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Perfect Girlfriend Juice

by Fidget

### Chapter 3: Perfect Secretary (Part 3)

Personnel wasn't the only place Alani began making her presences known. She soon convinced Jack to let her order his lunches for him, and dinners too whenever he had to stay late to meet a deadline. While the meals from the healthiest restaurants around town were definitely more nutritious than the takeout he was used to ordering, Jack still missed fast food from time to time. But, combined with the new gym membership and fitness routine that Alani had booked for him and insisted that he attend, Jack couldn't deny that he was feeling healthier and more energetic. Once again it seemed like Alani was right. She always was.

As she continued to take on more and more responsibilities and the number of gorgeous Alanis gliding elegantly around the office increased, Jack sometimes wondered if perhaps he was giving up a bit too much control over his business and even his personal life, but whenever he called one of Alani's copies into his office to discuss his concerns with her, she'd just make him feel silly by calmly and patiently explaining exactly how much better both he and the business were performing under her care, with sources. Jack never did find out how she was getting his medical records and the results of his physical fitness tests. Alani would then engage in some harmless office flirting for a few minutes while she subtly encouraged his eyes to roam over her curves, before leaving him mildly horny and more convinced than ever that his concerns about her were unfounded. Everything was better when Alani was in charge, and Jack questioned her decisions less and less as time passed.

And so over the next month Alani slowly fired more and more of Jack's employees, assimilating their functions into her own endlessly growing list of "secretarial duties" just as Jack had wished. Payroll expenses were at an all-time low, efficiency was through the roof in every department, and profits had never been higher. The building was a ghost town, and though the few remaining employees could tell that something strange was going on, Alani's complete awarerness over herself kept her secret from ever getting out to anyone but Jack. She no longer tried to hide herself from him, of course, and he came to enjoy the sight of his multiple identical secretaries bustling around the office, not least because whenever he

was around Alani always seemed to need to do something that involved leaning over a file drawer and showing off her flared hips, or bending over a desk so that her tastefully loose blouse would reveal the appealing curve of her breast.

Her mildly suggestive actions were always deniable, of course - her movements were a model of mechanical perfection and efficiency, and she always had good reason to be doing whatever she was doing at the time. Jack certainly wasn't going to stop her, anyhow. By this point Alani had unconsciously modified herself to have a bit more muscle in order to take over the physically demanding tasks of the shipping employees she had fired, and Jack never tired of walking into a room and being surrounded by a bustling sea of soft skin, toned muscle, and seductive femininity clearly focusing their substantial affections entirely on him.

It was an intoxicating feeling. He knew Alani wasn't doing it on purpose, but constantly drowning in her alluring presence like this was starting to have a powerful, natural effect on him, and Jack began spending more and more of his workdays swimming in a pleasant haze of arousal. He was satisfied with his marriage, and tried to resist his deepening attraction toward his sexy subordinate, but the memory of her soft body pressed against his was ever-present in his mind, and he ultimately succumbed to her subtle seductions. It became hard for Jack to focus on his work when she was around, and he began missing deadlines as he spent more and more time looking forward to his time with Alani.

She immediately noticed the sudden decline in her boss's performance, of course, after all of her hard work to improve his efficiency, and quickly figured out what had happened. His initial harmless glances, which had originally let Alani know that her new figure and wardrobe were doing their jobs in making her desirable for her male boss to be around, had developed into long, unguarded stares of eager, unbridled lust whenever she entered his office. She couldn't deny that his attentions filled her with pleasant arousal as well; the sexually charged atmosphere that inevitably resulted each time they were together was just as hard for her to resist as it was for him, if not harder, due to the irresistible side effects of the Perfect Girlfriend Juice still coursing through her veins. It constantly drove her to please Mr. Davidson any way she could, even when that urge worked against her own goal of being the Perfect Secretary, and his increasing lust for her body only increased her desire to use that body for his pleasure.

