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## **Perfect Girlfriend Juice**

**by Fidget**

### **Chapter 5: The Gold Digger, Part 1**

Elizabeth arrived home late, drunk again after a long night at the bar, trying to make a better life for herself and her teenage daughter, or at least that's what she told herself.

When she let herself into the kitchen of the large, empty house that they wouldn't be able to afford for much longer, she wasn't surprised that her daughter was nowhere to be found. *Probably in her room mooning over that boy in her class again.*

Elizabeth noticed an energy drink can sitting on the counter, but when she picked it up, she saw that it was only half-finished. *"Perfect Girlfriend Juice"? Isn't this the stuff from the news that drugs and changes women? What on earth is my daughter doing with something like this?* Suddenly struck with unexpected worry, Elizabeth called out:

"Tracy? Are you here?"

"Elizabeth?" she heard unexpectedly in response. "You're home late, as usual. I'm absolutely shocked that none of the millionaires at the bar decided to take you home tonight."

Elizabeth was taken aback by the deep, mature feminine voice that responded, as well as the fact that the voice had referred to her by name when she was expecting a response from her daughter, and then an incredibly voluptuous woman around her age came out of the living room into the kitchen. As she took in her looks, however, Elizabeth became even more confused, because this unknown woman's resemblance to herself was uncanny - whoever she was, she could have been Elizabeth's bustier, curvier, even more brazen and shameless sister.

"Who are you? Where's Tracy?" Elizabeth noticed that her busty double had squeezed herself into one of her own more revealing tops and skirts, showing an ample amount of full breast and thick thigh in the process. "And why are you wearing my clothes? What's going on!?"

"I *am* Tracy, Elizabeth, though I think I'm going by Trina now, actually."

Tracy then told her speechless mother what had happened, from her crush on Tyler, to her ill-advised choice to drink half a can of Perfect Girlfriend Juice to pursue that crush, to

overhearing that Tyler had really been crushing on Elizabeth, which had then irrevocably turned Tracy into an over-sexed version of her own mother.

Still, Elizabeth couldn't prevent a twinge of vanity from leaking through as Tracy told her how Tyler had really been interested in *her* and not Tracy; as inappropriate as it was under the circumstances, Elizabeth still felt proud that her older, curvy milf body was still desirable enough for men to get crushes on her. If only it worked as well on rich young millionaires at the bar as it apparently did on horny, penniless eighteen-year-olds.

Tracy/Trina noticed her mother's look of smug self-satisfaction, and cocked an eyebrow as she continued her story, almost as if to say, "hey, the Juice is forcing me to get off on the idea of being with younger guys - what's your excuse?" before launching into an incredibly detailed, X-rated narration of how she had seduced Tyler that afternoon.

Elizabeth watched aghast as her mature daughter's face and cleavage flushed darker and darker pink as she recounted how good the strapping young man's cock had felt, and how quickly he had given in and emptied himself into Trina's milfy pussy. Clearly even the thought of the events of the afternoon were enough to get her daughter going again, and it was incredibly unsettling for Elizabeth to recognize her own signs of physical arousal reflected in what was essentially a sexier version of herself, especially since the person burning with that arousal was her own daughter. It didn't help that Elizabeth herself hadn't felt sexual excitement like that in years.

In short, what had happened to Tracy had been a catastrophe. "Tracy, you've made yourself old!" was the first protest she could come up with.

"I prefer the term 'experienced'. And it's what Tyler wants, so I couldn't be happier."

"But what about your future that I've worked so hard for!?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter anymore. I'll always be whatever Tyler needs me to be, which right now is a milfier, sexier version of you for him to play with. Also, don't act like any of what you're doing is for me - if you really cared, you'd have gotten a stable job after dad left, instead of frittering away all of our savings hopelessly throwing yourself at sugar daddies you had no chance with, all to support your lifestyle of never having to work a day in your life."

Unlike her former meek teenage self, the Juice had clearly filled Tracy with a mature assertiveness, as well as the perspective that came with her age and years of experience.

"Anyway," she continued, "I'm going to go frig my puffy, horny milf pussy at the thought of Tyler cumming inside me again tomorrow. Don't wait up, 'Mom'."

And with that, Elizabeth watched the bustier version of her forty-two-year-old body sway up the stairs into a pink bedroom still filled with the trappings of her daughter's former self.

