

Perfect Girlfriend Juice

by Fidget

Chapter 8: Don't knock it 'til you try it! (Part 2)

That had been a Friday afternoon. Once Naomi arrived back at her dorm, she sat down at her work desk to figure out what she was going to do from here. Out of habit, she tried to scoot her chair up to the desk, but was quickly stopped when her enormous boobs bumped hard against the surface, knocking over a cup of pens.

Using her new musculature, Naomi effortlessly whipped her tits to the side so she could right the cup, and then spun back around to face the desk, settling on a position that had her breasts splayed in front of her, resting half on top of the desk and half below it, supported by her knees. She could barely see the desk over her massive cleavage, but it was good enough.

Naomi began by thinking about the fact that, even after her transformation, she still needed Ian to tell her exactly how he wanted her to please him. At least her compulsions were less immediate now that her maddening curiosity had finally been sated for the time being, to the point where she'd hopefully be able to hold herself back from tackling Ian the next time she saw him. It didn't hurt that her new submissiveness made her reluctant to do *anything* without him initiating.

She concluded that she figure out how to approach Ian again later. First, she needed to get a handle on what she was going to do for clothes - the curtain toga, while sexy from a certain point of view, definitely wouldn't do for a permanent wardrobe.

Even after a solid hour of searching the internet, however, effortlessly shifting her posture and bulging her breasts out to the right and then the left as she alternated between the keyboard and mouse, Naomi couldn't find mainstream clothes anywhere close to large enough to fit her new torso. After digging around in the dark corners of the internet, however, she finally found a tailor who specialized in custom-made kink clothing for impossibly large breast play, and reached out immediately.

After making her situation known, he agreed to whip out a few tops that very night, strong enough to hold her new assets, and overnight them to her. Naomi was overjoyed, but emphasized multiple times that the tops needed to be *sexy* (unnecessarily, of course, since kink was what the tailor dealt in anyway). He even gave her a discount on the promise that she'd send him pics of herself in the tops as soon as they came in.

True to his word, the enormous tents of fabric arrived the next day, and, also true to his word, they somehow simultaneously supported the immense weight of her breasts while also accentuating her impossible figure and giving her a truly scandalous amount of soft, creamy cleavage in the process. With her boobs as big as they were, stretching multiple feet in front of her body, Naomi was able to show skin reaching all the way down to her waist before the pink edges of her serving-dish-sized areolas began to peek into view above the stretchy fabric.

Each cavernous cup of the custom-fitted garment also came with subtle padding over each huge, sensitive, coffee-cup-sized nipple, allowing them to make enough of a dent in the fabric to be visible and suggestive, while not clinging so closely to their shape as to be obscene. Plus, the padding was easily removable in case Ian *wanted* a bit of obscenity for his Perfect Girlfriend.

Naomi snapped a few saucy pics of herself in her bathroom mirror and sent them to her amazing tailor, praising the perfect fit and figure of her new tops. A few minutes later she giggled to herself as her phone buzzed with a notification that he had fully refunded her purchase price.

Naomi was on cloud nine, sure that Ian would have the same reaction when he finally saw her.

She spent the rest of that weekend getting accustomed to her new assets, learning to navigate life with such ponderous proportions.

Driving to the store, for example, was unexpectedly tricky. Naomi was forced to slide the driver's seat of her small subcompact as far back as it would go, and then she had to stuff her enormous mammaries into the car first, inevitably honking the horn by accident, followed by her tall, slim body. Plus, she had to drive one-handed, with her torso turned forty-five degrees, since there was no way for her arms to reach the steering wheel with her breasts in the way. Getting the seatbelt between her tits was also a bit of an exercise, but her cleavage was so cavernous that once it slipped inside, she was mostly good to go.

One benefit of this odd car seat arrangement was that if she were ever in the car with another person - Ian, for example - her breasts would be pressing heavily on them basically the entire ride. She blushed with anticipation at the thought of squeezing Ian between her breasts as she drove him around town, knowing that her funbags would keep him safer than airbags ever could.

