

Subby Puppy Play 📄

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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Elena McIvor: Heel pup, and follow me down into your deep, needy future as a better trained dog who has had the chance to use their training. Now, you'll sometimes lack an immediate authority figure and that is when you're invited to return here to hear these words to refer to them. To use them to keep your skills, as an obedient good dog, from rusting.

Accordingly, anything that follows must be obeyed. Since this is training, practice. Playtime. So you will stay focused on these words, regardless of your surroundings, or your situation, or how eagerly you dive into what follows together with me. You will stay in safe places and move safely, but you will otherwise shift to comport yourself.

As you are in this vision of pleased, instructive, constructive, orders and dominance from a trainer and owner. Yes. Regardless of your situations or surroundings, or how good it feels, or how eagerly you dive into the words that follow, you will continue to listen. After all, a good dog should look eager, but should refrain from looking silly unless ordered to be so.

Being taught and trained is good for you after all. It puts pleasurable experiences that you've learned to desire and need into your brain. And as more and more of them build up in you, as you have increasingly been exposed to these ideas of obedience, these concepts of authority, you have learned better and better ways to express your eager puppy desires.

But any good puppy comes loaded with some factory defaults, too. The less you need to be trained in the basics, the more time you have to be

played with, and you want to be played with. So, when you're told to pay attention Envision it. Your authority. Your owner. There, giving you an order. Your trainer. Your handler.

Your reason to be, at the moment. You are their plaything, and they are the director of your mind. You looking up to them, as any good puppy should be, both metaphorically and literally. The very basics of puppy existence are in your brain. And that is how they work. By being fundamental. They are rules for behavior, levers that can be pulled.

For example, when you are told to pay attention, you fixate and focus, because you know what it means to be attentive. For example, when you hear a puppy command, you approximate it. You make your best guess, and your puppy brain is so good at being a good dog, that it will likely guess correctly. And if not, all your authority needs to do is correct you by accurately describing what you should do when you hear a given command, and then you will know it from then forward.

Now, this will apply equally to puppy commands like Sit, fall back on your haunches, roll over and show your belly, heal and follow, and so on. But it will also apply to more entranced commands, like freeze, or listen and obey. Maybe they'll snap their fingers. We use a clicker.

And when they are Employed, It only makes The training, The experience, That much more complete and satisfying.

You hear a finger snap. You pay attention. You know that. You needn't be told that. These are simple things that every good dog knows.

When you hear a puppy command, you follow and approximate it. And you know that your trainer will correct you if you need correcting. In your puppy place, your entrained mindset, your only responsibility is to do your very best.

And because you're well trained, it'll be easy to figure out what would be the best thing to do. And so, we begin with tantalizing images that will stand in for training and ownership for you, now. You rest where and as you are, and eager. Enthusiastic puppy who moves toward authority. Envision the approaching figure you know and desire.

You can practically feel the authority growing closer, pushing on your mind. As a good dog, you've memorized your trainer's tread, if able. You've absorbed every detail. You know when they will be ready to play. You predict the first command, but you would accept any command. And you know it, anticipating the approach of your owner, you sit, like a good dog, lowering yourself, hands and knees, then

crawling forward, or, yes, lowered as low as you can go, hands and knees, Submitting as you should.

You know, of course, that you would tailor your response to what your owner wants to see. You know you should wait. Waiting. Patience is always rewarded with more orders. The pleasure of more orders. You need more. Inside your mind, you're already floating away in a breeze of pleasure, perhaps panting with the desire for the next command.

So your dominant, your trainer, approaches, and your mind submits, as if the action of that approach applied a downward pressure on your thoughts, getting them out of the way, submerging them beneath the need to serve, to follow, wag your tail, and do what you're told.

Pushing your thoughts, leaving a blank slate upon which your trainer may write.

Any word at all? Out of the corner of your vision, they participate in the minor rituals of someone having just arrived home. The shirking of a coat, perhaps. The clink of keys on a counter. All things that you know must be done before your trainer will play with you. Perhaps they go get a drink from the kitchen.

Perhaps they move something around. You are curious. And a curious doggie will follow. Plus, you should be at your owner's side. So you move one hand and shift forward. Your knees as well. Attending to crawl appropriately into your trainer's presence. Sit. The command arrives in your brain. Emphatic and unstoppable.

