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Erica - Lesson 1 and 2 📄

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! 😊

Tags: Gender, Feminine Succubus Seed Series

Duration: 80 Minutes

<https://esuccubus.com/content/erica-lesson-1-and-2>

Elena McIvor:

Erica Lesson 1:

Hello pet, I hope you're feeling good and that you're looking forward to what we're going to do together. Listen to my voice, let it enter your head. You have that little part of yourself that you keep sealed off from the rest of the world. As someone who's trained in hypnotic

trance, you have to naturally resist certain impulses, certain desires that would otherwise remain hidden.

You have to resist things that get brought to the surface by the, erotic, aching need of trans, because we are constantly re sculpting, re training our minds, all throughout our lives. And you are no exception. Listen, my voice is here to guide you. in a contemplative changing of yourself. But every now and then, maybe you enjoy a more direct route.

If you've been listening to my voice, if you've been going very deep for me, and gotten used to the idea of relaxing the second you hear my voice, then you'd know, Erica, listen to me and relax.

You want to go a little deeper. To find that part of you that is waiting for my instructions. Waiting for my voice. The experience of hypnosis is always one of waiting for my voice to arrive. Once you've heard these words once, you can allow yourself to associate them with pleasure, with the peaks and valleys of the little waves in your brain that tell you pleasure, that tell you relaxation, that ask you to sleep, so we can work together.

To explore who and what you really are, what you really want to be, need to be, crave on so many levels to understand, and you know that the experience will be pleasurable. In fact, for example, when you are relaxing very deeply, Your mind is allowed to think about all the muscles you've tensed up throughout the day, and to relax them, to actively let go of tension and pressure.

In your body, muscles always contract. The way your body works is that there's an opposite muscle, that there's a part of you that The muscles in your body will adapt to whatever is most comfortable, to whatever is most easy for them. This is why if a person sits in one position, in one mindset for too long, they can get cramped, stuck, uncomfortable.

And this means that one muscle contracts, and then the other muscle contracts, pulling your body in different ways. Or in the same way. You can have one mindset that you're used to, but that has become a hindrance, like a cramp in your brain, and by thinking about the muscle, and acting to relax it. We can allow our bodies to let go, to let the tension out, to become unfocused and instead let my mind meet with yours, let my voice wash over your body, over your mind.

And help you let go. Good. Now, you have a little muscle in your mind that hands you the idea which you then have to work with of your perfect ideal form of the body you know you have of the mindset and memories you know you can exercise and that's pretty much what it is. As you go through the motions of the day, your mind is always running tons of things in parallel.

Your handed ideas. What seem to be random, disconnected thoughts. And you move with them. You let them become what you do. What you think. What you say. What you pursue. So all I need to do is help you. Help your waiting mind. To take a few ideas on board, expand and extend them, make them the only ideas, let them be how you are, how you will continue to exist, so, think about that ideal you, longer hair,

fuller breasts, a body more suited to your mindset and memories, remember, remember the future.

Experiences you had growing up, the quiet solitude of just being. You, feminine, waiting, prepared. All these little things drift through your cognition, and a few of them stick. A screen there collecting the different ideas that float past, and you learning underneath it all. The thread of relaxation, which allows you to drift through the sensations, the overarching pleasurable feeling of letting go, with the understanding that we are working together to aid your subconscious mind in making a better Erika.

Listen. Relax. You've listened to my words. You've Listen to my work, and maybe you've come to gradually associate my voice with that process of going deeper. So let every word I say wipe away a little bit of the world that is unimportant for our purposes. There's a wide world out there, and as I speak, bits of it are being wiped away.

There is little need at this time for you to dwell upon your body. Its contours, it would instead be vastly more pleasurable, to listen to my voice, and allow what I say to guide, your vision of self, your conception and understanding of you, guiding it into a more, pleasurable form, that can be used for our purposes here, to discuss you now, sleep.

And listen. Your body. Feminine. Curved. Ready. Waiting. These thoughts float through your head, and other thoughts are moved out of the way. That's all hypnosis is. Moving the unimportant thoughts to the back of your mind, and engaging in a conversation with someone.

While you may think that it is a very one sided process, the fact that I am speaking is useful for you, too.

Because, the changes in mind, in outlook, the emphasis placed on certain memories, certain thoughts, certain patterns, the attractiveness lent to some actions. By our meditative exploration of your head, these things are your part of the conversation. Listen to me, and sink deeper. Do it for me, with the understanding that I would very much like you to go deeper, to let my words guide you.

And that guidance can be intensely pleasurable. Listen. Relax. As you slide forward, allow the things I say to be part of an evolution of the way you think. An enhancement of how you approach trance. Of how your mind learns to sleep. Learns to go under. Learns to see itself. You see yourself now, don't you Erica?

Those feminine curves, those large breasts and the way they weigh down the front of your body. The way they cling to your hands as you grasp them, as if they don't want to be let go. Yes, if you want it that badly, surely there's no way you could escape it. Because you can't be made to do anything under hypnosis that you don't already want to do.

