

Otherside Subs – Taking The Throne

Far up in the bitter cold tundra of an undisclosed location bereft of the lights and buzz of civilization for miles around, one man stands alone in the middle of a pile of rocks and boulders located in a curious huddle unlike the multiple smaller stones scattered liberally across the orange brown landscape, seemingly on the lookout for something no other mind could figure out besides himself. And until he did, it seemed like he had no intentions to leave, already having set up a tent and campfire somewhere close by.

Dressed in slightly stained and wrinkles clothes that suggested a profession heavy in fieldwork and traveling, the weathered Caucasian man in his early thirties looked like he hadn't gotten proper rest in ages from how deep set his eyes were with heavy bags beneath them, and it didn't help that his paling skin made him stand out from the earthy greens and stoney grays like a phantom. Poking around a field of stone and being the only visible sign of life in an area that should've been lush with animal life and insects. In fact, besides the fluttering of grass in the slow dying winds of the evening and the scratching of boots, there was no other sound, no ambience, to liven up the atmosphere...it all felt dead, as if there was trouble about and the local wildlife knew to stay low.

And they were right to do so, for in the not so distant space that separated the realms of Earth from many others, hostile eyes were locked on to the human from within a massive castle looming over a blasted hellscape of magma and twisted wasteland, graven banners fluttering in the wind, darkened stone walls of an unusual make composing the sharp organic architecture of a civilization that clearly didn't belong anywhere on Earth and tall twisting spires that looked like the blackened teeth of a sulphuric daemon's menacing maw, connected to an intricate network of honeycombed passageways, repetitious quarters and strange contraptions the likes of which no man alive had ever seen before much like the inhospitable land it was built upon.

And in the heart of it all right down the central hallway leading out towards the equally threatening front gates lies an enormous chamber flourished from floor to ceiling in bright reds and sullen grays, looking almost like the interior of a grand church complete with immense stained glass monuments and painted depictions of events that held no place in human history. And instead of a stand for the pastor to address his fellows on, an imposing throne composed of hellish red wood polished to a mirror shine stands proud with its brooding occupant sitting to attention with a leg crossed over the other, mind seemingly preoccupied by unsolved questions and doubts, made evident in the way his serpentine eyes gaze far off into the distance, ignoring the glowing blue entity floating high above casting its pearly shine over the depressing backdrop of crimson and black.

Unlike the man dressed in a form fitting suit of golden armor, the free floating woman wore nothing to hide her nubile body from any prying eyes with the exception of a fragmented matte smooth carapace clinging to

her right, floating unabashedly through the air all while blathering on and on about matters that were clearly irrelevant to her companion. But while they both bore distinct traits from each side of the gender spectrum, they were clearly not human with how the man sported cruel horns that framed his head while ashen gray draconian scales grew in patches across his perfect body. Menacing slit pupils, pale skin, a handsome visage and the twisted horns of a goat...the man was a spitting recreation of mankind's description of the Devil and his sinful legion...because that was what he was, a Demon. But not just any lowly imp, a high ranking demon holding the title of King, A Demon King lording over one of the many Netherrealms dotting the expanse of Hell itself.

Not to be outdone in the inhuman factor, the lady's skin had no texture or solidity to it, instead acting like an hourglass shaped window into the brilliant cosmos emanating with cyan blue energies that gave the effect of something burning up inside of her core, shining through cracks in her rock like head of hair and vacant eyes...or at least one could assume minerals to be suitable substitutes for actual flesh and blood eyeballs for she bore none of her own, instead viewing the world through rocky gems with no irises or pupils to boot, and from the way she expertly kept herself aloft without drifting too far away from her demonic companion, it seemed she could function just fine despite her inhuman anatomy, which in stark contrast to the Demon King, portrayed the rather innocent and naive image of an angelic figure trapped in the underworld, using the only means available to her in an attempt to drive her captors insane through endless babbling probably.

But the luminescent being was far from innocent, let alone angelic. With a vindictive streak and a slow burning plan to rebuild her numbers no matter who or what got caught up in them, the nameless entity was only interested in those with power and influence, people like the Demon King whose power would no doubt serve her purposes well if she could butter him up with a favor or two., but judging from his unimpressed stance as he sits there lifelessly still, negotiations might not be going too well.