Naomi couldn't even walk through doorways normally anymore, and when she finally reached her dorm room with her groceries she first had to turn to the left to unlock her door and open it, and then to the right to squeeze her massive left boob inside, and then her tall, slender body, and then finally her enormous right boob. She was just thankful her wonderful Ian's tastes had also given her strength and grace to match her new assets.

Finally, on Monday morning, Naomi decided that she was finally ready to present herself to Ian. She stationed herself outside of Ian's first class so that he'd have no choice but to practically run into her when he exited. Surely once he saw her new breasts, shown off to lusty perfection in her paradoxically skimpy tent of fabric, he'd finally open up to her and tell her exactly what he wanted in exquisite, scandalous detail.

A few minutes later the class let out, and shortly afterward Naomi caught a glance of her crush slowly making his way through the crowd of students at the door.

As soon as Ian saw her, his eyes shot wide open and Naomi could almost hear the sharp intake of breath as he took in the enormity of her new proportions for the first time. She knew that her body would confirm what he definitely already suspected, that the bra and hopelessly ripped shirt he had found on his floor must be hers, and that his curtains had been taken to cover Naomi's monstrous new breasts after her transformation.

Naomi felt a surge of pride in her amazing new features and hurried over to Ian, moving surprisingly quickly through the crowd for the size of her new body, though of course her breasts brushed and rubbed up against dozens of lucky guys in the process. Naomi couldn't care less, only having eyes for Ian.

She could see the greed and hunger in his expression, and for a second he began making his way toward her as well, but just before Naomi was able to reach him and bury him in her soft cleavage, Ian shook himself, his eyes cleared, and he once more turned and fled. This time, however, he stopped after a few steps to take one final, agonizing look back over his shoulder at Naomi's enormous breasts, shown off to perfection in her custom low-cut support top, before turning once again and disappearing down the hall.

Naomi was devastated, and all of the frustration that had left her body after her transformation suddenly came rushing back. She had been certain that Ian would accept her now that she had become a literal embodiment of his enormous breast fantasies, and she could tell just from looking at him how badly he wanted her.

Once again, the only explanation was that Ian felt guilty about her transformation. It wasn't his fault, of course, but that didn't change the fact that he clearly felt responsible for Naomi's tits ballooning out to such a cumbersome and sexy size.

She walked morosely back to her own dorm, not even noticing the way that everyone around her stared at her breasts. Many men (and some women) ogled her with open sexual desire, but most women watched her with trepidation, knowing exactly what fate had befallen her and fully aware of just how easily it could afflict them as well.

The irony of forcing people off the sidewalk herself after her reaction to the woman with large breasts the week before wasn't lost on Naomi, though now she perfectly understood the other woman's complete absence of concern or shame. Naomi only cared about what Ian wanted now, and she could tell by the troubled-yet-horny look in his eyes that he wanted her exactly the way she was. So, she took the stares in stride, and then in pride, knowing that they were there only because she was doing exactly what she was meant to do - be Ian's Perfect Girlfriend.

If only he'd let her.

Life continued like this for the first few days, with Naomi making herself available to Ian as often as she could, forbidden by her new submissive tendencies from actually initiating contact herself, and with Ian staring hungrily at her body for a few seconds before clamming up and running away. Naomi could tell how badly he wanted her, and she just knew that her adorable man was jerking his thick, manly cock to the memory of her body every single night, but until he finally gave in and initiated actual contact with her, she wasn't sure what else she could do.

By this point Naomi was certain that both of them fully understood what was going on between them. Ian was a nice guy, and Naomi knew that he'd never wish what had happened to her on anyone; as aroused as he clearly was by girls with enormous breasts, he'd clearly always assumed that it was just a fantasy, and that there wasn't a chance of ever experiencing breasts like that in real life. Now that those breasts had been forced on one of his best friends because of his own secret fantasies, he felt even guiltier, and had doubtless sworn not to take advantage of Naomi in her current state, no matter how much he might want to.

