



For as far back as anyone in the Daphn Empire could remember, the Atlan royal family had been the ones to lead them through the years, bringing prosperity and growth to the nation and its people almost without fail. During times of war when power hungry warmongers set their sights on fertile Daphn land, wise military strategies and advances in battlefield weaponry pulled them through. Whenever politics grew too hot with eager hands looking to uproot their fair rulers, a swift response and bodies vanished was enough to calm the atmosphere.

Some argued that the Atlans should withdraw, cede the throne to new hands while others claimed wild tales of the Atlan family being a front for a puppet government of sorts, ruling through them as proxies. But none could doubt the family's seemingly natural ability to govern, enforce and protect with a fair hand. Every single member of the family to grace the fabled seat of power high up in the castle that functioned as the heart of the Empire thought ahead, planning for their people's well-being and ensuring the class divide between nobility and the common folk wasn't treated as an insurmountable barrier of mockery but something any ordinary person could aspire to surpass. From places of education to jobs, any institution under the Daphn Empire was made sure to abide by strict rules of fairness and the promotion of equality, where one's ability mattered more over pre established notions like family prestige and riches were null and void.

Despite the detractors and their relatively minute protests, it seemed the Atlan family's rule would continue far into the foreseeable future.

But unbeknownst to the public, the men and women of the family would vanish once every year on the eve of the summer solstice where the morning sun would burn its longest before giving way to nightfall. An event only those within the innermost circles of the royal family were privy to. Once they came of age, anyone with Atlan blood flowing within them was required to attend this annual retreat, leaving only the young behind to be tended to by the family's most trusted honor guards and advisors, who were also responsible for holding the line and ensuring everything ran smoothly for the one day. Not even the Queen was allowed to attend the event, with only one or two recorded instances of the ruling King allowing their significant other to come along, almost as if there was something about it that would make most common folk retch in disgust.

Evidently the retreat must've been a pleasant one, with a notable increase in productivity in the ruling member at the time, with elderly Atlan folk seemingly awaiting that time of the year with a budding excitement that became visible in their demeanor as the days flew by and the solstice drew closer. With secretive souls sworn to uphold their promise, no one knew what went on during the day when the Atlan's elders and young adults spirited themselves away to lands unknown.

In the current day, Daphn was ruled by a wise king, surpassing his predecessor's in that he only had a single child with his wife who had long since passed before he had gotten to his fifties . Although he only had a son

to depend on for carrying on the Atlan lineage in addition to governing the people with a fair hand, he was confident in his young'un, seeing seeds of a great ruler within the young boy that he himself didn't.

Born an innocent little boy afraid of the world around him, young Griff Atlan had heard plenty of tales about his vast lineage and all they had accomplished. Marveling at the brave recounts of ancient Atlan men and women fighting alongside their troops in wars to defend their independence and frowning in confusion when it came to comparatively boring tales of old Kings and how they managed their people, with his father and royal tutor weaving in morality and life lessons into these bedtime stories he just couldn't seem to wrap his head around.

To the young boy, the role of King seemed too daunting to consider; pants that were too big for him to wear without slipping off in an embarrassing display. He didn't know what his father saw in him that made the man confident in his decision to sire only one child, with him remarking that his late mother would 'kill him' if he ever decided to skip out and take another wife.

"Besides, I'm growing a little too old for that sort of thing...be brave little Griff, you've got the makings of a great ruler! It's the hesitation and fear that clouds your eyes from that truth."

It didn't help that the young prince had begun to experience terrible visions and auditory hallucinations; shadows of horned individuals roaming the halls at night, disembodied whispers that drifted in at random hours of the day whenever he was alone. It made the poor thing jumpy and irritable as he lost sleep and appetite to the supernatural occurrences plaguing him.

At some point or another however, his father would soon take note of his son's plight, ushering him into his private quarters where portraits of their forebears hung over the walls, judging them with eyes that seemed to track their every move. And once the two were settled down into a chair and Griff spoke of the demonic shadows and mysterious whispering, the king's eyes grew wide, not in shock or horror but rather excitement and hope. It made Griff worried that his father might've been growing senile too early once he'd heard him raving about how he was right, that he was indeed special. Could he see and hear these things too?

