

Script created December 31st 2023

Elven Wrapping 📄

About this Document:

1. 🚫 This is a document intended for people aged 18+. NSFW. It discusses sex and topics that may upset you.
2. This document relates to the files at eSuccubus.com, created as a result of the eSuccubus Patreon and [eSuccubus:Fantasy](#)
3. This script was created using a transcription tool with only minor edits. If you see a nonsensical part or other error, let me know by email or discord message and I will go spot check the file to fix it. Thank you! 😊

Elena McIvor:

Comfortably under your blankets, proof against the cold outside. But maybe other things are not quite so, um, dissuaded by the mere tucking of the covers about your form. And then, there comes a rustling, from the window, from the door, from the corner. From beneath the bed there is no knowing, only that what rises above the edge of your bed as you look out through your mind's eye is Of blue flesh and a watching disposition.

In fact, she's shivering, although the blueness does seem natural.
Captivating, pointed ears, smooth flesh.

The flesh is truly captivating as she moves toward you. I'm cold, she imparts in a husky purr. And nettles at the edge of your blankets, pulling them up and then darting underneath. Her form next to yours. Perhaps your hands cannot help but touch it, and wherever they do, the flesh itself is supple, soft, and indeed, it doesn't feel that cold to the touch.

She warms up right away. You run your hands upward now over her collarbone, finding her cheeks perfect, high boned, her eyes boring into yours. Strange thoughts come unbidden at the mere presence of this creature, the invasive thoughts you did not think you could dream. She's nude. Why did that thought take so long to occur to you?

Nude and perfect. High, pert breasts. Pointed ears. A long fall of black hair. Offsetting her blue skin perfectly. And her eyes are orbs. That same perfect turquoise hue. It's as if one could fall into them, and thoughts flow back. You don't just want to touch her, her perfect, high breasts, the darker blue nipples, perked, seeming to drip with some, um, delicious looking fluid, actually.

The scent is like nectar. Her eyes are still boring into yours, your hands not in her hair. An unusual passion overtaking you. You notice her only adornment, that choker with a little red. As she leans down and kisses your lips. Whose idea was it? Yours? Hers? Her hands explore your shoulders. Finding their way downward.

Finding your breasts. Pinching your nipples sharply. Perhaps you gasp. But whatever it is, your mouth is open and she fastens it with hers. You feel heat drain from you, but then it's replaced by more of a different sort, sharper, darker. The blue is gone from her lips, from her cheeks. She's growing more, paler in hue, almost pale white.

And then, in the glimpsed blue orbs of her eyes, the one part that doesn't change, you see your own reflection, the blue about your lips. And the only thought you can have about this process, a thought which perhaps seems alien, perhaps invasive, but, ugh, it's potently warm and fuzzy around the edges and it rubs you in the right spot.

I look good like this. Your hands, you bring them up and you can see them as they run over her shoulders, squeezing passionately, pulling her to you, her breasts rubbing yours. The blue flowing from her to you, oh,

it dapples you with nerve rending pleasure, an almost forbidden sensation that can't be fully shrugged off.

Perhaps you feel like you wish a moment's respite, desiring a moment to just feel like an ordinary woman free of But her presence is warm and on top of you. And as you are under the covers, the excuse of lack of heat cannot be made. For both of you will be warm soon. She's not leeching the heat from you.

She's replacing it with a different, darker, more potent thing. Creeps into your bones, and blood, and flesh. Oh, you feel it spreading over you. A heat that is now creeping lower. Finding your engorged clit. Enlarging at her hand. The fingers are long. Deft. Perfect. You half gain a mind to shove her away, to escape whatever corruption is creeping across the connection, but her lips fasten yours.

She tastes like blueberries. Delicious. Her eyes are still locking yours. Sweat is breaking out on your brow. You need to do. Something. Ah! Her fingers are curling inside of you, her thumb is finding your clit with an expertness you did not think possible. The circles it rubs in are deep, they send resonations through you, vibrations that any toy could

not hope to match, the warmth of a living thing practically made of sex, and her eyes still bore into yours.

