Swipe Right

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Tinder is made for guys like me. If you feel like sex then you just open up and see what’s about. If you are good looking and athletic girls will go for that. Free sex. Swipe Right. Some girls talk about relationships, so you let them. Just put on your listening face and nod. Whatever it takes to get them into the sack. “Thank you Ma’am.” Don’t hang around. Leave quick. They might get ideas.

It never seemed right for Otis though. He was not bad looking, in a wimpy kind of way, but let’s face it – he is not the kind of guy girls go for, with those big eyes like a scared rabbit. He is a swipe left straight up. Not that he ever worked out how to use Tinder anyway. I had to show him. I had to build his profile to try to get him more connections.

The starting point is the image. I was scrolling through his images for something that looked manly, and one image caught my eye, but it was not what I was looking for.

“Who’s the chick?” I had to ask. “Have you got a sister?”

“No that’s me,” he said. “I went to that fancy dress thing a few months ago. You suggested it, remember. My date wanted me to go dressed like that.” I remembered the date, but if he had asked me I would have told him – real guts never do drag.

“Man, you make a hot bitch,” I told him. We laughed but I have to say, the image stuck with me.

I found the best shot of him, and I set him up as well as I could, but his dates were failures. I was talking about it with some of the other guys and I happened to mention the image I had seen. I said something like – “If he posted a profile around that image, he would get a hundred dates.”

I want to say that it was not my idea. But sure, I had access to his Tinder, so I created the profile. It was just as a joke. We had all agreed on the name “Roxanne” because it sounds sexy, but knowing Otis as we did, we thought it better to profile Roxy as a bit of a tomboy raised on a farm, and a bit shy, but looking for fun and with expensive tastes.

So, Otis ended up with two profiles. We had him pull out his phone and open the Tinder app. Otis the shy scrawny guy had one hit, from a girl with a waistline like the equator. Roxanne had 56 hits.

“What have you guys done?” Otis was shocked, and we were falling about laughing.

Tom grabbed the phone and had a look. He said – “Look at these guys. The expensive tastes thing was a great call. They are offering dinner at high class restaurants. How could you refuse this one?”

Otis’s phone was passed around. Everybody was checking out the guys and taking a closer look at Roxanne’s profile pic.

“If you could do this look again you could take of these guys for a real ride,” said Rod. “I should know - it has happened to me. Girls just playing you for what they can get. They use you and then say they never liked you in the first place.”

“No chick has ever used me,” I said. Hell, they all knew it. I do the using around here. But of course, if it was me, I would pick Roxanne was a guy. Anybody stupid enough to think that our pal Otis was a girl, deserved to be rolled. I said – “You should do it. In fact, I will pay for the makeover just to hear the story. No cost to you, I promise.”

I can say it now that a big part of me wanted to see that profile picture come to life. Like I said, that image stuck in my head from the moment I had first seen it. It was fascinating somehow. It seemed like it could not really be Otis.

The other guys were pushing too. The truth is that Otis was always the odd member or our crew, so he generally did what the rest of us asked of him if we all insisted. We did, so he gave in, just like he did for that girl at the fancy-dress thing.

Rod found a place that could handle to change and had them call me. They talked about degrees of transformation and prices. I would normally not have gone for the most expensive, but I just wanted Otis to look as good as possible. It included some coaching in feminine behavior, and that seemed like a good idea.

We lined up a date with one of those guys interested in Roxy – the one who looked to have the most class. It was for a Wednesday night so the classy restaurant would not be too busy. It was for 7:00 pm so Roxanne could step out of her makeover at 5:30 and had time to refine her voice and presentation. Even before Otis went through some videos on the internet to get things right – he was up for this, but his biggest fear is that he would be found out and things could get nasty.

I promised to back him up. I would go to the restaurant that night. I would get the maître d’ to set me up at the nearest table, eating solo, and just be there for my scrawny pal.

It was supposed to be something that we would all be laughing about. It seemed that it would better yet if I was there to back up the story. Maybe I could be there to witness the look on his face when he realized that he had been had.

Otis had to leave work early to make it to the salon. I was going to pick him up and take him to dress shop. I said that I would be buying something short and sleeveless so he had better get fully waxed. He as pissed but he was committed and we all knew that.

I hung around outside the salon. I don’t go into those places.

When the person that I was waiting for stepped out I was confused for a moment.

“Is that you Otis? Where is the wig?” I spoke to the girl in the track suit with the red hair cut in was I suppose was a pixie cut. It was not like the photo with the blonde wig and the heavy makeup. This girl was pretty the way that no boy in drag should be.

“It’s Roxanne, remember?” She had a girlish voice too. She struck a pose. I was smitten.

This was not supposed to be my reaction. I was supposed to laugh. Perhaps I should be impressed with the work of the team in the salon who could do such a great job of my pal. But I didn’t see him. I couldn’t see him. I just saw her. She smiled and primped her hair a little. My cock started to stir. This was not supposed to happen.

“Aren’t you going to take me shopping, Big Boy?” She was making fun of me. She was teasing me. Maybe she could even see my distress. Please God she cannot see the bump in my crotch?

She bounced off in front of me, adopting a walk that looked good even with trainers on her feet.

I was going to suggest something that a man might like to see a girl in – a little black dress – figure hugging and skimpy.