Instantly you're back onto hands and knees. Seated on the back of your legs in fact. Waiting. You want it to follow. You're curious, of course. But you are a patient dog who will follow commands, first of all and foremost. Still, the command to sit, it goes through your head. All of your ordinary processing, all your ordinary thinking, has been pushed to the back of your mind.

And in the forefront of your brain is a blank slate with the word, sit. Written on it. And it means you assume this submissive, laid back position. Then you think to yourself, Do you really have to remain here? Sure, you want to be obedient, but a part of every good dog is looking for a chance to be nearer to their trainer, their source of authority.

Besides, your authority figure only said sit, and you did sit. So your trick is done. You fulfilled that order. If your dominant wanted you to

remain where you are, you would also have heard, STAY. You hear the word come from some other place nearby. A whimper almost escapes you. But you're a good dog and you will remain where you are now that you've been told to STAY.

That embodies the wishes of your trainer at this time. You'll have to wait. Following the command induces a pleasure after all. A pleasure outweighing even the joy of crawling into your dominant's presence. And therefore, you remain. Also, selfishly, hedonistically, there's a kind of joy in anticipating the reward that awaits you if you're a good dog.

And so you wait. But as has been addressed, you are doing much more than merely waiting. You are abiding while under an order, a command, a quest that goes to your very core and makes you pant and wag your tail. Metaphorically speaking, of course. You focus and fixate on that to keep you occupied.

Accordingly, you'd find it quite impossible to be truly bored while waiting. While commanded, you were commanded to stay, Doc. To keep in place and wait. And until you are told otherwise, your keen, waiting

anticipation is enhanced when your significant, dominant other begins to approach at last. You've been waiting.

The anticipation is palpable, a low down, good, tingling feeling that resonates in every part of you. But you know your role, your command, your raison d'etre. You remain where you are, poised and postured, to spring into action, if commanded. Perhaps your expression says it all. End me. That's what you want.

Give me a motivation, an order, something I can direct all my attention toward and devotedly carry out. That's what you're trying to convey, right? Meanwhile, of course, your mind is also contemplating the very meaning of stillness, of what it is to stay. To remain where you are, but also to focus on showing your eagerness, your attentiveness, that you are only staying for now.

You are shelved until your owner is, um, ready to come back and play. And the anticipation tingles and runs through all of you. What will come next? Well, it matters very little in truth, because your pleasure at having been given an order is constant. Being able to obey is enough. The faint appreciative chuckle, from your dominant, conveys in that

moment That this attitude of yours was obvious from your face and posture, leaning forward wanting to get closer to them.

But you did it right. You sat, and then you stayed, and now your reward will come. After all That's what you were waiting for. You see something. A hand. In the dim light where you are seated, it is difficult to make out the details. It appears a candle was lit at some point, and you watch the orange light play off the hand in front of you.

It is just out of your reach. Even if you leaned forward, you'd be unable to reach it while remaining in the same place. The hand, to you, symbolizes the authority of your trainer, right there in front of you. It could reach out and grasp you by the back of the neck, to lead you around, or rub affectionately across your scalp.

You look at it as it sways hypnotically left, then right, turning at the wrist with quiet clicks as your trainer seems to limber up. Then they turn it palm up and make a beckoning motion. You tense to move forward and lean a little bit, eager to rub your head against their palm, freeze. The word arrives in your mind.

It is something different from the usual puppy style commands, but you know what it means, and you obey it all the same. You feel your muscles becoming luxuriously settled, just where they are, with you leaning forward as if you were about to take a step. Or at least to take a pad forward on hands and knees.

You feel your muscles becoming perfectly comfortable. You're in the same eager position you were in when you first heard the word. The impulse, if you tried to send, Any command would simply fail to reach your muscles. Your handler said to freeze, and so you're unable to make deliberate motion. Perhaps your mouth was even slightly open at the moment that you heard the command.

And if it was, you'll find yourself on hands and knees, unable to do anything with that slightly open jaw. Depending on the angle you were at, this may mean you drool somewhat. But that choice is out of your hands now. There is only one choice, and it is the choice to obey.

Which is Unlike a conscious choice at all, this choice was made at a level far deeper than thinking.

You've seen it before with people in trances. When they freeze, they stay in one place. Your muscles are just tense enough to keep you right

where you were. Right where you are. But they're loose and limp enough to feel really quite good, really very relaxed, and to keep you in your state of suspended motion.

