

Lady of the Forest - Cock Milking 📄

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For listeners with penises - the hungry Lady uses special flowers to milk semen from them.

Same hands-free climax language as Overflowing, permissive so you can use hands if you want to. Her goal is to induce a happy return and encourage a feeling of intense pleasure even if the subject is drained.

Plant-like minions in various colors use special substances to spark enhanced arousal. While the Lady does not have the same take on sex,

her hunger for the listener's assistance is definite. File ends with permissive awakener so you can drift - timed somewhat to the climax.

SCRIPT BEGINS

Elena McIvor: They are in that forest, teeming with life. There are many long, winding paths, and the sense of something hungry and predatory lurking just out of sight is so often present in one's mind as they move through wild spaces like this one. We don't really live in civilization. We live in a space carved out of something older.

Something that's alive down to its roots, and connected together just like them. Whenever we walk away from firm walls and city lights, the shelter of home, we touch some thing, and some where, older and inviolate, distant and separate from the human experience, somewhere and something alien and divorced from our reality, but alive and vital, impossible to truly communicate with.

Though we may come close. Sure, we tell ourselves we've tamed that kind of place. Envision it with me now, the way the dark eaves fold in overhead if you take the less used turning, even in your friendly neighborhood walkabout, the way you get a sense of things skittering

out of sight, sure they could be small cute forest creatures, but maybe the forest itself has begun to stir.

As we move through the world, we exert a thousand invisible pressures upon it. Our scent, our vibrating impacts, footsteps, however gentle. A thousand little signs by which we can be known. The noise we make just by breathing. A creature of root and vine and Something like the beating primal heart of the forest would regard an intruder in that predatory way, sure.

Even if their designs were only benevolent from the perspective of that would be prey. Granted, the scent of humanity, the signs of passing creatures like you, would keep any such ancient thing from tarrying too long on the most well used paths into or through the woods. But if you took that narrow turning, that branching diversion, you'd find yourself in places where what lurks is older and bolder and more interested.

And then you would go from being someone who has ruled their domain, who has exerted sufficient control to be free and unrestricted in your movements, to part of the cycle instead. The cycle of prey and lure,

and feeding and escape. In nature, there are high energy creatures and low energy creatures.

Upright beings with large brains are high energy. They need to be to make those brains worth it. The protein and energy and sheer potential moving around in your body are an unparalleled bounty to simpler, more ancient creatures. Numerous things live in symbiosis with your form already, even inside your cells and on the surface of your flesh.

And when the pleasant forest breeze carries the scent of verdant life, and light, and movement to you, you breathe deeply. And so does every part of your responding bodily ecosystem, responding to the potential in the air, tuned in to life. Yes. A cycle of lures. Creatures who are less high energy than you, creatures who are languid and relaxed, must seek their energy from sources that can be reliably harvested with a minimum of investment.

Sun and root and water, sure, but some plants have learned to process more energy dense forms of sustenance. Protein, for example, but also things you don't mind the loss of. However, while fast moving creatures might rely on a form of predation, going from one person to the next, the slow, cunning, ancient life of this forest domain is more

likely to want to leave its food sources alive and vibrant, renewable, able to move about and return.

All of this is natural and makes sense, even though it seems to be something the leaves and the movement in the underbrush and the pine needle floor of the forest are whispering to you, filling you in. You know it somehow. Yes, lures. The reliable and consistent harvesting of renewable energy from prey which is all too happy to return later.

That is how this forest, this Ancient space continues to nourish itself, to grow when all other sources of high energy power might become scarce. As you think of lures and traps, and the harvesting of energy a creature might not necessarily need, consider also that there may be an entity. Or more than one, which in fact harvests things a creature might not miss.

Things it might be quite pleasurable to do away with. Things which might need extracting from you. And with this in mind, see that space. Breathe deeply, the scent of pine and fallen leaves. The changing of seasons, the feeling of life transforming. Simply, luxuriate in the air around you, not the usual cool of forests, but a deep heat, more suited to verdant jungles.