“No, no,” she said. “Something colorful and feminine. Something with more of waist to show off these curves that the padding has created. Besides, this is a date not a party. And remember I as a bit of a country girl.”

She clearly had something in mind, and after what I later discovered was over an hour she found it, with wedge sandals to match. All I had to do was to admire her and to present the credit card. The first thing was so easy that I barely gave the second thing a thought.

“Your boyfriend knows how to look after a girl,” one of the shop ladies said.

“He does, doesn’t he,” chortled Roxy with a grin. I did no know how to feel. Part of me wanted to scream out that this was all a trick and everybody was falling for it, but her smile silenced me. This was all for her and I was irrelevant. Isn’t that the way it is supposed to be.

“Now you need to by me a drink so I can face this guy you have lined me up with,” she said.

I took her to a bar. Everyone stared at her. But it seemed to me that once again, nobody had caught on. One guy even looked at me and seemed to give a nod as if to say - “You lucky sonofabitch”. I should have been proud, but she was not my girl … Hell, she wasn’t even a girl.

I went over to the restaurant. I wanted to sit at a table next to Roxanne and her date. I slipped the maître d’ a banknote to show me where they would be sitting and where I could sit at the next table. It was perfect. I was within earshot. But I waited for her date to arrive before I took my seat.

My first thought was that I should sit with a view of his face, so I could wait for that moment of disappointment, but instead I looked the other way, with a view of Roxanne. I might have told myself that it was to pick up any “get me out of here” glance, but that would not be true. I wanted to look at her, so I sat on the same side of my table as he did.

As arranged Roxanne arrived a little late, but not so late as to be rude. He rose. From my sideways glance I could see that he was pleased.

“Pleased to meet you Roxanne, my name is Charles,” he said. Like Charles, not Chuck or Chad, or even Charlie. “Your hair is shorter than in your profile picture”.

“That was a wig,” said Roxanne. “I didn’t choose the picture. A friend did that. I hope you don’t mind. I said on the profile that I was a tomboy … or at least I was back home.” He pushed in her seat at she tucked the skirt of her dress expertly. I was sure that he lingered to smell the scent on her neck. I felt a fury rise in me.

She placed a hand under her chin in the most feminine pose you could imagine, and she said – “I used to pretend to be a boy when I was younger. Everybody was deceived.”

“I can’t imagine that,” said Charles.

“I have left that all behind,” said Roxanne. “I have moved to the city. I will only wear dresses and skirts. I will grow out my hair and wear it piled up on my head. I will enjoy the best of everything, because I never had a chance to do that back home.”

“Well, you’ll find the best of everything here,” said Charles. “With me.”

Okay. The point had been proved. Otis could pass as a woman at close quarters. It seemed that the game was over, or it ought to be.

“I am so looking forward to this meal,” she said. She glanced at me, just the way a woman might rest her eyes on a stranger for a moment to quicken his heartbeat. The message was clear – let me eat this meal.

So I had to endure another 3 hours of this. I had to sit by while she primped and pouted and giggled and he fawned all over her. I felt disgusted. I told myself that I was disgusted that he could talk to a man this way, or that I was disgusted at Otis for leading him on this way, but neither of those would be true. I was disgusted that I was not him, with this woman sitting at my table.

I seemed unable to remind myself that this was not Roxanne and not even a woman, but when watching a movie, you don’t tell yourself that these are just actors pretending. It all seemed so real, and my jealousy was real.

The only thing that did not seem real was the meal I had to order to try to appear to be a diner. It had quickly grown cold and yet I still took a forkful every few minutes while I listened and looked at her sparkling eyes looking at him, not me.

It seemed that their meal was about to conclude. He said – “I don’t know what you think, but for me this date has been a great success. I would like to see you again if tonight must end here. But … would it be too forward of me to suggest that it need not end here? My apartment is close by. I am not putting any pressure on. If you decline I do understand. We will just line up another date.”

“The country girl in me is just dying to have a roll in the hay,” said Roxanne. “But I am a lady these days and … aw, what the hell – how far away is your apartment?”

I was shocked to the core. Before I knew what I was doing I was on my feet.

“What do you think you are doing?” I spoke to her. I ignored him.

“Excuse me,” Charles was indignant, and rightly so. “This is a private conversation so kindly butt out.” He was standing now too. He was the same size as me, maybe even a little bigger. I found myself rehearsing a punch in my head.

“You have made a mistake,” I said. “I know this girl and I am sorry to tell you Buddy, but this is not a girl at all. This is a trap. I mean she is a trap. Do you know what a trap is? She is a guy dressed as a girl. So you had better …”.

I kept talking because he kept looking at me with a “Get out of my face, because I am dating this beautiful woman” look. Instead of looking at Roxy in horror he was looking at me and getting really mad. So, my words just trailed off.

“Whatever she was, she is a lady now,” said Charles, staring me in the face. Then he turned to her as said – “Roxanne, I think that we should leave and I would love you to share a nightcap with me at my apartment, if you would do me that honor?”

He reached out a hand and she put hers in his, giving him the kind of smile that I often looked for, and then suddenly realized on that night, I had never received in hundreds of dates.

The restaurant was not busy, but every in it was looking at me as if I was some kind of swamp monster.

Roxy walked out of my life that night, forever. I have pined for her ever since. I have swiped right hundreds more times since, but never found anybody like her.

The End

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