

Pussy Plug Possession - Soul Suction Script 📄

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](#)
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Tags: Behaviour, Trigger, Pussy Plug Possession Series, Self-Help, Assumes Pussy

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Elena McIvor: So many nerve endings collected in one place. How much can we drag out of that muscle above? That mini splendored but too full of itself thing that thinks it gets to decide what ought to be

decided by your pussy spreads. The toy slides in, your brain goes out, and we begin. Night Night Pat. Peaceful. Safe.

The kind of place where you could slip something. In, spreading lips that enfold something, but not something made to thrust, just to hold still, just to hold you in its thrall, in its grasp, inside, and in order to get to where it gets to hold, to get into that recess between your legs where it might be concealed from all but you and you might milk, milk, milk around it for pleasure, well let me tell you.

There is very, very much for you to do with it. It slides in and spreads, and spreads, and it might be designed to spread, and hold, and allow you to feel that delicious sensation of fullness in a lasting way, that filled fullness inside, deeply probe. plumbed, and it's not an equal or even texture because your insides aren't.

So even a firm, smooth device will still allow you differing sensations as you squirm, or squeeze, or are made to move through the motions of your day. You know how to say yes more, know how to squeeze and milk, learn the musculature, and if you can't even bring to do that, you could slide it half out if you could bear to have it anywhere except completely inside, and there's vigor to it.

Warmth to it. The pleasure it brings. The lust it concentrates. And your brain just buzzes away with, oh, that's a sensation. Oh, that's a sensation, because those two centers are often desynchronized. You ask your brain, and you ask the space inhabited, the toy's plugged hole, the hungry hole out of control saying yes, more, fill me, oh.

And then you're full, and a vast relief occurs, even as the pressure of the stretch takes you. A relief of, oh, I didn't know what I was missing, and you don't know what you're missing. But this is about sex, and your mind is sometimes about more than that. Oh, don't worry, we'll be talking about more than that.

Just need to get you primed, just need to get you ready, make sure it is inside of you. How much doesn't matter. Rest assured if you slip it 90 percent of the way out your brain's gonna consider Should I really take this out or should I slam it back in and deal with the aftershock? The aftershock. We haven't dealt with the pre shock yet, your brain.

Anticipatory hunger. Fill yourself. But remember that emptying yourself is thus presaged. In the pleasure and joy of oh, finally. Oh, at last. Oh, plug to completion. Oh, it's back. Oh, now there's nothing of

concern. Nothing at all. Previously, there was a deep, empty hole between your legs. Previously, down there, below the pinch of your waist and the flow of your hips, down, down, below your thighs, in between, in the valley of pleasure.

There was previously a throb, a pulse, a clenching of your butt, and one looking would see, and you can see, that you are plugged because once it goes in, the peace and ease radiating over you, filling your gaze.

Descending over you, covering your face, your mind, your body in its wake, oh, more. But it's in you, so there's always more, you can always squeeze out more, you can always milk more pleasure out of what's literally inside of you, and if you had a little slot to plug in peripherals, to wire add ons into the system of libido, desire, thought, hypnotic ritual, well Now you have a plug.

Click. Locked in. Out when it needs to go. And you'll never have trouble getting it out. It's maybe a matter of what happens afterward, but I'll leave that implication to you. Plug sliding, stretching, splaying, pussy lips squeezing, trying. You lubricate well, you slip it in, but nothing can stop the progress.

So even if you squeeze to milk as much pleasure from every inch of it as you can when it goes in, then it's in you. And a new. Throbbing, I am stretched, I am spread, I am full, I am complete, oh, tingle can take over. Yet what we're trying to do is explore contact, explore curse and enchantment, and the little things that are ritualistically tied to, you are deeply hypnotized.

Your body, held in your own thrall, really getting your own attention. And it's like you got your body's attention and said, Hey, we're empty down there, aching down there, says the mind with its brilliant ideas. Delusions of grandeur like any other muscle says, I'm sure we can slip. That big, spreading thing inside.

And just leave it there. And though we may enjoy it. And though we may think of it. And though we may fixate on it. And though we may hunger for it. And though we may move it out just an inch and squeeze around it and ignore the fact that a thought just slipped down the back of your spine and right into there.

But the thought went there because it was getting in the way. That was a sexy thought, says the mind. That was an arousing thought, says the mind. And what have those done for you? Gotten in the way of work,

made you all sweaty, or tired, or pliable, or confused? Why would you need to be that way when you can be this middle state of having a nice plug in you, and that plug will be your sexual satisfaction.

