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## **Perfect Girlfriend Juice**

**by Fidget**

### **Chapter 3: Perfect Secretary (Part 2)**

Alani continued to carry out her secretarial tasks with perfect efficiency, a picture of professionalism with just the right amount of subtle sex appeal in her practiced, elegant movements. A casual onlooker wouldn't think twice about the scene, except perhaps to appreciate the softly swelling curves shown off to perfection by Alani's tastefully revealing blouse and skirt, and they certainly wouldn't have any reason to suspect that a perfect duplicate of this sexy secretary was simultaneously restructuring the entire shipping department.

Alani was immediately popular in shipping due to her shameless flirting with the workers, and all the while she noted and expertly catalogued the inefficiencies of both process and personnel. She knew she probably shouldn't be encouraging their objectification of her like this, but it was a small price to pay to accomplish the task Mr. Davidson had set out for her, and she couldn't deny that she got a warm sexual thrill from the attention herself, though only because Mr. Davidson likely found her just as attractive as these men did.

She put on an air of cute, innocent ignorance as she asked the shipping manager to tell her about his job, making a show of how impressed she was by all of his responsibilities and acumen as her cleavage compelled him to keep talking. She framed her suggestions for process improvements as compliments for procedures he had no doubt already implemented, and by the time she left the floor an hour later, she had neatly maneuvered him into not only implementing all of her suggestions, but also committing himself to making sure they were followed to the letter. He had been helpless to resist his natural urge to impress the boss's hot secretary, and Alani filed away the effectiveness of this strategy for later.

The Alani at the front desk was vaguely aware of what her other self was doing, bending the gruff shipping personnel to her will through a combination of blandishments and raw sex appeal, but for the most part she just focused on her own responsibilities, knowing that she was more than capable of handling her assignment in shipping without oversight. Alani had

her own subset of the secretarial duties to worry about, after all, and knew that if any more tasks came up in the meantime, more of her would be generated and assigned to them.

She soon realized that she should make the rounds of the accounting department to ensure that things were still running smoothly, but she was still in the middle of reaching out to clients. Knowing that she was the closer of the two Alanis to Accounting, she once again experienced the oddly pleasurable sensation of her attractive body automatically duplicating itself, and then she was also standing beside the desk where she was still hard at work on her computer. Without a word, Alani turned and made her way to Accounting, where she was pleased to find everything proceeding according to plan.

Aware of herself at all times, Alani was unsurprised when she returned from Accounting a few minutes later, and all but ignored the soft touch of her hand on the bare skin of her arm before she was once again the only person in the office. Alani briefly considered how odd this would look to Mr. Davidson, but with how natural it felt to auto-scale to meet the varying and increasing needs of her job, it was difficult for Alani to even consider how unusual it might be, and so she dismissed the thought as irrelevant and got back to work. Shortly thereafter, the Alani dispatched to shipping returned and was reintegrated as well, leaving Alani neither more nor less than she'd been seconds before.

Over the next few days she became more adept at quickly dispatching and reintegrating herself in order to increase her efficiency. The instance of Alani at the front desk was often the locus of the duplication and integration, but that was only due to her central location, and not because any one of her was the "real" Alani. All of herself were equally Alani, and they each accomplished their individual tasks with an identical elegant effectiveness.

Even so, she never got tired of observing the subtle sensuality and mechanical precision of her movements as she watched herself work. It was incredibly satisfying to see how good she looked in person, especially with how Mr. Davidson's eyes lit up with clear delight upon seeing her, and she thoroughly enjoyed the few chances she had to surreptitiously watch herself interact with him. She appreciated the irresistible charm of her subtle flirtations, secure in the knowledge that they were only a tool to help her boss's efficiency, of course, and yet she still flushed with intense pleasure at the naked interest in his face and body language whenever she caught his eyes roaming over her figure.

Alani had never felt the need to hide her new existence from Jack, but even so it was still a few days before he caught on to the fact that Alani now seemed to be everywhere at once, getting far more done in a day than should be humanly possible for anyone, even with her remarkable performance of late. He finally confronted her about it after finding her calmly typing away at her desk after having seen her at the other end of the hall not ten seconds before.

"Alani, I could have sworn I just saw you go into the filing room," he noted, confused, but nonetheless appreciating his view of the two creamy mounds partially visible down her blouse, which Alani had silently made clear that she was perfectly comfortable with him enjoying.

"You did, Sir. I knew you'd find out about this eventually, and so I suppose there's no harm telling you now. When you told me that there was too much work for me to do alone last week, I recognized just how true that was, and realized that in order to fully become the Perfect Secretary, I'd have to be in multiple places at once. And so now I am. Whenever there's more to do than one of me can handle at any given time, I just duplicate my effort as much as necessary to get everything done, and my body apparently follows suit," Alani laughed brightly, gesturing down at her shapely form. "The me you saw down the hall is filing Accounts Receivable for the week while I'm busy with scheduling."

