

Slave to Lust



“Did the package reach you all right?” Damian’s mother asked.

He sighed through the phone, setting the large box on the small dining table. It could only seat three at the most, but in his small college apartment, Damian couldn’t have fit a larger piece if he had wanted to. “I don’t know, Mom, you called just as it got delivered, remember? I haven’t even had it for thirty seconds.”

“They deliver packages so late there! It’s going on nine o’clock!”

“I’m in a different timezone...” he reminded.

“Ooohhh I hope everything is in one piece. Your great-grandfather had so many delicate things... I was scared of breaking them!”

“You didn’t need to send me any of his stuff. I hardly knew the guy.”

Somehow he could feel his mother’s frown through the phone. “He loved you, Damian. The two of you would have shared a lot of interests! He loved history as much as you.”

“What... What do you mean? I can’t stand history.”

“Well I’m always overhearing you and your friends going on about exploring dungeons and finding treasure,” she scoffed.

“Do you mean *Dungeons and Dragons*?? That’s a game, Mom!”

“Oh. Whatever it is I’m sure your great-grandpa would have liked it too. He was quite the collector of antiques, you know. Let me know what you think! I tried to grab stuff I thought you might like.”

Damian sighed again, ready for his weekly phone call to home to be over so he could return to college life. “I will, Mom. Thanks for sending it.”

“What did you have for dinner yesterday?”

The random inquiries capable of coming from his mother never ceased to amaze him. “I really don’t remember. Does it matter?”

“It does if it was pasta *again*!”

“Ok, Mom.”

“How’s your girlfriend?”

Damian blinked a few times in confusion. “What girlfriend?”

“Chelsea!”

“Chelsea? The girl from philosophy?? We’re barely friends!” He hoped she couldn’t sense the higher pitch in his voice; Chelsea was on his mind more than he was willing to admit. Somedays seeing her was the only worthwhile part of their shared class.

“Oh I’m sorry, I thought you two had been getting along... I wish you would call more. I feel like I’m always the one dialing your number.”

“I’ll call more, I promise. I need to get going now though.” Damian prepared himself for the inevitable onslaught of farewells.

“Ok, sweetie. It was nice hearing your voice! I love you!”

“Love you too, Mom.”

“Make good choices!”

“Alwaaaays.”

“Eat fruits and veggies!”

“When I remember!”

“Bye, sweetie.”

The phone clicked and severed their connection. A final sigh escaped Damian as he slipped the phone into his pocket and turned his attention to the box in front of him.

He knew he couldn't be too annoyed at his mother; she was only showing affection. Since the recent passing of his great grandfather, the number of phone calls between the two of them had almost doubled in the past weeks as the family fought to regain balance.

Damian hadn't been able to attend the funeral while at school, nor did he feel it was completely necessary. The relationship between him and his great-grandfather had never felt more than an acquaintance; the age gap was just too great for a young adult to traverse. A small part of him regretted not building a better connection with the old man but he tried not to dwell on what could have been.

The box flipped open to reveal a stack of belongings looking to be as old as the man himself, if not older. Among the items were: a musty tapestry depicting a European dragon, a small baggy of various foreign coins, several Chinese puzzle boxes, a magazine cutout of a vegetable dinner recipe, several faded photos of what looked like lost temples overgrown with jungle, and finally a large clay medallion suspended on a loop of twine.

“Guess he really was a history buff,” Damian gathered. “Looks like a real Indiana Jones for his time. Most of this feels like it might crumble if I tried to do anything with it.”

Not wanting to damage the tapestry or photos, he turned his attention to the clay amulet. It was slightly larger than his palm and engraved with religious symbols on either side. From the side it presented itself with an oval shape. A gentle rap from Damian's fingernail revealed it to be hollow.

“Not exactly what I would call a fashion statement.” He dismayed at the delicate belongings he had been entrusted with at a point in his life where he had no place to store frivolous items. “Into the closet with all of you, I guess...”

Ready to pack up, he tossed the medallion back into the box only to have it strike the side and clatter to the table. “*Shit!*” He scrambled to catch it but got there after several cracks had formed from the jolt. Chips and slivers fell into his hand and Damian groaned loudly. Even if it hadn't been particularly interesting to him, he hated to harm something with possible historical significance.

A large crack running down its center stared at him accusingly. Regretful of his previous action, he gently placed it atop the folded tapestry and closed the box. A quick trip to his room found it relocated in the back of his closet. “I'll see that again when I go home for the summer. Or maybe I could sell some of it. Old coins are worth something every now and then.”

The screen of a laptop drew his attention and Damian returned to his previous focus before the deliveryman had rung his doorbell minutes ago. A paused video of a well-endowed

woman riding cowgirl shown on the screen like a dirty wallpaper. Her fingers were busy pinching and pulling a puffy pair of nipples to release a shower of milk onto the lucky porn actor. Distractions out of the way until his roommate returned for the night, Damian sat before the adult entertainment ready to resume.

“Now then, where was I?”

Damian snored contently in the dead of night. After an evening of entertaining himself and late-night TV programming, sleep was quick to find the young college student. Anticipation of the Saturday to come and its accompanying sleep-in made sleep all the easier to accept. His rest was sound until two a.m.

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 didn’t carry the usual effectiveness. It didn’t take long before his eyes cracked open.

His body felt hot and covered in sweat. The distinct presence of a raging erection roused his mind all the more. It dawned on him that he was not simply feeling overheated; these were the very familiar sensations of arousal. For a moment he wondered if he had awoken from an especially creative dream but could not recall the details.

Something moved under his blanket between his feet. It brought him into a more wakeful state, but he was positive it had just been a trick of the low light and the contours of fabric. Continuing to stare amongst 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.

Fear should have thrown him from the bed but something kept him rooted in place. The larger the form grew, the harder Damian could feel his throbbing manhood become. A boner begging for the slightest touch was ached 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 human being.

Chills like warm honey ran down his spine when a hand gripped his calf and 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 teeming with heated lust warmed his skin like cinnamon to a tongue. His pulse ached in his cock as the hands traveled up his legs, the humanoid shape approaching his hips.

They stopped on his hips and Damian held his breath. The form of a head rested under the blanket only inches above his exposed member. A soft hand wrapped itself around his shaft, drawing grunt of surprise and anticipation. Fingers massaged his length with expertise only found in a dreaming man’s fantasy. Damian knew he must be dreaming when the slick heat of a tongue slid up his beating tower before a pair of soft lips caressed his head and kissed it temptingly.

The form grew larger under his blanket. Damian could feel a 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. It was all he could do not to lift the covers and glimpse the face of his late-night visitor; he might have done it if he weren't scared of ending the glorious dream. Hot air moistening his skin brought him to full attention.

"My my..." a voice mused. It was feminine but dripping with confidence and authority, like nothing he had heard before. Lust incarnate couldn't have spoken more smoothly. "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 and womanly 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 abdomen, and a pair of pert 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 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; he longed to run his tongue over such smooth alabaster skin.

The sheer attraction Damian felt staring towards the woman completely stole any fear he would have felt from the remaining visage 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 curving like fire. 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. His throat was dry as she was stunning. "Damian..."

The laugh from Lilith's chest made her breast lightly bounce in such a way he knew a more elegant sight would never grace him again. A hungry smile played across her ruby lips and her hand stroked his member. "How ironic. You know, I'm part of the reason Saint Damian was

such a good physician..." Lilith cupped a breast and ran another two fingers across her stomach and between her thighs to touch herself. "You might say I was an excellent visual aid."

"What are you?" he asked with a wide, unwavering gaze. Damian couldn't take his eyes off Lilith's body. "Are you the Devil?"

Lilith tossed her head back and laughed. When she stopped, she leaned over Damian's chest and pressed her hands into her firm bosom. "Satan *wishes* he had a rack like this to play with." Damian could feel the moist heat from her mouth as she spoke only a foot away. "I'm a devil of sorts: a succubus."

The creature was not new to Damian. They were well-known to the majority of game lovers, especially those who enjoyed Dungeons and Dragons. On more than one occasion Damian had met his doom by means of a temptress who turned out to be a succubus. The energy-sucking demons were renowned for seducing men and draining their life force by means of intercourse, and if he wasn't mistaken, Lilith was the most famous of them all.

Damian never imagined such a fantastical dream would grace him.

"So that means you're--" he started to ask.