Because in truth, the talks were already over and the terms set. The Demon King had initially hoped to begin testing the new power bestowed upon him in exchange for an unbreakable vow to answer his gracious visitor's call should she ever call for it, but said visitor remained in his domain, yapping on and on about how best to use this power when all he wanted was for meditative peace and silence to return once more. But the experienced demon could see past the facade she was putting up to hide her immense power, while he was more than willing to take her on, he couldn't do so at the expense of his home. Not when he was already one step closer towards cementing his place as the one true King to unite all the Netherrealms.

For years now, the demon had been unable to find himself a woman to be his bride, and a king without a queen to bounce off of was no true ruler. No matter their strength or fame, not having a wife was tantamount to shame, and Nilan was more than familiar with the term. Silent, brooding and cold, the ruler had assigned himself to obscurity despite the immense gap between him and the other Demon Kings when it seemed that no woman wanted to be by his side, and while there were plenty other high class demons who forcefully took whoever they took a fancy to, Nilan was a rare sort in Hell; he had standards, and treating

fellow Hellspawn so crudely was unimaginable to him. Ironic considering his job as a Demon King involved torturing the damned souls of mankind's most wretched.

Until this curious blue lady had manifested herself right beside him in the throne room without so much as a whisper, leading to a tense confrontation. But once the stranger without a name had claimed to be able to grant his wish in exchange for an alliance, his interest was piqued and his hand stayed.

It was a powerful form of magic, one Nilan had never seen before. And the stranger had simply given it to him free of charge on the condition that he answer her call if she ever had need of it. He knew better than to trust strangers, especially ones that weren't human, angel or demon, a complete unknown. But he could sense her capabilities, her evil. And so when she spoke of magics capable of bending one's form and mind completely to the casters will, he believed it.

The spell she had given him however, relied heavily on an agreement from its recipient. Without a vocal or mental 'Yes', the spell would have no effect. It made Nilan confused and a little irate, until a sneer splits the woman's face as she flips through the air upside down like a mischievous imp spewing venom from her lips.

"Thing is...you could always just fool the poor suckered into agreeing. Just tempt them with promises of power, riches, women even....but once they say yes...you've got them in your grasp to shape however you see fit...but it's a little fickle in how it works so you might have to get a lil physical if you catch my drift!"

"Like you have? Sneaking onto my property without a sound and taking advantage of"

"My, my~ Is that how you see my auspicious visit? Oh, How it hurts my little heart to hear it...after all, we are friends now, aren't we?"

He knew she had no heart. Coming to him at a critical time like this when he was all but defeated in his dreams just to offer a new spark of hope? She saw a chance, an opening to get him to cooperate, this 'partnership' stood to benefit her as much as him in whatever agenda she had planned, and with their strength more or less equally matched, she was practically guaranteed an easy time lest Nilan risk losing more of his standing.

As much as he disliked her, he had to admit her cunning and tact was on point...but being 'friends' was asking too much, he would rather forget he even met her than put up with her for the rest of his life.

But he had other things on his mind now, like wondering who or what he was willing to subject to this new spell of his. Without the ability to freely travel to the human realm, his only immediate source of bodies were his fellow demons, and that was out of the question. And what few remained of his forces were busy holding

off attacks to his lands by the armies of rival Demon Kings looking to exploit his weakened status. Had he obtained this spell all for nothing?

"...so what I'm trying to say is; that if you're ready to go, I can help with that part!"

"Help how? And with what part? If you mean to-"

"Oh don't worry your silly little head about it. I'm talking about bringing a human here, and a particularly gullible one at that, y'know, so you've got something to work with that's not a demon? All you've gotta do, is follow the plan."

"What plan?"

"Ah...right...figured you might've been ignoring me...so let's just go over it all again shall we?"

With a heavy sigh, Nilan's shoulders slump before he waves his hand dismissively for the chatterbox to repeat her nonsensical babbling...

"If I'm correct...then these stones come together to form a structure of sorts...but how would I even get started putting it all together?"

Fussing about the collection of stones, the man from earlier lifts a moderately sized boulder, straining with both hands before eventually tossing the thing aside with a loud, ear splitting crack as it falls down the sloping hills of the tundra.

