

The Perfect Date - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

Walking down the street was an everyday occurrence, certainly not something I usually put a lot of thought or effort into doing. Yet here I was, unable to think of anything but the click of my heels and the natural sway of my hips. Once Rosa had taught me how, walking like a woman came as almost second nature to me. I let my bit swish from side to side as I went and felt a small burst of pride each time somebody's eyes roamed over me with appreciation. I'd never had that happen before.

The mental programming was slowly sneaking in now, I could feel it, like old reflexes. Telling me the best way to hold my shoulders or position my face to make it appealing. It wasn't quite a voice in my brain, more like a silent puppet master, my lips and limbs would move at its urging but the strings were thin. I had already experimented, resisted and found that I could, though it felt unnatural, like doing something for the first time and feeling unsure or uncomfortable.

The club my date was to meet me at a place called Silver. Yet another single word, single gimmick club in town that nonetheless, was known to have good music and fast bartenders. Which is really all any club needed to be successful. The outside looked like the front of some sort of sci-fi spaceship; all silver and chrome lit up with garish lights. They bathed my new body in streaks of purple and blue and the highlights in my hair almost seemed to glow.

I stood, waiting, arms crossed with my hip to the side. It felt so natural to stand this way, the idea of standing ramrod straight as I always had felt alien now. Eventually, a nebbish looking young man with stick thin limbs and a fringe far too long stepped forward, nervously ringing his hands.

"H-Hi, are you um," He glanced down at his phone, "Stella? I'm Ethan."

Stella was the name Rosa had suggested, when asked what I wanted to go by for this persona I'd drawn a complete blank. Nobody was called Stella anymore, it sounded like one of those stripper names, but oh well. In a way I was paid company in the same vein so why not.

My instincts formed my face into a wide, friendly smile that seemed to put Ethan at ease.

“Sure am!” I grinned, “Ready to have some fun!”

The words came naturally and I was glad for it; I had no idea what a manic pixie dream girl was. But apparently he wanted me to play the part. It was nice actually, just sitting back and letting the programming take the lead to a certain degree. My real thoughts were already on the money this date would buy me.

“O-oh yes, thank you so much, I have no idea what I am doing.” Ethan blushed.

‘You and me both, brother.’ I thought.

“Well that’s okay, that’s what I am here for!” Were the words I said instead.

I felt a sudden urge and followed it, my hand snatching up Ethan’s own and squeezing it tight.

“Let’s go!”

I felt a rush of exhilaration as we bolted to the front of the line instead of waiting, pausing only as the bouncer held out one of his giant hands to stop me.

“Back of the line ma’am.”

“Oh please?” I pouted, squeezing my shoulders together to push up my cleavage a little as I pouted, “I’ve been waiting forever. Life’s too short for lines. I promise we’ll be good in there.”

“Stella!” Ethan hissed, looking very uncomfortable.

I couldn’t believe myself, putting on a show like that. I could hear somebody behind me in the line hiss in disapproval; maybe following this urges to the letter wasn’t the best idea after all. The bouncer paused, his eyes dipped to my cleavage and then he sighed and ushered us inside. Ethan’s jaw dropped and I almost couldn’t believe it myself; that worked?

I smiled ear to ear and led Ethan inside, my elation rising. I’d never done anything like that before, and it had been so easy! I wonder if I could try it next time a new movie came out and the line for popcorn was super long...

I didn't have long to think about it before a blanket of slightly humid heat washed over us both. In seconds I could feel a small sweat threatening to build under my skin. The club was packed with writhing bodies all gyrating and jumping on the dance floor to the beat of some new song I had never heard.

The crowds were thick, the lines three people deep across the board just to get to the bar and there didn't seem to be a spare patch of floor anywhere. The people moved and shifted constantly, drinking, yelling over the music and dancing.

I could see why Ethan had been intimidated by this sort of place; I would have been myself were it not for the help I was receiving. I felt his hands tremble in mine a little and I felt a stab of genuine sympathy. He just wanted to have the confidence to enjoy himself; I could do that, or rather, Stella could. I squeezed his hand back.

"You know what you need?" I teased, "Some liquid courage. I could use some myself in fact!"

With that I was bouncing across the room with Ethan in tow, giggling with anticipation as he squeezed our way closer to the bar. The bar was a tight squeeze, I pulled Ethan up to the smooth surface with me and our shoulders were pressed together. I could feel the nerves radiating off him.

"Come on, Ethan! It's just a drink, and besides, we're here to have fun," I encouraged, nudging him playfully with my elbow. "That's why I am here right, to help you loosen up!"

He swallowed nervously as I ordered us two shots.

"I-I do but..." I couldn't hear anything over the music.

I gripped the man's shoulders tight.

"Straight back, loud voice, project confidence!"

"What if I make a fool of myself?" He yelled, so loudly that the girl on the other side of him flinched and he turned beet red. "Like that."

Words flowed from my mouth before I could stop them.

"Ethan, everybody makes a fool of themselves sometimes, you may as well have some fun regardless."

That was....surprisingly good advice. Go me.

The bartender clinked two shot glasses down before us and I handed one to Ethan, raising mine with bravado.

"To new experiences and a night of breaking free from self-doubt!" I declared, clinking my glass against his before we both downed the shots. The fiery liquid burned my throat and I felt another spike of daring overcome me.

"Maybe even more, down the line." I teased.