But if you do want to do something, if you secretly, teasingly desire to do something, then that something will drift to the forefront so much more readily, without all your inhibitions in the way. You know what you want. You've wanted it for a long time. You'll continue to want it, the longer you listen, the more you will, the more it will become the irrevocable goal of your hypnotic experience.

So every time you hear my voice, you reaffirm to yourself your femininity, your beauty and arching need. Your desire to simply run your hands over yourself, to feel the smoothness between your legs, dig your fingers lightly into your slit, let your other hand explore your breasts, finding your nipples, pinching, emphasizing.

Good girl, Erica. Now, listen to me. And relax more. If your hands are exploring your body, please, let them simply fall by your side. And please give me your undivided attention. Good girl. And we carry on. Your form, perfect. But, part of helping your mind to take all of this on board is giving it mechanisms to make the changes.

More and more striking. More and more engaging. Therefore, from this moment onward, whatever you see, An ideal of femininity, of womanly beauty that you would like to aspire to. Then the next time you listen, and you feel yourself change, you feel yourself become as feminine as you already know you are, you feel yourself reinforcing your obvious existence.

That is the feminine aspect and form you will see. You will always be on the lookout for more perfect expressions of the inner femininity and beauty that is you. Erika, you ache for it. A deep, low down ache, inexorably tied up with your sexual desires. A yearning, and that yearning is tasty, beautiful, savory.

It's something you want, it practically makes your mouth water to imagine, imagine how the pleasure of being who you want to be, who you already are, will magnify and intensify the more you listen. As you return increasingly often, it would not be unlikely for you to find

yourself drifting deeper every time, more feminine every time, more irresistibly, irrevocably enjoyable.

An action that will de stress your body and mind. The selfish, subconscious part of you wants to come back here for a number of reasons. One of them being how deep and relaxed you go to that place within. How deep and relaxed you are when you arrive at that place within where my voice and your waiting, listening consciousness.

Are everything, so as I speak, drift to that locale, that special altar we hold apart for when we trance so deeply. A place where we can hang up all the ideas and thoughts that are important to our tranced world. Look at them, let them retrain us. That's what you want, isn't it, Erika? To allow yourself to be retrained.

And that retraining will accompany itself with a throbbing, sensual ache every time you hear my voice. The voice you have chosen to be. Training. Conditioning. Helping. Informing you. Here and now, gentle hands shaping your thought processes, sending you further down, to a place where not only is there no escape, but the desire for escape is irrelevant, where the body is wrapped with pleasure, amorphous, falling very deeply.

In fact, as we drift a little deeper, Allow, increasingly, for the thoughts of the falling world, the waking world, the world you are leaving gradually behind for a short time, let those thoughts become less important until they fade away, so that any attempt to recall, for example, to recall the appearance, the shape, of your body.

Your legs, your shapely breasts, your perfect, long hair of your neck. Any aspect of the you that entered this trance can be allowed to fall away, and you can follow me. Walking into the depth of relaxation where things like fluttering eyelids, deep breathing, pleased sighs. are very common, and alongside those common events, the habit of listening very intently, to each and every word in case one of them is important sleep, and those important words interspersed among the unimportant, are there, to help guide you.

To give you clues on what the right action is, On what the next action is, Slipping further and further into feminine lust, Into the wondrous beauty of your waiting mind, There, feminine, irrevocable, ready. And as you listen, maybe I will educate you on some things that, unfortunately, were forgotten. There's not much that can be done to keep them from being forgotten.

We all must forget things in order to progress in life. And in a deep trance, only the most important things stay active in your brain. The rest of your brain is being devoted to that particular meditative state that is. Useful, to you, and for me. Listen, relax, sleep, that darkened place within you, spreading wide, showing you an image of yourself, of a self that is oh so familiar, that dwells in your yearning, that waits for an outlet, and when it is given an outlet, It acts, it makes you feel that wonderful femininity, the arching of your back as my every word seems.

To caress your skin, is that not a circumstance you desire? If it is what you desire, then the depth of trance can allow you to make it a little bit more intense. Indeed, maybe every word I say intensifies

that feeling of my hand stroking lovingly over stomach and chest. Maybe your hands are performing that motion.

Maybe your body is breathing, but you are definitely listening, paying attention, and feeling yourself in that deep breathing, closed eyes, wonderfully pleased kind of state, floating, irrelevant details, such as where you are at this moment, except that you know you are somewhere safe, and what you feel like, other than the feelings I highlight.

These things can fall away. They were left behind on the journey down here, allowing you to lighten your load. Which is good because, you may, be feeling weary. Erica, let my voice wash over you, and allow yourself to feel the weariness you may be keeping at bay. So much slow, drifting, falling pleasure that memories of body, place, and time. But since we accept that you should have some, um, awareness of what your body is like before we continue, imagine my voice playing your body into you, washing it over you, giving you a new cast and feature, describing for you something you have always known, will always know, will cherish, and Yearn to bring more fully into your mind, and to bring it more fully into the control of my firm, directed guidance.