"Mmmm, that's right," Lilith licked her lips and stroked his cock while rubbing his head with a thumb, "I'm here to extract one or two things." A flex in Damian's cock made her chuckle. "Don't worry though, I don't plan on taking *all* your energy. I should be thanking you, actually. I was trapped in that amulet for centuries before you opened a door. Then all it took was a little whiff of someone enjoying some alone to give me the energy I needed to crawl out of that prison." She smiled and bared small fangs. "Looks like I found the busy guy."

A gorgeous pair of breasts hung in the air only inches from Damian's face. Powerless against her forces, one of his hands extended into the air to grope the fleshy mound. Lilith jostled them temptingly like an adult-themed mobile. One of her fingers slipped into her pussy to withdraw slick and hot before running itself along his shaft. Her juices were intoxicating to his primed dick and spurred it into overdrive with a swollen size and sensitivity.

Slowly she slid herself down until his cock rested between her breasts like two pillows. She started to arch her back rhythmically, massaging his shaft between her mammaries as she placed her hands on his chest and licked across his stomach. Tilting her head up, shining eyes peered at Damian's gaping mouth. "So what do you say?" Lilith breathed hotly, "I'll make your fantasies come true for that some of that lustful zeal begging to gush out."

"My fantasies?" Damian's voice was barely audible. His cock felt like a molten lead pipe.

"Whatever your heart desires. I'll satisfy you in exchange for a meal... Consider it a contract. Deal?"

He nodded without a second thought and Lilith's eyes sparkled demonically as she licked her lips and said, "Mmmm, perfect."

The succubus released Damian's member from her grasp. Leaning forward with an arm on either side of his head, Lilith spread her thighs to straddle his aching groin. She leaned closer, pressing her bust into his chest and tugged at an earlobe with teeth like a playful cat. An inferno

of pleasure could be felt emanating from her nether region as it lowered closer and closer. Certain this miraculous dream was about to come to a close before it truly began, Damian did everything in his power to absorb every last bit of the scene.

Her slick groin finally pressed against his shaft and partially enveloped him between its sensational firmness. Every nerve ending came alive within Damian's cock at the presence of Lilith's juices. It was all he could do to restrain his mind from release. Lilith's pussy slid across his dick with frictionless ease. Every motion teased a closer and closer approach to the entry he desperately wanted to reach. Penetrating this demonic force of lust was the only goal on Damian's mind. Nothing else mattered.

"You're an excited one..." Lilith cooed into his ear. "I can sense an ocean of virility swirling inside your being." A sharp tongue tickled his ear as she puffed her chest into his. "Tell me," she whispered, "Are all young men such a banquet in this new age I find myself?"

Damian wanted to reply. Desperately more than anything. The dominating aura flooding off the succubus had him paralyzed, however. All he could muster in response was a strained moan he hadn't realized he was capable of making.

A chuckle came paired with a knowing smile. Her pussy tightened around the front of his shaft teasingly and Damian twitched. Every fiber of his being wanted to explore this creature's tantalizing body. Lilith sensed this and Damian could feel her tail slithering along his side. A moment later it coiled itself around his wrist and yanked his hand onto the side of her butt. His palm opened instinctually, grasping the firm flesh as it jiggled from the slap.

"Don't be so shy," Lilith drew him in, "I'm going to devour you; might as well enjoy the show to the fullest."

Damian's other hand flew to the opposite side of her hips. All it had taken to unluck his motor functions was Lilith's forceful hand. The firmness of her ass played across his fingertips like an exotic drum. They crept further, itching to squeeze all they could and explore every crevice. His arms flexed and pulled her forward, trying to gain access to her inner realm.

"That's more like it." Lilith straightened her back and looked down at her prey. A wiggle passed through her hips and his cock inched painfully close to its goal. "It's always better when you have a good hold, don't you think?" Sliding her hands down his chest, Lilith brought them to her own nipples and twisted and pulled the perky nubs. "Now are you going to tell me your fantasy...? Or am I going to have to guess?"

Damian's mind had gone blank. He knew there was a trove of sexual fantasies in his head he had played out countless times, but now none came to mind. With so little blood flow and the sweltering heat of his room, his brain had short-circuited.

Seeing his loss for words, a smile shown on Lilith's face. "Good. I like surprises."

In a motion possible only for a sex demon, Lilith's hips slid forward and Damian felt his cock slide into the depths of the succubus. Soft, heated flesh pulsed and slid over his head and swallowed his shaft in a tight sheath undulating with sensations. Damian felt like he had just

plunged into a bed of coals, though the heat only burned him with a raging desire for sex. A strange ethereal suction pulled on his cock like a dozen mouths of eager women.

“*Ohhh* I haven’t been stretched like that in a *millennium!*” Lilith gasped, tossing her head back and digging her fingers into her chest. Slowly she gazed back down at Damian. A soft growl came from her throat and her wings flared menacingly. “Let’s get on with it; I’m *starving.*”

Damian nearly lost his sanity when Lilith’s lithe waist and hips began slithering and swirling like a hypnotizing serpent. He could feel the walls of her groin pulling him deeper with each gyration as if she were consuming him.

A pair of crotchless black panties seemed to materialized around her hips, hugging every feminine curve as if they have been drawn on. The room was then bathed in a flash of light when streaks of fire extended across her chest. Damian blinked as the fire died down to reveal a leather harness pulling into her breasts. Three straps ran to either side and met at a metal ring around each nipple, a single strap spanning between each breast. Lilith’s skin bulged lusciously against the restraints as if begging to be free.

“Mmmm...” she moaned, hands leaning on Damian’s chest for support, “I’m glad leather hasn’t gone out of style.”

“I like to feel like I’m unwrap my gifts,” Damian admitted, snapping the black lace against her hips.

Lilith’s motions traveled through her chest rhythmically and he stared transfixed. Whatever process was happening inside the succubus was only beginning. Her face did nothing to hide her pleasure. “Oh this is going to be fun,” she swooned, looking down at her breasts.

Eyes wide and full of hungry, child-like wonder, Damian watched as Lilith’s cleavage plumped and pressed together between the harness. The respectful pillowy mounds on her torso were swelling against the straps from an unseen pressure within. Her skin folded over in its increasing weight and each mammary began creeping lower over her torso as they grew. The harness shifted as it was forced to carry more weight. Guessing her current cup size was almost as fun as the show itself. Seeing the succubus fly through a D, bulge past an E, and outclass an F, Damian thought he may never be satisfied.

“Hmmm, I think we figured out your fantasy...” Lilith smirked. With a toiled moan, she straightened again and held her engorging breasts in her arms. Every thrust of her expert hips sent a growth-inducing wobble through their supple skin. Damian could hardly believe his eyes as they grew like melons and filled her cradling arms so fluidly.

As large as the succubus’s head, they were forced together by the leather to form a quivering line of pale cleavage begging for manhood to plunge into its depths. Eraser-nub nipples stood into the metal rings and throbbed with increasing pleasure for Lilith, her skin stretching as her body became the image of Damian’s fantasy.

“So you enjoy your women gifted?” The thought amused Lilith and she ran a finger between them until it was lost from the world. She laughed, inspecting her bulging tits. “Funny

how men's tastes never change over the centuries..." A soft stretching sound came from Lilith's skin as her growth accelerated. It caught her attention and she looked down curiously upon her expanding bosom with rising interest. "Or do they?" she wondered.

Like inflating basketballs, Lilith's tits dominated her petite torso. Her hips and waist rotated with increasing vigor at the sensation of her chest's rapid development. Damian could hold back no longer and reached two hands towards her pulsating nipples.

"*Ahhh!!*" she cried out. A pull on each plump nub sent a surge of growth into her body, her breasts billowing full and heavy. "S-So... You like to see my bosom *grow*..." she moaned.

Taking both of his hands, she pressed his palms firmly into her breasts. Firm skin allowed his hands to sink two inches into their depths before a rising tightness stopped them in their tracks. "Feel that...?" she teased, pressing his hands harder, "Feel my skin stretching and filling? You're making them so big...so tight...! Do you enjoy watching me grow so quickly that my body can hardly keep up? I wonder how big you plan on making m--"

Suddenly Lilith's demeanor changed and her words cut off. The constant gyrations in her hips ceased as if she had stumbled in a race and she leaned forward. A curious expression consumed her face and for the first time Damian saw the succubus's steel-like intensity waver.

Her breasts were still growing but there was a difference now. Tension was spreading across her bust in waves, bringing with it pale veins like swelling rivers. As their lower curves inched across her torso, Damian watched Lilith's nipples engorge and puff larger between the rings. They became like ripened strawberries atop large marshmallowy areolas. Lilith's breath grew fast and light with a mixture of concern and pleasure filling her eyes. Her wings trembled on her back and her tail beat against Damian's foot.