For her part, of course, Naomi wanted nothing more than for Ian to take advantage of her, but she was powerless to actually tell him that. And, ultimately, regardless of Ian's noble intentions, all of his hesitation just meant that Naomi constant, irrepressible desires were left unrequited. Combined with her body's intense need to be used by Ian, and the incredible physical arousal and submissiveness she experienced whenever she was in his presence, all of this left Naomi feeling very, very sexually frustrated.

She could get herself off, of course, and did so frequently as she thought about Ian finally caving in and taking her in a dozen different, increasingly salacious scenarios, but even here *she* was the one initiating these masturbation sessions, and Naomi knew deep down that she'd only be satisfied when Ian finally told her what he wanted from her, and she unreservedly gave it to him.

While she mulled over her troubled relationship with Ian, Naomi also frequently thought about how the Perfect Girlfriend Juice could have gotten into her hydroflask in the first place. Ian dosing her wasn't consistent with his behavior over the past week, or with what she knew about his character in general. It was possible that some random guy had come by and spiked

her drink in the study room while she was in the bathroom, but she was gone so briefly that that seemed unlikely as well, and she couldn't imagine why *she* would be the specific target of such an attempt.

Naomi thought about what other possible connections she had to Perfect Girlfriend Juice. The other day she had seen that busty girl on the sidewalk (though in hindsight she hardly seemed busty at all in hindsight compared to Naomi's new assets), of course, but she didn't see any way that could be related to her current circumstances.

And then... *she had gotten into her argument with Leslie!* Naomi fumed at the idea that her best friend could have so cavalierly betrayed her like that, but it was the only thing that made sense. Naomi *had* said that she'd never behave toward a guy the way Leslie did toward Dan, Juice or no, after all, and she'd *also* gone out of her way to insult Dan in the process.

The old Leslie would never have stooped to such a deplorable tactic, but the new Leslie was a lot more assertive and, frankly, devious, and Naomi honestly didn't know the full extent of what the raven bombshell was capable of.

Naomi *wanted* to cut Leslie off, to never speak to her again for what she'd done, but the unfortunate fact of the matter was that she was running out of options when it came to Ian, and what she needed most right now was advice, preferably from someone who had personal experience with Perfect Girlfriend Juice's effects.

So, as much as she hated the idea, Naomi knew that if she wanted any chance whatsoever at being with Ian, she had no choice but to crawl back to Leslie, tail between her legs, and beg the friend who had dosed her with the Juice in the first place to help her get with the guy the Juice had forced her to imprint on.

That evening, Naomi swallowed her pride and drove over to the apartment that Leslie now shared with Dan. Her voluptuous friend opened the door after a few knocks, and Naomi got to enjoy seeing Leslie's eyes go wide and her jaw drop at the twin mountains of boobflesh that filled her doorway.

"Well look at you!" Leslie finally exclaimed once she had gotten over her initial shock at her friend's new gargantuan proportions, making it completely clear that she had in fact been the one to dose Naomi.

"Leslie," Naomi began, trying to keep her anger under control, "I know you did this to me, and I may never forgive you for it, but right now, I need your help with Ian."

"What's wrong?" Leslie asked, genuinely concerned for her friend. As badly as she had wanted to give Naomi a taste of her own medicine, part of her reasons for slipping her the Juice in the first place had been so that Naomi could experience some of the happiness that

Leslie had. She knew that Ian was a great guy, and though she was a bit taken aback at just how enormous Naomi's breasts had gotten, she was certain that Ian would treat her well.

"Ian won't tell me what he wants."

Leslie dropped her gaze to Naomi's giant flesh balloons, which had only fit through the door because they were so delightfully soft and pliable despite their enormous size, and cocked an eyebrow incredulously.

"Well what happened to those, then?" she asked.

"Oh," Naomi began, acting as though it were no big deal. "I might have kind of, ummm, broken into Ian's dorm room and looked at the porn on his computer a little bit... You should see his work, Leslie, he's so amazing!"

