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## **Perfect Girlfriend Juice by Fidget**

### **Chapter 5: The Gold Digger, Part 2**

After a few minutes of walking, the mismatched couple found themselves standing awkwardly outside Norm's apartment, with the inexperienced nerd entirely unsure how to proceed from there. Was this a date? A real, live woman had walked him home, so it seemed kinda like a date. But, she had walked in front of him the entire way, and he had soon mostly forgotten that she was there now that her presence had given him the freedom to focus entirely on his thoughts.

"Uh, thanks again for your help tonight."

"No problem, I enjoyed it." Elizabeth *had* enjoyed it. She wondered if he'd invite her in, so that she could make sure that *he* enjoyed it as well.

Instead, her nerd seemed determined to send her away all of a sudden.

"I know that you said that you'd worry about the board for me," he began, "but I'm afraid I can't really afford your services, uh, whatever they are. I don't have much money - I have more of a researcher role in the company, and the board told me that that wasn't worth a very high salary. So, I'm, um, sorry for wasting your time, but you probably want to just leave now."

So that confirmed it - by accidentally imprinting on Norm, Elizabeth had not only condemned herself to a life of hard work, but she wouldn't even be living the high life in exchange. If anything, it looked like she'd be exerting all of this effort *pro bono*, and if she stuck it out with Norm, they'd both probably be - Elizabeth grimaced to herself - *poor*.

Still, as powerful as her body was, she was completely unable to fight the butterflies fluttering behind her powerful abs or the uncharacteristic weakness in her knees whenever she looked at her brilliant but impoverished nerd, making her willing to do anything to stay close to him.

"Don't worry about it for now - we'll figure something out. Right now you can pay me for my services tonight by finding me something to eat." As it turned out, Elizabeth's powerful new body required a proportionally massive amount of food, and she found that she was absolutely *ravenous*.

“Oh, uh, I don’t really have anything in the apartment, but I can order Chinese or something if you want.”

Elizabeth cringed at the thought of the nutritional value, or lack thereof, in takeout, but if that’s what Norm wanted, then she’d just have to put up with it. At least it would have plenty of carbs to fuel her next workout. “That sounds great.”

“Oh, um, good!” This was a date! Maybe. “Do you, uh, do you want to come inside, Ms. ... uh, I’m sorry, but I didn’t catch your name.”

She thought about how to answer. “Elizabeth” no longer seemed to fit her for some reason. She needed something... stronger.

“Just call me Zaza. And I’d love to come inside and have dinner with you.” She smiled at her scrawny man’s clear pleasure at her response, knowing just how much more pleasure was in his near future, and ducked through the doorway to follow him into his apartment.

Inside the cheap flat was a mess of equipment and Chinese takeout boxes. Clearly Norm didn’t have people over often, but even with Zaza here, he seemed oblivious to the mess. Zaza found herself similarly ambivalent - if this is how her man liked his home, who was she to judge him for it?

She cleared a space on the couch to sit while Norm ordered the food, the springs creaking with futile effort as her muscular physique sank all the way down to the base. Norm soon returned from his bedroom, having also changed out of his ill-fitting suit into a comfortable anime t-shirt and pair of loose sweatpants. Zaza didn’t have a change of clothes, and there was no way she would be able to fit into any of Norm’s clothes, so she was left in the tatters of her dress. It didn’t seem like Norm noticed or cared, and so neither did she.

Zaza tried to make conversation while they waited, but Norm didn’t seem overly interested in small talk. Once she asked him about what he did, however, the quiet, awkward nerd seemed to come alive, and when the food arrived a half hour later, he was still going strong about the intricacies of silicon etching processes.

At first, Zaza just let him talk, vicariously enjoying his passion as she shoveled much-needed calories into her mouth, but then it occurred to her that the Perfect Girlfriend of someone as hyper-fixated on their work as Norm should also be not only conversant in those topics, but just as interested in them as her man. The Juice seemed to agree, and as Zaza continued to listen, she found his ideas growing increasingly understandable, as well as increasingly fascinating, adding yet another challenge to the busty giantess’ growing list of Juice-mandated self-improvement commitments.

For his part, Norm had never felt more comfortable or safe with another person in his life, though he wasn’t quite sure why. Maybe it was how Zaza was showing genuine interest in his

work, or how she calmly accepted everything about him without judgment. She definitely seemed more genuine than the suits Norm interacted with on a daily basis.

