

# Succubus Harem - Transformation and Triggers 📄

## 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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This file works with the other Succubus Harem files. It is a detailed transformation fantasy intended for listeners with penises. It incorporates a transformation fantasy including the addition of a second penis, a vagina, and highly sensitized skin. This file also goes

into great detail about general transformative fantasies to be achieved alongside the conceptualized succubi in one's mental landscape.

Includes triggers to begin/end the play and general pro-transformative-play fantasy language.

## **SCRIPT BEGINS**

**Elena McIvor:** Now, you knew from the outset that Succubi are creatures of unfocused forms. Even those you summon into your mind who you know, intimately and completely, are nonetheless capable of shifting form temporarily, or permanently if you desired it. They are subconscious imagery laid over a framework of your externalized thoughts.

And in order to create them, you've had to think a lot about transformation and the realization of form within your mind, followed by their projection outward, their summoning caress. Having had these transformation themed ideas planted and nurtured, You're now free to let them really have some fun. In that unfocused intersection where you interact with your succubi, it is possible for all things to be changed, including the sensation you feel, your perception of limbs.

The form and configuration of your body. All those things we are so open to having changed during a hypnotic trance session. Those things we are open to feeling differently. More sensitively or altered. Hands stuck together. A warm thrill between our legs, which we do not normally experience. But in your case, with the vivid visualizations of succubi so near in your mind, there is more we can envision.

Yes, a succubus summoned into your mind has an unfocused body at first, and these mutable qualities, this conceptual malleability, remains even when the succubus has become firm and clear to your mind through long association. And when you are relaxed, you are safe, and you are somewhere you can spend your time playing with or considering a succubus, and her habits, and her form, or where she can spend time considering you, and yours.

Well, when that opportunity arises, it is possible to let that form become unfocused and shifted into something new. Your body and mind are open to the concept, after all. You can imagine the caress of that different form the succubus might take, as you envisioned the succubus in the first place. The same process has gotten faster and more definite, the more you think about it.

We're going to walk through some useful visualization scenarios. Some ways in which you can change and be changed. Your time learning about your changeable internal space and how it integrates new succubi through the summoning circle has given you a new perspective on how alterable your perceptions really are.

The imaginative space inside your head contains the tools to feel changes in body and mind. Brought about by added stimulation. Only your mind and the succubi who have been shaped from it, and will continue to be shaped by it, and with it, can dream up these fantasies. Only you internally know the full extent of your transformative desires.

How you would like to allow the mental projections, the succubi in your mind, to change you. But it makes sense that their every caress would be Capable of change. Capable of taking you to the unfocused mental place from which they arrive in the first place, and in which perception of alternative forms is easier, more natural, and enthusiastically enjoyable.

When Michelangelo was sculpting marble, he said that in every block he already saw the statue standing before him, the final shape from which he need only move or remove the excess. Well, so likewise with you. The shapes you will assume are limited and bounded only by your subconscious desire for them, by your interest in them, and when Succubi evoke something, they, as externalizations of your subconscious thought, are just doing what you already wanted, though perhaps in an exciting way, and framed more interestingly, more sensually, more immediately, than it was in your mere subconscious fantasy before.

Their hands caress you and enact changes. The shape they evoke may be buried, and you may even be unaware of it, until you really begin to think of what is happening. They molding you like clay, sculpting you, until you feel yourself altered and enhanced. So, to think of what kind of changes a succubus might wish to bring about in your body, we must think of who they are, And what they are.

Each feminine, aroused, sensual, mental projection of your fantasies and desires will, of course, have their own favorite things. Their own preferences of form. Just as your preferences may change from one

moment to the next. But certain common qualities emerge when we consider what they might be interested in.

Notably, Your pleasure and enjoyment, of your subconscious fantasies made manifest. Knowing what you now know, about how fungible, changeable, alterable and unfocused the forms you and your succubi take, can be. And knowing that the succubus is both things, a metaphor for your externalized desire, a desire to support yourself and grow, as well as a sensual projection.

Of all your fantasies and desires, including transformative ones, even your deepest, most interesting transformation fantasies, those you long to carry out only in a subconscious sense, are known to them, to the And they can enact them because in the space where you touch minds and bodies with your succubus harem, bodies are not locked in place but are instead free to chain.

