

The Perfect Date - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

“A guy closer to my own age would probably make things easier the first time.” I admitted with a shrug and Peter clapped his hands together with a wide smile.

“Excellent, his name is Ethan, first time customer for a first time date! How wonderful, you can both find your feet together.” He exclaimed, “Now, I’ll let you look over his application and get familiar with the sort of lady you’ll be changing into, then, when you’re ready, head down to the lab and one of the assistants will help you get ready.”

This was all happening so fast it was making my head spin, but then I remembered the rent and the large paycheck this one job alone could net me. Peter handed me the file, as well as a large stiff piece of paper with what appeared to be a list of rules on it.

“This is your work contract.” He explained, “We want to maintain a certain level of service in our dates, so we expect absolute obedience to these rules here.”

He tapped the paper.

“We pay well because we demand perfection.”

“That seems...fair.” I had to admit as I began to glance over the rules.

They all seemed fairly standard; no giving interviews about the process, no sharing of company secrets, several layers of NDA to protect the technology that was used and such but there were also several rules of, for lack of a better term, decorum.

No speaking about what happens on dates outside of work, no interacting with dates outside of work hours, no talk of the ‘real’ you while working etc.

“The people who come to us know that the people they are hiring are, well, actors in a way.” Peter explained as I read through them. “But they want ‘the girlfriend experience’ once you’re transformed, you are to remain in character and once you’re you again, you cannot break the illusion.”

“So no chatting to Ethan as myself. Only the girl I get turned into.” I confirmed, it seemed easy enough. If anything that would help with the humiliation of being turned into a woman. It wasn’t as if I risked being recognised.

“Exactly.”

I scanned the document carefully, reading over every line in search of nefarious loop holes but found none, it seemed that for all the strangeness, Peter really was above board with all this. I signed and he took the paper gladly before gently ushering me out of his office with directions to the labs. I was really doing this.

I flicked open Ethan's file while I walked; and it really was full file. It seemed not just anybody could hire a date from Lonely Hearts Inc, first they had to go through a full health assessment to ensure they had no STIs or other diseases that could be easily transmitted, then a police check to ensure they weren't some sort of psycho and had to agree to have all dates remotely monitored and recorded via microphone for the safety of the date.

I knew more about this guy than I did about almost anybody else in my life, it was almost invasive. The file was topped with a professional looking picture with a blank white background showing a slightly nebbish looking blonde man with nervous looking eyes. He wasn't ugly by any stretch of the imagination, but even through the photo he seemed to radiate awkwardness. I could see why he was having trouble dating, nobody wanted to approach somebody who stank of desperation. I should know, I was pretty sure I had that particular scent at the moment myself.

There was even a profile he'd filled out for what he wanted his date to be like:

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black, styled and dyed in some cool way

Build: Thin and waifish

Bust: C cup

Notes: I want her to have wild party girl vibes, I have always dreamed of a manic pixie dream girl type sweeping me off my feet and showing me how to be confident, just like in the movies. I want her to be constantly positive and fun.

Maybe I was just getting past the inherent strangeness of this job but I actually smiled. The guy seemed nice, he just wanted a little pick me up, it was almost like doing charity work. Except I was getting paid. So, best of both worlds, money and I got to feel good about myself. For the most part, once I got over the whole being transformed thing.

After arriving at the lab one of the technicians greeted me warmly and showed me to the locker room; there was already a shiny new locker with my name emblazoned on it. I couldn't help but frown a little at that as I ran my fingers over the engraving. That couldn't have been done in the time between my signing the contract and now; Peter had been very sure I would take the job.

Taking a deep breath I stripped off and folded my clothes away, taking out the only thing left in the small box; a silk robe. It was cut short, resting just above my mid thighs; like a woman's of course. I couldn't help but blush a little walking out into the lab in the silky number, I felt like a cross dresser. Not that there was anything wrong with that but...well, I wasn't one. Yet anyway. Did it even count as cross dressing if you were physically a woman?

I let the thoughts swirl in my mind as I made my way to the same room I'd seen before with that great machine that reminded me of a clam shell. The assistant tapped away at a keyboard, inputting all the data to turn me into Ethan's dream girl.

"Will it...hurt?" I winced but the technician smiled and shook his head.