Whatever it was, even though Norm was usually a loner, he was quickly finding himself becoming attached to this mysterious new woman, and not just because of his natural male reaction to her body, made all the stronger by her tattered dress leaving so much of her naked skin visible to his eyes. Still, he had seen all too often the devastating results of confessing his sexual attraction to women in the past, and so he kept his growing interest in her and desire for her body a secret, only allowing himself to appreciate the sight of her bare midriff and massive tits when Zaza was looking down at her food.

Still, with all of this talk about his interests, it wasn't long before Norm had talked himself into an idea, and he quickly excused himself from the table for a few minutes to go write it down.

Fifteen minutes later Zaza knew he wasn't coming back, and so she finished Norm's mostly untouched plate before pushing her chair back from the table. No wonder her man stayed so scrawny - it was a good thing he was so yummy just the way he was!

Sure enough, she found him typing away at the computer in his office, having completely forgotten that Zaza existed as he immersed himself in his work with single-minded purpose. Zaza watched him fondly for a few minutes, proud of how brilliant her man was and curious to understand the workings of his brilliant mind, but soon her lithe body began to grow antsy from the inactivity.

She retreated back into the living room and cleared a space on the floor, suddenly filled with a compulsion to work out, to drive her muscles through burning pain to the point of failure to maintain her Amazonian physique in spite of her old self's aversion to physical activity.

Two hours later her limbs were full of the satisfying soreness that came from a good, honest workout, and Zaza had finally regained enough control over her actions to leave the living room, now strewn with various makeshift weights Zaza had no memory of improvising from what she had available in the messy apartment: a duffel bag full of scrap metal, a five-gallon bucket of water from the tap, the entire sofa she had been sitting on earlier in the evening.

She headed back into his office, where she found Norm still typing away, eyes bloodshot and squinting from the contrast between the low light in the room and the bright screens of his workstation, and Zaza felt her newly accepted responsibility for her nerd's well-being begin pounding in her head.

It was time for Norm to go to sleep, whether he wanted to or not.

Gently, despite his protestations, Zaza lifted her scrawny partner from his office chair and cradled him against her chest, telling him it was time for bed.

Norm found his thin body suddenly squeezed into the Amazon's massive, perky breasts, and even though he tried to resist, the feel of those soft, heavy tits against his torso activated the sex-starved nerd's instincts beyond his physical control, and as she carried him to the bedroom Zaza felt something small and stiff start poking into the soft flesh of her left boob as his cock hardened against her.

*Oh good.* His glance at her chest back at the party hadn't been a fluke - he *did* like her tits. Zaza could feel her breasts growing even larger and heavier around his small body at that realization, almost burying him in her massive titflesh, and her craving for his cock deepened even further so that she wouldn't be able to resist her desire to fully relieve his needs. Not that she'd ever want to resist.

She finally reached his messy bedroom and sat down on the edge of his bed, Norm still cradled in her powerful arms, clearly embarrassed about the erection even as it further hardened against her and began to throb. Zaza merely shushed him as she lowered his tiny physique onto her lap and pulled down his sweatpants with her left hand, eyes hungry with desire as the nerd's slightly below average cock finally bounced out into view.

She slid her arm back under his legs and lifted him once again, and then flexed her powerful biceps to curl him up toward her face so that another of the few remaining parts of her body that wasn't rock-hard, her silky lips, could luxuriously wrap themselves around the head of his cock. She tightened her biceps further, causing his sensitive shaft to jerk as it slowly slid deeper into her slick orifice before it finally bottomed out gently brushing the back of Zaza's throat. She held him there for a second, stroking and massaging him with her surprisingly prehensile tongue, before finally relaxing her powerful arms and letting his dick slide back out the way it had come.

Once her forearms were back to horizontal Zaza began to curl her small lover again, careful to keep her back straight to maintain good form through her slow reps, sliding Norm's cock fully into her soft mouth at the apex of each curl as she worked her straining arm muscles again and again.

Norm was moaning senselessly in Zaza's hands as she forced his cock to fuck her face, and she was relieved to see that her lover's ever-busy mind was finally being forced to take a much-needed break. As it turned out, all he had needed was the overwhelming pleasure of being sucked off by a busty Amazon as she tossed his body around like a dildo-studded barbell.

