

Latex Bath 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! 😊

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Elena McIvor: It's all mirrors and metaphors, really. When we're dealing with your mind, we're setting up a language in which it and I can talk. Every set of hypnotic triggers, every process of entrainment, is really just the process of building a Rosetta Stone, a shared delusion or metaphor through which we can communicate subtly with parts of yourself, which may rankle when directly confronted, but

will Yield to the gentle, smooth touch of the right word, the right key to the lock.

And you can't force it, you have to fiddle with it. You have to slip in, sibilant as a whisper, and let the mind wrap around you. Become a holistically beneficial part of it. That's the only way to steal in and establish rapport, to Link oneself up, and that's what's happening now. Hear my voice. Understand that you've listened to my work before, that you know that I'm trustworthy, and that anything I may do with you will only serve to benefit you, since that benefits me as well.

You can rationalize it away as symbiosis. So many people do. And really, that's what a lot of the best relationships end up being. The process of give and take, the understanding, the consented manipulation, which hangs around and reminds us of its beneficial, niggling nature, sneaking into the head and into the heart with enough time of listening, relaxing, and going along with every word, with the shared reality, the built up process.

The painstaking fiction which is, a series of novels all itself, shared between the two where, their lexicon, their world building becomes,

the language of the subconscious which informs its changes, development, alterations and understandings, which informs, you, from me, a language in which we can communicate but Allow it to resonate into action rather than just words.

If actions speak more loudly than it is only because they resonate with that shared lexicon that Rosetta Stone between us, as I give you a framework, sometimes technology, sometimes mysticism, often magic, but sometimes simply, the confines of the mind set loose upon itself, allowed to free the depredations and pleasures that are so often repressed in our society.

So listen to me, as I speak to you like a listening, relaxed, Adult agency in charge of your own mind and body. Consenting to the devil's compact or, to technological contract or, to something of the sort. Hear my voice, be at ease, and let me weave something for you, to which you may subscribe. Our brains are inevitably just, machines for generating narratives, and we have all these wonderful fantasies lurking under the surface.

Waiting for the right catalyst to draw them out. As if they sat within enki blackness and waited to arise from it. And when they did arise, it

would be amid the faint stirring of mind, body, libido. Spirit itself fixated on the idea. And that's why so many things stay buried. Because if they were freed, the need to give in to them would be so profound as to render one helpless.

And that's the thing we have these. Machines in our mind for training us to a certain way of being, for making us behave, live through the every day in a specific fashion. Avoid escaping into ourselves because it would ultimately be disruptive. But what if there could be an escape calculated to be beneficial, to be a kind of entrainment geared around, Hmm, letting you experience your every day more efficiently, more effectively.

Knowing that the primary fantasy, the all engulfing experience, laid amid words and woven into your mind, could be integrated with the everyday, could be used, as I said, as a catalyst. And that's exactly what you're listening for. The right words to set free something which already lurks, waiting. Your mind has so many nooks and crannies, so many little spaces we can explore.

So as you hear my voice, slide into one of them now. Imagine a stairwell. Within your mind, your little mental projection geared up to

it. Footstep after footstep travels down, slowly, one and then another. Stairs, stone, clicking underfoot. Perhaps your form is nude. Perhaps that doesn't matter here. One, and then a second.

And each step carries you into a place where the air itself is humid and warm. Three, and four. As if something here had to be kept moist, ready, in certain circumstances, and yet the air is sterile and safe, in its own way. Clinical, almost. Five, and six. And every step lower brings A room, spartan, steel, with comfortable heated flooring tiles, into view eight, nine, stairway down, and the final step places you level with, before you, a strange, vast room.

The room itself is square and small enough that you can see the other wall, but when you stare down you see oblivion instead, an inky darkness. And you get the sense that it's staring back at you. And in the middle of the room, there's a little platform. You imagine that the black liquid latex is, um, just what it is.

There's no mistaking that scent, that feel. And you do step into it. It wants you to and you want to. No, want is too weak a word. Need. In both cases, your feet fall onto it, and step after step carries you closer to a slightly raised, padded platform in the middle of the room,

as you move from the padded, heated corridor, into the cool, yet still comfortable, darkness.

You know that it won't cling to you yet, but in your mind you can anticipate, the lurking, aching, fetishistic desire that sinks in, that lurks here, that waits for you to accept its agency and, Engage in a compact of your own, foot after foot, moving. You reach the middle of the room, leaving the contented fluid behind you.

It tries to cling, but falls away, knowing there are more steps. And when you stand on that raised dais, you notice it is warm under your feet as well, and you see the hanging apparatus, a black rubber mask, very similar to an anesthetist's mask. It's got tubes that run up to the ceiling, some hose ready to pipe in some soporific agent.

And as you take it, you notice that it has one little elastic around the back, and another at the bottom to scoop behind, so that it would cage your face and be locked to you, and you slip them around, marveling at their tightness, needing to breathe in whatever this quarter of the mind is preparing to pump forth.

And it slides snugly about your mouth, and you take the first long breath, and cool, clean air enters your mouth. That's strange. Wouldn't you expect this kind of thing to be, um, some kind of blissful gas to take you out of it? But instead it's just air, and that's when you hear the bubbling. Gentle, welcoming.

Some part of you maybe thinks of escape, but A much larger part might be thinking of just how soothing that faint hiss in the back of your mind is. Coming not from what you're breathing, but from what has slowly begun to pool about your feet. Moving in from every corner of the room. Folding inward as if the natural home of this stuff were right over the platform you have stood upon.