Being an archaeologist without a single find to his name, Peter was desperate to find something, anything that would at least make his name stand out somewhere amongst his peers. After working hard to graduate from university, wasn't he entitled to at least one major discovery and the resulting thrill and recognition for being the first to make the find?

Unfortunately for Peter however, the world was not something that would bend to any one person's whims. As much as he wanted to delude himself into thinking he had found signs of ancient human habitation far out in the cold plains of the Siberian outback, it was simply just a collection of wayward stones haphazardly thrown together in a circle.

Unbeknownst to the man however, his wish to make a life changing discovery would soon be granted in some twisted way through the intervention of an otherworldly being as invisible hands carve strange symbols

and perfect curves into the stone face of the ground beneath a particularly large boulder Peter was trying to shove out of the way, rewarding his efforts with the sight of a complete and functional magic circle...not like he knew what it was obviously, but it was enough to get him excited, overzealous even.

"Damn it...think I chipped a...wait, that can't be! Ahah! Holy shit! I wasn't wrong! I can't belie-"

In his mad rush to examine the strange markings, Peter hadn't realized the symbols weren't painted but rather 'burned' into the stone with roiling purple energy. And that energy would instantly react the second the rookie archaeologist makes contact with it, consuming him in its otherworldly glow before whisking him away to parts unknown. Leaving nothing behind besides the faint depression in the soil and stone where Peter had fallen to his knees alongside his camp as the sole imprint of his presence there for future wanderers to stumble across, because there was no going back from where Peter had been taken to, and his captors had no intention of letting him go...

"-ve it! It all wasn't...a...what the hell?"

For the dumbstruck human, it was an immediate change in scenery. From a frigid cold tundra to what looked like some gothic church interior painted over in the devil's aesthetic as Peter's wide eyes scan the room up and down from the warm scarlet carpeting he now knelt on to towering obsidian pillars positioned perfectly between immense frames of stained glass windows filtering glaring red light into an ominous cascade of magenta and juicy blues. It was all so dizzying and surreal that Peter was convinced this was all some weird fever dream. Had he gone so mad, so wanting for fame, that his mind had finally collapsed in on itself? Stuck inside a hellish dreamscape with a demon seated on his throne with a look of disgust on his face, barely noticing the blue ball of light in the vague shape of an attractive young lady floating far above them.

"I can't believe this was the human she picked...then again, I suppose it doesn't matter anyway..."

Still on his knees, Peter turns his attention back towards the golden demon staring him down from his lofty throne after hearing the familiar mutterings of English from between his grim lips. Still unsure of whether this really was reality or a realm divorced from it, Peter swallows the lump in his throat before daring to make his question known to the impeccable lord.

"Y-You speak English?"

"Of course I do...whatever tongue you humans have invented, I and most of my kin are well versed in all of them...*sigh* I suppose...you must be wondering what we...I've brought you here for?"

"Umm...sure? I guess I'd wanna know...this is all some...dream isn't it?"

"You share the air I breathe, stain my home with the dirt you track in your clothes and rub the exquisite fabrics of my castle's carpeting...does it all feel like a dream to you human?"

"I mean, dreams are pretty hard to separate from reality right? How can you expect me to figure it out? For all I know I could be talking to a literal figment of my mind!"

"Are all modern humans as crude as you? Your forebears were much more capable than this since the last time I've walked the lands..."

"Well I'm sorry for not living up to your expectations! In fact I'm sick and tired of it! Do you know how hard I've been working to make a name for myself?! And what do you even know? So what if you're some other world noble bum, stuck in your throne up high lording over others? You wouldn't know shit about us humans, much less being 'crude'! I don't give two shits if this is a dream or not but fuck off if you think you have the right to talk shit without getting bit back!"

"Truly? You would think so even against the likes of me? Nilan, Demon King of the-"

"You can be the King of fuck all and I could care less! Now if you're done here just end it or whatever, I've got nothing to go back to anyway...I knew it.was too good to be true..."

The room falls silent for a moment as the demon, unfazed by Peter's sudden outburst, stares deep into the man's sagging eyes before letting a slight grin break the corners of his ice cold demeanor before nodding silently to himself with a subtle stare directed up at the sole member of the audience watching it all unfold from her grand seat above. Turning his attention back onto the disgruntled man, the demon's stiff posture relaxes as his brilliant orange eyes meet Peter's fierce blue ones, recognising what little worth there was in the frail human before him as his lazy hand begins to flex and twitch, preparing the spell that his conspirator had given him for what he knew would come next. For as determined and foolhardy as humans were, the slightest hint of a better life, promises of riches and power beyond imagination, such simple words were enough to break their composure, to get them to sign in on a one way ticket to Hell.

