

The Perfect Date - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

Dylan is wined and dined by an older gentleman and finds himself relying on his mental programming so much it no longer takes a second thought.

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I stood looking at my phone, perfectly balanced in a set of tall stiletto heels by some designer whose name I couldn't pronounce. The rest of my outfit was similarly fancy; a tight, black dress with a pencil skirt and low neckline and a matching set of diamond earrings and necklace. The whole outfit cost more than some cars, I knew because Rosa could not stop gushing about how jealous she was.

The body I'd been changed into this time was curvy, with a little more heft than last time. Gone was the wild party girl and in her place was a mature woman, in her late twenties or early thirties, dressed to the nines. I gripped my phone harder and looked at my internet banking; for the first time in months my account was in the green, all my bills were paid and there was even money left over. All because of one date.

After almost losing control of myself in the club I had seriously considered marching myself down to the office and telling Peter the position wasn't for me. But then when I had finally built up the courage and stepped into his office he'd presented me with a cheque for a thousand dollars, plus a generous tip for a job well done. It was the most money I'd had in God knows how long.

And all it had cost me was a bit of my dignity.

So here I was, once again transformed, this time into a buxom blonde, waiting to be picked up in a limo and delivered to my next date. He was a rich businessman who just wanted company for a dinner; I assumed with business associates.

My mind had been filled with all sorts of high class knowledge about art and other sophisticated topics of conversation. All that was requested was a 'beautiful, quick witted woman for a charming evening'. No mention of anything...untoward. And if I did it I'd have another thousand dollars to my name and with a guy as rich as this man, perhaps much more.

It was worth it.

The car pulled up and I slid into the back seat, struggling to keep my legs together to avoid flashing anybody. The skirt of my dress was so tight it was hard to move them at all and when I did it simply opened, there was no looseness to flow between my legs. The driver poured me a glass of champagne to drink while we drove and I sipped at it nervously.

Somehow, it tasted expensive. Everything about this situation made me feel so out of place; from the plush leather to the expensive alcohol. I hoped the mental programming would be enough; I didn't have the faintest idea of how to exist in this sort of world.

The restaurant was an exercise in opulence; gold and polished wood adorned every surface. Portraits in gilded frames smiled down at me, I felt a cool sweat form on the back of my palms and it was only the mental programming that stopped me from wiping them against my expensive dress.

The waiter led me through the spacious room to a table where an older man with slightly greying temples sat in a full three piece suit. My heart gave a stutter as his grey eyes met mine; this wasn't some nervous young thing looking for guidance, this time I was very much the student; and I got the distinct impression I was being graded.

"Stella, I presume?" He drawled.

"Yes, and you must be Gerald." I smiled charmingly, letting the mental programming move my body gracefully down into the chair.

"I admit, with a name like Stella my hopes had not been high but Peter insisted you would be perfect, all his dates are after all. According to him."

There was bite to his words and I bit the inside of my cheek; all I had done was sit down and he was already criticising me and the agency. I could feel the big tip I'd been dreaming of slipping through my fingers. I felt my temper flare slightly; I was not about to let some rich prick ruin a good thing. I was going to give him the best date ever; purely out of spite.

"I believe the content of a book is more important than its cover." I replied, leaning over the table slightly so that my cleavage was on show without being too overt. "If somebody's name is the most interesting thing about them, they must be frightfully dull to talk to."

Gerald raised an eyebrow and his lips quirked; victory.

"An excellent point." He conceded, "Now, how about we order and then we can have some more of this sparkling conversation."

It was then that I realised our table was for two; no business associates as I'd assumed. So this was a proper date then? The brief had been so short I realised I was woefully underprepared with what to expect; I'd assumed I would need to impress his colleagues but now I just had to impress him. Somehow that seemed harder.

Especially when I opened the menu and found I couldn't identify half the items on the menu. What the hell was foie gras and how did I say it? I realised I was panicking when the answer was there the whole time; just like my last date I leaned into the mental programming, letting my shoulders relax and eyes scan over the menu slowly.

It was like magic, the words slowly gaining meaning and definition as I let my eyes glaze over and let Peter's machine do its work.

"I'll have the tournedos rosseini au foie gras," I said, finally pronouncing everything perfectly with the confidence of a woman who had been eating like this for years. "And perhaps the Chateau Rouge Red to go with it."