Left to her own tipsy thoughts at the disappearance of her daughter in more ways than one, Elizabeth looked over at the can on the counter, and in a flash of anger picked it up and carried it over to the sink, prepared to pour the evil stuff down the drain. This crap had stolen

her daughter from her, had turned her against her, had transformed Tracy into a slutty version of Elizabeth straight out of a teenager's wet dreams...

*Wait.*

Elizabeth stopped herself with her arm tilted above the sink, before she could pour the priceless liquid down the drain. If this stuff had turned Tracy into the Perfect Girlfriend of a horny, milf-obsessed teenager, then it could just as easily turn *her* into the Perfect Girlfriend of a millionaire sugar daddy.

Hell, with this stuff Elizabeth could get whatever guy she wanted, and she wouldn't even have to lift a finger! Plus, these new money tech bros all wanted young blondes with huge tits, so she'd probably even end up at least ten years younger and with a free body makeover to boot, no more expensive and painful surgery needed! And if she had to put up with being a bit sluttier as a result, well, with a body like that, it was only fair that she enjoy a good dicking down from time to time. Especially since it was for a good cause.

If all went well, she could even just swap identities with Tracy and act as though her daughter were her own curvy milf mother.

Elizabeth could barely sleep that night in her excitement, and spent the next day putting her plan together. She put on her best dress and makeup, not that she'd really need either much longer, and carefully slipped the small, half-full can of Perfect Girlfriend Juice into her clutch before she left.

At 9pm sharp she showed up to the most exclusive private club in town, practically guaranteed to find a handsome, jacked billionaire who could continue to fund her lifestyle once she made herself irresistible to him.

As it turned out, she'd chosen the perfect night for her hunt: apparently there was a fundraiser for some up-and-coming tech nerd. Normally someone like her would have no chance getting into an event like this, but luckily she'd once fucked the bouncer, and he was willing to let her slip in with the promise of an encore later that night.

Now that she was in, Elizabeth immediately got to work. She knew better than to expect that one of these young millionaires in tailored name-brand suits would be willing to buy someone like her a drink, so she bit the bullet and plopped down the \$30 for a vodka cranberry before beginning to make the rounds.

She worked her way through the crowd, ignoring Rolexes and chiseled jaws now that she no longer had to settle for whatever she could get, bumping into younger, prettier versions of herself playing the same game she was, trying to find a Mr. Right Now to manipulate into becoming Mr. Right. Or at least, a Mr. On-the-hook-for-my-expensive-lifestyle.

Finally, in a secluded corner of the room, Elizabeth overheard a young man dressed in an especially expensive suit talking about his company being on the verge of billions of dollars. She quickly put together that this was the CEO who had hosted the event, and that the “fundraiser” was being thrown in honor of one of his tech nerds to drum up private investment in anticipation of getting the nerd’s new semiconductor fabrication process up and running.

Elizabeth didn’t care about any of that, of course; she only cared that this guy was currently worth millions, would likely be worth billions in just a few years, and was jacked and gorgeous to boot.

She made up her mind on the spot - this was her guy.

She innocuously walked around the corner toward the restrooms and pulled out the can of Perfect Girlfriend Juice, but just as she was about to pour it into her vodka, a young, pretty brunette with a slim figure and cunning eyes softly touched her arm to get her attention.

“Is that the Juice?” The girl’s eyes were greedy.

“Yeah, why?”

“I heard it doesn’t take much - can I have some too?” She lifted her own drink in supplication.

“You know what, why not.” *I already have my target, and there are plenty of other men to go around, after all.* She poured half of the can’s remaining contents into the brunette’s glass, and the rest into her own.

“Good hunting,” she saluted, but the young brunette was already gulping hers down, so Elizabeth just shrugged and followed suit. The Juice tasted like tangy bubble gum; not the worst mixer she’d ever tried.

Almost immediately Elizabeth felt an unexpectedly strong yearning for masculinity growing inside her the likes of which she hadn’t felt since Tracy was conceived.

The brunette next to her was forgotten, though she too was now filled with that same irresistible need, and wandered off to helplessly enslave herself to the first man she saw.

Suddenly Elizabeth understood the look on Trina’s face as she recounted her experience becoming Tyler’s Perfect Girlfriend - Elizabeth’s desire to leverage her fading looks into snagging a sugar daddy was now only a dim memory that paled in comparison to her new, deep-seated urge to be in the presence of a man, *any* man, rich or poor, handsome or hideous, so that the Juice could force her to become whatever he wanted in a woman.