Norm's physique made it perfect for this sort of low-weight, high reps training session, but he was still heavy and awkwardly shaped enough that even Zaza's arms soon began to burn, especially so soon after the exertions of her recent workout. Still, she could see how much he needed this, and she herself was enjoying it far too much to stop, so she had no choice but to stick it out and continue her reps as sweat dripped down her face and glistened on the coiled steel of her arms.

Finally she felt his cock stiffening with exciting finality in her mouth, and so Zaza curled his body one final time, ending her brutal workout with a final isometric hold to squeeze every last bit of gains from her session as her new boytoy began spurting into her mouth.

Zaza moaned her own pleasure around a growing mouthful of Norm's cum, loving the sensation of his small, frail body jerking with ecstasy as she cradled him in her powerful arms.

He immediately fell asleep when he was done, right there in the safety and comfort of her embrace, having finally emptied himself of years of built-up stress and unrequited sexual tension.

Zaza tucked him in, noticing how hungry she was again as she swallowed his tasty, surprisingly large load. Everyone thought cum was protein for some reason, and while there was a small amount, Zaza could tell from the taste that it was actually mostly sugar, probably fructose. Still, she needed as many carbs as she could get to fuel her endless workouts, and she wasn't sure how much edible food remained in the apartment, so every little bit helped.

She made her way to the living room and got to work trying to make her overly large body comfortable on the far-too-small couch, not feeling ready yet to share Norm's bed. Even so, the exhaustion of the excitement of the day and the unexpectedly hard work of her intense workouts caused her to fall asleep immediately.

Norm woke up the next morning to the sound of deep feminine grunting.

He came out of the bedroom to find Zaza doing inclined pushups on the arms of his couch and chair, allowing her large tits to swing freely between the pieces of furniture so that each rep could go deeper. He enjoyed the view for a few seconds, watching Zaza's stiff nipples brushing against the floor with each repetition. She was still wearing the remains of her shredded dress from the night before.

Finally, he spoke up. "I'm surprised that you're still here after I said that I couldn't pay you."

She responded simply without turning around, "I like you, and you need me."

That seemed true enough. She had really helped him out last night, and he knew that she was able to do things that he couldn't do for himself. Plus, he couldn't get over how increasingly natural and *nice* it felt to have Zaza around. She made him feel comfortable even as the sight of her superhuman feminine proportions made him, well, *aroused*.

Zaza noticed his pants tenting as he stared at her tits and smiled hungrily. She hadn't been able to find anything for breakfast, and her new body needed the fuel, especially after her morning workout. She spun around on her knees and began to make her way over to him, pulling up the remnants of her top on the way and appreciating his eyes widening with desire as her bouncy globes fell nakedly into view. She loved how much her large body turned her little man on.

Zaza slid between his legs and pulled his pants down yet again. His sexy cock was still stiffening, so she slid it into her mouth and bobbed up and down on it a few times to get it fully hard and lubed up, before pulling his cock out and wrapping her tits around it.

Not wanting to waste an opportunity to get some quality work in, Zaza spread her bent legs around Norm's as he stood in front of her and tightened her quads and glutes to keep her upper body upright. She had to lean back slightly to maintain the optimal angle to keep her tits wrapped around the erect penis angled upward from Norm's torso, and so Zaza was also forced to keep her abs and hip flexors engaged as she massaged his slick cock between her melons. After just a few minutes, the weight of Zaza's massive upper body had another satisfying burn going all through her core.

As she did her good work, Norm's eyes again rolled back in his head from the sensation, letting the massive, gorgeous, muscly woman who had appeared out of nowhere continue to obsessively work him toward orgasm while he just let it all happen. The scrawny nerd's ever-working mind dreamily noted the difference between the softness of her boobs around his cock and the hardness of the rest of her body whenever it brushed up against him in her exertions. He loved the contrast, however, and the hardness of her body made him feel comfortable and safe enough to fully surrender himself to the sensations his immense-yet-tender lover was generating in his straining cock.

All too soon Zaza could feel him ready to pop, so she quickly slipped him out from between her tits and slid him into her mouth, working his shaft with a broad, muscled hand that dwarfed his cock by comparison, and seconds later she was rewarded with another carby snack that she could burn for more muscle in her next workout.