"Quite right my son...but not in the same way you do. You're awakening to a strange power, something that's been in our family since eons ago when the first Atlan first took the throne over a decadent age where Daphn was little more than a war torn waste...not to worry though, come the eve of the Solstice, you will be enlightened to one of the Atlan's most well kept secrets!"

"Y-You mean...that special day you leave the castle for? I...I can come?"

"It's not up for discussion my boy! Whether one is sick, busy, old, or otherwise, all of Atlan blood must attend the Solstice Gathering. Its importance is best shown, not told...a matter of life and death

if you will. Not to worry however, our family's best men and women will be with us for the event. We will be in good hands...as will the Empire. I'm sure they can last a day without us hm?"

It was the wide smile his father always had on his face when they were alone together that brought assurance to Griff's troubled heart. The hallucinations were one thing, but hearing about an ancient family practice so important it required every eligible participant to be present was enough to set aside his fears in anticipation, stroking the childish curiosity every young teenager would develop.

From that day forth, the shadow people and voices in Griff's mind would be juxtaposed by his father's insight into what they really were. Instead of shapeless demons, the man had claimed them to be the spirit's of yore coming to remind them of the approaching Solstice, the inaudible whispers were their voices calling for them. Apparently Griff was an early bloomer, developing the ability to sense what his father said was the Calling at such a young age. To him, the Calling was nothing more than nightmarish illusions and ghostly whispers, unable to be properly processed by his young mind until he either grew older or attended his first Solstice, where all would be made clear.

And so the two would await the coming of the current year's Solstice, Griff with mixed fear and excitement. His father, with jubilant glee. It wasn't just them however, when word got around within the family's inner circle about Griff's 'awakening', it seemed everyone involved in the event was swept up in the excitement. Even his royal tutor took to wearing a gleeful smile on her face whenever she dropped by to lecture him, apparently she'd be coming along this time to help Griff with something his tongue failed to grasp...an 'acclimatization period', whatever that was supposed to be. Unlike the Atlan royalty, those of the inner circle could choose whether or not to attend the Solstice, and it seemed Griff's tutor was making this year's one her debut, seeing as she hadn't actually made an appearance herself ever since taking over her mother's duties as the teacher in charge of rearing and educating the next head in line to take the throne. She had already learned everything there was to know about the Solstice from her mother so she was more than ready to be there for Griff should the need arise. That bit made the young Prince a little fidgety, intensifying his curiosity that much further about what awaited him.

Though he wouldn't have much time left to wonder when the eve of the fateful day soon arrives with a notable hushed atmosphere falling over the castle as the King and his cohort made plans to leave, packing very little for their one day trip to wherever the Solstice was to take place. It filled Griff's heart with excitement as he walked out towards the stables with his father close by. His first trip outside the castle walls, and there were so many soldiers too! Clad from head to toe in their regal armor fashioned from the forges of the Empire's best smiths. From here till they arrived at their destination, the rather plain carriages they were using would be masked and shrouded, meaning Griff wouldn't get to see or do anything. And from what his father had told him, they most likely wouldn't be there till late in the noon.

"Best you get some shut eye hm? We've got a busy day ahead of us tomorrow so the rest will do you good."

Evidently, the anticipation of the Solstice had tuckered Griff out after a few sleepless nights leading up to it, falling asleep even before the carriage had left the safety of the city walls as its gentle rocking and surprisingly comfortable interior served to lull him to sleep.

By the time his father shakes him awake, the carriage doors were unlocked and open, allowing for the humid air outside to sweep inwards, flooding his nostrils with the salty scent of sea brine and the mellow aftertones of wet sand and damp wood as he groggily shifts his weight around, exiting the carriage with his feet landing on firm wooden boards, rubbing his eyes before the sight of a modest beachside cottage comes into view with many more dotting the surrounding area being tended to by the knights and other personnel who had come along in preparation for the Solstice tomorrow. It looked far older in design but Griff still knew plenty about his people's culture to see the influence in the palm struts and expertly carved arches that dotted the many houses that made up this isolated beach side settlement. It had Griff wondering just how far they'd traveled when there was nothing but sandy shores and an endless body of water to be seen all around them. How did they even get here on a carriage?

