

SWIPE RIGHT  
By Paul Watson  
For and starring Natashainpieces

Natasha flicks her long black hair back, looking across the table at her Tinder date. He isn't quite as young as his profile picture but at least it *was* his picture and probably taken within the last five years. That counted as a bonus point given her previous experience. Marcus continued to explain about cryptocurrencies but she was more listening to his voice than his words, deep and smooth. His brown hair reached his broad shoulders, face showing just enough stubble to be interesting. Dinner had been...nice. Not much sexual charge, granted, but nice was a significant step up from creepy. He's even managed to talk to her face and not her chest most of the date, despite the dress accentuating them.

"So, are you up for it?"

Natasha blinks her dark blue eyes. "Sorry, what?"

He smiles, his head tilting slightly, "I said, do you want to go on to a show? I have tickets. But I can go alone if it's a problem."

"Oh, no, no, no problem." she thinks about it, for all of five seconds, "Sure."

His smile widens. "Great. Swipe right."

She smiles back. "Swipe right." Yes, it's dorky, but when he does it it's kinda cute.

The show is a magic show. Natasha endures it. She's never liked magic shows. Why pay for someone to lie and trick you? But Marcus seems really into it, and his hand on her arm is strong and warm. And then the weirdo on stage, she's already forgotten his name, it was something overblown and melodramatic she's sure, asks for a volunteer. Marcus turns towards her.

"Swipe right?"

"What? Me? No."

"You'd look much better up there than anyone else here." He pulls out a little puppy-eye to go with the compliment.

"Ok. Fine." she sticks her bare arm into the air. She knows she won't get chosen. It'll be some willowy blonde the magician's planted in the audience, of course. And then the spotlight swings onto her, wide-eyed deer in the headlights trapped. "Me?" she gulps as the audience applauds, Marcus possibly the loudest. She makes her way onto the stage, smoothing down her dress as she makes her way up the steps.

"Hello, my dear." the magician says as his helpers prepare things behind her. She tries to peek but he draws her attention back with the usual patter questions. She answers with a dry throat. Her name is Natasha. She's never been a magician's assistant before. She doesn't know the magician. She has absolutely no idea what is about to happen. Yes, she is here with someone, her Tinder date. The magician calls Marcus up on stage which makes her feel a little more secure, standing beside her, his arm around her.

Finally, she's allowed to turn and see a tall, thin magic cabinet. Split into five sections, each dominated by a flat screen. "An update on a classic." the magician smiles proudly, "Would you like to inspect it?"

"What for?"

"Trap doors, hidden assistants, fake body parts. The usual."

"Oh, right, right." she looks around but can't see anything unusual apart from the screens.

"Yes, those are an innovation. Lets you do away with the blades and rely on technology."

"Sure, sure."

He opens the door. She looks around for the assistant that will be doing the trick. Slowly it dawns on her who will be getting in the box. "Me?" she points at her chest.

"You, our brave audience volunteer."

"Right." she swallows and backs herself into the cabinet. It is very tight, snug, hard to move much. She certainly can't see how she's going to help in the trick. The door closes.

"Alright in there?"

"I guess. I don't know what..."

"Let's take a look." The magician presses a small gadget and the screens flicker into life, apparently showing Natasha inside the cabinet. "Can you wave to the audience?"

She waves, feeling a little silly, not knowing what's going on outside, and her image on the screen follows her.

"That is a very nice dress you're wearing. It would be a shame if it got damaged."

"Ooooooh, no, I know where this is going."

"Don't worry, it's not that kind of show."

"Yeah, right. I'm a little more concerned about me being damaged than the dress."

"Don't worry, it's perfectly safe."

"For who?!"

He doesn't answer. "Sir, why don't you decide what your date's costume should be?"

"Me??" Marcus asks.

"Well, she'll clearly trust you more than me."

"I'd trust a feral squirrel more than you!"

"You see? Anyway, you met on Tinder, didn't you?"

"Yes..." he replies suspiciously.

"Then just swipe right when we get to the outfit you like." he presses the button and Natasha squeals as her dress vanishes, replaced by starfish pasties clinging over her nipples and a thong slicing between her cheeks.

"Swipe left."

The audience boo as the magician presses the button and the outfit becomes a black bikini that is slightly better.

"Swipe left."

"Ah, a man of honour."