"According to some of the others, it's sort of like a massage, a really deep tissue massage." He replied, "I don't know how but somehow Peter managed to make this thing relaxing to use. Which is a bonus. I don't think many people would want the job if the process was painful."

Good point.

“Alright, so slip out of your robe when you’re ready and step up into the machine. There are pads for your feet and hands. Then just lay back and try to relax.”

No point putting it off any longer. I shook off the robe and squared my shoulders; it was just like going to the doctors, nobody cared about my naked body. Maybe that wasn't true but it helped me feel better about spreading myself open for all to see as the lid lowered over me and sent me into total darkness.

A moment later machinery began to whirl and I felt tiny pin pricks across my skin. They stung for a moment before turning numb, then warm. The heat relaxed all my muscles against my will and my eyes fell shut, leaving me without even the dark outline of the machine for company.

Perhaps it was the artificial relaxation but my nerves seemed to melt away as well. For a few long moments I simply leaned back against the plush back of the machine and enjoyed the relaxing sensation but then I felt something different.

The technician was right, it really was like a massage. It was almost like invisible hands were stretching and moulding me into a whole new shape. The walls closed in till they were skin tight, then began to move out, stretching me with it. Swelling my ass, reshaping my hips to give me feminine curves and I swore I could feel something like fingers raking along my skull. My scalp itched as hair began to grow there and I couldn't help but gasp. The sound was silenced through by the tightness of the machinery.

Warm pleasure and relaxation bloomed inside me as I felt various parts of my body pushed and squeezed into new shapes. I shuddered as a pressure moved against my cock, pushing it upwards until it was back inside me, only for it to melt away entirely a moment later as my new pussy formed.

I felt almost dizzy, there were too many changes to keep track of. My chest was feeling heavier by the minute but each time I tried to focus on it, I was distracted by the lengthening of my lashes or the prick of the fingernails turning long. The entire experience was overwhelming and I was actually glad I couldn't seem to force my eyes open, the sensation of touch was enough.

I couldn't tell how much time had passed when the clam door finally opened and light spilled in. Just like that, the relaxing effect seemed to lift and I felt as though I'd been shocked awake with a cattle prod. My eyes fluttered and I noticed how heavy they felt. The world came into focus and I found the assistant smiling at me with the robe offered in his hand.

“All finished! You look great!”

I stepped out and wobbled on my feet like a baby deer; they felt too small. I looked down at myself, my legs bent and my ass out at an odd angle to try and keep my balance. It was like looking in a funhouse mirror, except I was naked and instead of a reflection I was looking at my real self.

I could see the outline of my new pussy under the small mound of dark hair between my legs, I could see my C cup breasts, ordered to the T perfectly. I reached a hand up and ran it through my hair, blinking in shock at the length. It was one thing to be told you were about to be transformed into a woman, accepting the reality of it was quite another.

I gathered up the robe and slipped it over my new skin, shivering at how sensitive it was. I could feel the fabric draping over my sloped shoulders, and catching on the rise of my

hips and ass. It was crazy how even a piece of clothing I'd worn before could feel so foreign so quickly.

"Alright, let's get you down to hair and make up and then after that somebody will take you to wardrobe."

I blushed, feeling the heat spread across my cheeks in a brand new way. It was almost like being an actor; getting shuffled from place to place and hearing things like 'hair and make up', silly as it sounds, I felt a little special.

The technician led me down the hall to a room that, funnily enough, was set up similarly to how I'd seen dressing rooms appear in media. Lots of tables with big lights and mirrors attached with several women all sitting down getting their hair and make up done; some of them were even having their nails painted or fake tattoos applied. A few of them waved as I passed and I awkwardly returned the gesture before a matronly looking woman with her hair in a high top knot approached me.

"You must be my new charge, come on, chop chop, down you sit." She practically forced me down into a chair before a mirror. "I'm Rosa, and you just lucked out sugar, I'm the best in here. Now, let's take a look see..."

She flicked through the pad the technician passed her.

"I'm going clubbing with a guy named Ethan-"

"Yes I can read." She said busily, "Easy brief, okay, let's do this. Now stay still when I tell you it's okay. I won't be blamed if you get mascara in your eye."

