

# Stage Magic 📄

## 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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You are onstage during a magician's performance where she demonstrates a few simple tricks as an induction. You are being stimulated in plain sight, and no one knows but you and her. Open ended conclusion which can lead into other fantasies.

**Elena McIvor:** A dim theater. A crowd all around, eager and waiting. You, seated at the end of a row, by the aisle. A huge wood stage, with red curtains pulled aside. A spotlight falls in the middle, and slowly, the performer enters. One long leg moves into the spotlight. A black, high heeled boot. Fishnet stockings covering long leg.

The performer wears an outfit like a tuxedo jacket, but open at the front to reveal cleavage beneath a white top, and leaving her legs uncovered. She has dark, dark hair falling to her shoulders. And a little black top hat. A cane is in her white gloved hand, which she flourishes as she bows to the audience.

Welcome, everyone. Her smooth voice responds to the space's excellent acoustics. The air is warm and heavy, with anticipation. The performer steps forward to the front edge of the spotlight. She sets her cane on the stage. It stays standing upright of its own accord. Either perfectly balanced, or held there by some force.

Your eyes rove over it, but you're unable to spot any wires, or other trick by which it stands. Perhaps magnets. Let's warm up with the old standard. The card trick. A deck of cards is in her hand. You don't see how it arrived there. She shuffles. First overhand, then riffles in the

air, then the one handed cut shuffles, which can be quite difficult to do.

The entire display is alluring, a show of skill and precision. Watching her long, nimble fingers beneath their white gloves, manipulating the cards, stacking and moving them. Oh, I wonder if you can see? This needs to be bigger, doesn't it? She holds her hands apart, and the deck hovers between them, beginning to horizontally move, as well as hovering up and down, moving without her direct touch.

Then, you watch as it increases in size. Gradually, the deck of cards with its familiar red and white backing begins to grow. It is a slow process at first, but then they get larger and larger, filling the space between her two hands, until the deck of cards is as big as her torso, turning without her touching them.

She spins the deck so you can see the bottom card, the Ace of Spades. Now she begins to shuffle with gentle movements of those nimble hands. You find your eyes drawn not to the deck, which is laying on the stage now, shuffling away at her command. Instead you're watching her hand, the particular way she flicks them in the air to evoke movements in the cards.

She can move and caress them, without even touching them. Amazing. You watch as she spreads the deck of cards out into a pile, then picks them up, ordering the cards from ace to king of each suit, then stacking them. They fan out into a wheel, like you see when magicians ask you to pick a card. But this wheel of cards begins to turn gently, spiraling before the eyes of the audience.

Slowly. The cards halt their movement, and she ceases swaying her hands in order to let the huge pack settle. The cards levitate between her outstretched hands, and begin to shrink. A burst of green, alluring light. They shrink back to where they were originally, and she slips the cards back into their flimsy cardboard pack when they're small enough.

Then they shrink further, further. You try to find them with your eyes, but are unable. They have shrank all the way away. Finally, she withdraws her hands. The cards are gone. She bows. And you hear applause. But it is rhythmic. Faint. Repetitive. Monotonous. Automatic. From everyone in the audience. Surprising for such an entertaining show, the magician struts over to one of the huge red curtains, tied back by its massive rope.

She reaches out and places one hand on it. Now this next part requires my cape. Shame I seem to have forgotten it. She grips the curtain and pull. Her small hand should have no effect on something so huge. But as she pulls, the entire curtain is gathered up in her palm. It swirls down from the rafters, red and luxurious, but growing smaller and smaller as it fall, until eventually what she's holding is a red cape with gold trim in the right size.

The curtain is missing. Well, it's a cape, sure, but hardly my color. She begins to twirl it around her arm until the fabric moves on its own spinning in the air. The neck of the cape is a hole in the middle of a pinwheel of swirling S silk. She just holds it there casually spinning the entire thing on one finger.

Under the spotlight, the red begins to fade, muting slowly toward a blue black. Much more her color. She just continues to spin it. Now, for my next trick, I'm gonna need something else, too. The cape continues to spin, seeming to soak in all light around it. Darker than you can imagine. Your eyes watching it, so closely.

The way it swirls, following one of the now silver frills on the outer edge. You watch as she moves it up and down in front of her, always spinning it. Flourishing the cape around her hand, now moving it up her arm a bit. Transferring it to the other arm, keeping you so enthralled in its movements, making a circuit in the air.

It moves in fascinating ways, seeming to sway forward and back under her control, her influence. Your eyes remain on it as she finally allows the spinning garment to settle down, and then bunches it up. and holds it in one gloved hand. Whoever catches this, come on up. Be part of the show. She throws the cape into the air.

