting in her surrender and impending debasement. She squeezed her thick, horny thighs together.

"Max, may I please sniff your cock and balls."

Max leaned back in his chair, teasing Ann with his visible bulge as he smiled evilly up at her and pretended to consider her request.

“Hmm, I think you’re going to have to earn it. Since you’re the one who thinks my place is such a dump, I think you should be the one responsible for doing something about it. In fact, since you clearly want to serve me so badly” – *God yes I do!*, thought Ann – “I think you should just be my maid.”

Ann’s head snapped back in initial surprise, but now that his words were in her head, she found herself forced to consider them. Her ability to resist had almost completely eroded by this point, and, with her new, deep-seated desire to submit and serve, Ann found that becoming Max’s maid felt like a natural and welcome evolution of her own current inclinations.

In fact, the more she thought about it, the more certain she was that this was her place. She was Max’s maid, and she was also completely addicted to the arousing scent of her boss’s sexy body.

Ann finally relaxed, delighted at her newfound sense of purpose, but then she realized that she was still bending over Max’s body, and she was immediately appalled by her unseemly behavior. What was she doing standing over her boss like this, greedily filling her nose with his scent when she should be busy serving him?? An unfamiliar feeling of utter shame filled her once-proud mind, and Ann was compelled to move away from his body’s musk so she could do her job.

As she looked for something to clean, she realized that Max’s place was actually really neat and tidy; she’d just been so eager to belittle him that she hadn’t noticed. *God I was such a bitch!* the short hottie thought to herself, horrified at the way she’d treated her alluring employer.

Still, she had to do *something*, so she opened a cupboard and was happy to discover a long-abandoned feather duster inside. She inexpertly ran the feathers over a countertop, and all the while her juicy, puffy new pussy pulsed with arousal, both from her body’s involuntary response to Max’s odor, and from the stereotype of submissive servitude her choice of instrument would convey to her boss. Her superpowered nose continued to detect tiny hints of Max’s scent, and she unconsciously drifted over to dust the desk beside him.

Max sat at his computer as he watched her clean, admiring her body as she leaned over him, her big tits and glorious thick ass just inches from his face, and his hands twitched with his desire to grab and *squeeze* his new maid’s generous curves. The Juice had done a great job on Ann, and she’d continued to get shorter and thicker, finally ending at around 5’5” with a perfect hourglass figure.

The stuck-up bitch’s short, stacked body was practically designed to get Max hard by this point, and as he watched Ann mechanically bend and contort her body while she cleaned his apartment, he decided to take things to the next level.

“Ann, honey, your cleaning is terrible, but I realize that’s because you’ve never worked a day in your life. Anyway, I think you’ve missed the point of this whole charade.”

Ann felt her ears perk up again in spite of herself.

“I want you to be my sexy maid!”

Ann flushed with excitement as she digested his words. This was exactly what she wanted! *Wasn’t it?* Now she’d be forced to use her body to make Max want to fuck her, which just made it all the more likely that she could finally get her nose on his cock. Ann’s wide hips began to sway as she bounced around the room, and her movements began to explore all of the new, unfamiliar ways that she could make her body jiggle enticingly. She made sure to bend over at the waist more often, knowing that Max’s eyes couldn’t help but be glued to her swollen ass.

Her cleaning still sucked, of course, but watching her curvy body wiggle with her exaggerated, flirtatious antics soon brought Max to a throbbing full mast. He turned his chair toward her to watch her work more closely, spreading his legs to advertise his erection.

Ann quickly noticed Max’s bulge twitching against his tight gym shorts and began to work her way around the room toward it. His hard cock had become a magnetic pole: even with her eyes closed, her sensitive nose could now effortlessly orient herself relative to it, and the tiny part of Ann’s original personality remaining to her hated how badly she wanted to fill her nose with its pure, concentrated stink.

As she sank to her knees in front of him, ostensibly to dust the coffee table, Ann knew that her time had come. She turned her body toward his and looked up at him from between his legs, already feeling a bit giddy from the powerful fumes wafting off his crotch, just a few short inches away.

“Now may I please sniff your cock and balls, Sir?”

Max ignored her question, and instead gave her Juice-addled mind another potent suggestion.

