

Annamaria's Dates

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Tags: Multi-Head, Multi-Arm, Multi-Leg, Multi-Breast, Multi-Eye, Lipples, Tripod, Taur, Snake Body, Futa, Aquatic, SWB, Double Body, Tentatails, Armless, Mutant Clothing, Dating

Summary: Annamaria goes from having no luck in romance to having too much luck! She meets three different mutants that she has chemistry with, and now has to choose between the three!

Hi Taff!

It's been a while since we caught up. I figured I'd give you an update on my life.

Well, dating is rough. It hasn't gotten any easier. But the mutant dating app I signed up for has helped. A lot of people found my video to be really charming, who'd have thought? I was just being myself after all.

Anyway, the dates started coming in to... mixed results. I mean, I always wanted to be able to date more in the mutant community, but... well let's just say internet dating has been iffy.

I guess I could tell you about some.

The first date I went on was with a young woman with some interesting fish features. We took a walk on the Port Solei boardwalk. She was working at a local recording studio which was cool. I made an off color joke about, her being kind of like a mermaid and how sirens lured sailors to their death.

... it didn't land well.

Honestly, I blame myself for messing up this one. I suggested a lot of... er... inappropriate date locations. A seafood buffet. An aquarium. OK, OK, I know how it sounds, but I get kind of hyper focused on someone's mutation when I meet them and, well, I guess I thought aquatic themed dates would be charming?

... they weren't.

She wasn't mad. We just didn't hit it off. Fair enough. I mean, I want to be able to be my goofy self and I know I couldn't stop myself from making fish puns if we got together.

Oh... crap... have I been making these off color puns to my roomies the whole time? Gah... now I'm going to be self-conscious for days!

Speaking of hyper focusing, another date was with a perfectly nice SWB girl. She was a professional athlete, running races at a nearby track. She even offered to show me around. We really hit it off. We shared a love of fashion and a general curiosity about mutants.

Unfortunately, she was also kind of dating someone else on the side. I don't particularly have anything against poly relationships, but that just seems like a lot right now. I'm still figuring out my life and I'm not entirely sure I could juggle the needs of more than one partner right now.

She understood, but she was willing to stay as a contact just in case anything changed. Unfortunately, the days passed and we kind of just ended up ghosting each other. Maybe someday I'll get back in contact with her but not right now.

I also went on another date with a mutant who connected with me because our mutation was similar. You know multi-heads, multi-arms and all that. She didn't tell me everything before we met up at a café, though.

Well, she wasn't lying. Her body was pretty much a carbon copy of mine... just... to the next degree. She had three heads, six arms, and six breasts lined in two rows of three. And you know, I probably would have been OK with that...

But there were a lot of other similarities, too. For example, she had my hair color and my eye color. She was roughly my height, and my weight. Her breast size was the same as mine. Also, we both showed up wearing the same black shirt and blue jeans.

Look, she wasn't my twin or anything but... it was creepy OK! I know it was all a coincidence but seeing someone who looked a lot like yourself but just... more of yourself... was super intimidating! God she even worked in a mutant clothing store on the other side of town. Nope. I just couldn't do it.

Then there was the lab tech. We hooked up online because she too said she was borderline obsessed with mutants. I mean, what better thing to bond over.

She was a peculiar mutant, a snake girl with two tails instead of one. I probably could have talked about her mutation all night...

If she let me, that is. Our "date" was at her lab, and the entire time she could not shut up about her research. I followed for a bit. She was looking into what specific patterns of DNA caused what specific mutations and with what degree. That much I could tell.

But then she started rattling off specific genetic formulas, showing me complex protein graphs, she ran a simulation for me that looked like it was straight out of *The Matrix*. After a while I looked at my watch and realized she had talked for two hours straight. I got stuck in my heads and zoned out, saying nothing more than "uh huh" and "yep" for the rest of the date.

The mutant obsession was nice, but it came with an obsession with work which was just too intense.

Long story short, the app hasn't really been working out. However, it has been doing one thing for me: granting me confidence. I used to think I didn't stand a lot of a chance in the dating market, but going on these few dates, well, I realized it wasn't really my job to be the perfect little date for everyone. I have standards, too!

