

Mirror Estate 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

Duration: 13:48

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This will be the induction for each of the files in a somewhat dreamlike exploratory fantasy series set in a world where sensual peril is around every corner. This induction was born out of several very old ideas I've since removed from the site for poor sound and writing quality, and improved here. This is a decent implied amnesia induction in its own right, so try it with other things and see if you like it.

The listener finds themselves facing a pool of amber-hued relaxation, and wondering what is on the other side, despite the possible arousing amnesia-laden consequences and training afterward.

The mirror estate is vast, things are dreamlike and you may not remember how you travelled within it - only that you enjoyed it.

Elena McIvor: Now, in a deep part of your mind, as we fall a little deeper down, let me paint a picture for you. One that is illustrative and useful for deepening a trance state. The idea of falling through something viscous and thick. Something which coats and consumes the air around you, while still being comfortable.

Even comforting. Like honey. Or, um, some flowing wetness which coats your form. Flows into your brain. Covers it so any thought which tries to escape and work itself into your body Must first make its way through a permeable membrane Over which I temporarily have dominion Surrounding your thoughts, letting in what I want to Letting out only what I wish to allow.

And this is the ideal state for the subject, for the skillful listener like you. A state in which thoughts simply fall back down into the morass,

the void of the mind, allowing only the appropriate and useful thoughts to escape, to act upon the world. And upon you, only those thoughts which we have dictated to be appropriate, useful, productive for the sake of our training and progress, can go beyond the blankness.

Only those thoughts can find expression on the canvas of the mind, and then the body. Otherwise, you simply are unable to progress beyond trying to think the thought. It falls away. After all, the simplest, most effective hypnotic meanderings center around our own bodies. The perception of self is so often bound up with a kind of false reality, a kind of image of self that imposes itself over and above the actual, um, state of the subconscious mind.

Hypnosis is a good example because where we believe we're at, and where we're actually at, are often so disparate, so different. What we believe to be the state of our bodies. And the actual state of our bodies are often so different so far apart. The subject often cannot be sure whether a given trigger has taken hold deep in their mind.

They can't be sure whether they're already entrained to a specific response until the moment comes. That's where testing comes into play, and often that's one of the most enjoyable parts, being tested

and being a test subject. But it's also because the subconscious mind fails to understand, fails to let the conscious mind in on the current state of progress.

And so there are all these murky undercurrents, these parts of the mind that can only be seen through the lens of some viscous honeyed surface like this one. Restricting thoughts that are unnecessary is quite useful, and only with these extraneous matters pushed to the periphery, with the use of some overarching metaphor, can we bring out the desired and trained responses that are already nestled very deeply in the listener.

Particularly with this kind of volitional hypnosis where you've selected what you will listen to, or have been told what to listen to, and you've engaged it with a ready mind prepared to go deep. Particularly in this type of relaxation, it is simple and easy to remind the listener that they want the end result.

They desire what will come next. They are my cooperative partner in this process of deepening. To evoke the image of the idealized self, the self who is already trained extensively, so as to be subject to, well,

anything we please. And that is a collective we. I'm working here to guide the mind. You're working hard to open it.

And to listen. And in opening it, the parts of your mind that are responsible for filling you in on the minutes of our meeting later, well, they may be too occupied, feeding their processing power to whatever it is that we will do together. And that we encompasses It's I, working here to guide the mind, you, working hard to open it and to listen, and the parts of your mind responsible for filling you in on the minutes of our meeting later.

But they may be too occupied helping out. And you may even forget things you heard moments ago. And so the warden of the mind, the subconscious desire for change, or for sameness, for pleasure or for punishment, these things come bubbling up, and I can deftly reach a hand in and tweak them from one position to another.

Speaking of reaching a hand in Imaginative games and illustrations of fantasy scenarios are very helpful in helping you go under. So we're going to envision something that might help strip some of those memories away. And by the time we're done, you just might not be able to resist surrendering certain thoughts to the pool.

Envision a pool. A simple well. Circular. Six feet across. With an amber hued liquid in it, bubbling faintly. In fact, the surface tensions of that liquid seem to susurrate with every word I say. They bow inward or cave upward, moving like the amplitude of a sound wave, as my words reach your ears and sink inside.

Nimble, dancing drops of amber liquid, similar to what is coating your mind. To what is restraining your thoughts, to what may later refuse entry to memories that follow, and although you may try to hold on to what you hear within, although you may attempt to retain everything we say and think from herein, the temptation to let it go and benefit from doing so may be far too great.