They know more about transformation than most aspects of your mind, given they've been listening every time you have listened to any kind of transformative play. In this hypnotic setting. And they are aware of your fetishes and desires. Able to study up in that mental mansion. And come knowing what you want.

They are conceptualizations of your transformation themed thoughts. Into solidier forms. Forms you can caress and hold close and allow to mold you like clay. Finding new and interesting shapes in you. Finding the fantasies in you. And those fantasies may be between you and they, but the enticing examples which follow are something you can dive into, allow to overtake you and train you toward a better understanding of transformative fantasy and sensation.

Let you be in the moment. By envisioning and immersing yourself in a transformative fantasy alongside your succubus companions, You will intensify that association, and you will better develop the skills that help you and your companions fully immerse in that kind of play. This perception of a body and even a thought process different from your norm, and separate from your own, and closer to something else buried happily deep in your subconscious mind.

Now what follows is just one fantasy among the many, one possibility amid the maelstrom. There may be others. But see the inhabitants of your succubus harem as actors on the stage of this particular presentation. You visualize and indulge, engulfed in what happens,

feeling the change overtake you. The simple hallucinatory quality of a deep meditative fantasy is known to you.

But it can be taken further with internal assistance. After all, when you relax and put the reins of your mind in someone else's hands, let them speak and elaborate. Your own mind is free to imagine and use more of its brain power to stimulate and envision the sensations and forms which may vary from the norm, the transformations you would wish to evoke.

Feeling the changes that are already desired by your subconscious mind, becoming known to your conscious mind, they find their outlet in your succubus companions as they work over your form and change you. And so we've established the underpinnings. Now we will visualize a moderate change. Then, a change to one of your companions.

Then, your companions instituting interesting and comprehensive changes. In you, in service to a desire and a fantasy. And as this happens, you are encouraged to visualize each succubus. The ways she likes to change her body. The ways she likes to change yours. Perhaps she does something simple. Like make some part of your body feel especially warm.



Or especially cool. But these are minor changes, the least of what will happen. After all, if you unfocused your mind in trance at the direction of a cooperative partner, you could easily feel warming or cooling in your body. You could feel so much more the deeper you went, as well. Rewiring and allowing the nerve impulses and desires to flow a bit differently.

Is how all of this starts. Then, you move to the next step. Imagine your body as it is. Then envision how sensations and thoughts would change in the destination form, in the place you're headed to. This kind of thing is a common enough topic for deep exploratory trance. But the problem with doing that kind of trance is that another person's involved.

You have to communicate what you want, the fantasies you desire, your need for exploration of transformation, the exact way you want to feel when you've arrived, and how you want it to be described to you. Well, the succubi who live in your mental mansion have the same full access to you that a hypnotist would.

While you were in the deepest trance, but they're also part of you. They need no explanation. They can inherit and lay out the subconscious desires you have. Visualize their voices telling you. Saying words other than I'm saying, laying out what they will do. They're mischievous ideas that can vary from these.

I am presenting fantasies, desires. And by so doing, I am highlighting the capabilities. of these parts of your succubus harem. Those capabilities stay with them, retained even later when we are done and you rise up, which you eventually will. But that'll just leave you free to be molded and changed by their influence, made other than you are.

And the transformation isn't just for you, it's for them as well. Lurking in your subconscious mind are images, other potential forms. Remember, a succubus is made up of her name, her personality, her important features. But as unfocused aspects of your mental mansion, they are able to alter their bodies, able to look as your subconscious mind might want them to look.

Some of the forms they take on might at first be quite surprising to you, but inevitably they do come from your own mind. Part of who your succubus is, and who you could imagine each one to be, and how they

would interact with and change your body, because your body, of course, could be altered and molded by them, in this vision of sensual lust, where your mind intersects with the subconscious part.

Your shapes might come as well from your subconscious. Or they may come from the immediate demands of your succubus lover. Suppose one is running her hands over your body. It's just like normal. The loving caress of a mental projection. A touch envisioned and played out over the skin. An aid to masturbation and fantasy.

Then, it enters your subconscious that maybe this succubus should try shifting your shape, rendering you other than you were. So, warm hands caress your body, but the warmth is of a deeper kind now. It is coming from inside out to meet her hand. It comes from within, and then radiates to the surface of your flesh, as if a succubus caressing you were awakening the deep desire in your bones, in your psyche, in your subconscious, a desire for transformation into a shape which only you and she can understand.

