

Red and Blue

Neither of us had the foggiest idea of who this woman was, but a single glance was enough to know she was not the usual fare. In fact, that fell rather short; Very short. Having made a living as dancers at the casino, we had seen our fair share of oddities come and go. People, outfits and antics. It didn't really matter, all of it being part of the Vegas charm. Bright lights, pretty girls, lucky rolls and all sorts of people.

Enter this woman. Wherever she goes, she turns all heads. She moved with elegance and this supernatural aura, navigating the room and gleaming under the lights. With a delicate face that seemed sculpted to perfection. A long and wavy golden mane that cascaded down her back and towards her bust, flowing after every step she took. A gorgeous hourglass figure, and perfectly endowed bust and rear, all of it covered by a smooth and form-fitting golden dress that looked like molten gold. A perfect fit for her mane, and a gorgeous contrast with her silvery skin.

And out of everyone in that decadent city, she has chosen us.

So here we are, an elegant and private booth. A dimly lit room with a large and comfortable couch, should things get intimate. A minifridge with liquors we dancers could not afford in our wildest dreams, and a coffee table All of it in a minimalistic style with soft curves, blending dark wood and chromed metal. The final touch? A small dark dais, a lone chromed pole on it.

All of it dedicated to her. Best change quickly and not keep her waiting.

– What do you think?

– The client?

– No, the new waitress in a bunny suit. Of course I mean her!

– Piss off, Tasha.

- Easy there, girl, no need to get all worked up.
- Sorry, sorry. Just, slightly pissed.
- Well, let's just try to remain professional... – Tasha says, trying to calm the spirits.- She seems pretty nice though.
- Not sure what she meant with “having fun”, but I can imagine.
- Come on, don't be like that. At least she's considerate. – Tasha pushes.- Still, what do you think?
- Dunno. Maybe an expensive bodypaint job?
- She looks good...

Nothing to add to that beyond a nod. Tasha sheds her usual skimpy outfit, with me following suit. It's not rare for some outfits to be requested for the performance, and this time it is no different. Just a couple of simple panties. One red, one blue. No top, just thin and gleaming straps with a wider and very, very marked crotch. A bit odd? Yeah, but not our place to ask. Besides, we've seen worse.

- Red or blue?

Tasha picks the red one. Blue one for me, I guess. It's warm, not surprising given the lights in here. Still, pretty comfy. And the metallic glint gives it a nice touch. It slides easily, not remaining loose or anything, but it does look for someone more... with wider hips. Walking to the nearby vanity, I run my hands through my hair to make sure it's perfectly done; A dark and long straight curtain, smooth to the touch as I comb it backwards. Next to me, Tasha does the same with her blonde mane, two curls framing her face. Watching our reflection is... confusing.

- Why do you think she asked for us?

– Beats me. Why not ask her?

– Not very professional, no? – Tasha says, matter-of-factly.- But, I’m genuinely curious. We aren’t exactly top of the line.

– Thank you for the reassurance, Tasha. – I sigh.- You do have a point.

It’s not that we don’t look good or anything. Some curves, pretty faces with slightly full lips, lovely hair to the touch, lean limbs... She’s got the tits, I got the ass, so we kind of balance each other out, no? And we are quite good at the pole, if I do say so myself. But she is right. Why us? There are others, many others. With sexier and hourglass-esque figures; better, rounder and plumper asses; and way bigger tits.

What the hell, why not talk about it.

– Anyone in your mind?

– Cris, for example.

– The waitress?

– Chief bunny herself. Come on, you know what I’m talking about. – Passion drips on every word she says, turning around and sitting on the vanity table, back to the mirror.- The hips of that blonde, I swear. Wide and beautiful and so smooth looking. There’s no way there isn’t at least one eye ogling her strut.

