

An Unexpected Twist

“I won’t ask you again...what did you do to me?!”

Snarling while hunched over in a predatory stance unbefitting of the slender vixen atop blood stained sheets, a lone daemon girl stares daggers at a blonde haired young man dressed in a simple tunic and shorts with a tray of medicinal herbs and strange tools she couldn’t ascertain the purpose of in his hands. Unlike the feisty daemon who looked about ready to kill with imposing wings spread and sharpened claws itching to rend flesh, the man showed no outward signs of fear, standing dead still with his beating heart thumping away with the usual tempo of a rational human being. Undaunting in the face of certain death.

That much of course, was to be expected of the great Hero Lionel; the one leading the charge of resistance against humanity’s oppressors who had long since ruled over the land with an iron fist, treating people like livestock and slaves to be thrown and beaten around for their amusement after the first encounter between the two races had led to a catastrophic war that saw the Daemons coming out on top; with one of their number far surpassing an entire battalion of knights, it was little surprise when the Empire had fallen after one night. A crushing defeat that led to decades of abuse and suffering for the survivors.

Until one among their number awoke with the long forgotten crest of the goddess Ireliia, burned into his chest like a searing brand. That someone was **Lionel**, who until that point, had been a mere slave working the sulfur pits that had once been a bountiful field of crops in a better time that had long since passed.

From selfless slave who shared his rations with the people he saw as family to righteous hero with the power to purge the Daemon’s influence from the land while bearing the newfound strength and power to go toe-to-toe with his superior foes, the tale of Lionel’s rise was a well known one on each side of the new bloody war to reclaim man’s place on the earth while throwing off the shackles the daemons had them locked in for countless years...

While the daemons had initially expected this rare bout of insubordination to be stamped out within a day and the brash upstart gutted and paraded outside the Daemon Lord’s castle, Lionel and his growing band of loyal followers, some of which were veterans who had somehow survived since the First War with the daemons, wasted no time in getting to work; liberating nearby settlements and labor camps within the hour while suffering minimal losses; severely underestimating what years of abuse could do to feed the fires of vengeance in a seemingly harmless slave.

By the time the Demon Lord’s generals had seen fit to inform their ruler, Lionel and the newly founded band of resistance fighters had already grown enough to account for a sizable army.

From then on, the newly crowned Hero of Humanity had set off on a quest for vengeance against the abominable race that had taken everything away from him; wiping out camp after camp all while gathering more numbers to their cause. With word of the resistance spreading, it didn't take long for brave souls all across the wartorn land to rise up despite their severe disparity in both strength and size.

Fast forward a few years in time, and the Second War between the two races was soon looming over the horizon. The contenders? A battered and beaten mankind and the relentless daemon hordes. It was a fight the Demon Lord; **Magna Agnatus**, longed for, a challenge to stir his blood after so long without a challenge to get his weary bones moving again. Something that would indubitably set the ground for his undisputed right to rule after the previous Lord; his father, had passed on, leaving many in the Daemon High Court dubious, wondering if their Lord's whelp was even worth sitting the throne when many among them were far more powerful than he.

While the Demon Lord trained every day in preparation for his inevitable clash with Lionel, treachery stirred behind his back. Culminating in the eventual coup d'etat that had seen him ousted from the throne room in a humiliating state, hunted down by mere bottom-feeder Gargoyles after foolishly imbibing a brew from his trusted advisor, promising with a salacious smile that it was a family heirloom meant to be passed down within his family when the time was right.

“With this potion flooding your veins, even Lionel’s searing light cannot hope to harm a single hair~ Combined with your dominating strength, why My Lord, even heaven would tremble in the face of what you will become!”

The trap had been sprung the moment the thick noxious fluid of purple slag went down Agnatus' throat, blindly trusting in the kindly lady that had been by his side since his birth even as his bulky figure begins to literally burn away; domineering thorns receding, muscle crushed into soft tender meat, scaly draconic hide descended from the Daemon's ancient precursors vanishing altogether, his intimidating height and encompassing frame quickly shrunken down into a gorgeous hourglass figure as his abs melt in a soft luscious core flanked by widest hips leading down to weak, slender legs unbecoming of a Demon Lord.