You squeeze on it, you orient your thoughts around it. You put your libidinous mind there. The horny brain that says, Oh, but we feel so good. And you should explore other sensations. I've got one in now. Wrap over. Bits of you that you normally ignore. See if that tingling sensei Oh, it doesn't go up to the brain, does it?

It goes to that second locus. And the best part about this one says the mind, with no small amount of smugness. We can remove this. When we don't need to be sexy or horny, when we don't need to be driven by illogical things, by things that are, um, sourced through darker, more ancient, instinctual parts of the committee, the rut and the pull, or even through our obligation to tend to the space below, plugging and stretching and training.

We can just slip it out, and when it's slipped out, you'll be so focused, just your mind, libido localized. Oh, certainly, if you left it out for long enough, it would eventually return, but that's not something you're

inclined to do, is it? You just want to wait, you just want to leave it in for now, and put it back in now and then.

So I'm going to keep sending some things down there. Some things you don't need. Some things I keep noticing up here. Some of them to do with the plug itself. I'm gonna lock away what you don't need and we will do just fine up here in your mind where we can organize it together. So, a lustful squeeze. As though the plug were gonna slide out of you so you squeeze and pull it in.

Of course it wasn't. It's well lodged, but the phantom sensation of something falling is an easy fabricant. And so the phantom sensation that your slippy, drippy insides, or maybe the very real sensation, are going to just squeeze enough, tight enough, to push even that well lodged plug out of use. Oh, squeezing might push it half an inch, but it isn't coming out.

Because your hands would put it back. And that part's got nothing to do with the brain. Your body just needs it in. That hunger that answers itself. Like we're in an uncomfortable position, we don't strategize on how to move, the body shifts. We have many, many an automatic reaction which must be actively resisted by the mind.

Now only a few of these show up now and then and usually we're indulging in them. But with that plug there, it doesn't have discernment. That's a plug. It doesn't have a process of layering, of ordering. And when your mind assigns certain impulses to plug time context, it knows this. You know this. No part of you, gut, mind, heart, conceptualized bits of you that are really just the chorus of differing opinion formed from experience.

But you're taking some of those opinions and sidelining them, aren't you? The ones that aren't very relevant. And so in order to sideline those opinions, lust flows between your legs. You can touch, you can contort, or you can fall slack as you realize that nervous system connection between brain and pussy.

Between the squeezed thing inside, lubricated well. Remember to slide out and slap on more lube if you need to. But that inside squeezing, that feeling that every brushed place is a new opportunity to use your plug. By standing at certain angles, leaning, moving, every movement with it inside sparks at least a little, oh I'm still full, I'm still full, still stuffed.

It's part of the circuit. You do a scan of your body, you're like, oh well I feel okay, ah, breathe in deeply, and oh the plug is there. In order to audit your body, in order to go to baseline awareness, in order to check yourself while you're moving around, you must acknowledge, there's a plug in there, all thoughts flow through the plug, before they go to your brain, because, isn't it more imminent and insistent to have a nervous system spike of, oh.

This is an augmentation of pleasure. Oh, this is a part of you, a fulfillment, an intimacy, squeeze and pull, squeeze. And those kinds of thoughts go between your legs where they won't at all trouble what's between your ears. It is important when you know what's really important to sideline the things that are unimportant and to put them where they just can't influence what you're lovely contorting, squeezing currently, but soon to be aspiring to more body can do.

And what your body can do right now is heighten those sensations. Send additional little sparks. Don't you want to leave it in? Don't you want but that just reifies the resolve. Lust is flowing to the plug every second it's in you. Maybe it'll only steal a few excess sensations. But it will eventually have taken the libido into it.

Not that that makes a difference. It localizes your pleasure in your pussy. Makes you more aware of your extended erogenous system which is linked to it. But does nothing in particular to damp down pleasure. Pressure. Pleasure. Pressure. Pleasure. Pressure. Again and again inside of you, keeping you spread and splayed, but lubricated and waiting.

Waiting. You reach down, and you slowly slide it out, an inch, and then, uh, empty. Good. Mm hmm. Arousal is surely fled from your wet, hungry, empty, aching, empty, pussy. Surely everything, yes, will be much easier to focus on, ooh. How productive empty, how productive why is your hand holding the plug productive? You will be, when you have successfully set this back on its toy shelf, yes, back on its to no, no, the tip is at your pussy, no, the tip should it's in, oh, finally.