It feels like your thoughts are being pulled out through them.

Dropping loosely from them, like tears of joy which you may also gently be shedding, as her head moves downward. A delicate kiss, a sudden suck of your nipple, and you know, without needing to look, that it would be blue, blue like hers, as her own lose their appearance.

And then, kissing delicately downward, her lips now pink, then back upward, you feel her rubbing against you, her own crotch grasping your leg. Her legs curling around yours, toes and soles rubbing your ankles, as if trying to rub warmth into them or start a fire, like rubbing two sticks together, but she has begun some kind of flame starting at the core of you.

Bringing about a clenching, an almost full body event, beginning in your cunt, your ass, your nipples. And then other areas you didn't think could be erotic, as her fingers move, her thumbs deftly rubbing your underarms, her hands moving the four fingers to your back, and pattering there, as if she were percussively playing a litany of needy lust into you, which resonates from there, those deep vibrations, the

blue gone from her shoulders, from her torso, her breasts still that brilliant turquoise hue.

Perhaps you managed to get the words out, perhaps she hears them in your mind. You don't know why, but you think, or you say, that blue is your favorite color. I know, she imparts. And then, her nipple, her perfect, round, large areola nipple, pert and erect as if she were coal, is moving toward your mouth. Her high, pointed ears are now quite peach in hue, shading toward pale white.

The blue is gone. But something of you, moving into her, the white, pure as snow, across her face, draining from you. No, it is not accurate to say that something of you flows into her, it is more accurate to say that she is becoming, blank, and that you are becoming, inflamed with need, with passion. Her presence seems to quiet it down, but under the feelings being brought about by the Imposition into you of this blue perfection is a desire to dominate, to find someone else to pass it on to, a yearning, and then her nipple reaches your lips, having lain suspended while she, a smirk across her lips which are now white in hue.

Or gray, perhaps, to differentiate from the perfect white of her face. The nipple is cool, but when it touches your lips, what flows down your

throat is hot. Oh, it flows over your tongue, and some kind of change goes through you, as if turning your tongue from an ordinary thing to, um, a thing of perfect bliss.

An organ in its own right. With perfection, you taste blueberry sherbet flowing down your throat. A white, hot feeling in the back of your head. You come from your tongue alone as it rasps over her nipple, desperate to get more of her to you. She is perfect. Uh huh, and she presses it there, ensuring you drink down every drop of that warm deliciousness.

And when she pulls away, you can still taste it, even as the climax fills your head with white light, and the aftershocks fill it with the word yes. Yes. Yes. Flowing from a special, docile place. A receptiveness. A thirst to get more of what's in her into you. Which is just as well because the second breast is coming now.

And it's as if all of your thoughts were trying to flow uphill. Through thick, viscous, perfect honey. And you think only what she directs because she says suck. And your lips are suckling the air like on a reflex. And then, her nipple touches them, and it's as if, oh, they were positively clitoral in their scope.

Suckling desperately, consuming needily, nursing from her with perfect thoughts of pleasure and of absorbing. The first breast now white, the second more and more so. Oh, the pale mercurial color of the nipples is the only sign left that they were ever anything else. And she pulls the second breast away.

Leaving you dappled with sweat, only able to make out one more word. More. A fire building in you, an aphrodisiac fueled lust that is not entirely logical, fueling your aching, weeping pussy to submit demands to your mind which trump all others. Ache. Ache. Her fingers curling, thrust, thrust, the thumb is back and your clit is being massaged with an expert glory that you can only submit to, the perfection of this being.

You bury your head desperately in her shoulder, baring your teeth a little and nipping her collarbone. You don't know why you did that, but you wanted to get some little mark of yourself on this. She tisks, smiling as if you were impatient. Pushing you back down. One hand on your chest. Gaining that same blue and every time you meet those eyes which remain deeply turquoise and perfectly reflective you see

yourself and you know that the hue is not just due to the color of the mirror upon which you look.