"Alani, that's insane. What's really going on?"

"It's true, Sir. Here's a perfect example: right now all of the other Alanis are busy with important tasks, and it's time to brew your afternoon coffee. This conversation is of the utmost importance to the future operations of our firm, and so it too must continue. Therefore..." Jack squinted in an effort to focus as Alani's outline seemed to grow blurry for an instant, and then faster than he could blink there was another Alani calmly standing beside the one in the chair. As shocked as Jack was, he still found himself drinking in the curves of this new perfect replica of Alani as she dropped into a cheeky curtsy and gave him a wink.

"If you'll excuse me, Sir..." the newly-created Alani chimed playfully, before gliding down the hall to put on his afternoon coffee.

"How is this possible?" Jack asked, slack-jawed, now completely convinced by her display as he watched her flared hips disappear around the corner. "Does it hurt??" His voice was full of concern, but Alani could see that he was nonetheless clearly pleased to have twice as much of her to look at.

"Oh no, Sir! It's a bit of an odd sensation, but if anything, knowing that I can be of better use to you in this way makes it the best feeling in the world!"

"How did this happen?"

Alani had pieced that together herself over the preceding days. "I believe it was something I drank, Sir. I know you asked me not to mention it again, but the day of my... indiscretion - *she felt a small thrill as his eyes again briefly dropped to her chest, so she leaned forward ever so slightly to reward his glance* - I believe that I wasn't entirely myself. I had just tried an odd energy drink called "Perfect Girlfriend Juice", and I was suddenly overwhelmed with a need to know how I could become your Perfect Girlfriend. It felt like I was somehow brimming with sensual potential, and that whatever you told me about your Perfect Girlfriend would somehow become true for me. You rightly rejected my inappropriate advances, of course, but you also seem to have inadvertently turned me into your Perfect Secretary instead. And then,

once my duties became too much for me to handle, you unintentionally gave me the ability to automatically scale myself to the magnitude of my tasks as well."

"Alani, I'm so sorry - I had no idea-!"

"Oh, please don't worry yourself over it, Sir! You had no way of knowing what you were doing, and I've truly enjoyed becoming your Perfect Secretary. I know that to some degree I'm being made to feel this way, but I've never experienced such a sense of accomplishment and fulfillment before, and now that our relationship is strictly professional and platonic, there are so many ways that I can be of use to you!"

She flashed him a dazzling smile as she punctuated her remark by subtly squeezing her tits together and propping her elbows on the desk, and Jack was torn between panicking that she was somehow going to phase through it and admiring the view she was giving him. *Strictly platonic, sure*, Jack thought sarcastically to himself, recognizing just how much his body was starting to desire his curvy secretary, and not really wanting to resist the sensation. Even so, his attraction to her felt insane given what he had just witnessed and learned about the nature of their relationship.

He knew that acting as though nothing had happened and just letting Alani continue to be his secretary was clearly taking advantage of her, since she hadn't chosen this for herself, but with her now having somehow developed superpowers as well, the unreality of his situation was so far beyond anything he was equipped to handle. He certainly didn't want to do anything that might make her angry, and from a purely pragmatic standpoint the company had never been more successful, and by extension, neither had he. Plus, he had come to truly enjoy having Alani around, and didn't feel that it would be right to just cut her loose, especially with no apparent way to return her to normal. And, most importantly, Alani was obviously enjoying what had happened to her, and wanted nothing more than to continue as his secretary. He had never seen her so happy before, and knew that even if he could turn her back, she likely wouldn't want him to.

In the end, Jack admitted that he had grown to rely on her far too much to reverse course at this point. Even aside from how much he wanted to keep her around because of the very non-platonic way she was making him feel, it was no exaggeration to say that the company would literally fall apart without her. She was too valuable to him as she was now, for myriad reasons, and so he tentatively decided not to upset the status quo.

"Ok Alani, we'll give this a try. But, you have to make sure that nobody sees any of your... copies. Can you keep track of all of them?"

"Of course, Sir. They're all me, after all. Nobody will suspect a thing," she replied with a perfectly manicured wink that tightened his pants before turning back to her monitor.

And Alani was right, of course. Over the next month, at any given moment there were usually at least four Alanis in the building, but because their duties were all compartmentalized and

they were able to perfectly keep track of each other's location, aside from Mr. Davidson nobody was the wiser. Plus, now that he was aware of her abilities, there was no reason not to send one of herself to pop into his office every hour or so to update him on the goings-on around the building and give him a break from his paperwork. She could tell how much he enjoyed seeing her, and, thanks to the physiological effects of the Perfect Girlfriend Juice, she couldn't help but enjoy seeing him as well.