Or, at least Jacey and Macy tell me I should have standards. Heck, they are constantly telling me stories about the many people they reject... and they don't even have legs! They came back from their trip to Europe a while ago and told me about how eligible bachelors, in *France*, would flirt with them and they would turn them down for having bad taste in wine and coffee.

I honestly don't know how they do it.

But anyway, standards. I think I've realized I want people who are a little bit more subdued. The downside of looking for unique mutants is that they all tend to be extreme, in personality that is. I think I want someone a little bit more down to earth, an interesting body, but a calmer and kinder mind, with just a dash of fun.

Does that make sense?

Funny enough, it wasn't going to be the app where I was going to find that. Rather, it was just going to be life acting in some pretty strange and convenient ways.

It was a pretty slow work day. I had already finished stocking the shelves and hangers and was taking a break to piss off time on my phone. That was when she walked in, a humantaur covered in a long coat.

It's the sort of thing that screams "just mutated". You see it all the time. People come in here in ill-fitting clothes hoping to get at least something that fits their new body. It's a shame really. I was lucky enough to be born mutated and my second mutation happened slowly. The idea of having to go out in public in clothes that could fall off any time because they didn't fit my body? Terrifying.

"Welcome," I said turning on my customer service voice. "Can I help you?"

"Y-yes..." she said, her voice wavering. "I uh... I need new clothes and I don't know where to start."

"Well, come this way. I'll see if I can help."

I led her to a special area in the back of the store, even past the changing rooms. This was where we specially tailor outfits, but it also doubles as a space for new mutants to reveal their bodies in private.

"I'm going to need you to take that off," I said in a friendly tone. Wasn't the first time I had to ask a customer to do that and won't be the last. It's natural to be a bit shy after your first mutation, but clothing needs measurements and you can't measure through a giant coat.

"D-do I have to?" she said pulling the coat tighter around her body.

“Yes, unfortunately. But don’t worry. The door is locked and there’s no cameras back here. It’s safe. I can leave until you are ready, but I’ll need to see your body in order to help.” Even though this speech was pretty much rote memorized at this point, I did my best to be as friendly as possible.

“O-ok... just give me a second.” She paused and took a deep breath before slowly peeling off the coat.

She was quite the impressive mutant, a six legged humantaur with six extra pairs of arms to go with each pair of legs. That would be enough to make any new mutant struggle, but she also had two extra pairs of breasts, one behind each leg pair, and three unfortunately sized penises between each pair of legs as well. To top it all off she had a long tail topped with an extra head. At the very least the head seemed to be a duplicate of her original, same mid-length hair, same brown eyes, so she didn’t have to learn how to live as a fusion at the same time.

“There, that wasn’t so bad was it? Now, is it OK if I touch you for a bit? I just need to take some measurements.” I took a cloth tape measure out of my pocket.

She silently nodded. She was obviously struggling. I tried to make it as fast as possible. I took measurements of her breasts, arms, legs, waist. I had to get a measurement for how wide and long her taur body was, and how low her breasts and cocks hung.

“All done,” I said, pulling out my phone and jotting down her measurements. “Now, let’s talk about clothes. What were you looking for?”

“W-well, I just want something that fits...” she said.

“So does everyone,” I replied with a laugh, “But you are going to need to be more specific.”

“I, used to wear skirts a lot...” she said meekly.

“Wonderful. Your body is actually a fantastic fit for skirts. Just give me a second to get some off the racks.” Like the busy little worker bee that I was I began scouring the shelves for some simple modest looks. I also picked up some “extras” because it was time for “the talk.”

“OK, so before we have you try these on, this is the sort of underwear you are going to be wearing from now on.” I showed her what looked like a pair of panties and a bra with some extra straps. “They are modular so they fit a lot of different mutant bodies. You simply attach the straps like this and, voila, now you have panties that fit underside from front to back.”

Her whole demeanor seemed to relax. Just knowing she could cover up her modesty helped a lot.

“And for your extra, endowments, here,” I said pulling some cock-socks off a rack. “It would hurt to stuff them inside your panties, so just slip them into these. They attach the same way and cover up everything that needs to be covered.”

