

PERFECT GIRLFRIEND JUICE

by Fidget



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Chapter 8: Don't knock it 'til you try it! (Part 1)

Naomi rolled her eyes as she was briefly forced to move off the sidewalk and into the road to allow the couple to pass. The girl's breasts were so massive that they stuck out past the sides of her body: two jiggly spheres taking up the majority of the walking space by themselves, with the remainder being filled by the guy she was inseparably latched onto.

It shouldn't be possible to have proportions like that, especially real ones, but in the era of Perfect Girlfriend Juice minor details like the laws of physics didn't seem to matter anymore. The girl shamelessly rubbed herself up and down her partner's torso, her perfectly made-up face equal parts vapid and horny as she stared dreamily up at him. As Naomi moved to step back onto the sidewalk once the couple had passed, she saw the guy not-so-subtly reach over to grab a thick handful of his slutty bimbo's bulbous breast, and once they had passed she heard the girl let out a moan, followed by a high-pitched giggle and a hyper-feminine voice cooing, "Oh god, Colton, I can't wait to get back to your dorm so I can suck your cock!"

Naomi clapped her hands over her ears in disgust, not wanting to hear any more from this girl who had once had hopes and aspirations before a malicious energy drink had reduced her to nothing more than a man's slutty sex-pet. Naomi turned right and headed up the street to the dining hall, where she was supposed to meet her friend Leslie for lunch.

Only a few dozen women on campus had the misfortune of drinking the Juice since it appeared out of nowhere a few weeks before, and so when Leslie appeared Naomi still felt her jaw dropping at just how much her friend had changed under its effects.

Leslie's hair was now a long, sleek, deep black, and it always seemed to be perfectly styled no matter the occasion. It framed a face that had become pale and sweet, somehow cute and elegant and sexy all at the same time, with deep red lips that tempted even Naomi to lean over and plant a kiss on them from time to time. Her body, which had always been pretty average, was now the perfect balance of toned muscle and soft, come-hither curves. Her butt was pert and bubbly in her tight shorts, and her *breasts*... Leslie's breasts had exploded into double Ds, big and plump and perky and jiggly and shown off to perfection by her tight, lowcut top. Naomi knew that every single guy who saw her couldn't help but imagine how good it would feel to fuck her, and probably most of the women too. It just wasn't fair!

Naomi knew that she herself was no slouch in the looks department either, with her tall, leggy figure, cute features, and plump B-cups, but realistically it was impossible for her to hold a candle to Leslie and the supernaturally gorgeous body Perfect Girlfriend Juice had cursed her with.

But it wasn't just her looks: Naomi had always been the more intelligent of the two friends, but now, thanks to Dan's apparent preference for smarter women, she now found herself outclassed by Leslie there as well. The raven bombshell had gone from a middling B student to the top of the class practically overnight.

If those had been the only consequences, of course, Naomi would have been able to accept it. Heck, she would have been happy for her friend's good fortune. Unfortunately, however, the intelligence Dan had given her had also improved her social and conversational skills as well. This new Leslie was downright *witty*, for God's sake, and Naomi was finding herself having trouble keeping up with her, which had never been the case before. *She* had always been the one dominating their conversations, the one in charge as they navigated their college's cliques and flirted with guys. Leslie had always been her trusty sidekick, but now, thanks to Perfect Girlfriend Juice, that dynamic was beginning to reverse itself, and Naomi could practically *feel* herself letting her friend with the body of a goddess and the big, plump breasts that put her own to shame take the lead more and more often in their social interactions. Even worse, they couldn't even flirt with guys together anymore, because of Leslie's silly, artificial fixation on Dan.

Everything always came back to Dan. Naomi had even begun feeling like a third wheel at their daily lunch hangouts now that Leslie insisted on bringing Dan along, because whenever he was present the busty sex kitten flirted with him constantly and shamelessly. Naomi knew it wasn't Dan's fault - he'd had no idea what the Perfect Girlfriend Juice would do to Leslie when he had given it to her, of course - but even so Naomi couldn't help resenting him, just a little.

Today seemed to be no different, with Leslie's disconcertingly, almost painfully attractive features lighting up when she spotted Naomi and waved her over to sit across from Dan at the table.