"W-Where is this place?"

"Uh huh, no questions. It'll ruin the surprise once the Solstice sets in tomorrow! For now you'll be staying here with Sarah, I assume you'll want someone familiar by your side once the day arrives so who better than your tutor!"

"But what about you? Where will you be going Pa?"

"Ooh...I've already got my company settled for tonight. Remember, come the morrow, everything will be made clear...now go on, I suppose you'll want to take a look around the place. But don't wander off too far alright?"

He had never seen his father, the King, act or speak this way before. Normally he displayed himself with a measure of nobility and grace, but now it was almost as if he'd been possessed: practically skipping towards the house on the far end of the settlement with his entourage of attendants in tow, leaving him alone with his tutor as she nudges him gently on the shoulder, smiling gently while gesturing toward the house before them.

"Come my Liege, there is little time left before nightfall...contrary to the King's advice, wandering around a place like this at night is ill advised..."

Helping his tutor retrieve their belongings from the carriage, Griff could've sworn that he'd seen a grin cross her visage then for a split second...something was going on here and not knowing what was driving him mad with anxiety. So much so that after packing and sitting through an awkward dinner alone with his tutor on her insistence that he stay indoors, the Prince just couldn't sleep no matter what he did, reading a book, rolling around the pillowy bed that seemed far too spacious and large for a young man his size. It didn't quell the thumping in his heart at all.

Unbeknownst to him however, the skies outside were beginning to grow cloudy, obscuring the moon and its light before allowing it to pour through once more. Albeit in a magenta tinged hue as if a filter had been cast overhead, bathing the region in an eerily soothing tinge of pink as orbs of light begin to seep out of the ground, hovering in the air for a brief moment before fading away.

And the closer the invisible hand of time moved ever onward to midnight, the uncomfortable sensation plaguing Griff intensifies further, turning from a bad feeling into a heart wrenching ache in the chest that makes breathing a strenuous affair, sweating buckets as he pushes away the sheets, rising off the bed to look outside, casting the reflection of the enchanted moon above in his wide eyes just in time for midnight as the last specks of cloud clear away, allowing for the moon to shine in all its glory down upon the ancient Atlan homestead.

The sound of the door locking was masked by the commotion caused by the young Prince as he falls backward away from the window, hitting the floor on his back while groaning in pain, It was as if all the energy he felt burning up inside him earlier begging for release was taken away in an instant, leaving him with nothing to remain standing as he lies there limp, arms splayed out to the sides. Before a searing heat scorches his hide, spreading out from a sudden inferno within his beating heart, turning the previously dull ache into a relentless wave of pain that leaves Griff helpless to resist, spasming on his back as his grunts escalate into a raw, animalistic cry for help.

He'd been beaten back by his swordplay instructors, suffered bruises from falls, even had his arms cut one time during a nasty accident with unpolished swords in the armory. But nothing resulting from his tomfoolery could compare to this. If there was an apt feeling to go along with the term; Burnt alive. Then the unfortunate prince was feeling it, flailing all while steam and vapor began to rise into the air around him in visible plumes. Pale skin growing slicker and coated in an oily sheen as sweat completely soaks him through...alongside a curious tan coloration beginning to spread all across his body in the form of small blotches that grow larger and more varied as if an invisible bucket was being tipped over the spasming boy until not an inch of his original skin color remained, painted over in beige while hair follicles waiting to break the surface fade altogether, leaving skin that was as smooth and untouched as a baby's, shining with a natural matte polish that gains a subtle blush to it as mass begins to build beneath, reinforcing boys skeletal structure as it extends, weathering through years to be able to take the strengthened strings of muscle coil around them. Flanked by supple flesh and plump fat that all comes together to grant a gentle curvature that

remains constant all across Griff's pulsating body as it grows far beyond the normal size of an eighteen year old boy. Especially one with the Prince's rather diminutive stature.

