

The bedroom's temperature started to rise. Damian shifted uncomfortably under the blankets as the heat partially roused him from sleep. A single leg sticking out of the covers wasn't enough to cool him. It didn't take long before his eyes cracked open.

His body felt hot and partially covered in sweat. The prominent appearance of a raging erection roused his mind all the more. Slowly Damian realized he was not simply feeling overheated; he was feeling the familiar sensations of arousal and lust. For a moment he wondered if he had awoken from an especially creative dream and could not recall the details.

Something moved under his blanket between his feet. He was positive it had just been a trick of the low light and the contours of fabric. Continuing to stare and feel a rising wave of arousal filling his gut, however, Damian saw the covers move once more. A mound was forming under the blanket and growing larger between his feet.

He knew he should have been scared, but something kept him rooted in place. The larger the form grew, the harder Damian could feel himself become. A boner begging for the slightest touch was pleading for his hand, though he could only focus on the rising shape. Various bulges and outlines formed as it became as large as a curled up human being.

When a hand wrapped itself around his calf Damian did not cry out not jump. Instead he shivered with a sexual excitement he hadn't yet felt in his life. Another hand placed itself on his lower thigh and he shuddered once more. Fingers oozing with heated lust warmed his skin like a fire. He could feel his pulse aching in his cock as they traveled up his legs, the humanoid shape approaching his hips.

The hands stopped on his hips and Damian held his breath. When a hand wrapped itself around his throbbing member he gasped in surprise. They massaged his shaft and ran its length with expertise only found in a man's fantasy. The slick heat of a tongue slid up his beating tower before a pair of soft lips caressed his head and kissed it temptingly.

Still the form grew larger under his blanket. Damian could feel another pair of legs pressed against his own and steamy breath drifting across his bare hips. The edge of the blanket reached only to his belly button as the rest rose into the air. A desperate need to lift the cover and identify his intruder assaulted his mind. He might have done it if he weren't scared of ending the glorious dream. A hand gripped his cock firmly and hot air brought it to full attention.

"My my..." a voice mused. It was feminine but dripping with confidence and authority, like nothing he had heard before. It had a tone of lust incarnate. "I can't recall the last time I held such a hungry serpent in my hand..."

Damian gulped, wanting only for the stranger's lips to kiss his pulsating head once more. "Who...Who are you?"

The voice laughed softly. The sound was almost a giggle but was far too mature to be called so. "I'm glad you asked."

The shape rose into the air, taking Damian's blanket with it. A humanoid figure straightened its back and loomed over him as curves rounded the blanket on either side. The exposed groin of a woman revealed itself, followed soon by a soft belly, and a pair of ripe, perky

breasts. Finally at full height, the blanket slipped over her head and fell onto the foot of the bed on Damian's feet.

What knelt before Damian could only be described as the demonic incarnation of lust. A woman appearing to be in her early thirties gripped his cock with full authority. She was the picture of sexual desire and longing, every inch of her fully-bared naked body begging for endless attention. Dark hair waved across her shoulders and framed a face designed around a pair of ruby-red lips. In the dim light her skin seemed to glow, erect nipples resting atop palm-filling breasts like pink stars in the night. A slender waist led into a pair of wide hips nestled atop blemish-free thighs. From Damian's reclined position nothing was hidden from view. The bottom curve of her butt greeted him from behind what was without a doubt the most tempting female groin he had ever seen. The gentle ridge of her navel rising and falling with her breath made his mouth water.

The sheer attraction Damian felt staring towards the woman completely stole any fear he would have felt from the remainder of his visitor. Two bat-like wings grew from her shoulder blades. Although folded, they still reached more than a foot to either side of her torso like a black, leathery picture frame. A pair of curved horns as thick as a forearm stood on her head like a ram's. Behind her, a long red tail ending in a triangular point slithered through and air. Its tip ran along Damian's inner thigh and teased him in a way he never knew he needed.

"I'm Lilith," she beguiled.

"I'm..." he had to swallow before finishing, still trying to recover from her reveal, "Damian..."

The laugh from Lilith's chest made her breast lightly bounce in such a way he was sure a more elegant sight would never grace him again. A hungry smile played across her ruby lips and her hand stroked his member.