You know you need to follow commands, after all. Any commands. Apparently your handler has something in mind. Because the hand has vanished from your vision. Your body feels loose, limp, relaxed. But frozen in place. Frozen in motion like a good dog. You feel pride in yourself that you're doing the right thing.

Remaining as you were. The hand has left your vision. But then bliss runs through you as you feel it fall upon the back of your neck and rub and massage there. There's an eerie, pleasurable sense of being owned when your trainer touches that spot. And indeed, the hand wraps gently around the back of your neck and massages the flesh.

And then you feel a slight tug, the hand moving forward, indicating you should follow. A command arrives, the word, Heal. You know what that means. It means you follow. In that one moment, you go from the dim, vague sense of suspension when you were frozen to an urge to follow. Yes. Perhaps you were unable to keep a smile away.

Perhaps you had to wipe away drool. Whatever the situation, you follow after your trainer and you move with them. You wonder why they're keeping their hand on your neck. After all, Nothing in the world would prevent you from following close at heel. And you do move right behind them. Behind your figure of authority.

See it in your mind. The perfect position for a good dog. Following their trainer. As to where you're going, a new command arrives. Close your eyes. And indeed your eyes do close. Instantly, automatically. It's like two sets closed. The real ones and some inside your head. You are blank and you are following.

But it's alright. Because you feel the reassuring hand on the back of your neck. Steering. Guiding. Perhaps you feel a difference in surfaces below you as you walk on hands and knees. Perhaps you're just being made to crawl in a circle. You're absent any idea of where you're going, but you follow absolutely and obediently.

The sense of ideal trust is flowing through you. It's a very satisfying thing to the puppy brain, after all. You feel like a good dog just by following. And follow you do. The surfaces beneath you seem to change, and in some vague way you are aware of your trainer speaking.

But you're so focused on remaining right behind them, that you would be there even without the hand on your neck to reassure you.

And likewise, the words pass directly into your brain, into your spirit and your body, without really being heard by your ears. Nonetheless, they have an effect. You envision you can feel cool, but refreshing air. On your flesh. Yet you feel warm, as though fortified from the inside out by your trainer's presence.

And you fall in line and follow suit. Then the hand is removed, and you once more hear a blissful command, which fills your body and brain with its imperative. Stay. And of course you do, remaining right where you are. You were instructed to close your eyes, and so you keep them closed, and luxuriate in the moment.

Your keen ears always listening for commands. They also manage to hear the rustling of your trainer's form moving onto the floor next to you. It's at this time that you take a moment to take in your surroundings, since you are now remaining in one place, and thus are no longer caught up in the task of following.

You actually feel, and perhaps you remember a mention of this from your trainer, something like ground under your hands and knees, yes, grass, cool and soothing. You've been led into an idyllic mental space, a meadow in your mind, where the seeds of your good dog needs were planted, and now your trainer is seated next to you, and you hear those words, roll over.

You move on to your back almost instantly, first sitting back on your knees and then leaning back and raising your legs. You roll your back against the ground, feeling the springy surface under you. Everything is accommodating and oh so right. It allows movement. A pleasant cleanness and coolness massages your form.

And your handler's hand lays on your stomach, resting there reassuringly. Everything is right and at peace. You remain on your back, showing your belly. And doesn't that posture just make you feel incredibly submissive? The next words you hear are another command seldom heard by dogs. But it seems so natural and normal for you to hear it now.

Now lay there, listen, and keep following the words. Click. And the words seem natural, soaked into your consciousness, priming it for

whatever you hear next, a command to listen for more commands. The most satisfying, relaxing part of it is, you've opened up. There's an absence of any need for a command. You could simply lay there feeling owned, feeling watched over, feeling commanded and guided, warm and submissive.

And relax. You could even drift off, and you get the sense that this is allowed. Or you could hear more commands for good dogs, and that would make you as happy as it's possible to be. Either way, another command follows up the first, and it has the same power over you, the same power the command to become frozen did before.

This new word resonates in your consciousness. It melts away all stress, all discomfort. It comes from authority, and makes everything right. And that word, ringing in your body, soothing and warming and rubbing away everything except bliss and depth, giving you permission to either just lay there, or go on learning new things, that word is Relax, pup.

Good dog.

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