

# Heat Deepener 📄

## 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: Deepener, Sexual

Duration: 8:44

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This is the deepener from Surrender to Heat. It is essentially a detailed description of the listener's clitoris and sex needing and aching for fulfillment. Good for launching into a longer playlist or body file while aroused and needy. This is a simple deepener but it is nonetheless useful for compiling playlists.

**Elena McIvor:** Now, you know full well, that we are vulnerable to a certain mindset. If you start to think of your empty dripping pussy, and the urge to fuck. If you start to think of it in terms of being in heat. You'll build that up in your head, until you see it coming. Until you feel it impending every time you know you're gonna be turned on.

Until you know you're gonna be helpless to do. Anything but seek sweated climax and pleasure yourself insensate while wishing you could be pinned, wishing you could be taken, that unsubtle mammalian sign of arousal and climax. The arching of the back. You know how tempting that image is to you. It sets some drumbeat in your head going.

An insistent chemical haze. Your own body saying, Now is the time to be fucked. And demanding it of you. And sure, you often have to stand in for yourself on this. Take care of business. But zone out with me a bit. Leave the world behind. Forget what a watching figure might see. Even though what they might see is your wetted lips.

Instinctively parting to welcome them inside. Both sets of lips, that is. Even though they might see an arched back in your hands, furiously, industriously getting you so worked up, that if someone did pin you down at this very moment, if someone thrust inside of you, you might

quiver and back into them and surrender, all that you are, as the first of many climaxes tore away your reason, and dumped more and more of that sensual, alluring haze of climax into your brain.

Yeah. That's what you're looking for. It's what you need. Body, brain, and soul. Something old and instinctive and cat like throbbing in you now. A pure lust composed of the urge to vocalize. The urge to tempt someone into pinning you. Into proving themselves and using you and filling you. Working your clit, your mind, your libido.

Your wanton, open, welcoming sex. Into instruments for forcing pleasure into you, making you climax. That's what you want to be made, pure lust. Leave behind that outer shell, which will wreathe and grip the sheets and stifle its moans, and go somewhere inside your brain with me, so I can do all the work of drawing the fantasy.

Then your brain, instead of having to draw it and enact it, only needs to respond and bring it to life. You're doing much less work with your brain, so you're trembling over work hypersensitive thighs and clit and pussy and the pinprick sensitive nipples on your heaving, deep breathing chest. We'll have to do twice the work at twice the sensitivity, jamming more pleasure into your brain.

Letting it rebound in there, bouncing off the walls, sending sparks of euphoric, achy, throbbing, horny desire that makes your muscles twitch, makes you tense up and approach that climactic height where you feel like you're about to go over the edge and then you stretch it out as long as you can. Well this time you're gonna have someone else doing that for you.

And you get to give in to it. And you'll be able to just Oh, let it fill you. At the end of this coupling, this pinned, submissive, needy rendezvous you're destined for, the road you're on now, all you'll be able to do is collapse grinning with white spots behind your slowly closing eyes, lids heavy as a purr escapes, and your body will insist on sleep, even though the throbbing of your needy sex so recently satiated, left oversensitive.

Might follow you into your dreams as well. Yes, I'll supply the images, the words, the moves, the sensations, but all I'm really doing is waking up aches and needs you have. Saying the things you might leave unsaid because things become too poignantly, sensitively needy whenever they're called to the forefront of your heated. All you'll have to do is try to cum as much as possible.

Give in to a dripping pussy which will be left oversensitive and overexposed to pleasure when this is over. Reddened and attractively on display so you know anybody looking at it couldn't help but share in some of your lust. You know how hot and wet and needy it is. You know better than anyone what you yearn to do.

In your mind and by your body. Anyone who saw it might be almost as turned on as you are. But no one could be that horny right now. Look ahead, look forward to what you'll look like when you've been fucked silly. Mind and body both. And let's face it, we're going to do that anyway. All you have to do in the now is surrender.

In so many senses of the word, drift along on the words, move your body into positions that let you hit your pleasure spots later. Better. And shiver, clench your legs around your hands, around your fullness, around your wetness, and come. Or better yet, position yourself so your hands are free, or at least one of them, and you can clench the sheets with the other, the fabric of your cast aside clothes, your own thighs leaving marks.

Something, anything to grab, knowing it might help you contain your moan. Might. Really, by this point, the shrill, animalistic thoughts trying to escape you are more like yowls than words. Something has happened to your body and your brain as it so often does. You're tapped into a kind of chemical drip. And you have a convenient button between your legs to administer another dose.

But if this were merely something coming from outside, you could escape it. Instead, it's coming from your own brain. An inescapable lust that shoots straight between your legs takes up residence. A cocktail of your own sexual hormones, chemicals, needs, desires, fantasies, all of it together and waiting, sometimes you might think it hasn't come out to play, but the right word can trip your switch and you know it, swishing your tail, your buttocks moving side to side, attractively moving the gem of your slightly parted, dripping, needy sex.

Imagine a lover's legs leaning back against them, ahem. The cocktail of chemical bliss and arousal, which is insistently whispering that your pussy needs, needs to be full, and climaxing, like an itch that needs scratching, except, oh, so good to scratch. That you must pursue that urge to be stuffed, ideally pinned as you are, allowed to submit.

Your body is very sensitive and this has somewhat reduced your coordination. A constellation of conditions which you know makes you more likely to enjoy the slow seduction of a lover's caress and less able to wrestle yourself free if you feel like bradding and fighting. Still, your body, your hips, your clenching wet entrance will all know how to thrust back and reinforce how badly you need it in you if you were suddenly pinned and used for the pleasure of a partner, consequently deriving yowling bestial pleasure of your own.

Well, that'd be just fine, wouldn't it? In fact, in the state you're in, with this constant titration of lustful thought invasively pervading your consciousness, you could be treated more roughly than normal and you would still enjoy it. You'd really get into that rutting dominance play. But ultimately, you know of a state.

Simple truth, we've both been circling around the entire time, however long it takes, however warmly and intensely your clit and sex are stimulated to where you gasp and fall over the edge, no matter how long the process of pinning you, of making you want it and push against it, eventually, you will surrender.

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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.](#)