

# The Perfect Date - Part 1

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Strapped for cash, a guy takes a job at a dating agency which specialises in turning him into each client's perfect date for any occasion; both in body and mind.*

I sat in front of my computer, my eyes glued to the screen, scrolling through countless job listings. Next to each a tiny green tick to show I had already applied. I'd long stopped being picky about the positions I chose; I didn't feel any sort of shame applying for janitor positions even though I had a bachelors degree. I sighed, running my fingers through my hair and staring unblinkingly at the empty inbox; this wasn't how things were supposed to go.

All my life I had worked hard in school because that's what successful people did. I got into a good college, earned a decent degree in marketing and business and so far it had led me nowhere. I knew the job market was competitive but this was getting ridiculous. It had been almost a year since I graduated and my savings were dwindling faster than I had anticipated. Desperation had crept into every corner of my life, a constant companion that gnawed at my confidence.

I couldn't go back to Iowa to live with my parents; I'd burned that bridge long ago. Giving the hick town I'd grown up in the proverbial middle finger via social media before I left. I wasn't going to stay in some cowpoke town, I was going to make something of myself; or so I'd thought. Now, without the safety of a college dorm and the building pile of overdue rent bills had me seriously doubting whether I was going to have a roof over my head much longer.

Every click felt like a roll of the dice, a gamble against the odds. My eyes grew tired, bloodshot from hours of searching, and my mind began to blur the lines between the dream of a promising job and the nightmare of endless rejections. One by one, I sent out applications, pouring my heart into each cover letter and resume, hoping to capture the attention of potential employers. I'd started to embellish things, then flat out lie but even that seemed to get me nowhere. A red alert popped up in my inbox but I didn't dare get my hopes up and good thing too, another rejection.

That position had been to work the counter at a local movie theatre; a high schooler could have gotten it and yet I still felt my eyes burn at the rejection. With trembling fingers, I reached for the glass of water beside me, taking a sip to moisten my parched throat and wash away the lump threatening to form.

He swallowed his pride and forced back the tears; he was a man goddammit. He wasn't about to lose his pride; he could lose everything else before that. A new job listing appeared at the top of the page, just posted and without even reading the title he clicked on it and loaded up the page, fully prepared to apply regardless.

### **Perfect Dates Needed - Lonely Hearts Inc.**

**Gabriel Dating Service specialises in creating the perfect date for any occasion be it a corporate dinner or needing a plus one at a wedding; or perhaps even just a lonely heart looking for some company. Applicants will be trained and perfectly prepared for each date and compensated according to customer satisfaction; that's right you can earn money to be wined and dined! Applicants can be any gender or sexuality; just be prepared to be moulded into the perfect date for any given occasion!**

I'd applied for a lot of jobs but this one was probably the weirdest. It had to be some sort of discrete escort business, right? Reading between the lines that certainly seemed to be the case. Though they never mention sex at all; perhaps this was one of those high class services where you just had to be 'company' for a night. Hardly the sort of job I was wanting but what was the harm in applying? They probably only wanted women anyway.

I uploaded my resume and a cover letter gushing about what a hopeless romantic I was and how making other people have a special night would mean oh so much to me; all bullshit of course but who actually told the truth on those things anyway. He sent his application and promptly forgot about it; going back to refreshing the page with a jaded look of resignation on his face.

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I couldn't believe what I was reading. Three days had passed since I applied for the dating company and in that time I hadn't thought about it once. Yet here it was. An acceptance email.

**Dear Mr. Howlter**

**We are delighted to inform you that your application to Lonely Heart's Inc has been accepted and we are excited to work with you. If you could come down to**

**35 Riverview Street to sign the paperwork some time in the next twenty four hours we will be happy to put you to work right away.**

**Sincerely, Peter Panning (CEO)**

I couldn't help but give a huff of bitter laughter; I finally had a job, as a glorified escort. It was almost ironic; I'd become desperate and then that desperation had led me to one step above street walking to support myself. What was worse, I was already resigned to go. It was the only job I'd gotten in months and they weren't even asking for an interview. I could hardly look the gift horse in the mouth; even if I was sure its teeth were rotten.