Already he was looking far larger than he previously was despite the dainty nature of his extending limbs, straining the tunic that once fit him perfectly to the point that it begins to tear along the seams, with bulging flesh eager to breath springing forth from the gaps until the fabric could not hold any longer, blowing apart to expose more creamy skin along a torso that wasn't gaining in manliness but rather, rapidly losing it as rolling layers of pliable flesh fills in a tight, curvy silhouette gaining prominence over his old gaunt, stick figure self. Pulsating with activity and stress due to the ongoing nerve wracking duress pinning Griff down with every single movement, involuntary or otherwise, fueling the hellfire scorching his insides and blinding him to the changes.

But as gruesome as the sight was, a subtle erotic quality was beginning to overtake the horror with the emergence of twin piles of flesh building behind inert nubs that visibly twitch and reshape, flaring pink as it ripens before darkening into chocolate tinged tips glistening in the light, rising into swollen nubs atop evergrowing breasts that surpass the B range before speeding on well past the D's, stopping barely short of E cups as they come to rest atop the mature torso of a bodacious female, jiggling with each haggard breath and sloshing with mother's milk while the rest of the Prince's body continues to change, looking like a badly put together puzzle erotica of a young boy and a grown woman, but not for much longer as his flat navel bloats like a balloon until it becomes a rosy navel fit for a man to rest his head on composed of a buoyant layer of blubber centralised between broad hips allowing for enough space to turn left and right without falling off.

And further down below, a smooth incline falls straight down, hidden by stressed out pants that, like the tunic before it, could not last against the increased mass of its aging wearer, splitting at the front where a boy's flowering pecker should've been to reveal the plump labia of a freshly formed vag as it surges forward from its prison with a wet squelch, eliciting an involuntary moan vocalized by a sultry undertone that breaks Griff's childish whimpering, beginning an audible drop in pitch thanks to warbling vocal chords that shift and change, deepening the Prince's immature alto with husky maturity alongside a heavy dosage of sultry seduction, shaped by a lithe tongue and pronounced by pert lips situated on the grimace of a boy as that last remaining vestige of Griff loses to the night. Gaining a cute indent to the bridge of her nose while sharp, angular brows soften into thin platinum lines atop equally gorgeous lashes that slant and narrow in at the sides, granting the grown woman's face a permanent sensual stare that would most likely send the wrong message across from how flushed her rosy cheeks were while her adulterous body trashes in the nude, long slender arms ending off in petite hands trembling by her sides, curvy legs sporting thick thighs and sturdy calves tapering into waifish feet cramping in the sudden aftermath of a woman's orgasm slowly taking precedence over the pain...or rather, it would be more fitting to say that the two were becoming one and the same, fueling sinful desires and nightmarish imagery the former boy would never think of, trapped in the body of a grown woman shaped from her immature self by the dexterous hands of a magic artisan whose talents laid in the flesh. Flesh that was highly sensitive, feeding her lust and tweaking her libido as her cries of

pain and denial soon gave way to throaty moans, excited gasps and drawn out sighs that could instantly make any man's number two grow to attention. So enraptured she was by her confusion, that the sensation of her rough mop of hair blossoming into a voluminous head of platinum blonde withering away into ethereal silver was completely lost to her as it tumbles down the front and sides of her face in a sharp fringe while the rest spreads like a silk roll being dropped across the floor behind her, arching her perfectly sculpted back as it tickle's the sensitive nape of her neck and ears, pressing a massive, dump truck ass into the floor with a creak of protest from the wooden boards...

...before collapsing with an *'Oh!'* of exhaustion, panting in a mess of sweat, shredded clothes and messy hair visible disturbances in the air alongside a still visible aura of steam lends credence to the literal heat her body was shrouded in for the latter half of the body altering transformation that had gripped the Prince upon midnight's arrival.

But Prince was a title that no longer fit Griff's appearance, not anymore. With a tantalizing beauty mark dotted near the deep end of her immense cleavage jutting forth from the alluring hourglass figure of a woman in estrus, the devastated Atlan noble looked more like a Queen who had just finished spending the night with her fingers than an up and coming Prince, panting softly with dull purple eyes narrowed in confusion and lust, saliva dripped from her soft spoken lips while down below, between long, flexible legs that jerked around every so often. A visibly expanding pool of slick fluids emanated from a constant flow of juices leaking from her urethra, as if her muscles and organs were going into overdrive, showing no control over her ejaculatory impulses as evident in the way her shoulders thrust forward everytime a strong jet of fluids shoots forth from between her legs, choking back a moan every single time.