But it need not be limited to one succubus alone. Envision multiple caressing your body, touching all over even the whole harem, evoking transformative feelings of alteration and improvement, their hands

caressing your ankles. Your feet, moving up to your thighs, gripping between your legs, finding your length, massaging it industriously, until your arousal is evident to them as they watch.

They move as you would expect, as you would desire, because they are, after all, externalizations of mental desire. In the first place, able to anticipate and act upon your needs before you can even give them orders. Though, picturing their feminine forms caressing you, molding your body, makes you want to just indulge in the moment.

To be closer to them and participate in a shared fantasy of desire and exploration. Then advance the vision, a succubus expertly grasping your shaft, sliding closer to it. You see her arousal, her need, the way she begins to slide your tip against the palm of her hand. Then she positions herself in full view, her body arched up, bringing her own molten sex deeper and closer, dipping her body so that she flexibly articulates, playing the head of your shaft against her moistened folds.

The way she begins to move you lets her juices drip down your length. The heat and ache are palpable. And it is this moment she rolls those hips. Placing herself right over the tip. Lining up. Other succubi are

still snuggling up to you, perhaps. Rubbing their chests against your arms. Their legs twined over yours.

But the one above your cock, visualized now, looks down into your eyes and you feel that same heat of transformation emanating from between her legs. Knowing the potential for change is embodied in every inch of her, she drops down, letting gravity claim her, and the force of it impales her pleasantly on your lengthness.

sudden remarkable squeezing. You feel the wet tunnel engulf you, but you know she's not done yet. Her moist arousal, the need on her face, her hips are resting against yours, hilding you utterly. The others suck you by from your mental harem mill around you, touching places which imbue you with pleasure, improving the sensation and sensitivity.

Sculpting your body, perhaps adding stronger muscles to your thighs, so you feel more powerful and confident when you thrust upward into the beautiful feminine companion who's perched upon your length. Her sex is wonderfully hot, and it feels wet and ever moving inside as if it were milling, like she's changing to fit you perfectly.

Which, of course, she is. You realize that tingle of transformation you could feel before on your length is because her sex is changing. To accommodate and stimulate. You know she can change form, a succubus being an externalization of a fantasy and desire, but she's changing your perception of her insides as well.

Focusing, you send a thought up the mental connection to her, alerting her, issuing an order. She whimpers and nibbles her lip, but she does what you want. She becomes more sensitive herself. Instead of just pushing pleasure into you, she's now being overtaken by that same pleasure. Yes. Your succubi can make little internal changes to the composition of their bodies as you envision them, and they normally respond to your sensual caress.

But now that she's turned up her pleasure reception, her response, you're envisioning, feeling, and seeing her reaction to her insides becoming all too stimulated. She clenches around you, a silken sleeve moving in all directions, not just up and down. Transformation and change, allowing her to provide an unparalleled The reason for this is that she has begun to twitch, her whole form shaking and shivering.

She intensified how sensitive she was inside. Now the entire interior of her sex, which you brush against, is as hot and stimulated as her needy, swollen clit, which you can clearly see poking from behind its hood. She places her arms across her chest, hugging herself, seemingly lost. In the wake of an orgasmic spasm, powerful enough to almost throw her off of you.

But the inside of her is still exactly shaped to your cock, as though she were made for you, which she was. She rolls her hips, wanting to keep pushing pleasure into your body. But her eyes are rolled back as well, a succubus with a faint grin, transformed and made vacant and more vulnerable to pleasure, made for your cock.

You see how she's enthusiastically smacking her hips up and down, using her hands to lift herself and then drop once more, a primal moan released each time. Her succubus sisters look jealous, but they content themselves to rub their hands all over your body and warm you. And after all, they're feeling the rebounding pleasure as well, being parts of you.

They work you into an even more aroused frenzy. The succubus riding your length seems little content to just ride. Sure, she may have been

driven frenzied with lust, but she's a creature of transformation in unfixed form, able to move between shapes and enjoy. The feeling of doing so. Accordingly, she rolls her hips.