She goes on and on about it. I nod, lips curling into a small smirk. She has one fantastic ass. Round and smooth, even beneath the outfit, no matter what she wears. And she knows it, strutting her stuff and taking every step to make her hips sway. Right, left, right, left... And all the while, her ass jiggles. A beautiful and heart shaped peach, so round and juicy that I could just latch to and never let go.

The one in the mirror is pretty close. Round and plump, maybe even better- Wait. Wait. The one in the mirror...

– Holy- Tasha, did you get a butt lift?

– Wha?

Looking over her shoulder, her eyes are wide open as she steps away from the mirror. Her rear is just- I don't think words make it justice. Round and heart shaped. Every step she takes, even past me, is just... It fills the panty perfectly, too perfect. I reach with a hand, slowly and carefully touching it. She gasps at the touch, taking my hand back immediately.

– Something wrong?

– No! No. It's just...

She points at me. At my ass, more specifically. No way, there's no way, right? I try to look over my shoulder without much effort. We share a quick glance, getting a nod in return. My steps are soft as I turn around and look at my reflection.

Round. Peachy. Juicy. It fills the panty perfectly, the blue fabric filling in the crack and only making it round even rounder. Somehow.

I reach out for it, my fingertips rubbing the smooth skin. And that's enough to make me gasp, both in surprise and delight. Tasha reaches for it too, getting another gasp from me.

– Ah. You alright?

– Yeah, yeah... just surprised, that's it.

She puts her ass next to mine. Like two droplets of water.

– Holy shi-

– What- how?

– I- I don't know. – Admits Tasha.- I just started thinking about her and how good her ass looks and-

– Yeah, she does look pretty good... – I agree, nodding.

– Aria, I thought you were more into boobs?

I got no answer for that. I look at the reflection again. Talk about bad luck, right? Already had the rear covered, and somehow it gets even better. And more sensitive too. I can feel the warmth of the vanity lights, and it's... kind of a turn on, honestly. I glance at Tasha, the woman having closed her eyes. She has the goofiest smile on her face, something that makes my heart flutter. God she's beautiful, my eyes going down to her bust. She has it better than me. Still got her beat in the rear, but not by that much.

My mind twists and turns. She has gone on and on about that ass. Not the first time, and definitely see her point now. But I always preferred the front. She knows. I have told her so many times. What's the- I glance down, to my crotch, to the strip of blue that imitates so well what's under it. Back to looking at my- our reflections. Perfectly filled now. It has to be.

– You're awfully quiet, Aria.

– No, no. Just... taking things in.

– Pretty great, huh? – She smiles, basking in the warmth of the lights.- It feels so good~

– It does. But...

– Yeah?

– It wasn't as sensitive before. I mean, it still was and all, but not that much. – I sigh, closing my eyes for a moment.- Unless turned on, at least.

– Yeah! But that ass has to be right? – She sighs.- Just imagining the outfits on it is making me horny...

God, she's right. My heartbeat quickens. The warmth of the lights, and the vanity table against it feels so great. And her hands- our hands previously were just... I snap my eyes open. What did the woman say again? Something about having fun?

I glance to the side.

– Hey Tasha, I was thinking.

– About?

She is still with her eyes closed, her head thrown back. Her golden hair, tied in a long ponytail, swings behind her. Even the smallest bob makes it move. Just like mine, probably. Not the point though.

My lips curl into a grin.

– Do you remember that woman from... what was it, a month, month and a half?

– You have to be a bit more specific, girl.

– Yeah, yeah... – I say, rolling my eyes.- Come on, you know which one I'm talking about. The one in a velvet dress?

– Oh. – She chuckles.- I can tell why.

– Mhm. They looked so beautiful. So big and round... like pillows surrounded by that pretty dress. I swear, if given the chance I would have my hands all over them. Even if I couldn't hold all of it.

My chest feels warm, reaching for it with my hands. While still respectable, I *was* leagues below many, even Tasha herself. I pant and giggle, all at once, seeing them grow inflating before my eyes, *feeling* them change under my hands. Bigger, rounder. It gets harder and harder to cup them, no matter how I try. Feeling the nipples rub against my palms make me gasp. God, they are so sensitive... and they feel so good~

An enthusiastic giggle escaping my lips. Maybe a bit too enthusiastic, but who cares. I turn and look at my reflection.