I handed the items to her and was as hands-off as possible as she slipped them on. "Oh, thank you. Thank you so much!" she said. Her demeanor changed from nervous to positive so quickly. It's moments like these that make my job worth it.

The rest of the meeting was fairly normal. She tried a lot of different styles of skirts, which was really the only thing I had to help her with. Her torso was still basically normal so she could wear any old thing from any old store. Her feet would fit any shoes, too. So it was skirt day, all day. Eventually she purchased a few simple skirts, but three of each: some black ones, some with a floral print, and three with a blue gradient. She changed into the set she wanted to wear, and I boxed up the remaining skirts.

"That'll be \$126.96," I said, punching the numbers into the register.

"Thank you so much again, you've been so helpful. I'm Laura by the way," she said as she rummaged through her purse.

"Annamaria, it was a pleasure to serve you," I replied, turning on the customer service voice once again.

"Hey, I might... you know... need help again sometime? I go to a lot of social events, you know, and I might need help picking outfits for them."

"Oh, we are open from 9AM to 10PM all weekdays and-" God I'm oblivious.

"No, no, no, no, I don't mean the store. I mean you, you know, your personal expertise." She pulled out a stack of bills and put it in my hand. "Keep the change, and call me some time OK?" She walked out of the store with a smile on her face and a spring in her step.

I riffled through the bills. There was WAY more here than she needed to pay. Was this... a tip? At the end of a stack was a small piece of paper with a phone number on it...

Did I just score a date?

What the heck happened!?!

The idea of possibly seeing Laura again was all I could focus on for hours. My mind wasn't on the job. I started sorting things incorrectly and I even dropped a big box of bras that I needed to gather up. I was flustered! I couldn't help it. I decided to take an early lunch and ease my worries by stuffing my face full of Taco Bell.

The food court was absolutely packed today and I struggled to find a seat. I was going to have to sit with someone, but who?

I ended up deciding to sit at a table with another mutant. She had three legs, four eyes, four massive breasts and no arms... not that it mattered because she seemed to do everything with eight tentacle-like tails. She was dressed in a very proper business suit which barely contained her and was staring intently at her laptop, tails tapping away at the keys as the glare of the screen reflected back in her glasses. Honestly, not having arms was a blessing at this point. They couldn't fit around her boobs!

“Hey can I sit here?” I said.

...No answer. At the very least she seemed busy enough to not notice me. I shrugged and sat down, unwrapping my first of many chalupas.

The business mutant’s phone rang. She picked it up and began a conversation in an incredibly imposing voice. “No, Greg! I was very specific about the measurements... Well, it’s not my fault that they don’t fit, make them fit... What do you mean her breasts are too big! If anyone knows anything about big breasts it’s me and I know that you can make this WORK!”

I flinched a bit and slowly crammed a chalupa into my mouth. She immediately started tapping away at her computer again.

“Sounds like someone is having a wardrobe malfunction,” I said mouth full of Chalupa. Yes, I have two heads and BOTH mouths were full when I talked. No wonder I have issues finding a date.

She removed her glasses and rubbed her eyes with a tentacle. “Sorry you had to overhear that. It’s just hard to find good assistants these days.”

“Uh, yeah, yeah I totally feel that,” I said, absolutely faking it. “So what’s the problem?”

“I work for Lucien Dubuois, the designer and fashion line? We are putting on a show soon and absolutely NONE of the items fit our models.”

“How did that happen?”

“Measurements are all wrong. SOMEONE forgot to mention that our models are, you know, mutants. Lots of them have multiple breasts and so the dresses don’t fit around them at all, at least not without choking them to death.”

I laughed. I’d seen this all too often. “Yeah, human chest measurements and mutant chest measurements are two different beasts. It’s easy to get them confused. You know, though, if you have a couple extra bra straps lying around, you can probably still make them work.” I said unwrapping my next chalupa.

“What?” the business mutant said, perking up.

“Yeah. I work at a mutant clothing outlet and this happens all the time. It’s simple. You take an old bra strap and you attach it to the hooks on the back of the dress. It’s not the prettiest thing, but you can convert it into a n open back dress and since the straps are adjustable it’s guaranteed to fit.”