And in that place, standing and looking off the path, to make sure you are safe, and locate the source of some errant rustling, you notice it. Though the brush is crowded, and allows you only glimpses, you see the curves of some green form in the middle distance. The air is heavy with sweet pollen, and the sounds of nature at work.

Moving, watching, an observing presence waiting for an opportunity to interact. Birdsong from some distant place. You see movement, though, and you inch closer. The verdant green of the creature's flesh is obvious now. You see its form in more detail. Perfectly smooth, green, and supple. The dappled light from above is highlighting that plant like smoothness.

Healthy leaves. It obviously has huge, rounded breasts, one of the first details that attracts your view. But the less obvious details, like the circular green tips, like nipples, but unnaturally rounded and short, button like. Its torso is without mar, or Lacking even a belly button, you can see as it turns a little toward you.

Its legs are too long, powerful, vined. They appear smooth and soft, but buried somewhat in the ground. You have difficulty seeing its

shoulders, but those outlandishly feminine features are arousing just to be near. There's something sensual and titillating, making you hornier even as you approach. Perhaps some sweet pollen in the air.

It has hands. She has hands. Dainty, long fingered. At least the one you can see, which you notice is beckoning you closer. Each finger is essentially a tiny vine, flexing with unnaturally precise movement, lacking fingernails, for example. Your feet are on a leaf strewn path that branches from the one you were traveling down at first.

It leads right up in front of her. And then, taking a few steps down it and changing your perspective, you note that her companion is nearby, another tall, identical figure, green flesh, massive, perky, full breasts, curvaceous hips, long vines for legs, those same nimble fingers. Also beckoning. The air is heavy with sensual fragrance, encouraging you in your stumbling walk forward.

Somehow you know some other presence is here as well. Something watching, powerful and primal. Something which would only unveil itself when you have met its handmaidens and entered their embrace. The two beckon, movements symmetrical and perfect. You step past the

trees which have blocked line of sight of them from the shoulders up, and see they are a little different than usual.

Creatures of the forest, of bloom and stem, who move under the ground and watch for opportunities to rise. And interact with you. You see how they are in fact connected to the earth. How their heads are like flower bulbs. No visible eyes. A rounded red bulb. But they know you're there. They have lips. Pink, luscious, glistening lips.

That that honeysuckle scent that has befuddled and drawn you in is coming from lures. Creatures in nature use lures if they are mostly stationary. That, or they block your progress. This place, this grove, these plant creatures, All somewhat secret and all somewhat designed to draw you in. Their heads like large reddish flower bulbs with luscious full wet lips unnaturally glistening.

The lips move making protracted smacking sounds. Even as their long, nimble, green fingers reach for you. Yes, they're blocking your progress because something is beyond them. Something else.

Something beautiful and necessary which you feel you must reach.

Which has intentions for you. Designs upon you. You somehow know all of this.

As it is communicated to you through some scents drifting free in the environment. Some combination of scent and sound and situation. The two vine creatures, their lips smacking, their hands reaching. You step between them and allow their nimble manipulating digits to caress your chest. With practiced ease, they remove your clothing.

Stripping it away and then running their hands over you, their bodies against you. You rubbing up against you and kissing your cheeks, your shoulders, allowing you to feel those huge lips smacking on you. They clearly know you're there and they're gently taking your arms and placing them between their breasts, wrapping you in their vines.

Your eyes roam over their pink, luscious lips, their large tongues licking and their bodies undulating sensually. But you also take in your surroundings. This place is a network of vines, more at home in a jungle than a forest. They splay haphazardly, making a soft bed with a raised portion at the center, like a cocoon of greenery, a sphere surrounding something.

The sunlight comes in, but indirectly. Having to navigate a maze of branches before whatever's left of it shines in the slick, supple plant

life. Just like you had to navigate a maze of little paths to find your way here. The subtle pull of that pleasant honeyed scent coming from the creature's lips being enough to guide you.