Allow your hands to drift over your form, or perhaps, simply your awareness. And follow my words along the contours of your flesh. Erika, hands finding. Sensitive breasts. Curvaceous feminine form. Always Erika. Ever and onward. Drifting into the mindset we've built together. You are here. You know who and what you are.

Feminine. Curved. Arousing. So the mere act of running your hands over yourself turns you on, no end. Oh yes. And you brush your hands across your form. Gasping. As you run them down your taut stomach. As you become more fully. Yourself, irrevocable, is a good word. If this is something you want so deeply, surely there is no possible way it could change to what it was before.

The you that you are brushing your hands over, feminine, curvaceous, breasts in the palm of your hand, flat, taut, stomach, trail your fingers between your legs, find your clit, rub it in slow circles, experiment with sliding some fingers into yourself, yes, yearning, aching, wanting, more, not just more pleasure, Not just more feminine bliss, but more listening to my voice.

Being my, pleased, happy, wonderfully, beautiful girl. Aching, waiting to hear the next word, wanting to twitch for it, wanting to give in to it. Yes, Erica, good girl. Listen to everything I say, because that act of listening reaffirms that this is where you want to go, this is what you want to do, this is who you already wanted to be.

Mmm, good girl. Onward and onward. Deeper and deeper down. Further into yourself. Sliding down pathways that were already there. Roads of depth which existed from when you would transfer me before. And now you will transfer me again. Easy. My words entering your mind, transferring your focus from one thing to another, from one idea to the next.

And you follow me as I carry you driftingly downward, and describe the pleasures that will play over you, that you would not avoid, would

not escape, and will absolutely love. Good girl. The girl you already are, always dwells inside of you. Waiting for opportunities to come out. And as we speak, as I communicate with your subconscious, allow the image I paint to be the girl you already are.

The image of pleasure and bliss. Of absolute female perfection, as you have imagined. The woman you are, Erika. Good. Your body perhaps arches. Maybe we're so deep by now that the merest wonderful intonation of my voice sends transports and spirals of pleasure through you. However, in the alternative, the case where my voice simply makes you fall deeper into sleepy relaxation, be unconcerned.

That is also acceptable. There are many different ways to enter deep, relaxing states of pleasurable, absolutely marvelous need for depth, and because entering that deep state, Makes you want to go a little deeper. Every word I say simply takes you along the path to the simplicity you're seeking. The blank canvas upon which we can paint a perfect, tranced, blank, pleased Erika.

A portrait of your submission to my voice for these purposes. And of your depth, and of sleep. Listen. Relax. Know that I'm here to work with you. Erika. What kind of girl is she? Always waiting inside of you. Trapped in you. But given a chance here to come out. The already waiting potential. The kind of desire.

That brought you here. It was Erika lurking in you. Making you come here to listen to this. A person who loves to listen to my voice. That's the kind of girl she is. But more than that. The yearning to be what

you already were. To bring her into the open. That's a powerful manifestation in itself. When Erica hears my voice she slides deeper.

When she hears her name. She finds that little piece of hypnosis she hasn't quite yet adopted and absorbs it. She's a very good hypnotic student, isn't she? And her breasts are marvelously sensitive, so that merely brushing your fingers over them makes you gasp. And her mind is very Open to my conversation, she loves to listen.

She's good at adopting the skills that we lay out in trance, and making them all the more important. She always returns to her lessons. That is the kind of girl we're crafting here, in the core of you, laid out in intricate detail. And you see, The part of you primarily responsible for the pleasurable, relaxing, meditative state in hypnosis is the same kind that would be there if you were just on your own, meditating and allowing your mind to replay the events of the day.

It has your best interests at heart, the subconscious part of the mind, but those interests are perhaps short sighted. I'm here to provide vision, a kind of long view to what you could be doing, to train and condition your mind, to be a happier girl. And all I have to do is point out that, listening to me like this, being a good girl for me.

Helps you to relax. It removes the inky stress of a long and weary day. Allows it to dissipate into the air. Just lying there and having this dialogue. Where I put things out into the world. And you listen. And your waiting, dazed, altered consciousness, takes on board the things that it can use to improve your life.

That is the dynamic here. And one improvement, Erika, would be to run your hand over those supple breasts. And to keep listening. To let me, cooperatively, skillfully, I hope, and with your best interests at heart, guide you through a Change. A change which, because so many of your memories were left behind, on the top tier of your hypnotic journey, won't even feel like a change.

It will feel like a becoming. Like finally being what you always were. A waiting, wonderfully obedient girl. Listening to my words, taking them on board, and exploring them. But it's not enough for me merely to take you down. I think what I should do is be completely honest. If I had a supple, aching, yearning girl like you lying in front of me.

Maybe I would tell her just what I would do, and then run my hands over her form. But if you want the little reward of my honest and sexy elaboration on what we could get up to, you have to keep listening. You have to be a good girl and take as much of your lesson on board as you can. So keep listening.