Naomi steeled herself as she headed over, and then sat down and greeted her friends.

After some small talk during which Naomi tried to ignore Leslie and Dan playing with each other's horny bodies under the table, she told them about the monstrous proportions of the girl she had seen that morning, and the audacity the couple had shown in taking up the entire sidewalk.

Leslie scrunched up her perfect features in a sympathetic grimace. "Poor girl. I hope he at least makes her happy, if he's gonna go and do something like that to her."

"She could have at least given me a bit more room on the sidewalk though," Naomi insisted petulantly.

"From the way you described her, it sounds like she probably couldn't have even if she'd tried," Leslie responded, thinking about how hard her life would be if Dan had wanted *her* boobs that big. Not that she'd have minded, of course, as long as it made Dan happy. "I'm just glad I got as lucky as I did after my own accidental dosing," she continued, sinking against her man's body and loving the way her figure seemed to perfectly mold against his.

"I'll say!" Dan joked as he put his arm around his impossibly hot girlfriend, wincing a bit as she pointedly jabbed an elbow into his side. He took the opportunity to help himself to a subtle grope of her ample sideboob, however, before she swatted his hand away playfully and refocused her attention on Naomi.

The exchange appeared to be the usual banter between a happy couple, but the thick nipples that suddenly pressed themselves through the thin fabric of Leslie's tasteful-yet-slutty top betrayed just how turned on that simple touch had made her transformed body. She bit her plump, ruby lip and leaned herself even further into Dan's embrace.

Naomi felt her frustration rising again at the juxtaposition of Leslie's impossible curves and Dan's decent but clearly outclassed physique, and it wasn't long before it bubbled over. "See?! That's what I mean!" she yelled. "You're only acting like this because of Dan and that stupid Juice! He's completely changed who you are, and you're obsessed with him even though you're totally out of his league!"

"Hey!" Leslie said. She knew where her friend's frustration was coming from, having noticed the shift in their dynamics even before Naomi had, but attacking her beloved boyfriend like this was going too far. "It's not like we can help it, and it's not like Dan *meant* to dose me with the Juice!"

"I know, Leslie," Naomi sighed. "It's just so *demeaning* for women like you to let yourselves act like this!"

"I guess," Leslie said, though she didn't feel demeaned at all as she discreetly stroked the inside of her man's thigh under the table, letting her fingers brush against his cock through his jeans. Color rose in her perfect cheeks and she tried to resist the urge to bite her lip again. "I'm not really *letting* myself act like anything though - this is just who I am now, and, at least in my case, I'd say that there have been some pretty big benefits to my transformation."

Leslie let her eyes drop to the plump breasts hanging from her chest and looked pointedly at Naomi. Her friend had a great body too, of course, tall and leggy and athletic, but Leslie knew that even though Naomi had nothing to be ashamed of, she couldn't help but feel inadequate next to the new Leslie, especially now with their shifting relationship dynamics as well.

"Of course you'd think that!" Naomi shot back. "I'm sure you can't help but love looking like Dan's adolescent fantasy girl, just like I'm sure that girl back there loves the fact that she can't walk through doors without turning sideways first."

"You should be a bit more sympathetic, Naomi. These women don't have a choice, me included, and yet you're looking down on us instead of being supportive!"

"You don't seem to need me to be very supportive - you seem to be doing just fine on your own."

"Look, Naomi, I'm sorry you're jealous - I really am - but I *like* who I am now! And I like that I'm in love with Dan! He's kind, treats me wonderfully, and satisfies me in bed in ways I didn't even know was possible." Naomi's face turned bright pink, and Leslie couldn't decide whether it was due to embarrassment or jealousy.

"I suppose we're just not going to see eye to eye on this," Leslie finally said after a minute of uncomfortable silence.

"That's because you've let Dan turn you into a supermodel bimbo who can't think straight!" Naomi spat, still clearly mad about the whole situation. "It's like you're hardly even a real woman anymore! You'd never see me fawning over some guy like that, Perfect Girlfriend Juice or not! Especially not a loser like Dan!"