"O-Oh my..." she said slowly, "T-This... This is..." The succubus gulped when a gentle gurgle escaped her bosom. "*Mmmm!!*"

Milk surged from her nipples like a wellspring and doused Damian's captivated face. Thick dairy pressed against her skin and stretched her further, Lilith's tits straining to contain the sudden flood of lactation.

"*O-Ooohh, OOHHH...*" she moaned with shock. "Y-You like...m-milk..." she said with a strangely worried tone. Damian throbbed within her loins when her hand pressed itself against a nipple and brought a dripping palm to her mouth. A tongue licked the steaming fluid from her fingers and her eyes fluttered closed. Lilith shuddered with ecstasy and then looked at her prey with narrowed eyes. Her hunger was still present and strong, but something else was burning within her now: trepidation. "L-Let's make this...*nnngh*...quick."

The succubus had changed. No longer did Damian sense her dominating presence nor her unbridled confidence. As she brought another helping of milk to her mouth, he could hear her moaning softly like a tame kitten.

He lurched forward and closed his mouth around a bloated nipple. Milk exploded against his cheeks in a furious torrent and he struggled to swallow as much as he could handle.

"*AhhhhmmmmMMMM!!*" Lilith growled, "*L-Lucifer!!*"

Damian's actions seemed to flip a switch and her grinding began anew. Lilith's insides pulsed around his shaft like a hundred hands. The tightness was becoming unbearable as he moved within her, growing harder by the second as climax neared. Inside the demon he felt twice as large as he ever had. Every nerve ending screamed for release.

Milk bubbled within Lilith's body and skin swelled against Damian's face. Triangular bulges overflowed between her leather straps as it began to groan with heavy fluid. One of his arms dove into her cleavage to press on either side of his chosen breast, squeezing milk out as if it were a giant fruit.

"M-Milk me... Milk me! Please! Get it out!" Lilith begged. Her tail thrashed behind her, wrapping around Damian's ankle angrily. She couldn't seem to help herself either as drenched hand after drenched hand brought her own milk to her waiting tongue.

Damian knew he was nearing his limit. He was ready to burst within the succubus, his seed coursing energetically to fill her. Feeling his cock throb to its fullest, tightest girth, he released his mouth from the nipples and leaned back. Taking each of her gushing nubs in a hand, he doused himself in burning milk as he pumped within the succubus.

"M-M-MMMM!!!" Lilith groaned, chest heaving as her milk escaped in a flooding torrent. Her wings extended outwards to their full length, filling his room as she arched her back in agonized pleasure. *"S-Stop...Stop filling me UUUUUP!!!"* she pleaded.

Damian was sure he blacked out during his orgasm. He couldn't remember any visuals from the event, but he could recall a mind-numbing release and the feeling of milk gushing over his body. A quivering succubus panted on top of his for the entire duration, shivering with her own bolts of pleasure.

When it ended and his vision slowly returned, he looked up to see Lilith tired and surprised. They weren't emotions he thought the demon capable of making until now. Wings limp and hanging at her sides, she fought to regain her breath while wrapping her arms around a pair of leaking beach ball udders.

Slowly she leaned in, her chest bulging around her harness and arms in every direction as it pressed into Damian's. Searing lips kissed him before she whispered, "Thanks for the snack."

Damian awoke the next morning feeling more refreshed than he had in ages despite the sheets were being a tangled mob and his body sticky with the sweat of a hot Summer's night. Foggy memories of vanishing dreams drifting in and out of thought, though he was certain his visions had been one for the record books. Given such a great awakening, he was energetic and jumped from his bed ready to start the weekend.

"There's some homework I need to get done in the library first, then I can see what everyone is up to for tonight. They could be up for some D&D..." The mention of the game

brought a rush of strange feelings and he paused for a moment to try and place the odd sense of excitement sparked within.

Unable to identify the whisp of a memory, he hummed softly on his way to the shower. The water brought a welcome cleanse to the powerful aroma filling his nostrils. "I would think I had an orgy last night or something!" he chuckled, smelling himself.

Damian threw on casual street clothes and left his apartment with a light bounce in his step. Sex dreams never failed to start his day off on the right track. Everything was always brighter and more clear after a night of one's mind running rampant.

"I'll have to remember those videos I watched before bed. Or did I eat something weird?"

The campus was largely empty on the Saturday morning. Other students dotted the quad but none within close proximity to Damian. He was more than content to leisurely stroll under the rising sun on such a clear day. Ahead stood the library and his fate for the next few hours where he would toil away on a philosophy paper.

Even such a task could not phase his energy as he jogged up the steps. "Spend some time in here, maybe finish the report, then have some fun."

Inside the air-conditioned building a surprise lay in wait. Strawberry-blonde hair stood out among the books like a beacon, Damian picking it out among the other students in an instant. Sitting at a table reading through a notebook was Chelsea, his most recent target of secret affection.

Chelsea was a taller girl and well suited for the athletic lifestyle she pursued. Lithe but toned legs carried her confidently and Damian felt blessed to see she was wearing a pair of running shorts; there was just enough smooth skin on display for the base of her hips to teasingly show. A tank top and a sports bra hugged her chest tightly to produce tightly packed cleavage. No doubt she had come to the library after a morning run, her hair still up in a ponytail.

Part of Damian's studious confidence ebbed away with his attention span now fighting for his focus. Often he would steal glances at her direction when their shared philosophy class grew dull; it would be even harder not to admire her from afar in the thinly-populated library. One day he hoped to have a real conversation with the girl, but thus far his nerves had won the battle.

He continued to a table and claimed it with a book bag. Digging a hand into his wallet, he produced a sticky note with a list of required references for his report. Like a rat in a maze, he set off among the towering bookshelves to find the gems of knowledge.

"Age of the Thought..." he repeated to himself while looking over various titles. The section written on the note indicated it should be close, though he wasn't the only student in need of such references. If he couldn't find it soon he would resort to asking for help.

The books pulled him deeper into the aisle and around a corner where the rest of the world became disconnected in the sea of books. It would have been eerily quiet had another student not been walking down the aisle behind him.

The padding of well-worn sneakers moved across the hard carpet. Damian looked down the aisle to cast a glance at the approaching student, his heart skipping a beat when he saw a blonde ponytail swinging towards him. A soft smile passed on Chelsea's lips when their eyes briefly met and Damian returned the gesture with an additional wave of his hand.

Chelsea turned to replace an armful of books to their rightful places. Out of the corner of his eye Damian could glimpse her bare thighs; he could look at her legs for hours and not lose interest. A high shelf required Chelsea to reach over her head. The position pulled her shirt over her stomach and pale skin flashed the ogling student. He looked away after a heartbeat; getting caught staring like a creep in a library wasn't how he wanted to get to know Chelsea.

Still looking for his own book, Damian stood in the aisle while she replaced a book directly behind him.

"Getting your references for Dr. Ludchin's paper?" a perky voice asked.

Damian was almost too nervous to answer. "Yea. Wish we didn't have to go to the library to find them, though. Ridiculous that he wants page numbers in our references."

A giggle sounded from behind him. "Some teachers want to keep the Dewey Decimal System alive and well, I guess!"

Heart thumping and atmosphere growing warm, Damian urged himself to turn around and turn their words into an ongoing conversation. He would be willing to completely forego working on his paper if it meant talking to Chelsea. Sweat beaded under his clothes as he tried to muster the courage of a dozen nerds. The heat was strange in the usually chilled library.

"Well, well..." A foggily familiar voice breathed hotly on his neck. The smooth, cinnamon-syrup tone was like candy to his ears. Arms reached around Damian's waist from behind and hugged his hips. He recognized them as Chelsea's, but the voice was none-her-own. "How am I supposed to take this...?" the voice hummed, "You're pining after another woman after what we shared last night?"

Chelsea's breasts pushed into his back and a tongue licked the nape of Damian's neck. Memories flashed through his mind in rapid-fire. "Your voice... Y-You're from my dream last night." The voice was unmistakable, yet it had a different pitch. There was something hidden behind it, causing stress like a strained lover.

"Mmmmm... Whoever said that was a dream?" Chelsea's possessed hands ran over the front of his jeans and tapped on a growing bulge. "We have...unfinished business, Damian. There's something you owe me."

