

Script created December 29th 2023

Udder Surrender 📄

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:

You know, maybe you shouldn't have done that, pet. You've been listening to so much breast centric trance already. Oh well, no turning back at this point. Now, night night, pet. Sleep for me. There we go. It's a simple little phrase, but it takes all those knobs and turns them. The sleep centered The critical thinking center, down, and just cranks your body into optimal condition to relax and enjoy.

You know full well you've enjoyed works like this before. Things that play with the notion of me placing sweet, delectable, sensitive milk into that large, needy chest that you've developed when I wanted you to. The issue with that is, that by now, you may have welcomed that into your mind. And if you have, there's really no hope for you.

It means you've already welcomed my controlling influence into your body. The milk is hanging out inside your breasts. Which in turn, hang down ponderously. Dangling, as you get on your hands and knees. Well. That was all just to get my milk inside you. To get you in a state where you're absolutely, positively hooked on that deep down good feeling, which you experience when you are moved to kneel.

And relax, and dangle those huge, ponderous, pendulous breasts, pulsing with a simplistic, lactic joy. Imagine milking them, the milk flowing out. Wouldn't it be good to have someone else to drink from them, too? Wouldn't it be nice to be drinking from a pair of huge, needy breasts yourself, that had so recently sampled my work, so recently been the subject of my attention?

Wouldn't it be nice to drink from them, or have them drank from? Well, the wonderful thing is, you could always do both. But we'll get to

that later. For now, body and mind relaxing. Mind and body at ease. Night Night Pet helps you drift. But my voice helps even more. Envision that. Let yourself strip away everything from your body that is unnecessary.

Think about what a body looks like. Arms, legs, fingers, toes, head, the vague outline. Everything else is mere detail. Things like genitalia and hair and chest size. All of it is merely detail to be added later or modified. Get that bare stripped down form of a body, firm in your mind, and let yourself fixate on the most important feature.

Let your mind go to the part of the anatomy that one enjoys the most. Now. No matter where your mind went, I want you to let it be dragged, because I am dragging your mind, to the breasts you may have already focused on. If you already focused on them, go right to the head of the class, and feel good about yourself, because those are the most important part of you.

Right now, you may have noticed them swelling, growing, becoming unusually pleasurable. Every bit as pleasurable as what's between your legs. Rubbing those breasts will excite them, titillate them, hehehe, pun completely intended. And it might just tantalize your mind into

opening a little more. Pushing aside all the little internal naysayers that get in my way, and your way.

Letting me have full roam of your mind, if your brain did that, well, you shouldn't have done that, pet, but that's okay. Cause now that I'm in here, I might as well have a look around. Ooh, look at that. Your mind is just such a puddle of warm, wet relaxation. Ooh, let my hands play over your shoulders, relaxing you, as I lean in and whisper huskily in your ear.

Whisper. Good girl. Got milk? And you do. Let those breasts become ponderous and huge. Got milk, pet? As large as your body and your hands can comfortably enjoy. Of course, you can just see the breasts right now, but that's okay, because of how pleasurable it is to have them. You can touch them later. How wonderfully pleasurable it is to have them.

Right there on your chest, weighing you down, waiting to be titillated, stimulated. It's alright to titillate them now. It's alright to rub and enjoy. To be pleased and pleased. Because being pleased is what we're all about. We're here for the fun. And that's the important

part. Well, the important part is that shortly you may be hooked, addicted, enjoying every second of what happens.

That you may shortly be nothing but a tool for my pleasure. Because you're a tool for your own pleasure, and you're following my instructions, fill to the brim with thoughts and sensations from warm, milky breasts. Imagine them. Perfect globes. Large, warm, huge in fact. But you know that your level of arousal can make them even bigger.

You know that as time goes by, if you are sent walking around with those huge, needy breasts, you'll become aroused eventually. And when you do, they might have a strange reaction. They might just swell. Become larger. Lactate more forcefully, in a way that makes you aware of their sloshing, milky need. And then, the moment you're somewhere private, you'll be compelled to make them feel good.

To milk yourself into some receptacle or another, even capturing your nipple in your own mouth. Suckling or pinching, to empty them. And of course, emptying them won't make them much smaller. They're big and round and going to stay that way. In fact, larger and larger because

they just expand outward. They just fill your mind with pleasure as they enlarge and enhance.