"Don't be so sure," Leslie said gently. "The Juice can be pretty persuasive." She went back to clandestinely stroking Dan's dick under the table, already looking forward to some alone time where she could use her perfect body to convince him to stick that monster inside of her and *cum*.

"Well maybe I'm not feeling very persuadeable!" Naomi abruptly stood up from the table, and stomped off in a huff.

"We'll see about that," Leslie muttered under her breath, before turning to Dan as an impulsive and admittedly horrible idea occurred to her. She batted her long lashes at her boyfriend and picked up the pace between his legs, focusing a manicured finger on the spot she knew drove him crazy. Dan let out a low moan and his eyes began to glaze over. "Honey, what did you say you did with those other cans of Perfect Girlfriend Juice? Do you think I could borrow one?"

Dan was well aware that he probably shouldn't, but Leslie always knew exactly what to do to get him all hard and horny, and he didn't want the sensation to stop. That was doubly the case with her big breasts pressed against his torso like this - thanks to what he'd unthinkingly said to her the first night they were together, his Perfect Girlfriend's body always made him want to cum. He nodded helplessly, as Leslie had known he would, and the gentle fingertip gave him his reward, pressing ever-so-slightly harder against his frenulum through the rough fabric as Leslie's dexterous palm continued to massage his shaft, and they both moaned as Dan's cock began to surge beneath her hand and drench the inside of his pants with his gooey cum.

The amorous couple exited the dining hall a few minutes later, Leslie on her way to her next class, and Dan on the way back to their apartment to change his pants and to grab one of the cans of Perfect Girlfriend Juice that he'd hidden away so that no other women would have to go through what Leslie had.

The next day Naomi was still holding a grudge against Leslie for their argument, still feeling stubbornly justified in her reaction and resolving to not contact her sexy friend until she apologized.

After classes that morning Naomi made her way to a reserved room in the library, where she had a study date scheduled with her friend Ian to prepare for their upcoming mid-term exams. She arrived a few minutes early, and after dropping off her stuff, briefly went to the restroom while waiting for her nerdy friend to arrive.

When Naomi had first started hanging out with Ian, she'd made it crystal clear that their friendship was strictly platonic. Based on Ian's characteristic noncommittal shrug in response, it seemed that was fine with him, which was honestly what Naomi was expecting from the quiet, reserved young man. In the few months they'd been spending time together he'd never so much as hinted at making a move on her; still, it was clear that he enjoyed her company, and she enjoyed his as well, especially with of how safe she felt around him.

It wasn't that she found Ian unattractive - if anything, he was kinda cute, in a studious sort of way - but rather that she could never see herself being romantically interested in him. For one thing, he was quiet, and not very open with his emotions, and Naomi felt like she needed someone more sociable to match her own outgoing disposition. The nail in the coffin, though, was that Ian was *significantly* shorter than she was, and even with the hit that her self-image had taken as Leslie had grown bustier and sexier, she still knew that she was way out of his league.

Anyway, Ian arrived shortly afterward, and the two friend settled down to work.

A few minutes into the study session, Naomi pulled her name brand hydroflask out of the side pocket of her bag and took a sip, knowing how important it was to stay hydrated. Immediately, however, she wrenched her head back in surprise and disgust. Whatever was in her flask, it wasn't water - if anything, it tasted oddly like tangy bubblegum. A shiver passed through her tall body, and she began to feel a little... different.

Ian immediately looked up at Naomi's sudden movement, his eyes full of concern at the grimace on her face, and Naomi found herself strangely compelled to meet his gaze. As she stared into the warmth of Ian's kind, brown eyes, she was surprised to feel her stomach fluttering, just a bit. *He's worried about me - that's so sweet!*

Without meaning to, Naomi found her attention drifting to Ian's other features - his lean, slender body, and the cute shortness of his stature.

In the back of her mind, Naomi had immediately realized what had happened to her, based on her symptoms and Leslie's stories about when she'd first drunk the Juice. Naomi shook her head in panic, trying to clear the unwelcome but increasingly persuasive thoughts from her mind, but that growing feeling of infatuation and unease refused to go away. *How did this happen?* Had Ian somehow done this to her? That seemed so unlike him!