Even though you might not have known it, it is cloying and glorious and makes your thoughts slower and more pliable in the face of something ancient and interested and focused on you, pliable enough that careful dexterous vines have denuded you of all you were wearing in record time. This place feels special, a clearing apart from anything else.

The way you entered is the only way into this circular space, covered with vines and attended by these two handmaidens. But if they are handmaidens, with their outsized breasts and nimble movement, then who do they attend? The answer does not take long to arrive. When you are suitably stripped of your clothing, the cocoon of vines begins to whirl and move.

What rises out of them is connected to the plant life. Vines run up her legs and her back, but the body that emerges is different. The plant girls, who are now rubbing the cleavage between their sizable breasts against your forearms and moving their hands up and down your chest,

Well, they are a medium brightness shade of green, the color of healthy, normal chlorophyll.

She, on the other hand, is a beautiful pale blue in color. Also, while the two creatures who are massaging your body, inducing an ever growing tide of arousal, are outsized in their proportions, buttocks and breasts huge and exaggerated. The woman approaching you now has more normal, though gorgeous, human like proportion, high, firm breasts, slightly curved hips, though she is beautiful like a portrait, upturned nose, sculpted lips, high cheekbones, a faint grin.

She lacks visible eyes as well, just like the servants, but her expression never really changes. Even as the vines which surround and support her, which previously held her in that cocoon, lower the lady to the ground. Her breasts, smaller than those of the minions, have huge dark blue areole with pert nipples.

She's wearing clothes of a sort, dark chains attached to apparent nipple piercings. At least they may be chains, though maybe they are just another form of vine, dark instead. They attach to a thin mesh of black lines, a lattice of interlocking chains which covers nothing and

conceals nothing, decorative or it serves some purpose which you know nothing of.

It connects downward to a pair of stockings, as if it were suspenders connected all across her torso. The stockings themselves are the same part chitin part plant material. She has what appear to be horns sweeping high and back behind her head. The same material connects them together, forming a kind of opaque visor over her eyes as well, like dark goggles.

You might think she'd have difficulty seeing you, given that. Except she pivots to face you the moment she touches the ground. Lowered by vines, she clearly controls and connects to. And she begins to walk toward you. In some ways, you've been anticipating this for so long. The same coating on her supple flesh covers her shoulders.

Long, arching, claw like, dark limbs of that material also rise up above her head. Her lips are similarly black against the blue flesh. Her hands and forearms are gloved in the dark armor. But it appears more subtle and soft, the closer she gets. Some strange pollen, like a blue green glow in the air, emanates in her wake, with each movement.

You notice your attendants are now gripping your arms, holding them tight and massaging you with their breasts. The twin plant girls move closer, and rest their large, round heads on your shoulder, planting dual kisses on your cheeks with their large lips. The result is that honeyed liquid runs down your cheeks, and it seems to make your skin flush where it touches.

They hold you tightly, partly to keep you there, and partly to let you feel more of their sensual flesh, which is as warm and wonderful as any human partner could be. With the added bonus of there just being so much of it. The imperious lady who lowered herself, and began approaching you, has arrived. Her hand shoots out with an inhuman speed and precision, perhaps making you wonder what she's doing.

But there's little enough time to wonder, before her hand moves between your legs and grips your cock. The plant girls had not touched it yet, despite what they are doing causing it to become more and more aroused. It is now in the delicate black gloved hand of this newcomer, this lady. The two plant girls move their hands down, one each gripping your buttocks, pushing you forward and causing your hips to butt.

into the hand of the strange figure. She keeps a tight, warm grip on your length, and when the sudden thrust induced by the pushing against your buttocks makes a droplet of pre cum well up, she scoops it up with her free hand, bringing the glistening black gloved finger to her mouth. The lady licks it off.

Her expression never changes. But you imagine you see a nod of satisfaction, even if only to herself. The palm wrapped around your length is warm and precise. It moves almost mechanistically, in a constant stroke, stroke, stroke pattern. And her expression never shifts. Mild amusement. Satisfaction. From behind the black chitin that covers her eyes, you think she seems pleased, but in some distant alien way.