In a motion too quick to fight, Chelsea's hands undid the front of his pants and slipped into his boxers. They wound around his cock greedily, stroking its length with expert hands. "Oh *my*, you must *really* like this girl...!" Lilith chuckled.

"That was...a dream..." Damian tried to assure himself without moaning.

"I can assure you it wasn't." The hands slipped from his pants and spun him around by the hips. Standing before him was Chelsea, though her eyes told of a different entity residing

within; they were starved and desperate. She was leaning forward slightly, pushing her breasts together between her arms. “Let’s...*nnngh*...finish what we started last night...”

Damian gulped, still trying to come to terms with how Lilith could possibly be real. Succubi didn’t exist in the real world, and yet he was now positive he had had sex with.

“I saw you looking at this girl’s body...” Lilith cooed, pulling at Chelsea’s tank top. “Would you like to see it?”

“N-No I--”

He stopped talking as Chelsea began messing with her clothes. Hands controlled by Lilith’s mind, they pulled and tugged expertly at the bottom of her shirt. Every motion raised it another inch higher until the band of a pink sports bra shown brightly against her skin. Her thumbs slid under the elastic and stretched it into the air before pulling upward.

It was impossible for Damian to avert his eyes when Chelsea’s firm breasts toppled free before him. A pair of ample C-cups, they were a beautiful fit for her frame and brushed against each other ever so slightly with smooth, natural cleavage. A single mole rested near her left nipple; it was an image Damian would never forget.

“Are they all you imagined?” Lilith asked with a sly grin. Noticing his swollen and exposed member, she added, “*M-Mmm*...I-It sure looks like it.” Damian could sense a growing change in her voice. The more aroused he became, the more drastic a change in Lilith’s tone. It reminded him of desperate pleading, as if she couldn’t control herself around him.

Leaving her top and sports bra bunched on top of her chest, Lilith slid Chelsea’s hand down her torso before hooking the waistband of her shorts with a finger. “W-Want to see...some more...? This girl’s body is simply *delectable*...”

Her hand pulled downward and untanned skin greeted Damian. The curve of Chelsea’s navel led between her thighs like an erotic path and finely-trimmed pubic hair fuzzed the front. A smallest possible glimpse of pink assaulted Damian’s eyes; he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. It felt wrong on every possible level, but he couldn’t look away. As Lilith slid one of Chelsea’s fingers between her legs, the heat pouring from his collar grew more intense.

Chelsea licked her moist finger. “She’s juicy and sweet like a ripe peach,” Lilith swooned, replacing Chelsea’s shorts. “Though I already know where your tastes lie.” Her hands cupped Chelsea’s breasts. “Shall I make them grow? Would you like to see her bosom *swell* as mine did last night?”

Still undone, Damian’s pants fell to his ankles as if in response. His cock throbbed and stuck out of his askew boxers and Lilith licked Chelsea’s lips. Slowly the supple skin of her breasts pressed against her hands. Any small change in size was obvious under the library’s lighting and Damian’s breath caught in his throat.

It was a scene he had dreamed of witnessing since the day he met Chelsea. No girl had been exempt from his swelling-based fantasies, but Chelsea especially had found her way into his imagination. He wasn’t ashamed to admit more than a handful of philosophy classes had been spent in mammary-filled daydreams of her outgrowing the daily low-cut shirt. He may have been

slightly ashamed to admit he had spent just as classes applying the same scenario to the girls in his class as a whole. Seeing it become a reality was more than he could handle.

Chelsea grew past a full E-cup and continued larger, overflowing her own hands as they pressed into her biceps. “*Mmmmm* she’s so firm...” Lilith moaned. Again her control seemed to waver, being replaced by lust. “You would make this girl outgrow her clothes given the chance, wouldn’t you? S-Simply...*nnnghmmm*...overflow her brassier as I did my harness last night.”

Nipples inching closer to Damian, he backed against the wall of books. Chelsea stepped forward. Glorious mounds jiggled in her grasp, each as large as a cantaloupe. A thin run of milk dribbled from the nipple topped by a mole and Lilith moaned, bending a knee. “N-Now please...D-Damian; end...*nnngh*...this torture...”

Tightening flesh wrapped around Damian’s cock when Lilith lowered Chelsea’s cleavage onto his swollen head. He plunged between them, his tip becoming exposed at the top where it was met with Lilith’s waiting tongue. Fluid motions of Chelsea’s possessed body thrust Damian’s cock in and out of her bloating cleavage and pink lips. Every thrust and every additional cup piled on top of Damian’s tortured psyche. He wanted to come more than anything but also wanted to hold back for Chelsea’s sake.

“*Ooohhhh* she’s getting too...*nnnghh*...b-big to hold...!” Lilith moaned, “A-All this milk filling her up! Better hurry, this girl can only...*mmmmghh!*...take so much.”

Chelsea’s cleavage grew slick with dairy and Damian’s own juices. Each pop of his head between her lips urged him closer to the edge. Before he knew it, his vision shook and it was already too late. Cum exploded into Chelsea’s eagerly awaiting mouth. A pulsing cock made her overripe melons wobble tightly as milk spurted against his pelvis and dribbled to the floor in loud splatters.

Her lips seemed to suck his fluids from him, the succubus drawing every drop from his body. When empty, he gripped the bookshelf for support as Chelsea stood up and wiped her mouth. Breasts as large as basketballs, their curves hung past her elbows and jutted more than a foot in front of her. Milk soaked her front and now-slippery thighs.

Leaning in, Lilith smiled at Damian’s exhausted face and whispered in his ear. “There’s the tired eyes I was after. I’ll take pity on your muse and return her to normal, though you may want to leave before she awakes. Unless you want to explain the milk and seed covering her face and bosom.”

That was not a situation Damian wanted any part of. If there was one thing to ruin any chance he had with Chelsea, it was that. Hurriedly he pulled up his pants, noticing the girl’s chest returning to its natural size. Lilith chuckled in amusement. “Best hurry,” she teased.

Damian nearly tripped over himself running out of the bookshelves before she could regain control. Grabbing his book bag from the table, he all but sprinted from the library just as he heard Chelsea groan from within the book-layered aisles before crying out in shock.

“*Nnngh*... H-Huh?! What the hell?!”

He couldn't clamber into his apartment fast enough. Gone were the thrills of an exciting night's dream; now his mind was only filled with dread and fear of the demon he had shared himself with not once, but twice now. While she possessed his crush's body, no less.

There was such a flurry of intermingled confusion and eroticism plowing through his mind Damian could hardly hear himself think. All he wanted to do was lock himself in his room and research every possible method of warding succubi. It didn't matter the source, be it a Dungeons and Dragons handbook or an occult website; if it could help he wanted to know. Such creatures were fun in fantastical worlds, but he didn't dare consider how dangerous they could be in reality. How much of his energy had she already taken? So far he felt all right but his pulse was racing too quick for comfort.

Thankfully his roommate was gone when he burst into the apartment. The air was thick and choked him in his fear, growing hotter as he neared his room. The door slammed behind him and second later and he turned to lock the handle as if it may help against his foe. A sense of safety enveloped him and he leaned his head against the door and closed his eyes in an attempt to calm his nerves.

"Mmmm, t-took you long enough."

A shaking voice behind Damian made both his cock and the hairs on the back of his neck stand at attention. The smooth tone of the succubus's words drew him in and he couldn't help but turn around.

The demon sat on the floor resting against his bed. Lilith's legs were spread across the floor exposing black lace panties between her supple thighs. A gargantuan pair of breasts pulled at an ever-tightening set of leather straps. Like two beach balls laden with creamy milk they hung off her torso demanding absolute and full attention. Her hands worked furiously at enlarged nipples continuously leaking dairy over her body. Each tug and pull made Lilith's mouth quiver and gasp silently. Small dribbles of white fluid ran from the corners of her mouth from her occasional tasting. Tired wings hung limply over his bed and floor as if to signify the succubus's current mental state.

Such a sight was a miracle to behold for Damian. Breasts as large and full as Lilith's had been found only in his dreams until now. He wasn't sure he could look away unless he tore his own eyes out.

"G-Get..." he cleared his throat, trying to sound authoritative. "Get out! Get away from me!"

Lilith's expression of self-pleasure wavered and a growl accompanied narrowed eyes. Although her movements were bulky and heavy, Damian was startled to see how easily she rose to her feet and appeared in front of him. Her cleavage pushed into his chest and nipples prodded his ribs angrily. Milk soaked through his shirt in the blink of an eye.

