

The Perfect Date - Part 5

By TheSpiralledEye

The clock on the wall was ticking away; normally the sound was so quiet I could barely hear it but today it felt like every movement of the hands was a slamming gong. I was due down at the office to be transformed in fifty five minutes, fifty four, fifty three...

It wasn't so much the change that was making me nervous, no it was the brief Peter had given me after my last date. He'd been impressed with me, and decided I could start serving higher paying clients. The fact that Gregory hadn't been considered high paying was a shock to me, but not nearly as shocking as the estimated payday for this next date. Almost four thousand dollars, before tip! For a few hours of work! How could I say no?

The fact that the client wanted me transformed into a Pamela Anderson style blonde with giant boobs and long legs shouldn't have been intimidating but...it was. Those sexual urges I'd been feeling on my last few dates, they were sure to be out of control in this new body. Especially when the client had specified he wanted his girl as flirty as possible. The little box at the bottom of the brief had been ticked; sex was on the table, but not required.

Knowing I could though, if I wanted to, indulge in these urges and finally feel what it was like to be fucked as a woman was...tempting. Not only would nobody judge me, it might earn me an extra big tip. Was I prepared to make that sacrifice though; at what point was just a fancy, transformed prostitute? Was my dignity worth four thousand dollars? A few weeks ago I would have said no but now I wasn't so sure. Because no matter how much I wanted to deny it; I wanted sex. I wanted to be fucked as a woman and feel what the difference was.

I was basically about to be programmed to be great at it as well, so I was almost guaranteed a good time. My palms began to sweat and my cock twitched. I'd already jacked off twice today in the hopes that I would be too tired or otherwise satisfied to give in but I was beginning to suspect that might never be the case.

Third time lucky perhaps.

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Maybe it was my imagination but today's transformation seemed to take longer than usual. I could feel every inch of my skin as it stretched and my chest inflated. From C, to D then all the way to E cups. Even before I stepped out of the machine I could feel the extra weight on my chest; I'd never had such huge tits before and they already felt wonderful and sensitive

without even being touched. My ass was much the same and my hair was a light platinum halo that seemed to float around my head when I finally stepped out. The technician gave a low whistle in approval as he handed me the robe.

“Damn.” He grinned, “Fella doesn’t have the most original taste but I’d be lying if I said you didn’t look like a million bucks.”

“Busty, blonde and...uh...ditzzy!” I giggled, “Should be fun.”

“You’ll stop traffic that’s for damn sure.”

I giggled again, obeying the mental programming was second nature now and falling into character even more so. I couldn’t help but shiver as I pulled the silky robe tight around my naked form; I swore they’d made my skin more sensitive this time. Rosa on the other hand, was none too pleased to see my new form.

“What are those!?” She cried indicating to my enormous breasts, “men, honestly. All tits and ass you are, and a tiny waifish waist what the hell am I going to put you in? Women simply don’t naturally come in your size, gah! We’ll have to tailor something, I just know it.”

“Sorry Rosa.”

“No you’re not!” She snapped, but her grin told me she wasn’t actually too bothered. “You look like the cat that got the cream.”

“Maybe I’ll get more than cream tonight.”

The words were out of my mouth before I could stop them and I felt my cheeks turn pink.

“Oh, getting naughty at last are we?” Rosa wiggled her eyebrows, “I’ll find something sexy to put under your clothes shall I?”

I just nodded, trying to convince myself she was getting ahead of herself. Rosa dressed me in a pale blue lace bra with matching panties. Pink rhinestones and ribbons decorated the hems and I couldn’t help but admire myself in the mirror a few times while she went to fetch an outfit that would fit my new physique.

The panties were purely decorative, the lace too thin and soft to provide any sort of support. The resort was an ass that bounced like a beachball, rather than just looking like one, well, two really. The bra was much the same; luckily, Peter's machine ensured I had none of the back pain that would likely accompany having such a huge chest on a real woman.

I watched as my reflection posed and felt wetness begin to build between my folds; I was so damn hot. I wanted to know what this body would look like as it came; how those pouty lips would look stretched out in a perfect O. My fingers wandered to the front of the panties, feeling the warmth there only to snap away when Rosa came bustling in with a mini dress to put over the top.

"I hope you like taking small steps in heels because this is a tight one." She warned.

She wasn't kidding, if I took more than the tiniest, most dainty step forward the dress would rise up, long strides bunching it wound my waist and exposing the panties for all to see. I loved it; the danger, the whorish nature of the whole outfit; it turned me on like nothing else.

And I hadn't even met my date yet.

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The club was a kaleidoscope of colours and energy. Dim, sultry lighting created a mysterious ambiance, with neon signs flickering overhead, casting a vibrant glow on the sleek, black walls. Clusters of plush, low-slung couches were strategically placed around the room, offering cosy spots for groups of friends to gather and enjoy their drinks; a few smaller ones were even located in dim pockets of light for couples to do more than just talk.

Amidst this captivating setting, I stood at one of the small round tables that dotted the area near the bar, my eyes scanning the dynamic tableau of clubgoers as they passed by, each one a potential stranger who might soon become a part of my evening.

