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Shiny Spandex Meditation 📄

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:

Let your mind fixate. On shiny, spandex, legging, bodysuits, anything made of that material, we so rarely allow ourselves to truly obsess, to examine in minute detail why we love, why we adore, why we yearn for and lust after specific things. A great many people come to me and ask for things on the theme of shiny, Spandex leggings, bodysuits, catsuits, anything in particular, boots with spandex above them and that nice latex y kind of look.

Oh, everybody comes to me asking for something in that vein. And I've had a lot of time as I sit here, relaxing, having donned something shiny and spandex from my own wardrobe, to think about it. And so I do think about it, as I hope you do. When somebody's coated in spandex, you can see their curves. You can see the contours of their body without seeing the flesh.

We distance ourselves. Perhaps it makes it easier to raise someone up, to see them as the alien influence, the powerful outsider, especially those of us who fetishize complete covering in latex, in spandex, in anything shiny, distracting, and, um, ultimately othering. The same can be said for those of us who like to be coded ourselves, who love to wear that clothing, to draw one's attention to it, to feel it against the contours of our body, and most importantly, to peel it off later on.

By contemplating it, you can allow yourself license to fixate, to obsess, to drive it ever deeper into your subconscious yearning. The desire for shiny spandex or anything skin tight, alluring in its own unique way.

And that allure creeps into you. The more you listen to my voice, here or elsewhere, the more you listen to it in any context, the more your brain will hearken back to this moment, to this little Discussion between your mind and mine.

Every bit of you is wonderfully ready. Ready to worship and submit to shiny, tight spandex in all its forms, in every way, and that submission accompanies a profound arousal. Oh, so hot, like your blood is simply pumping for the idea of submitting, absorbing, staring upon, worshipping, shiny, sleek, smooth spandex, every bit of you.

Quivering for it, your body getting hot at the idea of worshipping, even at the idea of wearing, whatever is appropriate to, um, titillate your senses and drive your desire deeper. And every time you hear me, there will be a little undercurrent in the background. In addition to whatever very important thing I am telling, teaching, informing you about, there will be Worship spandex, dream and dwell upon shiny, smooth spandex.

Let it be at the center of your needs, your desires. Your intention is always to worship, stare upon, be aroused by, fantasize about shiny spandex. You're lying there. You look up. Your vision is vague because you realize you're already falling gently into relaxing, recuperative, meditative trance. But with that trance comes an inability to focus your eyes.

Accept upon what I ask you to focus them on. Turn that focus now to an image. One I will present that will be very, very instructive to you. You are lying there. Your body drifting between a state of arousal and a state of trance. When you see a figure approach but you can only see their leg, cause your eyes are focused there, drawn like a laser, fixed on their shiny spandex, coating every curve.

You see the figure come toward you nimbly, every mincing step dancing them across your vision. Periodic turns and spirals, showing off, um, the rear as well as the front. Entire body leath, thin, approaching you. A gentle, long fingered hand brushes against the side of your face, but your eyes are still locked downward.

The worshipful, generous glare locked on those shiny spandex. Yes, your mind fixates. Obsesses. Builds ever deeper hierarchies of obedience to. Shiny. Spandex. Obedience to your desire. To your craving. To what you could consider your needs because you do need it. You need it on a level that you not only can't explain, but Can't quantify and wouldn't want to attempt to.

You simply let it be a fact of your world. When you see shiny spandex you submit, worship. You absorb it into your brain that that is what you

serve, that that weird sense of submission and arousal is associated always with witnessing shiny spandex. That your mind finds that fetishistic need to be appealing, relaxing.

If all you need to do when you want to get off is think of shiny, smooth spandex, think of the defeaturing, the elevation of those who don that wondrous material, it would be easier and easier to get off. And that's what you want, to feel the thrill of climax, the pleasure, the desire running through you.

Imagine now, that the legs that your eyes have fixated upon. are seated, with the body out of view, and you're just staring at the spandex, staring at where it covers the body, the feminine form, the curved legs, even the feet are covered, precisely, a skin tightness so tight that you can't even dream how she got it on, and you notice that your legs are bare, you can see them because your vision has been following the spandex.

And she is seated now, her legs running over your leg, her body intertwining with yours, so you can feel and see her, her encouragement. Slowly, the thought arrives in your mind, it would be

perfectly acceptable for you to masturbate right now, to reach your hands between your legs, bring yourself to aching climax.

But even if you're too drowsy, too tired and lazy, And Droopy, to even move, even if that's the case, you'll still find it possible to feel that pleasure throb, throb, throbbing in your head, in your body. It'll feel like you're approaching, slowly, that climactic tightening of the muscles, that sense of relaxation, that powerful desire, that you didn't think you could achieve without running your hands over yourself, but you can, oh you can, and you ache for it.

You ache for it so deeply, that every moment that I speak, it intensifies, whether you're catching yourself, Or merely letting the sensation of staring at those legs wash over you, overtake you, control you. Whichever you are doing, you're still feeling it. Feeling it ache and throb, feeling your arousal become almost unbearable, too much for one body to hold, to contain.

You need it though. You crave it, and on some level you've always craved it. It's like you can feel her gaze on you. Watching you. Watching for signs of your arousal. Watching for you to tip over the

edge. Into sacred oblivion, staring at her spandex covered leg. That mysterious watcher. A word whispers out.

And reaches your ear, stroke, and whether she's commanding you, or evoking it, you feel a stroke across your genitals, rubbing that feeling into your brain as the tingles of fire run up your, uh, aching back. You arch, pushing forward causing your legs to make more contact with that blissfully smooth material.

She's there, watching. Encouraging. Serving as proctor over the examination of your fetish. Trying to drive your desire for those spandex coated legs. Deeper. Oh, deeper. And the arousal mounts. It becomes a physical thing, sitting there, laid across your legs. Arching inward, all of its power focused on you.

Between your legs is an aching fire that your hands long to touch. To evoke, but you know you won't be able to crest the hill. Won't be able to achieve release until she says. Until she permits it. Until you're allowed. She slides forward even now. Her legs laying to either side. The backs of her thighs against your thighs.

You can feel the heat of her sex near to you, rubbing against you through the clothing. She moans, gasps, becomes almost as consumed by the pleasure as you. You wonder for a fleeting moment whether she's in control, or that aching spandex is controlling her too.

Whether her fetish drives her to want to stimulate you, to bring you to your fall through you staring at her, worshipping her image, gazing upon her, her hands grip your shoulders, and they're all you see because they are clad in the same material, and you stare.

Maybe your mouth hangs open, maybe your eyes are still bleary, but leaning her lips in next to your ear, she whispers a word which ushers in both your waking And the gasping dream becoming manifest. For you have been on the edge so long. And she says it, that final word. Half order, half pleading. Come. Home.

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