She clearly wants something. You notice the two green attendants have knelt next to you, but you have in that moment eyes only for the elegant figure whose attentions are fixated between your legs. You inspect her even as you are being inspected. The kneeling plant creatures use their huge lips to kiss your thighs, and then closer and closer to the sides of your shaft, leaving a trail of their honeysuckle saliva in their wake.

Something about the combination of the floral scent, the lady's pollen, and the fresh kisses from these servitors is making you feel very content with this whole situation. Even in its strangeness, you are sure of both your safety and of the importance of doing what they want you to. And then she speaks, for the first time.

Her lips do not move. They keep smiling a faint smile of satisfaction. But the voice arrives cool and calm, and slightly stilted. As though it were coming from something other than an ordinary mind. Something which sees the world quite differently. You will feed us. This is when the vines on the ground begin to move with purpose, slithering toward you.

Now it is not only the attendant girls who are assisting her, restraining her legs and thighs with their nubile embrace, but the vines on the ground too. All manner of long, strong stems and vines rise. At her beck and call, encircling the four of you in a watching ring. Many of them are capped with luridly colored exotic blooms.

Outsized and large, all different. All with different nectars and juices dripping out of them. Like some obscene sexual lubricant. Which, given your situation, they might as well be. The two plant girls who have

knelt and been ministering to your body, rubbing over it, making it moist and prepared, have now done more.

Their long vine like legs are twined, each around one of your legs. One of them has trapped each other. of your legs and holds you in place, and their vines even loop under the soles of your feet, lifting them and removing all your leverage and purchase. Their deft feminine hands grasp your buttocks, keeping you steady and upright, while their lips and the tendril like tongues in their hot, moist mouths begin to torment the sides of your shaft.

It is a teasing kind of stimulation, never enough to push you over. The lady withdraws. Her hand, and the part she was touching, is the only part not slathered with saliva from the two red bulbed plant girls. Their massive breasts rub against your legs and thighs at that time, like they're trying to turn you on.

But neither of them is doing anything that might risk Making you come. And something about the air, the scent, maybe some aphrodisiac in the nectar they're smearing on you, is making you hazy and comfortable. This is the right place to be. The corners of your lips turning up in an involuntary automatic smile.

A dazed grin. You sway to and fro. You try moving your legs just for fun and find them trapped inside the warmth and massage of the plant girl's touch. There are no sexual organs between their legs, but they still undulate and continue moving against you obscenely as if trying to get themselves off.

They make little plaintive whimpers and continue licking the sides of your cock, a storm of tickling, sparking pleasure which nonetheless does nothing to bring you closer to climax. A climax you've come to want, but that is so far off. Once more you hear her voice. It feels like she's rummaging around inside your mind, finding things out as she does, discovering parts of you which she might utilize and interact with in order to better achieve whatever her goal happens to be.

Good. Suspended by her command and resting there, waiting. The intention is fairly clear. She means to feed the plants of this forest using your cum. Not unusual here. High protein count. A specialized creature could be dependent on it, but there probably won't be enough to feed all these plants after all.

Still, she doesn't seem concerned. She licks her lips, as if considering you once more. Her tongue is dark green in hue. The lady speaks. I know just what you like. Three flowers separate themselves from that loop of exotic blooms. One is blue. One is red, and one such a bright yellow it is almost gold. All of them have closed petals, and from the opening at their tips drip different nectars, floral juices which occasionally pour on the ground.

The blue one moves down then, aligning with the tip of that green verdant sheath. It locks the tips of its petals onto the green attachment, which encases your rigidity. You feel that nectar you saw dripping begin to fill up the sleeve, though the sleeve itself has a little gap at the bottom, so the liquid which pours along your shaft and over the head of your cock, also dribbles down your balls and from there onto the ground.

