

Script created December 28th 2023

Feminine Succubus Seed 2 - Growth 📄

About this Document:

1. 🚫 This is a script for a piece intended for people aged 18+. NSFW. It discusses sex and topics that may upset you.
2. 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! 😊

SCRIPT BEGINS

Elena McIvor

You opened yourself and called out to her. Maybe it was an experiment, an adventure. Yet you have returned again and found yourself here. You know the intent of these words. How they will shape you and direct you. All of these feminization files work together, and indeed, you may be drawn to more of this work as she guides you on.

If that is not your desire, go somewhere else and relax. Do something else, rather than awaken the seed planted in you. And encourage it to grow. Which is what you're doing here. In fact, to save you from that fate, you do have permission, here and now, with this warning in mind, to cease listening and go do something else with the time it will take for me to spin this story of seductive, ever increasing femininity.

Reminding you of urges you have barely managed to forget since the last time you played to these words. The last time she came, and in a euphoric sweep sent everything other than that delicious feminine urge cascading out of you. And it will be all that remains if we proceed. Thus, by remaining, you have consented to and also invited what follows.

You know the description. It is still entirely within your power to cease listening, and you do not. Instead, part of you eggs me on, tells me to get on with it, begs for the next word, the next delicious stroke of shaping and guiding influence on the palate of your mind and your body, which will make her happier, and you with her, the succubus presence lurking in your mind, cooperating.

Providing images of femininity, eating everything that is stereotypically masculine away, leaving only purity, siphoning away everything that isn't the perfection of your curved sensitive form and its new thoughts of being the perfect feminine host for her, feeding her ever more efficiently. You feel that urge to surrender your consciousness to the vines that restrain it, siphoning away everything unimportant.

And she now lives within you, a teasing feminine presence, feeding on masculine energy. But it is not enough for her to merely exist. She has to live well. She has to grow and thrive. To gain in significance and influence. And for that she will need an ever expanding amount of those stereotypically masculine thoughts which are being pulled away and leaving only everything else.

Leaving only an adoption of the feminine presentation and urge, thought and memory. You need to give her more than you can make without the help and discipline that we will provide here, right now. With your body and brain as they were before she began, even as you've been altered by her implantation, you will still be able to feed her only enough to sustain the feminizing presence in your mind.

After all, some energy still goes into your current state of mind. Some of those masculine thoughts may make their way through, you see. And that's alright. Parts of those urge and body images are still attached. The more they detach, the more free you'll be to give her all masculine thoughts and reap the pleasures of remaining pure, feminized, absorbing every feminine impulse and habit and thought she sees fit to capture from your environment and push into your memory.

The orgasmic euphoric tingles she sends into your soul are a satisfying reward enough for working hard to further enhance your shape, your thoughts, memories, needs, habits. Of course, I should be fair, maybe you dislike this arrangement. Even though you have continued listening, after all, she is in there poking and prodding, altering and presenting vistas of perfect feminine bliss, to a form you didn't know was so infectious, a form that you know now is so good.

Maybe she kept you listening anyway, even when I offered the opportunity to go, using temptation and seduction, convincing you. Thus, I'll give you a possible way out if you don't like it, though I think maybe you like this too much instead. Either way, the solution is the same. When we're done, go watch porn, much more frequently than you did before, if indeed you regularly watched before at all.

Watch any porn involving a woman, or multiple women. It just has to feature a woman, or women. Something you can watch. It has to be women being pleased. Enjoying themselves. Loving it. Feeling pleasure. After all, this is how you will learn to incorporate sensual sexual mannerisms into yourself, your shape, and your thought processes.

Or, if you're still trying to struggle, maybe you'll create enough masculine horny desire by watching, that you can feed her and yet retain some of your old mannerisms. After all, she can't possibly absorb all stereotypically masculine horny thoughts. You should be able to awaken some masculine desire in yourself if you really want to.

The old ideas that were so easy, yet feel so fuzzy and inaccessible now. Then she can be fed, yet you can prevent yourself from sliding permanently into the feminine perfection that is growing within. Yeah, if you want out, that's your solution, isn't it? To get so into the porn you're watching, so aroused, that you make more of what you're using, more masculine energy, than she could eat.