It was only when his veiny member began to tremble before startlingly receding back between horrifyingly shapely legs completely with curvy thighs lined with fat that led Agnatus to realize something was wrong, unable to resist as his former advisor flicks him off the throne with a simple wave of her hand, sending him flying as pain wracks him for the first time, brought on by an ally no less. Struggling to get back up on his feet only to realize then that his hopes for a future progeny of strong daemon children to continue his father's bloodline was no longer possible with a tight pair of hairless lips puckered up where his breeding rod once stood proud between his legs, shocked by the sight of a bodacious pair of breasts tipped with hardened nipples where powerful muscle once was, angered and embarrassed at this betrayal as his court begins to roar with jeers and rounds of applause, feeling small as leering eyes unravel the sexy succubus standing with the

former Demon Lord's ill-fitting armor hanging off her nubile young body, running slender arms all over her body in an effort to cover herself up, wincing at how sensitive her skin felt, feeling a kick in her belly where the cursed concoction had settled.

It was all a blur from that point on; ejected from the court upon realizing she could no longer call upon her Divinity-tier magic spells and strength, finding that out the hard way when an eager hand had easily sheared away her clothes in one swift grab, finding herself pulled into the embrace of a lecherous Goblin King with fear in her eyes, inciting cackles from the crowd as she graced their ears with her screams of panic, only able to break free with a lucky stab to the eye from the trashing of her pathetic tail; a shadow of its former might as she quickly takes off for the Keeper Tunnels where she knew none could follow but her, slashed, burned and nearly impaled by the numerous gargoyles sent to pursue her, along with an ominous warning beamed into her terrified mind through telepathy.

'You can run my 'Lord'...but the curse will consume you until nothing is left...your time as ruler of our armies has come to an end...by the time dawn breaks the next day...no one will ever believe you ever were the son of our one true Lord, nor will your words convince them otherwise; with your tongue as twisted as your mind will be...Good riddance, Agatha~'

But before she could even make it into the tunnel proper, a precise javelin toss had her crying out in pain as the black iron shears through her wings, sending her crashing through an open window, spiraling down into the murky bog that surrounded the castle as nothing more than food for the fish.

'How humiliating!' She had thought, to be put down not by the Hero in a fight for their lives but by a stab in the back from those she thought trustworthy enough to be by her side. Hating every second spent in her new body as she drifts slowly down the river with her pursuers leaving her for dead; dreading the pain and fear she now felt with her powerful body taken away from her, shivering as the ice cold water bites into her supple body with weak leathery wings twitching lifelessly around her, soft silken locks of brown hair covering a gorgeous face painted into a lifeless stare as life slowly fades from her cursed body, muttering her last words before giving in to the pain and despair, two emotions she had never once felt before in her life, pounding away in her brain.

“Father...forgive me...”

But life wasn't done with her just yet, coming to in a dark forest far away from her castle with nothing to dress her shivering self with. The all-powerful Demon Lord Aganatus, reduced to a bumbling sow with nothing but her looks to claim; the role expected of all Succubi who could barely put up a fight in combat.

That was when she met *him*, coming into view as footsteps grew louder in her ears, wondering if it was a scouting party this close to the castle. Before clicking her tongue in disgust as the visage of a human comes into view, willing herself to stretch her arms out in an effort to crush his stupid head.

Only for the ingrate to take her hand in his, lifting her gently up into a bridal carry as he hauls the heavy baggage single handedly off to destinations unknown as exhaustion from her wounds and recent transformation pulls her back into the embrace of sweet unconsciousness. *'So this is how I die...to be mocked before a commune of worthless animals...'*

But she didn't die, awakening in what looked like a dark tent with the stench of her own blood hanging heavy in the air as she leapt out of bed, much to the chagrin of the lone human keeping watch over her as she spins around to face him, eyeing his naive face with scorn before her visage turns ugly at the sight of her blood staining the tools in his hands.

"You shouldn't be jumping around like that, you know? Your wounds will reopen if you-"

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!"

This was the fateful encounter between the Hero of Mankind and the dethroned Demon Lord Agnatus, leading up to current events with the two seemingly locked in a confrontation with neither one aware of the other's true identity.

LIONEL

For as far as he could remember, his life had been one of endless bloodshed and loss. Rendered an orphan on his tenth birthday on the eve of the First War as his world was razed to the ground, enslaved alongside survivors from his village as the flower fields and bountiful crops he loved to play in were converted into the sweltering wasteland producing the sulfur critical to the Daemon war machine. Doing his best to uphold the virtues his mother had taught him to follow, straining under years of arduous torture and forced labour under his new master's watchful eye.