Her mind was a mess, unable to process what just happened to her after a certain point through the blinding pain and the mind rending pleasure. Her consciousness had long since retreated into the recesses of her mind, leaving a temporary puppet until she next awoke. But until that time came, the process was still not done, and the one to complete it wouldn't be the arcane moon nor the magics that saturated the air but the one who had locked the door to Griff's room as it creaks open once more, followed by a gasp of astonishment from the intruder as they take in the sight of the naked woman lying unconscious on the floor.

Stepping forward out of the darkness, the perpetrator is revealed to be Sarah; the Prince's royal tutor, smiling warmly as she kneels down to cradle the naked woman in her arms, marveling at just how soft, smooth and tempting her body was. Tracing the contours of her sides with an eager finger, drawing upward, hefting a breast before lifting her chin and playing with her lips.

"It's just as Mother said~ Atlan's succubi heritage really does exist...ahh my Liege, how beautiful you are~"

Leaning forward, Griff's hazy eyes, the last bits of her vision, begin to blank out, not fully registering the sight of her tutor closing in, lips puckered with the intent of kissing her before her puppet mind shuts down, cutting her off from the material realm entirely...

Before snapping awake, coming to an entirely different place altogether.

'W...W-Where...what just happened...was that...is this a dream?'

Griff's drowsiness was interfering, but as he looked himself over, he was relieved to be back to being his original self. He could see budding muscles in his scrawny limbs, his hair was back to normal, his skin felt right and most importantly; his manhood was intact, putting a smile on his face.

Until he glances upward, coming face to face with a grown woman a little ways off. Both stared at each other in surprise before recoiling at the same time...it was almost as if the two were mirroring each other's actions perfectly, with the exception of her longer hair swaying to and fro and her massive milkers jiggling to the rhythm of her movement...or was it Griff's?

'This is so...strange...is she...wait...that...that can't be...isn't she...'

Even though he couldn't finish his sentence, a part of the Prince knew who she was as he rose to his feet, watching as she did the same in the exact manner he does; pushing off the floor using her arms. That was when he noticed her sporting some strange yet familiar extremities; large twisted horns curling to the sides akin to that of a ram's jutting out of her skull, small but cute bat like wings with thin membrane stretching out between boney extensions, a long leathery tail ending off in a spaded tip and last but not least, her eyes. They were effervescent and luminous, changing colors from magenta pink, aqua blue, warm yellow and verdant green, mashing all of them into a wondrous pair of irises that enchanted even himself. Because he knew she was him...and he was her. That was the only explanation based on what he had previously believed to be a dream.

The pain of having his bones crushed and reshaped, the sinful pleasures of having his manhood hollowed out and turned into an amped up snatch with an aching clitoris above it...the darkened, blurry sight of his tutor coming in for a kiss...all at the dawn of midnight...

'Is this...the reason behind the gathering? Here? On the day where the sun shines longest?'

A chanting choir of voices both male and female come from both sides to answer his question. A thundercrack of vocals that make it hard for the Prince to figure out what they were saying. But as he looks back, the foggy surroundings clear up somewhat, revealing a variety of men and women lined up shoulder to

shoulder, young, old, muscular, portly. All of them stood to attention before an awestruck Griff, and although their faces were shrouded in shadow, the whites of their teeth showed broad smiles of welcome.

Turning around, his suspicions were made true by the sight of his other self staring back at him, equally dumbstruck as he stared past her at the similarly arranged line up of women all sporting the same draconic features she did. The same ones the shadows in the castle had. Now it all made sense to him why his father said they were the phantoms of their forebears.

And with that realization, the distance between himself and his womanly reflection closes in an instant, as do the mirror images of the past Atlan royalty, King or otherwise. Did they want him to make contact with...himself? He didn't know the reason behind it, but the more he stared at 'himself' the more the feeling of familiarity builds within his heart. To be the next King, he had to do this, he had to accept his other side, make them 'whole'. There was no other way.