I decided it was probably better to just stay out of Rosa's way. I sure as hell didn't know anything about makeup. Before I knew it she was painting my lips and lining my eyes with all sorts of things. I watched in the mirror as my new face transformed, my cheekbones looking sharper, my eyes darker and my features more prominent. I had to admit, there was a certain appeal.

Once she was done she even applied a layer of bright purple polish to my nails, both hands and feet and sprayed my hair into a funky, slightly messing looking party girl do. Looking in the mirror felt like looking at a stranger, but at least she was a hot stranger.

"Alright honey, let's get you dressed eh?" Rosa grinned only to click her tongue disapprovingly as I started to walk. "No, no, no, honey. You're a woman now, a sexy woman, walk like it!"

"Uh, how?" I flushed. "This is just how I walk."

"Hips darling!" Rosa laughed, here."

She grabbed hold of my hips and tugged them to an angle.

"Now, walk."

A few of the other women snickered and I felt my humiliation start anew. I was standing here with a woman holding my ass as if it were the most natural thing in the world. I was so taken aback though all I could manage was to obey, walking forward. Each step I took she pressed down on the opposite hip, forcing them to sway from side to side.

“There you go. Now do it without me.”

It was surprisingly easy.

“There you go, now when you walk, make sure to put each foot directly in front of the other.” She added, “It’ll make them swing all the more, like a runway model. There! You got it darling!”

She even clapped. Okay, maybe she wasn't so bad after all. Rosa led me down the hall to what appeared to be a giant costuming department. Racks upon racks of clothing in every style imaginable. The room was so big I couldn't even see the end of it; at what point does a room become a warehouse?

As we ventured deeper into the space, I was amazed by the endless racks of clothes, shoes, and sparkly accessories. It was like stepping into a fashion wonderland; I saw everything from flattering evening dresses and suits to full on ball gowns straight out of a child's fairytale. Rosa knew exactly where to start, leading me through the racks until we reached her goal. A rack of skimpy looking, slightly alternative outfits.

"Let's start with this little black dress," Rosa suggested, handing me a sleek, form-fitting dress that screamed confidence and allure.

I took it only for her to look at me expectantly.

"You want me to change...right here?"

"Does this place look like it has dressing rooms?" Rosa raised an eyebrow, "We're all friends here darling, get naked I couldn't care less. There is underwear in the boxes beneath the racks."

What the hell, it was hardly the weirdest thing I'd done today. I reached below and found a pair of panties and bra in shiny black silk that looked about the right size and stepped into them. Doing up the hooks at the back of the bra with Rosa's help before stepping into the dress.

The fabric was soft and smooth against my skin, hugging my curves in all the right places. It had a plunging neckline that showed just the right amount of skin, making me feel both sophisticated and alluring at the same time. Maybe it was that mental programming Peter mentioned but this was actually starting to feel...fun.

Rosa nodded approvingly, but she wasn't done yet. She rummaged through the racks again and produced a pair of strappy heels that perfectly complemented the dress. The heels added a few inches to my height, making me feel statuesque and elegant.

"Walk around in these, girl. Show me how you feel in them," Rosa urged, and I did as she said, feeling the newfound poise in my steps and remembering to walk exactly as she'd told me. The heels gave me an air of grace and made my legs look longer and more toned.

"Wow, I feel like a different person," I admitted with a grin.

"that's the point, darling." Rosa laughed. "But we're not done yet."

Next came the accessories—a statement necklace with sparkling gemstones that gracefully cascaded down my neck, drawing attention to my collarbones and adding a touch of glamour to the outfit. Rosa matched it with flashy earrings that caught the light with every move, framing my face and accentuating my features. She then handed me a clutch that perfectly matched the dress, completing the ensemble. The clutch had a shiny metallic finish, adding a touch of edge and modernity to the overall look. Rosa beamed with pride.

"You look absolutely stunning! Ethan won't know what hit him tonight."

I'd gotten so caught up in the fun of playing dress up I'd almost forgotten.

"Do I need to prepare or anything? For my...act?" I asked, lacking any better term.

"No," Rosa waved it off, "The machine will have you all programmed with the right moves, just trust your new instincts, you'll do just fine. Now, let's get you down to the drop off, there is probably a car waiting to take you to the job. Don't worry, you'll do great!"

I swallowed nervously.

"I sure hope so."