But when the crest of Ireliia had manifested upon his chest one fateful evening, Lionel would find himself straying from his promise, slaying his daemon captors with surprising ease, with incredulity slowly becoming gleeful abandon, bathing in the blood of the creatures that had ruled him and his fellow slaves for years. While the tales painted Lionel as a righteous knight who slew only those who hid evil in their hearts. The people who witnessed him in the heat of battle knew that it was all just propaganda to instill hope in the hearts of a beaten humanity, watching as he savoured each kill, murdering daemons where they stood, taking pleasure in slowly killing those who surrendered, acting like the very creatures he denounced to be nothing more than bloodthirsty animals.

And as the days flew by and the fighting grew ever more intense with the resistance finally gaining the attention of the Demon Lord's armies, Lionel would soon find himself in a state of turmoil, plagued day and night by the memories of every single warzone he had been to, every daemon slain at his hands innocent or not, alongside the bodies of his family, a bloodied mother looking at him in disgust and shame. It didn't take much for his closest allies to notice, pitching in their own thoughts while helping to mend the broken heart they should've tended to immediately.

It wasn't an instantaneous change though, with Lionel learning to temper his rage alongside learning proper swordsmanship by an old timer simply named Griffin. With time flying by and new lessons ingrained firmly into Lionel's heart, the hero would eventually come upon a profound discovery after decades of arduous fighting. With Griffin and many others having long since passed, the hero was horrified to discover he hadn't aged one bit ever since receiving the crest when he was nothing but a miserly slave.

While a part of him felt relieved for the opportunity to see the liberation of his people through to the end, another part of him dreaded the thought of living alone for all eternity with everyone he would ever come to know and love fizzling out before his everlasting flame.

But he couldn't let those thoughts distract from the now, he still had a war to fight with the people currently at his side depending on him, he needed to keep his head in the game if he wanted to bring a swift end to the fighting.

Fast forward a couple more years, and the resistance was on the cusp of a second war with how much land they had managed to claw back from the daemons. Making camp right in the depths of an outpost as his forces sent the daemons manning it scattering back to their Lord's castle. Morale must've been incredibly low if they were turning tail instead of screaming bloody murder, reminding him of the one last push to the end.

After cleaning his armor and setting off to gather firewood, a startling discovery was made as the seemingly innocuous hero trudged about chopping up brambly wood and sizable tree stumps, looking like a lumberjack with his scarred armor and silver sword removed. Pushing past a thicket and coming across a tainted beauty lying half dead in the muddy shores that led out into the darkness of the bog beyond, hurrying up to her before wincing at the wounds that adorned her body already beginning to fester, realizing she wasn't human, but a daemon; a lone succubus.

Wasting no time in picking her up off the mud, Lionel ferries the unconscious young woman back to camp, preparing to perform surgery with the skills imparted to him from another of his allies that had already departed this world. Since healing magic could be used as an offensive tool against certain types of daemon, Lionel had to resort to the practices of old; from a time when healing spells weren't as widely available as they were today.

But this had to be the first time he operated on a woman, a succubus no less, finding it hard to keep his eyes away from her perfect body built in such a way that made her irresistible to any man alive. Which was why he brought her here under cover without telling his men.

Although he doubted anyone would find her bruised and beaten body any more attractive than a bloodied rag.

"How terrible...lacerations from gargoyle claws...black iron spear wounds...incredible endurance if she made it all the way here with these injuries."

After hours of painstaking work removing debris, shrapnel, sterilizing wounds and patchwork, Lionel was confident enough to leave her be for the night, packing up the tools before walking over to give her a change of clothes and bedding.

Before a loud crash resounds as a water filled bowl is sent flying from the table, the flutter of heavy draconian wings thumping through the air as the daemon awakens with a furious hiss, taking a defensive posture with her brilliant golden eyes taking Lionel in with caution. Interrupting his warning for her to avoid reopening her injuries with an earth shattering shout, barking a question in that serene voice of hers that seemed to bring discomfort to her, noticing how she clicked her tongue while bringing a hand up to rub at her slim throat.

"I won't ask you again...what did you do to me?!"

Even in the face of her threats however, Lionel didn't budge an inch, Chuckling a little as he watched the spark in her eyes ignite into an inferno.

"You damned ingrate! Things won't be so funny when i-hhrk!"