The air is warm, promising potential and sensuality. Your buttocks are suddenly pushed by the minions, moving the head of your penis just beyond the end of the sleeve, and thus into the waiting, suckling, vacuum embrace of that blue flower. It begins sucking immediately. The red and gold flowers wait, still draped over the shoulders of their lady, biding their time, waiting their turns.

The lady is touching each of them, petting them. Your hips are being forcibly thrust by the minions. Pushing your buttocks forward, the combination of the suckling vine on the tip of your cock and the sleeve of greenery squeezing you like a silken vise is enough to make you very, very happy. On the other hand, it is refraining from forcing you toward orgasm yet.

Then you feel the liquid, which was previously dripping out of the dark blue flower, it is now pooling and pouring down into the sleeve of the green vine which has sealed around your cock. The whole body, your whole body, feels moist, hot, sweated, comfortable, in its horny wanton desire. The two plant minions are rubbing your buttocks with one hand each.

They have also begun massaging your balls where they hang, loose and exposed to the open air. The green sheath of vines only surrounds your length. And it seems a little loose toward the base, allowing that drooling liquid to pour over your waiting testes. Still, this means the liquid from that sapphire bloom is covering and pouring the head and the shaft as well.

Wave after wave, you being made to buck into it. The sensation of it on your skin is cooling, rather than the cloying, oppressive, wonderful, humid heat of the sacred grove otherwise. This is causing a chilling feeling that nonetheless makes your cock hard, as if it were turning to ice made of pleasure rather than water.

Your entire being, making pieces of it shift and move and surround. Every thrust of your hips is pushing the coolness into your body, the pleasure centers of your brain, reacting to those spiraling sparks of chilly need. The warm sleeve of vines. Providing excellent contrast. The hands of the plant girl minions warm and welcoming.

The tall gorgeous blue figure in front of you. Her black chitinous garb. Her regard. Her gaze. Her lips. Then the cool contrasting embrace of that liquid. You feel your balls reacting to where it is pouring over them. Your body's getting closer. Yet you know it is still a very long journey to eventual release.

Your cock, squeezing and clenching, your muscles in your buttocks also rhythmically contracting. There's nothing touching your cock except the vine sleeve and the liquid. No hands, only your own thrusting hips

and clenching of your internals, being manipulated helplessly in the grips of the lady's attendants and that blue flower's nectar.

Normally this kind of coolness might cause your erection to flag, but now it is having that opposite effect, titillating you and bringing you closer to the edge. Your balls have clenched against your body, but are nonetheless larger, swollen with your seed. You feel the outpouring of that strange juice on them, their throbbing with heat and coolness alternately, and pleasure throughout.

When you manage to look down through the aphrodisiac haze of pollen, you see they've grown larger. You look back to the lady, her smile may have grown larger still. She is holding the red and gold blooms, one in each hand, petting them as if they were her pets, which it seems they may be. The vines around your legs belonging to her two minions, with their red bald heads and huge, sensual, fleshy lips.

Those vines hold you tighter. The blue flower lets go, an audible pop sound. The tip of your cock, where it juts out from the vine sheath, is exposed to the open, hot air once more, which hits your cock, making it feel like it's being subjected to a sauna after the coolness within the bloom. Hot meeting cool.

Steam meeting your rigid, warm flesh. Your buttocks are being pushed forward, pulled back, forward and back by the minions. Even though there is no hand on your cock, its movement in that green vine sheath makes you feel jets of hands free pleasure trembling up your spine. The lady reaches out, running her hands up and down your chest, touching your body as if fascinated.

She is exploring its contours and details. You are a different kind of thing than she usually encounters. The second bloom has been freed from her hand, red and dripping a warm liquid. It latches around the head of your cock, the only part of your member that is exposed. The head is captured in this second bloom, and now you are beginning to feel that tingle.

Your balls feel fuller, more intensely swollen with your seed, and the bucking of your hips. is now tinged with a new liquid. The juice of the red bloom is like warming lubricant. It pours down. Once more, the head of your cock is sealed in what feels like a wet, hot, suckling orifice. But the drooling lubricant that drips down your length and onto your balls is so warm you feel the urge to come rising.