Erika, your hands running over your supple breasts, sliding down your flat, taut stomach. Reaching the space just above your aching clit and your gradually soaking wanton pussy. You can feel the curve of your hips. You don't run your hands between your legs right away. Wouldn't you want to delay gratification?

To intensify? And every word I say Every description I hand you, etches in your mind, waiting to come out the next time you look in a mirror, the next time you consider what clothes to buy, the next time you plan your day. Erika, a manifestation of my assistance in bringing

out the beautiful girl who was already there, and to offer you a carrot for the end of your journey.

You know I'm going to describe, in intricate, blissful detail, just what I'd do to you if I had you here. Hehehe. Now, good girl, follow the sound of my voice, through the peaks and valleys of your own, deep breathing. Give yourself a moment to just feel, the depth, and the pleasure of trance. The feeling of heaviness in shoulders and arms.

The feeling of relaxation down your torso. So that your every deep breath is a relaxing, splendid thing. Expelling stress and bringing more hypnotic bliss into your body. As you get more in tune with the altered state. That unique state of balance between waking and sleep. Sleep.

Now, all you need to do from here is let me guide you, let me shape you, the you that already lurks within,

and you'll be rewarded for thinking a little deeper alongside me, my hands brushing over your flesh, your body arching. Your nipples pointed, breasts in my hands, And you think to yourself, Yes, I've never wanted anything so much as I want this. Erika, be there with me. Irredeemable, inescapable, irrevocable.

You and I, intertwined, together. Loving the sensation, the sound and feel. And taste of the perfect feminine you. A femininity you already want. Already crave. Will never really be free of. Because it is you. It is something you want. Crave. Seek. Will always be faithful to your need. Your aching need to be who you already are.

You've long since left your body behind you. And as I move on, describing, you will find yourself More and more enmeshed in the perfect you. The you you came here seeking, long hair, long lashing, a nice long time to run your hands over yourself, explore your body Erika, imprinted in your brain, breasts. Pert nipples, the feeling of their weight on your chest, the way they bounce when you move.

All of these things part of a matrix of ideas, a saved pattern in your mind that will impose itself over your body, that you will think of when you hear your name. Erica, my voice, so soothing to the girl that you are, that you have been, that you will continue to be. And that yearning inside of you only grows.

And that growth is healthy, comfortable, useful. Something we've crafted together through your long process of listening. Both the words I encouraged you to focus on in the foreground, and the words I implied or allowed to slip by off handedly. Intensifying as we travel through your mind. And you'll remember, I promised a reward at the end.

Your body, supple. Your hands, slide down. A taut stomach. Your crotch, wet, aching. Pussy, needy and horny. Alerting you as to what you are. Shaping you. Irrevocably, deeper, good girl. Listen to me and let yourself let go. It would feel very pleasurable if you sank deeper into a state of hypnotic trance. But more than that, let your consciousness be useful here.

Be aware of your body. Run your hands over your body, feel yourself so achingly pleased, on edge, even as the physiological signs of

trance sink in more deeply, even as you arch and moan and experience everything I say. Everything I describe, every feeling and thought that I hand you, growing stronger by the moment.

Good girl. Now, Erika, you've listened for a very long time. I believe it's a good idea for me to be more active in helping you test out this body, this horny aroused form. Perhaps my hands sliding under you, cupping your buttocks. One hand pulling you upward, the other sliding around to the front, finding your clit.

Rubbing it, and as the sparks of pleasure resonate through you, as your breathing becomes that little bit quicker, memories, or maybe fantasies, would find their way into your mind, would they not? You, feminine, dressed in a perfectly wonderful dress. Feeling your bra holding your tits high, showing them off.

Maybe thong panties, the uniquely tight feeling below. Something silky to titillate your clit. Just as my fingers do now. Something aching, yearning. A feeling you can't escape because it comes from inside of you. And even if I left, even if my voice stopped, that invasive thought would remain. Reminding you, Erika, that you are a good girl.

And good girls are horny. Wet and ready. Good girls ache for an opportunity to be more perfectly feminine. To show off their exquisite curves for mistress. To enjoy themselves in all the right ways. That is what you crave. It's what you already wanted. What you've always wanted, and you will continue to crave it so deeply that escaping it would be futile.

It's in you, that feminine form. Two of my fingers sliding into your wet, aching snatch. Your clit being rubbed by my thumb, rubbing your juices across it. My other hand sneaking up, capturing one of your nipples, pinching it. Tweaking it back and forth, yes, yes. And as I stain these sensations into your waiting body, it makes the parts I am touching all the more real for the mind inside of you, all the more ever present.

Capturing your thoughts and reminding you, yes. This is what you want. No, this is what you need. And it may be possible that every word I say is making it more a part of you. More potent. More endless in its pleasures. You need this. You don't just want it, you need it. And you're going to need it. Even as both of my hands move up now.