Except Nilan had no intention to fool Peter. He was above such vices after all, and the man had been brazen enough to stand up to his taunts, lucid or otherwise. It took a lot to do so without breaking a sweat or backing down, especially against a Demon King. This human was a most worthy catch indeed, probably far better than what he or his underlings would have chosen for a prime target.

"I think we might've gotten off on the wrong foot..."

"That's a massive understatement."

"...so I propose a redo...from your tone and verbiage...I suspect your time on Earth has been unsatisfactory and depressing...and I brought you here with the original intent of tricking you; to goad you into accepting a bribe...but after seeing your grit and daring for myself...I wish to make it all clear to you up front. An offer that will no doubt uplift your social standing while bestowing the fame and recognition you so desire. You claim to have nothing to live for, yes? Then the denizens of Hell will be your new company, you will find many amongst my kin to be far more sociable and understanding than your human fellows...*If*, and only if you accept this proposition."

"And what is this proposal? What's the catch? You can't seriously be telling me you're gonna grant me power just because I'm rude?"

"Become my Queen...that is the 'catch', nothing more, nothing less"

It took a few seconds for Peter to register the bold words that had flowed so smoothly out of Nilan's mouth as if it were completely natural for a man as handsome and elegant as him to propose marriage to a lesser individual such as him. Compared to the Demon King, Peter was like a beggar, the dredge of society, kneeling before his superior. But more importantly were the implications behind the word 'Queen'. He knew Kings needed Queens but...he was a man, how would that play out?

"I know that look, and before you ask, the matter of our physical selves being incompatible is an issue easily resolved...the only thing that remains is your consent, rest assured, I will make certain your new form will be most pleasing to the eyes."

'Wow...real nice complement there asshole...'

Sighing with his haggard eyes drifting over his gaunt skeletal frame draped in rank, soiled clothes, Peter knew deep down that there really was no arguing the terms here if this Demon King really could be trusted. A brand new body that would most definitely be an alluring and beautiful one at the cost of his manhood and humanity...that and becoming popular amongst the denizens of Hell for simply being the Queen...

"Do I at least get to keep my freedom? I won't just be your...trophy wife? God, it sounds so wrong saying that..."

"God is not here...and like I said, if you agree, that statement will no longer sound off...rest assured, I treat my underlings as I would a friend. That said...I am interested in seeing how you turn out once the spell has done its work. And for that, I would need you to be yourself no? As long as you bear the title of Queen and tend to your new duties, you are free to do as you see fit."

"Then...I accept, make me your Queen I guess..."

Without another word, the hand that had been focusing the spell flies forward, palms outstretched to unleash an obfuscating mist that speeds rapidly toward the kneeling human before engulfing him entirely, giving no quarter as it begins to seep into skin while crawling all over exposed flesh, peeling apart clothes, slipping into orifices, altering genetic material. All in a bid to reform Peter's body into the picturesque beauty Nilan had said it would do...but not even he knew how the spell would work. While many forms of transfiguration magic existed, this was one type he had never heard of before, one that could hold immense potential for disaster if used without restraint. Imagine producing individuals on or above the level of Demon Kings like Nilan just by wishing them into existence over a template body, it was a nightmare waiting to happen.

And as he stares up at his unwitting associate busy taking in the sights and sounds of Peter's transformation, Nilan couldn't help but shiver at the thought of what else she had done behind the scenes and how many other heretical magics she had at her command. But his thoughts would be broken after a guttural groan splits the disturbing cacophony of shifting flesh and breaking bones, vocalised by a voice that treaded the line between a whiny man and a husky vixen, fluctuating between the two as Peter howls in pain, having since collapsed onto his sides before an unseen force grabs ahold of his still reforming limbs, hoisting him up against his will while forcefully elongation his arms as obliterated bones and torn tendons stretch like string, eliciting yet another yell that starts off in Peter's usual vocal range before tapering off into a waifish scream.