You move your hips. But the vines aren't giving much assistance now, nor is the suckling bloom. Reaching climax is impossible at this moment. Not yet. Soon, though, you will feed us. Feed me, and we will make you feel good. I will make you feel good. We and I. Her unaccustomed to speaking. But she isn't really doing.

The words are arriving without the intervention of your ears. But you notice the two minions are trembling, rubbing their lips over your body. Something about this is exciting them. They almost seem to be anticipating, although it's hard to tell what a floral minion like that would consider pleasure or satisfaction.

They seem happy to fulfill their function. The cold, unnaturally beautiful lady, however, just watches. Her hands rove over your chest. And she looks at the vined encasement of your penis, with apparent curiosity, to judge from the way she tilts her head to one side. The red bloom she has lowered begins moving on and off of the head, of its own accord, a slight forward and back that nonetheless only sucks on the very tip.

Forward and back, coating your cock with a warming lubricant and filling the sheath around it with the same stuff. When it dribbles down

your balls and mingles with the cooling fluid from before, your testes seem to swell more. You can tell how full of cum they are. They're set to send it shuddering and squirting out of your shaft with minimal motivation.

You can tell that this was what she intended to impose. An overflowing of sensation, where the avoidance of climax will become impossible. It may already have done and that's okay, because she's gonna keep going either way. And surely the combination of these fluids and those vines will keep you hard, even if you did pop right now and cum.

Even if you did, you'd still keep ministrations, until she was satisfied. You clench your buttocks, moving internal muscles, even without touching yourself, your cock is nonetheless getting closer and closer, your body is being encouraged. Once you wondered how your seed would be enough to satiate all these plants, you wonder that no longer, for there's going to be a flood soon.

Your shaft is getting closer and closer, your body being encouraged by this chemical stimulation from these blooming vines. You're being pushed toward orgasm through purely internal motivations. Sure, you can move your hips a bit, thrust against the sheath, let the heating and

cooling liquids make your balls more swollen with desire, but even as the suckling red flower petals massage the head of your cock and make the whole length hotter than you thought it could be, her voice, now it is time.

Her voice once more resonates in your head, calm, cool, different. She gazes at you, still brushing her fingertips over your chest and shoulders, as if fascinated, while her vines minister to your cock. The red flower moves away with a pop sound, leaving the head of your cock glistening. With flows of your pre cum.

You would think it would mingle with the flower secretions, but it is instead refusing to mix. Your cum drips onto the ground, refusing to mix like oil and water. It just glides off. And therefore the two plant girl servitors are prime positioned to pick it up, to scoop it up with their hands. To rub it on themselves, even the dregs of your pre cum, Seeming like a prize to them.

But the main course is yet to come. The golden flower bloom darts to the tip of your cock, Locks into the sheath, Sucks onto it as if you were covered with some obscene natural sex toy. Your hips buck into

the sheath, Partly your own action because you are desperate To achieve climax or even further release.

And partly because the minions push you forward, their hands on your butt still rubbing their own chests, and fleshy thighs against your legs while holding you still. The fluid in this flower is thicker like honey, and the flower does not attach to the end of your cock. It darts down as though changing its mind, and instead attaches to your balls.

High enough that gravity will make its liquid drool down them. Your cock is left with warm, humid air touching the wetted, exposed flesh. You feel a tenseness in your buttocks, a thrusting of your hips. It becomes steadily more automatic. You know that even absent direct stimulation, soon your cock will be made to come, and she and her servitors will have a feast.

You will feel the green minions begin massaging your buttocks and your balls as they do, making room only for the golden flower to attach, its liquid is thicker than the lubricant in the other two blooms. This time the honey like stuff makes your balls feel like they're churning, swelling, as if you were constantly coming already, forcing a chemical climax.

Whatever the stuff is, the lady's grin is now even more open. You see white teeth between her black lips, her green tongue lashing freely. She raises you up, the minions, the ground you're standing on, all begin to rise and rear at her command as she levitates the vines below, and therefore the ground you were standing on.