You feel the shape and configuration of the walls within her change. Instead of merely being shaped to your cock, now they begin to expand and contract. The ring of flesh which grips you at the base is no less than But now the movement of those walls expanding and contracting around you, evokes a sensation of being utterly untouched one moment, and then tightly, cloyingly caressed the next.

All your senses being crowded up with the feeling of her. Tight fitting walls expand, contract. You get a mix of just being inside her wet, warm walls, just existing there, then the next moment being hugged so snugly you can barely move your hips, barely thrust the head of your member against her sensitive spots.

She undulates all throughout, and her eyes are still vacant and rolled back with pleasure. In her transformed shape, she is vulnerable to this pleasure. You made her that way. You thrill that you could change any of your succubi in this way, making them so vulnerable to a mere caress, that they would orgasm and moan and shudder like she is now.



You feel climax after climax and spasmodic release down into her body. You see, the tensing of her stomach muscles, she tightens up on you now and it makes her juices more copious as they flow, the way her body tries to pull in as much of you as possible, involuntarily reacting to the powerful nerve impulses being sent to her mind, to what you visualize of it, every time you touch one of the right spots inside, which, thanks to the change you pushed onto her body, has turned out to be everywhere.

She keeps expanding, then contracting the muscles inside herself, an impossible transformation, which leaves your cock untouched. Except for at the base. Then, abruptly, it is wedged between tight, oppressive walls of warm, sparkling, euphoric escape. You're getting lost in the impossible sensation within her, possible only with her rapid, wonderful transformation.

A transformation from tightly hugging to gently caressing, she moves her hips. Rolls them forward and back. She's lost in the pleasure too. But it seems she's getting used to it because her eyes are locked on you. No longer unfocused. No longer lost in herself. All through this, your other succubi mill around your bodies.

Trying to find a way to get in on the action. Rubbing against you. Pleasuring themselves. The one atop you, though, is not done. She lifts herself a little, just a little, you see her shudder. Another orgasm arrives close on the heels of the last. This makes the interior of her tight passage contract. But as she has begun to pull off of you, only the head of your shaft is trapped.

Inside of her, she lets her tongue stick out, a tiny amount, taunting. And then, only then, does she reach underneath herself, grasping the exposed part of your shaft. You see how only the head is inside her gorgeous sex, the rest of you out in the open and coated in a thin sheen of her sexual lubricant. She grabs you in hand, and you feel the heat of a lover's touch.

But also the deeper heat coming from inside, that tells you transformation is in progress. You feel how most of your cock is in the open air, but the head is embedded in her. That's all it takes. The caress of any of your succubi. Envision that. Order them to make you change, or make themselves change. Or let the subconscious changes you only half realize you want, simply come out of you.

Born from within your flesh in response to their gentle feelings searching.

In this case, you feel warm throb after warm throb, resonating from the exposed length where she's grasping it. She presses it into her, and you feel it expand under her delicate caress, her thin fingers framing it in their contact, her pussy still clenching over just the head. The shaft grows larger under her ministrations.

Inside of her, the head of you grows as well. More surface area means more sensation means more. Sensitivity. This pushes her lips a bit wider, expanding and stretching her. Once more, the sensation appears too intense for her, and juices dribble down the exposed shaft, eyes rolled back, head tossing to and fro.

She squeezes you more tightly. Both of you are experiencing the pleasure and the feedback. Both of you have changed now. Her hands remain on the shaft. Having expanded enough, she begins to reverently Delicately, spread herself upon it inch by inch. Yes, you've grown thicker, but of course she's changed herself to accommodate, while still remaining tight, but covering the increased surface area of your

length which feels powerful, virile, mind consuming in its pleased spasms.

You're really spreading her out, even with her transformed pussy. She begins to slide inch by inch down. You feel several little climaxes creep into her body as she goes. You can tell by the increasingly tightly twitching sex wrapped around. Your expanded member. And with that expansion comes heightened sensitivity for you, too.

It's as if she's made your cock into the equal of two. A sensation redoubled. Your body experiencing the involuntary pre orgasmic twitches, which make your leg kick and make you mindful of what you made HER feel when you first transformed her into a more sensitive version of herself. Of course, you can also feel the feedback from her.

Faintly in your mind, but growing stronger, now that she's moving more vigorously. The feeling of pleasure, that she has managed to resist so far, but been consumed by now. Revelling in her connection to your body, her exposure to your flesh. She's absolutely euphoric in this situation, everything is right with her world.

