

Script created December 31st 2023

## Sensitive and Ready 📄

### 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:

Hey, pet, I want you to listen to me. Let my words in. Let me help imagine gentle insistent stimulation at your rear at the entrance. We all have a little pleasure response when that happens, but there's more to it than that part of the pleasure of being mm filled used. Taken is just the presence of fullness, the feeling of being, ooh, stretched open wide, thrust into, made to feel every inch.

And you know I'm here to help, you know I'm here to provide perspective, a different way of looking at things, at yourself, at your body, at your preconditioned responses. Now if we accept that, with a little help, a little assistance, hypnotic trance can focus your mind on one part of your body, to the exclusion of all else, can let your awareness of everything else be stripped away, hmm, then maybe we accept that by presenting the right scenario.

I tell you a little story about yourself, about what might happen, about a different perspective on sensitivity, lust, orgasm, and pleasure. Maybe we can change how you experience those things, how you interface with them, and perhaps in my gentle weaving of this alternative account, We will make you, um, irresistibly accept the alternative way of being.

Follow my words, and envision yourself lying there. You're aware of your entire body. The top of your head, down to the tips of your toes, out to the tips of your fingers. Your entire body existing in a state of readiness, of waiting, anticipating what we will do next, what you will experience next, how we will bring you such great pleasure.

So listen, and hear, just what we're going to do to you, your body. Your attention moves, you're aware of the deepening of your breathing, of the slackening of your jaw, of the sensation of focus. Just fixate your attention on your rear and let everything else go. Everything else fades out of existence, becomes irrelevant.

Becomes unimportant, yes, as you hear my voice, you need to focus on that part of you, on that ring of clenching flesh with its, ooh, tons of nerve endings and its pleasurable rhythmic squeezing when you are sensually intruded upon by your own caress or by a lover's slow insistent thrusting of something into your waiting, aching rear.

And when you hear my words You feel those little sparks going off it. Maybe you clench your buttocks, or maybe, as you hear my voice, you practice relaxing them. Relaxing your lower body. Letting yourself be open, receptive, ready. So hear my voice. And let that receptive readiness fill you, flood you, teach you what you already want, what you have already needed, and what we will intensify.

So that every time something slides into your waiting body, Every time you are allowed to clench and feel the cascade of ache rampage through you, you will feel the gasp begin at your lower body and flow

up through you, a state of perfect, absolute bliss as you are used, as you are focused, as that sensitivity fills your mind so you can't see or hear anything else, just the thrusting.

The feeling, the ache as you squeeze and your rear is used, wonderfully used.

But this is about more than that. You know that if you are blindfolded, if you are deprived of one of your senses, The others will become more heightened because you are not used to depending on them so much. If you're blindfolded and your hands are tied behind your back, your mouth is stuffed with something sweet or delicious or titillating and simple, then, as that happens, you'll find yourself focusing on what you can feel.

on what is happening. Likewise, when you are being stimulated anally, when you are being worked over, tormented, pleased. Part of the most important duty is to relax, and the other part is to focus, to fixate. Well, when you're entering a deep hypnotic trance, you're very relaxed. Your muscles become soothed, comfortable, and so it would be much easier to slide inside you, to run fingers over your body, slip them into your rear, stimulate you.

Wouldn't it feel even better if you started to slip into trance every time your rear was full? If you relaxed automatically? Using the skills you have learned in going deep to let others go deeper into your aching emptiness or you yourself to thrust something into your rear to fill you, use you, fulfill you.

Yes. It's something you need. And we know that when you go deeper and deeper into trance, you can tend to leave some things behind. The act of stripping away the unnecessary parts of the psyche and leaving only the important parts. I encourage you to envision the world where all you could feel is your rear.

Where, through delicate, intricate trance, you have been brought down to a place where the world of the everyday can be forgotten. Where the sole part of you that you are capable of perceiving is nestled between your buttocks, so that when something slides into your rear, it's all you can feel. You register that it is pleasure, and that you are full, and since the only part of yourself you can be aware of during that, ah, thrusting fullness, is your rear, it would feel like your whole world was made of hypnotic, wonderful pleasure.

Every time something parts your buttocks, even if you're doing it yourself, you may forget yourself. Maybe your eyes will roll. Maybe you'll become calm, peaceful, horny, in every way. But one thing's for sure. This sensation of relaxing, of putting your body at ease, of welcoming the sensual intrusion of something into your needy hole.