In fact, she was certain that Mr. Davidson's current condition was due in large part to her instinctive need to make their interactions as sexual as she reasonably could, to titillate his susceptible male mind by showing off the soft, curvy body that the Juice's insidious influence had forced upon her. This was incredibly effective at convincing Mr. Davidson to go along with her decisions, of course, but as much as her personality now revolved around mechanical efficiency and professionalism, she still felt an addictive, purely sexual tingle throughout all of her bodies whenever she could tell that Mr. Davidson was turned on by her presences, which was more and more often these days. It had seemed so benign at first, but now it had become clear that his powerful male arousal, the natural result of constantly being surrounded

by scores of identical females literally designed to appeal to him sexually, was starting to negatively impact his work.

It briefly occurred to Alani that she could just replace Mr. Davidson as well. After all, by this point she could do his job better than he could, and his increasing inefficiency was starting to get in the way of her own work. Even so, she immediately dismissed the thought; Mr. Davidson

was the reason she was here, after all, the reason she looked forward to coming into the office each morning. Alani was his Perfect Secretary, and she wouldn't feel complete without being able to serve him and anticipate his needs. If anything, his own human shortcomings and imperfections just further justified her own perfect presence and service.

Plus, his desires were entirely natural, and they weren't his fault. It occurred to Alani that, if anything, their current predicament was due to the fact that Mr. Davidson's wife wasn't properly performing her own role at home, keeping Mr. Davidson's carnal needs met. And Alani knew that those needs would have to be relieved if he was to operate at peak efficiency once again, enjoying and encouraged by Alani's curves, not distracted and held back by them. Making sure her boss' sexual needs were met therefore clearly fell under the scope of her duties as well, and once this had been decided, Alani began to feel a growing compulsion to ensure that her boss got his rocks off. Not for her own satisfaction, of course, but for his own good. The fact that her responsibilities were growing increasingly sexual, feeding the growing need between her shapely, toned legs, was just a happy coincidence.

And so, unbeknownst to Jack, Alani dispatched one of herself to her boss' house that afternoon, when she could be relatively certain that Mrs. Davidson would be home.

Upon hearing the doorbell, Carol Davidson quickly opened the door for the strikingly beautiful young businesswoman standing outside.

"Hello Mrs. Davidson, I'm not sure if you remember me. I'm Alani, Mr. Davidson's secretary."

"Oh! Hello again Alani. Is everything alright with Jack?" Carol asked, a bit concerned that her husband's secretary had come all the way out to their house.

"He's perfectly fine, but there is something I'd like to talk to you about nonetheless," Alani continued. "Mr. Davidson hasn't been his usual self at work recently, and I just wanted to reach out and make sure everything was alright at home."

"How do you mean?" Carol asked, confused. She and Jack hadn't argued in months, and though he was at work more and more often recently, and seemed a bit more distant than he usually was when he was home, Carol couldn't think of a reason why any of that would be negatively affecting his work. If anything, any problems Jack was experiencing seemed likely to be caused by his work. "Everything has been just fine here, from what I can tell."

"That's odd. It seems that he might not be getting enough of the, ahem, attention he needs at home to do his job at peak efficiency," Alani said bluntly, getting straight to the point. She briefly looked Mrs. Davidson up and down as the slender woman's eyes widened with shock.

The wife was certainly attractive enough; the only reasonable conclusion was that she had been deliberately negligent in taking care of Mr. Davidson's needs. The unfairness of the situation made the betrayal sting all the more - Alani wanted to be the one taking care of those needs, but she wasn't able to because of her professional working relationship with Mr Davidson, while the one who was in the enviable position of servicing him sexually couldn't even be bothered to

do so! As calm and professional as Alani had become, she nonetheless felt herself becoming uncharacteristically angry at the nerve of this woman.