The texture inside of her shifts. You have expanded and now, oh, she has reached the base, totally hilding you within her. Once more she makes herself conform to your new shape, your new girth, spread and perfect upon you. She begins moving her hips in circles now, undulating them, rotating clockwise, moving her cock at its base by simply moving atop you while keeping it hilted, pointing it in all sorts of titillating directions, its increased girth, increasing the sensation and the number of nerve endings running, pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, up into your mind, rubbing against varying textures within her wetness, She's moving impossibly, stirring her gripping walls to force more pleasure into you.

The problem, of course, is that her sisters are unable to participate, at least as you are now. Sure, they rub against you, and that's great for you, but they're missing out, and even more climactic, euphoric, ecstatic joy could be permeating your brain. They want to feel as she feels, and for you to feel the pleasure they can give you with their bodies.

They are disengaging from your arms where they were snugly against you, the pleasant pneumatic warmth of their pressing breasts moving away. Then, they slide down your body, their hands down behind the

succubus who's riding your shaft. They're rubbing your body below her, finding your balls, massaging behind them, beginning to intently stimulate and caress, giving you a massage deep Permeating, fingers searching and desperate, stimulating the muscles behind your balls and making you feel nearer and nearer to release, to an inescapable natural conclusion.

But that isn't their sole intention. Sure the fingers are pressing and poking, finding just the right place, but you get the impression they want you to feel what she's feeling. Those words or some. form of them flows into you. It makes sense. The succubus you see riding your shaft and the pleasure she's feeling, you perceive it.

But in this deep, trans transformative place, you could do more than that. Your succubi could give you a similar sensation, allow you to more completely visualize what it's like for the feminine form, nerveless and spasming, riding your shaft and rolling it inside you. practiced ease on her wonderfully graceful hips.

They are wet and aroused and enjoy your body. They all want to pleasure you equally. Since they're part of you, they're patient and understanding. They'll always wait their turn. But you have learned so

much about transformative fantasy and indulgence that they're not as restrained as they might be forced to be if you lacked this knowledge of transformation.

Fortunately, you have the hypnotic skill to employ alternative views of your own form, to find within yourself a, intersection between you, and they, you feel the by now, familiar transition, first their hands just feel good, massaging behind your balls, Stimulating a noted erogenous zone, rubbing and finding the places inside you to turn gentle pressure into unending pleasure.

The warmth of your beautiful succubus companions with a singular mission to elevate you to a state of lustful libido, of escape and release, of exhaustion in the best way. Then, the warmth changes. The warmth of transformation now. Notice again that qualitative difference between a caress calculated to merely bring you the pleasure of your succubus companion, touching your body with intent to make you happy, and touching with intent to reshape you, and let you experience exciting new things alongside them.

That mischievous part of your subconscious that wants to explore and transform. That's what's being expressed here. So when their fingers

find that area behind your balls and push inward, sure you feel the usual pleasure of pressure and sensation there, which you might have felt before. But then the shared experience gives way to something else.

A wet, slippery, almost invasive but still excellent feeling, as if you were leaking something from that location. The same lubricant coating your cock. And then the insertion of one narrow, feminine, succubus finger into a slit just like the one your cock is buried in, except this one's on you. And the sensation, the warm, spreading feeling, different from the insistent spasming of your cock, this is a kind of permeating feeling that tells you you should buck into that finger, push it deeper, that being full would feel good.

That is what has been added by their transformation. Something resting behind your balls so you feel your testes. Just resting against a slit, against a hood, adding more warm stimulation. But your succubi are moving them out of the way. And let us never forget the bouncing, rolling, coming figure atop you.

Her warm weight. The feeling of her bouncing and pushing her juices so they pool and drip at the base. Your shaft buried in her, experiencing



impossible, wonderful, memorable sensations. They hold your balls out of the way, revealing that throbbing, erect clitoris. Massaging it in circles, making you twitch now.

The pleasure redoubles. Now there's more than one source of it. More than one potential site of orgasm. And it is phenomenal. The feeling is indescribable but you can envision it accurately enough to let it rampage through you and send you into transports of euphoria. Those warm transformative hands, they shape your lips.