"Wow," Leslie responded, clearly impressed rather than taken aback by her friend's brazenly illegal behavior. She thought back to her own experience with the juice, her sudden, overwhelming urge to get close to Dan, to find out what he liked in women so that she could *become* that.

"See? I told you the effects were strong," Leslie continued.

"Yeah, you were right about that," Naomi laughed, but then she immediately sobered up.

"Which is what makes all of this so much more *frustrating*!"

"So he won't tell you what he wants?"

"He won't even *talk* to me! Before I changed, every time I saw him, he just ran away. And now that I look just like the women in his drawings, I can tell that he wants me - I can see it in his eyes - but he still just runs away without saying anything! I know he's doing it because he doesn't want to take advantage of me, which is admittedly adorable, and I love him so much more for that, but I think it's legitimately driving me insane!"

Leslie was impressed at the man's restraint. Dan had tried to dodge her questions at first too, but as soon as he'd realized what was happening, he'd jumped on and taken Leslie's buxom new body straight to pound town. Her cheeks grew hot at the memory.

Naomi grabbed on to her best friend's arm, shaking her out of her daze. "What am I supposed to do now, Leslie? How can I get him to touch me? How can I make him tell me what he likes? I need to know! I *have* to know!"

Leslie smiled soothingly down at her friend and tried not to think about how utterly impossible her tits were.

"I know, hon. Don't worry; we'll figure it out," she said kindly. "Have you tried openly flirting with him? Like, being *really* obvious about it to let him know that you want him to make a move?"

"That's what I've been doing - I've been acting just like the women in his drawings whenever I've seen him over the past few days, teasing him with my body and inviting him to come and take me, and I can tell how much he wants to, but he never does!" Naomi was starting to sound frantic.

"Ok, ok, don't worry," Leslie soothed. "Well, what about making the first move yourself? There's no reason that *he* has to be the one to do it, after all," she said, cocking a cheeky, perfect eyebrow.

"I *can't*," Naomi whined. "Part of what I figured out from his porn is that the women are always eager, but they never initiate! So as much as I want Ian to touch me, I can't just go touch him myself! It's... *wrong*."

"Hmm," Leslie said, stumped for a second at her friend's catch-22. "What about this: you touch him-" Naomi cringed, but Leslie continued anyway "-but you do it 'accidentally'! It's not an *initiation*, per se - you're just letting him know that it's ok for him to touch your body. Think of it as just another way of offering yourself to him. You don't even have to be suggestive about it or anything; just bump into him enough to get his hands on your body, and if he likes big tits as much as you say he does, I think the rest will follow naturally once he's had enough contact with those monsters of yours." The black-haired goddess gave Naomi a wink.

Naomi didn't like it, but she couldn't think of any alternatives, and it was certainly *possible* that this could finally break through Ian's endearing-but-frustrating reluctance to initiate with her. Leslie wasn't finished, however.

"Eventually, though, Naomi, you'll have to actually talk to him. I know you don't want to, and that you want him to come to you and all, and I totally get that, but with as worried as Ian must be about you right now, you have to be honest with him. Remember, you aren't trying to get him to want you - you know that he already wants you - you're trying to break down the barrier telling him that wanting you is wrong."

That made perfect sense to Naomi, or at least the last part did, because the idea of Ian wanting her felt *soooo* right.

Leslie continued. "Again, it doesn't have to be an initiation or anything, but just like I had to do with Dan, eventually you're going to have to get Ian to sit down with you so you can directly tell him how you feel."

That was *not* what Naomi wanted to hear - she wanted *Ian* to be the one to take charge, to tell her exactly what he wanted so she could do it for him. Still, Naomi knew that her friend was trying to help her, and honestly she didn't have a better idea. She'd just have to find a way to walk the line between letting Ian come to her and making herself available enough to draw him in. And, like it or not, she'd have to be direct and honest with him.