"An excellent choice!" Geraldn praised, "A personal favourite of mine in fact."

I wonder if that had been programmed into me as well or if it was just luck.

“Well, great minds must think alike.” I smiled sweetly.

“And it is nice to have a woman who *can* think to talk to.” Gerald smiled, genuinely smiled.

He gave our orders to the waiter and immediately launched into an explanation of his latest read; some deeply complicated spy thriller that was far too advanced for the common person, hence it was selling terribly.

“Oh I do hate how commercial fiction is ruining the minds of what few readers we have left.” I nodded seriously, knowing I hadn't picked up anything thicker than a magazine in years.

“Exactly!” Gerald leaned over his eyes alight, “What have you been reading.”

I leaned back in my chair and let instinct take over, every word was a lie but I sounded so sure. Analysis of a book I'd never read spilled from my lips, I was able to answer every question Geraldn asked me about it with poise and wit. What I wouldn't have given for this sort of mental programming in high school!

Our meals arrived and I navigated the cutlery and manners with ease and felt a genuine, soft smile gracing my lips. This felt wonderful, it was barely any effort at all. The food was exquisite of course; I'd never been able to afford this place not even with my new job yet Gerland seemed to throw his credit card around with abandon. Topping my expensive red wine and insisting I pick desserts.

The alcohol pooled in my stomach and I realised my face was going a bit pink, not just from the drink. This felt...nice. Being wined and dined made me feel so wanted and special, especially because Geraldn seemed equally interested in talking to me as he did my cleavage. Knowing a man was interested in my brain and body at the same time was flattering.

I could feel that familiar warmth beginning to form between my legs and an odd sense of disappointment that Gerland wasn't making any moves to go further with me tonight. Even though I expressly liked this assignment for that reason. It must have been the mental programming making me want more. Though a traitorous little voice in the back of my mind reminded me about how that desire had not gone away last time even after I was transformed back.

After our dessert and coffee Gerland offered me an arm and walked me to the door, paying and calling me a private car to take me back to the agency.

“Such a gentleman.” I sighed, leaning into his shoulder; it was warm. I could feel the heat of his skin through the expensive suit and my mind was suddenly filled with images of me peeling it off him layer by layer.

“You have been wonderful, my dear. Peter's best yet.”

A spike of jealousy struck me that I quickly dismissed.

“I would love to see you again.”

Money danced before my eyes.

“I would love that too.”

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“Dude, is that the new smart watch?”

I gave Hamish a cocky grin.

“Yup.”

The monthly bar catch up with the guys from colleges was usually a sore spot for me. I curled up in the corner of the booth, slowly sipping the one pint I'd carefully budgeted for while they all laughed and joked, getting drunk on beer and their own success. Almost overnight, I'd become the riches of them all and it was driving them all insane. I loved it.

“Dude, you have to tell us about this new job.” Hamish gaped, “You've gone from pauper to prince!”

I just smirked.

“Sorry fellas, company secrets.”

“You're playing stocks aren't you?” Laurie accused, “Dangerous game, man.”

“Only if you don't know what you're doing.” I lied smoothly, lying had become second nature to me now; even without the machine's aid.

Gerald was a god send; I'd been on three more of the easiest dates of my life with him and each morning after waking up with my bank account almost doubled. Year so being an intellectual asshole had isolated the man and now he had somebody who not only could 'keep up' with him but showed interest in what he had to say; at least on the outside.

In reality, all I had to do was sit back, let the knowledge the machine had filled my brain with take over and enjoy a free fancy meal and outfit. I'd become rather accustomed to fancy clothes now as well as the food. I was sad to know he was going away for two weeks on business; nobody else was going to pamper me quite like him.

Stepping into that machine and becoming Stella was now as mundane to me as any job; there was just one issue. The horniness. My usual dreams of hot women on poles had been replaced lately with strapping young men pinning me down and plunging into me. My curiosity about sex as a woman was growing though I knew it was wrong. I couldn't want it and yet...I did.

“You have to teach me,” Laurie begged but I shook my head.

“Sorry fellas, this position is all mine.”

I felt oddly protective; I didn't want anybody else to compete with for dates, the agency had enough workers as it was. The hunger within me for something more than conversation and dancing reared its head and once again I quashed it down.

At least until later that night when Peter slid a new assignment across the table for me.