Perhaps, gingerly, this imagined you we've pictured experimentally reaches out and plunges your fingertips in, and the material within the pool seems to cling to them a little, glistening and enticing. Maybe experimentally you lean forward, run your tongue over one of your fingers, tasting. And maybe that's the moment you're lost.

Be blank. Drinking in every drop. Sinking down more deeply, and you look in that amber pool, still lapping the sweetness from your fingers,

seeing yourself reflected there, except all of you, sepia in hue, staring back. Blank and empty. Watch yourself be blank and empty. Empty of thought. Empty of memory. Empty of everything except that the pool changes from merely showing your reflection to showing the reflection of a version of you who has Slid even further into tranced, relaxed, pleased, euphoric loss of self.

A you who may have so much trouble getting up out of that pool when we're done, that the pleasure of doing so might wipe away everything except the memory that something happened and it was good. Leaving all else aside. But we'll see at the end. For now, you just go deeper. The blank pet. Envision yourself.

A blank slate, waiting and listening. And visualize a surface you're staring down at. Amber. Opaque. But you get the sense there's something on the other side. A broad pool. Or, conceptualized differently, a door. You imagine you could slide forward. Breach through it. Find what's on the other side. A round stone frame full of amber liquid.

Sweet, leaping liquid which moves with the sound of my voice. And so you do move forward. You come into contact with it. And in so doing

you seem to come closer. Closer to my voice. Closer to my thoughts, which are gradually becoming your thoughts, you pass through the amber liquid in complete comfort, complete relaxation, and you emerge, taking deep breaths, into another place.

A place where a faint, almost musical presence on the edge of hearing Blurs you onward. The amber material fails to cling to you. Instead, here in this bright place you've gone to, it hangs pollen like, suspended in the air, titillating instead of invasive. It is just ever present, an unavoidable and relaxing vector for getting this metaphorical hypnotic space better enmeshed in your mind.

Whenever you want to go deeper, think of that amber liquid and imagine breathing in the free floating particles of it, the way they make you feel refreshed, your thirst quenched. Your mind, relaxed, and every moment you think of breathing deeply, that amber liquid, floating, giving this place a tropical air, soothing and comfortable on your flesh, well you'll go a little deeper, and it's perfectly acceptable for you to just keep thinking of it, keep voluntarily deepening yourself, but you'll be breathing it anyway, titillating and ever present, an unavoidable and relaxing vector.

Getting that metaphorical hypnotic sleep space better enmeshed in you. Look around, you'll find soft sand underfoot, the kind you can just weave your toes through, white, small grains. Wonderful to look at, almost reflective. In the distance in this space, looking back, you can see that amber portal, but looking ahead, you can see the sun almost at the horizon.

An impossible space. Just enough above it to make this place soaked in wan dawn light. The day will last, and so will the pleasure. A few steps along that sandy path will take one to grassy lawns. A garden of delights. A place where the pathways weave through. Soft, springy surfaces underfoot. A peaceful place.

Nearby. A hedge maze with a single entrance. But perhaps our observed inner figure will wait on that. In the distance beyond, some stone spires of some ancient structure. Nearer there are other buildings, perhaps maintenance sheds, perhaps places to store one thing or another. And there's a cleared pathway going to a kind of park, next to a lapping river.

The water's flowing there, tumultuous, quite different from the still surface that our notional adventurer entered into this place through.

A few footfalls on those sandy paths will take you down the aforementioned cleared space, closer to the water, and to a kind of fountained plaza. It's a strange fountain, shaped like half an egg, sliced vertically.

And as you circle around, you notice little jets coming up from the rounded base of the dais. You see that the side opposite your entrance has steps. Leading up to a little platform inside that rounded bowl, which is dappled with the occasional spray from the dancing droplets of water in the fountain, but is particularly clear and safe otherwise.

And you look around that idyllic place before deciding where to go next. You allow your mind to remain in a suspended, waiting state. Trying to decide where to go next. But it's alright to just drift there. This is a place of many mysteries and many possibilities. And if you choose the next place you'll go, then you'll simply be able to fall into even more pleasurable, promising, euphoric, self exploration.

Even as you learn the mysteries of this entire place behind the amber, this other world, this Inclination of self to explore, which has overtaken you. Still breathing that amber liquid because you're near

enough to where you burst through. And after all, the portal's only right over there. You'll be able to return, later on, to where you were.

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