The vulnerability of her situation should have scared her, but it was too late for that. All she could do now was find the nearest man in what was now only incidentally a room full of millionaires.

In the back of her mind she vaguely remembered that she had wanted to go see a specific man, but in her current state that suddenly seemed so much less important when literally any

guy could fulfill that visceral curiosity growing stronger within her with every passing second. Still, she knew that her original target was right around the corner, and his proximity combined with the fact that she knew exactly where he was was just enough to convince Elizabeth to go looking for him instead of seeking out another equally enticing man.

She whipped back around the corner and accidentally locked eyes with a short, scrawny nerd headed for the restrooms. Even though he immediately broke her gaze and uncomfortably averted his eyes, he was still male, and so Elizabeth felt herself falling, with irrevocable finality, head over heels in love with him.

"Excuse me!" she blurted out, unable to hold back her torrent of curiosity any longer as he charmingly shrank from her gaze and tried to sneak past.

"Wh-what?" her cute, awkward-looking crush stammered, clearly surprised that any of the women in the club was making an attempt to engage him in conversation.

"What do you like in women?" Elizabeth watched his eyes flick down to the cleavage her milky breasts were making in her favorite black dress as he instinctually considered the question, causing the dosed 42-year-old to squirm with pleasure at the attention.

"What is this, some sort of a joke?" he squeaked unexpectedly in a sudden flash of indignant anger, knowing all too well from experience that these sorts of questions were only ever asked at his expense.

Just as Elizabeth recoiled from having offended her dream guy, however, two men in expensive-looking suits appeared from the crowd, grabbed her man's twiggy arms and roughly turned him around.

"Hey, Norm, it's time to go press the flesh, whether you want to or not! Gotta earn your paycheck after all!"

"B-but I was told that I wouldn't be paid for toni-"

"Well then I guess it's time to go *not* earn your paycheck!" The other businessman cackled at his partner's joke, and began to drag the young nerd away.

"HEY!" The vehemence in Elizabeth's voice as it cut through the gibes and cackling surprised even her as she stomped over and pulled her darling free from the men's hands. This deep in the throes of the Juice coursing through her body, she could no longer put off her need to ask the nerd about his Perfect Girlfriend, and she was willing to go to whatever lengths were necessary for the chance to do so.

"Leave him alone! He was just trying to go to the restroom!" She firmly planted herself between Norm and the men, stuck her hands out, and turned her attention back to her crush. "You go ahead, and I'll stand right here and make sure these assholes leave you alone."

As his thin body slid past her toward the facilities, Elizabeth couldn't help but quietly ask him in passing, "Hey, um, also, how else do you want me to be?" as the Juice forced her to try to

squeeze out any inkling of the nerd's preferences, impatient to use that information to completely remake Elizabeth's existence.

She had intended the question to refer to her body, her mind, romance, sexual objectification, *anything* that could take her closer to being Norm's Perfect Girlfriend, but her meaning was lost in the confusion of the scene and the scattered mental state of the socially overwhelmed nerd, who instead interpreted her question to mean, "What else do you want me to do?"

He responded, confused, "Uh, more of that, I guess," before disappearing into the bathroom to spend as much time as she could buy him away from the crowd.

*More of that?* Elizabeth wasn't sure what he meant exactly, but even so an irresistible need to be *more of that* began to grow inside her as her suggestible mind latched onto the idea and began exploring the possibilities.

*More of what?* What was she like now? Well, she was protecting Norm from these assholes. She was keeping him safe. Was that what he wanted more of?

*More of that.*

She couldn't wait any longer - she had to change. More protective of him, then. More *able* to protect him. Elizabeth didn't notice her body beginning to grow as she puzzled through these thoughts, slowly becoming larger, stronger, bit by bit. Her weak, middle-aged female body slowly began to harden as muscle fibers thickened and interlaced after decades of under-use and soft living.

It briefly occurred to Elizabeth just how *good* she felt, how powerful, though that strength now felt completely natural to her, even as the sensation continued to intensify within her body.

*More of that.*

The muscles of her arms and legs now began showing visible hypertrophy, toning at first before beginning to bulge, larger and larger. Elizabeth experienced a brief sensation of vertigo as her height began to grow first by millimeters, then by centimeters.