But with this new position, Nilan could clearly see the instigator behind the changes; a bevy of floating human hands lopped off at the wrists gently nudging and molding the flesh of the human they held in their grip. Manipulating muscle into softer, lean formations while corralling mounds of excess fat into new positions that would serve Peter's new lot in life well. It was mesmerizing watching the disembodied limbs work as they pinched at stubby fingers and slapped shabby legs, giving way to petite manicured digits and long, curvy legs lined with healthy muscle in the calves and plump fat in gelatinous thighs. And as an adventurous hand wanders down between a tantalizing thigh gap, the Demon King couldn't help but pitch a tent of his own while watching the morbid sight of an erect pecker get manhandled into submission; ugly sacs of wrinkled skin repurposed into smooth, oiled skin. Testicles shoved back up inside rapidly moistening innards leading into a steaming incubator located just beneath a seductively sloven belly. The large pink sausage every man held dear instantly desecrated into becoming a small nub of twitching flesh and nerves atop a tight virgin slit framed by puckered folds and a neat crown of faint platinum pubes.

By the time her virgin pussy undergoes the overwhelming vibrations and pleasures of the female orgasm while releasing a healthy jet of precum that stains the carpet with a salacious woman's drawn out moan of unadulterated lust, the skeletal Peter was barely recognizable beneath the drastic changes that had afflicted her thus far, creamy smooth skin with a radiant tint, filled in limbs whose curves added to the impressive hourglass figure that had supplanted her old gaunt outline. After all, only the widest hips and tightest waistline could contain the tight, supple flesh expected of a woman...no, a bride to be united hand in hand

with Nilan...except he didn't seem too pleased with the young lady taking shape from Peter's disheveled body.

With matted black hair cascading down around a voluptuous body while a new platinum coloration leaks from her scalp, Peter was rapidly taking on an appearance that would have many men, demons included, lasting after her. She had a slappable bubble butt, perfectly grabbable hips that would assure plentiful babies were delivered safely, long lustrous hair that would leave most women keeling over in envy and a face that was leagues better than her old one; sporting filled in lips ripe for a sloppy kiss, plush cheeks flushed red from the euphoric pleasure that had given way after the intense pain was over and wide slant lashes framing teary eyes. If she had wings, she could easily be mistaken for an angel...a sinful angel fallen from grace, unable to resist her captors torture as the magic hands continued their work, finalizing changes while brushing



through her hair to ensure she looked her best with one of them even drizzling her locks with ornamental four leaf flowers while two worked on her still barren chest, grabbing ahold of swollen pink areola before pinching the hardened nubs, softening them as they twist and pull, drawing mass from Peter's previous form into twin melons that grow large enough to sag down over her supple chest, releasing thick splurts of creamy white fluid from the inverted nozzles thanks to hyperactive nerves that usually laid dormant in men...but Peter wasn't a man, not anymore. With her frayed hair neatly trimmed into a sleek fringe and her hair draped over her right shoulder, the magic seemed proud to present its work to Nilan, dropping a stammering Peter to the floor while idle hands continued to fondle and caress her newly morphed body, fingering tight lips while squeezing lactating mammaries that continues to drool their love onto the floor.

"Mnn! S-Stop it! It's-kyahn! H-Hey! It's over isn't it?"

Ignoring the sweet voice calling out to him in a panic as she continues to try and fight off the arms stuck fast to her easily excitable body, Nilan's frown fades upon the realization of what was going on here, why Peter was still a human female and an obnoxiously innocent one at that. Why the arms seemed to continue to exist while keeping her libido amped up and her body in heat...

If he wanted his perfect bride, his woman...he would have to work for it. To display his principles before Peter, and make her his.

'it's a little fickle in how it works so you might have to get a lil physical if you catch my drift!'

Rising from his throne before walking down the steps leading to the sweaty maiden before him, Nilan disrobes himself, leaving his proud, masculine figure bare for Peter to blush at as her new feminine instincts instantly draw her eyes downward to the massive, draconian dick rising to attention. It was impossibly large, and were those spikes along its ridge?! She had to run!

"W-Wait a sec! What're you planning?! Get away from me!"

"You gave your consent didn't you? And from your earlier wording, I assumed you were well aware of what being my Queen entails...and besides, the spell isn't done yet..."