As if it is simply flowing home. Like liquid flowing down a sheet. Flowing into one shared core. Waiting to coat you, and as it does, you notice that it's no longer merely a contented, docile surface you can move across. It's bunching about your feet, caging them there. Of course, the last thing in the world one would wish to do would be move their feet when that hot, aching tide is pouring up them.

Because the moment it touches the body, that warm liquid slides upward. And all thought of resistance, of alteration, fails before the

simple logic that this is your own plan, being executed upon you, that this was what you desired when you opened the door, and that if you went back, you'd just end up disappointed.

Even if you had some button you could push to simply escape the warm tide that's pouring up your legs, that's encapsulating your every inch, that is flowing between your toes and seamlessly subsuming them, you would just Wake somewhere else, disappointed, and you think to yourself, damn, why did I do that?

So knowing that your choices are between indulgence and submersion on the one side and disappointment on the other, who would choose disappointment over this pleasure? And you feel that cool air flow. Into you, breathing deeply, even as physical contact with the material seeps into your brain. It sends a pulse as if it's testing you.

Pulse, pulse in the back of your head. A kind of pleasure mixed with a euphoric, I don't care what's going on attitude. A drifting. You feel a large hunk of it rise up, and you lie back on it. Realizing that the tensile strength of the surface is such that you won't sink in it. Until later. You can lie in the air, in a float, lying there, breathing deeply.

You feel it flow over your body, but that's alright. That's something you need, something you crave. And maybe these thoughts arrive as a silent whisper, an echoing thing in the mind that doesn't actually manifest in the real world. Or maybe they're words you can hear, coming from what's surrounding you.

Submerge. Give in. Become greater than. Something else. And that is what you will do. It covers you. It's moving slowly up your legs. And maybe part of you wants it to hurry. And part of you wants it to take its time so you can savor the tantalizing edge. But as it flows, it wraps around your knees. It wraps around your body in form.

Covering you. Taking you somewhere deeper. Darker inside your head. A place of pure pleasure to the point of almost feeling sexual in its achingness. But then it pauses, and you look up and you wish it to move higher. And as if it answered to your thoughts, as if it answered, it moves just an inch higher, but then corrects itself, your thoughts not carrying enough weight to drag that thing higher over you.

It stopped just shy of your crotch, circling around your thighs. You want it to go higher. You don't know when that wanting became so strong. But as you float there, you feel it move up over your shoulders

as well. Moves up, and you feel something warm and slick slide into your ears. And your mouth opens in a gasp as you breathe more of that clear air.

Breathing so deep, your eyes roll back and then they see only darkness. But it has still stopped shy of your rear. Of your crotch, it isn't even covering your chest, it's just covering your head. You feel blankness overtake you where it's touched, as if your control, as if your awareness of the parts of your body it's covered, has been replaced simply with the following.

Imagine that your feet are submerged in this substance, and you think to yourself, how do my feet feel? And you try to wiggle your toes. But instead of a signal coming back up your nerves, all you get is the word pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, repeated a thousand times into your mind, and accompanied by the named sensation, flooding you with chemical bliss and depth.

As it answers you, no need to worry about the parts of you that are covered. They're just fine. You're just fine. And yet it stubbornly stops below your rear. And it keeps from covering your chest. Imagine how deep your breathing would get, if that blissful liquid overtook your

chest, covered you aching, sent you reeling through paroxysms of pleasure.

But even now, it isn't entering yet, but you can hear it in your head, thinking for you, covering you. Your entire body is being dragged through these sensations. It sends more testing pulses through you. You suddenly feel aroused beyond measure. You feel your buttocks clench, your hips thrust. Orgasm washes through your brain and you don't know where it came from.

Ugh. And then that fades, and becomes just a slight tingling on your scalp. And then you find yourself thinking, Yes, I want more. I want it in, overtaking me. I want to submit, and while the thoughts don't seem entirely your own, the most perplexing part is how completely calm they make you. They are neither scary nor bothersome.

Not a thing to be resisted, but a thing to be welcomed. And then, you feel it tighten around your feet and legs, and begin to move again. It slides upward. It slides into you, entering you, covering you. Gripping you like a lover's hand, rubbing over you. The entirety achingly enters your brain, fills you. The part behind you begins to vibrate.

You notice the darkness fall away. You can see again, but everything's tinted a slightly darker shade as if your head were covered by a hood with a transparent sheet to see through. You're still breathing deeply from your supply, and you realize the mask is being held on by the edges of the coating, that as you breathe deeper you'll find yourself.

More and more enthralled to it, and suddenly, a little valve is pinched by the latex, at the exact same moment that you feel a sheath slide around your genitals, the sudden vibration and stroking sending you squirming, aching, thrusting, feeling yourself engorged with blood, even as your buttocks begin to vibrate from what's intruding between them.

The aching sensation fills your mind, and one word comes out of you. Yes, even as you feel yourself unable to get a breath, held there, gasping, squeezing, the feeling of it tight around you, hot and tight, and then those little tendrils in your brain tweak a certain place and you feel yourself able to breathe, but every breath makes you more relaxed, inches you closer to a depth of trance you had not known, your body covered, your brain twitching with need.

Every part of you vulnerable, knowing that if it wanted you to come, you'd come. If it wanted you to grab yourself and stroke until you

came and collapsed, twitching, you would. If it wanted you to clench your buttocks and just thrust against it, working yourself until your fall, you would do the same. And knowing that that aching vulnerability lurks.

The last thought on your mind before it presses the sleep switch is, what is it going to do next? And what will it do the next time I try to transfer something else? After all, this coding is programmed to make you oh so pliant. Oh so ready. Wouldn't it interpret any trance trigger as a trigger to kick all of its functions in and send you spiraling down?

We won't know until the next time someone says, Night Night Patch. Sleep. Relax. And prepare.

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