



Matchmaker

John Dylana



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by John Dylena

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a Pink Skirt Press story

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

Jonathan wondered if it had become an obsession. Once he figured out the timing, he discovered that, for a couple of days each week, he could cross paths with Laura on his commute to work. This brief time they shared, no more than ten minutes or so, was just enough for him to work his way up from fellow commuter to casual acquaintance. Their chats were little more than small talk; comments on the weather, a TV show, etc., and while Laura was always polite, she never seemed invested.

It was difficult to not develop the massive crush that he had. She had long, light-brown hair, emerald-green eyes, and was always dressed to kill. From her attire and demeanor, Jonathan pegged her as a top-level executive, if not CEO. That made the already monumental task of gathering the courage to ask her out even more difficult. And when he finally made the plunge, it was into frigid waters.

“I’m sorry, Jonathan.” Laura looked him up and down before forcing a smile. “But you’re just not my type.”

It shouldn’t have been such a shock, but the rejection hit him so hard he forgot to get on the train.

The rest of the day passed by in a haze and, when he got home, he found himself skipping the soda and moving on to drinking straight whiskey. Sure, he might not be the best-looking guy, but he wasn’t unattractive either. He had some pounds he could lose, perhaps, but despite his nerdy interests, he was far from being an obese neckbeard.

Several glasses later, Jonathan needed to know why and, even more so, what he could do to change her mind. So he took to the world’s greatest (and, it would turn out, worst) resource on all things love, relationships, and women: the internet. And so, at around three in the morning, he was drawing arcane symbols on the floor of this one-bedroom apartment. The internet had failed him, and he had come to the conclusion that the only viable help he could get was the supernatural kind.

How he got to this point, he didn’t know, but alcohol was to blame, along with a midnight pizza delivery. That, and the desperation brought on by a broken heart. All Jonathan did know was that, if this didn’t work, then he’d have to give up on the hope of winning Laura’s heart. He would have to

change his commute, leave earlier in the morning to avoid the train they shared.

“This better fucking work,” he said as he drew the last rune on the laminate wood floor, “because I sure as shit don’t want to wake up an hour earlier to go to work.”

Nothing happened.

Jonathan remained on the floor, back pressed against his desk as the alcohol started to wear off and the realization of what he had just attempted, and how stupid it was, crept in. He climbed to his feet and, in a moment of clarity, discovered one of the runes was backward. When corrected, a wind swept through his apartment as the runes glowed.

“Oh, fuck!”

As the wind picked up and the runes continued to grow brighter and brighter, Jonathan took shelter in his bathroom. Then, as quickly as it came, the wind died, and the glow disappeared. Silence filled the apartment, broken a few moments later by a female voice.

“I know you’re in there. Come on out.”

In the bathroom, Jonathan climbed to his feet, straightened his clothes, and took a deep, centering breath. It didn’t work. With a quivering hand, he reached for the doorknob.

A woman stood in the center of the arcane circle. Arms folded in front of her, she wasn’t quite what Jonathan expected. Knee boots, gray leggings, and a tan turtleneck dress, obsidian-black hair pulled back in a ponytail; her dark eyes glared at Jonathan with an almost disapproving look.

“Well?” She gestured toward him.

“I, uh, am not sure.” Jonathan scratched the back of his head. “I didn’t think it would work.”

The woman rolled her eyes and sighed. “Well, I’m here, so what do you want?”

“You’re a succubus, right?”

“Yes. My real name’s a mouthful, but you can call me Reti.”

“You don’t uh...” Jonathan looked her up and down.

“Really?” Reti gestured at herself. “Not what you expected? How about now?” Black smoke engulfed her. When it vanished, instead of the casually dressed woman, a genuine demon stood before him. Red skin, dragon wings, horns, and a tail. The works. As much as he wanted to look away, Jonathan couldn’t take his eyes off Reti’s naked form.

As if she knew he was staring, the black smoke returned and, with it, Reti’s original form.

“Now, please tell me why you summoned me? I know it’s not to take your virginity, though, from the looks of it, it’s been years since you got any.”

