The darkness was complete, not a thing could be seen, and yet I still tossed and turned, sleep avoided me, and the more I chased it though the deep reaches of my mind the more it eluded me.

Frustrated, my hands found their way across the familiar contours of my body. Cold hands, warm skin, a heady combination. Desire was ignited in the deep pits of my soul, fanning out in delicious ripples.

My hands traced my ribs, up to my chest, cold fingers teased, tweaked, pinched and pulled at my already sensitive nipples. They started to warm up, yet I could still feel a cold touch, the sudden heat juxtaposed with the lingering cold mixed into the burning sensation I usually associated with coming into a well heated room after being exposed to a bitterly cold day.
Suddenly they seemed to take on a mind of their own as they roughly kneaded my sensitive breasts. Blaming it on my own inflamed need. I tried to slow down, delirious from the rush of blood, and lust laced with fear of the unknown. I couldn't wrap my head around this sudden turn, yet I stopped fighting, expecting my hands to simply stay still.

I could feel my hard nipples against the palms of my hands, my breathing came in short gasps, ribs rising and falling against the thumping of my heart.

It gradually slowed, and I started my slow exploration again, up and down my ribs, crisscrossing my tummy, down my thighs, stroking up the insides as I parted them slowly, luxuriating in the feeling of cold air hitting my exposed and needing pussy.

Cold air, blowing against my exposed pussy.  Something wasn't quite right, but it felt so good, I was already getting wetter, I could feel the juices flowing freely, something cold traced a wet path from my knee up my inner thigh, tracing the path my hands had taken just moments earlier, across my stomach, up my ribs, tracing the clavicles. Then slowly back down to my wet pussy. My  hands were once again taken over, I moaned out loud as I felt the cold seep and mould into me, till my bones felt like ice covered in hot flesh.
The searing heat set my body alight, my pussy was yearning, yet it had nothing to grind against, I tried to reach down, but I was stopped.

I began to panic, wide awake and feeling the cold presence around me, how foolish I'd been to have accepted it as something totally normal. I snapped out of my lust-induced stupor, and tried to see through the pitch blackness. I gave all I had, wriggling, yet I was pinned, one of my hands was slowly guided to the warm wetness, my fingers were held and pressed against my throbbing clit, I moaned and slipped back into my trance, lips parted, legs open, pussy dripping.

Little sounds escaped my  parted lips, back arched, legs splayed apart, I felt vulnerable, exposed, yet alive, every nerve was throbbing. The cold seeped into me, and I realised that something was inching its way inside. Freezing cold against my heat. Burning into my flesh.

Cold fingers stroked, cupped my backside and found their way into my tight little hole. I gasped out loud but didn't try to fight. Pounded by what felt like a rod of cold steel, my body ached for something solid to rock against.

My hands were held up above my head, my breath clouded and  fogged infront of me indicating the extreme drop in temperature, goosebumps prickled all over me, and yet my body was burning up, harder and harder this entity rode me, dragging invisible claws over my skin, my body tensed as I felt the onset of my orgasm, moaning louder and louder with every thrust of whatever being it was that was inside me.

I came in a wild rush of pain and pleasure, it didn't slow, hitting my sensitive pussy with ruthless force, I cried out begging for a pause, a break, reprieve. Yet there was nothing there to hear, I was a mere vessel of flesh to be used.

I felt ice trickle through me, flowing through my veins with my blood, the beast had cum, it's semen flooding not only my aching pussy but my whole body.

The searing heat drove me mad, the cold numbed me.

And then, as sudden as it started the room returned to its normal temperature, my breathing slowed, and I struggled to get out of bed, switching the lights on.

My knees barely took my weight, buckling, but I made it to the mirror, my eyes taking in the sight that I'd become; my naked body still bore the marks, blossoming bruises made patterns and traces of black oozed down my legs.

Transfixed, I touched it, rubbed it between my fingers, smelt it then tentatively licked my finger.

My eyes glowed with unholy fire, and my body seemed to shift, getting taller, filling out, my features sharpened, and my tongue flicked wickedly across my lips.

Now I'm the demon that haunts the dreams of man, visible when it suits me, invisible when I desire.

I'm the demon goddess of insomniacs, the bringer of unimaginable pleasure, showing what could be before taking it all away in a delirious nightmare. The curse, the shadow, the phantom of Lust.