The calm, lust-inducing succubus was gone, now replaced by a semi-frantic demon filled with frustration and lust of her own. “Listen, kid,” Lilith snarled, “We’ve got some unfinished business between us.” A pointed tail poked his chest accusingly, the succubus’s hands too busy supporting her chest. “I would...*nnngh*...*I-love* to leave but I can’t do that just yet. Not until you’re satisfied.”

The heat pouring off Lilith’s body was akin to hugging a radiator. The more Damian felt her skin rub against him and her temperature draw sweat from his skin, the more he wanted to dive cock-first into her firming milk-filled cleavage. It was difficult to speak with such a scene pressing against him. “What...What are you talking about?”

“We made a deal last night. I become your fantasy in exchange for your sexual energy. And I’m not leaving until I--*nngh!*” Lilith groaned as milk gurgled in her bust, her skin bloated larger and stretching against the tightening leather.

“You did get it! Twice!” Damian protested.

“I-I’ve gotten...*none*,” she hissed. Lilith’s eyes fluttered and Damian could see she was resisting a mounting flurry of ecstasy. Something was off about this situation.

“What do you mean none?” he demanded.

“We made a contract...” Lilith breathed, refusing to cast her gaze away from his eyes despite them fluttering against her pleasure. Trying to make her point, she reached down and gripped the eager cock pushing uncomfortably against Damian’s jeans. “A-And until you’re satisfied, I’m stuck as this lactating cow.”

He looked at her with lacking understanding and it frustrated the succubus. “Three times you’ve sown your seed in the last twelve hours! And still you stand ready for more!” Lilith grit her teeth as milk pulsed from her nipples. It smelled sweet like frosting. “What does it...*mmm*...take to quell your drive? Are all men so potent in this new age?”

“Only the hormone flooded ones in school...” Damian said slowly, now realizing the demon’s words. “So this is why you possessed Chelsea in the library?”

“I thought an experience with the girl may quench your thirst. B-But alas, the milk...*c-continues*... And I...*nnngh*...grow *tighter*. Limits exist for demons as well.”

Damian was feeling less scared now. The succubus swelling like a sponge in his room was not the same succubus he had initially met last night. Her confidence and authority were nowhere to be found. Instead they had been replaced by arousal seemingly driving her up the wall and fogging her mind.

“There’s something else, isn’t there?” he asked with certainty.

Lilith’s body grew hotter with every ounce of milk pumped inside of her, though she didn’t respond other than a stifled groan.

“You’re a succubus; you could have drained my life away and killed me if you wanted to just leave!” Lilith growled and Damian knew he was nearing the answer. “But you didn’t. I don’t think you’re fond of me... So maybe you *can’t* drain my energy.” He stared at the cleavage

aggressively bulging over her leather straps. A soft sloshing and the resulting cry from her quivering lips gave him an idea. “It’s the milk, isn’t it? It’s doing something to you.”

A grin spread over his face when Lilith’s knees shook under her weight. They buckled a moment later, sending her to the floor under a massive pile of milk-filled flesh. “*Ahhh!!*” she gasped loudly, her tail rubbed against her crotch as her hands rubbed swollen nipples.

“Y-Y-Yes...” she confessed, a flood gate opening as she lost control. “M-Milk is one of the purest substances of life; i-it dampens a succubus’s abilities.” A shaking hand brought dripping fingers to waiting lips and she sucked them greedily. “*MMM!!* But it’s a rare delicacy as well...! Succubi are unable to conceive and therefore we cannot produce milk. U-Unless it is through other means...” Lilith stared at Damian’s thickening member and licked her lips. “We can’t...*nnggh*...h-help ourselves around it! It’s considered a most powerful aphrodisiac yet one of our...*nngghmmmMMMM*...greatest weaknesses!”

Damian grinned like the devil himself. “So you’re stuck fulfilling my fantasy until I’m *satisfied*, and I’m safe so long as you’re doing so.”

Lilith writhed on the floor, thighs rubbing against each other to massage an aching pussy. Breasts grown large enough to overflow her trembling arms, she guided a stream of dairy down her cleavage and into her mouth. A lashing tail slipped under her underwear and pulled them down her legs to present a sopping groin baked in heat and lust.

“D-Do with me what you will!” Lilith pleaded, drunk on her own lust-inducing milk. Spreading her legs wide and squeezing the sides of her breasts, she cried out, “*P-Please, fuck me, MASTER!*”

Damian had never been called master before.

He liked it.

An overwhelming sense of control and power flooded Damian’s head. Seeing Lilith squirm with such pleasure as milk drained from pulsating nipples planted an insatiable hunger in his loins.

“Get up,” he commanded with an entertained grin.

Heavy panting moistened the succubus’s lips and her body strained with effort. Unable to resist his commands with her diminished power, Lilith cradled her overgrown udders in her arms and rolled onto her knees. With a desperate groan she stood on wobbling legs.

“R-Release me from this...*nnggh*...torture...” she begged, allowed her hands to sink into her tightening globes of milk. “This milk...r-ravishes my mind but poisons it a-as well!”

Damian ignored her and strode towards his bed. All the while he removed his clothes with eagerness and raging anticipation. The sight of his yet-to-be satisfied cock springing before him like a meaty antenna made Lilith pant with desire. He laid on his bed and crossed his arms behind his head, ready for a show. Damian himself could hardly believe how aroused he was after the scene he had just experienced in the library.

“Come and pleasure me,” he told Lilith firmly, “Maybe then your torture will end.”

A whimper unlike anything Damian had ever heard slipped from the once-proud succubus's lips. Heavy steps brought her to the bed, sloshing with each footfall as milk further engorged her bloated form.

Damian watched her straddle his legs like a water balloon trying to find its balance. Looming over him in much the same way as she had the previous night, Lilith now looked upon her would-be prey with desirous eyes and gasping lips. Moist curves quivered under her soaking panties while leather straps threatened to snap across her bust.

"T-This milk..." she groaned, unable to stop tasting her own fluid. Damian felt as though he were lying in a splash zone from the looks of Lilith's swollen nipples. "I can't...*mmmm*!! S-Satan help me!"

Lilith's tail whipped around to her front. Like a starving serpent, it wrapped itself around Damian's waiting dick before contacting and sliding up and down his shaft. There was slight friction and it drew a look of discomfort from Damian.

"Let me...wet it for you...Master..." Lilith suggested, seeing his expression. A hand strained to reach a nipple trapped in her breast harness. With a full grip she pulled on its puffy form and cried loudly when milk gushed forth and showered Damian's cock. The heat covered it with like a warm, slick lube and Lilith's tail stroked at a faster and firmer rate. Another hand dripping with dairy rose to her trembling lips where a tongue licked her fingers clean.



“Does...this please...*nnngh*...you, Master?” she whimpered.

A snicker crossed Damian’s face. “I don’t see your milk stopping, do you?”

Lilith’s body was overcome with tremors when she engorged further with dairy. Skin bulged tight and shiny around the leather straps. Nipples large enough to stretch a man’s mouth had trapped themselves inside the metal rings. Growing full of fluid and desperation, Lilith urged her tail faster and tighter around Damian’s shaft. A handjob was incomparable to the writhing, ribbed sensation such a method delivered and he could feel himself reaching the peak of pleasure.

Releasing his hands from behind his head, he brought them to the sides of Lilith’s gurgling tits.

“*A-AAOOOOOHH!!*” she cried, milk shooting from her nipples at his touch.

Even as he tried to lift them her skin refused to indent against his palms. Creamy milk swirled against her skin and almost seared his fingers with her boiling heat.

“You’re getting a little full I think! How much milk can a succubus hold?”

“N-N-Not...much more!!” she begged. Curves billowed and bulged like a mountain range due to the harness. Cracks appeared along the leather’s surface as it stretched beyond its limit. Pleading eyes looked to Damian for relief over rising cleavage. The initial dominating nature of the succubus had been alluring, but seeing Lilith in such an imploring state was even better.

SNAP!!!

“*OOHH!!*” A leather band blew open along the side of her chest and allowed a mass of flesh to topple free. The change in weight distribution nearly threw her off balance, though she caught herself with shaking arms amid a loud sloshing. “I-I...I can’t take it...” she moaned, “You’re filling me too full! This milk is driving me *mad!!*”

Veins pulsed along Damian’s shaft and his head flared wide atop Lilith’s coiled tail. Sensing his imminent release, Lilith constricted her tail around his full length to coax every bit of pleasure from his body. The wraps caused him to swell as if wearing multiple cock rings, his member engorged past the point of anything naturally achievable.