"It's my first date. I'd quite like a second."

There's a ripple of laughter from the audience.

"Good luck at this rate!" comes from within the box.

The costume changes into a tie-shirt and tiny shorts.

"Left."

Another button and Natasha shrieks as everything vanishes, black censor bars appearing on the screens.

"Left! Left!!"

The next outfit covers her from neck to toe, a skintight catsuit in shimmering fabric that feels like it's barely there. Covering everything, concealing almost nothing.

"Natasha?"

"It's better."

"Swipe right." The crowd cheers. The magician extravagantly opens the door revealing Natasha clad in the same outfit as shown on the screens. She looks daggers at the magician.

"And now that our brave volunteer is dressed appropriately, let's start the real trick."

"That wasn't the real trick?" she asks weakly.

"Oh, my, no." he closes the door before she can think of escaping. "Now, as I was saying, this is a spin on an old trick." He presses the button. The screens dissolve briefly into static. Natasha's world dissolves into hisses and crackles and flickering lights. And then the screens light up again and Natasha is back. Granted she's upside down, but she's back. The door swings open to confirm that she's floating as if the ceiling was the floor and vice versa.

"What?" as the door closes again.

Another click, another burst of static on the screens and inside Natasha's head and another round of applause as Natasha is mismade across the five screens. Hips and thighs at the base, followed by her head, chest, stomach and finally at the top, her feet. "Well, looks like Natasha is all mixed up. Let's fix that."

"Yes. L..." she dissolves into static, and reappears with everything in its rightful place.

"There. Back to..." the audience boo. "What? You don't believe Natasha was scrambled?! How about you, Marcus?"

"Well, we didn't see."

"What a bunch of doubting Thomases. Fine." he presses the button, Natasha scrambles across the screens and he opens the door on her equally misplaced parts.. "There. Happy now."

"No!"

"I wasn't asking you, dear." he closes the door and presses the button. Natasha vanishes and reappears, the middle screen over her stomach blank. The magician doesn't seem to notice as he opens the door, revealing her in two pieces, above and below the middle screen. "Oh, that's not right."

"What was your first clue?!"

He closes the door and presses the button. Natasha's stomach is restored. Unfortunately, the rest of her is blanked out.

"Swipe left." Marcus says, to the audiences muted laughter.

Several button presses, disappearing and reappearing her in parts, follow until finally she's back to normal, if a little dizzy.

"And I need to close the show, so, Marcus, last time of swiping left or right."

"Ok."

"Swipe right for the lovely lady in the box...orrrrrrrr swipe left for Tina." he points across the stage to where Tina's costume strains to contain her hourglass figure. She blows Marcus a kiss, her platinum blonde hair falling over her shoulders.

"Right."

"Exactly. Just a simple ch...."

"No, I swipe right. Obviously I swipe right."

Tina pouts, gives him a rude gesture and storms off the stage. "Now look what you've done. I'll be stroking her bruised ego for hours. The ego's located in the chest, right?"

"Uh...sorry?"

"No, no, you've made your decision, so let's get your lovely date out of her box."

"Yes!" Natasha agrees, "Let's!"

He presses the button. Natasha feels a tickling on her feet.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't worry, as he chose you, I've turned off the shredder."

"The what?!!!"

"I said I turned it off." Natasha starts to get lower, the tickling moving up her body as she slides down the screens, her toes numb as they vanish off the bottom of the screen. A piece of paper starts to extrude from the base of the cabinet.

Quickly, the cabinet is revealed to be empty and Marcus is sitting back in the audience, the poster of his date in the shimmering catsuit sitting beside him, with instructions to visit backstage after the show to restore her.

After the show, Marcus carries Natasha backstage, taking great care not to crease her. "Welcome, and your lady, too."

"Can we just get this over with?"

"So impatient. Where's your sense of style? Of panache? Of showmanship?"

Marcus says nothing.

"Fine. Philistine." he takes hold of Natasha and places the paper up against the slot from which it emerged. The cabinet whirrs; Natasha feels it gripping the top of the paper, of her; and the paper begins to be pulled into the cabinet.

Slowly, Natasha rises out of the base of the cabinet across the screens in exactly the opposite way she left it on stage.

Once she wiggles her toes to make sure they're there, Natasha tries to open the cabinet, but the door

doesn't budge. "Hey! What gives here?!"

