

# The Quilt 📖

## 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! 😊

Tags: Self-Help, Relaxation

Duration: 15:11

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A piece to help travelers relax in the usually unpleasant environment associated with long transit. Loopable, so you can put it on repeat until journey's end. Non-erotic self help meditations only. General positive/supportive language throughout. Suitable for train, bus, plane. Soothingly tune out the journey and arrive refreshed.

<https://esuccubus.com/content/quilt>

**Elena McIvor:** Now, relax for me. Take a deep breath, and go deep. Begin to leave the world outside behind. Enter a new, safe, warm, comfortable place. Constructed by me, for you. Place inside, separate. Exalted, elevated, different. Free from interference and inhabited only by these words in your mind. All other things are extraneous.

This is your space. Safe place. Noise, hustle, bustle. The weary world outside. Denied entry. Envision an ethereal quilt. It's fabric separating you from the world outside, enveloping your body, a barrier between the demands and worries, obligations, interruptions, and interference of the world outside and this place of safety, calm, relaxation, rejuvenation.

It allows any distracting or upsetting thoughts to flow from you and escape it. What prevents them from coming back in? A barrier permeable only in one direction. Negativity and exhaustion flowing outward. Relaxation and restoration remaining within. Bouncing back off the barrier bound around you.

Rebounding into your body in soothing waves. While this place may be considered an escape, you're not hiding. Instead, you're taking

advantage of a time and place you knew was safe before you began and know is safe in the moment. A place within which the concerns of the weary world are insufficiently important, their urgency reduced, irrelevant.

You can consider them later. There's lots of time in the day, but compartmentalizing is useful. This is not procrastination. After all You're in a physical environment that precludes physical activity and requires you remain static anyway. There are limits on mobility. Your capability to be productive is reduced by things which would interrupt it and spaces which would constrain it.

And so choose another space. Choose another type of productivity. Attempts at movement, construction, at achieving. Would meet with awkwardness, discomfort, exasperation. You're in a place where relaxing is encouraged. And therefore, you're going to do it better than anyone else. Change the nature of this space from uncomfortably constricting to being comfortably wrapped.

A quilt of safety, support. Relaxation, rejuvenation, if you turn your hands outward you imagine you can feel stitches against your fingers, you can feel fabric rustling past, and that's okay. Your fellow

travelers must deal with the stress and discomfort of impotent attempts to adapt outside, but you have adapted already.

Within an isolated and wrapped viewpoint, the physical and mental restrictions of this place are irrelevant to you. As these words play back through your mind, others shift uncomfortably. Others strain against hard metal. You rest against perfect and wrap smooth all around you. Impressions of seatbacks affect others, the relevance of legroom matter to them, but not you.

The cacophony around, bombarding everyone. Monotone, droning, announcement, crying, infants, conversational conflicts. The minor inconveniences which build up in this confined space. But such things fail to enter your quilt at all. The physical restrictions are removed. Everything is just as it should be.

You're floating along, an isolated viewpoint. Body left behind. Merged with the world around you. Comfortably ensconced, you have widened your vision. You are no longer one dot traveling. You are now the area around you. The energy exiting your body returns inward. No need to move or squirm or shuffle. Relax and bask.

Built a cocoon around you. My voice. Overriding other things. Providing the ideal white noise because it is inviting and engaging. No wave by the seashore ever so caressed your mind. Quiet and peaceful within your quilt. Other noises are either transformed into muffled soothing waves of aforementioned white noise that can be ignored.

Or allowed to merge and form and become part of my voice murmuring over and through you. Nothing has any effect but these words, which are welcomed within. As they are pleasurable they can permeate, but everything else bounces away, the material of your quilt protecting. The air might be a tropical breeze blowing through a canopy of gently rustling palm trees.

You might hear songbirds evoking a soothing lullaby. Within the quilt, any seat you're on, your chair is a comfortable pillowy support. The muscles in your shoulders relax. Tension vanishes. Your back meets the contours of the quilt. Your legs are caressed and massaged. Your feet wrapped in a cozy nest. The overall effect is similar to when you awaken in the early morning, reveling in the exquisite comfort of your bed, wrapped in the warm cocoon of your covers, and nestled in the heavenly softness of your pillow.

Focus on that memory. Feelings, the warmth, the recognition of the enveloping, quilted comfort of the momentary perfect existence before you must meet the day, and which you wish could last forever. But now you can carry it with you. Your body, soft, comfortable, warm. Mind, blissfully relaxed. Cannot help but smile.

A smile from ear to ear, burst across your face. Almost orgasmic pleasure, but that would give away your secret to other travelers, and just now, this is a moment just for you. Fall into my voice, revel in it, take comfort in it, for it weaves the strands that connect the patches of the quilt. Strong, impermeable, shot through with a familiar comfort.