Regardless of her suspicions, as she had feared, the unease soon concentrated itself into a sharp inquisitiveness, boiling higher within her every second. She thought about running away, but knew that it was already too late, and that neither her growing curiosity nor her increasing desire to be in Ian's presence would let her leave.

Naomi suddenly realized that Ian was still looking at her oddly. She smiled in spite of herself as she gazed at him; he just looked so cute sitting there, sweetly concerned for her after the strangeness of her behavior the past few seconds.

She wanted to say something to comfort him, to put that reserved smile back on his face, but she already knew what would happen if she opened her mouth: she'd invariably ask him about his Perfect Girlfriend. It was unfair, but in the end that didn't matter. Contrary to her hasty assertions to Leslie the day before, the Juice's effects were overwhelming, intoxicating even, and she realized that she was starting to actively *want* to become whatever Ian wanted her to be.

Naomi gave in, knowing all too well that it was inevitable. She opened her mouth and spoke.

"Hey Ian, it's ok. I'm fine." *God he was cute!* You don't need to worry. I just ummm..." - Naomi's cheeks turned a bright shade of pink with a mixture of arousal, vulnerability, and embarrassment as she confessed her sudden, overwhelming crush on diminutive friend - "I was just curious about your taste in women. You know, what kind of girls you like?"

She waited eagerly, practically overflowing with anticipation even though she knew that whatever Ian said would change her body and mind permanently. Instead of responding, however, Naomi was surprised to see Ian's eyes grow wide with panic before he clamped his mouth tightly closed and fled the room without a single word.

Naomi immediately experienced an intense feeling of loss as he disappeared around the corner, and yelled, "Ian, wait!" as she tried to follow him. By the time she'd made it out of the room, Ian was already hurtling through the double doors at the front of the library and was gone, and Naomi was left feeling incredibly confused, abandoned, and frustrated.

That evening Naomi was back in her dorm room, taking stock of all that had happened that day. She constantly felt that powerful, instinctive draw toward Ian, and the butterflies in her stomach when she thought about his cute, nerdy face had only intensified over the course of the afternoon. The feeling filled her with an exciting, squirmy pleasure that she knew she should be resisting, but in spite of herself she found herself appreciating it more and more strongly as time went on.

Why had Ian run away? Guys were supposed to like it when girls came onto them, weren't they? Naomi had always heard that boys liked easy girls, and with the way she was feeling right now thanks to the Perfect Girlfriend Juice, Naomi wasn't sure that an easier girl had ever existed. Not only was she more than willing to do whatever Ian wanted, but she was growing

more and more eager to *become* whatever he wanted to boot, if he would only tell her what that was!

Maybe that was it - maybe she had just come on too strong for the taciturn target of her affections. Naomi decided that when she saw Ian the next day, she'd be sure to dial it back a bit. Surely that way she'd be able to get *some* sort of information out of him.

As soon as Naomi saw Ian the next day, however, her heart leapt in her chest, and it was all she could do to resist her urge to run across the quad, fling her arms down around his neck, and bury his face in her small bosom. *God* he was cute! She tried to keep her own face impassive to hide the elation she felt at being in her crush's presence again, hoping all the while that her expression looked normal, and not like the crazy person she felt she was becoming the longer she went without her curiosity being sated.

Ian saw her coming, and looked at her suspiciously as she approached. Naomi tried to walk casual.

"Oh, hey, Ian, how's it going," she asked awkwardly. "Sorry about yesterday. Things got a bit weird, but let's forget about it, ok?"

"It's ok," he said, though his beautiful brown eyes were still a bit narrowed.

"Anyway, uh, how was your day?" she asked, still trying to seem normal as her curiosity began to grow even stronger now that she was in his presence again.

"Fine," he said simply. Naomi practically melted at the curt response - just hearing his soft voice was enough to make her day at this point. If she were capable of thinking about anything other than Ian at that moment, she would probably have felt a bit more empathetic toward Leslie's behavior around Dan, especially with her busty friend being in the enviable position of actually knowing what her man's tastes were. At the moment, of course, Naomi was physically unable to self-reflect, obsessed as she was with getting her self to reflect Ian's deepest desires instead, whatever they turned out to be.