You watch it spiral and spin toward you. It might just be an illusion, but your heavy hands rise up to grab it, feeling sluggish, relaxed. It is blocking out the theater as it gets closer, but you reach for it, and it falls over you. Still, you grasp the fabric of it in your hand, and slowly pull it off of your body and away from your face, bunching it up in your hands, as she did.

When the cape has been pulled away from your eyes, you see you're no longer seated in the audience, but the bright, dazzling, comforting lights of the stage are present instead, as is she. The magician takes

her cape from your hands, fastening it around her shoulder. Her gloved hand takes your own as she leads you to stand up from your seat, which vanishes into smoke, reappearing back in the audience.

Good trick on her part. Thank you for joining me. Now stand still. She takes your shoulders in her hand, and positions you near the middle of the stage, at the edge of the spotlight. Then she takes up position opposite you, just outside of the spotlight herself, watching you carefully. You smell very faint perfume, and admire the allure of her outfit from this close up.

She then raises her cane in one hand, and moves it in the air. The same circular patterns she made with the cards and the cape, but now much closer to you. Her voice, when she speaks, fills your mind with odd harmonics, this close to her. You might notice a faint green light on the edge of the spotlight circle, but you pay it little mind at this point, doing as you're asked.

After all, you wouldn't want to be seen as a poor sport. Best to play along, right? The cane is beginning to do something. She's moving it in bigger circles in the air in front of you, and something is left in its

wake. A swirling vapor, like smoke or mist, left trailing in the air. Unlike a normal vapor, it does not descend, it does not fade.

It hangs just where she wants it to, forming a large circle in the air, a ring of mist in the wake of her cane. But then she moves it inward slightly, and begins drawing a second. Smaller circle, inside the first, then inward again, each time following the same motion. Clockwise for one ring, counterclockwise for the next.

She draws each one carefully, with attention to detail, until you can barely see her through the vapor she has created in the air, the smoke with its distinct rings nestled one inside of the other. Each slightly set back from the one in front of it, giving the appearance of a vortex, a cone of smoke, and you stare through it, to the one little clear spot in the very center.

She steps to one side. You can see her clearly now. She looks even more interesting close up. Her hair is still immaculate. Even under the hot lights, her top hat sits perfectly, without any visible pin or strap to hold it on her shiny hair. Her cane once more rests on the stage, holding itself up, leaving her hands free.



Just watch. She puts her hands on the outermost ring, looks toward the seats out there where you were before, but you don't turn your head. You keep staring at that one, isolated, interesting spot in the middle, where the smoke is clear. She somehow grabs the vapor of the outermost ring, curiously solid under the magician's caress.

She sets it spinning. You wonder what role you play in this trick, but you stare into the middle of the ring as requested, watching as the vapor does seem to dissipate slightly in the air. Now, wait. It isn't vanishing. It is beginning to move. Each of the concentric circles moves in alternating rotation.

The outermost turns clockwise. The next one in turns counterclockwise. What she has created is not a series of rings. Or a cone. It is a spiral. You stare into the middle of the illusionary mist, waiting. You feel yourself slowly seeing only the spinning vapor, making a game of following the rings inward.

It would be impossible to look out at the audience anyway. The spotlight and the stage lights make it difficult anyway. They might not even be there. You briefly manage to tear your attention away from the thought sucking, fixating middle of the ring. Looking at the woman

next to them, she shakes her head with a white smile from behind dark red lips.

She points back at the mist. You feel your head being turned by invisible but gentle hand, your vision pointed down the cone of smoke into the nested spiral of spinning ring. You imagine yourself traveling the circuit of the mist. Following each contour, journeying inward, further and further from yourself, from distraction or outside influence, further into her show, toward the perfect center.

But the more you watch, the more that center seems to shift and dodge, so you can never quite trace a trail from the outer edge down to it, moving to some deeper place inside of itself. And inside of you, you follow the vapor, letting all outside concern fade and go. After all, during a magician's show, you're there to be a kind of prop, to follow the trick, to assist.

You need to do what you're asked to, or you might mess it up. Following that logic, you keep your attention where she told you to, and simply begin counting the seconds. It is impossible to know how much time has passed under the warm, drowsy lights with your mind slowly descending into the vapor spiraling in front of you.

But you become aware that it has finally faded away. Slowly at first, then dissipating and vanishing. You feel something warm and padded behind you, like a table with cushions on it and leather straps. Your wrists are raised over your head, quite comfy as the bed is slightly inclined. Your legs are bound and spread.

Likewise, strapped to the bed, the magician walking around you, gesturing toward your body. You can't really hear much, but your senses do slowly return. At some point while you were watching the spiral, she bound your ankles and wrists, and placed you against this comfortable surface. You wait to see what she's gonna do next.