As her nerd recovered from his orgasmic release, however, Zaza felt her stomach growling again. Her tasty mouthful of cum had only reminded her body of just how many calories she required now.

She also took the opportunity provided by his recovery to appreciate the increasingly threadbare strips of clothing covering her broad swaths of skin as she put her tiny makeshift bra back on. Even if she couldn't care about what others thought about her appearance, she'd still need new clothes as well, if only for her own comfort.

Once Norm's eyes were properly focusing again, Zaza told him he was taking her shopping, and the still-dazed nerd could only agree with his powerful new lover's assertion.

Zaza's first stop was the supermarket, where she used Norm's credit card to stock his fridge with leafy greens, beans, rice, and the largest, cheapest cuts of meat she could find.

After a quick, protein-rich lunch that finally relieved Zaza's new body's need for decent nutrition, she took her nerd to the mall, where he bought her all of the supplements she'd need at the health food store before they turned their attention to clothing.

It occurred to Zaza that she had inadvertently succeeded in getting a man to pay for everything she needed, though the utilitarian nature of all of her purchases wasn't lost on her, and it was all so that she could work harder to better serve Norm's needs.

Speaking of Norm, by this point Zaza's introverted partner was starting to get overwhelmed from being out in public for so long as he followed her around, so once they got inside the sporting goods store Zaza grabbed a handful of the largest sports bras and workout tights she could find off the racks before cloistering Norm and herself inside the handicap fitting room so that there'd be space enough for the two of them.

There she recharged Norm's batteries, first by treating him to a striptease wherein she effortlessly ripped off the remaining rags of her dress, leaving her demigoddess-esque physique posed in all of its fully naked glory before him for the first time. Zaza felt herself becoming more and more turned on as her nerd's eyes took their time roaming hungrily over the entirety of her broad form, his gaze tracing its way up her thickly-muscled arms, resting for an extended period on her toned torso and massive, gravity-defying tits, and taking in her solid, powerful thighs before finally settling with growing interest on the fascinating folds glistening with physical arousal between her legs.

It was clear that Norm was utterly captivated by her body; Zaza couldn't help but be grateful that the Juice had done its work so well.

It was also clear that Norm had never seen a vagina in person before, but, as expected, Zaza only found his inexperience all the more charming. *Yes, that's for you too, eventually,* the titillating titan giggled to herself, before sinking to her knees once more, unzipping her needy man's tented pants, and pulling his erect penis out into the open air in the middle of their spacious fitting room.

She quickly ran a hand between her naked legs before gently wrapping her fingers around his comparatively small cock, coating it with her slick, viscous juices as she began to slide her hand up and down his shaft.

Norm just leaned back against the wall, again marveling at his luck as his busy mind once again blanked with enjoyment. All of a sudden his eyes shot open wide with surprise, however - Zaza had begun using the fingertips of her other hand to play with his ballsack, and the sensations surging through his cock suddenly got even more intense. It was more than he could take; he was already going to cum again.

Oddly, Norm hadn't felt embarrassed at cumming so soon under Zaza's ministrations. He embraced the pleasurable urge washing over him, somehow knowing that Zaza didn't care about how long he lasted. She was genuinely interested in his pleasure, and so he naturally allowed himself to feel it, even if it meant that he popped off faster than a champagne bottle in a centrifuge.

Zaza placed the very tip of his cock between her lips as she continued to work his shaft, and in seconds his member was jerking, dumping yet another load of his creamy workout fuel into her mouth.

While Norm recovered from emptying his balls yet again, Zaza treated him to a fashion show of skintight, figure-hugging sports bras and workout tights, and between each outfit he was again privy to a private viewing of Zaza's fully-nude, Olympian physique.

She ultimately settled on a half-dozen sets, choosing a pair of dark gray tights with pink highlights and a matching sports bra top to wear out of the store. Her old self felt a small burst of satisfied pleasure as Norm once again paid for everything. Her new self was satisfied that she was more than giving him his money's worth.

They finally returned to Norm's apartment and got to work, him on his computer and her scavenging his apartment for objects she could use as makeshift weights for the workout she desperately craved after hours of inactivity.

She considered having her cute little sugar daddy buy her some real weights, before remembering that he apparently didn't make much money at all, and that her purchases that day had probably already significantly dented her poor man's funds.