Meanwhile, Carol was feeling some strong emotions of her own in response to Alani's accusation, but was much less calm and professional about it. "Excuse me?! Who do you think you are?! My relationship with my husband is none of your business!" Carol had already felt a bit jealous once she recognized that this vision of sensual elegance was somehow Jack's secretary, and now to actually be accused of sexual inadequacy by the woman who spent more time during the week with her husband than she did was more than she could take.

Not to mention there was something.. unsettling... about this "secretary". She was too neat and professional somehow, her movements too precise, almost like she was some sort of automaton playing the part of an attractive young businesswoman a little too well. Carol felt another twinge of jealousy at how her tasteful yet sexy wardrobe clung to every curve of her unrealistically appealing body. Further, she was oddly still during breaks in the conversation or when not deliberately moving, and she only rarely seemed to blink, and even that small movement seemed somehow calculated, like she only did so to maximize moisture efficiency or something equally absurd. But the most unsettling of all were her eyes, which never left Carol's, and which burned with the cold intensity of single-minded purpose.

Carol finally shook herself out of her reverie. This entire situation was ridiculous, and she wouldn't put up with being talked to like this in her own front doorway. "I would like you to leave, immediately, and you should know that I'll be talking to Jack about this tonight. I think by this time tomorrow you'll be looking for a new job, missy."

Alani knew there was no danger of that, not only because the company literally couldn't function without her now that she'd replaced most of the staff, but mostly because of how helplessly infatuated with her Mr. Davidson had become. Even so, Alani hid her disdain for yet another person in Mr. Davidson's life not living up to their potential, politely told Mrs. Davidson goodbye, and headed back to the office, already planning her next move.

Sure enough, that night Carol ranted to Jack about how his secretary had had the audacity to come to their house that afternoon and accuse her of not having enough sex with him, of all things. She demanded that Jack fire her first thing in the morning.

Jack immediately figured out what had happened, and knew that it was all his fault. He'd gotten too forward with Alani, crossed the line into unprofessionalism one too many times, and after reprimanding her for doing the same, no less. Worse, he'd taken advantage of what

the Perfect Girlfriend Juice had done to the poor girl, and even now Alani was only doing what was best for him, still trying to take care of his needs. If anything, this turn of events only made Jack appreciate Alani all the more, and though he knew there was no way he could turn off his powerful desire for her body at this point, he could try to be a bit more discreet about it at least.

He mollified his wife as best he could by concocting a story about losing his temper and making a scene at work that morning, and claimed that Alani hadn't been talking about sex at all, but

about making sure that he got enough sleep. He insisted that Alani had only acted out of genuine concern for his health, and he promised to talk to her the next day about respecting personal boundaries. He also promised to get more rest from then on so that he would be less prone to similar outbursts in the future. Jack could tell that Carol wasn't completely convinced, but it would have to do for now.

Later, however, as he tried to fall sleep, he kept coming back to Alani's comments to Carol. Now that he thought about it, it had been a few months since he and his wife had done anything in the bedroom, and it was definitely possible that his feelings toward Alani was at least somewhat related. He still loved Carol, of course, and believed himself to be completely devoted to her, but even so, he couldn't deny that his sexual needs probably weren't getting met. Alani had been right again. She always was.

That didn't go well, Alani thought to herself on the drive back to the office after the altercation with Mrs. Davidson. She hadn't really expected it to go well, of course, but she had to try nonetheless out of respect for Mr. Davidson. She was still the version of Alani currently tasked with solving Mr. Davidson's sexual efficiency problem, so she turned her immense intellect toward other solutions to her boss's sexy, masculine urges, and tried to ignore the tingly warmth building between her legs as it threatened to influence the precision of her careful thoughts.

The most appealing solution was obvious, of course. She already knew how much Jack wanted her body, and that attraction had only increased as they'd begun to work more closely together, both personally and physically. She shivered as she recalled the overtly sexual contact she'd had to resort to the previous month, and her arousal continued to involuntarily increase at the memory of just how good that contact had felt. Alani knew from his reaction to the proximity of her body that she would be more than capable of fulfilling his sexual needs, and was finding it harder and harder to resist taking matters, and her boss' cock, into her own hands. Her fixation on this idea was entirely her Juice-induced infatuation talking, of course, but if anything that just made the notion more appealing.