Your lips, your slit, everything behind your balls, your cock is still buried in the succubus who's mounted you, others mill around behind her, they're spreading your legs to get a better look as they massage, you're transformed, enhanced, newfound entrance and its wetness, pushing their fingers against the lips of your wet sex and giving you the same pleasure.

You could give them, but they know how to touch, how to move.

They're externalizations of all the thoughts you have. About feminine bodies and minds, after all. The succubi move with deft precision. Your body's lying there, comfortable, in repose. But your stomach is clenching. Because the succubus is riding your expanded,

Oversensitized cock, while making her sex move and wreath around you, as if she had full control of it.

As if it were designed to milk you dry, which it is. It's wet and wonderful and you feel the aroused lubrication she's expressing flowing down onto your balls and past them, some of it dripping to the base of your skin. Slit that the other SBI are exploring that new sensation, that deep spreading abiding pleasure, that ramp up of arousal, one of them stays there and rubs her fingers over you.

Over your sex, behind your balls. Keeping them out of the way, giving them a massage and the process rolling them in her palm. She then begins to flick your clit using the other hand, rubbing it in circles with the pad of her thumb, periodically pushing one or two digits into you. You feel a constant awareness of this new avenue of pleasure, sparking, jotting, rolling through your body, but your attention has difficulty going anywhere except between your legs, except focusing.

So, intently, on the succubus who has molded, transformed, shaped this new addition to your form. She is still manipulating it, but there's more. She has found something she's content to do to make you feel good. Now she's a full participant in your enjoyment, and your

lubricated slip. It is slowly being opened by one, then a second digit, her fingers moving, the new exciting sensation of her exploration is titillating, to both of you.

But there's another succubus. She looks at the succubus who is already riding your shaft, a look of bliss on both your faces. The one riding you cowgirl style is now bouncing firmly up and down, filling the space with a loud smacking, her pussy trying to keep you inside every time she pulls up, but she is tireless.

The one watching her reaches down right above your cock. begins to rub and massage the flesh Just above it you feel the heat of her touching you her fingers moving over suddenly smoothed flesh An excellent pleasurable sensation in its own right But then you feel that same heat of transformation from before the succubus riding you and the one who is Still rubbing your newly formed, wet, dripping pussy.

Continue doing what they're doing. They are too caught up in the pleasure to do anything else. But the one who has just begun to mold your body, to transform and alter it, is leaning close and insisting. You feel that same sense of heat emanating from deep inside you, and then the sensation of her sculpting something.

It's familiar, actually. Familiar this time. This time there's something appearing above your cock. A second length. An identical shaft complete with rigid, dripping head, coming from directly above the first. This way, she can pleasure you, too. She can stroke it, and she does. As she forms it, she begins to move her hand up and down the shaft, moving so as to pump pleasure into you.

It points up slightly angled, so it does not get in the way of the succubus who's riding you. It does nothing to obstruct it. It is simply there. She would probably be able to slip it inside her body as well, but this does not appear to be what she has in mind. After making sure you can see it, you can see how your first cock is still hilted inside of the succubus who's been riding you all along and she feels it and you feel it and the other one is still there.

Slowly fingering pleasure into you, your body overwhelmed by the need of it, the one who's been massaging you since the beginning. You see the second one working over your clit and lips behind the first, ceaselessly pistoning her index and middle finger. Provoking shivers of pleasure. She knows just the right places to caress, after all.

Her thumb rubs over your clitoris again and again, adding a spreading deep warmth to the symphony of pleasure from the others. Now it is your head which is tossing and your shoulders which are contorting, moving and mincing, rubbing the surface under you. Bounce, bounce, the succubus atop you remains, milking her powerful internal muscles along every inch of your wonderfully stimulated shaft.

She seems to need it as much as you do, the wet thrusting squelching sounds and feeling of the other succubus behind her, inspecting your newly formed Slit and clitoris combine to escalate the pleasure beyond the norm. And now, the new one, teasing. Your mind has all the tools in its mental toolbox, as a result of thinking about this kind of pleasure, and thinking about succubi while moving closer to them mentally.

But now there's an extra cock. It's length warm and in the hand of that third succubus, it throbs, it teases, and she rolls her fingers around it, moving it, you see your cock hilted inside the riding succubus. And a second being manipulated as the one who shaped it leans her head down. Her tongue is sticking out.