"You could also try to, y'know, ask him some leading questions, to make sure you become what you want to become as well." Leslie had done that very thing once she'd realized what was happening to her, which was how she'd managed to control such a large part of her changes under the influence of the Juice.

"Leslie, I don't want to become what I want - I want to become what *Ian* wants!" the enormous-titted girl insisted.

Leslie understood that desire all too well too, of course. Even now she could feel that ever-present urge inside of her to become even more of a Perfect Girlfriend to Dan, even though she knew that she pretty much already was.

"Fair enough. You don't seem like you mind this whole Perfect Girlfriend thing too terribly."

"It may not be quite as bad as I thought it would be, in some ways," Naomi allowed. "but that doesn't mean it was right for you to do this to me."

"But you never would have gotten together with Ian if I hadn't done it."

That was true, Naomi had to admit; she couldn't bear the thought of being apart from her darling Ian, Juice or no Juice. Leslie could tell that she'd broken through.

"See? It doesn't matter whether you would have wanted Ian originally - the only thing that matters is that you want him now."

Again Naomi couldn't deny the accuracy of her friend's statement, and she was surprised to discover that she didn't even want it to not be true anymore. She loved who she had become, and she loved Ian even more. She couldn't help it.

"So, let bygones be bygones? Water under the bridge?"

"Fine..." Naomi agreed grumpily, though she was secretly over the moon not only about her new plan for Ian, but about getting her best friend back as well.

"So tell me about Ian!"

"Omigod, Leslie, he's so amazing. He's so small, and shy, and it just makes him so cute! I love him so much!"

"I know," Leslie said, smiling as she remembered her own overwhelming puppy love reaction to Dan after she'd been dosed.

"And he's so considerate! He avoided me even though he wanted to fuck me just so he wouldn't accidentally change me or take advantage of me! And..."

Leslie settled in and listened patiently as her friend waxed poetic about Ian for the rest of the pleasant evening.

The next morning Naomi put Leslie's plan into action. She just needed to remind herself that she wasn't trying to overwhelm Ian (which her submissiveness wouldn't allow her to do without his permission anyway), but rather to make Ian more comfortable with the thought of touching her body, and to try to make him lose control and tell her what he wanted her to do in the process.

That first time she touched Ian, she did so to him from behind in the hall after his first class so that he wouldn't notice her in the crowd of students. She approached from a forty-five degree angle, using her enhanced grace and agility to weave a path through the throng to catch up with him, and allowed the soft skin of her incredibly low-cut, enormous cleavage to brush along the bare skin of his arm for a full second before pulling away.

Naomi determined that this sort of glancing but noticeable touch was enough for first contact, and she immediately withdrew just as Ian began to notice, peeling off and retreating down a side hall. When she glanced back at him over her shoulder she saw him rubbing the arm she had brushed against with a glazed look on his face as he watched her go.

That night Naomi came harder than ever from her self-pleasure session, imagining Ian jerking himself off to the memory of touching her massive boob like that. She pictured him with that same horny look on his face as he stroked his cock, and then she imagined his cute little body shaking with pleasure as he came, getting off on the feel of her massive boobs against his skin - his fantasies made real.

The next day she waited until after lunch to strike, trying to keep her approaches unpredictable. She brushed against Ian a bit harder this time, with more prolonged contact between her boob-skin and his arm, but once again she retreated immediately as he began to notice her, leaving him with the memory and tingling sensation of her massive breast pressing against him.

Naomi repeated this process daily for the next week and a half, making sure to extend the duration and pressure of the contact as much as she felt she could before leaving each time. All of this eventually culminated in an interaction at the dining hall where Naomi caught up with Ian in line for food and pressed and rubbed her breasts against his back and arms for almost ten glorious seconds, taking her time to make sure Ian really appreciated the sensation of her enormous tits against his body as a hint of the pleasure and sensation that she could bring him.

