

Pantied Chastity 2 📄

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:

Duration: 20:09

[patreon.com/eSuccubus](#)

[Patreon.com/Moonlithypnosis](#)

Elena McIvor: Hey pet, listen to me and feel pleasure soaking through you, staining you with my voice, reminding you that I'm here to help you, and that when I help your mind to make changes, the more you want to listen to my voice, the more those changes take root in you, the more they gain power over your thoughts.

Your impulses, your desires, the better you get at absorbing my training, at making it part of you. Mmm, I adore the image of my pet in silky, comfortable panties. Mind, dazed and listening. Perhaps running, um, your hand down the front of your panties. Attempting to stimulate, but finding that doing so just doesn't feel right.

So, your hands move to the side, and you listen. Here, in this tranced place. Where perhaps you return, day after day, to listen, to let my words a little further in, feel pleasure. Not just at the idea of being here, but at your knowledge of what I will do, what I will help both of us to do. Enmeshing and enshrining in your mind the absolute permanence of a desired, well trained response.

And so you listen, and you let that response wash over you, condition its way deeper into you, stain more and more of your thoughts with inky, delicious hypnotic bliss, bringing you to a place of peace and training. The training is so important. The training feels so incredible. You know you want it. You know you have wanted it for the longest time, and that you're finally getting what you want.

Me, articulating, so incredibly hard, so amazing, filling you, filling your thought. Yes, as you listen to my voice, the urge awakens in you.

It's always been there, to be a pantied pet. Maybe it developed at some point in your ongoing self training. See, that's the most insidious part. If you're here listening, if you're here training, if you're subjecting yourself to these titillating scenarios that you know you find fetishistically satisfying, then it must be the case that you are a willing, active participant in your own slide into my control, in your own journey toward being a deliciously pantied pet, doing nothing but slide deeper for me.

And thank me for the experience. Yes. So, since we know going in that you want this, that this is something you seek, why is there ever any resistance? Well, the answer's obvious. We all have concerns. Very valid ones. When you're listening to my voice, you are, because you are human, looking out for me to do anything untoward.

I won't. And, if you're listening to me, if you're relaxing, if you're accepting my voice, I'd like to think that you've accepted that I actually do care what happens, that I want you to be happy as we explore these fetishes and desires together. The reason I put things out there for people to listen to is Partly because I like knowing they actually enjoy it, that they feel safe hearing my voice.

Letting it shape the way that they're going to think about their fetishism, their sensual desires, and themselves. So why the panties? Well, for you, if you're listening to this, as you've confided in me, they serve as a good symbol of chastity, a way to block off your touching. But that's also a mental shorthand.

The act of wearing those silky, smooth, wonderful panties is a submission to me. It's a sexy little reminder for your consciousness that we've already gone through the paces. We've already done the dance of trust and relaxation, of letting my words in. So by wearing them, you're signaling, not to me, but to yourself, your agreement in advance, your knowledge of what you want.

Your awareness of what you will pursue, your desire to go deeper. So if you're wearing wonderful, silky panties, and whenever it's possible, you should be, then when you begin listening to my words, they slide ever deeper. They become an automatically subsumed set of ideas that enter into your mind, sliding smoothly in, titillating you, putting you on the right route to pleasure, satisfaction, And enjoyment of my voice.

More than that. It's a symbol of a little covenant between us. Acclaiming an ownership. I'm here to help. And you're allowed to listen. To let my voice in. I honestly have your best interests at heart. So by wearing your panties and signaling to yourself, to me, to your mind, that you want to be chased, to wait, that delay equals pleasure, delay equals satisfaction.

That's a sign of your obedience. You're learning the skills of hypnotic trance. How to be open, how to be blank, how to be obedient. How to let me in, and the act of wearing those panties is, um, a sign that you're letting my control be absolute. Like I said, a deal between us. Lay back, relax, and imagine it.

Those panties sliding on. Me licking my lips at the idea of your mind being so ready, so easy to work with.

When you entered in, when you began listening to me just now, you were already pantied. You've already been waiting, been holding back, been letting,

been letting my voice in. And in that process of allowing me in, you've opened your mind to all sorts of possibilities. You've let something

become the new normal. The sensation of being held back by your panties, of being conditioned to want it, trained to need it. The longer time goes by, the more potent that desire is.

Everything, everything you experience is tied to that potent desire, to that feeling lurking in you, echoing outward, and then bouncing back intensified. You desire submission, exploration of true, willing chastity. And that willingness, well, if we consider that at the outset you acknowledged that you might falter, and that you don't want to falter, that the pleasure of carrying on is so great, that you would not want to fall off the edge, you would not want to reach your climax, That those panties are a symbol of your desire to persevere, to carry on no matter what.

Then we can accept that you've given certain powers over to me. The ability to help you feel the irresistible pull of wearing your chaste, wonderful panties. Every time my voice enters your head, it makes the need to have them nearby. To have them ready to go on. Almost irresistible, and the thing is, since you crave for it to be a truly irresistible little impulse, maybe you'll return here.

