

Script created December 29th 2023

## Latex Bath Advanced 📄

### 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! 😊

### Elena McIvor:

Always remember, the descent into blackness serves a very important purpose. Your purpose in fact. You are more open, closer to me, and more accessible. When that inky darkness overtakes you, body and soul, and you become more open and closer to your source, your origin, the understanding of your mind, body, how it all relates and connects, and how you can better cope with the world around you, and the desires within you.

Now, part of your origin is buried in you, accessible to us working together here. Like core programming. Now I'm going to ask you to envision a lot. With me. These metaphorical visualizations are a way of accessing you. Everything I describe, as you already know, has a parallel existence. A dual existence in another hazy other world.

A part of you best understood through trying to give it form, even though it is formless. Roiling, primal, everything in that world of the mind intrudes into this one, interacting with you, anchoring you, and with the right words I can manipulate this world. And set the stage for our experiences to follow, particularly the entrainment and direction of your mind, which so yearns to find direction, to be guided, fueled passionately into understanding that dual existence.

My voice might expose new ways to understand yourself, face the day, and work your way through the world. Now I said, I would ask you to envision a lot. I am now doing so. What a combination lock. Do you know how they work? I'm a huge fan and I think you will be too. At the center of the lock, the deepest part, there's a turning mechanism, comprised of a series of discs, each one locked to one of the tumblers.

So the key exists entirely within the lock. It's simply a matter of persuading it, and you persuade it through information. You know the numbers, perhaps you know something about the person. And then with finesse you turn one way and then the other. Now the disc at the center is interlocked with the next disc up.

So once you lock its tumbler into place, by turning to the correct number, the process of turning the other way keeps the innermost disc completely still. And then the second disc, once the tumbler drops, is also kept still. Turning only with the dial, until the third drops in place, and then you tug, and as all of the tumblers are aligned already, the lock comes free, and opens, a way in.

Envision that rather than mere coarse hands turning the tumblers. It were the sound of my voice resonating within them, every word I say exploring you like blissful silky sonar, sliding in and relaying to me information, but you feeling the palpability of the sound, across your flesh, across the lock to your subconscious, across the smoothness to come, of simplicity, blankness, and the darkness behind your eyes.

Spiraling in perfectly, resonating into your soul, the perfect key for the perfect lock. But not a lock with a key, because such a thing would

require fate. A given key has to be made for a given lock. In my case, I'm finding the combination to something that would otherwise stay closed. There is no key out there for a combination lock, except to work slowly at it.

And the lock on you is far more complex than a high school locker. This particular lock has many, many twists, turn, and deep spirals down, down, into you. And my words do find the combination, the lost number. Something too complex for human hands to turn to. But which the right voice might bring out of you with ease, Allowing the pin to slide past wheels and tumblers, To slip toward the core where one little push On that area inside of you Is enough to let your mind be tugged upward, Left blank.

Caged off in its own world, to leave I and the mind behind your thoughts, the part of your brain where thought originates, the source, the little bit of you that remains aware and attentive and listening throughout, while we can get to know each other better. You know more than enough by now, to slide into the thoughts, the words I provide, to let them become the entirety, of the blank slate of your unlocked mind, all because my words have turned the tumblers to the right position, slowly number one, then number two, and then the

final, or since we know the innermost tumbler lock, then the next, then the next, we might instead say three.

One, two, one, and then a click. And behind the unlocked opening door, a series of steps leading downward, to a sterile, somewhat familiar lab. Although, familiar from you seeing it before, or simply from some knowledge nestled in the hindbrain. You'll never really know, because your attention is captured instantly, by.

Standing in the middle of the room, a stepped dais, a platform. And rather than having a bed or somewhere to lie down, or anything that really seems like it ought to be the focus of this peculiar and amazing space, instead, there's a sealed opening leading down, and it slowly opens up like a jacuzzi. The inside has, holes from which liquid flow, all along the wall, filling up, what is basically a tub, except flowing in it is, um, that smell of rubber, familiar and tempting, black, shiny, perfect, latex.