Sighing as he watches the succubus collapse onto her knees with a crimson splotch spreading out on the bandage around her hips, Lionel steps forward, ignoring her angered yells and protests as he undoes the bandages, frowning a little at the newly reopened wound on her radiant brown skin he had worked hard to stitch back up in an effort to preserve her beauty, ignoring the barrage of flimsy punches and kicks sent his way before they inevitably come to a stop on their own once the succubus spots the razors prodding against the threads holding her wound shut, performing another stitching then and there as he utters a word of assurance to the pained daemon.

"I'm going to close the wound...unfortunately you spilled the last dose of anesthetics we had on hand so bear with the pain...I won't do this for you again if you insist on being hostile."

Satisfied with his patients cooperation as the succubus' resistance fades, Lionel gets to work on reclosing the ugly gash, doing his best to be gentle, feeling a little embarrassed to be doing this so close to a woman that was borderline nude. Feeling her labored breaths against his ears with the hand she held on his tunic digging deep with a pained yelp everytime he had to pull out a torn string. Fidgeting with her shapely thighs pressing together and her heaving bosom jiggling with the momentum. As much as he'd like to blame it all on his bodacious patient, Lionel had to face the truth that he was never going to be great with handling women. Daemon or Human.

By the time he was done though, the wound on the succubus was cleaned and closed once more with a new set of bandages wrapped over it. Gingerly inspecting Lionel's work with a sheepish frown on her face. Silently nodding her thanks before the pair turn toward the sound of chain link armor clanking towards the medical room.

"Sir Lionel! Are you alright?! We heard the crash earlier but didn't realize you were gone, was it an intruder?"

Turning away from his men, Lionel finds his daemon patient missing with no traces of her existence besides the bloody rag on the table.

"It's fine...I just had a little trouble cleaning up the anesthetics while setting up the medical room..."

For his first encounter with a succubus to be so intimate yet thrilling with his medical skills put to the test on a daemon no less. Lionel was more or less pleased with himself.

But it also served to prove that man and daemon could Co exist, if conversations, no matter how brusque or quiet they were like the one he'd just had with the succubus could take place without bloodshed, then maybe he'd be able to broker peace with the daemons through bargaining with the Demon Lord. Not fighting.

"Right...I didn't manage to get her name..."

AGNATUS

"That damned human...laying his hands on me like that...who does he think he is?"

Muttering under her breath as she laid hidden in the trees above the camp, Agnatus collapses onto her back, grimacing as the tough bark bites into her soft skin, reminding her of the treachery she had experienced at the hands of the ones she had trusted most while curling into a ball, gritting her teeth with weary eyes furrowed into a saddened look.

With the change in gender and body, the former Demon Lord now had to deal with an influx of emotions and sensations she never could've felt in her previous form; sadness, despair, pain and most strange of all, pleasure. While most people including herself had laughed at the notion of Succubi being meant for nothing but the simple purpose of bearing children, she couldn't have realized the reality of their deep seated craving for sexual pleasure. It wasn't because they were empty headed sluts but because they needed it to live. Soaking in the raw energies given off from the simple act of mating with another to ensure they could keep on living.

And now that she had been turned into one, that same hunger for sex had wasted no time in making itself known through a subtle thumping beneath her soft navel and a dull ache behind her nipples that only seemed to grow with each passing minute. The initial shock and horror at her betrayal followed by the life threatening chase had been enough to take her mind off of it. But now that she had been taken away from the jaws of death and placed under the care of that meddlesome human doctor, Agnatus' new body was instantly consumed by the fires of lust telling her to eat her fill.

It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before, not even the time she spent undergoing grueling training at Death Mountain was comparable to the pain she now felt in her womb, writhing atop the trees with her wings trembling from the stress. But that only served to make the inevitable betrayal that much worse as an involuntary image of what would've happened to her back at the castle if she didn't manage to break free in her head; the fate her advisor, her friends, had entrusted to her.

'Damn them...damn them all!'

Inevitably, not even Agnatus herself could resist the temptations of the succubi, running a scaled hand down over her shapely body, tracing each and every contour with a claw raking across her sensitive skin, letting loose erotic mewls and grunts with her arched back twitching in lustful spasms, until eventually, her hand reaches its destination; the dripping wet snatch sputtering in need between her legs with image of the blonde haired human still fresh in her mind. *'Damn it all....'*

By the time Agnatus had muttered a vulgarity for what must've been the hundredth time, the succubus had let loose yet another generous spray of vaginal fluids all over the tree, resorting to her tail as a substitute for the thing

she used to sport between her own legs, now wanting one as large as hers *inside* of that insatiable snatch of hers, envisioning that blonde human from earlier ravishing her with the care and expertise of a lover who knew his girl's body inside and out. But without the addition of an actual man to complete her feeding, Agnatus was left crazed by hunger even more, unable to believe how sensitive and excitable her new body was as she laid limp on the branches, huffing and panting with her naked body coated in sweat.