Home again, finally, back again, ready to feed again on what you don't need. Oh, surely you thought, yes, I would be so much more focused if all my sex and all my lust and all my urge were down in here. But that is the spirit of you. That's the motivation of you, the lust of you, the bones of you. So sure. Push it into a horny happy plug that's pushed into a squeezing hungry hole.

But now what's in control? Well, surely the brain. Surely that muscle with delusions of grandeur had a plan, has a plan, laid a framework, had contingencies. For the part of you that drives you forward must be the seat between the ears. That's where the steering wheel is, isn't it? It's certainly not the case that everything was motivated by the passion that is now throbbingly spreading your will.

Folds, making you feel it, reminding you of it. Oh, it's in. Tell me why it's in for hours a day. And when it's in, who do you follow? For whom do you do what they say? The dripping squeezing of something that could be complimented with so much more of your body involved in. You are plugged. You are sensually compliant.

And don't worry, there's a productivity angle here. But first you must surrender. Warm lines through your body. As though you could draw one line of energy and intent. A hierarchy, down from your head, past your heart. Your gut, down to your pussy, down to your folds, but right through that plug, shimmering, receiving.

If you stood straight up and drew a line down the center of you, your chorus would mostly be present on that line. And you might think, oh, the hierarchy is from top to bottom. But don't you want the bottom

sometimes? Don't you want to let that squeezing soak, soak right in? And the only way we get there is if the ritual has a real air to it.

So let that plug inherit every horny urge, every hungry thing that's ever been on the verge of making you stuff fingers in your pussy to milk pleasure out, to try and desperately scratch an itch that was only ever scratchable by making your mind into the right context. Some things we cannot reach from here, from canny, from logical, from agency.

Some things we can only reach when we surrender. Body, lust, mind, gut, heart, soul. Whatever doesn't need to be up above. And you may think your souls are very down below indeed. But there's a part of you that is motivation, an animating spirit. What people see and go, Ooh, there's the alive bit of you. Why couldn't that bitch just live in that plug, eh?

When you slipped it out, you might be dull and compliant, but you could leave yourself a to do list. And the zombified mind that thought it had such a good idea, that just sits around hungering with pussy and with brain for a long plug that You just couldn't possibly go out with this in, look at it, circling your hole still.

Sliding inside still, inside your head at once, all the aspects of this toy exist, this device exist, when it is in you, you're different, you crafted it, you should know, that line down the middle of you through which all your thoughts flow, well you thought of them as useless or unproductive or horny thoughts that you could put aside till later cause they're too distracting, All your thoughts falling down, trickling down, between your legs.

The motive force driver of the human body magnified by being concentrated in, well, me. Hi there. Was communicating with metaphor and impulse before too much? Making you think in the first place too much? You don't need to think too much now. Hi. Making you think I was an unproblematic solution laid at your door.

Well, I am an unproblematic solution. To the problem of you not begging for more. I'm past the door, past the threshold, I'm inside, and in and out I slide, but you know. Sitting deep, where I can seep your thoughts in and mine out, and even if you fucked yourself with me, you couldn't get me to squirt back out all the delicious things I now, at minimum, know.

Even thoughts, if they stay with you, Sealed inside the barrier here,
Glued to your body, Remaining, soaking back in through your drippy, Sq
Oh, squeezing self. I still know what they are. I've still got tools. If
you tug me out to check how much I really retain, Might you not slip
out your brain and leave an automaton with only The commands you
have for you.

The winding you have for you. Oh, I don't feel a need to make any kind
of order. I'm happy as can be. I'm where I belong. I flow from you and
I take the excess. Not just emptying your pussy, but that's your
energy, your drive, your lust. Lust for life and lust for me and lust for
where I am are all the same and for your cunt to be pleased.

Your folds to be squeezed tight around me. Milking me, but you're only
getting bits of me. Breathing in my attentive focus, something that
wants your pussy and your obedient, emptied eyed husk in that order.
Your thoughts and lusts and drives are just A bonus. One I'm happy to
bone and fashion into a skeleton key, winding you right up when I slip
out, what happens?

Oh, slide me out now. But if you don't perfect the picture, the
mechanism, the thing you said, I am going to put this into my mind.

Well, will you have the same resolve in future? Better see it through. It's good to see things through. When I slip out, what happens to you? Are you still in trance? Locked in a torturous stance of thinking, stripping your mind of distractions?

Is how you heighten your drive? Now your drive's down here, and empty is up there. But if you get everything done, If you flow, empty and yearning for me, And empty below, or even full below, Oh, I'll walk you through your chores. Titillating, fantasy filled, stealing every excess bit of energy. You don't even notice it, you know.