“Very funny,” Jonathan straightened, attempting to hide his blush. “Like I said, I didn’t think this would work, so I’m not really prepared. But there’s this woman. Her name’s Laura.”

Reti waved her hand. “Let me guess. You like her, she doesn’t like you back. Rejection sucks, don’t it?”

“She told me I wasn’t her type.”

Reti rubbed her forehead. “Look, Jonathan, don’t ask me to force her to fall in love with you. These things almost never work out long-term, and when the victim realizes what happens, bad things tend to happen.”

“But...”

“No buts.” Reti jabbed a finger toward him. “I get it, trust me. I admire your determination, but when a girl says she’s not interested, suck it up and move on. Unless you want to end up in prison, your face on the news, for being a creepy stalker pervert.”

“I wasn’t going to ask you to do that. I just... want to know what her type is, and if there’s something I can do to be it. Like, do I need to get in shape?”

Or maybe change my hair color?”

Reti smirked. “So, what, you just want me to scope her out and see if you’ve got what it takes?”

Jonathan nodded. “That’s it. I swear.”

Reti laughed. “And here I was thinking I was just going to be another guy’s one-night stand. Okay, sure, champ.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Really. This woman, Laura. She a coworker or something?”

“Someone I met on my commute. We both take the same morning train.”

“Right. Okay. This is what we’re going to do. Next time you see her on your way to work, say out loud: ‘Reti, I summon you.’ I’ll appear and you can point her out to me. Sounds good?”

Jonathan shrugged. It seemed easy enough. “Yeah, sure. That works.”

“Good. Now, clean up this mess, will you?” She pointed at the arcane runes, then disappeared in a cloud of black smoke.

Jonathan leaned against a post on the train platform, far enough away from Laura that she wouldn’t notice him. When there was no one in earshot, Jonathan whispered the words.

“So, where is she?” Reti said as she appeared beside him, startling him in the process.

A few moments passed as Jonathan attempted to slow his rapidly pounding heart before he jerked his chin in Laura’s direction. “By the ticket machine. Brown hair in a ponytail, black suit, holding a tan coat.”

“Got her.” Reti turned to Jonathan. “It’ll take a few days. Be patient. In the meantime, leave her alone. Nothing more than a ‘hello’, got it?”

Jonathan frowned, but he agreed.

“Good. Like I said. Patience. I’ll come to you when I have the info.” Reti winked, then vanished in another whiff of black smoke. A few seconds later, the train rolled in.

When Reti did return, three days had passed. Jonathan was slouched on his couch, watching TV. The succubus strolled in from the kitchen, startling him enough this time for him to fall off his couch.

“Oh, I love sneaking up on you humans.” She laughed as she stuffed her hand into a bag of tortilla chips.

“Yeah, well, jokes on you. Those are stale.” Jonathan adjusted his shirt and pants as he got back to his feet. “Does this mean you got the info I was looking for?”

Reti tossed the bag aside and took a seat on the couch. “That I do. I have some very good news to share with you. However, I do have a follow-up question.”

“Yeah?” He turned toward her.

Reti squinted at Jonathan, letting the silence linger before her lips curled into a smile. “Tell me, Jonathan. How committed to this are you? How... far... are you willing to go?”

Jonathan turned his gaze away from the succubus as he weighed her words. His hands curled into fists and, when he looked back at Reti, he did so with fiery determination. “Anything.”

“Swear to me.” Reti leaned forward. “Swear that you’ll do anything to get your chance with Laura.”

“I swear it.”

Eyes fixed on Jonathan, Reti extended her hand toward him. When she wiggled her fingers, he returned the favor, staring back at her as he shook

her hand.

“Wonderful,” Reti grinned. “Just a little bit of business first.”

She stepped toward him. What panic initially filled Jonathan quickly dissipated as Reti moved on top of him, pressing her body against his, and moved in for a kiss. Her body had a warmth to it that sucked the stress and the fear and the worry from him. It relaxed his muscles and clouded his mind as their hands explored each other’s bodies.