As Naomi had suspected, by this point she had successfully begun to habituate Ian to feeling her record-setting melons against various parts of his body, and he allowed her to rub herself against him for a while, initially seeming to take her touch and his aroused reaction to it for granted. Eventually, of course, he did come to his senses and realize what was happening, but once again Naomi was already leaving. She could feel his eyes on her massive sideboob

as she went, ogling the enormous curves swaying around the sides of her tall body as she left.

After this most recent success (and another pleasant evening getting off to the memory), Naomi finally decided that she'd likely worn Ian down enough to make a move. He may not have mentally acknowledged it, but clearly his subconscious had at least partially accepted the fact that he clearly wanted Naomi to be his girlfriend.

So, one final time Naomi approached Ian's first class of the day just as it let out, ensuring that she could get into the lecture hall before he could escape from her.

He saw her coming through the window into the hall beside the door and his eyes went wide, but this time he was sitting in the back corner on the opposite side of the class, and he knew that he was trapped.

Once most of the students had left, Naomi forced herself against the flow of traffic and began to make her way into the hall. She had to turn sideways just to fit her enormous breasts through the door, *squeezing* her gargantuan knockers through the frame, and as she did so the first of her thick, four-inch-long nipples caught on the door jamb for a second before *popping* through, sending a surge of pleasure through Naomi's sensitive breasts and causing her to moan audibly. Her strong body shook a bit at the intensity of the sensation, her knees going weak, and then she was forced to repeat the process with her second massive nipple before she was finally standing, quivering, in the entrance to the lecture hall.

By this point there were only a few people left inside, all of them men, and Naomi quickly noticed that each of them, Ian included, were staring at her hypersexual body in undisguised lust.

Ian was the first to recover his composure, however, and quickly grabbed his bag and rushed for the door, just as Naomi had predicted he would. She moved to cut him off, surprising Ian with the speed and grace of her movements, and positioned herself to ensure that he'd be forced to squeeze by her massive boobs to escape.

Ian found himself forced to rub himself along the entire curve of Naomi's enormous breast, but as he did so, whether consciously or not, his hand reached out as he pushed past, sliding along the wall of soft, massive boobflesh contained in the thin fabric of her revealing top.

Naomi turned toward him in excitement, and, intentional or not, Ian's hand continued to slide around her massive, inviting globe until it finally bumped into the massive tower of Naomi's nipple, firmly erect from a combination of her initial contact with the doorframe and her natural excitement at being in Ian's presence.

"Oh *Godddddd*, Ian!" she moaned, her legs immediately going out from under her at the surge of pleasure that exploded between her slick thighs as his fingers instinctively grabbed and

tweaked the enormous, perky mound through the fabric.

Ian, believing that Naomi was going to fall, immediately moved around her body far enough to grab her and hold her up, taking a full handful of her enormous sideboob in the process. She could feel a thick, unyielding bulge against her underboob from where her body was resting against Ian's torso, and the heat between her legs grew even hotter.

Once Ian was sure she was safe, however, he realized how intimately he was holding her obscene curves and immediately released her and backed away, preparing to run by her now that the coast was clear. Naomi's eyes were locked onto the bulge she had felt at the front of Ian's pants - it was clear that after this much contact with the tits of his dreams, Ian's body had caved to the stimulation and he had grown *powerfully* sexually aroused. She imagined that she could even see it twitching, craving more of the touch that Naomi's body was aching to provide.

She licked her lips and prepared to advance on him once again, but just as she did so, she felt an unexpected tug on the other side of her body, on her massive left boob. While the two of them had been busy, another male student had apparently made his way over to Naomi, where without warning he too had grabbed a big handful of her breast, shouting over his shoulder as he did so, "Hell yeah, I love these Juice sluts! Everyone come get some!"

The punch came out of nowhere, and before Naomi could even register her disgust at what her assailant had said, he found himself lying against the wall with blood flowing out of his nose.

"How *dare* you treat her like that!? She didn't ask for this, and she deserves to be treated with *respect*!" Ian yelled, his short form standing over the guy he had just punched.