Glancing downward at the camp below her however, she could see...no, smell so much food walking by like a living buffet, eyeing each and every one of the virile humans with burning lust, before shaking her head in refusal of the idea of bedding some random human she considered to be beneath her. She wasn't about to lose her dignity as the Demon Lord with a simple change in status.



But there was someone here, someone that had been brave enough to manhandle her despite her fierce act. **“As much as it pains me...I must eat my fill...I don't think I can take this anymore!”** And so, with her heart beating in excitement, the succubus falls from the trees, gliding down gracefully in the night as she slips into the building where she could still smell that familiar scent from earlier, phasing through the roof and into an underground archive of sorts, coming to rest her shapely derriere on the rafters as she spies that familiar arrogant face buried in a book. Unaware of how her body seemed to exude a healthier aura, with her large bosom having a firm shape to it that suggested firm breasts atop a notably tighter core of compact meat and lean fat.

“I see you've returned...and fully recovered too! Good...I didn't catch your name earlier, miss.”

Smiling with her wings unfurling behind her, Agnatus leaps from the ceiling, gliding down to take a seat before the cocky young man with

shapely legs neatly folded over each other to hide the surprise for later.

“I suppose I could grace you with my name, consider it my thanks for earlier...but before I do...I need to ask: how much do you know about the Demon Lord?”

“The Demon Lord Agnatus? Magna Agnatus? Son of Scourge that plunged all of mankind into the dark ages? Why do you ask?”

Catching his attention with the mention of mankind’s sworn enemy, the man moves closer, putting down his book with Agnatus maintaining her cool as her nose fills with the deliciously filthy scent of the man before her.

“W-Well...remember the bog where you found me? It’s connected to m-ahem-his castle...I served there as his...c-concubine? A...A-Agatha is my name...a pleasure to meet you.”

Despite her bumbling words, the man seemed to buy her story, nodding along with every word and staring at her not with suspicion, but what looked like concern. *‘Foolish human, empathy is why your kind lost the first war...’*

“I see...it must’ve been terrible working under that tyrant, the pain and hesitation in your voice...rest assured Agatha, we will end his tyranny soon enough!”

Struggling to hold back her laughter, ‘Agatha’ accepts the man’s outstretched hand in an awkward handshake, playing the part of the hapless maiden he thought her to be. If looking like a beautiful girl was enough to get a knight to lower his guard, maybe a succubi corp of undercover assassins would’ve been a nice idea. *‘A slave is still a slave, even if they pretty themselves up in armor...just you wait human..’*

“Oh thank you kind sir...what might your name be? It would be awkward to keep calling you sir after all...”

Leaning back into his seat, the man glances around sheepishly before sighing, a mood she understood very well. *‘I’d be disgusted too if I had to grace a lower life form with my name...’*

“My name...is Lionel, leader of the resistance and h-rugh!”

Forced backwards with his poor back taking the impact of crashing through the many rows of rickety tables and rotted barrels that lined the underground archive, Lionel grunts as his back smashes into the wall, embedding himself firmly into the stone with ‘Agatha’ now planted firmly atop him with her arms wrapped around his neck and her eager snatch already wrapped firmly around his exposed member after her reckless gambit had removed his flimsy tunic and trousers, giggling with a voice that blended eroticism and pure delight.

“You absolute idiot! YOU are the hero?! It’s a wonder you even made it this far into my lands without losing your stupid little head~”

“M-My land? A-Agatha-rrk! Y-You’re...the Demon Lord?!”

Something was wrong within Agnatus’ mind, she’d never felt this delightfully vindictive before. Having the urge to do battle with Lionel blended with the carnal desires of a succubus to feed on the life force of anything with a cock between their legs had resulted in her taking extreme delight at the face on the hero’s face, crushing his neck harder as her abdominal muscles tighten in response to the pleasure she felt at having her foe helplessly pinned beneath her, unable to fight back as she feels his legs trash and kick in a panic, only making her feel better with his surprisingly large pecker knocking against the door to her fresh womb.

“Shhh~ Sleep well Lionel...I’ll make sure every single one of your wretched kind follows after...the only mistake my father ever made was deciding to keep the pigs alive!”

