

Deepener and Amnesiagasm 📄

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A deepener which runs through various styles of deepening meditation, including an elaborate descriptive fantasy, and ends with instructions to allow self-pleasure to become a catalyst for forgetting the contents of the file to follow. To continue pleasuring while feeling mired in forgetful hazy blank self-pleasure. Uses trigger phrases from Brain

Drain. A file to help one be nice and relaxed before listening to another file they wish to deeply absorb. Sensitivity, continued stimulation, and the feeling of being corrupted and dragged down into pleasure are all discussed.

Elena McIvor: Style matters when you're going into trance. You've got to find the right way, the right method to help someone go under. And that can mean needing to try all sorts of different kinds of inductions and deepeners. But most people have one, two, maybe even more, that are very effective for them. The preconceptions we have going in influence how our brains process what's being said.

It's analogous to how when you send a signal to a device. Say a television, whether you're using HDMI cable, coaxial cable, any kind of input, well, it doesn't matter. The reception of the signal is altered depending on what's being sent, but also based on how it's received. Yet we ultimately arrive at a similar result.

Everyone's experience will be different, because the hardware playing the software of voice and deepener and induction. Still, if you think in terms of computer programs, computers exist which can read the

sounds we make and interpret them into recognizable symbols. Dragon naturally speaking, for example.

We have these programs these days which are capable of taking information we give and interpreting it. In essence, it just requires that one train the program so it receives your input the way you mean for it to be received. Well, any hypnotist working with a new listener has to establish the same kind of thing.

Ground rules. What I mean when I say certain things. Usually one would gauge the client's interest. Whether they're drowsy, interested, disinterested. Whether they're experienced or a little too wired. Or even whether today isn't a good day on which to trance them. But they can be hypnotized. That's important.

Recognizing that there is a way that will be helpful. Getting synced up with one's listener just requires establishing certain words, phrases. Thoughts, ideas that will be used again and again, recurring in your relationship. This is the development of hypnotic rapport. Hypnotic rapport requires a kind of ongoing dialogue between the speaker and the listener.

The trance state can approach simply from calm speech or the right method and mode of speech, or as a response to a trance anchor. One of the simplest things to erect in early practice. First, one helps the subject be at ease, allowing them an opportunity to move slowly toward a state of relaxation. They may realize their body has already begun to droop physiologically.

That they're already subject to sensations of tingling or weightlessness. The psychological effects of the first sinking steps into trance. This entrance into a state of listening and following can be accompanied by a sense of letting go. Or that sense of hanging on every word to the exclusion of all else.

Allow your vision to narrow. Treat this as an intimate conversation. One in which each of us is very invested. There's an attention inherent in the action of lying there, setting aside time to hear my words, and put them to use inside your head. And that's what we want. For you to find useful. Productive directions to go in, even though the primary direction is down, deeper, and deeper.

Remaining awake and alert, or at least what we think of as awake and alert, requires retaining attention on the world outside, so All we do

when we deepen and thoroughly assist you in entering a state of depth and relaxation is give you a reason, a motivation to allow the attention you were paying to the outside world to fade.

It's irrelevant where on the mirror the glass was hit. The image of a waking, cognizant world has fallen away in a silver shower of loss and depth. This is why the eyes can be allowed to close. The mind can be allowed to fade and become a sedate, serene place, free of the tension of anticipation, expectation, or requirement.

The mind follows the voice. And the voice provides the framework. When a person meditates under ordinary circumstances, they let themselves focus on a point, an idea, a method of meditation. But there's a reason why meditation can, without intensive training, only take us so far. The presence of another voice lets you alter that dynamic.

By following the voice and letting it create the scenario, you're allowed to focus with perfect clarity on each task that you must perform in order to slide deeper into sleep. Now, of course, I'm inclined to point out that sleep isn't exactly what's going on. Instead, it's a state of hyper focus, of following the voice to the exclusion of all else.

I will demonstrate as we go that a trance anchor relies on helping someone go extremely deep and then calling on their subconscious mind and on the part of their mind which is still cognizant of how relaxing and good it feels to sink, a flexible part fixated on my words as yours is now. You see? Good.

Illustrative. Calling on that part of the mind to recall exactly how you feel at that moment. The way one may feel like they're drifting off. Or, it is distinctly possible that at this moment one's mind will switch off like a light switch. Similar to the roiling movement and soothing nature of water settling in a vessel, there are initial ripples, the remnants of the waking mind as the water's poured in, as you are poured in to new depths, sinking, which then, the ripples, become still and calm as time passes.