The mutant slammed a tentacle on the table, “Kid you’re a genius! You’re exactly the type of person we need in this industry.” She put a business card in front of me. “Give me a call, maybe I can set you up with a gig on our next show, you’d be perfect behind the stage,” she looked me up and down, “or even as a model if you are into that sort of thing.”

“Wait, a model!?” I said, choking on my Taco Bell.

“Think it over. Call me if you are interested, maybe we can get dinner sometime.” She dialed a number on her phone and stood up, packing up her laptop and walking away shouting into it. “Yes, you heard me. Convert them into backless dresses. Well, it’s that or get fired, GREG!”

“Wait I didn’t catch your... name...” I said futilely calling out to her. I looked down at the business card... “Meredith Stone, agent and consultant.” I flipped it over... another number, a personal number not just a business number.

I just went from being completely hopeless to having to choose between two different girls!

I took an early day that day. I spent most of the remaining time just lying face down on my bed. This was overwhelming. On one hand, Laura seemed super nice, and she seemed to really connect with me... but maybe that was just because she was so vulnerable. Meredith is a bit intense and, who knows, she might not even really be emotionally invested, but she could get me a better job and I always wanted to work in mutant fashion! I couldn’t just date them both... could I?

It was then that my phone and computer started chiming. CRAP! I had scheduled a remote date via the Mutant Meetup app and I was super unprepared. I rushed to my desk, opened my laptop, and opened the app. A video window popped up.

“Why helloooooo cutie!” said the mutant on the other side.

She was an incredibly unique mutant and she was not shy about showing off her body. The best way I could describe her was... long. She had a massive serpentine body coiled up on itself and loooong prehensile serpentine necks at least two feet long. Yes, I said necks, because in the grand tradition of the PushMePullYou, her tail was tipped with a second body. She wasn’t wearing any clothes, letting her bare breasts with plump lips instead of nipples show off to the camera. She rested her chin in the palm of one of her seven fingered hands.

“You seem a bit frazzled,” she said with a giggle. “Long day?”

“Tell me about it,” I said, being too exhausted to be anything but completely honest. “Work was intense, and then I got a job offer, and two completely different girls asked me out.” I suddenly blushed! I didn’t mean to let that slip.

The other girl just laughed. “Well, not too many people would start a date by saying they got two other dates lined up,” she said with a wink. “But I like that. Shows confidence. Also shows you are in demand. Means I have a chance at a real quality girl here. I’m Sally, and you are?”

“Annamaria. It’s nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too,” she said. She had the slightest southern accent, and it was very very cute. Also, I have to admit I was falling for her confidence. “So have you had any luck on this app?”

“Nah, and it’s a shame. I consider myself a pretty lucky girl. Been blessed most of my life. Blame my seven fingered hands, luckiest of numbers you know.” She showed off her perfectly manicured nails to me. “Everyone on here seems really intense though. Just not my style.”

I laughed back, “Says the person getting on video naked.”

“What! I can’t help it if my body begs to be shown off,” she said with a grin. “But that’s not the intense I meant. I mean people felt like, I don’t know, caricatures of themselves. Everyone’s so fake. I just want someone who knows what she wants, who’s willing to have a little fun you know?”

“I hear that,” I said. Her somewhat silly and relaxed demeanor was just, nice. It was refreshing after the stress of the day. “I have some horror stories I could tell.”

“Ooooh, please do. Just give me a second I’m going to get a snack.”

She didn’t appear to move at all. “Uh... I thought you were... going to get a snack.”

“TADA!” She said, her second body popping up behind her with a sandwich. “Insta-snack! Sometimes having a second you is super helpful.”

“I bet,” I said. “Must save you a lot of time in the kitchen.”

“Oh, it’s not only useful in the kitchen, love. Just wait till you see what I can do in the bedroom.”

I blushed furiously hard.

And that’s where I am, Taff. Now I have THREE girls to choose from and I don’t know what I’m going to do! Laura is nice but is still figuring out how to handle her mutation, Meredith is intense but could get me a better job, and Sally is sweet and charming but every date I’ve ever gotten via this app has been a disaster.

So... I don’t know. I was hoping you could give me some level headed advice? You were always good for that. Who should I go with... if any? Let me know what you think.

Sincerely,

Annamaria