Not to mention, the entire time Naomi was trying to make small talk, that incessant, ever-present curiosity about Ian's Perfect Girlfriend continued to grow, and it wasn't long before, once again, Naomi could no longer help herself. The compulsion was just so much stronger than she'd ever imagined. She *needed* Ian to tell her what he wanted, needed him to force her to become the girl of his fantasies.

All of her plans to be sly, to wheedle her way past his defenses and into his confidence fell away in the onslaught of the Juice's compulsions. Naomi could no longer hold back, and the next question gushed from her lips completely involuntarily.

"So, Ian, did you see any girls you were attracted to today? What did they look like?"

His face snapped over toward hers immediately, once again full of suspicion and discomfort. Naomi knew she was in danger of going too far and scaring him away again, but she was

physically unable to stop.

"Please, Ian, you have to tell me! What kind of girl turns you on!? What's your Perfect Girlfriend like! I have to know!"

Instead of rewarding her curiosity, of course, Ian clammed up, and with his short stature it was easy for him to lose his tall friend in the throng of students moving between classes.

The next day Naomi tried again, with the same result. From that point on Ian began actively avoiding her, to the point where he began turning around and walking directly away whenever he caught sight of Naomi before she could get close. Each time, however, Naomi noticed what appeared to be a look of extreme indecision or sadness in his face before he booked it away from her, which just confused her further.

It didn't help that Naomi was growing more and more desperate and frustrated with each rejection.

Why won't he tell me!? Is he trying to keep me from changing me for some reason? He must know what's happening! Doesn't he know that becoming his Perfect Girlfriend is the only thing I want in the entire world?

Naomi's frustration and need grew so strong that she even resorted to trying to trigger changes in herself, based on the victims of Perfect Girlfriend Juice she'd seen before and her own stereotypical understanding of what guys typically liked.

Both Leslie and the girl she'd run into on the sidewalk the other day had big tits. Guys liked big tits, right? And Naomi bet their men had given them tight, horny pussies, too. Leslie certainly looked like she had a tight, horny pussy now, and Naomi was sure that Dan just loved squeezing his hard cock into Leslie's tight, horny pussy. That was just like a man.

Ian was a man, too, after all. Is that what he wanted? Should Naomi grow big tits and a tight, horny pussy for Ian?

She could feel the desire to do so burning deep inside her, too intense for her to handle. She could almost see herself standing there with a pair of big, gravity-defying tits, her legs squeezed together with need as she begged Ian to shove his hard cock into her tight, needy pussy.

Almost.

Because, in the end, her lack of transformation clearly indicated that not all guys had those preferences, and with literally no hard information of her own to go on, Naomi's tall, leggy body stayed just as tall and leggy and athletic and *boring* as it always had been.

Did Ian want her to leave him alone? If Ian wanted his Perfect Girlfriend to abandon him she'd be more than happy to do so, in spite of how painful it would be. But Naomi couldn't even do that, because Ian wouldn't tell her what he wanted, and so once again she was stuck.

One evening later that week, as Naomi fought with the frustration of having so much transformative energy practically bursting to have its way with her body and mind, she suddenly sat bolt upright in shock as a new idea occurred to her.

Maybe she was going about this all wrong. From Ian's behavior, he was clearly adamant in his decision to not give her any information about his desires and preferences whatsoever, but that wasn't the only way to get information about him. Sure it was what her new compulsions were driving her toward, and more than anything she wanted to hear about his Perfect Girlfriend from Ian himself, but, ultimately, he *didn't* need to be the direct source of that information. Maybe Naomi could find out what sort of women Ian liked *without* actually having him tell her!

Inspired by her new idea, the next day Naomi hunted down some of Ian's friends, asking them if he'd ever told them anything about what he liked in women. She was pretty sure that they could immediately tell she was under the effects of Perfect Girlfriend Juice, but at this point she was so desperate and so far past caring that their opinions of her didn't even register. All that mattered was finding out what kind of women Ian was attracted to so she could change for him.