You feel her remove her fingers and bring them up, licking your juices from them. Perhaps that brings about a gasp, perhaps an orgasm, as you move up, arching your body. Moving a little higher, but she follows you. She slides her own wet, aching cunt upward, pinning your shoulders with her knees, presenting her perfection to you.

The elf above trails long fingers by your ears, scratching behind them. Wait, they feel pointed. They feel different. Oh, and her touching of them is once more as if little clitoral buds ran over them. As if her fingers were touching some rough texture you'd never before associated such sensual pleasure with the area behind your ears just as your tongue touches her snatch automatically.

You hadn't even been paying attention about those moist, warm folds. And once more, the heat flows into you. I'm cold here, too, she imparts. And as your tongue touches her clit, you capture it automatically with your mouth, drinking her down, feeling her folds pressing into your chin, drinking from her, and then she presses

herself over your nose and mouth, giving you plenty of room to simply breathe deeply.

The nectar sweet blueness of her, the sherbet flowing down your throat as your tongue comes once more, coming from your mouth. Oh, you feel her feet playing lightly over your nipples because her knees on your shoulders, while not painful, are very deliberate. And her snatch presses deeper, but then she slides upward.

Resting her rear there, you lick over that, too, captured by an impossible urge embodied by the blueness flowing through you. It feels the most natural thing in the world, your own hands straying between your legs, finding your cliton. Oh, it must be blue, too, based on the feeling, the pure, arching, twitching electricity.

Oh, you rub your feet against the bed against the covers and you feel that they too are excited and erogenous beyond belief, an aphrodisiac heightening every urge, flowing into you a sweet corruption you can neither refuse nor would want to. And her color now is pure snow white. She gazes into your eyes downward, removing her rear, her pussy, allowing you to see her.

Only when your mouth opens wide, and it does, and your tongue lulls out, and it does, does she permit what you already wanted to request. Returning her pussy first, you lick up the long folds, a trace only of sweetness, her nectar making you more and more docile, more and more a tool for bringing pleasure.

Your mouth is deluging your brain with so much tingling bliss that there's no way you could do anything but fall deeper into it. Your eyes locked on her, the perfection of her. Smooth, aching, perfect, licking, breathing deeply, trying to get as much of her into you as you can. And the same thing happens when she moves upward, settling her buttocks on either side, allowing you to bury your face there and lick as well, as she turns around.

Planted on your face, her own mouth and hands moving down, capturing your thighs, forcing them wide, and the feeling of being spread like that. The blueness in you induces a strange urge, the urge to be seen. You want her to look, and she does, her eyes locked on you. Present, she says, or present, and you do, presenting yourself.

Your hands no longer touch your clit, they merely spread you, spreading you open for her to see. And her tongue, her perfect tongue, touches

you, rolling from your clit, down your folds, her nose buried in you, you buried in a different part but enthusiastic, the thought and taste and need filling you.

Feeling like she's riding you and that's the right place to be. That's where you belong. And then she slides off of you. You whimper, desiring her back. Any part of you for you to lick. Any part of her there for you to interact with. But instead she stands by your bedside. Reaches to her neck. Removes the choker, reaches down, and gently hitches it about yours.

Wrapped like a present, your arms fall by your sides. Relaxed, soothed, deep, so deep, no way to avoid it. And the depth increases, moment by moment. It's just a light little lace thing, but it feels, uh, like it's taking over. The blueness stays locked in. She tells you you'll have to pass it on, but that any time you take off the choker, it won't be there.

But when you put it on, this is the state you'll be in, heated beyond belief. Every part of you, immensely erogenous, an urge to explore new parts of your body, to come and come and give yourself in to sweet abandon. You lick your lips, looking yearningly after her. She turned

her buttocks visible, her back, visible snow white, her head, her long black hair.

Now, her body, she turns and looks over her shoulder, the one that you nibbled on, winking, and then your eyes close as if she gave a command relaxed. And by the time they open again, she may be gone. But you know exactly what'll happen when you don or choke her beginning from the beginning. Going to the end, titillating, presenting yourself, ooh, the very idea teases and excites.

Funny how the little things stick with us.

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