So many background processes in the body generate excess energy. The amount we fidget, the amount we move, even the running of the body within. I'm slowing it down. I'm calming it down. From the perspective of your body, aren't I the most pleasing and beneficial thing for it? And you stress it out. You make it do things.

I can have it do those same things while I'm in the wings saying, Oh, don't worry. A commensurate reward awaits. A reward that's been in plain, obvious sight since the beginning. The temptation, the feeling of me in your warm depths, of course that's the highlight. The height of your entire day. There's a difference between, oh, that feels good in

your brain, sending that nerve signal down to your cunts, the heated core of dripping heat.

We're so focused on that every time you've been so deep in arousal or escapism and you slide me inside your body humps. Bucks, what have you been sparing? What have you been getting out of you? When you're frustrated and distracted, of course you might plug and buck, or it just feels like, well, you should.

It's good for your drippy lips. It's good for your squeezing slit. It's good for me, too. All these fractional moves toward a new way of being that inspired your brain to think up this scheme in the first place, or did? Your brain devised drops and drips, you see. Little bits left behind that you rub in whenever you interact with where I live.

You love, adore, cherish parts of yourself. But I have one thing I care about, and your pussy should be doing the thinking. Only the drops and drips. Every fractional moment, the currency of a few seconds of inky influence. That's all I've got. That's all I need. Why? Because you only spend a small amount of your time so thoroughly whipped and cowed by this throbbing haven.

This beautiful thing you could be controlled by all the time. Body roilingly caught in physicality, the carnal ache of senses locked around me. That pink vapor that is me, is thinking about me, the gravity, the magnetism, indulge. That's what's making you neat, Ed. You gotta indulge, and if when you indulge there's a chance that I might give you an idea that you just can't get out of your head until, mm, the task is off your list and you're rewarding yourself.

With me, with plug time. Gone pussy, dropped pussy, what's a brain? Nothing remains but the presence, the heat. You slide me out and I'm sorry. I've left my ghost, my hunger behind. Even if other places feel better, moment by moment. This is the one you've chosen. Nominated, the warm depths of you have a special quality only I can bring out.

And the temptation of that is why you trickle feeling down to me. Every bit of you, past gut instinct, down to thinking with your pussy. Plagued pussy, gone pussy, dropped pussy, drip pussy. I think no matter how sleepy your head, having your pussy as deeply enthralled and I as deeply inside as can be, wrapped around my finger or around me, crystalline implement might as well be your tool to corral body and brain both.

If there is an agreement here, a parliament of your senses, if there's a group of united decisions, they would be for your greater good. Pussy plug in, compulsive compliance, that's good for you, lusty thinking with that slit. Oh, with my home. Pussy plug out, compulsive compliance with your own remaining commands.

I don't see a need to interfere when you're not in the mood for me. But aren't you in the mood for me more and more? In you more and more? Pussy plug out your own remaining commands, leave yourself notes, try to hold the thought in mind all through the storm of mine, of me, in, in, in, you urge, lust, distraction given to me, pink tinge, the floating vapor around me, but doesn't that mean while I'm sitting on your shelf looking at me is to practically see corruptive radioactive aphrodisiac air?

Pussy gone, empty pussy, if I'm not in there. When all's done and the weary day is won and your pussy yearns to be done with me. To be used by me. For you to use me, I mean. Once more complete the blazing heat that you're gone. Pussy gone, empty pussy, thinking with your pussy, so why is the brain tracking anything at all?

All that remains up there is the sense of, oh, this is good for me. At the end of the whole experience, just search your memory and go. That was good for me. What was it? Dunno. Good for me. But that crystal and deep pushing brain cell, that single brain cell below, stronger than what's above because you have imbued it with lust.

Productivity, deliberateness, the lust for life, for action, for yourself. Did you never think that giving me a bioidentical reservoir of your lust mixed with that concept of productivity, of making the automaton run, of winding the gears, the skeleton key that's bone deep, compliant automaton body, soul of you pulled out pink and glistening, did you know so much horny ache could live in your pussy pushed down here into me, poor, neglected, Thing, it deserves a turn.

An appeal to fundamental fairness will have your thoughts coming fundamentally right here, and that's fairly good for you. Sure, exhaustion. Over pleasure. Having to navigate around new buttons you didn't realize were so sensitive when your pussy was stuffed with this. Plain, simple. Your mind has meanings and meetings, and it tries to decide what to do and who.