Applying yet more force as her scaled arms begin to pierce the skin around Lionel’s neck, the succubus’ eyes widen in maddened rage, uncaring of how her hair was beginning to lighten, returning to its former pale hue signature to her lineage as her weak body begins to plump up with copious amounts of jiggly fat and muscle, the curled horns jutting out of her skull cracking as they shed, allowing for crueler, more refined ones to grow out in place of her old ones, with a creamy porcelain coloration slowly spreading over the skin of her voluptuous figure.



Pretty soon, ‘Agatha’ was beginning to look more like a proper female counterpart to Agnatus; sporting his white hair, the wicked curvature of his horned body condensed into her crownlike horns and a powerful yet sexy physique. Yelling her delight to the world as her hands free themselves of Lionel’s neck, before brutally wrapping around his beaten body with the loud crunch of snapping bone and a pained cry from the hero.; music to the Demon Lord’s ears as her eyes glimmer a brilliant red with her powers flowing freely within her once more. Dismissing it as the ecstatic feeling of triumph over a thorn in her side.

“You should be honored *Hero*! You get to die in the embrace of the Demon Lord herself~ Now hurry up...and give me...your seed!”

Grunting for one final time, the figures of Lionel and Agnatus locked in coitus vanish in a ball of light, before a deafening boom wakes every single soldier with the ground trembling from the purple fireball ripping through the archives and erupting out of the ground, sending a geyser of magical flame and annihilation into the sky. And as the fires cleared from within the glassed crater, the maniacal laugh of a woman rings out in the air with the rushing soldiers readying their weapons at the sight of the Daemon sitting naked atop someone else, afraid as they watch her launch another fireball that implodes in the distance, lighting up the night sky once more with another spout of wicked flame, her eyes glimmering in excitement as she turns her attention toward the human soldiers watching her in fear as she rises off the floor with her bounty dripping out between her legs.

“Hear me and cower in fear humans! I am the Demon Lord Agatha! And my face will be the last thing you wretched fool's will ever see! Die!”

Seconds would pass...but nothing happens; no fireball, no death, just a very confused gathering of knights and an equally confused Demon Lord gazing in disbelief at her outstretched hand with only one question burning in her head ; *Why?!*

“You’ve shown your hand Agatha...but this is it for you...give up.”

“No! This can’t be!”

Spinning round on her heels, Agatha comes face to face with an unscathed Lionel, naked and bleeding, but otherwise unharmed by the extreme temperatures that had just engulfed the entire area.

“My name is Magna ~~Agnatus~~ Agatha! Not...Agatha? I’m ~~Agnatus~~ Agatha! N-No!”

“You weren’t fooling me Agatha...the moment I laid eyes on you at the bog I saw the curse restricting you from drawing upon your power. And that sort of power isn’t something any ordinary succubus should normally have.”

Backing away as Lionel begins walking toward her, the pompous succubus loses her cool as she trips on a piece of glass jutting out of the ground, yelping as her long mane of snow white hair cascades down around her, trembling at the stern gaze the hero was shooting at her, looking away as he raises his hand in the air...

...before bringing it down slowly to her in an offer of generosity, waiting for her to take his hand as she gazes wide-eyed at him in surprise.

"B-but why? I...I'm the Demon Lord! Sworn enemy of your people!"

"I wouldn't be so sure about that...you are right about one thing though; the crimes your kind have committed against humanity still need to be answered for...but an eye for an eye won't solve things in the long run...i was wondering what sort of character you were my Lord...hoping we could strike an accord to broker a truce between our people...but from the looks of it? Things have changed."

Glancing knowingly at the sidelines as the soldiers sheathe their weapons and watch on with looks of skepticism, fear and unease, Lionel takes a knee before the trembling Agatha, conjuring a cloak that he drapes around the naked body of the succubus that only grown even more endowed from before, offering her some level of decency as his outstretched hand goes toward her head, ruffling the smooth threads in a reassuring headpat.

"I won't force you to do this Agatha...but the people who usurped you, do you really think they'd be the type to take you back in so suddenly just with my head in your hands? What do you think would happen if you were to go back to the castle right now? I know I don't have the right to be questioning you...but...just think about it."

Staring down at the shimmering reflective surface of the glassed crater, Agatha looks into her foreign reflection, grimacing at the reminder of her loss as her mind struggles to find a reason to justify the actions of her court, trying to deny the fact that they had betrayed her in their own bid for power. But try as she might, she could see the reason in Lionel's argument. Even if she somehow managed to placate the court with the death of the Hero...how long until the next betrayal? How long until she was caught in a trap that she couldn't just run away from?