“Actually, since you’re my servant and maid now, Ann, I think I’d prefer for you to call me ‘Master’.”

At this point in her transformation Ann was much less surprised by this new development than she thought she’d be, and the Juice effortlessly incorporated this most recent insight from her Master into her personality. She asked again, eyes appropriately downcast as befitted her subservient station.

“Please may I sniff your cock and balls, *Master?*”

Max grinned in satisfaction and leaned back in the chair with his arms behind his head. “Ann, if a spoiled rich girl like you *really* wants to stick her nose in my smelly crotch, who am I to refuse her? Help yourself, just like you helped yourself to my Perfect Girlfriend Juice.” The thick lump in Max’s shorts twitched with anticipation.

Now that she'd finally been given permission, Ann couldn't resist any longer. She reverently pulled down Max's athletic shorts, abandoning all pretense in the face of her overpowering need to smell his cock and balls. Max's naked shaft finally bounced into view, and Ann eagerly bent over his crotch, resting her large, soft tits on Max's leg as her nose finally made contact with his member, sniffing and nuzzling, trying to coat her sensitive olfactory neurons with as much of Max's pungent odor as she could.

Just as he had said she would, Ann *loved* Max's ball-stink, loved how it completely enveloped her head in a thick cloud of delightful tang. As Ann continued to suck in as much of his scent as she could, Max's other suggestion asserted itself, and Ann suddenly felt her arousal growing by leaps and bounds in response to filling her nose with the pure musk of Max's sweaty balls. But it wasn't like she could stop, so she just got hornier and hornier.

Ann knew that the frantic motion of her smooth face against his crotch was stimulating Max's sensitive cock, but if anything that just felt like a bonus in light of her new desire to serve her Master, and so as her own arousal grew, Ann tried to make sure that rubbing her soft skin against Max's large cock and balls gave him as much pleasure as it could without interfering with her enjoyment of his male perfume.

Max was in heaven, but as good as it felt to have the snooty bitch rubbing her face all over his sweaty cock like this, he wanted more. It was time to put Ann's mouth to work.

"I'm sure that eating high-class food at expensive restaurants all of the time has also given you a refined palate, able to detect even the most subtle nuances of flavor."

Ann immediately recognized where he was going with this, but even so, she felt the memories of all of the rare, delicious dishes she'd had throughout her life rushing back into her head, and as they did so, she found a new understanding of what made those flavor combinations so decadent. Of course, Max didn't stop there.

"I want you to use all of that privileged knowledge and refinement to realize that my cock tastes better than anything you've ever had in your mouth before. I want you to *crave* the taste of my cock, and so I also want those thin lips of yours to swell up into thick, luscious cocksuckers."

Ann just kept sniffing, knowing that there was nothing she could do to stop her change now that Max had finished speaking. And, sure enough, she soon found herself growing curious about whether Max's cock tasted as good as it smelled. Her lips began to feel swollen and puffy, and she moistened them with her tongue as she began to salivate once again.

Ann's craving for Max's dick quickly became too much to resist, and so she allowed herself to envelop the tip with her soft new lips, immediately appreciating the strong, salty taste of Max's sweat as her pussy gushed in response. She took her time exploring her new delicacy, luxuriously running her refined tongue up Max's shaft, savoring the delicious flavors as her

textured taste buds stimulated him. It was true: her favorite flavor was now without a doubt Max's cock.

Driven by her need for more, Ann took as much of his thick manhood as she could into her mouth and began to slurp; she was a gourmande, sucking all of the tasty juices right off the boner. Her sensitive nose was buried in Max's pubes, and all of the musky scents and flavors blended together, threatening to overwhelm her with the most wonderful sensory extravaganza she'd ever experienced.

Being exposed to his scent like this meant, of course, that Ann was constantly growing hornier and hornier the entire time, and by this point she was almost out of her mind with her own sexual need. Her pussy was soaked and clenching on its emptiness, demanding attention.

She pulled off his cock briefly.

"Master?"

"Yes, Slave Maid Ann?"

"I love that you've made my body get more and more aroused when exposed to your delightful odor, because your sexy Slave Maid loves feeling horny and ready for service whenever she's around you. But, the sensation eventually becomes... uncomfortable, and my body is starting to need relief, Sir."