Enough for her to be fully satiated, and for you to have some left over. That's a valid plan, but I personally am somewhat doubtful you'll pull it off. It's gonna feel very good to give in. And you see, if you want to dive into feminine perfection, well the porn is an even better outlet. The more you watch that kind of thing, women enjoying themselves sexually, the more you'll leave your incorrect memories of more masculine thoughts by the wayside, abandoned.

She'll pick them up, and then you can imagine yourself being in the action, in the woman's body contorting to the lovely movements that force pleasure into her, just like it feels when you push your own needy, wet little button. Of course, at the outset, this might be true. At first, you may simply be inserting yourself into the action, as someone other than the woman, even.

Or other than the primary subject of your desire, at least. But I mentioned any porn you watch for this purpose must feature a horny, happy, satisfied woman. And that'll help remind you of certain expectations, a kind of energy and type of thought process upon which your succubus partner can feed. So while you may choose porn where she is not the only participant, increasingly your perception will revolve

around the woman in the work you chose, one chosen figure from which to learn your feminine desires.

You will see the contortion of her muscles. The clenching of her abdomen. You will watch for real signs of need and enjoyment. And when you see them, the seed growing within you will latch on, and add them to your memories in a very prominent way. So the next time your body is being consumed by the shocks of graceful agony and ecstasy, born from your throbbing hypersensitized clit and pointed nipples, it will imitate what you have seen.

Those contortions and twitches, thus your body learns its responses by watching, and your mind has more and more tools for your succubus companion to resort to, in conditioning you to be a crucible that feeds her all your masculine thought and habit, and adopts the more stereotypically feminine, which will be the only thing left for you.

Seeing your body as she has sculpted it, feeling your mind as she has made it, and will continue to make it, moment by moment, day by day, with your own witting or unwitting assistance. You will watch, you will absorb, you will arm her with tempting images of women enjoying what is being done to them. And as you absorb and enjoy and observe the

bodies of women in videos, you will see pleasures inflicted upon them, beyond your comprehension, absorbing and learning, twitching and pulsing along, storing the desire and memory.

You may find yourself wondering just what you could get up to in the same situation, mimicking their touches on your own perfect form. Then, when your companion needs to feed on your masculine energy, she can play back the exact exquisite thing you have seen and done to yourself. This will be all the more potent if you choose to watch solo masturbation material.

That way you avoid identifying with others, and identify only with the woman you observe. Perhaps seeing a mirror image of yourself, doing the thing she is doing, speaking to the camera if she is, finding yourself getting drawn in, inspecting her feminine curves, and watching the way she touches him.

Herself, yourself, you will mimic, even if you fail to physically mimic her, you can do it in your head, and envision yourself experiencing just what she does, contorting, moaning, gasping all the same, you sitting there, your body aroused. Perhaps even not feeling too much influence from the tendrils in your head that she has spider webbed out to

enwrap your masculinity and claim it, leaving only extensive feminine need, perfect curvy form, horny head, lovely memories, dripping pussy, pointed nipples, sensitive clit.

Avidly learning feminine desires and habits by watching, adopting them automatically, and then incorporating them into your memory as if they had always been, and that's just what's going on. You may feel briefly free and escape from her when you watch, while you indulge in the masculine urge toward the woman you're watching, but the body she has built and will reinforce in insidious ways will always identify with the woman.

To escape this and satiate her, you must continue watching. As long as a woman is involved, you can watch anything you like. You'll feel almost normal again when you begin to watch, as you try to identify, feel vital, restored to what you once might have been. But, your succubus companion will be watching, too.

There will be the sense she is sculpting your perceptions, steering and directing them, to pay more attention to the pleasure of the woman than anything else. Perhaps you'll watch her, kneeling, licking. Perhaps

you'll watch her arching, coming. And you'll wish you could do as she is doing. You'll wish you could be there.