Hopefully the trick will be exciting. You've been positioned outside the spotlight now. So now it's possible for you to see where there should be an audience, if you turn your head to look. Except no one is out there, just her and you, in this theater, standing on stage. She minces her way closer, swaying her hips.

But stops five feet away from you. Then, she raises both her hands, her cane once more standing on its own nearby. The magician begins moving, her gloved hand, as if caressing the air. But you feel it. Her

fingers running across your scalp, brushing across the back of your neck, touching you. An intimate lover's caress.

An enticing, captivating feeling. That you can lose yourself in, as surely as that spiral of smoke. And you do. Turning your head to let her touch. She brushes one finger over your lips, but then begins to rub your shoulders. Just by squeezing the air. All of her movements are translated onto your body. The alluring touch, here in this place where your mind and body have come to view her as the one in charge, the star of the show.

Her touch is faintly tingling, wonderful to just bask in it, soaking it all in and enjoying the closeness, the way she is now letting her hands rove downward. Your clothes are no impediment. Her touch lands directly on your skin and makes you shiver into it. Yes, perfect. As much as you can while bound by the comfortable vertical bed behind you.

You arch into her touch. She's now beneath your shirt, hands caressing with deft warmth, turning you on. It feels like her bare skin against you, not the gloved hand she is moving. Plus, following the movements she's making in the air lets you predict what the next touch will be. How it will move lower. She is now caressing your chest, but then her

hands rub over your sides, and you feel from a distance, with no contact from her, the feeling of warm and definite massage to the muscles of your back.

Her hands then move just a little lower. Squeezing your buttocks before beginning to knead your muscles there as well. Then the touch stops. She walks around you and out of view. She must be positioned somewhere behind the bed you're on. You can't see her hands. Or her. And you can't feel her against you.

Suddenly, under your clothing, she begins stimulating you more directly. It feels like warm, encompassing massage. Her hands masturbating you now, more efficiently than you ever could. She's moving her fingers so they reach everywhere, anywhere. A mere brush from warm hands touches every little spot that feels good.

And you imagine the rapid movements her hands must be making, out of sight from you, to be forcing this much pleasure into your brain. Her hands touching, constantly, moving, you feel chemicals pumping in your mind, arousal, desire, peaking as shivers run down your spine. Her hands follow you, even if you try to move your waist or legs so as to move away from her stimulation.

It follows you, incessant, repeated, and oh so good. Nothing is directly touching you. So nothing can get in the way. Her magic is flowing over your skin. It isn't just her hands between your legs, working away. Everywhere you like to be touched, but now her hands are rubbing your shoulders. Your back as well.

Everywhere at once. Your whole body is relaxed. Next, any barriers and impediments on your libido have faded away, leaving only you and she. When the vapor left, you felt your inhibition go as well. You're left exposed to her intentions. And she clearly intends to leave you bound as you are, and make you come, push you over the edge, have you panting in orgasm as your stomach muscles contract, your buttocks clench, you raise your hips off the bed as much as possible, there, bound, at her mercy, she doesn't even need to touch you to push the pleasure through your system, to work you as efficiently as you would yourself, as if she can read your mind.

She always knows what your card is. She always knows what the next place to touch will be to make you moan. And she is working hard toward this goal. For all you know, she won't stop at one orgasm. Her

hands are so insistent, they want to make you come. They seem to be everywhere at once, the caress of smooth palms and long fingers.

She's working you, and she must be reading your mind. And you find yourself there. thinking about how you'd like to be stimulated next, about what you would love to have be just a little more intense, and she knows, about just how you do it when you need to get off, and she's driving you there. Her hands moving over you, you know they are hers, they begin to speed up, she's applying more pressure, being a bit more rough, after all you can't squirm away.

You hear her footsteps. She was silent before, so she must be deliberately letting you hear her approach. Now, her hands come around the bed you're laying on, find your chin and neck. A gentle caress, glove. She doesn't need to move her hands anymore to guide the telekinetic sensations that your body is wrapped in.

They're going on their own. Her real, gloved hands feel different from the warm sensations of flesh, massaging and touching you that she has been sending all over your body. Now, it's her hands directly touching, leaning in to whisper, Go ahead. You're allowed to come any time you want. I'm just gonna keep going.

Show me your trick. Then a finale. Maybe an encore, too. Her hands withdraw. She backs up. The sensations of warm palms all over you intensify. Rubbing out any stress or discomfort. Finding the right place to push and rub in order to elicit maximum pleasure. Anytime you think of a way, the sensation could be better.