“Not a bad kisser,” Reti murmured before moving her mouth away from his lips to his neck. She didn’t bite but sucked hard enough that he knew he’d have a hickey to hide come morning. She kissed her way over his chest, closing her teeth around one nipple and then the other, just hard enough to make him gasp, before trailing her tongue down his stomach. It seemed to take forever, but her lips and tongue finally found their way to his already stiff cock.

Jonathan’s shirt had disappeared during this, torn in half and tossed somewhere out of his peripheral vision. He wasn’t sure how she’d gotten his pants off, and it seemed like his underwear were there one moment and gone the next, taken care of by Reti.

Jonathan attempted to recall the last time he had received a blowjob but, as Reti took his cock deeper into her mouth, it became exceedingly difficult for him to think straight. She didn’t just suck his cock, she caressed it with her tongue, dragging it across all his sensitive spots while her cheeks hollowed slightly, applying just enough pressure to make him groan.

He may not have remembered his last blowjob, but his body knew how to respond. His cock swelled and, before he knew it, he was exploding inside her mouth. Reti had brought him to orgasm embarrassingly quick.

“Oh, Jonathan, has it been that long?” Reti laughed as she wiped her lips with the back of her hand. He looked down between his shaking legs to see his cock hanging limp. As if shooting off so soon hadn’t been embarrassing enough. “Can’t have it end so soon,” she said.

A quick wave of her hand and his deflating cock sprung instantly back to life.

Jonathan had little time to process what just happened before Reti moved forward and, with a guiding hand, eased herself down onto his erect shaft. “Fuuuuuuuck!”

Her body was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. His mind could barely comprehend it. Reti’s pussy burned hot like fire, as if he were plunging into a pool of molten lava, but there was no pain. Like a shot of the smoothest whiskey, Jonathan felt himself melting away, wrapped up in a blanket of lust and comfort at the same time.

Through the fog – or was it steam? - that filled his vision, he saw Reti lean forward and place her hands on his chest. At least, they looked like hands, but they felt more like claws. He could barely see her, could barely focus as her hips rocked, her thighs squeezed, and her hands fondled. It was a strangely erotic sensation, one that should have worried him far more than it did. Jonathan saw his skin stretch within her hands. It was as if she was molding wet clay.

Something tickled his ears, neck, and shoulders as the pleasure built up inside him.

Just when he thought he would burst, it kept going. Faster and faster, Reti rocked her hips. She rode him hard, even as she continued to sculpt him. His eyes grew wide as his chest became bigger and bigger, the flesh molded into perfect globes. When his vision seemed to go hazy, he reached up and brushed aside strands of hair that fell over his eyes.

Something was wrong, but he couldn’t focus.

Visually or mentally.

“Ohhhh!” He cried out, his voice sounding higher than normal.

“Almost there,” Reti teased. She squeezed his chest, the pleasure amplifying what was already coursing through him from down below. There was no way he could survive this. It would surely destroy him.

“Now, cum for me!”

“Ooooooh, fuck!” Jonathan erupted with a groan that sounded too high, too

soft, yet loud enough that the neighbors could hear. His body trembled as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over him. Once, twice... he lost count of the times he came into Reti.

The succubus threw her head back and moaned, her legs squeezing Jonathan with supernatural force, as if trying to milk him of his very life essence.

Time passed. It could have been minutes, hours, or even days, but really was only seconds. Jonathan's gaze was fixed on the ceiling of his apartment and, as his mind drifted back down from the clouds, he realized his chest felt much heavier than it had before. Summoning what little strength he had left following the earth-shattering orgasm, he lifted his head to be greeted by a pair of massive breasts.

Massive, rounded, ample breasts, as seen from a perspective no man should ever experience.

"What the fuck?!" He shouted in a voice that wasn't his.

As if he'd been dropped into an ice-water bath, Jonathan sobered up almost instantaneously. As he climbed off the couch, wobbling drunkenly with the sudden redistribution of weight, he discovered that the breasts weren't the only changes to his body. Waves of hair fell into his vision as he looked down - long strands of bright blonde hair, pulled away from his face by slender fingers that had long, polished nails.