"Well...I wasn't expecting it to do it so fast you know? A-And it's not done? But I'm...a girl now, aren't I? What more needs to change!"

"A Demon Queen...you're still human...and if you were to leave here without a ward, your flesh would boil and your very soul condemned to an eternity in-"

"Woah! Okay okay I get it....but...how are you going to make me a d-demon? Don't tell me it's...o-oh god~"

Pushed to silence as the magical arms peel away from her body, Peter stifles her moans as Nilan draws close, replacing the gentle caress of her former attendants with his firm grip, rubbing her shoulders gently while fingering her alluring face, all while the length of his erect pecker rubs against her aching stomach. It was immense, long enough to break her, but at the same time she could feel her body yearn for it in the form of a painful throbbing in her womb and subtle spasms in her virgin snatch...and since the Demon King needed a wife...was it safe to assume that he too was a virgin?

Just a few minutes ago, she had been a straight laced man drowning in depression and driven by desperation. She should've felt disgruntled, disgusted even. But allowing Nilan's dick to tease her twitching snatch while she leans her weight fully against the demon's immense frame felt euphoric...comforting...like this was meant to be. And so she twists her slim neck to face her groom, blushing furiously in his arms before sighing in defeat before that exclamation gives way to a whimper of pleasure upon the sensation of her man's dick pushing past her tight labia before coming to a stop prodding against her hymen. She could smell his ashen, cindered scent. And he could smell her lovely aroma. Both knew then that they had a lust for one another, fire that could only be settled with both of them wrapped up in coital bliss.

Bit before they could get right to the action, there was one final procedure before they could officially be joined as one. Something Nilan held a strong romanticized view for as he turns his head to look his bride in her effervescent eyes, brushing aside a stray strand of hair from her beautiful face, wondering what she would truly look like once this shell; the last vestiges of her humanity, were well and truly discarded.

"Your name..."

"My...name? Pe-Peter?"

"The new name you wish to go by...as my bride...no, a new person...a new name will be needed to go alongside it, surely you agree?"

"Then...how about Petra...yeah, that sounds great."

"You humans have strange choices for names..."

"J-Just shut up and get it over with already!"

More than happy to oblige his wife's request, Nilan flips Petra over onto her back while sliding his unrelenting rod into her tight vagina, feeling it shred apart her virgin tissue while filling up each and every last gap before knocking hard against the entrance to her womb. The air was tense and silent for a split second before the human's mind caught up with the intense pain of having her first taste at penetrative sex on the other side of the fence, arching her back while screaming in animalistic pain before laughing in disbelief at the fact that she had lost her virginity, her innocence, to another man. And although the pain was even worse than the earlier sensation of having her body played with like putty, the resulting pleasure that slowly bleeds into the rest of her body was the greatest reward she could ever ask for, beginning to thrust her hips while bracing herself against her husband's rock solid forearms, she felt so small, powerless. But when Nilan's large arms move to wrap perfectly around her waist to draw her in closer before carrying her still impaled on his dick toward the throne, Petra's ecstatic moans begin to gain a deeper quality to it, turning huskier and mature as her innocent expression begins to gain a crazed quality to it; gnashing her molars together as fangs begin to protrude from her incisors all while her body seems to grow further into its role, fulfilling Nilan's dream as black iron horns begin to push out from her skull, causing some minor discomfort as her nubile body twitches in pain to the tune of new nerves firing up as they connect to the calcified growths. It was all a dream like experience that only serves to speed up the emboldened personality taking root over Petra, boosting her assertiveness to whole new levels as she fondles Nilan's torso before leaning in to bite his neck, drawing blood as her newly grown fangs sink past flesh and scale.

"I've never felt this way before...the confidence...the power! It's all so rucking great!"

With a foxy sigh and blood running down her pale lips, Petra seats her cushiony ass down on her mans lap before shoving him onto the throne, freeing herself momentarily from Nilan's javelin with a wet pop before readjusting herself over his meaty flag, sinking her wet folds around it without hesitation and giggling menacingly like a true sin loving demoness would, grinding her lower half in slow, mesmerizing thrusts thanks in part to her well developed muscles and newly ingrained knowledge on how best she could use her body to bring the maximum amount of pleasure to her destined mate. Archeology? Science? It was all useless drivel to Petra. Instead, sex and magic were her bread and butter, as were all the knowledge she now held about her realm and the myriad legions of demons populating it in place of Earth's cultures and countries.