This will be preserved. It will return, and why? Because that pleasure is so incredibly good. I encourage you to go ahead and try. Try to avoid feeling intense pleasure fixated on your rear. I think you'll find it quite impossible. You have come this far. You don't want to waste both of our times, do you?

Instead, I think you just want to give in to the sensation, to the reality. Imagine what it would be to exist, focused entirely around your rear, as if it were, um, an organ intended to be used for sex, just like your pussy. Aching, a nice hole to be filled, but one that feels so appropriate, so perfect, that feels just exquisitely right.

That is the key part. Because it feels right to your mind, because it feels like where things should be sliding into you. It just feels natural, normal, exactly right, like it's how things should be. Indeed, I invite you to consider the wonderful world where, from now on, every time

you press something or someone else who you trust and want to play with presses something against your rear entrance, you'll feel yourself relaxing, just as if you were in this kind of trance, and you'll undergo all those wonderfully soothing, drowsy responses.

Now, you might try to shuck them off to avoid them, but I point out the most natural thing in the world would be to have your rear full, used, aching. That's the right place to be filled, used. For you, for who you are, that's the most natural thing in the world, and ooh hoo hoo hoo. Envision how good it would be to only be aware of the sensation in your rear, of the squeezing of those nerve endings around your pleasurable, intrusive presence, the ache, to have your mind be blank, be a waiting canvas.

Until suddenly something long, thick, intrusive in the best way, slides into your rear and begins thrusting again and again and suddenly you are a person who is entranced, locked into yourself, unaware of your hands, unaware of your position, unaware of your face, your mouth, of your mind, of your body. Until you've been pleased to the limits of your mind and of yourself, you're going to keep wanting your rear to be full.

In fact, it is going to be the sum totality of your being. Everything you are will exist there in your rear, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting away. So that when you are made to come, that orgasm will be the whole world. And you'll slowly think about your rear entrance more and more. About the sensitive ring around the edge.

About the feeling as if it were your aching pussy wanting. As if it were your hole. The perfect hole for you to be used in. And that's what you want, to be pinned down, your rear upraised, offered, filled, and then suddenly you're no longer existing as yourself, you exist as an extension of the pleasure, the only thing that reminds you you are real, or that you think you are real, that you are not just an isolated viewpoint is the pleasure, it is your anchor, the squeezing of your buttocks, the thrusting into you.

The promise of rubbing against just the right spot, and sparking you over the edge, into an eye rolling paradise of paroxysmic spasming bliss. So when you are filled, you will come, you will squeeze, you will enter that trance which so completely prepares your rear. And you will do this because it sounds so tantalizing.



How could you get in the way of that? And maybe you'll clench your body. Maybe you'll hold out. Resist. Try to find a way to avoid going deeper. To avoid enjoying this more and more. But you can't. Because that desire is a matter of letting go. Letting go of your awareness. of any part of your body, except your waiting rear, squeezing, clenching, wanting.

In fact, if that's the only part of your body you're aware of, that would mean it would feel like every part of you were a sensual, squeezing zone of pleasure, a nexus of spasms running through you. Reminding you how easily one little hole can fill your head, can be filled, and thus fill your body with waiting, readiness, with inky darkness and an inescapable throb, throb, throb, blood pumping, mind clamping down, all of you existing in that moment of pleasure.

In that place of inescapable throb, throb, throb. Yes, you're aching, wanton, cunt squeezing around it. Good, and it's what you want. It's what you yearn for to have, a hole that is so ready for your lover to use. A clenching, squeezing, milking presence. There to draw everything out of your partner. Or if you're tormenting it alone, imagine the shocking results.

You're there. You think you're just going to play around, don't you? Maybe you think you'll just toy with your rear entrance a little to help you get off. And you're sitting there, with a toy in your hand, or maybe just your well lubricated fingers. And then you slide them, teasingly, toward your rear. And maybe you'll think back on this moment, on my earlier warning, and then you'll press the tip of the toy, the tip of the finger, the stimulating part of you, against your rear entrance, and you'll think, see?

Nothing happened. I'm still completely in control. And then, your whole seems to grab on to what you are pressing against it. You think, that's strange. I don't quite feel ready to stuff my aching wantonness yet. And you reach one hand down to try to stop the other hand. Or at least you think you did.