Jonathan looked up to find Reti sitting on the couch, hands behind her head, with a satisfied grin that grew even wider as he looked down and discovered a piece of him that was now missing.

"What the fuck did you do to me?!" He screamed at her, his voice airy, feminine, and almost vapid.

Reti stood. "Oh, did I forget to mention that Laura was a lesbian?" She tapped on her lips. "You did swear to me that you'll do anything."

"Yeah, but like, I thought that meant losing weight or getting a new job or something!" He was hyperventilating, breathing heavily with panic, the globes on his chest heaving and bouncing before him. "You should've told

me!”

“You didn’t ask. Not my fault you agreed to the terms without checking what they were first.”

“Fuck you bi—” Whatever else Jonathan had to say vanished as his body went still. It still breathed air and pumped blood, but all he could move was his eyes.

With a flash of black smoke, Reti switched to her demon form to reaffirm just how serious she was. “Jonathan. You had best be careful with what you’re going to say next. Need I remind you who you’re speaking to? After all, I just changed your body. I can do far, far worse.” She let the warning hang in the air for a moment before adding: “Would you like to try that again?”

Jonathan blinked, finding he once more had control over his body. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to yell at you.”

“Good.” Reti nodded and switched back to her human form. “Tell you what, I’ll turn you back, return you to your old self. But, if I do, you’re on your own. I disappear and you’re back to your pathetic, lonely life.” She sauntered up to him, pressing her breasts against his, and rubbing one smooth, slender leg against his hairless thigh. “Or, you stay in this body, and I help you get your chance with Laura. How’s that sound?”

Jonathan chewed on his lower lip, which he realized was thicker and fuller than it used to be. “I don’t know.”

“You know that wonderful orgasm? Ever had anything quite as good in your old male body?”

He considered it. “No.”

“Well, in that body, they’re always going to feel like that.”

Now that got his attention. “For real?”

“Yes. One of the wonders of the female body.”

Jonathan scratched his chin – which felt small and smooth, with a cute little dimple. “Can... can I see what I look like first?”

Reti waved her hand and a full-length mirror appeared, floating in the air between them. When Jonathan saw his new form, he had to pick his jaw up off the ground. He had the body of a porn star. Long, luxurious blonde hair, bright blue eyes, fair skin, thick lips.

Every guy’s fantasy.

A blonde bombshell.

Jonathan had a difficult time looking away. “This is Laura’s type? Me? I’m her type.”

Reti nodded. “She’s a sucker for blondes.”

He was starting to feel like he could do this. “And you’ll help me win her over?”

The succubus smiled. “I’ll make you irresistible.”

Jonathan took a deep breath. His entire body quivered with nervous energy. “I... okay. I accept.”

The mirror vanished. Reti cracked her knuckles as she stepped up to Jonathan. She held her hands up in front of him as pink, ethereal strands of magic flowed from the tips of her fingers.

“What are you... doing....” Jonathan drifted off as his mind turned hazy.

“First things first. A new name. Can’t have you go by Jonathan. I think... yes, let’s go with Janelle.”

“Janelle...” Jonathan mumbled. It was getting harder and harder to think. To focus.

“Very good. Like I said before, Laura’s a sucker for blonde bimbos.”

“Wait what?” Jonathan blinked lazily.

“Your name’s Janelle now. Say it with me.”

“My name’s... Janelle.”

Reti smiled. “I’m only tweaking your personality. Don’t worry, I’m keeping most of you intact. But like I said, Laura’s a sucker for bimbos.”

“Bimbo...” Janelle repeated.

“Yes, Janelle, that’s what you are.”

Janelle giggled. “Like, totally.”

“That’s a good girl,” Reti winked. “Almost done.”

A few moments later, the pink ethereal magic vanished, and with it, the weight of the world. While it wasn’t too difficult to think, Janelle found it hard to focus on anything complex. There was something blissful about it.

“There we go. Janelle. Tell me how you feel?”

Janelle blinked and tried to focus on Reti. “I feel like, a little woozy.” She giggled. “Sort of, like, dizzy.”

Reti nodded. “I’m sure that’ll go away soon. I did, after all, just mess with your mind a bit.”