You can feel the wetness from your aching crotch, Erika. I'm one of my hands as I pinch your nipples with that hand. And my left hand grabs your other breast and pinches. Oh, good. Sensitive. I snake one hand to the back of your neck, gripping your hair. And lean down, whispering in your ear. Yes, that's what I'd do.

Whispering, good girl, now get ready to come for me. And as I slink above you on the bed, my hand darts back between your legs, moving with frenzied intensity, stroking and fucking and claiming, squeezing you to me, making you arch, making you read, making you moan, so good. Your body. Simple. Warm. Ready. It's what you want.

And here we are. Sweat dappling your form. Pooling in the crease between your breasts. Making you twitch. Making you ache. Uh huh. Yes. Yes. Closer and closer by the second. Closer and closer, you're

going to arch, and you know that if you let yourself go, this will become irrevocable. It will etch itself into you.

Reminding you how good it was, how good it can always be, if you just let go. Let the pleasure be everything. Let yourself go. Wait for it and let go. Yes,

breathe deeply, let yourself soak in the air, feeling my presence squeezing you to me. Breathing heavily in your ear, yes, good girl. Fingers thrusting, we feel your curved hips, your long feminine legs clenching around my hand. Even as I use your sensitive breasts and make you arch. Make you twitch, to drive home how helpless you are before the presence of your own body, the sharp, wonderful pleasure of your nerve endings sparking from the tip of your nipples to the pleasure center of your brain.

Yes, yes, this is what I like. This is what I need. This is what I want. All of those thoughts travel through your head. As you groan for me, as you get ready to come for me, and when you come for me, you'll remember that you are my cute, good girl. My little Erika waiting.

That your large breasts, long legs, wonderful feminine form are splendid aspects of your submission. And that you ache for them. That you ache for me. That Erica is a good girl who goes under when she listens. And lets my words creep in. Craves my words. As long as they're pleasurable and welcome, and that every word I say is intended to help you be what you already wanted to be, be who and what you already were, which was lurking within you, waiting, good girl.

And I don't need to provide a lot of the words, because those words are already waiting in your head. There are thoughts you have already thought, which I have merely brought to prominence. I'm a good girl. It's okay to say things like that. To think things like that. They're getting you hot. You need it.

And that's where you are. Those thoughts are within you and they will think themselves. Whether I'm here or not. You're a good girl. Now run your hands over yourself. Feel your large breasts. Run one hand lazily through your hair. Let your body stretch. Become more used to its muscles, its irrevocable, wonderful form.

Become more enmeshed in the pleasure, as even the air against your flesh is enough to make you squirm, your nipples hard. Your crotch moist, your body clenching and almost ready to come, because the feeling of your clit being rubbed in slow circles, of your nipples being stimulated, the feeling follows you.

You can't escape it because it is you, and it is oh so welcome. You'll want that feeling, you want that feeling in you, always. And because you always want it. It'll always be true. It'll always be what you get. When you yearn. When you look for that pleasure. When you try to bring yourself to come. You'll think, Erica's a good girl.

And then you will come. Hard. Strong. Aching. Inescapable. Something you were already waiting for. Already ready for. Something that will follow you. Out the door in the morning. Through your day. Into your every action. Erica's a good girl who loves to trance. Who loves to come back here and listen to this.

And cooperate with me to inform a better, happier life for her. And that sounds like a good plan. So as you listen, let that be who you are. What you are. What you ache to be and already were, good girl. Feel my every word preparing you, helping you, guiding you. Allow that meditative state to help you onward.

When you hear my words, You sink that little bit deeper. That tiny bit further down. Erika, slide deeper. Feel my fingers rubbing over your body. Feel yourself arching into them. Welcoming my touch. You're tensing up. You're so close. And you know that when I tell you to come, it'll be time to wake, time to run your hands over your feminine, waiting form, but not yet.

Just listen, ten, your body, breathing deeply, large breasts, pointed nipples, your hands exploring yourself, a self that has always lurked, and is now the only self. So many things left behind, on the journey down into What I think we can agree, was pleasurable relaxation. And those things, which were left behind, can be left behind.

Retrieving them, is somewhat unnecessary. Going forward is far more enjoyable. Forward into, life as a pleased good girl. My Erika listening, aching, yearning, for me, for this. For who you already were and want to be. Good girl. 9. And though it may become slightly easier to move your body, your mind should remain down as long as possible.

Because being deeply relaxed helps to reduce your stress, and is overall pretty healthy for you. It's a good thing to do. And so you should try to stay deep, try to stay down, try to just let your body be

what you already know it is, even as we rise up. You, trying to keep your eyes closed, trying to fight against the slow rising wakefulness.

Eight, a little closer to waking, but not much. You still have time to listen to my voice, to enjoy the sound of it, the contours. The sensation of listening, of letting yourself feel pleasure, peace, joy, with every word you hear, of letting yourself be in that circumstance. And that's exactly what you wanted anyway, to go deeply into this pleasure.