Alani began to feel an odd weight on her chest, and when she glanced down at her tits she was mildly surprised to discover that they also seemed to think it was a good idea, slowly swelling once again as the sexual energy coursing through her body momentarily got the better of her and filled her mind with images of slutty secretaries seducing their manly bosses and servicing their thick, throbbing dicks. All over the office, Alanis suddenly found themselves

in danger of spilling out of their tops as their chests expanded and their highly analytical minds clouded with a renewed sexual obsession with Mr. Davidson.

Together Alani tried to fight off her growing urge to tempt her boss into infidelity with her body, recalling how Mr. Davidson had admonished her that their relationship was to be strictly professional, but the power of the Juice over her mind was absolute, and she could practically feel her opinion changing as the idea of fucking her boss became more and more appealing against her will. Her resistance began to seem silly; it was obvious how much they both needed

the sexual release, and how much they would both enjoy using each other's bodies to achieve that release. Their relationship would still be entirely professional - Alani would just slightly expand the scope of her duties once more, to now include taking care of Mr. Davidson's sexual needs in addition to his personal and professional ones. It was the only logical course of action, after all, and it was all for Mr. Davidson's own good, of course.

Over the next few days Alani began laying the groundwork for her seduction. She began showing up to work in outfits that, while still professional, clearly toed the line of impropriety, especially now that her body had apparently decided that her tits should be larger than her head. Still, now that she'd concluded that it was in Mr. Davidson's best interest for her to be a curvy, flirty tease, she couldn't help but love how sexy and horny she had become. She stopped wearing panties under her short pencil skirts, and began devoting an entire instance of herself to masturbation, keeping herself wet and ready for use at any time by Mr. Davidson.

Alani thought it was cute how he had clearly committed to resisting her charms exactly when she'd decided to apply them to the fullest, and she looked forward to the challenge of breaking down his resistance. In addition to stepping up her usual practice of putting herself on display for him, Alani also began innocuously touching him whenever she had the chance. Mr. Davidson seemed to know what her sudden increase in physicality signaled, however, and gently extricated himself from her touch each time. Even so, Alani's sharp eyes noticed the tent that formed in his pants whenever she touched him, and knew that she was making progress toward her goal nonetheless.

Her most effective tactic was ambushing him as he passed through narrow doorways, forcing them both to turn sideways to slide past each other, but since her large, bouncy tits now took up so much space, poorly encased in her tight tops and revealing a generous amount of soft, creamy flesh, she had no choice but to slide them slowly and luxuriously across his chest as she squeezed past him. A quick apology with demurely downcast eyes and a bit of color in her cheeks precluded him from saying anything after these surprisingly intimate touches, and more than once Alani was gratified to see Mr. Davidson awkwardly shuffling toward the restroom after being in such close physical contact with the object of his affections.

Within two weeks, in spite of his attempts to resist her, Alani had nonetheless trained him to get hard at the mere sight of her. Eventually Jack gave up entirely, and even began leaning into their contact, letting her curves rest against him for much longer than necessary, relishing

the arousing sensation of her body against his. When Alani noticed that Mr. Davidson no longer attempted to hide his erection when they squeezed past each other, and instead openly allowed his sensitive organ to slide across her slim waist, she knew that she had him right where she wanted him, and that it was finally time to put her plan into action.

That fateful afternoon three of Alani nonchalantly walked into Jack's office for the first time, the arousal already pounding between her shared legs at what she had finally come here to do.

Jack looked up, clearly surprised to see three of her in his office at once. Previously, Alani had only engaged Mr. Davidson with one of herself at a time, the others contenting themselves

with acting as pleasant eye candy as they carried out their tasks. This time, however, Alani knew that a combination of effort would be needed for the vital task at hand, and that due to their individual interactions in the past Mr. Davidson would be unprepared to resist the combined charms of three of her.