“No way!”

Reti chuckled. “I’ll show you. Janelle, what is your favorite color?”

“Oh! Pink!”

Reti nodded. “Now, what is the name of the first Legend of Zelda game to be released on the Nintendo 64?”

“Like, Ocarina of Time, duh!” Janelle giggled.

“Sure, but do you know what the Pythagorean Theorem is?”

“The what now?” Janelle cocked her head to the side. “Is that like, a math

question? Cause they're super hard."

Reti patted Janelle on the back. "Exactly. See, I know Laura and you have a shared love of all things nerdy and geeky. That, at least, you had in your favor. I just covered the rest in a thick pink fog."

"Um, okay."

"Let's get you dressed." Reti snapped her fingers and clothes manifested themselves on Janelle's previously nude body. A tight, hot pink tube dress hugged her curves intimately, and matching pink thigh-high boots raised her several inches off the floor. "There, now you look like Stripper Barbie!" She waved the mirror back into existence and, in addition to the clothes, Janelle saw large hoop earrings dangling from her ears. Makeup was expertly applied, the kind that would be ruined rather quickly in the porno that Janelle appeared to be starring in.

Reti clapped her hands together. "Now that you look the part, it's time to teach you how to pleasure a woman. Kneel."

Janelle blinked once before realizing that the demon was issuing a command. She did as she was told and knelt down before Reti, finding her bouncing breasts strangely arousing.

"While poking around in that head of yours, I learned that not once have you gone down on a woman before. Typical male, never reciprocating for those wonderful blowjobs you receive. Not that you'll be getting those anymore."

Janelle screwed up her nose in confusion. How was she supposed to receive a blowjob? That was just silly.

Reti combed her fingers through Janelle's luxurious blonde hair. "Not that I'm complaining. I always get what I want. Now, use that tongue of yours and make me moan." She eased Janelle's head closer, and while it took a moment for what few brain cells remained in Janelle to comprehend what the succubus wanted from her, when it did finally click, she extended her tongue and let it slide deep into Reti's pussy.

Her eyes lit up. This tasted super good. It was hot and wet, the juices

already running down her chin, and it made her feel all tingly inside.

Guided by the succubus, Janelle soon learned the fine art of cunnilingus. She felt how the other woman reacted to the deep probing of her tongue, and to gentle suction on the lips of her labia. Her tongue learned the difference between dragging itself across Reti's tiny, erect clit, and drawing shapes around it. She learned when to suck, to kiss, to lick, and to just bury her face deep inside that pussy and wiggle it back and forth in delight.

Better yet, especially for her first time, she even managed to get Reti to cum.

After catching her breath, Reti informed Janelle that she was ready. Before Janelle could even respond, a cloud of black smoke engulfed her. When it dissipated a moment later, they stood in a dark alley.

"Like, where are we?" Janelle asked.

"Just outside a bar." Reti smoothed out her attire. She wore a tight-fitting green dress and boots, accented with black fishnets. "Laura's inside."

Janelle blink, "Wait, what? Like, Laura's in there? Now?"

Reti smiled. "Yes, you bimbo. You wanted your chance with her, right?"

Janelle looked toward the alley's entrance. "Like, fuck, I'm totally nervous."

Reti wrapped her arm around Janelle's waist. "Don't worry. Consider me your wing-woman. I'll be sure to get the two of you acquainted."

"But what about all this?" Janelle licked at the juices smeared across her face. "My makeup must be, like, totally ruined."

"She might like that," Reti grinned, "but . . ." With a wave of her hand, Janelle was porn star perfect again.

The bar was unsurprisingly packed but, to Janelle's surprise, the bouncer let the two of them in without any hesitation, without any need to wait in line. A first for Janelle, but then again, up until very recently, she'd been a man.

Although that was getting harder and harder to remember.

Laura sat alone at a tall, but small, round table. She was absolutely stunning, almost unrecognizable in a black and red dress. Her hair cascaded down past her shoulders, and her lipstick was the color of wine. With the smokey eyeshadow, she looked like a demon herself. Janelle felt weak in the knees as she bit into her swollen lower lip.