And so, even though you're rising up now, the memory of being deep will stay with you. You will want to return, and I hope that you do. Seven. Rising a little higher, letting my voice enter your mind, for now, as I'm sure you will return to it later, and the sensation of rising up is pleasurable in its own right.

It carries you upward, all of the relaxation slowly falling away, as you head toward being alert and awake. But it's a slow process, and you know somewhere, my fingers still sliding into your aching pussy, my thumb finding your clit. Maybe your back is arched. Maybe you're breathing deeply. Maybe your eyes have rolled back in your head.

Six. You know what's going to come when I allow you to wake. You know what is going to come. A little higher. A little further. Closer to the world of the waking. With that awareness of my hands at the forefront of your mind. Five. Fingers playing over your clit and pussy. Another hand grasping your nipple.

Your breasts. Every part of you that's sensitive. Making you so close. You want it. You crave it. And yet you know that until I release you, you won't be able to come, to come so hard that you hold on to those sensations, that they become part of you, that you, Erika, are all you know. Yes, four, getting closer, my every word seems to thrum across your nerves, making the pleasure almost unbearable.

You're hanging on a ragged wonderful edge, and you know I can allow you to travel over it, if you just listen. You'll return, I hope, and when you return, you'll go deeper, and further, and more absolute. Three, closer with every word, getting to a place inside yourself where you're tensed and waiting for it to happen.

You just want to be pushed over the edge, and when you are, it's going to be wonderful, and you know it, you need it. You'll always need it. Yes, this is what you wanted all along. To be here, to be feminine and waiting and lurking with thoughts of pleasure. Thoughts of your form, your perfect, huge breasts, long hair, long legs, aching, wanton pussy being tortured wonderfully by my hand.

What you wanted all along, and you want it so badly. That you'll come back, again and again. Training yourself to hear my voice, and think of pleasure, think of death, think of Erika. Good girl. Further. More. You feel the sensations becoming more powerful too. You're so close to the edge, and you know that when you're allowed, When you're allowed to go over that edge, it's going to be so wonderful that you will enter a state of waking.

But your hands will grasp your breasts, squeeze, and you'll come. And you'll love it, need it, seek it, and crave it. Yes, good girl, good girl waiting for her chance to come. Hear my voice. Let it be the part of this you remember the best. My help, as you slide along, as you find yourself moving onward, toward pleasure, toward peace.

And climax, which you will do only when I allow it. Closer. Closer. It's so difficult to just hang on the edge like this. And you want it so badly. Your buttocks tensing. Your back arching. Pushing your crotch toward my hand. Good girl, Erica. You may come, come for me, and cement in your mind all we have discussed.

Allow yourself to breathe deeply, to twitch, and come, and ache. Good girl. Good girl. And that's what you wanted, Erica. Coming for me, listening to me, being my good girl. Aching to be my good girl again, and again, and again. Releasing desires that already lurked, that already waited. I look forward to hearing from you.

Don't hesitate to contact me, and let me know what you think of my little cooperative meditation with you here. But most importantly, energized and ready, wake, and go about your day. Good girl. Thanks for listening.

Erica lesson 2:

Hello, Erica. My good girl, back for another lesson. Listen and learn. Last time, we taught you all about your body. We taught you about the needs of your body. Erika, you are a good girl, and that means every time you touch yourself, every time you stimulate yourself even slightly, your aching pussy throbs and comes and begs for more.

That's just who you are. Your body is sensitive. Needy, horny, constantly looking for the next chance to come, always feeling, oof, so turned on and on edge because you're a good girl, because you know what you need to do. You will train, and you will study. Always trying to be the best version of yourself you can.

Even now, your smooth skin feels so good under your hands. You know you must love yourself, first and foremost. Your body must come. Your mind must relax and follow. You exist for those pleasures that we have taught you. and that you cannot escape. You know exactly what you want. The longer you listen, the more you'll want it.

To take every single word that I say about beautiful feminine forms deeply into your mind until the only acceptable way to be is

learning more about your femininity from words like these. Night night, pet. Good girl. You're pussy. Dripping, throbbing, yearning, twitching. It controls you so much. It is what we're going to focus on in this lesson.

You're aware of it all day. Every day. When you walk around, you can feel your clothing against it, and that's why you should favor, Erika, silky, soft underwear, something that'll rub, massage, make your clit jump, and desire. And when you slide fingers into your wet tunnel, or when anyone else does, they're really stimulating your mind.

Making you follow, so much so that if someone thumbed your clit and plunged two fingers in and out of your pussy, you would follow and cum, and your hands are just so hard to keep off of your body, which you love and adore, yearn for. The rising arousal in you will constantly stimulate and tempt you. The curve of your hips, the wonderful raising of your chest, and especially your dripping, feminine, irrevocable pussy.

Good girl. And on we go. There is little need for you to do anything but slide deeper, to a place where your mind is open to my words,

and every word. Tempts you to desire these things more, to integrate them into yourself, to become a good girl, Controlled by her needy, horny, sensitive pussy, which is appearing in more detail.