But now you're used to relaxing to my voice, so you can be assured when I say I have constructed a place in your mind that changes your perception of the physical and mental space you inhabit. It is a real and formidable bastion. Incorporating the environment around it rather than resisting it.

Redirecting it. Zen like focus. The physical specifications of this safe haven are not entirely prescribed by me. You can add to the structure I've created in any way you desire. Perhaps the light is low and

soothing. A pocket dimension just for you. Provided by innumerable scented candles. A place swathed in enveloping, soothing, comfortable darkness.

Or energizing sunlight. The metaphorical tropical beach carried with you. It is a pocket design of our shared making. A place where though the quilt enwraps you, it could transport you elsewhere. A treasured place for memory. Summer meadow. Cool arboreal forest. A placid still pond. Or a lake with waves gently, rhythmically lapping the shore.

Nor is the nature of this haven static. Each patch of the quilt representing a particular place, time, aspect. Sense, experience, a thought, a person, a thing you perceive as soothing, pleasant, supportive, rejuvenating. A quilt built of your positive memories, built by you, internally, patch by patch. Maybe reminiscent of a time as a child wrapped up in a blanket in the backseat of the family car.

Nestled in the corner of a new place in which you felt secure because of who was around you. Each patch of the quilt corresponding to aspects of your life that bring you relief, succor, support, safety, insurance against the world around, the power to transform interrupting influences into reinforcing ones.

Bouncing back the negative. Sealing in the positive. You can flip through the patches touching each one, like a treasured photo album. Review them as a supportive slideshow. And in your idle moments of drifting almost sleep, almost trance within that wrap, they may play across your mind just like a slideshow.

One positive thought after another. Negativity plays, escapes, and then is locked outside. You've constructed this place for when you travel, because the irony of that is, often when you travel, you're expected to be your best again on the other end. People are insensitive about that. But you know you can remain here until travel is complete.

It can morph into a different setting, continue to be a supportive filter of the world outside. If the world demands you and makes you leave your haven, you can do that, and then return when it's safe to do so. The quilt travels with you, any type of transport. Anywhere. A luxurious space into which only you have access.

And which only you and I even know about in the now. You've allowed me within your mind, so these words, this voice, this consciousness travels with. And I sincerely wish you a good trip. When you decide



it's time to return, simply slowly open your eyes. Feeling an afterglow of being refreshed and ready to take on the demands of the day.

Knowing that you've used the journey to rest and recuperate rather than stress and strain. If you have to get up, simply think to yourself that you must. You'll rise. You'll depart your haven, your quilt. But when you see it again, whisper in your mind, call that quilt back to you. And these words Even if they're not playing, even if headphones aren't in, even if the words are not being spoken, they've had their physical effect on your mind.

They're stored in long term memory. You will return. For now, I'm just going to invite you to visualize, to see where you were. Where you've been. What you needed and wanted and enjoyed. What is you? In this improved travel state. This pocket dimension. Where my voice and your mind do exist. But time passes rather more quickly.

Because time flies when you're having fun. In the now. Visualize. Everything around you. From the beginning of this process. Up to the end. Weaves around itself as another patch in the quilt. An important one. A kind of core thread flowing through it all. A reminder of this pleasant memory. And that's how the quilt will grow.

Time passes. It just wraps a little tighter. More comfortable. More powerfully influential. And though you can leave it if you need to, because obligations may demand it, returning to it and thinking of it is enough. Returning to your seat. Then escaping its confinements. Smile on your face. Body liberated and eased.

So you'll come out the other end of the trip happier than any traveler's ever been. And that's a good start. But it is only a start. We will continue on and on. Building the quilt. Sewing it layer by layer, patch by patch. And every loop through here is another one. Every movement through expands what enwraps and nourishes you, sealing out the negative, inviting in the positive.

And these words, my words, are the positive. And so every time we begin again, it's to add another patch, another layer of power and potential, another reminder to your mind. Now, relax for me and enjoy your quilt. As we've built it, as it will continue to build itself. And your mind may fade out on the detail of how it was made.

But the reality of its existence is incontrovertible. At the moment when you find yourself happier in your travel seat than you've been

anywhere else. Happier escaping the world. Even in narrow confines.  
Even in conflicted conversation. Even amid the murmur of interruption.  
There's me. My voice. Reminders.

And so it's all too familiar, every time you loop through, even if you've  
laid aside the thoughts you had before. The quilt becomes more and  
more potent, patched, ready, and wrapping. So every time you go  
through, every time you're at ease, and you listen. Every time I say  
the words.

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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.](#)