Max sat back and appreciated the stark contrast between the snobby, stuck-up rich girl he'd had to deal with all semester, and the busty, subservient maid on her knees before him, quivering with sexual need at the scent of his body.

"I wouldn't presume to ask that my Master service me in any way, of course, as that would be beneath Your station, but may I at least pleasure myself? I must confess my own weakness and admit that my growing horniness is starting to distract me from fully appreciating Your arousing flavors."

Before even hearing his answer Ann immediately went back to pumping, licking, and sucking, still growing hornier by the second as Max enjoyed the slick sensations of his blowjob and considered her request. While the idea of making her suffer did hold some appeal, the total acceptance of her subservience in her voice eventually won him over, and Max smiled as he spotted the cheap plastic feather duster placed neatly on the coffee table beside her.

"Yes, Slave Maid, you may pleasure yourself with your feather duster while you continue to service me, but this is only to take the edge off your need, and under no circumstances are you to allow yourself to cum."

"Yes, Master."

A few seconds later, Max leaned back in his computer chair in satisfaction, admiring the way his new maid's back widened into her bouncing bubble butt while she slobbered his knob. He could see the feather duster wiggling behind Ann's thick ass like a tail as she worked the thin plastic in and out of her needy pussy.

Ann's blue eyes were staring up at him from underneath her blonde bangs as her pillowy lips bobbed on his cock, and Max felt himself getting closer and closer to cumming. This was almost perfect, but Max could think of a few immediate improvements.

"Slave Maid, I'm enjoying your cocksucking lips, but I want your face to have a sexier appearance overall, with bright green eyes, longer eyelashes, and tastefully slutty makeup once you get the chance to apply some. Also, I want you to have long, black hair with braided pigtails so I'll have something to hold onto while I fuck your face."

"Yeth, Mathther," Ann moaned, eager to change however she could to suit Max's desires.

Within minutes Max noticed her hair darkening and lengthening, twining around itself as her luscious locks grew out into long black tails, and when he glanced back at her face he was startled by the deep, emerald green eyes staring submissively up at him, framed by long, dark lashes.

The sight was almost more than Max could take, and now that everything was perfect, he decided to allow himself to cum. He reached around Ann's body to grab a big handful of her huge, round ass, focused his gaze on her beautiful face as her wide eyes stared up into his, and let the sensations coming from his cock cause his arousal to boil over.

Slave Maid Ann's eyes widened in delight as her Master's cum began gushing into her mouth. It tasted amazing – a perfect, creamy dessert after a strong, musky, savory meal.

Then, with Max's cock stuck as far down her throat as the feather duster was up her pussy, Ann's Juice-infused consciousness latched onto the fact that her Master was talking again.

"Slave Maid, I want you to love me, and to love what I've done to you."

The emerald-eyed beauty slowly closed her eyes in acceptance as she continued to appreciate the exquisite flavor of her Master's cum in her mouth, and then she felt her lust for her science project partner blossoming into a deep, worshipful love. Slave Maid Ann bowed her head in submissive thanks for what Max had done to her.

"Now clean me up, and then get back to work. This place needs to be spotless so that you can finish up our science paper."

"Yes, Master." Ann lovingly cleaned his cock and balls with her tongue, getting as much of Max's taste and scent into her as she could until she was compelled to tear herself away from him and get back to her cleaning duties. These she accomplished as sexily as possible, taking every opportunity to show off her ass so that her Master would want her to service him again as soon as possible.

Max leisurely stroked his cock as he watched his short maid's curves and long, black braids jiggle around the apartment for the next hour or so, and once he felt she'd gotten enough work done, he called her back over to take a brief break, during which he benevolently allowed her to bury her face in his crotch for a few minutes.

Of course, basking in the scent of Max's ball funk just turned Ann on again, and the sight and sensation of his sexy maid moaning with desire as she rubbed her face all over his cock soon convinced Max to let her blow him again, which Ann was more than happy to do.

Max sank his fingers into the dark, silky hair of Ann's braids, and as he watched his Perfect Slave Maid's juicy new ass bounce as she greedily bobbed her head up and down on his cock, it occurred to him that maybe group projects weren't so bad after all.

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 three 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!