Still, it was hard to feel disheartened at her fate while her heart was busy tumbling in the addicting throes of puppy love, and it didn't hurt that Norm's mere presence constantly threatened to soak her new workout tights with arousal, and so Zaza uncomplainingly got back to the laborious process of maintaining her superhuman physique.

For the rest of the evening, the odd couple single-mindedly pursued their individual goals, near each other but in effectively separate worlds, their labor only punctuated by Zaza's frequent compulsion to cause, and then relieve, sexual tension in her perpetually horny nerd.

Norm was effectively insatiable; he came quickly and frequently, apparently trying his best to make up for years of sexual isolation by getting his rocks off as often as he could.

Though Zaza once again had to force Norm to go to bed that evening, pulling up her sports bra to let her massive breasts drop into view proved persuasive, and Norm allowed himself to be lifted in one of Zaza's massive arms and carried off to the bedroom, squeezing and sucking on her enormous breast the whole way while Zaza's other hand stroked his stiff little cock encouragingly.

As the powerful giantess gently lay her small mate on the bed, they both knew that this time was different. Zaza was about to make Norm a man.

She quickly stripped off his pants, and he lay there on his back, cock pointed directly at the ceiling and twitching in anticipation as Zaza peeled off her own leggings, leaving her sex once again exposed and glistening as the Juice's effects prepared Elizabeth's large, powerful body to finally receive the dick of the small man she had imprinted on.

Zaza quickly straddled Norm, impatient to consummate their relationship, her broad, hard body towering over his as the other soft parts of her physique, her delicate, sensitive labia and welcoming vagina, finally brushed against Norm's aching cock.

His eyes opened wide at the contact and Zaza knew she was in danger of going too far too fast, so she quickly leaned forward, burying Norm in her soft, heavy tits to distract him while she lined up his straining cock with her own demanding entrance.

Buried in tits or not, feeling the tip of his cock squeeze through Zaza's slick folds was more than Norm could take, and he went off like a firehose, his member jerking spastically between Zaza's labia as his sexual tension erupted into her.

Zaza's own powerful need had been growing relentlessly for over a day, not having received the frequent release her lover had, and the sensation of her irresistible man's cock finally busting his nut inside her sent her over the edge as well, and she slammed her pussy down on his cock as it began to clench. She felt her lover's orgasm continuing unabated, his cock jerking desperately deep within, and a low-pitched moan of carnal satisfaction rumbled its way out of her broad chest as her powerful hands tightened on the headboard, splintering the wood with the force of the coiled muscles clenching in involuntary ecstasy all over her huge body.

It seemed that Norm was already asleep by the time she pulled herself off him, amazed at the apparently endless amount of jizz her new lover could produce as it dripped out of her. She prepared to get up and retreat to the sofa again, but as she silently moved to get off the bed, Norm's hand locked onto her thick forearm with as much of a steel grip as the small nerd was capable of.

"Stay."

So she did.

Zaza woke up with her broad body wrapped around Norm's, the serving spoon to his tiny teaspoon.

Her body was so much wider than his that he was effectively sheltered in a cave of rock-like muscle as she wrapped herself around him, with the exception of his head, which was comfortably cradled in her soft, pillowy tits.

Now that she was awake, Zaza once more embraced her constant sexual pull toward her man's small, virile body, and it wasn't long before she was compelled to snake a thickly

muscled arm around him and gently rub the tip of a thick forefinger along the underside of Norm's cock, which soon hardened as Norm's dreams filled with sexy muscle mommies obsessed with servicing his dick.

Zaza continued her reach-around, gently massaging Norm's frenulum, driving him closer and closer to realizing his wet dream. As his cock began to stiffen and Norm began to quietly moan in his sleep, Zaza swept him up in her arms and sucked his cock into her wet mouth, causing Norm to reflexively provide her rumbling tummy with spurt after spurt of his sweet caloric reward.

In the meantime, Norm slowly drifted into consciousness from the intensely pleasurable sensation of having his balls drained, and his dreams became reality in the best possible way as he was sucked dry by his own real-life Amazon that put the wettest of his dreams to shame.

They were only allowed a brief period to enjoy each other's post-coital company, unfortunately, because that day was Monday, which meant that Norm had to go in to work.