A second later the rage died out of his eyes as he realized what he had just done, and, once again, he turned and fled. This time Naomi let him go, understanding that he would probably need some time to digest the entirety of what had just happened.

Even so, she secretly followed Ian from a distance as he made his way back to his apartment, or as best she could anyway with two enormous, bouncy mounds stretching out in front of her. Still, Ian seemed so lost in thought that he didn't even notice. Leslie had been right - they really needed to talk this out.

Along the way, though, she flushed with heat at the memory of what Ian had just done for her. She hadn't really even cared about the guy touching her boob - she was used to it after so many days of brushing her enormous knockers past people on the sidewalk, and she was too focused on Ian anyway - but what he had said about her was disgusting, and the way Ian had immediately jumped to defend her made her absolutely *swoon*.

Naomi didn't let herself get too caught up in her feelings, though, and finally caught up with Ian as he was unlocking the door to his dorm.

"Ian, wait! I know you don't want to, and so I don't want to either, but we really need to talk!"

His shoulders sagged, but his fiddling with the door ceased, and he finally turned to face Naomi. Even in the serious situation they found themselves in, Ian's eyes enjoyed a long, luxurious look over her massive mammaries, and Naomi blushed with the pleasure he got from her body. He really couldn't help himself, and Naomi loved him all the more for it.

"Look, Ian, yes, it happened. Leslie put Perfect Girlfriend Juice in my hydroflask that day, and it made me love you and want to be your Perfect Girlfriend. We both have to accept that."

"I don't *want* to accept that!" Ian yelled. "I know you didn't want this, and I don't want to take advantage of you! Look what I've done to you already!" He stomped a few feet down the hall, but turned to face Naomi again, pain now fighting with the naked desire in his expression.

Naomi subtly moved to put herself in between Ian and his room so he couldn't get past her and lock her out. "You didn't do this to me, Ian, *I* did! *I* snuck into your room and found your porn folder. *I* wanted to make your fantasies reality, and I couldn't be happier now that I have."

She shook her enormous chest back and forth, her huge breasts quaking and jiggling as they bounced around. Ian's eyes followed them in a way that could have been described as hypnotic if not for the hunger in his eyes. He took a step toward her.

"That's only because that awful Juice made you feel that way!"

"That's true, but in the end, Ian, it really doesn't matter." She reached her arms as far around her breasts as she could while she talked, pressing and squeezing them together as she tried to convince Ian to do with her what he clearly wanted to. "I'm *glad* the Juice did this to me - it finally made me stop taking you for granted, so that I could see what a great guy you've always been to me. Honestly, I think this is what I would have wanted, if I hadn't been so blind to the possibility as to never give it a chance."

Ian's eyes were locked onto her breasts as she massaged them. His bulge was back with a vengeance, and Naomi watched him take another step toward her as she continued to speak. "And now I get to pay you back for all of that by giving *you* what you've always wanted. And I know you want to, Ian. I can see it in your eyes."

His hands were opening and closing at his sides, clearly craving to *grip* and *squeeze*. "I don't know what to do," he finally said.

"Do whatever you want," Naomi said huskily, smiling a radiant smile as her hands teased the neckline of her top dangerously low. Her cleavage was now down to her waist, leaving multiple square feet of soft, pale flesh and a wide hint of pink areola filling Ian's gaze. "There are just sooo many things you could do with these enormous breasts of mine, Ian. However is a girl like me to choose??"

Ian groaned, and Naomi bit her lip as the bulge on Ian's crotch visibly throbbed. She waited as he slowly approached, and when he was finally mere inches away from her protruding bust, he told her, "Naomi, I want you to bend down until you're eye-level with me."

She shivered as she complied, bending down until her huge breasts were dangling from her chest inches from Ian's hands, and her blue eyes stared directly into his brown ones, waiting for him to make a move.

Ian closed the gap between them until he finally made contact, planting a gentle kiss on her lips as Naomi's heart fluttered. He leaned around so he could whisper in her ear. "I want you, Naomi. Right now."