"Yes, Alani? What can I do for you?" he asked, quickly getting over his discomfort as his eyes instinctively fixated on the identical, appealing forms of his secretary, each in a pose designed to accentuate a different physical asset of her overtly sexual body. Alani was clad in an even shorter skirt than usual, barely reaching far enough down her thick, creamy thighs to cover the naked entrance between her legs aching for his cock. Her comically small blouse bared most of her trim midriff and a healthy amount of her lacy, low-cut bra, which itself revealed a noticeable amount of dark areola in the center of the vast, enticing mounds hanging from her chest. He immediately recognized that for the first time her outfit was inarguably inappropriate for a work environment, but, due to a combination of not wanting to make things even more awkward between them and wanting to enjoy the sight of the three almost pornographic visions standing in front of him, Jack chose to act casual, just as Alani had known he would.

"Um... you're looking unusually... good... today, Alani," Jack said carefully, trying and failing to avoid looking at her body.

Feeling unusually bubbly and sexy due to what she was about to do, Alani allowed herself to giggle in his presence for the first time, knowing just how futile his attempts to resist her were at this point.

"Thank you, Sir," the Alani in the center responded in an uncharacteristically high-pitched voice, drawing Jack's attention as the Alani on his left made her way around his desk toward him. "I've noticed that you've become a bit more distracted by my body than usual recently, Sir," she continued as the Alani at his side finally reached the back of his chair and rested her heavy chest on his left shoulder. He could feel her warm breath on his cheek, and the smell of her perfume was intoxicating. Jack knew that she had crossed a line, and that he should be strong and send the voluptuous seductresses away, but it was so much easier to just sit here, enjoying his sexy secretary's honeyed voice and the weight of her heavy breasts against him.

Even so, he instinctively recoiled at Alani being so open about his silent indiscretions, though he still made no move to extricate himself from the situation. "Oh, uh, I'm incredibly sorry, Alani. It won't happen again!" he stammered as he tried to compose himself and stifle his arousal, which continued to grow nonetheless, along with the size of the tent in his pants.

"There's no need for apologies, Sir. It's partially my fault that you're in this, um, 'situation' in the first place," she said as she walked over to his desk and leaned onto it, pressing her tits together with her elbows and filling his gaze with an even more provocative version of the cleavage he'd already been guiltily fantasizing about for months. "I only intended to become attractive enough for us to work together more efficiently," the busty center Alani continued as the Alani on Jack's right began making her way around the other side of his desk. "But, I seem to inadvertently have made myself a bit too attractive," she giggled sheepishly as Jack's hungry

eyes followed her bouncing chest, though the smoldering eroticism in her eyes let him know in no uncertain terms that it hadn't been a mistake at all.

The third Alani had finished making her way around the desk and was now gently running her soft, manicured hands over Jack's chest as the Alani draped over his left shoulder began to nuzzle his cheek and earlobe with her soft lips. "Sir," the center Alani continued, leaning forward to the point where her large, stiff nipples slid entirely out of her blouse and into Jack's greedy gaze, "I'm afraid that wanting to fuck your Perfect Secretary has begun to affect your job performance, and I'm here to make sure that never happens again."

She nodded to the other two girls, who forcefully pulled Jack's chair back from the desk as the central Alani also made her way around. The other girls had pulled their own blouses down by this point, and Jack's protestations were drowned out by the bouncy tits smothering his face as Alani knelt, almost reverently, between his legs. She gently stroked a finger along the tent in his pants, and was rewarded with the sight of the bulge pulsing in response. At this slight, pleasurable twitch from his groin, Jack redirected his gaze away from the identical pairs of tits filling his view, down into Alani's warm brown eyes as they stared intensely up into his.

"I've been waiting so long for this, Sir," was the last thing she said before she smoothly unzipped him, freed his erection, and savored the sensation of slowly lowering her perfect lips around the head of her boss' cock at last.