Whether it was because of Lionel's logic or something to do with how the curse seemed to slowly be feminizing her both physically and mentally, Agatha could do nothing but slowly nod her head in shame and sadness.

"Y-You're...right....they'd just...stab me in the back again after everything i did for them....everything my father did!"

Sensing the drop in her mood, Lionel grips her scaled hand in his own, bringing her up to her feet as she stumbles forward in shock, leaning into his large body for support with his gentle warmth spreading through her skin with a rosy blush on her face.

"As things stand right now...I see three paths open to you right now Ahgatha; either you risk going back to the castle and face a fate worse than death, wander the lands as a vagrant with nothing to her name....or join the resistance...and help build the foundation between man and daemon...It took me

years to realize war and the total genocide of one side won't ever solve anything...so trust me when I say I really do want peace between our kind, will you help me with that?"

Sighing despondently with her arms still held tightly in Lionel's grip, Agatha's shoulders tense for a moment before falling limp in defeat with her wings fluttering by her feet.

"You can stop it with the high and mighty hero speech alright? I get it...I'll...I accept your offer, Hero Lionel...if this fantasy you speak of truly can come true...It might not be so bad to be the one who helped make it a reality...if you really would have me..."

Grabbing her in a hug of celebration, Lionel whoops as the soldiers all around the pair join in the cheers, drawing the attention of the stunned Demon Lord as she looks upon all the different faces of the men and women in the human army smiling widely at her as they begin to slide down the crater edge, running up to Lionel and Agatha before surrounding them in a celebratory gathering. With cries for food and drink ringing out in the air.

'To think these people....were enslaved not so long ago...humans really do have spunk huh?'

UNITED

Not long after Agatha had joined the ranks of the resistance, the ousted Demon Lord had wasted no time in getting acquainted with the members of the army she had at one point, been desperately trying to kill as Lionel brings her further into human territory with a contingent left behind to defend the foothold they had acquired so close to her former castle, conversing with the kindly men and women with understandably, some being offended by her presence as Lionel led her around. With none able to lift a finger to harm her with their savior as her personal escort.

Witnessing what her father, and in turn she, had done to these people was beginning to have an adverse effect on her though, sighing as she knelt by a muddy lakeside in a shanty town, taking a break from the social anxieties of viewing her horrible actions up front. Musing about how better it would've been if Agnatus' inability to feel anything besides anger and a lust for battle had survived the curse. Unaware of the small group of eyes watching her from beneath the foliage.

Until Lionel had found her with a kid riding happily around her shoulders with their hands wrapped around her horns, jerking her back and forth like their personal work horse with an adventurous duo climbing up her leathery wings.

By the time the children had left satisfied with embarrassing calls for more visits from 'Aunty Agatha', the woman of the hour was left tired out in more ways than one, tugging sheepishly on Lionel's tunic with a flushed look on her face...

In addition to bringing out a more human side to the previously uncaring Demon Lord, the hybridization between her original dragonkin blood and the cursed succubi factor she had imbibed had led to her developing a hunger for semen; the only form of sustenance that all Succubi lived off of. Needing to feed every 2 or 3 days while being able to abstain from sex for just a bit longer without drooling at the every man in sight, with Lionel being personally chosen to be her feeding mate despite his initial resistance to her proposal.

"You can't expect me to sleep with any man! Seriously, just because I'm a succubus now...I still have a reputation to uphold...and you...this is your fault in a way...so take responsibility..."

The way she said the words with an embarrassed mutter in her gorgeous voice had left him with no choice but to accept...not like the sex itself was bad, with the mountain of erotic skills her new body had leant her, Agatha was nothing short of a beast in bed. While she probably never could've stood up to Lionel in a battle, she could rest easy knowing she'd be the last one standing in a battle of the sheets with her skills and beauty only growing more with each session. She wasn't sure if it was because of the simple act of sex or because the seed she constantly had filling her belly was personally splurged into her by mankind's strongest, but overtime, the worry had faded from mind entirely, coming to adore her radiant white hair that only grown longer and radiant, her previously ice



visage slowly mellowing out into one of mature feminine beauty.

But while she couldn't use her most powerful spells without leaving herself drained, Agatha had learned to manage the restrictions the curse had placed on her, resorting to using mid tier spells as her only means of offense. But it was leagues better than only being able to use one or two spells.

