

Lake 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, Lake, Corruption of Champions

Duration: 7:42

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This is the Lake induction. It serves as the induction for all the files in the Corruption of Champions Lake area. There is a reminder about this on each file's descriptions, but you only need to download this induction once and use it at the start of a playlist featuring Lake files.

Of course you can instead use the induction of your choice, but this one sets a nice scene and gives an initial tour.

Elena McIvor: Now, there is a place closer to fantasy than it is to your waking life. The place where you store the skills you use in order to go deep in the first place to explore these fantasies. An outpost on the edge of a world laden with sensual potential and new vistas of experience. You know how to go deep, and you know the kind of intriguing story you might find if you do.

You know that it is as simple as thinking your way down to a familiar place you've built listening to my words. Having a connected mental landscape through which you enter these fantasies is what assists them in feeling real to you. As protagonist in an elaborate story being played across the theater of your vacant mind, to let everything flow through you.

You become blank, and you wait. You have more brainpower freed up, since in this safe place of meditative certainty, you needn't provide any of the scenery, any of the conditions or players in this fantastic story. And thus, you can get so into it, that the hallucinatory sensation invades your body in a great way.

For sensual purposes. For confidence. For assistance. These things all tie together. Many uses for the same tool. The same system. The same outpost. There can be a peaceful walk, a sexual interlude, or simply you witnessing something out of the ordinary. Described and painted for your entertainment. So, that camp on the edge of dream.

The repository of all your imaginative potential. A complex metaphor representing every skill you have. That helps you get a little more unfocused on the real. And a little more focused on a new version of reality which will caress you just as strongly. A place from which to visualize Imagine, dive into, and indulge in all of these stories, these experiences which incorporate feelings throughout your body, and external thoughts entering your mind to encourage and send you to the right places in this vast expanse of dream, this place you've visited, and that camp where you stand in the center.

Knowing you're somewhere safe, you set your foot on a path going forward, a way out of here and into other places. Here in this land within the borders of your mind, vividly drawn and sensually alluring, in this place it is possible to travel elsewhere simply by visualizing the destination with sufficient clarity.

So, I aid the transport into the deep and different places through vivid portrayal, really making you want, making you feel the place you will go, knowing what might await you, even though you've likely chosen the destination ahead of time, and just want to use the time in which it is being described in order to transition from location to location.

Progress occurs, walking forward and moving to a place where the air is cooler, but still pleasant. It speaks of ambient breeze over water. In this land where you've staked out your outpost and then begun to explore the rest, you know there are both near and far locations, but it takes the same amount of time to get to any of them, because travel is different here.

Seasons are also unfixed. It might be winter in one place and autumn in another, summer in yet another. Plants from all climates grow in their own pockets of space. And presently, you come to the lake. Peaceful, and free of most of the corruption which inundates the rest of Marath. Something about this place keeps that kind of lurking, sensual, horny lust at bay.

Keeps people from changing too much. But the water does still carry the corrupting fluids and energy, and the inhabitants of that lake and its shore are inevitably changed a little. Made more lustful. More sensitive, perhaps. Maybe some corrupted plant is emitting a pollen that arouses, because you're becoming more turned on as you step off the path, and onto a sandy shore.

At this point on the lake, it is an eternal summer beach, a place suitable for sunbathing. Perhaps this is odd, but it's still pleasant. Magic. Maybe natural phenomena. Maybe a volcanic vent underwater. It is comforting, nonetheless. And even if you were nude, the air would still wash warmly and pleasantly over you.

A sultry heat. You can see trees with changing colored leaves on the distant side of the lake. This place allows contradictions like that to exist, enjoying the view of an autumn tree line, while you nonetheless bask in summer heat. And it certainly bends the mind toward thoughts of lust and sex, to be warm and free and able.

But just now there is a purity in looking out over the lake, watching the occasional ripple. Awaiting whatever may come. There are goo girls in the lake, of course. Amorphous of form, lustful in intention. And the

shark girls, in their brightly colored two piece swimsuits, are sunbathing nearby. Too lazy to even come proposition you in their aggressive way, though they are sensitive and desirous, typically.

Some distance down the riverbank in this pocket of eternal warmth, an otter girl sits and fishes with a sunny smile on her face. Most denizens here are not at all dangerous. And they do no lasting harm, or even change, to their partners. But there are also many islands in the lake, home to strange shrines and old stone structures.

And now and then, people in peculiar boats make their way ashore, robed with sexual intent, bearing strange magical paraphernalia or potent potions with them. While one can never truly let their guard down, if you were in trusted company, this is certainly a place you could doze off in the heat of the day and awaken in the same shape and safe.

Even the ancient creatures who live deep in the lake and sometimes emerge are known for their friendly, gentle dispositions. Taking it all in, the breeze touching your skin, you glance around in an effort to find something catching your interest. Perhaps to hold, perhaps to caress, perhaps something capable of sending you into transports of pleasure

that will leave you twitching all the way back to your camp at the end of the day.

You look out over the lake, feel the sand beneath your feet, and consider your next move.

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