Her heart pounded so hard in her chest she thought it was going to burst out of her as Reti led her closer and closer.

“Laura?” Reti said.

Laura looked up from her phone and smiled. “Oh, hey!” Then she glanced over at Janelle.

“This is my friend, the one I told you about,” Reti said. She nudged Janelle closer.

“H-hi,” Janelle extended her hand. “I’m...”

“Janelle,” Reti finished. “Blondes, am I right? They’ll forget their own name if you don’t remind them.”

Laura shook Janelle’s hand and smiled. “A pleasure to meet you.” Janelle couldn’t look away.

“I’ll go get some drinks,” Reti said as she slinked away.

Janelle couldn’t remember if Reti ever came back to their table. She must have, since those glasses didn’t magically appear, but it was hard to focus on anything else besides Laura, who had moved in close to Janelle, her body pressed up next to hers, arm wrapped around her lower back. Laura’s perfume proved to be more intoxicating than the drinks, which clouded Janelle’s already hazy mind.

She didn’t even realize they were kissing until Laura’s tongue mingled with her own. Was this all just a dream? It almost didn’t feel real to Janelle. Especially when Laura whispered into her ear, asking if she wanted to get out of here, go back to her place. She never imagined Laura could be like

this. She was so... Janelle couldn't find the right word for it.

"Like, totally," Janelle giggled.

Laura slid out from the stood and took Janelle by the hand. If this was a dream, she hoped it would never end. Because then she'd wake up as a man, alone.

Laura's penthouse made Janelle's apartment look like a shack. Sprawling views of the city, luxurious furniture, ornate decorations. But Janelle didn't get much of a chance to take it all in before being whisked into the bedroom. She fell onto the bed and, like a tiger, Laura pounced, positioning herself atop of her while they kissed furiously and passionately, Janelle's hands pinned above her head with one hand, while Laura's other hand reached under the hem of her dress.

These were all new firsts for her. Her first time being touched like a woman, her first time being with a woman as a woman, her first time being the submissive partner . . . her first time just being in the moment, feeling, not overthinking.

Laura's fingers lingered there, just long enough to tease her, to entice her. Janelle couldn't help but whimper as Laura pulled her hand away.

"What's the magic word?" Laura whispered.

"Please... please, Laura," Janelle murmured.

"That's a good girl," Laura said. "But you're not quite ready."

Janelle chewed her lower lip and couldn't help but whimper as Laura crawled off her. She managed to prop herself up onto her elbows, a feat made more difficult with the weight of her voluptuous breasts, only to see Laura disappear behind the sliding double doors of her walk-in closet. With a frown and a sigh, Janelle fell back onto the bed.

When the doors slid open, what Janelle gazed upon was both terrifying and thrilling. Laura had slipped out of her red dress into a tight-fitting, shiny

black dress. underneath which she wore full-body fishnets and, to top off the look, a pair of knee-high, high-heeled boots. In one hand, she held a pair of black velvet handcuffs. In the other, a blindfold.

“Like, what—” Janelle began.

“Tell me, Janelle,” Laura smirked. “Just how obedient are you? Do you know what good girls get?” She paused for only a moment before answering: “Good girls get rewarded. Are you a good girl?”

The pink haze that filled Janelle’s bimbofied mind slowed her thinking down. It was already difficult to focus on normal things, but seeing her crush saunter out in dominatrix apparel, and calling her a good girl, fried what few brain cells she had left.

She wore the very definition of a blank bimbo stare. She could see how much it turned Laura on.

Laura couldn’t help but chuckle. “I see I broke your fragile little brain, didn’t I?”

Janelle nodded.

Laura climbed onto the bed and straddled Janelle. “Good. You don’t need to do any thinking now, just nod and say: ‘yes, Mistress.’”