Unfortunately, none of his friends had any more information about his preferences that she did. "I dunno, he never really talks about stuff like that" was a common response, and in the end Naomi was crestfallen at having to admit defeat once again. A few of Ian's creepier friends even tried to take advantage of the situation, telling Naomi about their own deviant sexual preferences in the hopes of taking her for themselves, but Naomi was so single-mindedly focused on Ian that she didn't even notice.

Far worse for Naomi was the fact that she was back at the drawing board, but her disappointment didn't deter her for long. It couldn't - she was too driven by the Juice to stop now. Naomi racked her brain, trying to think of some other way to squeeze enough info about Ian's preferences out of his stony exterior to trigger her glorious metamorphosis, whatever it happened to be.

Naomi wandered along, lost in thought, and before she knew it she found herself inside Ian's hall, standing in front of his dorm room. She glanced at her phone, knowing that he would be in class until five that afternoon according to the schedule that she'd memorized. That would give her at least three hours to gather information, *if* she could figure out some way to get inside in the meantime. Assuming there was any information to be found, of course. Still, she was desperate, and breaking into her friend's apartment suddenly seemed like the most reasonable course of action in the world.

Naomi thought back to a trick she'd seen some of the boys use to get into their RA's dorm room for a prank - all she should need to replicate the feat was a metal clothes hanger. One trip to the laundry room later and she was once again standing in front of Ian's door, measuring the distance from the handle to the floor and bending the end of the hanger into a

small loop that would fit neatly around the end of the handle. After putting a ninety-degree bend at the distance from the loop to the floor, Naomi slid the contraption under the door, twisted the hanger, and began to fish for the handle with the loop.

A couple of minutes later Naomi silently rejoiced as the loop finally caught, and then she carefully slid the end of the hanger toward her along the floor to pull the handle down on the other side of the door. The door unlatched, and Naomi slipped inside the dark dorm room without anybody noticing.

Once the door was safely shut behind her, Naomi took a moment to catch her breath. She couldn't believe that she'd actually had the audacity to break into her crush's room, but this close to her goal, she found that she couldn't stop. The Juice was driving her, and she knew that she was close.

The best place to look for information about Ian's sexual preferences was obvious, and so Naomi dropped into the chair in front of Ian's computer and woke it from sleep, surprised but relieved to find that her somewhat tech-capable friend had irresponsibly chosen to forego a password.

Not being a total idiot, Ian's browsing history was free of any incriminating websites, but Naomi knew better, and she kept hunting. Thirty precious minutes later, she finally stumbled on the path "School Work > Other > Abandoned Projects > Old Drafts > Delete Later > Duplicate Backups > Actuarial Tables > Private > Homework".

She double-clicked on that final Homework folder, certain that she'd finally found what she was looking for, and suddenly her innocent blue eyes were assaulted with hundreds of graphic images, gifs, and videos of naked women, all of whom sported truly massive tits.

Honestly, "massive" didn't do them justice, Naomi realized, as her Juice-addled mind began greedily drinking in the sight of the enormous mounds of flesh in the images in front of her. When Naomi had imagined Ian wanting his Perfect Girlfriend to have big tits, never in her wildest dreams had she imagined the sheer impossibility of the size of the mammaries that Ian actually preferred on the women in his fantasies. Not a single one of these pictures and videos depicted anything even *close* to realistic.

Caught up in her Juice-induced single-minded focus as she was, Naomi was still taken aback at being confronted with just how extreme her horny little crush's secret tastes were.

But then again, Ian was a boy, and Naomi knew enough about boys to know just how insatiably horny and sex-obsessed their dirty little minds could be.

But if he has hundreds of these porn pictures, and if he has such a... large appetite, why wouldn't he tell me what he wanted? she wondered, unable in the moment to grasp the obvious fact that Ian's tastes were a large part of why he hadn't told her in the first place. Later it would occur to Naomi that even if Ian actually *had* confessed his preferences to her, he never would have told her their true extent, especially with how considerate he had always

been to her. Sneaking behind his back like this was the only possible way for Naomi to discover the extreme reality of Ian's fantasies, which even now was soaking into her mind even as her tall body prepared to succumb to the Juice's transformative influence.

In the moment, however, Naomi concluded that the reason Ian hadn't told her didn't really matter, since she finally had all of the information she needed right in front of her anyway.