The sight of his cock enhanced beside a pair of bloated tits drove him past the edge. Damian hardened against her tail and for a moment worried if he could ejaculate under such binding pressure. At the moment of release, he grunted loudly and pressed against the sides of Lilith’s chest with all of his might.

“*A-A-AAAHH!!*” she screamed, pressure rising within her body. Bloating as large as two yoga balls, they fell upon Damian’s hips where their cleavage engulfed his dick. Slippery skin rubbed around his head like wet drums as he felt a damn break within.

Cum shot through Lilith’s cleavage like an erotic injection. It was forced upwards by milky pressure and Damian’s pressing hands where it shot from the top of Lilith’s bust and into her gasping face. The size of the whitewash astounded Damian when she received her facial, lustful lips and tongue cleaning away what they could.

“D-Does this...please you?” she asked.

A shiver ran through the demon when he chuckled and flicked the side of her breasts to elicit a deep milky echo. "Maybe it's just me, but those udders still look bigger every time I blink."

Uncertainty, lust, panic, and rage filled Lilith's eyes when she saw he was right. Milk still pushed against her skin and urged her larger. The speed had diminished since Damian's release, but the growth was undeniable. "O-Oh no... No please, no more! Master I *can't!* T-Tell me you're satisfied!" She growled, clenching her fists. "*Release me!*"

Damian was in fact very tired. He wasn't sure he could endure another round if he had to, but it would be a lie if he said he wasn't still experiencing the guttural feeling of a lustful appetite. Such hormonal endurance was new to him, but when faced with the embodiment of his utmost fantasy and desire, it was impossible not to want more.

A grin spread over his face as he licked warm milk from a cheek. "Maybe next time! I guess I'm just not done having my fun."

Lilith's reaction was unnerving. Although her eyes were flooded with deepening desire and sexual need, a rising fury had begun to show. Small fangs were bared against panting lips and Damian feared she may lash out. Instead, she faded away in a cloud of heated smoke leaving him alone in a messy bed.

The succubus's reaction was worrying. On the surface the situation was a dream come true; Damian could enjoy his ultimate fantasy to his heart's content. But as his aching member was starting to make clear, this couldn't be maintained forever. Lilith seemed to have an unlimited supply of sexual energy. She could reappear in a matter of minutes and Damian would have to deal with her once more, regardless of where he was. As much as his mind was willing, he didn't think his body could handle it.

There was another problem, he realized; Lilith had the ability to possess other women. The implications worried Damian as he wondered how far she would be willing to go for her freedom. Lying in the soggy wake of their last interaction, he wondered how long he could take advantage of the situation before it came to ahead.

Damian thought he would have at least an hour of rest. Figuring out what to do with his demonic prisoner could wait until he cleaned himself up. During a much-needed shower, however, Lilith proved his assumptions very wrong.

After opening his eyes from lathering a headful of shampoo, Damian was startled to see the sexually-crazed eyes of a demon staring back at him. Even in the twenty minutes since her disappearance, Lilith's breasts had engorged well past her own hips. They invaded the limited shower space like blimps and her sudden presence made him stumble backward. The soapy surfaces caused him to slip and landing roughly on the floor of the tub as Lilith stood over him like a milky blowup doll.

Groaning, she lowered herself to her knees. The tub overflowed with tightening flesh bulging into the wall and over the side. Skin squeaked against the surfaces when she moved between Damian's legs.

“W-Wait,” he stammered, trying to find footing in the reduced space.

Lilith continued her advance, her wet body sliding his legs over her shoulders as her breasts pushed against the back of his thighs. Devilish eyes lingered on the cock inches away from ruby lips.

“Every man has a limit,” she growled, “Y-You need only be satisfied and...*mmm!*...a-and I’ll be free of this accursed milk. I’ll see that you...*nnngh!*...get no rest until then.”

Damian had no time to protest before his cock vanished into her mouth. Against his better wishes, it swelled against her cheeks and writhing tongue, filling the soft void with his manhood. He felt his head press against the back of her waiting throat, and a second later Lilith started to rock her head.

The sheer ecstasy of a millennia-old blowjob technique made Damian throw his head back and clench his eyes tightly. The entirety of his shaft was hidden behind her lips. An expertly-piloted tongue knew his every button and weak spot. When she allowed him to slide free of her lips and into a waiting hand, his head popped loudly from her lips like a reddened golfball.

“I can still taste myself on your skin,” Lilith cooed, “My milk *drenched* your manhood. Surely it would please you to see my bust outgrow this bath?”

Damian was having a difficult time processing the situation. He knew everything the succubus said was a trap to lure him into another release but he couldn’t help but enjoy it. With his legs over her hunched shoulders and a mammoth pair of breasts engorged beyond belief pressing against his balls, it was all he could do to resist her temptations.

Steam filled the shower as spraying water struck Lilith’s back and poured over her head. Drenched hair slithered across his cock between her hand as she sucked his head like candy.

“M-My breasts cannot hold much more...” Lilith moaned, “Please, Master, free me so I may feed on another... I promise to leave you without harm...” Suction assaulted his member and fuses blew within Damian’s mind. For what would be the fifth time in less than twenty-four hours, he felt himself approaching the orgasmic cliff.

“Give me...your seed, Master!” Lilith begged, “Y-Your serpent fills my bosom larger b-by the minute; I cannot take much *more!*!”

The back of his head felt electric.

“*N-Nngh!!*” Damian groaned loudly when he came. The demon allowed her mouth to fill with his fluid and round out her cheeks before swallowing. Feeling close to faint, he watched as she licked the remnants from his sensitive head and smiled.

“You won’t last much longer,” Lilith smiled. Her skin squeaked loudly as milk still flooded her bust and snapped another leather strap, causing her to wince. “S-So long as your milk plagues me, you shall have no rest.”

Just as before, she vanished from sight leaving Damian stunned and on the floor of the tub. Cracks were beginning to show in his fantastical situation and he could feel his sex drive ebbing away. The tits of his dreams couldn’t sustain his libido forever, but releasing the

succubus was simply unthinkable given the benefits. How much sexual stress were his fantasies worth?

Over the course of the day Damian came to realize how bad too much of a good thing could become. Although he wasn't jumped by the succubus unexpectedly as he had been in the shower, he became keenly aware of a distant moaning without a source. At first he thought he was hearing things from the neighbors, but as the hours drew on and the sexual growls increased in volume and arousal, he knew it could only be coming from one source.

Lilith may have been out of sight but by no means did her absence indicate she had given up. The sighs and groans of a demoness caught in the throws of body-shivering over-lactation flooded his apartment like a porno playing on repeat. Damian's imagination was assaulted with images of the succubus pleasing herself and milking her bloated nipples as best she could with every gasp.

"M-Master..." her voice would drift ethereally, *"I'm so full... I can't help myself!"*

"I...nnngh!!...I need you inside me!"

"My skin stretches with each passing minute!!"

The erotic whispers were only part of her efforts. Although nothing could be seen, Damian was keenly aware of what felt like a hand gently massaging his member inside his pants. Slender fingers continually stroked his shaft and spun around his head. More difficult to ignore was the occasional intense heat of a ghostly tongue or rogue moist breath. Multiple times Damian saw his pants unzip and spring open to release his cock into the air while invisible lips explored its ever-hardened surface.

Damian knew this was part of Lilith's plan. She had seen her previous efforts growing yielding weak results after so many of his releases. This was her new strategy; slowly building an overflowing sense of arousal within Damian until he could no longer take it. He suspected at some point she would make an appearance and bring with her the flood of lust mounting within him.

Perhaps most concerning was how well it was working.

Every action she took was deliberate and meant to tease. Nothing ever brought him close to the edge but it always left him wanting more. It was unnerving how effective the strategy had become. Even if Lilith was weakened and partially a slave to his sexual desires, she was still a creature created for the sole purpose of arousing and tempting men. Lilith's entire existence was built around the very thing she was doing to Damian's mind. He was playing with fire and growing less confident with each passing moment.

Not daring to leave the apartment, Damian chose to sequester himself away from the outside world until the situation was more under control. A passing remark from his roommate about the neighbors' never-ending sex only increased his worry. If other men could hear Lilith's storm of moans, what might happen if she were to appear in public? Damian wondered if he had less of a handle on the situation than he initially thought. How could he be around another woman with Lilith always at his neck?

