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Latex Mind Awakener 📄

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! 😊

Elena McIvor:

Now, presently, a soothing cocoon, where before you may have been aware of the touch on your flesh, the wonderful rubber, against you, your body, enraptured in the sensation, now you're aware. You are nestling on a comfortable, slightly curved surface, every bit of your body still inhaling and contacting. But long ago, when you first began to descend, certain parts of your mind leached out of you and into a bath of magnificent latex, drained away.

Leaving you still here, still listening. A blank, ready, open, receptive presence. Here to hear everything that flowed into you. Every bit of influence from those parts of yourself that are connected, woven together. Influencing you constantly. Your body. Your instincts, your training, and on some level your desires were left intact, a kind of energy connected to essential parts of yourself.

But everything that might get in the way of pure, perfect, open, edible meditation flowed away with the bath. And now, gradually, you feel a soothing friction between your skin and the constricting latex. A cocoon. A gateway to metamorphosis. You're resting. Almost a seated position, but with your muscles being supported and elevated.

After all. One must ease slowly out of this deep phase of relaxation to keep you connected to everything you ought to be connected to. Your comfortable seated position is actually one of suspension. Through your skin, which is the latex, which is everything around you, you can sense it's connected above, hanging from some vast limb of soothing, intent presence.

And, if you looked out through it, Which would be very difficult through your lazy eyes, but may barely be possible now. You'd see a vat

of dark liquid below, a familiar bath, but you're aware it's there even without seeing. Because it is speaking into your mind, returning bits of awareness and memory. Even from this proximity, because you are cocooned in wonderful latex, you find yourself increasingly comfortable.

You know that you've descended very deeply, and certain parts of your mind ordinarily associated with the everyday, with waking thought, have been left absent. Leaving you to slowly reabsorb them, now at this time, as your training for now comes to its end, and yet remains influential. You see, for the process of your training, it was so much more convenient to just have the body here.

It's urges, it's pleasure settings, it's arousal settings, which even now are set slightly higher than normal. But all the time, your body and urges, your spirit, and your link to those Influences from elsewhere have been kept here, moved through a conveyor belt of perfect latex domination and encouragement.

Your mind has been in that latex flow from the bath, has been held elsewhere, has been trained just like you were. So not only is it the case that when that mind is put back in, it won't necessarily retain any

of the words you've heard in your training. It may have undergone other training. There may be new urges, new arousals.

New relaxation, and you will be unavoidably filled with them, because where you are in your cocoon, comfortable, seated up, able to look forward and out, relaxed and turned on by the environment you are in and by what is to come, you feel that liquid latex from below flowing in. It only really fills the cocoon up to your neck, slowly starting with your toes, and the faint chill is accompanied by an internal warmth that is soothing and yet returns you to yourself.

Flashes of memory and thought gradually begin to stir. But you know that you're being kept down by the heady, almost sedative quality that latex has on you. Plus, with the pleasure resonating in your mind, greater than the arousal now. It feels good to just stay where you are. Your mind is gradually returning.

And indeed, you may remember words which follow this one. But your mind, having been absent, having been taught other things, may find words before these are impossible to access. Nonetheless, your body and spirit have learned very well. And even in the slow ascent, as the cocoon around you pulses, pleasure, pleasure, a little arousal, not too

much, you're returning toward normal baseline levels, such as will enable you to function, which you shortly shall.

But you can feel against your skin the invigorating restorative presence. It turns out having your mind dripped out into some liquid, and left to sit warmed and attended, allows for a soothing, relaxing experience for both of you. Your body, which was fed nothing unnecessary during this time, and your mind, which was freed of nerves and musculature, allowed to roam in its liquid, and which is now seeping back into your skin.

Indeed, the level rises over your chest, stops at your neck, as was said, and every deep breath sends ripples through it around you, and a pleasant scent into your mind, which has gradually returned. The liquid seeping in, sending resonating pulses of awareness, of restoration, and yet all of you is integrating, so the return of the memories is normal and natural, the most appropriate return toward awakefulness, which has not yet completely propagated into your system.

Indeed, as you begin to absorb the awareness of your returning mind, stored so long in the liquid from the bath, the liquid begins to flow downward. Whether it is receding into the cocoon, and whether the

cocoon is of your flesh, or something separate you will return to, there's no knowing, only that your awareness of your mind gradually restores itself, but you're still aroused, you're still pleased.

Maybe even more so, because while your body has been put through the ringer of pleasure, your brain has experienced the arguably more completing feeling, being one with that liquid latex. And that's the best part. Since your body and mind were separate, the things done to your mind were irresistible, without a body to anchor.

The things done to your body were irresistible, without a mind to direct the resistance, divide and conquer for your benefit and enrichment. And the restoration now makes you more completely yourself than you ever were before, or than you shall be again. Until, once more you're separated, controlled and guided, and returned.

The liquid still remains around your ankles now, there's less of it because it was being bulked up by your many separated thoughts. Then, you feel the cocoon settling on a surface, no longer suspended and being manipulated and taught. You are now instead allowed the chance to relax, secure in the knowledge that even when it falls away, you will be supported, comfortable.

And invigorated, you see it begin to part, you ready to emerge into the light, slow at first. Taking deep breaths, part of it opens in the middle, one, a half slides to the right, the liquid falls away, and evaporates, emptied of your thoughts, except maybe some of your stress went with it. Two, the other half falls, and you are left lying, invigorated, peaceful, knowing you will return, knowing your relaxation is set just a little higher than normal, for quite a long time, wake, for now.

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