

Script created January 4th 2024

Inevitable Induction 📄

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: Induction, Beginner, Sexual

Duration: 12

Elena McIvor: So, let's lay down and take the time. We've always got things in the periphery of our lives that are demanding attention. Not just business or obligation, but even fun or leisure can weigh on us a little bit. And the deep relaxation that keeps us passably sane, or at least passing for sane, however we find it, is still valuable.

The slow tolling of a passing day must feel particularly poignant to you now. All things considered. I'm going to refrain from giving the all things pass talk and remind you of times and bliss and euphoria that will come again, but I will note that all things do pass into sleep.

Absent certain very intriguing medical phenomena, it is quite impossible to fight forever.

You can fight some sleep for a long time, you can put it off, but it sneaks in around the edges, hazing your vision, deepening your breathing, tempting you by putting the golden glow of allure around every comfortable surface, and as you grow more tired, around some uncomfortable ones too. Sleep will happen, and you'll collapse into a likely very long, and probably very restful period of gradually descending relief, if you've put it off long enough.

If you've put it off a very long time, sleep will even weave its spell over you after you wake up, in the form of a debt you owe, that sneaks in and reminds you, Hmm, you could use an extra nap. How good it would feel to collapse into bed. And perhaps to explore yourself as you liberate your consciousness from the demands of the day.

And so it goes. People say you can't cheat the Reaper, but at least he doesn't come collecting while you're still breathing, deeply, and living onward. On the other hand, you might rather enjoy it when Morpheus collects, especially if sleep comes in installments, with direction and temptation. If you defer your sleep, or simply have shoddy sleep practices, Tsk, tsk, tsk, The warm, soothing hands of relaxing slumber Will rub tension from your shoulders, Progress through your muscles, Make you sway.

Clasp you by the hand, sing a siren song into your brain and leave you yawning. Broadcasting it to everybody. Throwing your need for sleep around so it gets on people, and infects them too. Luring people with you, and they yawn in turn. Infectious. Inevitable. Weighty. Soothing in the fact that no one will fault you.

One of the few places in life where no one will fault you, is if you need to get some sleep you've earned at the right time. You can set aside thoughts of societal obligation, and at least get enough. A break from the weary world. But like I said, Get a little bit extra every now and then with some assistance keeping certain important, vacant, receptive, listening parts of your mind awake.

While certain parts related to stressors and indulgence in the outer world fade, it's easier with someone there, someone to reassure, guard, assist. Embrace. And really, they're never all that absent. Whoever's influencing or pitching the story is inevitably connecting you to someone in the process. Even if it's them, or someone else you're thinking of.

And that's for the best. Of course, the need for sleep can give rise to some quite pleasant situations. Being free of boundary and expectation. Allowing your awareness of the conscious world to take a back seat. To a receptive meditative progression, when you try to delay sleep, time passes by and you're on top of the world.

Maybe you're productive. Maybe you're watching TV. Maybe you're drinking with a friend, or a lover. But sooner or later, your vision begins to be blank more and more, getting unfocused and staring into space. And the only thing you focus on with ease is a seductive song coursing into you from a biological imperative that says, Sleep, sleep.

Doze and drift and sink into what you're supposed to be doing. And the idea of doing that gains an allure. So much so that whatever project, or responsibility, or wonderful company was keeping you from

your bed, moves below the value threshold, until what you value most of all is the seductive, almost sexual embrace.

of surrendering and tipping off the edge into a depth where your awareness fades. Of course, the idea of doing that gains a gravity, too. You proceed through your attempts to resist, to defer sleep, to ply it with coffee and excuses. But sooner or later, in an act of purist seduction, it will talk you round to its way of thinking.

Convince you that a drink of water, or something stronger, and a warm bed, are in your future. However you may choose to make it warm, and you may hold at the precipice for a long time, for days in the worst of conditions, but sooner or later you will give in to seductive embrace, and your body will follow the natural course.

Deep breathing, an absence of awareness or concern. Some of these elements are good if you're simply meditating too, which can be quite restful, and with the right focus, help you to stave off the need for sleep a little bit longer. Centered. Pleasured and relaxed, but still aware. Of course if you're too sleepy when you try, you might slip off and begin to snooze.

That's where guidance and guided meditation is valuable. If you listen, you can do other things. You needn't remain still. Maybe syncing makes you feel particularly aroused, and there are obvious outlets for that. Even moving around wouldn't make the words any less persuasive or tempting, any less well chosen.

Thus, you sync. You let the feeling propagate. The same feeling is when you surrender to sleep, willingly or reluctantly. Letting your acknowledgement that the inevitable pleasure to follow is worth the price of spending a little time recharging your brain, letting some words in. Just like sleep, a lot like sinking, but in this case as you're being guided.

You're able to appreciate the change in your body, and keep a little bit of you suspended. A trickle of energy keeping a listening part of your mind awake, capable of appreciating and feeling, acting and following, and later, judging and considering what you'd heard, and integrating it into your mind if it was particularly striking.

The familiar tingling and fading of awareness. It happens everywhere except inside your head. Listening, quivering, caving, fading. The voice becoming sufficiently pleasurable merely in the hearing, in your

fixation. Every echo in the gradually clearing confines of your hazy mind becomes a relaxing experience, rooting through your body.

Finding the inky remnants of darkness and stress, which fill the rest of the world, and banishing them from this particular place of communion, this particular listening environment where, for a little while, you're tuned in to yourself, to all the things you need to ignore, to go through the day normally.

You get to listen, and I provide the story, the context, the suggestions. And maybe they'll be better received because of the throbbing of a relaxed form that makes you more sensitive, more in tune and open to parts of yourself you must shield in the outside world. Here we can build rapport and you can go a little deeper.

Let some parts of yourself out, knowing that enough of you is aware and awake, that if you're uncomfortable, you can do otherwise. But if you're comfy, well, the roller coaster begins. Submerges. And although it'll rise back up eventually, when you get used to the fall, it's really not bad at all. A listening, editing, reminding, syncing feeling that's enough like flight to carry you out of yourself.

And the emptiness helps. The emptiness helps my voice direct agency and sensation. Unlike real meditation where emptiness of the mind is a goal in and of itself, here it is a facilitator. No matter what else you're getting up to, part of you gets to sleep. But this isn't all or nothing. Spend some time just listening and opening your mind to the possibility that part of you could fall asleep.

While leaving a certain, vacant, receptive, chilled out portion of you, present and fixated, envision my voice entering your ears, spreading out, coating your brain, in a sweet, slowing, viscous, honeyed, Covering. Thoughts take a long time to escape that thickness, so any quick thinking is slowed instead. Any distraction or activity can be slowed yet still proceed.

Thoughts may get too slow, however, and inertia will carry them back down. Back down through it very easily. Of course, my ideas coming from outside fall down through it. So the ones I'm providing have an advantage over your own thoughts which must reach sufficient speed to escape the honeyed covering.

Your own ideas, your own nerve impulses and commands to your body must struggle against the sweet coating becoming muddled or confused

and then lazily drifting back down, contained within, as echoes and whispers. My words on the other hand, sink neatly, sure of their destination, and eventually, they pop on your brain, pressing more inky stress out of you, and leaving a relaxing following in their wake.

So each deep breath reinforces the rippling echoes, in the vacant expanse of the listening part of your mind, each echo bouncing with pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, whispering into your waiting head. And in this state you might be a little more prepared to perceive the ordinarily imperceptible, receive my arguments, and integrate them into an unconscious part of you, while the conscious mind is still drooling its pleasure and catching up through the orgasmic twitches, which may be about to find you.

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