Swallowing his doubts and reaffirming his deduction, Griff reaches out towards his reflection, placing his hand against the reflection, feeling the softness of her palms against his, locking eyes with her before leaning forward to nudge heads with her, releasing a soothing wave of energy that clears the murmuring disturbance in her ancestors words as they utter one final sentence that barely makes it to her ears before the void fades, releasing her back into the waking world, forever changed from here on out.

'Welcome Home; Riza'

A blurry haze, a throbbing headache and a woozy body that didn't feel quite right. A troubling combo to wake up to as Griff struggles to right his back, only to feel a stinging ache run up his spine and neck as if he'd spent the night sleeping in an uncomfortable position. That and there were unusual weights pulling him down from the front.

'Hnn...my body...so heavy...where...'

"Good morning my Liege...how nice to see you've come to...I must say, you were absolutely divine~ You absolutely have to show the King your true self! Come! Come!"

"Ow! H-Hey! Don't pull me out of...of..."

"Awed into silence hmm...how'd I do? Just to let you know, it was an absolute pain to get that dress over your chest without it slipping off constantly! But...the results are definitely worth it...don't you think so too my Liege? Or should I say, my Lady?"

It was a sudden rush, too much for the young Prince to handle at first, but as the memories of the night and the dream suddenly surge forth to fill her in, Griff stays frozen in place as the temporary migraine and body aches leave her entirely, staring at her new self she had seen in the dream, complete with rough hewn horns, wicked wings and a lazily swaying tail. Except this time she wasn't naked, dressed in a revealing dress that left



little to the imagination. Crafted out of incredibly soft lace wound into a comfortable fit, hugging her just right wherever it laid, squeezing against her body tight in some places while hanging lazily over other spots like her rump.

Normally she would've felt ashamed to be caught dead wearing such a...salacious thing. But her heart fluttered at the sight of her reflection adorned in the expensive dress. It felt...looked perfect on her. Everything; from the ample amount of skin up top exposed by the simple straps that held her buoyant tits connected to a tight choker bound around her thin neck to the way the lower hem branches into a criminally exposing cutout that shows off her left leg in all its glory. It didn't make her feel embarrassed, it left her wanting more, to try on new outfits with designs that melded perversion with her natural beauty. An instinct she could trace back to her new body and everything that came with it.

Curtsying before twirling in place, Griff Huff's before tossing her hair to the side, refusing to admit how good it felt to have so much of her body exposed, blushing with a half hearted frown on her face much to Sarah's chagrin as she comes in from the side, cooing into her student's ear and relishing in the tremor she could feel running through the woman's body.

"Don't deny it~ I know how you really feel deep down inside~ Even asleep, your body was most receptive to the touch...now that you're all dressed in the clothes the King had chosen for you...I want you all to myself again~"

"S-Stop touching me like that! B-But...wait...Pa was the one who wanted me to wear...this?!"

"Indeed he did...or I guess she would be a more fitting term...although she said not to wake you so early...I think it's best you see for yourself, though I think you should already be more than aware of what's become of the King. You had the vision right? The fulfillment of the Solstice Gathering?"

"Solstice...Gathering....so those people I saw in that place? That was real?"

"I didn't believe them either, until my mother brought me to one of the King's earlier gatherings back when you were still a babe and his father was still alive...apparently, the Solstice serves to bridge the realm of the physical with that of the supernatural; the afterlife, the underworld, it goes by many names. But it's also what allows a person with Atlan blood to commune with their forebears in addition to their Succubi self, arguably their true, inner being, to awaken and materialize. Shedding their human shells for just one day to taste and relish in the vigors and pleasure of the female body until the day they breathe their last, their souls returning to their ancestors as pure maidens...don't give me that face, I'm wording the story...*ahem* maidens, ready to welcome their future progeny when the time comes for their turn to undergo their first awakening...they should've also given you your name, did they?"

"My...name? It's Griff...Griff Atlan...isn't it? B-But why all the secrecy? A-And the double identity thing?"

"According to the traditions, the name bestowed on your human self...the 'you' you know as Griff...is only temporary, artificial. Only there to serve as a mask to ward off prying eyes. You didn't think for a second your bloodline would be capable of maintaining generation after generation without aid from greater forces did you? As a result of that ancient pact to secure Daphn's ensured prosperity for eons to come...every single son and daughter born in the family will be destined to life on the other side once their time comes as willing Succubi, serving even after death under the demon lord who the founding father had struck the contract with...quite a stunning tale hm?"