She was lucky her favorite dress was stretchy, but it could still only take so much. The skirt slowly rode up her thickening thighs as she grew taller, threatening to expose her most expensive pair of lacy panties as they stretched and ultimately snapped under the pressure, falling to the imported marble floor, forgotten. Her bulging glutes and quads eventually created enough friction with the thin material to forcibly hold the skirt in place, but Elizabeth was still growing, and soon the strain between her broadening upper and lower bodies split the garment in half.

She stood there helplessly as her pricey dress shredded around her, starting with a long diagonal tear that turned the lower half into a sort of skin-tight pencil miniskirt with the massive muscles of her thighs showing through a series of small stress-rips down the sides, while the upper half became effectively a bra-top, fully exposing the toned abs of her rock-

solid midriff. The dress was already sleeveless, and so it nicely showed off Elizabeth's biceps and delts as they bulged along her thickening arms.

*More of that.*

Her newfound strength needed the bloom of youth, not the creeping decrepitude of middle age, and suddenly Elizabeth's skin was clearer as her body abruptly lost fifteen years of wear-and-tear, leaving her at a mature twenty-seven, the height of youthful vigor, old enough for her frame to fully support her new musculature, but not so old that the inevitable progression of time had begun taking its toll.

As her youthful passions grew stronger, Elizabeth suddenly developed an unexpected, though completely appropriate given the circumstances, interest in bodybuilding. She needed to know everything she possibly could about terms she'd only ever heard in passing: metabolisms, caloric intake, interval training, min/maxing, etc. She'd need all of that and more to keep her body in tip-top shape so she could continue to protect her beloved Norm.

*More of that.*

It wasn't enough. What else did she need more of? How else was she helping Norm?

Well, she was having to make a scene to protect him. As charming as she now found these traits of his, she still recognized that he was clearly bad at handling any sort of conflict, or confronting uncomfortable social situations. So, he'd need his Girlfriend to be more than capable of doing all of this for him.

Immediately Elizabeth felt the aggression growing inside her as she became more willing to violate social norms, almost eager to use her new muscles to resolve conflict. Despite having lived a life fully centered around being hyper-sensitive to what other people thought about her, Elizabeth suddenly found that she no longer cared. She no longer *could* care. Except, of course, when it came to her beloved Norm, who was still hiding cutely in the restroom as his off-hand comment rewrote Elizabeth's body and mind.

Elizabeth noticed that she was no longer worried about what condition her clothes were in, and almost welcomed the stares from the few party-goers who could see her around the corner by the restrooms.

She ran a hand through her hair, unaware that it had shortened from her former long, boring brown locks into a stylish blue pixie cut.

*More of that.*

So she still wasn't done yet. In the midst of her new existence as a veritable mountain of muscle, the Juice suddenly forced her to remember that she was still a woman, and that being a Perfect Girlfriend also required a certain amount of sexual femininity.

So, what else did she need more of?

Well, she was pretty busty... Elizabeth remembered Norm staring at her cleavage for one brief second - maybe he meant more of that? More willingness to show off bigger, bouncier

breasts? She was suddenly overcome with an urgent need for her body to please Norm sexually as the Juice grasped onto this sliver of sensuality in their interaction, and Elizabeth's boobs, which had mostly just flattened and spread out as the surface area of her chest and powerful pectoral muscles grew, irrelevant as they were to her initial transformation, suddenly began to swell proudly with their renewed importance, and, racing to catch up and keep pace with her massive new frame, they finally bulged out into two large, round islands of soft femininity trapped in an ocean of hard, angular sinew.

Elizabeth glanced down at her new chest, appreciating how sexy her large, impossibly perky boobs looked, barely restrained by the tatters of her dress. She was well aware of the weakness and inefficiency of her new, fatty mounds from a strength perspective, but Norm loved them (probably), and so she couldn't help but love them too.

She took stock of herself now that the Juice finally seemed satisfied. Despite her newfound interest in powerlifting, she wasn't burdened with the stodgy physique of a bodybuilder; her muscles were large but gave her an aura of speed and athleticism, like those of a professional wrestler, a heavy gunner from an action movie or video game, or a comic book superheroine, complete with the stereotypically larger-than-life breasts that would guarantee plenty of lewd fanart of herself from nerds like Norm.

That last idea turned her on, and the intensity of the heat suddenly flooding through her vigorous body from the increased blood flow caused her to unconsciously flex and clench her massive arms in impatience at her fiery arousal. She couldn't wait to show her new tits to Norm, and see if he liked them as much as she suspected he would. Either way, she knew it was only a matter of time before her toned body was giving her small man's cock a workout.