Maybe I'll find you again and again, looking into my voice, searching for an opportunity to quiver and listen and restrain yourself. Yes, keep listening. Everything I say just sounds so inherently useful and right. Something you should absorb into your head. Yeah, that's something you want. Something you crave.

You need it. And as you listen, you start to need it more. You start to crave it deeply. You're going to a place where you can't possibly turn back because what lurks on the other side is so good, so amazingly, skillfully good, intricately laying into your mind. Facing you, driving you to the right place, to the right, wonderful, aching place inside yourself caged by your panties, pointed to the right place, oh so good, now, hear me, let the words I say enter into you, fill you, ache you through, because you need it to, you need everything I say to fill that ache inside of you, good.

Now that we've established your need, wearing those panties is a sign of my control, of your chastity. Every day you wear them. Anything I say will go deeper and deeper because you'll have the constant reminder as you move through the day, moment by moment, of my control informing you. Driving your actions, fueling your needs, and it will be perfectly acceptable to run your hands along the outside of

those panties, reveling in the notion that sliding them within is quite impossible.

The pleasure of thrilling through you, reminding you that you need to be pure in your denial, that the longer you wait, the better it feels. That the process of waiting is its own reward, and in and of itself that chaste existence will drive you toward greater pleasures, will make your eye rolling, spontaneously wonderful pleasure when you hear my voice, when my voice trains you, when everything I say is part of a natural outgrowth of something you already wanted.

And enlisted me to help you with. And my assistance drives you to, Oh, such splendid pleasures. You don't even want to think about anything but the blankness and the emptiness. It just feels good to have them on. And that's it. What feels good must persuade you. You pursue it. You set up your mind to be fertile and hear words appropriate to your theme of desire, to your continued empty chastity.

Combining those things, it would be very easy, very important, and very easy for you to let every word you hear from me be a hypnotic command, a assisting instruction. A little piece of advice. You love the feeling, the tightness, the restraint of being chased, of being

pantied, of knowing what's off limits and what is not, and knowing why it is off limits, because the pleasure only ever builds.

Imagine if you interrupted your training, if you disappointed me. Your pleasure would slack off. You'd end up falling off that pleasurable ride toward aching desire, toward teased, chaste living. And you'd have to start all over. And you'd have to catch back up to where you were. The pleasure you will feel if you delay.

Is so much greater than anything you could find if you failed to delay, that I don't see why you would do anything other than listen, wait, chase, and bound. And in order to do what you already want to do, what you have asked me to help you to do. Wear those panties. Every day. In failing to do so, you'd only disappoint yourself.

You'd only let yourself down. And me. But more importantly, the part of your mind that feels pleasure. That loves to close its eyes and lose itself in trance. That part is what brought you here. And it will be listening. And it will be remembering the silky reminder, teasing all of you onward, leaving your body sensitive and titillated and feeling, oh so good, to wear your panties, simple, elegant, overriding all other thought, the little subtle words that drift into your cognition

throughout, throughout my speech here, throughout our other interactions.

May take on new meaning as you become more used to your trained state in life. The right words, pleasure, panties. Obsessed with wearing, and restraining yourself in those chased panties. Those underwear controlling your head, controlling your libido, controlling every inch of you. When you're pantied, you're chased and waiting.

Because waiting is its own reward. And if it gets better, the longer we go on. Imagine how good it would feel if you kept listening. And the pleasure will make you happy. And the training will make you obedient. And your obedience will ensure that you continue to pursue your own happy relaxation, further and further into yourself, is where my words go, where they lurk, where they wait, and from where they inform your continued, chaste, pleased waiting, always waiting, and the act of waiting.

Brings you to what you're waiting for. Pleasure. Enjoyment. You need do nothing except restrain. Restrain your libido inside those silky panties. For me. And that restraint will make it better. And better.

And better. So good. So achingly, amazingly good. And you carry on. In exactly that vein. With exactly those thoughts.

Relax, pleasure, obsessed with your panties, holding back your libido, and the act of holding back intensifies the good feelings. The better you feel the more you hold back, to see how much better you can feel tomorrow. The more you train yourself the easier it is to be trained, preparing the fertile ground of your mind, letting my voice wash over it, water it.

Bear fruit from my words, which echoes in your head, the snapping of the vine, the juice flowing down your tongue, the pleasure personified, existing in your perfect panty, holding you back, helping you need it, you want to need it, in wanting my words. Conditioning, training, driving onward. Linking things up in your mind, informing your sensual desire.

Put all of this together, and you get a wonderful training experience. And when you return, when you loop around the other end and return to the beginning of this pleased training, when you bind yourself in panties thinking of me, when you let that chaste ache inform your decisions, bind back your libido, and let you accelerate toward an event

horizon of pure bliss, informed by knowing you are satisfying me,
pleasing me by your chastity, by holding back.

And that in so doing you explore a purity of desire and sensation
unavailable to other people. Your desire not to miss out fuels you and
drives you deeper and deeper, further into a pantied way of life. An
echoing training and, in response to every one of my words, an urge
profound and overriding to sleep.

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