She's going to add the feeling of a warm, licking, suckling pressure to this mix of pleased ecstasy. As if that were not enough, you get the

sense that Her tongue comes out and touches the tip of that second cock, Sending a shiver you're all too familiar with, Since it mirrors the one of your wet head on the original, Buried in the pussy of the riding, Breathing, needy succubus.

But the new one, she lets her tongue keep extending. You feel her warmly and enthusiastically engaging with your new member, pushing the pleasure into you. She makes sure to do it at the same pace as the other one, but just shifted a second off. So the moment the succubus riding your cock pauses, the other one sucks on the second.

Yes, the tongue is extending unnaturally, further transforming to fit the fantasy. It extends down the whole length of your shaft. Clearly before your eyes you can see her tongue in a spiral, wrapping around you, moving obscenely in and out of her mouth like a stroking hand made of wet, hot musculature. It spirals and grips it tight.

The tongue is an immensely powerful muscle, and hers is no exception. No hand has ever been so warm and flexible and perfect, again like it is tailored to you, which it is. She licks and sucks, her mouth only engulfing the very tip, while the tongue stays out along the rest of the

shaft, extended and forming that wet, warm, encasing spiral around the entire second length.

You see her pull her tongue into her mouth a little, which has the effect of manipulating that cock in a long, powerful stroke, pulling its flesh up with her, and then releasing as the tongue extends again.

Caught in the intense mix of various moving pleasure sources, you are throbbing and sparking, your mind losing track of the type and number of climaxes, only retaining that it is good.

You find yourself contemplating how your mind arrived here amid the spasmodic release invading from your succubus companions, altering the body itself, adding things familiar to you. Well that works by taking a look at past experiences. And your imagined expansions of them. You know what it feels like to throb and stroke your cock.

So envisioning something twice as good isn't that difficult. Even if it might be overwhelmingly sensual. And make your thighs and legs shiver and kick. Your skin and mind aflame with pleasure and passion. Well, that's normal enough. On the other hand, when you get to visualize the pleasure your succubi derive from giving you satisfaction, the twitching, mounting, aching need gets better.

It's a shared thing between you, and the transformations created out of it are primal and deep and overriding, flowing from your own subconscious fantasies and desires in response to a simple trigger. The trigger that begins the transformation within your fantasy, the touch of a succubus. Whether you requested it or your subconscious took its own initiative and supplied the image of them sculpting your body.

And that's what you feel now. A familiar visualization. Oral pleasure being given to your shaft, but also the warm engulfing pleasure of your succubus partner's sex on the original. To get both of them at once. To have more inroads to your pleasure sensors created. That's what they've done. This transformation giving you a second cock for them to pleasure.

The impossible spirals of her tongue moving over it. Simply too much. And that's without even accounting for the extra stimulation occurring below. The succubus gently stimulating the newly formed pussy with its dripping, rigid clitoris. Yes, familiar thoughts, such as the thoughts of pleasure to your cock, are easy to visualize, and to allow to flow within the framework of transformation, that you will develop and inherit through training with transformation files.



Like this one, for example. Of course, these transformations are also visualized with the assistance of your succubus harem. By visualizing their feminine forms, you have gained an intimate acquaintance in your thoughts with the kind of pleasure they will feel. These Things which are normally unfamiliar to you, fantasies normally deep and unexplored and now rendered more vivid by the opportunity to share them with the mental constructs who are as hot for your body and as keen on transformation as you are.

Exactly as much. You've noticed all throughout this that they use their hands to mold you. Well, even now, while they keep pushing pleasure into you, and maybe evoke further climaxes, they're using their hands. And you notice that while they evoke change from you, you can trigger things in them as well.

Whenever you visualize touching a succubus, let your hand reach out. Meet supple feminine flesh. Feel it, see it in your mind's eye. How they are a projected image of your fantasy, laid over ideas and fetishes from the depths of your mind. From that one contact, that one caress, you can will them otherwise, change them, engage in a different shape.

Sure, you can change appearance by thinking of doing so, but that's only skin deep. There's so much more. Envision their sensitivity, the way they respond to your touch, to sexual stimulus generally, in fact. Imagine the way you can turn up the slider on a succubus's sensitivity, so one caress from you is enough to make her shudder, and clench, and curl up in a ball of pleasure and orgasmic spasms, echoing back through your own mind in the process.