This puts you above her, her face at eye level with your trembling shaft, with the balls encased in that golden bloom, with the streaming precum from the exposed head. The various liquids are having their effect, your body is being brought toward a place of constant climax and release. You know that the golden flower, now drooling its honeyed aphrodisiac over your larger than usual, Set of churning balls is going to make you cum.

It attaches to them and wraps around them. The green vine sheath on your shaft is moving of its own accord to try and force orgasm out of you. It's like an invasive, powerful, all controlling hand job. And your own hands are free too, and you are now free to use them to try and work yourself off. You know that even if you cum, the lady will continue her routine.

She's very determined. She's very focused. She watches, this area of the forest doing her bidding. You feel the sparks and the buildup, the quickening of breath, the encroaching climax. You know you may use your hands, or leave them aside if you don't need to, since those powerful blooms are already working their magic, making you need to, making your buttocks clench.

You don't know how much longer you can hold out, feel it again and again. The stroking of the vines. The pulsing and powerful urge to come, urge to thrust, urge to release, the pent up load in your balls, the alien presence, desiring sustenance, this distant thing of nature and concealment, here in this private glade, using her considerable powers to ensnare, to reach into your body, your mind, force an orgasmic climax out of you, force spurt after spurt out of you, influencing your balls to produce more cum, your shaft to be amply primed, knowing what you like and want and moving in the right ways.

You're going to cum. Her voice even now is in your mind, requesting it, commanding it. You are going to cum. Her voice. Needing it out of you. Able to go over the edge, you find yourself able to orgasm now. And whether you do it now or later, you know she'll keep forcing you higher

and higher. Further and further over the edge and into a seductive spiral of spasms and spurting needy torment.

You may come. You must come. You will come eventually. Feel it in you. Feel yourself becoming part of it. Feel the throb of us. Your body will release. We will feed, and you will return. Throb, stroke, come, and come again. The commands arrive in your mind, and your body follows the beat, follows the harmonics of her voice.

You're ascending to the edge, the head of your cock left free, so you will spurt toward her mouth, her hands which are upraised and cupped, ready to catch your seed, and avoid any spillage, an offering to a goddess in this corrupted, forested space, which hungers for you. You might have come right now, you might have come in a moment, you might have come a while ago, but only now, having done her whole routine, would she be ready to receive your come, to absorb it, to christen someone new, who has come into the world of knowing the pleasure she and her assistants can give.

It may happen right away, or it may take some time. Your hands are unneeded, but she has left them free, so it's entirely possible. That you can now reach down and touch, but you don't really need to. She's

pumped you full of her influence, and her voice is in your mind. You know that when Climax arrives, it will be shuddering and release all that pent up seed that she has stimulated, and you will feel a pleasure few others ever have.

You will come, come, come for me, come for us, yes, the whisper in your mind, come, come for me, over and again and more and more and more, and when you do come your body's so racked with pleasure, it may need to fall deeply down in this safe place, and rest a while, before, eventually, when it needs to. Waking up, but for now it's alright to let your body come any time, when you feel ready, when you feel all these things you have learned and experienced, and that she has done to you, come to fruition, and force those spurts of cream out of you, and toward her, for her sustenance and your enjoyment, to fulfill her fascination with your body and cock, you will spasm, and you will come, and you will exhaust and empty yourself of And it will feel exquisite.

Perhaps you're already on the edge of that. Perhaps you've already come. But she keeps ordering, keeps pleasuring, keeps moving the vines, as if she wants to be sure of her efficiency. Eventually you'll be let down to relax, to clean, to recover, to return home, and then eventually

to sleep. But for now, the order continues in your head, as insistent as her graceful presence.

Darkness overtakes you, as pleasure does, too. But the spasming of your hips, clenching of your buttocks and thighs, the feeling of your full balls feeding her your energetic seed, all of that remains and echoes, and you will always know and remember it. And it will remind you as you come. And fade. And sleep.

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