Dream come true, baby!

– Mmm. Should I take a peek?

– Feast your eyes on the new and improved looks!

She gasps, probably reaching for her new tits. Probably, I only have eyes for my new set. My big and beautiful melons. I keep my hands on them, almost terrified they will vanish the moment I take them off. God, even the slightest twitch of my fingers sends a shiver down my back.

A playful arm sneaks around my shoulders, as Tasha stands next to me, her massive melons on full display. She has the biggest shit-eating grin on her face, pushing both of us closer.

– Still got you beat there, sweet cheeks~

– Very funny, thundertits...

I spin in place, looking over my shoulder at the reflection. Bottom heavy brunette and top heavy blonde. Seeing things side by side, it balances out, so I'll take it.

– Pretty great thing these panties turned out to be... – A teasing hand makes its way down my curves and all the way to my butt, Tasha reaching for the strip of metallic blue. Two fingers, about to make it tight and-

– Eek! What the hell was the pinch for?

– Sorry, sorry! I was trying to reach for the thong, but...

– But?

– Well, it's not there.

– Wha?

Each of us reaches for her butt. Holy hell, it's true. No matter how much we try, it's just not there. A shiver goes down (or up) my back each time my fingertips rub the blue imprint. It's smooth and gleaming, feeling metallic to the touch. It's been worn for a while but- My mind stops for a moment. Wait, does that mean... We share a look, facing each other as our hands

circle around our waists. Just like in the back, there is nothing. It has somehow become part of us.

– Oh.

Yeah, I believe that sums it up.

– Well, we got a pretty good deal wit- – Tasha’s voice goes quiet.

It’s spreading. We take turns looking at each other and our crotches. My heart should be racing like crazy, but for some reason it’s not. White skin darkens and changes colour into blue, getting along with it a gleaming metallic look. It makes my skin- my body all tingly, but as the blue advances it’s actually kind of comfortable. Leaving behind a warm feeling, my hips turn into a beautiful blue hue, watching in the mirror as my bubbly and heart shaped ass turns. It creeps out of the crack, turning the butt cheeks into a couple of blueberries.

Tasha is doing the exact same, watching her ass turn into a beautiful red peach. Still, I can see her eyeing my ass.

– Try as much as you want, got you beat ther-

My lips purse, trying to muffle a moan. Oh my god, her fingers. It’s just the tip, but that feels so good. I put my hands on my knees, leaning forward and making sure my butt is as round as it can. Glancing to the side, I flash a teasing smile at my partner. Her fingertips rub against my blue metallic butt, slowly and carefully.

And as she keeps going, the transformation spreads further. It moves down, turning my legs into gleaming beautiful blue. It’s a bit harder to see with my new breasts, but I can feel it all the same. The tingling, hardening into smooth and solid metal, and then that warmth. The soft and warm touch of Tasha’s fingers reaches all the way down to my feet. She touches and caresses, getting more and more worked up, even squeezing a bit. It’s getting harder and harder to keep the moans quiet between pants and gasps.

– “Try to remain professional”, my ass!

Turning around, we are apparently the same height now. Did I think of that? Her? Or maybe both? Does it really matter? The transformation seems to move at the same pace with both of

us, having turned her legs and rear into red metal. Reaching for her, I could just... Putting the arms behind the head, she gently sways her breasts, putting them on full display. She gives me a wide and toothy grin, knowing exactly what to show.

It's mesmerizing, seeing those two massive tears change. They become firmer, smooth looking and with a metallic gleam to them. The white skin fades, becoming a beautiful red, while her nipples harden into small metallic bullets. Sharing a look, and never losing that smirk, she makes them sway and jiggle. It's just... I have eyes for nothing else, completely forgetting the rapidly advancing metal.