You find yourself simply luxuriating in the image, so much warm, controlling coating, so much that you can get closer to. Interact with, stare at, there is a desire to step inside. Let your foot come down

inside. Setting aside for the moment when your blissful nude perfection became your default state of being.

And instead fixating on how amazing it feels the moment your toes touch the material. The moment they sink in, and you sink in as well, one foot. The rubber coating your toes, then the sole, then your ankle, then your mind, wait, no, that comes later. The other foot brings the rubber above your calves. Inside of the pool are steps leading downward, and you take them slowly.

The warmth encapsulates your foot and leg, and you can feel how greater exposure to the latex increases the pleasure, your arousal amping up, arousal suddenly, irrevocably, for our duration, another step, setting itself up. The moment it touches between your legs, a wave of uncontrolled need hits you, it coats you, flows into you, your arousal level sets low, your pleasure increases, another step, and another, down, now as it crosses your chest, encircles your neck, the pleasure sets itself to high, Aching.

Desire. The need to slide into that warm relaxation barrages you from who knows where, and the body oozes down. Your muscles give out, but you sink into that inviting rubber. The warmth echoes. All worry, all

concern, is very far away. The accumulated stress is being soaked into that coating, leaving you in circle.

Sparks of pleasure and arousal invade your body through every erogenous zone and every inch of exposure. Every inch of your skin is an erogenous zone, your mind resonating. You see energy connected to you inside, that duality from before as well as yourself. One responds to every pleasure. The other responding to every bit of arousal.

You, floating, weightless, covered on all sides. A feeling of safety grows stronger. The longer you float there, and that feeling of safety accompanies your connection to these words, you're syncing up with that musical tone that resonates off the core of your human experience. And for a brief time, I, seated here.

Eyes closed. Resonating into you, enabling you to vibrate in time with this other reality, to move just right to experience the coating, covering your every contour. You can feel your mind opening up and spreading out into the rubber. Then a strange vibration moves through it, and you can feel syrupy liquid move downward.

Your body is held in place somehow, the otherwise yielding liquid now firm enough to restrain. And after a while you feel some cool sensation from the top of your head moving slowly down your body. The rubber's being drained away, but not all. You are still coated, held there in place. Relaxing and levitating in the middle of that tub of space.

Getting tighter as what's on you dries. Pressure pushing on all side, warmth and heat as if you were being held in a wonderful silken vice. You realize you are being dried. Some warm air is touching you. The rubber getting tighter and tighter. The coated sensation changes. To the second skin sensitivity and pleasure.

The rubber molding to your contours. However, will you get rid of it except your skin is tingling and the coating over your eyes becomes transparent. You can see perfectly comfortably. Your reflection on the highly polished metal opposite you. It seems the coating is merging with you. Moving into you.

Your body and mind ache with need at the sight. The need for the rubber. The need to be coated. The desire to merge with it and do anything you need to. To feel it surrounding you and supporting you.



And you can feel your light and dark internal sources pulsing and swirling through you. The parts of you that are dark, arousing, alluring.

The parts of you that are pleasurable, light, supportive. Interchanging and singing in tune with my voice turning that lock. A symphony of deep desire and need on one side, and pleasure and relaxation on the other. The supportive balance against the desire. The supportive resonating in time with the desire you have for a needy arousal.

And the arousal supporting you because you have a desire, a deep, almost sexual, sensual, needy one, to be balanced between the two. To be supported as you are aroused beyond the point of reason. You can see contours emerging. You are yourself again. But instead of that normal hue, shiny black latex pleasuring your eyes over every inch, you can see the coating over your eyes moving from that translucence that allowed you to observe your new self, back to inky darkness, then shutting out the outside world once more.

An unexplainable Unfathomable peace flowing into you, washing your thoughts away, letting you relax in the isolation of your, supported, connected mind, to enjoy the training that comes next. Night Night

Pet.

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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.](#)