Naomi felt the Juice inside her beginning to surge, and she hungrily began scrolling through the photos, trying to internalize as much info about Ian as she could. Breast size wasn't the extent of his kinks, as she soon found out. Her curious eyes devoured photo after photo of impossibly endowed women in a wide variety of creative sexual positions and situations: girls on all fours with cow headbands and bells around their necks awkwardly dragging their enormous udders along the floor; girls desperate for their man's cock tied up on the bed, all while their massive tits splayed out over the sheets and hung off the sides; girls revealing their obscenely over-developed bodies in public, begging their men to use them however they wanted.

And, perhaps most strangely and unexpectedly to Naomi, girls with tits almost the size of their entire bodies completely enveloping their comparatively small men, their cocks rock hard, hidden deep inside the vast caverns and crevices of their soft, warm cleavage. There were a surprising number and variety of these sorts of images, with some of the most creative featuring these women calmly going about their day without a hint of strain or impeded mobility, all while their men hitched along, tucked safely and completely out of sight between their enormous breasts. Naomi wasn't surprised to see that most of the pictures and videos were AI-generated, because any real woman would be completely immobilized by such immense mammaries.

Naomi was still shocked by the fact that her silent, respectful friend was such a kinky horndog in secret, but she also found herself becoming increasingly intrigued by what she saw. That made perfect sense, of course, given the Juice, and Naomi soon found herself feeling actively aroused by the images the more she scrolled, her thighs starting to squeeze together in growing need as her preferences quickly changed to match Ian's. She suddenly realized that there really was nothing sexier than a woman with a pair of enormous, unrealistic, gravity-defying gazongas, and in spite of the reaction she'd had to the woman walking down the sidewalk the day before, she now found herself craving a much more extreme figure for herself.

Right on cue, Naomi recognized the foreign, yet unmistakable sensation of her body beginning to swell and stretch. She had expected to undergo more of a complete makeover, but, given what she'd seen of Ian's secret fantasies, she was unsurprised when the bulging, swelling sensation concentrated itself almost entirely in her small breasts, and she was overjoyed that the Juice's transformative properties had finally been unleashed on her body. Now she could *finally* fulfill her purpose and become Ian's Perfect Girlfriend.

It wasn't long before tits were practically erupting from her trim torso, pressing out into a bra and top that were growing tighter and more restrictive by the second. Just as her breathing

started to get difficult, and she briefly worried that she'd made a serious mistake, Naomi's bra gave way, snapping under the weight of her increasingly massive tits and dropping them freely into the quickly tightening fabric of her thin top.

Seconds later her breasts outgrew the top as well, and once again Naomi felt her chest become uncomfortably constrained by the tight fabric. Swollen pale flesh bulged out of the various openings in the shirt as her bust continued to swell under the Juice's irresistible power, until the thin material looked practically painted over her enormous tits and thick, swollen nipples. Finally, just as Naomi began to panic again, the poor, stretched fabric gave way, and with an audible rip the neckline of her top split down her cleavage as her breasts happily tumbled out, accelerating the process of the destruction of the garment until nothing was left but ribbons of fabric dangling from Naomi's shoulders.

Now freed from their restraints, Naomi's tits ballooned outward from her body, coming to rest against her knees and abdomen even as they bulged out against the computer desk, pushing her chair back inch by inch as her breasts' swelling accelerated.

Given the porn Ian liked Naomi had been ready for the Juice to give her a pretty big pair of tits, but even so she hadn't expected them to actually grow as large as Ian's pictures depicted. Perfect Girlfriend Juice didn't seem to care much for the laws of physics, however, and somehow Naomi's tits just kept growing, becoming larger, heavier, and more cumbersome on her small frame by the second as Naomi exulted in every single additional inch of bust her body could squeeze out.

Finally, abruptly, the growing stopped. Naomi couldn't see herself very well, but she knew instinctively that, possible or not, her new tits would fit right in among the physics-flaunting boobs in Ian's Homework folder. Not wanting to waste a second of the time she had left before her crush's arrival, she got back to work, glancing back through the pictures, comics, and gifs, looking for generalizations strong enough to trigger further changes.