CLANG!

The metallic hum hangs in the air, and neither of us can really breathe. I cling to her, feeling her clamping hands on my rear. God, the vibrations are just... I lean against her, Tasha making sure we are tight against each other. Her enormous tits overshadow mine. Not that mine haven't gotten bigger or anything, but she's just... good thing we balance the other out. That's all.

She leans in, the red closing on her face. Her eyes start to go blank, no pupils or nothing. Her golden hair changes, growing a natural metallic gleam. Her lips, all gleaming and glossy close in, slowly. I can only imagine myself. A long ponytail, all blue instead of black. Blue eyes, and a blue tongue quickly running over my metallic lips.

Clink.

Our tongues push each other back, lips locked as our hands move up and down. She grabs my ass as tightly as she can, while I put my arms around her shoulders, making sure her tits are firmly against mine. We keep our eyes closed, focused on each other. Just the two of us, tight and close. Oh, she feels so, so good... I could practically melt like this. All of it is just... I- I have no words. Feeling her vibrate with me. Her touch and her kiss. The lights of the vanity and their warmth... I- I think it's wet.

– Is everything good there?

We break the kiss and the embrace. Oh shit. We completely forgot about her. I take a couple of steps, glancing in the mirror any chance I get. Just like Tasha. Shit. Shit shit shit. A light

tapping in the shoulder, and that playful smirk on her red lips again. She winks at me, and I can practically hear her words.

I try to breathe in. No luck. Not breathing anymore, it seems. Seems right for metal.

– Girls?

Tasha takes my hand, walking the two of us towards the door. Every step against the floor sends a shiver of pleasure up my body. She raises three fingers. Game faces.

Three. Two. One...

We swing the door wide open, the woman standing before us, still as a statue. Good. Tasha leans her back against one side of the frame, hands reaching upwards and tits in full display. I lean my chest against the other side, making sure my ass is as round as it gets. Teasing eyes and flashing a sexy smile, like many other times. The woman's silvery lips curl into a delighted smile, taking a few steps back as her golden dress dissolves. It vanishes into thin air, revealing her gorgeous curves, her golden mane breaking free as she plumps into the couch.

Following her, we move as one, strutting our hips as we sit next to her. We reach for her, gently caressing her smooth silver skin, and she answers. Her hands make us gasp and sigh, eyeing each other. Wouldn't it just be nice to remain like this... but we still have a show for her. Standing up, we strut to the pole, each step making our hips sway, and I can feel her eyes on my rear. Ha, take that, Red!

The pole feels warm as we repeat the pose. I lean my chest against it, sliding it between my breasts, and Red puts her back against it, displaying her wonderful tits. The woman claps lightly at the sight, filling the room with a lovely metallic hum. A bit of music to lead us on, and off we go.

We rub against the pole, the music sending chill after chill down our metallic bodies. Each of us shows the best of her, front and back. I sway my rear, and Red follows along, making her breasts move at the beat. The silver woman chuckles with a clear voice, so good to make us gasp. Sway and jiggle, strutting around the pole and changing places. Back and forth, keeping

her attention on one or the other. No matter who has it, we reach for the other, always moving around the pole, always keeping our best parts on display.

As music picks up the pace, we start showing off. I cling to the pole, legs flexed and making sure I show the roundness of my rear, while Red does the same. Hold to the pole as it turns, be it with the legs or the arms, the other always being there for support.

Pose change! Red takes the upper side and I go low. That's it, Blue. Legs spread, all the way, and the crotch in sight. And thinking of this gorgeous woman seeing it makes me feel even better. I glance up. Red holds to the pole with her legs, her breasts weighing down and almost covering her face. No way they can cover her smile though.

Sliding down, she reaches for me, giving me a playful wink. Crawl up, Blue, come on. One, two, and... three! I leap over her, clamping against the upper side of the pole. Sliding down a bit, our legs entwine, helping the other out. And now, we spin!