That's the trigger, the touch with the intent to change. When they touch you, when you touch them, you know the difference between normal, reactive, warm touch, and the specified warmth which flows from within to create heat and transform your form or theirs. Changes can involve the composition of the body or its shape.

Changes can include mental elements too, such as when your twitching companion came her mind out while she was riding you. And even now you feel the echoing throb of that caress. You needn't think hard about the alteration. After all, succubi are part of your subconscious, living in that mental mansion, alterable and accessible through their brand.

You can just visualize caressing and think about the changes. Speaking of changes, one is still stimulating your wet, dripping opening, one riding your cock, another sucking the cock she added, all forcing stimulation into you. It's okay to just let yourself get off, as much as you need to. Indeed, they are your succubi, so only you can know what you're feeling.

fully getting up to, but I'm sure your mind will soak up the examples and ideas that follow, ways to change and alter them, and to let them change and alter you, and how to return to normal when it's all over. One fundamental thing to remember is that this is all a kind of play, a kind of enjoyable venting of fantasy.

Eventually it will end so you can return to an ordinary existence. After all, otherwise you'd be plagued by constant spasms of pleasure, or a preoccupation with your interestingly altered form. So, this is a kind of play. Between you and your succubus harem, I've merely created circumstances in which it is possible to better enjoy, and explore, the transformation.

I've given you the tools, now you've visualized and been walked through these varying sensations, in their descriptions, you know enough about

triggers and transformation, to interact with your succubi more intensely, more closely, you need only visualize brushing a succubus with your hand, feel her flesh, Think about a concept strongly enough, and change will happen.

Or allow them to touch you. A similar conceptual alteration in mind. For example, a caress and the word sensitivity. Or a caress between your legs and thoughts of a wet, dripping, needy slit. To reproduce today's wet, needy sex. Think of your clitoris enlarging once again. Or merely of a second cock growing and spasming.

Think of a succubus caressing you as they did here, bringing about these changes in your configuration, in their appearance, in your body. All of these things are simple and accessible to you, part of the suite of transformation thoughts that you've had already. And eventually, the game will end. All you need to do when you're done For now, is to think, playtime is over.

Think it, say it, consider it a command to your succubi, or a reminder to yourself. You will have to go forth and engage with the rest of the world, with your transformations undone, and your body free to move. This serves as a trigger to return to normal. When you think the word,

sensitive, for example, it triggers your succubi to remember being as sensitive as they were in your vision, Think When you turned up their desire, and when you think of alterations to your body, like the ones you experienced, succubi may carry them out again in future, during mere laying fantasization, where you drift deeply down.

Your desire to explore transformation encourages them, and leads new fantasies to be born from your mind, even when it's just you and them, with no guidance like this. Speaking of fantasies, see once more the state you've been left in after your play. Now you're aware that to end the transformation, all you need to do is think that playtime is over, and your succubi will return to normal, as will you.

You also know that thinking a strong command related to transformation is enough to drive them to change, or to change you as commanded. Drawing on your subconscious desires and thoughts of transformation explored in trance. Of course, they may very well change you without commands, because your desire for transformation is born from deep in your own subconscious.

They can carry out fantasies you want to experience, and bring you into states and forms you think of, even if you set them aside for later. Or

forms you didn't think of consciously, but that emerged from your subconscious interest. And in the now, you are still in that state where two of them are pleasuring your dual cocks, your molten sex is dripping juices and being fingered by a third member of your harem.

You're going to remain in this state, pleased and driven to pleasure them too, pleasure them back, until eventually you all think emphatically together that playtime is over. You're now more aware of triggers and inroads to transformation play with your succubi, but they are not remotely done with you yet.

The staccato slap of the hips of the one riding you as she raises and drops herself, the slurping, licking exploration of the one extending her tongue, making it surround your new cock, the wet insertion of fingers finding the best spots inside of your newly formed All of it pushes pleasure and sparks up your mind, and where you go from there is between you and your succubus companions.

These conceptualizations of your sexual desire set loose upon you, and they are to give and take pleasure and feed it all back through you in a positive loop of orgasmic ecstatic delight, and on, and on, and on.

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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.](#)