"So...my name...it's...I think they said...Riza...Riza Atlan...that's my name? And the Solstice...it's mandatory because we can't show our true selves to the public?"

"Correct~ and an appropriate one for a woman of your grandeur...you should be proud my Lady...I'd dare say you rival your father in terms of appearance! Though your sexual skills might need work if your unconscious acts are any indication of how you'll squi-"

"My father! Where is he?"

Cutting Sarah off before she could begin mouthing off about how she found her sleeping body to be an inadequate bedmate, Riza sighs before tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ears, giving her reflection one last glance before focusing her attention on her tutor as she lets out a mock sigh of disappointment before walking over towards the door, leading her outside to the main hall of their room...before her ears perk up to the sounds of loud cheering and...*a woman moaning?*

“Oh gods...please tell me that isn’t...”

“Hehe~ Like I said, you have much to learn when it comes to matters in the sheets~ Behold; *Lady Iola!*”

Swinging open the doors and letting the full volume of the raucous crowd outside blast a stunned Riza in the face. The flabbergasted succubus’ jaw drops to the floor at the sight of a silver haired woman shaking her voluptuous body in an arousing display clad in an even more shameless getup likened to underwear with salacious slits and cutouts exposing her swollen pink nipples and occasionally her dripping wet loins as she leapt and flew across the sands, flirting with her loving audience whom Riza could recognize as her father’s personal escort, passing them by and letting loose a song-like wail as their outstretched hands caress her slim tummy, with some managing to stroke a breast or slide a finger into her folds, extracting a generous spray from her juicy pussy that stains the sands beneath. Just watching her ejaculate made Riza’s body tingle, remembering how it felt to endure just one orgasm. Yet the woman before her continued her dance undisturbed, not missing a single step as she swung her body to the resonant beating of drums played by the very same men who had teased her just as she teased them. Smiling warmly before laughing in a voice that Riza had to admit, sounded like that of a goddess.



“That’s Pa?”

“Oh? Why the disappointment?”

“N-No! I'm not mad...it's just...he...she's so...beautiful...carefree...I've never seen Pa like this before...”

“Ahh...now that's something I can understand...remember what I said before? One day...one day with which to let loose and relax in your true form...indeed, as King of the Empire, your father has to endure grueling work ensuring everything's running smoothly. Contrary to what you might think, magic and superhuman strength doesn't equal a cozy life...a ruler's hand must be firm, and their judgment clear...if she were to go an entire year without attending the Solstice Gathering, she wouldn't be alive today to sire you, my Lady...I think that's the lesson she's been waiting to enlighten you to. It's why she was so happy when you told her about the hallucinations; the sign of an Atlan who's ready to awaken to their true self...”

“To be a ruler...no wonder she's always so...alive when the Solstice comes every year...”

Watching the silver succubus continue to entertain both her men and herself with excitable flaps from the multicolored wings that jutted out of her cranium, Riza could only feel the respect she had for her father deepen, softening her stare before Iona's sparkling, violet eyes meet hers, widening at the realization that her son had awoken, causing her to trip backward as she loses her balance midway through a maneuver involving a slow graceful twist of her body. Crying out as she lands on her rump with a spray of sand, cutting the performance short as her escort rushes over to help her up as Riza and Sarah trot over towards her right as she rises to her full height...now comparatively shorter than her son was in her true body.

It was an amazing sight to behold; a tall mature, tanned babe dressed like royalty staring down a demure, holy demon dressed for 'bed'. And to those who knew they were related by blood as son and father respectively, it made for an even more shocking comparison.

“Uuu...Griff...you were watching?”

“Riza...my name...it's Riza...sorry I didn't...listen.”

“O-Oh! Riza was it? It certainly fits you...my how much you've *grown*~ You're making me feel jealous dear!”

“P-Pa!”

“My! I'm sorry dear...it must've been a shock was it? I'm sorry...I should've told you about the Gathering beforehand...”

“N-No! Well...I mean...I’m...not mad...Sarah told me about the Atlan bloodline...about the deal...about how busy you were all the time...no need to say sorry Pa...if anything...I-I should be saying that...I didn’t trust in what you said!”