The next thing that jumped out to Naomi was the fact that none of the women seemed at all encumbered by their impossibly large teats. If anything, the girls in the gifs and videos seemed downright *spry*. At this new revelation, Naomi felt her body changing once again, her legs and back putting on the layer of toned, concentrated muscle that she would need to manage her new chest, while also keeping her figure nice and lean and trim and tight outside of her gargantuan breasts.

She stretched appreciatively - despite its size, her new body felt incredibly graceful, with flexibility and dexterity aplenty to maneuver around her huge, ponderous chest, and yet somehow maintaining an impression of gentle, soft, welcoming femininity.

Naomi glanced down at her watch, realizing that she only had an hour remaining. Time flies when you're becoming a busty sex pet for your crush, apparently. One final commonality that Naomi noticed as she scrolled through the photos one last time, deftly handling the keyboard and mouse around her enormous new assets as they fully occupied the space between her torso and the computer, was that as adventurous as all of these megabusty women clearly

seemed, and as desperate as they were for sex in general, *none* of them ever seemed to actually initiate the escapades themselves. In all cases the women held back, clearly craving the attention, touch, and domination of their men, but waiting nonetheless for their men to make the first move, to tell them what they wanted, and then have their wicked way with their ultra-feminine bodies.

That didn't mean the women were just passive dolls waiting for their master to tell them what to do, of course. These women were active, constantly flaunting their bodies and their irrationally large boobs, teasing their men with the countless ways their huge, soft assets could bring them pleasure - it's just that the women never actually suggested anything outright themselves, and left it to their men to decide when and where and how they wanted to use them.

As sensitive as she was to messaging like this in her current state, Naomi quickly internalized this new info as well, not even noticing her submissive side growing and asserting itself, until she was practically desperate for Ian to tell her what to do, to make her do exactly what he wanted, no matter what that was. At the same time, she paradoxically also grew hesitant to speak about her fledgling adventurous desires openly to Ian. She wanted *him* to take charge, wanted her man to tell her how to fulfill his every fantasy.

It's just that Naomi just didn't quite know how she was supposed to do that with Ian avoiding her like he was. Hopefully once he saw her, saw what she had become for him, he wouldn't be able to resist his need to take her and make her his own.

Naomi finally felt her Juice-driven curiosity beginning to wane, and her single-minded obsession with becoming Ian's Perfect Girlfriend calmed down enough for her to realize that she was running short on time. Apparently the info she had gleaned from Ian's computer had been enough to satisfy the Juice for now, and that meant it was time to leave.

That was made more difficult, of course, by the fact that her top and bra were still lying on the floor in tatters. Naomi pushed back from the desk and stood up, looking down at herself for what felt like the first time now that the high of her transformation had worn off, and she realized the true extent of just how unrealistically *enormous* her new breasts actually were. They hung naked off her body in the middle of the room, reaching down almost to her knees in all of their impossibly large, soft, round glory; and yet, somehow, they simultaneously protruded from her tall, slender frame almost effortlessly, a natural extension of her body, carried by her new superhuman musculature and dexterity. She felt *amazing*.

Still, as good as she felt in her new body, and as willing and excited as she was to walk home naked if Ian had told her to, Naomi knew she would have to find something to wear before she left. She scoured Ian's room for a while to no avail, until her eyes fell on the green curtains hanging in front of the window and she got an idea.

A few minutes Naomi proudly strode out of Ian's dorm wearing her makeshift green toga, trying to get used to her new balance and the way her truly enormous new assets wobbled and quaked under the curtain with each step. People stared at the spectacle she made as

she walked back to her own dorm, but Naomi couldn't care less. She was exactly what Ian wanted her to be (probably), and she had never been happier or more at peace in her entire life.

Still, she knew that feeling couldn't last forever. Soon the Juice would compel her to go in search of Ian once more, and if he still rebuffed her, she honestly didn't know what she would do.

End of 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 <https://www.patreon.com/fidget1>, or on **SubscribeStar**, at <https://subscribestar.adult/fidget>. Patrons get **a full six months of early access** to my stories (currently **including the next two chapters of Perfect Girlfriend Juice!**), 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!