After Zaza's massive breakfast, Norm put on his usual nerdy dress shirt and slacks, and Zaza squeezed her massive bulk into the most formal-looking set of workout tights she had picked up the previous day, a dark gray pair of capri tights and a blue and gray tank top that gave her massive chest a tasteful amount of cleavage. Her legs bulged through the skin-tight material, and her massive delts and arms erupted out the sides of the tank top like sprouting redwoods.

At Zaza's insistence, Norm led her to the giant, cookie-cutter cube of glass and steel where he worked.

As they entered the lobby, security immediately approached and stopped them at the door. "Who's she?" The guard gestured up at Zaza, already feeling uncomfortable and slightly emasculated at the way she towered over him.

"His girlfriend." Norm's eyes widened in surprise at the assertion, especially because Zaza had never spoken to him about any sort of personal relationship, but he found it oddly comforting that she'd taken the initiative, relieving him of any future pressure to do so himself. Plus, he couldn't deny that he did like being with her, and not just because she was gorgeous and sexually insatiable.

"Significant others aren't allowed inside," was the rote response, but the light tremor in the guard's voice told Zaza all she needed to know.

"I'm also his chief of security," Zaza continued forcefully. She stepped forward, flexing the massive arms crossed under her surprisingly tasty tits in the confused security guard's face. "You don't have a problem with that." It wasn't a question.

“No ma’am,” the security guard answered anyway, unable to decide whether he should keep his gaze on the massive woman’s plump breasts or on the intimidating pythons supporting them. “Just doing my job, ma’am. Go on through.”

Norm brought her to his office, which was little more than a broom closet, and Zaza stationed herself behind Norm while he got to work, preparing herself for a long day of boredom as she stood guard for her nerd. At least she’d be able to glean a bit more info about Norm’s job and interests as he worked.

In the meantime, word was quickly spreading through the company about Zaza’s arrival, and, remembering the trouble she’d caused at the party a few nights before by abruptly absconding with their star nerd, the company execs called an emergency meeting to make a plan to deal with her. The last thing they needed was some muscle-bound bimbo tramp taking too close a gander at their golden goose.

They hatched a plan to get Norm away from her just long enough to force him to sign a ludicrous amended contract that forbade personal relationships that the board determined were improper, at their sole discretion of course.

So, they provided Zaza with all of the electrolyte-laden sports drinks she could drink, and while Zaza was suspicious at the welcome she was receiving, she couldn’t turn down the opportunity to charge her power-hungry body, and before she knew it, she was telling Norm to stay put while she headed to the restroom for a minute.

Just at that moment, a team of execs came around the corner and whisked Norm away to the top-floor conference room.

When Zaza returned two minutes later to find Norm’s office empty, she immediately realized what must have happened and flew into a rage, taking the stairs four at a time on her way to the top floor, where she figured they would be hiding her beloved nerd.

Upon exiting the stairwell and finding her way to the conference room barred by a locked pair of heavy wooden doors, Zaza coldly snapped the handle off and entered.

She was greeted with the silence that had immediately spread itself through the room at the loud *snap* of the handle’s separation from the wood of the door, and quickly took in the sight of one half of a long conference table filled with smarmy businessmen, while Norm was left sitting alone on the other end, cowering in fear and discomfort as a gold fountain pen trembled above an as-yet-unsigned document.

“I’m sorry, ah... Miss, but this is a private meeting.”

Zaza's biceps tightened with her rage, not just at the knowledge that they were trying to take Norm from her, but also at the way they were taking advantage of her darling in general. It wasn't right, and she was going to do something about it.

She glared at their perfectly-tailored suits, well aware of the superficially muscled physiques many of them were hiding underneath, just another manifestation of the fakeness that permeated their existences. Zaza was the only one in this room who knew what real work was.

Except for her lovely Norm, of course. He did more work before breakfast than everyone here put together, Zaza included. She allowed herself to look fondly over his noodly arms, feeling her body begin to burn once more at just how sexually drawn to him she was. She'd definitely need to have some fun with him after this.

But first, to work. She had to earn her nonexistent paycheck, after all.

Finally she turned her attention back to the execs, returning their looks of smug superiority with one of her own.

"Where Norm goes, I go. You're happy about this for three reasons."