“Ohh~ There there~ No need for tears now dear! You’re a bigger girl than me now so turn that frown upside down! There~ Much better!”

Giggling as she slaps her son’s face with a few peppy claps of her hand against sweltering cheeks, Iola steps back with hands behind her back and a warm, motherly smile on her radiant visage. In truth, she wanted to shed a little tear at how fast her son had acclimated alongside her truthful admittance to her feelings. But if she did, she’d be contradicting herself.

But now that the warm atmosphere was about to clear, Iola had no idea what to do now. She hadn’t expected her son to be this accepting of her new self, and so she had started letting loose without her. But now that her child now stood before her in her true form as a significantly taller and domineering woman. The pale succubus was unsure of the next step to take. Would she sit her down for a heart to heart? Show her the ins and outs of women’s clothing? As much as she wanted to return to satiating her body’s desires for men she’d kept pent up for an entire year, her instincts to care for her young came first.

“Umm...P...P-Pa?”

“Just Iola will do...or even Ma! But remember~ Only when we’re here during the Gathering, kay?”

“S-Sure....so, M-Ma? T-That dance earlier...”

‘Oh dear~ Sarah...you’ve been a naughty, naughty girl. Teasing my dear Riza like this~’

As she watched her son stammer her words while fidgeting in a sudden fit of embarrassment once her sadness had come and gone, the keen eyed succubus tingled as her nose picks up the scent of a woman’s nectar; picking out trace signs of lust...curiosity and an eagerness to learn as her eyes draw downward, narrowing at the sight of a fluids dripping down her son...no...her daughter’s long, dark legs. Combined with the visible nubs behind the straps, and it was easy to see she was horny, giving her an idea of what her confused girl would no doubt ask for.

“What about it dear? Is there...something about it that caught your eye?”

Moving in like a predator sensing weakness in its prey, the silver haired woman closes the gap between them, slipping behind her in one swift motion before prodding her belly with firm hands, forcing Riza to jerk her body against her father’s touch, gasping as she feels her precise digits dig across her torso before rising up

towards her breasts, cupping them before teasing her erect nips, slipping them free of her dress much to her embarrassment as her eyes draw toward her the King's escort, all watching in heated silence as one succubus undresses the other, baring her killer body for them to take in with gusto.

"Was it the way I flew across the sands while feeling hands scour my needy little body without flinching? Or did you want to know how I manage to keep the audience focused on me? Just like I snared you? Locked under my spell..."

"E-Every-*ahn!* All of it...t-teach me Ma..."

"Hm? I'm afraid I couldn't quite hear you there my dear...if you hope to even learn a single maneuver, you'll have to be...*firm~*"

"Teach me how to move like you...how to-*hngb!* Dance like you!"

"Ufufu~ Much better...no need to be so feisty though~ We still have the whole day to learn the ins and outs of what makes your pretty little body tick! Sarah? I trust we can count on you for help, yes?"

"Ohh my Lady! I'm more than ready~"

"Excellent! Boys? Let's start from the very beginning!"

From now till the end of the Solstice, Riza would spend the hours of the day learning from her mother while failing spectacularly. Unlike her and drastically different from their appearances, Riza could only take a few strokes and a singular finger up her freshly formed vagina before collapsing in a heap. It was grueling, far more physically exhausting than an entire day out at the field swinging a sword at a target dummy.

By the time night fell and the ancient Atlan grounds were cleaned up and emptied of signs of recent habitation, the royal excursion was at its end as the entourage returns home via a portal built into the side of the cliff face on this lone island separated from the mainland upon which Daphn was built on, with Riza long having since returned to her human form as Griff, assured and confident in his ability to take over his father's duty as he rubs his boys head with loving hands, satisfied by how the days events had turned out.

Needless to say, the fate of the Atlan family was safe and secured for the foreseeable future in the hands of Riza Atlan as she lived her life wearing Griff as her human front to face her people with while letting loose on the Solstice Gathering just as her mother had before her...and when the time next came for Riza's offspring to awaken, Iola would be amongst her sisters, welcoming her grandchildren home...

THE END