"God!" Marcus sighs, throwing his head back, "That voice. We will have to change that. Swipe left."

"That isn't as cute as you think." he presses the button.

"What are..." she stops, putting her hand on her throat as a deep baritone emerges.

"Left."

"Hey!" Darth Vader's voice rasps out.

"Left. And this isn't as cute as you think it is, either."

"Fine" The button presses again.

"How are..." Natasha stops at the breathy, little girl phone sex voice.

"Right. Now get rid of that outfit."

"Hey!"

Another press and the outfit vanishes, this time no censor bar leaving anything to the imagination,

"What are you doing, Marcus? I thought..."

"Really? You thought I could love you? Don't be ridiculous. Can you mute her? It's been getting on my nerves since we met, having to put on that cutesy act the whole time."

"But..." the button presses and whatever protest she had dies away.

The button pushes start up again, each one changing her body, Marcus swiping left and right on the changes.

"Boobs are good and big, just perk them up a bit."

"Lose the puppy fat. She's way too pudgy."

"How do you get such great tits and pair them with such a flat arse?"

"Lengthen the legs. I don't need a shortstack."

On and on, every part of her evaluated and 'improved' to his vision, until she has an exaggerated hourglass figure, her chest and hips ballooning out, her waist tapering like she's wearing an extreme corset. Her lips are bigger, skin cleaner and tanned, lashes fluffed out, looking every inch an adult movie star.

"Right. Let's hustle it up to the mental changes."

"Mental?" Natasha mouths.

"You are really quite demanding."

"And you're overly dramatic. This could take half the time if you quit with the theatre."

"Other clients appreciate the theatrics."

"Do they? Really? Huh. Takes all kinds. But as your most frequent customer..."

"You'll just have to put up with it until you find someone else who can do this for you and keep your victim passively accepting all the impossible stuff on stage. Good luck." he presses the button. 'Innocent' flashes up above Natasha's head.

"Definitely left."

'Dominatrix', 'teenager', 'bimbo' all flash past, all swiped left. Marcus swipes right on the next description, 'sex slave'. Natasha's mouth hangs open as the description fades. Her breathing speeds up in panic. Her eyes widen, starting to cry. And a direct line from her sex to her brain opens up, flooding her with a desperate need, driving almost all other thoughts away. She stares at the two men, pressing against the limits of the screens, begging them silently to use her.

"That will do."

"You are so uncreative."

"I know what I like, and I know what sells."

"Philistine." the magician mutters, placing a thumb drive into the base of the cabinet. Natasha feels a pulling, a squeezing, but her addled mind can't focus on what it might mean before she's compressed down into data on the drive. The magician hands the drive over. "She's all yours."

"It. It's not really a she any more."

Marcus whistles as he squats in the server room, sliding the drive containing Natasha in amongst the dozens of others. "Welcome to your new home."

Natasha's consciousness flickers back into life as electricity runs through the drive, recreating her in the servers. She feels a bed under her, black lingerie clinging to her newfound curves. She spots the camera and licks her red cocksucking lips. Her new life is simple, her purpose obvious, her existence exactly what a sex slave like her deserves. She caresses her virtual flesh, purring at her growing audience. "Oh, you naughty boys have found me. I suppose you're here to watch me do all sorts of depraved things to get your cocks hard, aren't you? Well," she presses her breasts together. "don't forget to tip if you want to see the good stuff."

Marcus walks to his computer and checks the site stats. Natasha is settling in, drawing good crowd for a new virtual babe. He knew she had something special when he first saw her. She'll fit right in with the other digital stars on Swipe Right, "the online haven where Tinder sluts do what they do best." He's quite proud of that tagline. Serves the bitches right. Of course, he's even happier with the money they bring in. And the fringe benefits. Speaking of...

He leaves Natasha to settle in. It takes a couple of months to truly expunge all the resistance. He selects one of the other rooms, "Stevie's playtime". It's feed goes dark, the African woman formerly fucking herself in it emerging from a nearby screen, braids cascading down to her more than generous arse.

"Hello, Master. Let me thank you for my existence." she purrs sultrily as she crawls towards him on her hands and knees. She tugs at his trousers, freeing his cock before her mouth engulfs him. Yes, this was the life. And in a couple of months, Natasha's luscious lips will be doing this for him as well.