Except the first hand is lying by your side, unable to move, the moment you pressed something against your rear. It started off a chain of events that, let's face it, you don't really want to stop. You find yourself lubricating the hole automatically. Now both your hands are in on the action. And then, in the moment that it thrusts into you, the pleasure is almost unbearable.

In fact, it is. This is too much. Because you're losing track of your eyes, your face, your body. Frozen, posed like a doll, a waiting pet. Waiting at the behest of your aching emptiness. Of the part of you that is most purely and completely perfected. Now and here. And as you feel yourself being filled, parted.

You realize that your trancy state is making you so relaxed. That whatever slides in can easily slide out. And in and out. And the rhythm is hypnotic in and of itself. It's hypnotic. Any part of you that doesn't need to move to fuck your hole better would be completely irrelevant, would be forgotten, and because the only sensations you can feel come from that hole, that perfect, wonderful pleasure.

The edges of it so sensitive. A feeling as you hit just the right spot. As you strum just the right place. Your head says, yes, yes. But you are barely aware of your head. You are a machine for bringing more pleasure through that hole. And when a partner uses your rear, Oh, you squeeze and milk and allow and beg.

Because all that exists is the pleasure coming from that spot, flowing through you, and it'll continue just like that. Your hand's no longer your own. Ooh, it's always so much better when it's someone else's

hands. Tormenting, sliding. And this won't be the playful, Oh, I'm going to show off. Oh, I'm going to get in the mood.

Oh, I'm going to talk dirty now. When you begin to toy with that hole, all dirty talk vanishes. All thoughts except constant, moaning, submission to the pleasure are useless thoughts. That pleasure is so complete, a communion with yourself, a dirty, aching, rotting need. And as you violate yourself, or allow yourself to be used, you'll feel the pleasure intensify, your mind fixated on the image, on you being filled, on the fact that the only part of you you can feel is that overpleasured hole.

No words, no thoughts, just being constantly used, using you, just the right way, a part of your anatomy so completely tied in, that you may even want it to stop, you may want a few moments to cease, to be an ordinary person and think about other things, but no, that will be the moment when you are right on edge, and it will continue, it will push you over, you.

Your partner, your aching need, whatever happens, you're going to come, clenching your buttocks, moaning, arching, surprisingly, oh, almost too intense, and that's the important part. That intensity is not

kidding around. You're going to find yourself lying there, gasping, still fucking your rear wrong, long, long, long, past the point of the first desire to stop.

Maybe forcing another orgasm into you. Maybe you'll push yourself back against your partner, against the intrusion into your rear, the using, the aching, perfect wetness. Which satisfies you, the hole that it's right for you to have used. Yes, that's what will be present, and you will be consumed by it. If you attempt to escape, you'll just feel yourself clenching down.

Your mind will just tell you, no, wait, this is the part where it gets good. And when the orgasm comes, it will remind you of this, of these words, of your aching youth at your own hands. Listening to my voice, relaxing, sliding that little bit deeper, and from this moment forward, the mere stimulation of the outside of your hole at any time, as long as it's safe, is going to send you into that semi tranced, autonomous, wonderful state.

You will reach back, and if you touch that area, if you press a toy against it, if a trusted partner begins to stimulate it, You'll suddenly feel the trance descend, feel your body spread. Maybe your hands will

reach automatically behind you, open up your hole, maybe you'll lube it up, but your mind will prepare your body, and then be consumed by it, by a bodily sensation so pure, that your every nerve ending sings with perfect, graceless ache.

Sweat beating across you. No care for decorum, just a need. A need that goes so deep. So much so that you need to avoid toying with that part of your body, unless you're ready. Or you'll end up stuck.

Tormented. Wanton. Pussy you can't escape. The perfect one for you. Squeezing. Clenching. Sensitive. So much it consumes your reason.

Your mind, your everything, when you come from it you'll know, that's only going to reinforce it, the automatic behavior you undergo, when you begin to touch, the merest touch sets off a button in your mind, and it won't stop until you're satisfied. Beyond even the satisfaction you would give yourself, working you past one orgasm into more, into the perfect aching expression of just what it means to be used, taken, submitting to your own body, to your own perfect whole, perfect squeezing presence, that you've never fully explored, until now.

Be careful what you wish for.

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