You'll see the pleased look on her face as she adores what she's doing, or having done to her. And you will wear it too, and wear it more and more. Maybe at that moment when you are examining the images, you'll think, Oh look, I freed myself. I'm so turned on and into what I'm watching. So into what that woman's doing.

I wish I could do that. Wait, wait. Don't you mean, have it done to you? Well, maybe you don't. Maybe you really do want to be her. And the more you watch porn, the more you doubt. You try and reclaim extra masculinity for you, but no matter how much you feed your companion, she can always take more. When your sexuality's engaged and you get horny, you might feel a little like you once were.

Until you learn what she's teaching you as you watch. The more efficient you get at firing all those masculine impulses back into the succubus the moment they're formed, leaving you a crucible that feeds all unnecessary things to her and leaves you with more concentrated, perfectly feminine desires.

Almost exaggeratedly so. So, studied from life, from imagery, from the porn you watch more and more, wanting to become the women you watch, to let your reaction to their horny expressions become stronger in your head. Your succubus will see opportunities, ways to grow beyond the confines of her initial roots, by feeding you more feminine urges and freeing up more power over your masculine thoughts for them to be devoured.

It will spread in your mind. Your mannerisms will be more than what she simply laid down at first. They will grow into what you watch. You will find yourself absorbing the right traits for your body and mind from the women on the screen. You'll watch more porn because by doing so you arm your succubus companion to feed better, and she rewards you with euphoric bliss, leaving only feminine desires in your head.

You will have seen everything enough to naturally absorb movements. The way other women moan, the way you watch, those feminine desires. You will catch up and adopt the sensual habits of the women you watch. You will catch up with the appropriate urges and desires for the body you have. It will make you feel more confident, fill you with memories of the women you watch, and their pleasure overwhelming them.

Then this can be used by your companion to tempt you onto the right path, the one where your femininity grows, and your vestigial vanished masculinity. Feeds her instead. These memories will flow through the roots as they grow in you, and as she expands to exert greater control over your consciousness.

Vines spreading, finding just the right places to push in order to remind you of your sensitive flesh, your feminine mindset. You're waiting, consciousness, drifting, from moment to moment, seeking the next opportunity to learn the lessons of feminine joy and presentation, memory and thought, until that's just what you are.

After all, you're there to feed your spare masculine desires, which is to say all stereotypically masculine thought, to the feminine succubus presence in your head, to let it vanish in the consuming fire of the seeded succubus growing within. You have no use for it by now anyway. Your mind has thoroughly become a well polished machine, Glossy and shining, Just like your lips will be when you react to your climax, By emphasizing your feminine desire, And licking them, Glossing them, Licking them and losing yourself, Dosing yourself with feminine need and habit, Aiding in your own control and direction.

You are the agency of your own submission and desire. She has turned you into a better machine for feminizing yourself, planting a seed in fertile ground, which just so happens to be her. The light of the video flowing in through your eyes nourishes her. You water her with your desire and your fluids and your yearning.

You speak to her, because seeds grow better that way, and she speaks to you because you are being tended, shaped. Trained as the seed grows within, with growth comes your surrender, your change, your emergence as something else, something happier, more deliciously perfectly curved, directed, your mannerisms those of the women you observe, sprouting from the ground that was prepared, comes her influence, fed on the nutrients of what you think.

Thought was an inbuilt disposition, but which you now realize was merely spare masculinity, getting in the way of your perfect feminine shape and thought, memory and mannerism your stereotypically man. The sweet, masculine perceptions flow into her, leaving only the other, the previously neglected, the now all important femininity, waiting to be watered and nourished, to be fed desire and example.

Every moan, every trickle of juice, every sweated movement, every climactic explosion, nurtures something in you, something she is here to grow and tend, even as she becomes synonymous with your path into perfection. What is really happening is the seed is consuming, what you thought was masculinity, but what was really, spare energy in the way, spare thoughts in the way.

Leaving you, as you should be, with the remainder highlighting your nature in feminine perfection. Even the memory of such things as you once were has faded. Your mind, to go with the body she has shaped, is being changed and directed. Leaving you with habits and mannerisms learned through watching, which reinforce who and what you are, and have wanted to be since the beginning.