Nobody needed to know after all, I'd just tell people I worked in business. Nobody actually cared about your job beyond the title anyway. A few months of this and maybe I could find something better. In the meantime, attending a few events on the arm of some beautiful woman wasn't the worst way to spend my time.

I decided it would be best if I went right away, showed them I was 'eager' and all that. I put on what I hoped was my most flattering outfit; a button up shirt in dark blue with matching dark pants. I even put the last of my hair gel in to give my short cut hair a bit of style. I did my best smile in the mirror, wincing at how fake it looked. It had been so long since I was genuinely happy I had to spend several minutes remembering how to fake it convincingly; nobody wanted a depressed date.

With my most winning smile I made my way down to the address of the office. I couldn't help but feel somewhat self conscious as I rode the bus; I knew I was radiating 'that' aura. The one all people about to go to a job interview or new position radiated on public transport.

When I stepped off the bus and followed my phone's directions I found myself standing before a nondescript white brick building. The window was the only thing of note; filled with a velvet curtain and an ornate sign with Lonely Heart Incorporated, written across it in golden cursive. It looked more like an adult toy store trying to look classy than a dating company.

A little voice in my head, my pride likely, was setting off alarm bells. I was desperate, yes, but was I this desperate? I thought for a moment and took a deep breath before walking through the front door; definitely that desperate.

The inside was surprisingly professional looking; with plush red carpet and dark wooden furniture. It looked a lot like what I imagined a waiting room for one of those specialist, rich people only doctors would look like. Complete with a pretty young blonde sitting behind the counter. She looked up and gave me the single warmest, most welcoming smile I have ever received and I instantly felt some of my tenseness melt away.

“Hello there,” She smiled, “What can I do for you?”

“I’m Dylan Howlter.” I introduced myself, holding out my hand over the desk, “I was offered a job here and was told to come down and sign some paperwork.”

“Oh wonderful, I’m Jemima.” The blonde stood and took his hand warmly with one of her own while typing something with the other.

“Wow, you didn’t even have to look.” I joked and she beamed.

“I am very good at my job. The perfect secretary. You’ll understand soon enough, please come with me.”

She led me through a set of double doors and up a set of stairs to an office door and knocked.

“Mr. Panning, a new employee is here.”

“Ah, that’ll be Mr. Howlter.” Came a voice from the other side of the door, “Send him in.”

Jemima gave me one last smile that bolstered my confidence and swept her arm to the side as I walked by. The office was themed much like the rest of the building and behind the main desk sat a man with golden hair and bright, slightly mischievous eyes. He had an air of youthfulness to him despite the age lines on his face.

“Come in! Come in, take a seat.” The man grinned widely, “I’m Mr. Peter Panning, welcome to my company.”

“Thank you for the offer Mr. Panning.” I shook his hand and sat down, “But I will be honest, I am a little confused as to what my position will actually be.”

“Well, I refer to your position as ‘date’.” Peter explained, “It’s a simple concept really. People come to me with a particular partner in mind; either for professional or personal reasons and I create that person for them.”

“So, I’ll be an escort.” I smiled tightly, “Will I be expected to...sleep with anybody?”

“Only if you want to.” Peter chuckled, “Really though, just enjoy yourself, it’s not hard work, my machines do everything for you.”

“m-Machines?”

“Yes, come, I find it easier to show rather than explain in words. We have a fellow down in the lab right now getting ready for a date tonight.”

I felt like a dog being led from one place to another, but Peter had a charming air about him and despite my reservations about the job he was putting my mind at ease slightly. He didn't seem like some sleazy pimp, and this place certainly seemed professional and above board. Maybe I could do this without too much injury to my pride.

The lab, as it turned out, was yet another quite comfortable looking room save for the machine in the middle. It reminded me of a star fish with five points, a plush inlay in the shape of a human making a snow angel.

“David! Good to see you.”

Peter greeted a young man around my own age with fiery red hair and freckles who was standing next to the machine; stark naked.

“Hey Peter, another charity event tonight I hear.”

“What can I say, that executive from MRDevs really likes you.”

“I like him,” David laughed, “Well, we ready to go?”

The silent technician gave him a thumbs up and David, still with zero shape climbed into the machine, giving me a wink on the way past.