"Oh, I can't wait to hear this," one of the junior officers huffed flippantly.

Zaza silently walked over to Norm and ripped the contract in half without so much as glancing at it, before patting him reassuringly on the arm. She refocused her glare on the CEO.

"Your plans don't work without Norm. You know this. I know this. Now, Norm knows this too. You will give Norm a good contract, or I will leave. If I leave, Norm will leave with me, and will not come back."

As she stared him down, Zaza briefly wondered where he was keeping the blonde bimbo who had imprinted on him at the fundraiser the other night. There was nothing Zaza could do to save her from a life spent worshiping this asshole's cock, of course, but at least she could put him in his place for once.

The CEO cackled at her. "I hate to burst your bubble, whoever you are, but Norm here has already signed an indefinite non-compete agreement. If he leaves, he'll never work in this industry again!"

"Nor will you."

The CEO began to sputter. Zaza ignored him and pressed on.

"When the project dies, your investors will learn their bridge loan leads to nowhere. They will revolt. No more money. No more second chances. Bankruptcy. No more office, status, pay for your *useless* party-boy friends. You will be responsible for driving the company to ruin. Your failure will be notorious. You will be outcast. Radioactive."

Zaza turned a loving glance on Norm.

“Norm is not like you. Norm is brilliant, diligent, will be productive in any field he chooses. Norm can return to academia and help the whole world. Or, Norm can fly eighteen hours to numerous companies that will gladly violate your non-compete. You are short-sighted. They are not. Norm has options. You do not.”

The man’s face was purple with rage. Zaza stared at him coldly and continued.

“Why do you treat Norm this way? I know why: you are jealous. Norm is smarter. He works harder. He is a better man than you are. You know this too, and your frat-house can’t handle that much emasculation from someone who does not look or act like you. So, you are mean to him. You take advantage of him to feel better about your mediocrity. But, you are only jocks, picking on the nerd. High school bullies larping in expensive business suits.

“You need Norm. Norm does not need you. You have two choices: give Norm *all* that he deserves, retroactively, and keep making the money your greedy hearts crave. Or, I leave, Norm leaves, and he makes that money for someone else, while all you have built crumbles around you.

“You get *one* chance. I do not negotiate. If I do not like the contract, we leave. Now, whose corner office will we take over while we wait for your offer?”

The CEO’s sour expression could have curdled milk, but Zaza just met his impotent stare until he finally submitted, dropped his gaze, and pointed down the table at one of the VPs.

After getting his name, Zaza gently took Norm by the hand and started to lead him to the door.

“Wait, that was only one reason! What were the other two reasons?” the same junior officer suddenly piped up from the back.

Zaza crossed her arms, allowing her two massive biceps to flex to their fullest intimidating shape. “One. Two. We’re done here. You will leave Norm alone, and let him make you lots of money.”

A chorus of satisfying “Yes ma’am”s echoed down the table.

Without another word, Zaza motioned to Norm to leave the room, and she made sure to dutifully follow behind him until she ducked safely out of the boardroom, whereupon she immediately scooped her nerd up in her arms and whisked him off to his new corner office.

She knew he had to be drained after his ordeal, and could probably use a distraction. Zaza, in contrast, could feel her blood boiling from all of the confrontation, and all of that heat was quickly becoming a burning need to feel Norm’s dick inside her again, so Zaza’s Perfect Girlfriend Juice-affected body could think of no better way to recharge her irresistibly attractive nerd than with sex.

Not to mention, oxytocin was an incredibly important hormone for muscle regeneration, and she had woken up this morning feeling *fantastic* after her orgasm last night. As Zaza stripped off her exhausted Norm's pants and boxers, she made a mental note to make sure that she got herself off with her lover at least four times a day to keep her levels high. That meant she'd need to get by with a bit less of his tasty cum, but that was only until Norm discovered how much he enjoyed being suffocated between her massive thighs.

Norm may have been too tired from his ordeal to resist his new girlfriend's efforts, but his dick was *very* interested in what she was doing, and she soon had him ready to go once again in her arms. It was remarkable how quickly Norm perked back up once his body was flooded with sex hormones, and by the time Zaza had gently laid him on the thickly-carpeted floor and crouched over him, he was erect and ready to go.