Meanwhile, across town, Carol Davidson got an anonymous email saying that her secretary and her husband were currently making out in his office. Her worst fears confirmed, Carol immediately jumped into her car and sped over to Jack's building, determined to catch them in the act. She marched into the front office, but was surprised to find Alani standing in front of the reception desk waiting for her. The door to Jack's office was closed.

"What's the meaning of this??" Carol demanded of her husband's secretary, whose curves were somehow even more sensual than they'd been the last time she'd seen her, and who was dressed in a highly inappropriate, almost pornographic perversion of an office suit,

advertising her body like a common slut. And yet, as she was standing right in front of her, Alani clearly couldn't also be making out with Jack.

"It's time you started serving your husband's needs better, Carol," Alani responded coolly, entirely ignoring both her question and her indignation, "and there's only one way to make sure you do it right."

Two other Alanis stepped out from where they had hidden themselves on either side of the door, and gently but firmly took hold of Carol's arms. The additional muscle Alani had put on for her warehouse work ensured that the slim blonde was entirely unable to escape her grip.

"What are you doing? What's going on? Let me go!" Carol exclaimed. Her surprise at seeing identical copies of her husband's busty secretary startled her into stillness long enough for the other two Alanis to secure her arms behind her back, and by the time she began to struggle,



Carol quickly realized that she wasn't going anywhere.

"Hush now Carol," the central Alani cooed patronizingly while producing an odd-looking can of what looked to be an energy drink. "I need you to be a good girl and drink some of this for me now."

"I'll do no such thing!" Carol responded, but Alani forced her mouth open with surprising strength and poured a bit of the tingly liquid down her throat nonetheless. Coughing and sputtering, Carol was forced to swallow some, and immediately felt an odd calmness spreading through her limbs. She ceased her struggles, slowly sinking back against Alani's soft, welcoming curves as her mind clouded, and Alani was more than happy to oblige when Carol felt compelled to drink a bit more of the fascinating substance a minute later, as she too began to succumb to its irresistible influence.

All too soon Carol began to feel that deep, instinctive yearning to be in the presence of a man, any man, so that she could sate the unbearable curiosity growing within her and ask him about his Perfect Girlfriend. Once Alani saw the hunger in Carol's eyes, reminding her of the Juice's initial effects on her own body and mind so long ago in what felt like another life, she walked over to her desk and spun her computer monitor around, where the camera she had secretly installed in Mr. Davidson's office was currently displaying the orgy inside.

Carol knew she should have been horrified to see the sexual acts her husband was currently engaged in with the three Alanis, but instead all she could feel was a sense of profound relief at finally laying her eyes on a man, combined with an intense craving to know what her husband's Perfect Girlfriend was like. Jack was clearly enjoying himself on the monitor, and Carol was eager to learn all she could. She calmly observed Jack's reaction to the tits in his face and the head bobbing enthusiastically between his legs, and felt her mouth beginning to water as the realization that being Jack's Perfect Girlfriend clearly involved frequent blowjobs deeply embedded itself in her personality. Suddenly, Carol loved the idea of having her husband's cock in her mouth, and couldn't wait for Alani to finish with him so that she could take over.

Alani sympathetically watched Carol licking her lips as she observed her husband of ten years being professionally and respectfully seduced by Alani's selves, knowing exactly what was going through her head as Alani's own lips were vicariously compelled to slide up and down Mr. Davidson's straining member. Carol could easily have avoided this outcome if she'd taken the initiative to blow Mr. Davidson herself, but now it was too late, and Carol would have no choice but to become Mr. Davidson's Perfect Girlfriend, just as Alani had been forced to become his Perfect Secretary.

At that moment, one of the Alanis in the room began to speak, and her voice could be clearly heard through the computer's speakers. Carol eagerly listened to the audio, not because she cared about what the busty slut had to say, but because she hoped that during the conversation her husband might let something slip about what he found attractive in a woman.