“New guy? Keep an open mind, just the process.” He grinned before the lid closed down over him like a giant clamshell.

There was a great deal of humming as the machine booted up and the technician seemed to be monitoring David's vitals inside as well as several other bars and numbers that meant nothing to me.

"See, there is an executive at a local tech company who has to appear at a number of events and requires a smart girl who can make him look good." Peter explained, "David, will become that girl for the night."

Wait, what?

"But...he's a guy." I replied dumbly and Peter just winked.

"Not for long."

A minute or two passed and the machine opened once more, letting a wave of warm steam into the air as David climbed out. Only it wasn't David at all. The woman who emerged from the machine has smooth, olive skin and dark black hair that fell to the midpoint of her back. Her eyes were dark blue and framed by dark lashes and her lips full and slightly wet as she licked them.

I did my best not to stare at her chest; a feat that was a lot harder than it should have been thanks to its sheer size. She didn't seem perturbed at all, casually walking over to Peter who handed her a silk robe from the hanger by the wall.

"Beautiful as always." He smiled.

"He has a thing for dark haired women." David replied in a voice that was barely recognisable as the man from before; now it was sultry and feminine.

"Y-you...you changed him into a woman!?" I cried, how was nobody else freaking out about this?

"First day, huh?" David smiled, "Don't worry, darling, it all becomes normal soon enough, I was a blonde a few days ago."

I could feel my mouth opening and closing like a fish; I knew I looked like a gaping idiot but I couldn't help it.

“You see, I developed this tech years ago.” Peter explained, “Program a body and personality into the computer and it physically alters you to fit the profile; complete with mental conditioning to help you best fulfil your needs.”

“You brainwash people you mean.”

“No no, you can always act against the programming if you wish, it is simply there as a guide. Take Jemima for example, her mental assistant makes her the perfect secretary but if she wanted, I could make her a perfect model.”

“Say we have a man who wants a girl on his arms for a night who can talk about the ins and outs of international trade; thanks to the computer, anybody can be filled with the knowledge and bam, perfect date, body and mind.”

This was unreal.

“This technology could change the world, you could make doctors in an instant or...or stop criminals from wanting to commit crimes!”

Peter laughed.

“If only, no, it’s one thing to have a mental assistant give you facts or tell you how best to complete small tasks but if you had a voice in your ear right now telling you exactly how to perform brain surgery could you do it?”

“Probably not.” I admitted.

“There are limited physical assists, but nothing complex and as I said you can always go against them should you wish. So unfortunately if somebody really wants to steal something, this programming isn’t going to stop them.”

This was weird; there was no denying it. Maybe I wasn’t this desperate after all.

“Look, I appreciate the offer but this is a bit much for me-”

“And of course pay per date starts at thousand”

My mouth went dry.

“...starts at a thousand?”

“Yes, provided you do not garner any complaints from the person who hired you, that’s the base wage. After that you will be awarded a bonus based on their review of you.”

“How much more are we talking about?”

“Anywhere from a few hundred to an extra thousand.” Peter smiled knowingly, “I know this job isn’t exactly conventional, so I want to reward those who stick with it.”

A thousand dollars minimum for a few hours of work? Humiliating work but still! And if my body was changed it wasn’t as if I ran the risk of being recognised. Even if I just did a few dates and then got out it could set me up for a few more months. I swallowed.

“So, where do I sign?”

Peter smiled widely and clapped me on the shoulder.

“That’s the spirit, tell you what, since it’ll be your first time I’ll even let you pick your first date.”

“Oh, great.”

We returned to his office where he typed a few quick words into the computer and spun the screen round to face me.

“So I have two assignments for tonight.” He started, “The first is an older client, looking for a hot young thing to wine and dine for an evening to show off to some friends. A pretty easy job all things considered; you’d just need to sit there, look pretty and laugh at all his jokes.”

He sounded like a creep.

“Or there is this young fella, looking for a wild party girl to show him a good time and build his confidence for the real dating scene. A practice date if you will.”

He sounded pathetic.

“So, any preference.”

Neither of them sounded particularly enticing but those dollar signs rang in my ear; both of them would easily be worth a grand.

“Alright, I’ll go with...”