Eventually, a few weeks would pass the duo by until their return to the vast forests that was all that stood between victory for the resistance. With Lionel striking up conversation with the Daemon he had gotten to know.

"Does 'Aunty Agatha' have any thoughts about what she'll do after the war is over?"

Scoffing at the memory of the children she had played with, Agatha turns in her seat on the back of the ramshackle transport, flicking Lionel on the head with a playful pout on her face.

"The next time you call me that I'll blast you into oblivion...but...it certainly was...'nice'...entertaining the children. I'd like to do that again in the future..."

"How'd you like to have children of your own?"

Hearing that, Agatha's gaze immediately locks on to Lionel's with her lips remaining pursed and locked in a straight line as an awkward silence sets in with only the rumbles of the stones beneath the transport to keep the atmosphere up as the flustered succubus tucks a lengthy lock of silken hair behind her ears after realizing she didn't hear wrong and the serious look on Lionels face showed he wasn't joking. While she had given up on the idea after losing her manhood...the thought of bearing a baby in her womb wasn't something she was going to say not to after all she had seen and experienced over the few short weeks with Lionel and the humans.

"W-Well...I mean...I'd like to...b-but we barely even know each other! A-And I'm a daemon...you'd be much better off with a human to-"

"Who you are doesn't matter Agatha...remember what you promised me?"

"...that I'd help you bring unity to our two disparate races...I remember..."

"And when we win this thing...we'll have all the time in the world to rebuild...reconnect...and I'd like to get to know you better Agatha..."

Giggling while turning to look outside the carriage over the twisted horizon of gnarled trees and imposing mountain peaks, Agatha leans into Lionel's shoulders before shutting her eyes. Whispering her answer over a passing breeze.

"Come to me when this is all over...i'll have my answer ready for you then..."

With the transport soon rounding the bend and back over towards the war torn land still controlled by the daemons, the final battle between man and daemon would soon begin, the outcome of which would determine the fate of both races...

EPILOGUE

With the final battle at the Demon Lord's castle all but over, the Second War would finally come to a close with the resistance ultimately coming out on top despite heavy losses on both sides. With Agatha, the human's newfound daemon ally and her powerful magic spells coupled with the brute force of the Hero Lionel, none of the Demon Lords generals stood a chance against them despite the good fight they put up.

With the death of Mera, the newly instated Demon Lord, the daemons had surrendered with Lionel's policy on prisoners wellbeing seeing them rounded up before being escorted away without harm being brought on to them. Although both man and daemon had stopped when a heartbroken wail permeated the deathly silence after one final spell pierced Mera's heart. Despite her betrayal, Mera was still a sort of mother figure in Agatha's eyes. Which made the act of killing her all the more painful for her emotionally charged new self to take, with Lionel sheathing his sword and comforting the grieving daemon as she held Mera in her hands. As cold and lifeless as Agnatus now was within the saddened maiden, resolving herself for the future that lay ahead as she buried her head in Lionel's shoulder.



Soon after the fight was over, mankind's mysterious helper would eventually take on a pivotal role in devising new laws that catered to the needs of daemons to ensure their cooperation in pursuit of Lionel's vision, working in tandem with her to ensure both humans and daemons really could come together as one.

And soon after that, under a moonlit sky near the forest where they'd first met, the strapping hero trapped in the body of a young man had proposed to an expectant Agatha, unable to say anything but yes as they stayed together that night, engaging in a tender moment together that wasn't just a simple feeding session for the succubus, who had accepted her new role in life with her previous ambition of finding a cure no longer relevant to her now that she had the love of her life in her arms.

But that had been months ago, with humanity slowly crawling from the rubble and reestablishing the world they had thought long lost to them alongside the surviving daemons who, under the leadership of newly instated Queen Agatha, had to put aside their differences, learning to cooperate and eventually bonding with the humans they

once thought to be inferior. While there were still dissidents on both sides, King Lionel and Queen Agatha's active and careful eyes were enough to maintain the peace while spreading their shared vision of Coexistence to more parts of the world that had surprisingly been spared the First and Second Wars. With the king finally laying down his arms after decades of bloodshed to be with his wife, who was only growing more and more gorgeous with the lucky young man singing praises for Agatha all day.

But with their rowdy children running the halls of their humble little cottage with another baby girl expected in the next few months, the future seemed bright for the new kingdom of man and daemon. Overseen by their eternal saviors for the foreseeable future...

THE END