This leaves the mind and body prepared for later programming. And as thought follows action, in this case action particularly follows thought, you are in a place where your mind is soothed. That kind of thing. Suggestive and evocative, because it doesn't need to be direct. The right words entering the right framework evoke the expected experience.

I'll give some examples of deepeners. If a person were attempting to enter trance, or had already done so, and then they heard specific patterns of speech, designed to focus, fixate, distract, to inundate with new thoughts and ideas, allowing a person to take on board that general motif of drowsy repose, they'd begin to sink further down.

But the depth a person would be at after six or seven minutes going into trance, about where we are now. Would be a good place to place the first trance anchor. I'll discuss the concept of trance anchors right now, but if I were talking to a sleeping subject, I would say, sleep, and snap my fingers. And whenever they heard that, they would remember the state they're in right now, and slide to right where they are.

And it would be a simple matter for a competent person. Who such a subject, yourself perhaps, trusted. A simple matter for a person, you, in our example, trusted, to use that word sleep. And help you go under. The voice of authority, accompanied by that command, sleep. The level of depth you've gone to increases.

Diving deeper, a little bit. Finding new ways and inroads to relax, perhaps previously you had been neglecting to really stretch your legs and feel that wonderful, luxurious, ah, warmth spreading, or articulating your neck and shoulders, letting yourself relax. Ease out some of the tension you have to carry in the outside, weary world.

Find those new ways to heighten your relaxation. Consider changing your pose, shifting your position. And this is one way of going deeper. But there are better examples of deepeners. A systemic deepener, for example. Hmm, the kind of process of meditative relaxation where you focus on each part of your body, imagining it, visualizing in perfect detail, and then switching it off.

As if you had hold on a thousand marionette strings running from your mind, from your hand, through your body's nervous systems to all of its various responses, important points which must move or act or think. And you could carefully, delicately, let go of one string after another. And because you make the act of letting go of the string, a conscious act of which you are aware, your mind abdicates its responsibility for that part of the body, that concept in the mind, whatever that string represents, until only a few essential systems related to listening and following are tightly, lovingly, caressingly held.

And then you hand them to me. That kind of deepener is a good way of getting someone's mind focused just on their brain. On the process of learning new behaviors, thoughts, depths, to the point where they feel like they're in a sensory deprivation, but a pleasant one because you have someone to reach out to you, to guide your vision.

A drifting, eye rolling kind of amnesia laden trance. And here's how it would work. Running from the seat of your consciousness in your brain to the tips of your toes is a silvery main thread of intention. You retain the ability to wiggle your toes, so when you think of doing so, imagine your hand gripping that string.

And as you trance, it may become more and more difficult to hold on to the particular string which still enables you to do that. As if the heavy weight of relaxation and peaceful, sedate sinking were settling on those toes. See how you're learning, how this kind of deepener works? And as that goes on, your toes, that strand, the grip, the white knuckle grip of the hand, relaxes.

Because unfortunately, there's also a string controlling the hand inside your mind, that holds the string, giving you control and awareness of

your toes. And as you let go of one, you let go of the next. Because every thought and action and retention of consciousness depends upon the retention of another string and another.

The string slips from your grasp and settles down, forming a warm coil by your feet at the bottom of your being. And then you realize you're also gripping a string tied to the soles of your feet. One tied to your ankles where the muscles articulate. And that one is difficult to hold on to, too. So try something with me.

Deliberately release that string. Feel a thrill of euphoria running through your body at the willingness and completeness. How it feels good to let go. Now in the bundle of strands you hold. Well there are just so many, aren't there? You could always let go of another. One is connected to the musculature in your knee.

The ability to shift the bottom most part of your leg. Release. And feel yourself slide deeper. That's all going down is. Finding new ways to relax and getting rid of external responsibilities for your body, your surroundings. One of those strings runs to the other foot, the other toes, the other leg.

Release three at once and feel the sudden reduction in tension. Feel how much better it might just feel. Could be that an intense feeling of euphoria accompanies releasing even one string. And so releasing three is a flood. Releasing responsibilities for the external world you have left behind when you joined me in this process of deepening.

And then, one need simply encourage the individual who is already entering a deep state of trance to release thread after thread. And to sleep, and slide, and feel pleasure flooding them, their nerves tingling, until they release the thread tied to their awareness of their body altogether, and then the one tied to their awareness of the waking world, and then the thread tied to the awareness that there's such a thing as control of the body in the first place, control of the mind, leaving only A skillful subject who is ready to listen, who is prepared, and more able, absent interference and distraction, to go deeper and deeper.