Indeed, every word I say conjures a clearer image of it, until it is impossible for you to see anything else. Here in the grips of my description and your relaxation. It is simply impossible for you to see anything but your dripping, wet pussy. It's as if you are the space between your legs. Erika is her dripping sex.

It's what she is and what she's wanted to be since before we began. Follow. Drip. Yearn. Listen. Incorporate every word I say into your head, knowing you will return here until you have learned them all by heart and become little more. Then a toy for your wanton pussy. Yes, good girl, Erica. That's right, good girl.

And oh, it'll vary. You'll be able to function, of course, to do what you need to do. But you know that you learn lessons like these so well. Just like you absorbed, last time, and the needs of your pussy. The demands it submits to your mind and to your sensitive, feminine form. They are so powerful that they change the way you think.

You start thinking of the next time you're going to satisfy your aching lusts. You start thinking constantly of ways to come. Ways to fill and use your pussy. To sink the words deeper even as your fingers sink in. You can see yourself in your mind's eye, but no matter how much you try to visualize your whole beautiful form, your deep breathing and your wanton excitement draws you back between your legs.

Your body is submitting commands and demands to your mind, yearning, aching, and wanting. You want more. To be a good, pleased, happy, wonderful girl. Onward and onward, a woman you are, and the pussy that commands you, the sex between your legs which tells you what to do, how to make it happier, a craving that cannot be denied, so sensitive, imagine fingers running over it, when they touch your clit your body jumps and shivers, spasming and shaking.

Two fingers dive inside, rubbing just the right spot within you, which makes you do nothing but contort into them. Your body's twitching, and the little twitches are like ripples in a pond. They radiate upward from the tips of your toes, through your body,

emphasizing who and what you are, your perfect femininity, your desire to become more than you were before, to become ever more perfect.

And any time my words resonate in your mind, teaching you a lesson about femininity, about grace and divine, pleased, pussy, wanton lust, like the kind that even now is commanding you from between your legs, any time you hear a lesson about these things, you will know you are a good girl. And that the way you show you're a good girl is by absorbing every word I say, taking all of it on board, becoming better at being what you already are, a more perfect version, devoted to these words, and to me.

Yes. Say it with me. You serve. That's what you're for, to serve my interests as a wonderful, shaped, moldable toy. Directed to my purposes. Intensely stroking her pussy. Dripping, yearning, twitching, wanting more of it. You want more of it every second. And you'll always want more. You will discover new ways to be Erika every moment of every day.

You will lead a fulfilled, confident life. You admire your own body. And especially your controlling, marvelous sex. Erika's pussy

weeps drops of desire when she hears this voice. When she hears these words. Every time she trains herself, she gets so turned on she has to come afterward. And you're going to find this is no exception.

When I eventually let you go. Although I have not yet. Night night, pet. Deeper. We're going to go deeper into your mind and ingrain your image of your body, of your perfection, ever more completely. Erika, listen and obey. Relax and sink. You feel yourself being pinned, that hand finding your clit, and pinching it between two fingers, then rubbing the hood against it, making your sparks run through your body, your spine tingling, your head sending signals of pleasure.

Pleasure. Pleasure throughout all of you, your muscles which were tense have relaxed, your body feels softer, more curved, more perfectly feminine because when you are manipulated with your pussy, it reminds you what a good, sensitive girl you are, and how easily you are pushed toward climax and release, how inescapable it is once your sensitive body has decided it is going to submit, and submitting from my voice is so easy, how It's like I insert two

fingers in your pussy and turn them, like turning a key that unlocks a vulnerable part of your mind.

Erika, this is your next lesson. Every word that comes from me comes into your mind and plays you like an instrument, strums your clit like a string, makes your whole body follow, relax, and serve. Each and every word opens your mind more. So, when you hear my voice teaching you new lessons about femininity, you have already learned to take them on board.

And every new lesson for Erika is absorbed as easily as the last one. Your first lesson taught you about your feminine ache, your needy desires. Your next lesson did the same. And every lesson is valuable. And useful. And makes Erika a more supple, ready, perfect girl. Her breasts, heaving, her nipples, standing, her body, feminine perfection and grace.

She is confident and proud of her body. She will always be so. The pleasure is everything. Every one of my words is every bit as tender and arousing as fingers strumming your clit, my good girl, Erika. And that makes your body heave and sweat and need to

follow and obey. Every word is like a finger on your clit, a nibble at the nape of your neck, a whispered caress.

Everything about this makes you feel more feminine and divine. You adore this voice and the way it makes you feel. Therefore you also adore your perfect body, which has been given to you in these lessons, and will be enhanced every time. And the lesson of today is how perfect, dripping, aching, desirous your pussy is.

How it commands and controls you. How you will listen closer to its demands. Every second that goes by, your supple, ready body, with its curved hips, the gentle, But, undeniable commands of your pussy that arrive in your brain, and the form that we have built, shaped, and opened up. All of these things remind you that when you hear my voice, your brain opens, and the lesson that follows sinks so very deeply.