Inside the office, unable to resist the intense pleasure coming from his dick now that it was safely between Alani's soft lips, her husband had fully and eagerly embraced his fate and had

relaxed back into his chair, giving the three women free reign to use their sexy feminine bodies to drive his arousal even higher. He could only listen helplessly as one of them finally began to speak again.

"I know that you told me not to bring up the "girlfriend stuff" ever again, Sir, but it's for your own good." The Alani who had done most of the talking up to this point was dutifully sucking his cock, paying close attention as it strained and throbbed against her tongue in order to maximize his pleasure and most effectively sate his sexual urges, so these words came from the Alani on his right as she offered her large, round tits and thick nipples up to his greedy hands and face. Meanwhile the Alani on his left repeated her words, whispering them into his ear as her ruby lips gently sucked on his earlobe, sending tingles up and down his spine as his cock continued to twitch in Alani's slick mouth, and Jack had no choice but to internalize her every word. "It's become clear to me that you do in fact need not only a Perfect Secretary, but a Perfect Girlfriend as well." Carol felt her ears perking up at the mention of the words Perfect Girlfriend, her slender body practically pulsing with potential.

"Look how well I can take care of you, Sir," Alani continued as her duplicates continued to stimulate him, driving up his arousal and leaving him increasingly suggestible as his need for release grew. "And not just at work. I can cook for you, clean for you, take care of all of your professional and... personal... needs," she breathed, bending over into his face to gently kiss and nibble on his lips. "You can have as much of me as you want, whenever you want. Would you like that, Sir?"

Jack could only nod helplessly as the sexual pleasure cascading throughout his body began its final crescendo toward a perfect climax. That wasn't enough for the Alani on his right, however, who stood up and took a step back even as the Alanis on his left and between his legs continued to coax Jack toward its inevitable orgasm.

"Say it, Sir. Tell me that I'm your Perfect Girlfriend," Alani commanded, staring down at him with her elegant features, the intensity of her expression brooking no disagreement even as Jack saw his pleasure and desire reflected in her own seductive brown eyes.

"Oh god! Oh yes!" Jack moaned, and his hips began to buck and he began to empty what felt like his entire soul into his slutty secretary's soft mouth as he experienced the most excruciating pleasure he had ever felt. "You're my perfect girlfriend Alani!!"

Back in the outer office, the two Alanis immediately released Carol from their grip, but even so she found herself unable to move as her husband's words sank deep into her curious, enthralled mind. Of course Alani was Jack's Perfect Girlfriend. What man could resist an endless army of identical sexy secretaries entirely devoted to his sexual pleasure? In her euphoric, drug-addled state, Carol was almost unsurprised when she looked down and saw her own chest swelling and her own outfit shrinking into a perfect replica of Alani's obscene low-cut top and miniskirt, advertising her new sexual assets and making them readily available for her horny husband. She couldn't help but welcome and encourage her changes, unable to resist the Perfect Girlfriend Juice as it transformed her into Jack's Perfect Girlfriend, into Alani.

And then Carol felt another consciousness rubbing up against her own, a seductive, paradoxical multitude of single-minded purpose. Carol reached out to it as her bust and hips continued to expand, wrapped herself in its ruthless efficiency and uninhibited sexuality, and then she was gone.

Alani stood up from where she had stumbled to her knees between herself in the outer office and briefly adjusted her outfit to reveal as much of her toned legs and massive tits as possible. She considered gliding into Mr. Davidson's office to help him come down from his powerful sexual release, drawn by the ever-present need for him that burned between her thighs, but stopped when she saw that herself had the situation in the office well under control. She began mechanically filing expense reports instead, her pussy moistening in the naked air under her miniskirt at the thought of making herself useful.

She was Mr. Davidson's Perfect Secretary, after all, and she had work to do.

End of Perfect Secretary

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](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](http://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get a full two months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other

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