Jack began to look forward to these frequent meetings more and more, and though it initially felt odd to ask his secretary about how things were going elsewhere in the building and have her respond with supernatural accuracy, he soon grew used to it, and they both came to enjoy the frequent flirtations and subtle sexual tension that characterized this new stage in their professional relationship. All the while, Jack and the company reached new levels of prosperity, all thanks to Alani.

A few weeks later, however, one of the accountants made a careless error on an order that ended up costing the company tens of thousands of dollars. Through Alani, Jack found out about the oversight within five minutes of it happening, but the damage had already been done.

"I wish I could just put *you* in charge of everything, Alani. There'd never be an error like this again. Not to mention how much money we could save on payroll," he joked, ignorant of the implications of his careless words.

Alani, however, immediately felt something shift inside her head, and was excited to realize that he had inadvertently changed her once again. She could feel the Perfect Girlfriend Juice transforming her into even more of a Perfect Secretary, and eagerly embraced the change, whatever it was.

Alani had originally planned to work alongside Mr. Davidson's employees, guiding them and gently correcting and compensating for their many foibles, but now she suddenly couldn't think of a reason why *she* shouldn't be the one doing all of the work instead. After all, it was self-evident that she could perform all of the tasks far better than any of the other employees could, and eliminating them all from payroll would save Mr. Davidson over a million dollars in personnel expenses. It was the only logical course of action. The fact that she would then have Mr. Davidson all to herself was just a bonus.

"You have to fire her, Sir. Errors like this cost the company too much money, especially when it would be child's play for me to take over her duties, and it would set an example for the other employees that will ensure that they take more care in the future."

"Fire her?? Don't you think that's a bit extreme?" Jack asked, surprised by the intensity of his normally level-headed secretary's reaction. Still, he trusted her judgment too much to reject her suggestion out of hand.

"It's the only thing that makes sense, Sir. Two birds with one stone - I'm capable of performing her duties in a fraction of the time with greater accuracy, and at a fraction of the cost."

"I dunno, Alani. That just seems a bit... harsh."

"I'll handle the firing, Sir. You won't have to lift a finger. I assure you, this really is the only reasonable course of action available to us."

Alani could tell that he still wasn't convinced, however, so she recalled the effectiveness of the tactics she had used with the shipping manager, and felt compelled to take similar action here for both of their sakes. Subtly pulling down her blouse to reveal a bit more of her chest, Alani made her way around Mr. Davidson's desk for the first time, placed one delicate hand comfortingly on his shoulder, and pressed her firm breast lightly against his upper arm as she directed his attention to the month's financials sitting open in front of him. The Perfect Girlfriend Juice must have sensed her intentions, because Alani could feel her tits involuntarily swelling a bit more at having directed so much overt sexuality at the object of her chemically-induced affections, and the idea of becoming a sexy secretary for Mr. Davidson suddenly seemed just a bit more appealing to her. Still, Alani decided that the tradeoff was worth it, and she figured that a bit more sex appeal could only help her accomplish her new goals for the two of them.

"Mr. Davidson, you can't deny that my multitasking abilities have been nothing but beneficial to the company so far, and that I could easily handle a few more accounting duties."

"That's true, but-"

"And you're enjoying having more of me around the office, right?" Alani teased, subtly maneuvering her left arm to push her larger boobs a bit further into his tricep. She smiled to herself at just how predictable her typical male boss was as his eyes momentarily darted over to feast on her creamy cleavage.

"...Yes," he admitted reluctantly, sensing that he was probably making a mistake somehow, but his arousal-clouded mind wasn't able to find any fault in her logic. And he was enjoying having more of her around. It seemed like everywhere he looked there was an appealing Alani to look at, and right now she was so close... He could feel her warm breath on the skin of his neck, the delightful pressure of her chest against his arm, and she smelled so good... Jack was in heaven, and was willing to go along with anything she suggested if it meant she'd keep touching him like this.

"Then just let me handle it, Sir. That's what I became your Perfect Secretary for, after all." Alani briefly pressed herself a bit more firmly against his body before turning and briskly swaying to the office door on her heels, smoothing her skirt against her waist as she went so that Mr. Davidson's attention would be drawn to her pert backside and toned legs as she made her exit.

Jack just sat there, dazed, silently enjoying the pleasurable pulse of his erection against the rough cotton of his boxers, not realizing that while Alani's soft tits had been giving him that

erection, another slightly bustier Alani had already been dispatched to Accounting, and the first of many employees had already been fired.

## **End of Perfect Secretary, Part 2**

**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](https://www.patreon.com/fidget1)**. Patrons get a full two months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!