After not being able to work out that morning, Zaza figured this was the perfect time for a demanding session of squats, and appreciated the contrast between the hard muscles of her legs tightening in her crouch and the softness of her pussy as her arousal loosened and opened her labia, eager to receive him again. As she approached the nadir of her squat, she shook with need as she felt Norm's cock begin to slide effortlessly inside her.

Norm lay back and watched his gargantuan lover, noting how much larger she was as her hard physique towered over him like a vaguely woman-shaped boulder, loving the contrasting sensation of slowly sinking into her silky, feminine pussy until Zaza allowed her rock-hard buttocks to gently rest against his thighs, nestling him deep inside.

Once she was sure he'd gotten his fill of the initial sensation of penetration, Zaza tightened the thick cords of her powerful quads, bringing her upper legs parallel with the floor in air chair position and allowing Norm to slide out of her until just the tip was left buried in her hot entrance, before relaxing her legs and slowly welcoming the full length of his dick once again.

Zaza was briefly surprised that Norm was lasting so long. It seemed that the anxiety of the meeting had taken more out of him than she'd thought, but it was clear that he was increasingly enjoying his convalescence, and it wasn't long before the pleasure got the better of him.

She leaned over him as she had the night before, giving him a faceful of the heavy chest-mounds that he loved so much, which abruptly caused him to go off like a geyser deep inside her once again as she rocked her hips back and forth, coaxing more and more of the stress out of his small body.

Once he was fully spent, Zaza picked up her diminutive lover and redressed him in his khakis before carrying him over to sit herself down on the expensive leather couch of his new office, cradling Norm in her massive arms.

He was looking up at her with wonder and confusion. "Why are you doing all of this for me?"

"I told you. I like you, and you need me. And, you deserve it."

Norm abruptly reached up and cradled her angular cheek in his hand, before pulling her face down toward his into a clumsy, unpracticed kiss.

“Zaza, I think I, uh, I-I-I-love you...” he stammered to his sexual partner and bodyguard of two days, and the blue-haired giant smiled broadly and kissed him back. “I love you too.”

“Really though, I honestly don’t know how to thank you,” Norm continued once the moment had passed and Zaza had lowered him onto the couch beside her.

“Well,” Zaza considered, “the day I met you, believe it or not, I was desperately looking for a sugar daddy. So, now that you’ll finally be getting what you deserve, would you be interested in footing the bill for my extravagant bodybuilding lifestyle, while I pay you back with all of the mind-blowing sex your puny little body can handle?”

“That sounds nice. Will you... take care of me?”

“I promise.”

As soon as Trina had noticed that the Perfect Girlfriend Juice was missing, she had prepared herself to be shocked the next time she saw her mom, but even so, nothing could have prepared her for Zaza and Norm’s arrival home that evening.

After Trina had come to terms with her mom’s new body, Zaza introduced her much older daughter to a confused but amiable Norm, and then filled Trina in on the events of the past few days.

“See, I told you I’d find a man,” Zaza laughed as she nonchalantly hammer-curved her old exercise bike.

“And *I* told *you* that you’d have to work for it!” the bombshell milf retorted. She was glowing herself, fresh off a recent visit from Tyler, and Zaza noticed that her curves had grown even more outlandish since she’d last seen her.

*She’s certainly got her work cut out for her keeping a horny young stud like him satisfied,* Zaza thought to herself. She expected herself to stay pretty much as she was, since Norm seemed perfectly satisfied with her body as-is. Still, she couldn’t help but be happy to see her daughter so fulfilled, even if her young man’s tastes, and therefore Trina’s physical and mental characteristics, would likely fluctuate on a near-daily basis going forward.

Norm was true to his word, and with his new salary was more than able to keep the bills paid. Zaza still accompanied him to work everyday, though the higher-ups had been cowed enough to allow Norm to do his work in peace.

Even so, Norm frequently found himself socially exhausted from the in-person demands of his job. Whenever that happened, Zaza was happy to literally carry him off into the privacy of his corner office, where she could indulge in her need to recharge her cute little nerd’s batteries and blow his mind in the process.

And for his part, Norm never took Zaza for granted, always looking fondly back on the day that his Amazonian goddess of a girlfriend had appeared from nowhere to make his fantasies reality.

**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), or on SubscribeStar, at <https://subscribestar.adult/fidget>. Patrons get **a full four 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!