The brief had deliberately left the description of the man vague; he wanted 'the blind date experience', so all I knew about him was his taste in women, and that he'd been given a description of my outfit. My fingers idly tracing the rim of my cocktail glass. The neon lights danced on the polished floor, casting playful shadows that matched the jittery anticipation in my chest. I was in a permanent state of arousal; each time I caught somebody looking at me, either with envy or desire I felt a thrill pass through my body. I'd gotten used to being wanted, after so many dates, but for some reason this body really got off on the idea. I suppose it made sense, given the body; it was positively crafted for sex. I'd given up trying to

cool my desire; somehow I already knew there was no point. I was going to give in tonight, all I could hope for now was that I hung on to a little bit of my dignity when I did.

I watched as a stream of men strolled past, their faces obscured by the dim lighting. With each one, my heart skipped a beat, hoping it might be my date. The first guy who caught my eye had tousled brown hair and a confident stride. He wore a sleek black suit, which I found both appealing and slightly intimidating. He looked like the sort of who had a high pressure job; maybe he wanted a floozy to blow off steam with. But he moved on, and my excitement deflated.

As the minutes ticked by, I observed a man with silver hair, strikingly sophisticated in his attire. He carried himself with an air of refinement, making me wonder if we'd have anything in common. He reminded me of Gregory and that made my lower lips tingle; an older experienced man could really show this body a good time. Alas, he too faded into the shadows of the club.

Suddenly a hand grasped my buttock; firm and teasing. I couldn't help myself, I moaned; the sound was swallowed up by the music but it was obvious to anybody close enough that it was a sound of pure pleasure. My face heated with embarrassment; what a way to react to a stranger feeling me up! I spun around and came face to face with a tall man with dark hair and glasses that seemed to constantly reflect the light. He wore a cocky grin and before he even opened his mouth I knew this was my date.

"You are perfect." He rumbled, taking off the glasses for a moment to look me up and down, "I've ordered from your agency before but they never quite got the build or personality right. I've been watching and the way your eyes lit up each time you saw a guy walk your way was delicious. You really do just have sex on the brain."

My eyes slid down to my cleavage.

"In this body is it a surprise?"

My voice was light and flirty, I'd fallen into the persona so easily and deeply I have no idea how to even revert if I wanted to.

"Come, let's go." He offered his arm, "You can call me Calvin."

"Okie dokie, Cal!" I beamed, squeezing his arm tight so that my chest pressed into him. "Are we gonna dance?"

I hoped so, I wanted to feel these new curves moving; but Calvin shook his head.

“Oh no, we are leaving. I just wanted to see you in your natural habitat, so to speak.”

My heart began to beat faster, did he plan on taking me home? I'd only had one drink and it was the one I'd bought myself.

“We're going to a friend's party.” He explained, “I am so excited to show you off.”

My mind filled with all sorts of images; debaucherous house parties with bedrooms and closets to duck into. Like something out of an eighties college movie, maybe even something stronger than alcohol to try and loosen my inhibitions further. I'd never wanted to do any of that sort of thing before but Peter's machine really was effective. Plus, I knew the transformation would protect me from any side effects. The entire taxi ride Calvin rested his hand on my thigh and it felt like a red hot brand; he was so close to my pussy it was all I could think about.

The wild party built in my mind so it was quite a shock when we arrived at what looked like an upscale restaurant. One of those new trendy fusion cuisine places. When we walked in I instantly felt eyes on me for all the wrong reasons. Here I was, a big titted bimbo in a dress that barely conserved my modesty, in a room full of black tie outfits.

Calvin seemed to delight in the shock we were causing and I couldn't help but smile as well; I felt so naughty and taboo. The knowledge that in a few hours I would be myself again, and that there was no way I could be traced or punished for this appearance made me excited. Clearly, Calvin had a thing for total bimbos that made him look smarter; I could give him that.

We sat down at a table with several of his friends, all finely dressed, one of them even had a damn book of poetry in his coat pocket. A bunch of snobs, the lot of them, and I stood out like a sore thumb. I'd never enjoyed being out of place quite so much.

“Everybody, meet Bambi.” Calvin smiled and I couldn't help but giggle.

Bambi, okay. Sure why not?

“Hiya everybody.”

Many of the people sitting around the table sighed before introducing themselves and I felt the names go in one ear and out the other. I was so horny and scatterbrained I couldn't

seem to hold onto any new information. The conversation seemed to go forever and nothing on the menu made sense; my sophisticated palate and brain from my night with Gregory was long gone.

“I’ll order for you, darling.” Calvin insisted and I could only giggle in relief.

Everything was funny in this body; especially the way Calvin made me feel. All night he was rubbing my leg and kissing my hand. At one point he even boldly kissed my neck and the sound I made had the waitress looking at me with disgust. I didn't care though; she was just jealous. I was so shocked by the act I dropped my spoon and of course that set me off again, giggling away.

Calvin’s friends quickly abandoned trying to include me in their conversations, I couldn’t understand anything they were talking about and on one level I realised that wasn’t right. I knew I could force my mental programming back if I really wanted to but I just couldn’t bring myself to do it.

Calvin looked like he was having a ball and the small bulge in his pants he was trying to hide beneath the table only turned me on more. If I did a good job I would get fucked and I was well past caring about dignity. His petting was getting more and more bold as the night went on until finally one of the staff approached the table.

“Sir, I am going to have to ask you to leave if you don’t stop making such a...display.”

Calvin had been peppering my neck and shoulder with kisses and grinned roguishly.

“In that case, we’d better continue elsewhere, don't you think Bambi?”

“Oh yes.” I gushed.