She seems to read your mind, and the hands change their touch so that you squirm anew. The hands efficiently masturbate you onward, trying to push you over the edge again and again. Yet you know that even if you come, they're going to continue until she The magician is satisfied. The hands grow warmer, warmer, until it is as if heated pads were being applied in all the right places, providing a pleasant variance and also making sure you feel quite warm even when the stage lights begin to dim.

You feel yourself sweating, squirming in the grip of those palms. It is impossible to move away from those hands, though, and their invasive touch is continuous, pushing pleasure into you, making your brain respond. The fact there is no body or firm physical presence attached also means her telekinetic caress can exactly Push, in the right places, the right ways, warm you, make you sing and moan to her tune, and



she's doing her best to push as much orgasmic, climactic pleasure into you as she can with the assistance of your mind, because the moment you think that something is just what you want, she knows all about it.

Your mind knows she's doing this via a magical caress, but all your body knows is that this Feels great. So good that shivers run down your spine, clenching your abdominal muscles, clenching your buttocks, moving your waist from side to side, not sure if you're trying to get away from her touch, or closer to it.

You hear her breathing from behind you, quickened but in control enough. She's also excited and aroused by all of this. That thought turns you on even more, as you let yourself be her prop, her assistant, your body now shivering, lost in release and pleasure. You are bound, and that heightens the sensation.

No matter how much you let yourself squirm or moan, or go into her caress, nothing will stop the touch. It will continue, and continue. And it is still continuing. She leans in and says something by your ear. If you want more fun later, come find me backstage. Then you hear her slowly walking away. The leather straps let go of your arms and legs,

but the feeling of hands caressing you with warm, continuous pleasure remains.

You know it will remain, as long as you lay on that bed. And so that's where you are, shivering. Eventually, you'll have come too much from this hands free caress, which continues even now, rubbing and massaging your body, ensuring that you are both free of tension and unable to resist ascending toward climactic, escaping, spasming joy, your mind accepting the pleasure being pushed into you by these hands, a wonderful caress that knows your every secret, your every ache, exactly how you stimulate yourself when you need to get off, it knows all of that, the pleasure being pushed into you affecting your mind, freeing the chemicals of arousal and leaving your body, simply Filled with joy and need and ache.

A desire being fulfilled, but fulfilled slowly and by warm hands that know every inch of you. Yes, a self perpetuating pleasure machine, made up of her power and your desires. It seems to read your mind. It touches you, just like you'd touch yourself. And it's still ongoing. While you may leave its grip eventually, for now, you can feel warm caressing palms, stealing away all resistance, pushing pleasure into you over, and

over, and over again, a spell made up of your desire to come, and her desire to make you.

Those hands will let you come again and again until you can no more, making your body aroused when it starts to flag, making it warm and soothed so that along with orgasmic escape and climactic release, you also feel the tension being soothed out of your body. By a hot massage from those hands. A feeling that will leave you restored and invigorated, even when you're shivering in afterglow and arching into the power of the spell and the touch of warm hands.

Not just intimate, but also relaxing. Not just coming, but also soothing. Climax married to the power of a gentle, continuous, warming massage, to make you feel good and restored in body and mind, even as you feel yourself being sexually satisfied to a level you didn't know you could, with no involvement from your hands, just laying there, basking in the indulgence of her continuous caress, and who knows, there could be even more waiting for you later.

Yes, even if you're left exhausted, you know you can still go visit her backstage now, or at some other time. But the hands continue. Their stimulus endures for as long as it takes. As long as it takes for you to

be satisfied, or to want to go. Letting you get off at your own pace, and continually. The touch will continue now, until you must decide to go somewhere else.

But for now, the movements are precise, efficient, continuous, massaging your back and buttocks, masturbating you toward climax, rubbing your temples, your scalp, your jaw, a perilously intimate and close caress. You find your mind returning again and again, to the fact that she was enjoying it too. And you feel fantasies filling your mind of what she might get up to backstage.

You can moan and let the touch continue. And it does. Endless pleasure flowing down your spine, spreading the hormonal need and aroused ache from your brain through all of you to the tip of every nerve ending. Your whole body. You're shivery and warm, and your flesh is ready to accept her touch, to indulge, to let the feeling of just being stimulated wash over you, muting your thoughts.

All cares and concerns melt away before the touch and influence of her persistent spell. The place is empty, private, safe. The only light you see is from a dressing room door, down a hall at the other end of the stage, offstage, behind the curtain. You could go find her, but now you

feel the touch, the endless, searching, intelligent touch of warm hands that want you to feel as good as possible, and are capable of knowing just what you like, knowing what you want, knowing how to make you come.

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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.](#)