See? And with further depth, further luxurious repose, comes the potential for different kinds of deepeners. Imagery deepeners work well once somebody's nice and far down. First one paints a vivid picture. In this case, let us first use A beach, serene, that white noise of water washing in and out on the shore.

The point of a deepener of this sort, of course, is to create an environment for a trance to occur, an internal space which rationally connects to what the listener is laying on their consciousness, a palette upon which we can place our paints and then work on the artistry we will derive together, the torturous wonderful imagery of fantasy.

A beach, bare feet nestled in warm white sand, waves coming in and out, the listener laying back. They were seated up and could feel the warmth of the sun on their shoulders and then they reclined with that soft slithering impact of shoulders on the sand, nestling their back and making it form just the right impression for comfortable Peaceful, rest, clouds, the sun slowly progressing across the sky as you lay back and look up.

And you can hear that tide. You need something incremental for this kind of deepener. And if you look down past your feet, you see the tide. It is incrementally visible. Perhaps you laid down so that your waist was just below the high water mark. So as the water comes in, it'll wash over your feet. And then, with those waves comes the vast, empty expanse of the ocean.

And you may forget your feet. The waters of the river Lethe. The washing of forgetfulness. All this imagery. The sea washing everything away. It's very potent and powerful and present in the zeitgeist. We know that the sea and forgetfulness and stories and fantasies and the distant soothing washing of everything that is other than my voice.

Can be allowed to occur. The tides of an ocean of sleep, covering your feet gradually. And when they're covered, you notice the waters rising higher than you thought. Perhaps one is getting more skilled at going even deeper, and forgetting more and more. A temporary forgetting which is fun when you're deep.

The forgetting is acceptable. The acceptability of the trance is a key part of it. You chose this. You marked out this time. A key part of rapport and deepening. Deepness and needy submission to the thought that you had when you began. Yielding the body and the brain to yourself. And that is right. That is correct.

These are tools to help you go deeper. You follow and watch the tide washing, rising over your ankles, your calves, even higher and higher. Good. And as you lay back, it washes over your chest. You feel your breathing get a little slower, more comfortable. This is a peaceful, calm

place. Sedate and soothing. So that you listen to the wash of the waves.

And you find yourself in a place where as the water finally washes over your eyes, they close. And awareness of water, awareness of anything but depth and peace, and the embrace of my voice, the body left behind and the mind fixated. You're aware the water stopped just below your neck, but my voice flooded onward and your eyes closed.

You're completely safe, drifting in the sea of my voice. And that's how I would give a deepener. To take a person even further down to a place where their awareness of their body and their mind would be irrelevant. The kind of deep place where when you rise up, you feel like you've been asleep for a while.

That almost anesthetic effect on the consciousness. Coupled with amnesia, that level of depth, where you leave behind all the unimportant things by the wayside, taking only the knowledge of a restful, peaceful trance back up with you. But that's just one example. Another type of deepener, is the simple, counting deepener.

You can choose to go up to ten, or down from ten, or to employ increments from larger numbers, or to otherwise vary one's number in order to mislead or confuse. But the simplest deepener is, near the beach, rising slowly from the water, the figure approaches a castle, stoned. Ancient. Stairs lead up to it.

And on each step, there is some script that is difficult to read. And so the waiting listener stares down at it, attempts to read it, observes it, and finds it difficult to truly comprehend. And then they think maybe down here near the beach, the stairs have worn away in reaction to water. So looking up, they count the stairs.

They see thirty stairs, a long curve, a spiral, leading up to the top. Near that castle up there. And on each stair you plan to inspect. Sure, the inscription about which you're curious will become more clear as you climb. And so you stare at the first and take one step. Strangely, the carvings seem to shimmer oddly and draw you in.

A sensation of pleasure rises through your feet, the top of your head, a kind of strange rush. Maybe it's just the exhilaration of the sea air. But you take a second step, and it gets stronger, and you notice that

looking away from the carving on the next step is difficult. Thinking something strange is coming over you.

Thinking the steps are affecting you as you climb up. Maybe you should sit down. Attempting to move your gaze away. Only to find it's fixed on the third step. What of the inscriptions higher up? You must know. You're curious. And so, taking a third step. Waves get quieter. Everything else becomes more intense.