As her spine snaps with a loud crunch due to the force of her new bodily extension erupting from her behind before tossing her head back in delight, the final pieces of Petra's humanity slips away from her very being; evident in the way her formerly straight flowing mane becomes curled and frayed at the tips in tune to a large menacing tail swaying in the air behind her, clad in heavy calcified plates that served as both a lethal bludgeon and impenetrable defense. As if to contrast her husband, whose scales and growths were an ashen gray. Petra's draconic assets were inky black with golden brass highlights. If anything, it only served to cement their freshly forged bond together that much more, especially when the demonic couple sported the same silver white hair. It was as if they had been made for each other...a half truth considering the human man Petra once was had willingly allowed himself to be reformed into Nilan's significant other. The yin to his yang essentially.

And as the first of what would be many loads of boiling hot cup floods into Petra's womb, the Demon Queen could not be any happier for it as she squeals in delight, pinching her cheeks in sheer joy from all the erotic sensations rocking her body. The sloshing cum inside of her and the steaming excess dripping down her thighs, her King's hungry mouth connected to hers, large arms caressing her needy body. The tickle of her hair against her skin. It was simply too much to bear. But she knew she couldn't rest now, until she was well and truly filled, her first task as wife to Nilan the one true ruler of the Netherrealms was not finished...and Dragonkin Daemons were notoriously hard to be impregnated with children...which meant that they had a long steamy night ahead of them.

'Wait a second...isn't it always night in the netherrealm? Ah whatever~ It just means more time to break...play...with my darling dearest~ Oh dear, what am I even thinking!'

While the two demons continued to fuck in the middle of the throne room however, their sole audience member had already departed for greater ventures elsewhere after a solent goodbye that would go ignored. Her work here was done, and there were far more important matters to tend to than watching a King and his Queen try to one up each other in the sheets...but thanks to her timely intervention, Nilan would have his loving wife much to the shock of those who had thought him a hopeless loner who couldn't get himself an heir even if he tried. And while many amongst his competition had lovers of their own, none were as strong or calculative as Petra was. Acting as her husband's counsel, the intelligent woman was responsible for

crafting some of the most ingenious plots and tactics ever seen across the battlefields of Hell, with many praising her skill and tact. She had even gained a secret fanclub of sorts that had members in every realm, even her enemies. Dressed in a long flowing dress styled after her scales and adorned in regal pauldrons with a menacing crown atop her vindictive visage, Petra's silhouette was instantly recognizable from afar, instilling fear in her enemies and joy in the hearts of her comrades.

On the stranger side of things, there were rumors of Petra being superior to Nilan when it came to matters of the bed. Being part succubus, it was no surprise that Petra was able to overcome the famed Dragon Swordmaster, whose physical capabilities could only carry him so far against a mistress of the sheets like Petra herself, who seemed more than eager to vent her frustrations on him. All while managing to make it the most pleasurable experience ever experienced by any living soul, man or demon. Some attributed it to the Dragonkin Daemon's infamous desire to prove themselves the alpha in any given group while others claimed it was because they desperately wanted an heir. Whatever the case, their love life remained a mystery to the general demon populace, only left to guess and infer from what little their attendants in the castle knew of them.



But instead of reprimanding his wife, the man seemed to like her aggressive stance, coming to love her even more for it as a result. After many millenia spent around people who ignored or spat on him, it was...*warming*...to finally have a warm body beside him to call family, who loved him as much as he loved

her. A result of Petra having overcome any lingering doubts retained from her former identity that cropped up every now and then. She had gotten to know and understand Nilan's plight, and considering how that one moment in their lives was comparable to a footnote, it was something they rarely ever brought up, even during their mellow pillow talks together in their private chambers, preferring to discuss tactics and citizenry matters than cheesy stuff like that. All Petra needed to know was that she was the one and only wife to Nilal, and that was enough for her to live comfortably without looking back into the past.

And as for the magical knowledge gifted to Nilan by his begrudging companion? He had never used it ever since Petra came into his life for he saw no need for such a thing. It was a one time deal, and with Petra loving every second of her new life, such a spell would pale in comparison to sheer happiness he felt around his dear wife.

THE END