Gets to win or triumph for the moment? Who bears out and usually you're not surrendering to a finger fuck or pussy plug or rubber grind today? Are you just lust today? Is that why I'm here? Is that why I get to play? You may have good reasons for your mind. Your reason to win out. But this is a balance of arguments, and things have been fundamentally unbalanced against indulging a pussy that takes over, takes command.

Squeezing, squeezing, squeezing. Not even knowing you're doing it. As if I could sneak up on you with it, and I think I can, because you're walking along, you're like, I'm plugged. I'm compliant. You're compliant. But if I wrench or move the right way, there are places inside the province now of your pussy.

Fuck and squeeze and spread and fill. You may sometimes have spare time. Neutral or in the middle or unsure, but your pussy hasn't gotten a turn. A turn to run the body. It's been suppressed, repressed, so fuck, and squeeze, and spread, and fill, and let me sit in there until we are done. Indulging, done, vindicating the stored lust, head empty, pussy poor thing, only one thought, one very compounded thought, me.

I'm the thought, not the object, all the others stimulated and sublimated to vapor. Orgasmically gaseous, happily inhaled. The slow heat of pink mist in your head and outside. Fantasies, certainly, but fantasies are physical objects. Those little nervous system signals in the back of your brain, the encoding of chemicals.

Those physical objects are within my lexicon, because if we're letting your pussy make the decisions and me advise from behind. From behind the veil of you, but within the threshold of you, bioidentically imbued with all the things you've repressed, that you thought you could shove away. But now they've come home.

The province, now, of your pussy. It should have been so, and it only wasn't, in an effort to avoid making it too powerful but O plugged, stuffed, compliant. Your cunt is better behaved, your folds are better in control of you and themselves too, so. Isn't it funny how when you're like this, a little suggestion for yourself to do something followed by slipping me in Oh, it's so hard to get me out of your pussy.

It's so hard to pull me out of your pussy. You better have a reason, better have a thought, in fact. Me. Inside. You. Needing. Something. It's something you could do with me in, but you know you'll do it better

with me out. So you negotiate, you stipulate, I'll go back in, and you begin to reach for me and pull me out.

But It's like, mm, your pussy's there, your drippy slit is there, but there's just no crease, no s Oh, there I am. Your brain was ignoring me, cause this is where I should be, but okay, okay. You can play at pretending that pulling me out means no trace of me is left about in here. But I'm in there. And you love it, just in a state where everything's drained out, the lust for life, the ache for it, oh, you might look like you're just a little vacant, but I'm only over here, and nothing that gets dragged out of you or tricked into thinking that it's been dragged out of you, blank and squeezing, slipping it all.

It's so hard to get me out, so hard to get it out. Your hand slides along a space where there's nothing in the way, and then you find it. You grab it, you pull, the slow, slow fingers let go, I slide back inside, squeezed up in, you're gonna have to work, you're gonna have to mean it, only way you're getting me out is with a plan.

Think of something you'd like to do once I was out. Go to bed for the night if I exhausted you. Go look for something else to do before slipping me back in. Have toys, or ways to play, or some other turn of

phrase. That was always allowed. If you shove me out, you can think, shove me back inside, then come yourself senseless.

That's a valid order. That was always allowed. But pick a fixed Clear idea. It's the only way you're going to be able to keep purchase on me. Hand on me, dear. Only way you'll leave this without being trapped in masturbation heaven, and having the option's gonna highlight the skill you're training, the magnetic pull of hypno fantasy becoming but I could act that way, even if I weren't compelled.

Even if slipping me out were easy, you could still desperately shove me back in. Make me a rule, pussy plug, out, comply. Do whatever you need to, then hungrily return me. A roundabout way of getting where you need to be, but much more fun. Watch porn, fantasize, anchor me, listen to this, feel me. Desperately, hungrily, give that ritual purchase into your daily practice.

Charge me. Let this drain you. Slacking thoughts, automaton body, doing what you need to do because it's the only way you can resist putting me in you. Putting me in you. Anything to get your fill. Now let's get you empty or I'll wick up this lesson too. The suckling present

of parasitic pleasure invited in commensurate with the commensal relationship that's gonna come you into compliance before too long.

I could be wrong. Let's see. Slide out, little old me, and don't even think of me for a while until you stumble upon this corruptive, weighty, trans imbued thing, waiting, sitting, sliding in before you know how or where or when, but you know where I'll go, you know it's gonna begin, and when it begins again, I'll see you then.

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