You listen closely. The words gain greater meaning somehow. A fourth step. But then you feel your legs sinking. This isn't a step. This is a little, um, pool to the side of the path. The water inside reminds you of the water down at the beach, those forgetful waves. And you're irresistibly focusing your eyes on it.

You can hear whispering, Yes, enter. And so your foot slides down into the pool, and then the other one. You feel that it's thick and viscous at the bottom, a warm, sweet, luxurious feeling around your feet. Pleasure seeping into you. You notice the blue of the water. The way it fixates, your mind empties. You hear blank.

Be blank. You feel yourself sinking down. Your mind empties. All thought goes with it, but there are instructions there, as if that corrupting, influencing, wonderful, um, pull at the bottom of the pool were filling your head, your mind, your body, every part of you with instructions, your hands instantly, insistently moving between your legs.

Finding that they're beginning a deft stimulation, you're trying to get off, as you feel your feet sink further, warmly embraced in this pool, sending sexual, sensual, needy notions into your head. Even as you feel ideas and memories, everything except this touching, temporarily fading away. You know that as you stimulate, you're blank, and you can think only of touching further.

You can think only of how, when you're done, oh, no matter how many times you come, you're going to find yourself being pulled deeper into the pool. Your memories of these orgasms Make experiences wiped in white, hot, pleasurable visions resonating across your brain. You're gonna find yourself pleasuring, pleasing, loving it, because in the depths of trance, you're more sensitive than normal and your touch feels like 10 caresses each time.

Every little movement. enough to almost set you off, and even when you think you can't keep going, even when you need to pause from over sensitivity, you'll continue, because now you can feel your legs, your thighs, sinking in to that corrupting muck in the pool, being mired past your waist until only your head is outside the waters, but you can feel the influence flow through Flowing into you.

Getting into you whispering, sexy thoughts, your throat, all feeling heavenly as you groan your mouth hanging open a little. Your eyes slack. Your body just insistently mechanically. pushing pleasure into your brain, doing anything it can that feels good. Anything you've ever done to feel good is being done by your errant, influenced, corrupted hands.

You're being driven to the heights just the way you like it. And you're going to go over that edge again and again through every word that follows every whispered word, you're going to know it comes from this pool into which you have now sunk further and further, your hands still able to move freely enough.

Oh, freely enough to masturbate and try to get off, needing it. Yes, the further you sink, the more, oh, wonderfully pleasurable it feels. But you know that submerged this deep in this forgetful liquid, this

deep down, with all these deepener instructions in your mind, you're gonna feel this experience flooding away later.

Yes, the more you come, the more you forget. The more you forget, the easier it is to focus on coming, so that you forget the contents of this trance, and only that, by the end, you'll know that you had a pleasurable experience. You'll know you touched yourself. You'll know you loved it. But you'll be unable to do anything but remember vaguely that you felt good.

Specific memories will be lost to you, but you know that the fact you're pleasuring yourself and flooding yourself with that chemical bliss from your own horny mind is gonna make all the words that follow, all the training, all the sessions, feel better and better. Be even more impactful and effective because throughout them you're going to be no matter where those files take you.

You're going to be in this pool, pleasuring yourself constantly, feeling yourself get tugged down. You never did find out what was at the top of the stairs and that's okay because that's another thing that has been forgotten here in this pool of corrupting, sinking, needy, aching,

sensual, self pleasuring to the point where you can barely take it from the forced orgasm.

You're Pushing into yourself, which also pushes out your memories with its white, hot, Pleasured lust. And throughout all the words that follow, the remainder of your listening time, You're going to keep pleasing yourself as much as you're able, Knowing that you're making yourself forget those mind blowing orgasms, Forget the contents of the trance.

You're going to leave only the effects behind, and no matter how much you beg the whispering corrupting influence from that pool of cool blue water and the warm embracing muck pulling you down at the bottom, pulling you deeper, taking you deeper, no matter how much you beg or plead that you don't want to forget, one of those orgasms is going to wash all the memory away.

Maybe the first one, maybe the last one, but at some point you'll be rendered a blankly pleasuring, be blank, blankly pleasuring automaton accepting instructions, incorporating them, and only knowing when you rise up that you've been deprived of the memory. Although, you've experienced mind blowing pleasure and everything that happens next

happens with you in that pool, in some sense, your body submerged and entrained, orgasming yourself into amnesia with regard to this trance and loving it, even if you fail to remember exactly what happened as your body twitches and your mind goes blank.

For the style guide used to create this dyslexia-friendly formatted script, credit to Christina [Torbrook whose original guide is here.](#)