Our dear client claps and smiles, watching us turn in place. We remain mostly still, don't want to break balance after all. I can feel Red just as aroused as I am. The lights. The music. All the metallic clangs and the clean silvery sound. Our bodies rubbing together, clinging to each other. Always close and intimate.

We shift the pose again, moving as one. Left hand holding the pole, right one clasped with our dear partner. I bury my face in Red's back, gently nibbling her neck. She gasps and giggles.

– Better not pretend you don't like it~

– Just as much as you do~ – She whispers back.

She rubs her rear against my crotch, making me gasp and purr. Oh... we feel the sound make its way down, a playful tingle down our metallic bodies. I- I can feel the wetness down there. And I know full well Red is too. We hold on to the pole, as we spin faster and faster. It's all a blur, and I fear I will let go. I cling to Red, tightly and close. I can only imagine her breasts, big and beautiful. They can go so well with my butt, all bubbly and peachy. We spin faster, and I can swear I'm melting into her.

The music beats wildly, approaching climax. And we dance along. Spinning, faster and faster. We move as one, Red and Blue in perfect sync. What one thinks, the other knows. And no matter the pose, it goes flawlessly. One leg up and fully spread; both feet on the ground while dancing to the beat; legs locked and upside down, displaying the breasts; holding to the pole while the ass remains in full sight.

We also feel incredibly aroused. And everything just adds to it. The music; The lights; The pole and stage; just the gaze of our client. It keeps piling up. And we were already worked up beforehand. If this keeps up-

Acting quickly, we kneel before her, back arched and head thrown back. The music reached the climax, sending wave after wave of sound. The lights fill the room with gleaming reflections, making the metal heat. And knowing She is watching is just the breaking point. A moan fills the room as we finally gush out on the small stage.

A light clang fills the room, now silent, having dropped to the stage. Momentum dies down, one hand covering the eyes. Still, what was that noise? It was like two voices gasping in something that can only be described as release...

– That was great! – Her silvery voice says.- Are you alright?

– Yeah, we are alright-

We sit up, looking at our hands. Two long and lean red arms. That's right, but it's... not? She gives a kind smile, almost... understanding? Standing up, trembling legs make it to the vanity, getting a full image in the mirror. A gorgeous red face, with its upper lip red and the lower one blue, something that repeats with the hair. A short cut, with two curly locks to the sides, left red and right blue, a split that applies to all of it, even to the long and straight ponytail behind.

Red are the arms and the chest too, lean limbs giving way to a couple of massive metal orbs. Cupping them, an airy gasp escapes the lips. They feel so solid and firm, but oddly soft to touch. And the nipple, oh those two~ Enough to start all over again.

Moving down the curves of the hourglass figure, colour changes at the bellybutton. An horizontal split, and all blue downwards. Wide and curvy hips with lean and tall legs,

matching the arms. A couple of tiny steps reveal a blue peach of a butt, rubbing one fingertip enough to send a fantastic chill upwards.

My blank eyes move up and down the reflection, hands following slowly. Memories and names echo all at once. Tasha. Aria. Both felt right, but neither quite right.

– Is this... me?

– You are.

The silver and gold woman waltzes in, her hands gently running over both red and blue metal.

– But I'm- – A single finger on the lips quiets those thoughts.

– You are You. Unique. Gorgeous.

Still, I- I? We? Panting, the reflection stares back. She is not wrong, but...

– Just have to figure things out?

– I know you will. Just like I did. And like more of us will.

She leans against a red shoulder. She feels so great, the touch of metals enough for chills. All in the best way possible. With a smirk, she shows the other hand holding two panties in her index finger. One black, one white. Just as skimpy and revealing, and with the crotch just as marked.

– We are gonna turn all the heads wherever we go.

Her chuckle feels good, and lightens up the mood a bit.

– Speaking of which... – She smiles.- Why don't we continue elsewhere. Are there any places you have always wanted to go?