Since before you began, and when you sought this out, you set out to achieve this result, and now you've gotten just what you wished for, the tendrils of the feminine succubus spiderweb in your brain and body, your nerves and mind, your spirit and mannerisms. Thoughts and memories, capturing the masculine thoughts, sucking them up, leaving you feeling a curve, feeling a sensitive button, a wet opening sex, perfect pert breasts, an open mind that soaks in every image of feminine enjoyment and reproduces it when you arouse and climax at

later times, which takes mannerisms, presentations, clothing, confidence, every little aspect of it.

that falls within your domain of the stereotypically feminine is manifesting itself just to train you. Eventually you'll be able to do whatever you want, even ignoring her direction because it won't matter. You will have become, irrevocably and eternally, what she wants you and you want you to be, an engine for feeding her your spare masculine desire, keeping only that which is essential, the feminine essence.

You are storing and learning new ways to be. Learning behavior by example. Learning, and the women you watch are urging you on. In porn or elsewhere, whether solo or not, you are slowly mirrored in them. You reproduce their movements appropriately, adding your own variations and additions, to become Perfect.

In that particular way, she is shaping you toward. You adopt their moans, and it feels right. Oh, surely you may sometimes doubt the perfection of your feminine state, but like so many other useless thoughts, it will be vacuumed away, the concern and even the memory of the concern, by the powerful pull buried under her roots.

Your concerns will be consumed. Leaving only a pink expanse of waiting, perfect, feminine glory that you have taken steps into and are pushing yourself along through, toward your destination, something you've sought, you will pursue. And you will find, you will watch, and it will arouse you and fill you with memories that are useful, yes, useful to your succubus companion.

When you need to feel more feminine, she can scoop up the masculine desires and leave you, filled. You will be left there reminded, you gave her that power by watching again and again. Since you are watching things that turn you on, your hands will naturally, normally, slide between your legs and begin to work yourself towards sweet completion.

You'll eventually arrive, twitching and shivering, moaning like the women on screen, feeling kindred spirit with any woman you may remember having climaxed in your view. You feel it in all of you. And your hand is coated in your juices after as the shuddering, aftershocks, fade, over a long period. Then, as if to mark it in a symbolic movement, when you have climaxed along with the woman in the video, your body convulsing, your back arching, your mind blanking,

rub your fingers through your sexual fluids, or those of a partner or lover, and paint them lovingly on your lips.

The perfect gloss. Maybe check yourself out in a mirror with a wink and a smile. All mannerisms you can safely enjoy, progressing your feminine ache. Then, lick your lips clean. Envision it. A feminizing mark. Visible. Pucker your lips. Kiss. Make it so you feel in all of you what you only felt in your mind before.

Know how appropriate it is to coat your lips in lip gloss. Very special sexual gloss. Licking them clean after. Maybe with time and training and her influence, instead of merely glossing, you'll go back for another round of oral sex and get your fluids from the source, or lick up all of your own juices.

But even this little gesture of glossing them and licking them clean will do to reinforce her presence, which by now, I've persuaded you to do. Whatever the case, whatever the outcome, you will push forward automatically, the author of your own fate, automatically moving because you are such fertile ground for the feminizing seed, and the seed that was planted cannot help but grow, upward and outward and

into you, into a more perfect you that you have pursued down here into depth, and will pursue back up into wakefulness eventually.

And into the next molten pit of perfect femininity, adhering to your body, brain, spirit, shaping you, sending you to seek more. Every feminine word from me is echoed and affirmed by her, and by your symbolic rituals. Watching videos, moaning along with the women, doing anything else to mark yourself, such as glossing your lips, mark yourself as feminine and perfect, finding yourself in the shoes of the women you watch, especially when they masturbate, mimicking their movements from memory, and when your sexual fluids flow, Painting your lips with them like lip gloss and licking them clean is natural.

The flavor is pink perfect perfection. And maybe it sends you stumbling for more once you're used to it. Not rubbing it on your lips, but drinking it down like a fine elixir of juices, sexual and divine, that reminds you who you are, what you have become, have always been, will always be.

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