It wasn't until night fell that he realized how accurate his fears were.

Sleep was the farthest thing from his mind that Saturday night. A groin aching refreshed and aching for pent-up release from Lilith's teases refused to let Damian rest. Images of the swollen succubus wracked with ecstasy invaded his thoughts. He didn't dare masturbate out of fear of the demon appearing immediately after. On the same train of thought, nothing on Earth sounded more enticing than slipping himself into the demon and giving her exactly what she wanted. After the day of build-up, he feared any release could free the demon. Sleep felt dangerous; how easily could a dream overexcite him after such a day?

The room was dark and the sheets clung to Damian's body. He stared at the ceiling thinking through his situation but no answers made themselves know. Sleep was winning against his efforts and making his eyes heavy. Lilith's cries had died away as had the ghostly teasings, leaving his room quiet in the dead of night.

A giggle sounded outside his window. It had been left open to help circulate the cool night air. The outline of three feminine figures looking into his room made his heart leapfrog over his lungs.

They giggled again as hands pulled the screen free of its frame. Damian didn't dare move when three girls climbed through the opening. Eyes adjusted to the dim atmosphere, he could make out Chelsea's face as well as two of her friends. He recognized them from other classes but knew them only by name, though their beauty was unmistakable. Clad in skirts and fluttering unbuttoned blouses to reveal bare breasts below, the three girls approached his bed.

"Damian..." Chelsea cooed, "Are you awake? I've brought some company..."

Frozen with shock, Damian could only lie on his back and stare as the girls surrounded him. It was obvious they were under Lilith's control, each of them panting with flushed cheeks and hungry eyes.

The girls shivered and clutched at their chests. Just as had happened in the library, Lilith's was urging their bodies to lactate and urge their busts larger.

One of Chelsea's friend's, Katy, moaned loudly as her blouse rubbed across her nipples to expose a swollen pair of melons cradled in her arms. "Damian, please you have to suck the milk out...!" she swooned, "M-My boobs are filling up!"

Alice, the other girl, had been fairly well endowed to begin. The head start in size was apparent as she ballooned past the other girls and groped her engorging milk jugs in shaking hands. "P-Please we're getting so full! They're tight from holding all of this...*mmmm*...milk!"

"You need to leave!" Damian blurted, "Lilith get them out of here!"

Chelsea grinned and leaned forward, allowing her breasts to hang off her torso like udders. "Shh shh shhhh," she hushed, "We've been sent to please you..." Soft lips kissed his chest and Damian could feel his will weakening. One of her hands slipped around his over-teased cock and made him light-headed.

"He looks ready to burst himself," Katy licked her lips.

Alice nodded. "Let's not keep him waiting."

The girls advanced on Damian. Chelsea was the first to climb into bed and straddle his legs. Tits stretching to her belly button, she lifted her skirt to reveal the absence of underwear and her readiness to accept Damian into herself. A finger slid into her mouth and she gently bit a knuckle. "Where should we start?" she asked.

Alice climbed onto the bed as well, turning her back to him. His eyes bulged with when she lifted a leg over his chest to straddle him backward. The outline of her breasts was clear on either side of her slender torso. The warm sensation of milk landing on his bare skin from each of the women made him stand at attention. Words desperately wanted to erupt from his throat but his mouth had forgotten to open as he stared at Alice's shaking back.

"I need to feel his cock between my cleavage," Alice moaned. "I-I want him to feel how *engaged* I am! H-How *tight* my skin is!"

Damian's breath caught when Alice leaned forward to surround his cock with tightening flesh. Her hips slid back on his chest towards his face and her skirt rode up the top of her butt to reveal a similiar lack of panties to Chelsea, granting him a not-too-modest view.

"I-I'm overflowing with milk too!" Chelsea added. Out of sight from behind Alice's presented crotch, Damian could feel two pairs of breasts massaging his dick and engulfing it in heavenly softness. Nipples released milk over his skin, causing him to slip in and out of their canyons.

"I...nnngh...I need him too!" Katy pleaded. With breasts larger than her own head, she knelt at the side of the bed and added her bust to the two already surrounding Damian.

A churning mass of milk-filled flesh pressed on his cock from all sides. The girls' breath grew heavy and labored against their burgeoning mammaries and stretching skin. Damian felt as though his pelvis was being assaulted by a tightly-packed horde of fluid-filled beach balls.

"O-O-OOOOHHH *I'm still getting bigger!!*" Chelsea gasped. "*God, all this MILK is blowing me up like a balloon!!*"

"Me too!" Alice thrust her pussy into Damian's face and warm fluids coursed over his lips. These girls had been pushed past the point of desperation and thrown into the realm of pure sexual need. "G-God, I want to *POP!!*" Her hands pressed into her tits, skin tightly rubbing on his shaft like plastic. "I'm getting so full I can't *TAKE IT!!*"

Desperate for his cum to quell their bloating tits, three tongues descended upon Damian's head as it popped in and out of the sea of flesh.

"C-Come for us!" Katy begged, "I want to feel it pump into me! *Fill my belly!*"

"I-I'll grow to be as big as you want, Damian," Chelsea moaned. "I see the way you look at me! My milk is just for you! Make me *huge*. I don't care if I get too big!"

Damian was drawing upon reserves of restraint he never knew he had. The scene of bodies writhing on his bed was straight out of an erotic fairytale and he wanted nothing more than to dive in and enjoy Lilith's handy work to the fullest.

But he knew he couldn't. Should he give in Lilith could release her hold on the girls and the fantasy would abruptly turn into a nightmare. It would be impossible for him to explain how

they came to be half-naked in his room in the middle of the night with their tits wrapped around his cock. The situation could lead to much more than just a desperate succubus; the girls could easily land him in prison when they came to the wrong conclusion. Even if he somehow managed to escape with no consequences, how far would Lilith go next time for her freedom? Was any aspect of his life safe from her meddling?

Grinding his teeth against the writhing bodies of the college girls, Damian looked past the curve of Alice's rear and into a dark corner of his room. A pair of red eyes stared back with contempt and desire.

"S-Stop it!" Damian told the demon.

"You should--*o-ooohhhh*--enjoy them," she breathed, "These girls are swollen to leaking with p-precious milk and begging for your seed."

"I...*nnggh*...can't!"

The girls moaned loudly and Chelsea spoke. "H-He's getting harder! I can feel him tightening against my skin!"

"G-Gonna burst... Gonna *burst!*!" Alice chanted, tits gurgling like overfilled milk tanks.

Lips descended upon him and fought for his throbbing head. The girls' hands pressed on the sides of their breasts and increased the applied pressure to his shaft. Sparks flew in Damian's mind and he knew he might not last another minute of this madness.

"L-Lilith!!" he begged.

"Free me; I'm...*mmmnngh*...d-done waiting." Skin groaned on her form in the darkness as her own growth continued. Damian couldn't tell how large she was, but from the sound of her whimpers and gurgling body, Lilith must have been massive.

The cliff was fast approaching and Damian knew he was out of options. No fantasy was worth the consequences of the girls finding themselves in this situation. "O-O-Ok ok! I'll do it!! *Stop them!!*"

A smirk crossed Lilith's lips. Like a switch being flipped, the girls fell into a misty-eyed trance and stopped their assault. Each stood up from the bed, breasts leaking in order to return to normal.

Before anything could happen, Damian said, "Don't wake them up! I'll free you, but I have conditions." He remained motionless on the bed. After what he had just been through, he feared the slightest breeze across his groin could set him off. He wasn't ready to go down without enjoying every last second.

Eyes narrowing, Lilith spurred him on. "I'm listening."

"S-Send them home safely with no memory of what happened."

The succubus was silent for a moment but agreed without issue. "Very well." With no motion from the demon, the girls turned towards the window. As easily as they had entered, they left into the night leaving only the mental images of their skirts lifting with their motions.

"I...*nnggh*...can assure their safe return."

Damian's eyes widened when the succubus stepped out of the corner and into the moonlight center of his room. Steps of lead heaved gargantuan udders into view. Their curves reached beyond her knees and were only inches from brushing over his carpet. They hung from Lilith's chest like weighty weather balloons, each ripe with milk leaking from soda can nipples. The harness was nowhere to be seen, her bust presumably grown too large for its restraints long ago.

A face of pure lustful need looked to Damian. Knees buckling under her weight, Lilith fell to the floor. A massive sloshing filled the room like a waterbed in an earthquake. Trying to calm her jostling skin and control the pleasure shooting through her, Lilith leaned across her bloating udders for support. Wings weak from lack of energy draped themselves over their curves protectively. "N-Now...release me..." she pleaded. "I cannot...*NNGH!*...take much more!"