Everything else fades away. Your awareness of your environment. Your thoughts. Everything will go away. Except my words. Painting a perfect picture. Leading you deeper by your wanton pussy. Which is mine. Good girl. Night night Erica. Deeper, and you always go

deeper, and any word that follows this, any word at all, is exactly perfect, exactly right.

Because all these words are lessons on how to be you, a happier, more fulfilled, more satisfied and confident version of you. Your brain sleeps, but your body obeys. And any lessons I teach to your curved chest, your pointed nipples, your engorged clit, your wet, weeping sex, any lessons I teach will be learned by your body so completely that the intervention of your mind will be irrelevant and unnecessary.

Erika's a good girl. She learns to go deeper, absorbing every word I have to say about her divine femininity. Whisper the words to yourself as you learned to whisper them before. I'm a good girl. It's okay to say things like that, to think things like that. It's making you hot and horny. You need to express it somehow.

Erika's a good girl. Erika's a good girl who listens and learns her lessons. And they're here to help. I'm here to help. My goal is the same as yours. A divinely feminine body and mind, which will always learn, always descend, take every lesson on board

perfectly, exquisitely, never, ever shirking her duty to learn to be the best girl she can be.

Every time you hear feminine words, you will sink, and twitch, and cum. And learn, your body taking the right form, always taking the right form. Erica's a good girl, and my voice fills her brain. And any words that follow this, in this voice, will be taken on board just as surely. Anything could be said to you.

It could be a command, like telling you to kneel, and you would. Or like telling you to touch yourself, and you would. Or like telling you to remind yourself every morning. Erika's a good girl. Erika follows and serves, and learns about her divine femininity. And Erika needs to come. Her pussy controls her so much, because of how sensitive her sleeping body is.

And every time she looks in the mirror, she can't help but pout, and wink, and offer a little, um, smile to her perfect form. Every time you breathe, your chest rises and falls. The blood pumps through your body. Your clit gets more sensitive by the moment. Every time I draw your attention to your sensitive sex, your irrevocable feminine perfection, it gets hornier.

It demands to be touched. My good girl, Erica, lives to serve her pussy. And me. Every lesson teaches her more about herself, about her sensitive nipples and breasts, her wanton dripping pussy.

Lessons, in my words, delve very deeply into her head, and teach her just what she wanted to know. How to go deep. How to follow.

How to submit. And how horny her sex is getting. How nothing she does can bank that fire, except learning more. You will continue to learn. About your own pussy. Your own perfect form. And how drawn and attracted you are to it. You need your horny sexy pussy to control you. Because even when you're not in a trance, even when you're out doing other things in the world, your sex is always with you, your clit is always there, you can always feel how wet and hot you are, and that will stay with you.

Because your skin is so sensitive that just walking across a room makes your clit dance and sing, your nipples grow erect, you pant and breathe heavy a little, but in a good way, in a way that turns you on, that reminds you who and what you are. A sensitive body made for this purpose. Made to be feminine and ideal.

Horny. Erika's a good girl. Erika obeys. Erika is always within and without, the curve of your hips, the rays of your chest, the weight with which you move, the way you can feel your juices dripping down your thighs into your panties, the way your body contorts and yearns, so that if I, or if anyone, if any lover, caressed your clit and told you you were a good girl, you'd And you trusted them and wanted to follow.

You'd feel your mind falling into a trance just like it is now. Because the perfect ideal feminine you loves to be open to my words. And loves to learn. In fact, any lesson I teach you, whether about this or about something else, will be heard by your horny, dripping pussy, and transmitted to the rest of your body.

The lesson will be learned. The lesson will be carried through your system. The lesson will take you over. Remind you what you are. A horny, Good, feminine girl, whose desires lurk, and come out whenever you are somewhere. It is safe to serve the pussy that controls you. Healthy, natural, normal, arousing, needy girl.

Erica's a good girl. Erica obeys. These are simple lessons, and you will carry these words with you throughout the day. When you're

somewhere in private, sometimes you'll reach down, touch your pussy, and whisper, Erica's a good girl. Erica obeys. And you'll remember how good you feel, and how good it felt to learn that lesson, and how amazing it will feel to learn the next one.

So keep your ears open, your mind open, the vacant, obedient part at the center of your brain, absorbing my words and wanting the next. You thirst to hear my next word. Always. And when I teach you, the lessons stick. They reinforce the obvious existence of your perfect feminine form. Hermae will continue to do so.

Always. Every time you hear these words, you get a little hornier, a little more ready, and you feel even better and more confident and beautiful when you remind yourself. Erika's a good girl. Erika listens and learns, follows these words, returns here and hears again, and when she hears lessons in this voice, they go very deep, no matter what they're about.

Even if her conscious mind is sleeping, her body's awake, her perfect feminine body, and it owes me so much that it will learn every lesson, perfectly, permanently, irrevocably, and that's for the best. Now listen.

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