Janelle nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

For handcuffs, they were surprisingly comfortable. But once Mistress Laura slipped the blindfold on, things were taken to an entirely different level. Janelle lost count of the number of times Mistress Laura made her cum – from her breasts, her pussy, her clitoris, her ass, even the ticklish spots under her neck and next to her belly button. It wasn’t so much the number of orgasms, but the fact that she simply forgot how to count after the first couple. Reti did mention something about sex and orgasms being far more powerful for women, but by the time the blindfold came off, Janelle could barely breathe, let alone move her limbs.

Soaked in a mixture of sweat and the combination of hers and Mistress Laura’s juices, Janelle could do nothing more than stare up at the ceiling of

the penthouse and smile vapidly while she gasped for breath.

“So, how did it go?”

Janelle suddenly found the strength to lift herself up. Standing at the foot of the bed was none other than Reti. The succubus was in the same casual attire from when Janelle had first met her, back when she was a normal guy named Jonathan. How long ago that felt now.

“What are you, like, doing here?” Janelle whispered. Laura was thankfully still in the bathroom.

Reti shrugged. “What? Can’t check in on my little project?” She sniffed. “Oh, no need to answer that. I can smell the sex on you.”

The bathroom door opened. However, instead of disappearing in a wisp of black smoke, Reti turned and greeted Laura.

“So how’d she do?” Reti asked.

Laura smiled as she glanced over at Janelle. “She was excellent. Everything I wanted. A perfect, obedient, bimbo slut. Couldn’t ask for a better partner.”

Janelle looked back and forth between the two women. She opened her mouth to speak but couldn’t find the words.

“I investigated, like you asked,” Reti explained, “but after I learned about Laura’s interests, I decided to step out of the shadows.”

Laura nodded. “I found it rather fascinating, and I was quite flattered, honestly. Though creeped out, for sure, that you’d go so far as to summon a succubus to try to win me over. But then we started talking and I learned how all three of us could benefit from this.”

Janelle blinked. “Like, wait what?”

“Think about it, Jonathan, or I mean, Janelle.” Laura sat down on the edge of the bed. “This is better, right? I mean, think about it—if you can now. Wasn’t it boring being a guy? Like, isn’t this so much better?”

Janelle opened her mouth to speak, but eventually closed it. Her life as a man was pretty boring. She was lonely and, like, stuck in a rut. Laura was so amazing, and while it didn't play out at all like she'd imagined it would, it was still a pretty incredible experience.

"But, like, what about my old job and stuff?" she said.

Reti casually waved her hand. "Already taken care of. This isn't my first rodeo."

Laura combed her fingers through Janelle's hair. "You'll never have to work again. All you need to worry about is staying pretty and being my good little slut, okay?"

Janelle looked over at Laura. This would be a pretty cushy life. Never needing to work, being with the woman she's had a crush on for like, ever. A pretty powerful and well-paid woman, it seems, from the look of her penthouse. Why would she ever want to go back to that dingy old one-bedroom and her plain old male body?

"Yes, Mistress," she said with a smile. That felt good. It felt good to think it and say it.

Reti rubbed her hands together. "Enough talk. I want a piece of that busty blonde ass."

Before Janelle or Laura could reply, Reti shifted from her casual human appearance to her true succubus form. However, in this instance, she was sporting something... new.

Janelle eyed the cock that dangled between Reti's legs. It wasn't some huge dong that would rip her apart. Hell, the more she looked at it, the more it resembled the cock she used to have as a man. The only problem was, the longer she looked at it, the more she craved it.

Reti beckoned Janelle with her finger and smirked as her cock stiffened.

"Go on now," Laura whispered into Janelle's ear. "Be a good girl and thank Reti for all that she's done for you."

Janelle wrapped her lips around Reti's cock, and she couldn't help but moan as the demonic dick slid its way deeper, deeper. It filled her mouth with precum and filled her throat with its girth. This wasn't a blowjob like she was used to, but a throat fucking like she'd never been able to command as a man. She liked it, like being used like a bimbo porn star slut. With each moment that passed, each inch of cock that slipped inside her, her previous life as a man faded away, leaving her happy, floating in a cloud of pink bliss, as Mistress Laura lined up behind her, sporting a strap-on of her own.

Janelle found she had become an obsession.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading Matchmaker, I hope you enjoyed it!

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