Ethan was still red in the face but I was sure I saw him demure slightly at the flirtation. He downed the shot and coughed slightly.

"That wasn't so bad," he admitted, his voice a little hoarse.

I grinned, feeling a rush of excitement, the thrill of flirtation and the wild party atmosphere was getting to me.

"Exactly! Now, let's take it up a notch. How about we try one of these fancy cocktails?"

Ethan's gaze wandered back to the menu, and I could practically see the wheels turning in his head as he weighed his options. He finally pointed to a colourful concoction with an umbrella sticking out of it, a girly drink to be sure but I wasn't about to tell him that. The guy was here for a confidence boost.

"Let's give that one a shot," he said, his voice more resolute now.

As we sipped on our tropical drinks, the music pulsed through our veins, and I could see Ethan slowly letting go of his reservations. He swayed to the beat, his shoulders moving to the rhythm, and I couldn't help but cheer him on.

"That's it, Ethan! You've got the groove!" I exclaimed, clapping my hands.

He grinned at me, a genuine smile that reached his eyes, they sparkled when he smiled like that. It made him look handsome and I felt something else stir in me. The flirtation had come easy and was one thing but...was I actually going to do anything with this man. My new body certainly had the desire, the mentally programming made the idea seem...interesting at least. But how would I feel once I wasn't Stella anymore?

"I guess I'm starting to get the hang of it." He grinned and my heart fluttered once more.

"Let's go dance!" I suggested, grabbing his warm hand and dragging him to the dance floor.

"I don't know how!"

Neither did I until a few seconds ago.

"Just do what feels right, Ethan. Embrace yourself!"

I twirled and jumped, feeling my new curves bounce in time with the music. The deep bass rattled up my legs and deep into my core and I started to feel moisture gathering between my legs. It wasn't just Ethan's charming and sweet smile, it was something else; the wildness of the party itself was getting me turned on.

I fought back, shutting down the mental programming out of a sense of pride but that my dancing was awkward. My limbs flailed and I could see Ethan beginning to look confused. I couldn't ruin the date! I needed the money but also...I didn't want to get turned on in this body. At least not the first time around, it seemed somehow whorish. Like sleeping with somebody on the first blind date. I felt like I should have some hesitance.

Or maybe just a few more drinks.

Peter had given me a company card to use so why not indulge a little?

Ethan and I continued our night, alternating shots at the bar with rounds of increasingly sloppy dancing as the alcohol took hold. I watched as Ethan slowly opened up, smiling widely as he danced with me. His hands brushed against my sides and made me shiver and I tried not to think about how nice it would be if he grabbed hold of my ass.

Eventually, the heat and exhaustion of the night began to take its toll and we found a patch of wall that was unoccupied and leaned against it to catch our breaths.

“This is...this is...” Ethan panted.

“Exhilarating?” I suggested, “Wild? Fun? Sexy even?”

“I mean, you’re sexy.” Ethan blurted out before his eyes went wide and he shook his long fringe over his face. “I-I’m sorry I just...”

“Hey now, don’t be shy.” The mental programming compelled me to reply, “You requested I look hot right? This is all you, in a good way, sweet.”

That warmth between my legs was growing now. I swallowed, nervously letting my new mental guide push me closer to gently wipe the long fringe from Ethan’s eyes.

“See, stop hiding sweet thing.” I cooed, “You have such a pretty face, all you need to do is stop hiding it, and maybe stand a little taller.”

Ethan shuffled nervously before doing as I said and my heart skipped a beat. I shouldn’t be surprised, I was programmed to find him attractive after all but even I was shocked by my boldness as I leaned forward to kiss him. It felt odd, kissing as a woman, my lips were fuller and somehow more sensitive. They glided across Ethan’s own, taking charge and gently teaching him how to move against me. I pressed my body into his, feeling my new breasts squash against his flat chest and shivering as the pleasure shot down to my core. I could feel myself getting caught up in the feelings, I knew I should pull back.

Then Ethan’s hand came to cup the back of my head and I instinctually tilted it backwards, allowing his tongue to enter my mouth and a groan escaped my lips. This felt wonderful, sublime even. Ethan was inexperienced, that much was obvious but if anything that just made him all the more endearing.

I let him take the lead for a moment before asserting myself once more. I gripped his shirt tight and wondered how it might feel to remove it, to let him touch my bare skin, my bare pussy as it got wetter and wetter...

No, I couldn’t do this, not yet. Sex hasn’t been specifically requested, I was under no obligation to go further than this but...Gods, I wanted to. But instead, I somewhat reluctantly pushed back, breaking out lips apart and stepping away./

Ethan's beautiful eyes were blown; his lips were shiny and wet from our make out session and he looked positively delicious. I was genuinely blown away by just how hard it was not to jump into his arms again.

"Wow." he breathed.

I blinked, a new tug at me, that trope, the pixie girl or whatever it was called. A new instinct tugged at me and I followed it gladly, letting my eyes become hooded as I smiled coyly.

"Just a taste darling." I said huskily, "I think I have given you what you need."

And without another word I turned on my heels and effortlessly melted into the crowd. I felt a giggle burst from my lips as I stepped out into the night; I felt so cool and mysterious, not to mention confident. I had just blown Ethan's mind; of that I was sure.

Once again I walked the night streets, back to the office with a spring on my step, confident I had just earned myself a good payday. It hadn't even been that hard! I could definitely do this again, so long as that tingling in my pussy didn't get too distracting.