Naomi's entire body tingled as her crush's breath caressed her ear, and she reached out and wrapped her arms around him, pulling Ian directly into her chest.

That did the trick. Ian's reserve finally shattered, and before he knew it, he was pressing his body fully against hers, burying himself between her enormous, glorious boobs for the first time. His face was at the perfect level to lick and suck the massive amount of soft skin of her cleavage, and his arms reached wide around her body to grab as much of her tits as his small wingspan could. His groping hands found both of her nipples this time, and Naomi barely had time to turn the doorknob to his apartment before her legs went weak again at the pleasure and they both collapsed backward into the entryway of Ian's dorm. Her boobs squeezed tight around Ian's body as they *popped* through the doorway, and a second later Naomi was on her back on the floor, with her small man lying atop her soft, pillowy mounds.

While Naomi closed the door behind them with her foot, Ian wasted no time pulling her revealing top up so that he could finally bask in the full, naked glory of the enormous domes ballooning up and out from Naomi's chest, before his lust got the better of him and he practically dove into her cavernous cleavage. Ian was barely able to breathe as he groped and squeezed and sucked to his heart's content, the top half of his body completely buried in Naomi's tits.

As he did so he also began thrusting himself against her, so overwhelmed at the thought of living out his deepest, darkest fantasy that he'd completely lost control of his body's craving for sexual release.

Naomi was more turned on than she'd ever been in her life too, of course, and so while Ian mindlessly thrust his torso against hers, deep between her boobs, she slid one of her arms underneath her enormous chest and down to their crotches, where she quickly unfastened their pants and let the friction of their bodies slide them down their legs.

Finally, even though she couldn't see him, Naomi felt Ian enter her for the first time, and it was everything she'd hoped it would be.

The only sign she had of his presence (other than the pleasure radiating out from her pussy as he fucked it), was the bouncing and jiggling of her gargantuan breasts as Ian thrust against

her torso in between them, and occasionally an arm snaking its way out of her cleavage to grope and squeeze at her boobs, and to tweak her massive nipples.

Ian was small enough to fuck her tall frame from entirely within her breasts, and that thought turned Naomi on even more, heightening the pleasure ripping through her incredibly sensitive body, and the additional realization that she was finally doing exactly what Ian wanted - that he was getting off to his deepest sexual fantasy made flesh - finally overwhelmed her, and Ian felt her gargantuan tits quaking around his small body as his Perfect Girlfriend came underneath and around and above him.

The sensation of Naomi's pussy clenching and squeezing around his cock as her chestflesh pressed and squeezed his small body activated his reflex as well, and Ian, feeling his urge to cum washing over him, grabbed as much of Naomi's tits as he could from inside her cleavage, his hands finding and gripping onto the twin thick, firm joysticks of her nipples once more as he moaned and his hard cock jerked and spurted and filled her tight gash with the insistent seed of his kinky arousal.

Naomi exulted as she felt Ian's member filling her up with his warm, gooey reward, but then she suddenly found herself remembering the swollen, pregnant bellies she'd seen among the pictures in Ian's porn folder. Did Ian want *Naomi* to get pregnant too? She felt the Juice tingling inside her once again as she experienced a sudden urge to allow Ian's seed to overwhelm her womb and knock her up, to let it make her grow a big, bulging pregnant belly for her man under enormous teats swollen with milk... but then Naomi remembered that only a few of the women in the folder had actually been pregnant, and she felt her urge recede, just a little.

Maybe someday, Naomi giggled cheerfully to herself, and she refocused her attention on her beloved Ian as he rested in her boobs and prepared himself for round two.

A few hours and multiple satisfying fucks later, they cuddled together in the afterglow, with Ian cradled comfortably in his Perfect Girlfriend's huge, warm rack.

Life can't get much better than this, he thought to himself with satisfaction. *It's probably a good thing Naomi didn't find my huge butts folder too, though. I'll delete it just to be safe.*

He took another look at the massive boobflesh surrounding and supporting him and felt himself getting hard yet again.

Eventually.