Her chiseled features still flushed with arousal and anticipation, Elizabeth finally raised her gaze above the swollen tits shielding her powerful new pecs and she once again took in the two young businessmen still standing in front of her, mouths open in shock as they stared up at her. She towered over them by more than a foot, but that seemed somehow appropriate to her now.

She smiled cruelly at them. "I think it's time for you two to leave." Without a word, they turned and fled back into the crowd, and Elizabeth planted herself like a mountain in front of the restroom to await Norm's eventual reemergence.

A few minutes later, he cautiously stuck his head out of the door, and was relieved to see both that the men were gone and that the woman was, for some reason, still there. Even more oddly, it seemed like she was waiting for him, and her face even lit up with delight when she saw him.

"Uh, thanks for, um, sticking around and helping me," he stammered, though he also noted that something about her seemed different somehow. It felt like he was having to crane his neck back further to look up into her face, and it seemed like she might have changed her clothes (and was her hair always *blue?*), but fashion and paying attention to people's



appearances had never been his strong suit, so he just shrugged it off. He was just glad to finally be getting some attention from a woman for once, and if anything her boobs were even nicer than he remembered, hanging right at eye level. *Don't look at them, Norm! You know what will happen if she catches you!*

For her part, Elizabeth wanted nothing more than to grab her little nerd and wrap him up in her powerful arms, but taking care of him was more important. She could tell that he was tapped out for the night.

"Ok, Norm, honey, let's get you out of here."

"But the board says that I have to stay, and I don't want to make them mad..."

"I'll worry about the board. Come on, let me walk you home. I insist."

"Oh, ok then." Norm wasn't quite sure why this woman suddenly cared so much, but she seemed to know what was best, and she didn't look like the type who was used to taking "no" for an answer, so he allowed her to engulf his small hand in hers and meekly followed behind.

The other party-goers stared at the odd couple as Elizabeth briskly led the guest of honor toward the door instead of toward the podium, but the sea of tiny, insignificant people inevitably parted before her nonetheless. She welcomed their stares, *thrived* on their discomfort.

Along the way, she briefly took note of the shallow millionaires around her, their smiles as fake as their tans. And she had been so desperate to be with one of them just a few minutes ago that she had gambled and lost her very existence. She had been just like they were, all for show, and empty inside.

Now she knew better. These men's physiques were superficially toned, but held no real strength, while her muscles were solid to the core, and their fakeness now disgusted her. Their lives were as ephemeral and interchangeable as their money, while her beloved Norm was guileless, and utterly sincere, and now Elizabeth was forced to share that sincerity.

As she left, she glanced over to the bar and saw the slim brunette from earlier seated beside Elizabeth's original target, the CEO. *So that's who she ended up with.* Now, however, the attractive girl's hair was lightening into a stereotypical platinum blonde, and her swelling tits were spilling further and further out of her slim dress, matched by her partner's eyes as they bulged out of his head with delight. The cunning intelligence in the girl's eyes had been dimmed, replaced with vapid horniness as she stared dreamily into the face of the man she had only incidentally imprinted on, and Elizabeth saw her small hands already hard at work between the man's legs under the counter as the Juice that she'd willingly taken forced her to become his Perfect Sex Toy.

Instead of jealousy at seeing her like this, having successfully gotten exactly what Elizabeth had always wanted, she was now struck with a feeling of bitter distaste; Elizabeth couldn't believe that she too had been willing to do that to her body and mind, even if it was to get out

of ever having to work a day in her life. The girl had been so intelligent and full of potential, and now she was practically useless, reduced to a trophy bimbo only good for fucking.

*What a waste.*

Still, there was just enough of the old Elizabeth left to be jealous of the fact that the bimbo likely wouldn't have to work for the rest of her life. She felt her own desire to live life on easy street intact - the Juice hadn't felt the need to change that corner of her mind for whatever reason - but she knew that her new programming would force her to do whatever it took to become Norm's Perfect Girlfriend and bodyguard regardless.

She just hoped that it wouldn't involve too much effort, though with how hopeless her gorgeous genius was, she wasn't holding her breath. She smiled longsufferingly as she walked down the sidewalk ahead of her sexy man, in the back of her mind already planning the endless series of exhausting daily workouts that would be required to maintain her physique. It was possible that the Juice had made it so that her muscles would never atrophy, but it was better safe than sorry. She knew the work would be worth it, especially if it meant she'd get to have sex with Norm sometime soon, but that didn't make her hate it any less.

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