Damian knew this was his last chance to bargain. After the day's build-up and the assault from Chelsea and her friends, he knew his libido would vanish after his next release; his cock felt ready to shoot into space. Afterward, Lilith would vanish with her freedom and his fantasy would return to being nothing more than a dream.

He rose from the bed and stood over the succubus, Lilith's eyes never leaving the wobbling cock on his front.

"I wasn't finished with my conditions," he said.

"Y-You push...*nnggh*...your luck..."

Looking down at her, Damian could see her skin stretching firmer and her body slowly rising atop the swelling breasts. Grinning he threatened, "You don't seem to be in much of a state to deny me."

Lilith's tail whipped behind her angrily but an emanating groan from her chest pulled her attention back with fearful eyes. Poking a throbbing veins cautiously, she agreed. "O-Ok, I'll--*mmmgh!*--listen, Master."

"I don't want this to go back to being just a fantasy."

"Y-you wish to...have this at...*nnggh*...a-at will?" Lilith surveyed her situation and listened to the gurgles of fresh milk brewing within her. Nipples flaring hotly and swollen shut, she could feel her demonic limits approaching. "V-Very well, Master. Upon my release, you shall have...w-what you request." Skin growing shiny in the moonlight, Lilith's tits surged and rubbed tightly with cleavage. "*Oooooohhhh* n-now I beg you! B-Before I *explode!* Even I can only...s-stretch so far! I feel beyond my limit!"

Damian ignored her pleas and strode behind the succubus. Trembling thighs ending in a tight ass framed in black lace greeted him. Lilith laid her head into her cleavage, pulling her underwear down with a flick of her tail before spreading her thighs. "*M-Master, please I beg you! D-Do with me what you will until you're satisfied. My body is yours! I-I am fit to BURST!*"

Even Lilith wasn't prepared when Damian plunged himself into her presented loins. The day of teasing and edging had brought him a rod of steel and he couldn't wait to thrust it into the

furnace that was Lilith's belly. Her ass smacked against his pelvis and pushed her onto her chest, sending ripples across its surface as her milk was shaken.

"C-Careful! Oooooohhhh be careful!" she cried out, "I'm getting too full! You're filling me with more milk, Master!! M-More milk than my body can handle!"

Damian took little notice of her fears and only gripped her hips tighter. Every thrust in and out of her body pumped her bust larger and tighter. The room was filled with endless sloshing and lustful moans from the tortured succubus. Claws clenched tightly over her skin as she ballooned. Lilith could feel her nipples engorging with pressure and her areolas bulging into tight pink domes.

"Master... *Master!*" she gasped, "Fill me with your seed! Thrust your serpent deep within my body and fill me to the brim with your essence! *I-I can take no more!*"

Damian watched as Lilith's wings clenched and rustled along her back. They rose with his own fervor and her tail whipped about wildly. It soon wrapped tightly around the base of his cock and forced him larger within her aching flesh.

"I can't take it... *I can't take it!*" Lilith panted, running her hands over her tightening flesh with worry. "Master I feel my bosom may *BURST* before you are done!!"

It came on like a rogue wave. Damian felt every muscle in his body tighten starting from his toes to his neck. As if an ocean was about to be forced through his member, his shaft pulsed long and thick before his head swelled like a tomato.

"AaaaaAHHH!!" Lilith cried out, feeling him grow within her and pushing her body to its max.

Damian could no longer hold it back. A rush of semen gushed from his cock inside the succubus, the force of his release causing him to hold onto her hips as if in fear of being pushed back. Lilith clenched her thighs around his hips and pulled him closer, extracting every bit possible. Lying atop breasts four feet tall, Lilith's wings flared across his room and milk shot from her nipples.

Driven to such a point of arousal and overwhelming orgasm, Damian's fantasy took on new life within the succubus. Despite the torrent of milk shooting across the room, her eyes widened and stared at the churning skin rising below her body.

"I-It still flows within me!! *M-Master your milk engorges me to no end!!*"

Damian felt as though each pump of his cock was filling her chest with dozens of gallons of milk. They expanded into the room with dizzying surges. Drum-tight skin pressed into his furniture, Lilith scared to touch her own tits.

"E-Enough! *Enough!* Master I'll burst!! *My bust will POP at this rate!!*"

She tried to wiggle free but was held firm by Damian's hands around her hips. Milk swirled under her body like a bomb against skin refusing to stretch. It started to shake, stretch marks shooting across her surface.

"M-Master!!" she gasped, wings flapping wildly, "*AhhhhHHHHH I-I cannot endure this ANYMOOOOOO--*"

BOOM!!!

“NNGH!!”

Damian threw his head back as his pleasure ended and a shockwave rocked the apartment building. The orgasm had lasted longer than Damian thought possible for a man but it ceased abruptly. He was quickly overcome by a rush of fatigue and dizziness. His body grew weak with numbness and his head drifted through a haze. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened to Lilith or her mountain of milk, but the succubus was gone from his room. However, as his vision faded and he fell to the floor he was keenly aware of satisfied laughter filling the creeping darkness.

“Count yourself lucky...” a dominating voice said as Damian's consciousness faded, “You're among the few to claim to survive my hunger. Pray we never cross paths again.”

Damian awoke the next morning parched and woozy. As he predicted, his libido had retreated and left him wondering why sex had ever sounded appealing in the first place. Rising from the floor he found his hand clenched around a small object.

It had the look of a whistle but was made from a type of soft material. The reddish color and texture reminded him of the horns atop Lilith's head. Various runes covered its length in mystifying patterns. Exhausted from the previous night, he thought little of it and stowed it on his dresser before heading to the shower.

The week ahead was one of the most focused weeks Damian could remember. Sexual distractions were nowhere to be found and his mind felt clear. It wouldn't be until the next Friday that he would feel the slightest inkling of arousal once again as his sexual energy returning.

By Saturday he awoke feeling like his old self. Lilith's parting gift still rested on his nightstand and he looked upon it with a newfound curiosity.

“I did ask for my fantasy to be real...” he contemplated.

The whistle made no noise when blown into, nor did anything in his room occur. No engorged woman appeared, and the succubus's voice did not grace his ears. Damian frowned, hoping he hadn't been tricked. The runes inscribed along its body intrigued him and desperate for a clue he decided to research the ancient language at the library.

Walking into the library brought a sense of *deja-vu*. His heart skipped a beat when he saw Chelsea sitting at a table clad in the workout clothes he so adored. Although she had shown no signs of anger or suspicion towards him through the course of the week, he still feared a memory of her demonic servitude may crop up. A friendly smile from across the room told him everything was still fine and he returned the gesture.

Various books of ancient languages and religious symbols proved fruitless in his search. The whistle remained an enigma in his palm. He didn't dare ask for assistance out of fear of his prize being taken away by someone who knew better.

Chelsea flipped a page from across the room and sighed with early-morning boredom. Hope sprang within Damian along with a thought. Bringing the whistle to his mouth, he blew a steady burst of air into the device.

Chelsea bolted upright in her chair and her face filled with embarrassed color. Damian was mesmerized as similar reactions overtook her body. Her legs wound around each other below the table and a hand clenched into a fist against her thigh. Slowly her mouth opened to release a stream of silent gasps and a wandering palm pressed against her bust tenderly.

Again Damian blew into the whistle. Several female students dropped their books in the nearest aisles and the sounds of heavy breathing filled Damian's vicinity. Chelsea shuddered, leaning in her chair to arch her back.

"*O-Ooohh!*" she gasped. The front of her chest was bulging upwards, filling her athletic clothes to their limits. Panting uncontrollably, Chelsea leaned forward and pressed her swelling breasts into her hands on the table. Sweat bead upon her brow as her hands hovered inches from their bloating curves. Cleavage bubbled towards her collarbones from within her sports bra and pushed around her shoulder straps.

"M-My boobs!" a girl cried out from within the library. "J-Jade what's happening?!"

"*Shit my tits feel so hot!*" another gasped from the same direction.

Damian's eyes were locked on Chelsea. Sports bra filled with engorging melons, she was set to burst free at any moment. Dark splotches appeared over her nipples and her mouth fell open as Damian raised the whistle to his mouth once more.

"I-I-Is that *milk??*" Chelsea faltered, staring wide-eyed at the fluid pooling on the table.