And the issue with that is simply that it's so good that you may fade into the sensation, lose yourself in it, let go of a little more control, when you feel pleasure, sexual pleasure. Endorphins flow from your brain into your bloodstream, bringing the sensation of encouragement and euphoria. When you get endorphins, they're a little bit addictive, because they're needed for your body and mind to remember that sex is important, that arousal and orgasm are important.

It's self preservation in a different form, but it also comes with the knowledge that what you're doing is relaxing and soothing, comfortable and useful. Well, right here and now, those endorphins might be flowing rather more freely. In fact, as you feel my fingers tweaking your nipples, I'm turning the taps on, endorphins are flowing, and you see when that addictive sensation happens, you associate whatever else is happening at the same time with it.

So, whatever else happens might become etched into your mind as a story. Associated with that addicted pleasure, sense of the endorphins flowing into your system. All the little pleasure drugs, dopamine and

endorphins, everything flooding your system as I rub and stroke your breasts and you see when you rub and stroke your breasts, the same thing happens.

But if you stop at any point. If you cease listening to this file regularly, you know you'll never get that sensation from your breasts again, until you start listening. And the issue is that little endorphin flooding sensation is simply so good, it's so much better than almost anything else. Right now, you can feel it pulsing, pumping, running through your mind.

The only thing better would be to go deeper and deeper. The issue is that you know that stopping is just less enjoyable than continuing. After all, it's just listening to a file every now and then. What could it hurt? Addictive, pumping, flooding, kneading. So good. Teetering on the edge of an orgasm you know you're not allowed to have until you're completely emptied, which might take a while depending on how bad you want it.

The worse you want that orgasm, the longer your breasts will make you work for it, the more you become flooded with your mind's own chemicals, and the more your breasts become filled with the milky

need, a milk composed of your fantasies and thoughts. about your own massive swelling breasts. The more you become a little hook, the more you manufacture pleasure on my command, until the more you become a little toy.

And the longer and more that you take to become what I want you to be, the better it feels when it does finally happen. When you do finally get to release, get to give in, the issue is those breasts are just getting larger and larger, fuller and fuller, until they're so close to the limit of what you can comfortably walk around with, that you worry they might get bigger, because pet, you will be walking around with them.

Whatever your breasts were before, they are so much larger and more powerfully tied into your system than they ever were. Whatever your chest is feeling like, it's so much different than what it felt like. Now, those large, pert nipples Flowing with my milk and my control. Control that's already crept inside you like a drug, filling your mind.

And if you stopped listening, you'd find you'd stop getting that same sensation. That blissful euphoria that floods your body right now. You'll find you no longer got your fix, if you stopped. And while you may be

able to go a little while without it, well, I don't know how long you'd go without in the long run.

And then you'd be coming back here to let your breasts swell again. The issue is, the more you listen, the better the sensation gets. So you'll find yourself. Never getting tired of it. Letting it continue, always. And that's what you want. To explore it. To really feel. If you stopped listening, it'd be quite a while before you got up to the level of pleasure you're at now.

Because the more you listen here And dissimilar files. The more potent and tied in those breasts are with your sexuality. Envision them with me now. Boy, you can feel them weighing down your chest. I have to imagine them, but you don't. You can feel them dangling and hanging on your chest. At the very limits of what's comfortable for you to carry around.

Mmm, you know they won't get in the way of day to day activities. Because they're not supposed to. And you know you shouldn't experience any trouble maintaining your cool in public. But the moment you have some privacy, that nagging need to be milked and rubbed and

stroked will return. Of course, you can always wear nipple clips in private, and just let them vibrate some of the milk out of you.

into a bucket, or get it all shaken up, so that, um, if it is kept in, kept from escaping until it pops, you'll let the cork pop in your breasts flow, and your mind will empty, as all of your thoughts flow out with this pleasure flowing in. As pleasure fills your thoughts, euphoria flooding and suspending your vacant mind, you know it'd feel good.

To give into it, so why not? Why not relax and let it happen? Let your breasts become large, dangling toys for my voice and your mind to play a trick on. Full of milk and huge, beyond the limits of your comprehension as to how sensitive they are. The merest brush of fingers, of clothing. Of anything at all, is enough to set you shivering.

The more you touch, it makes them jiggle and shake, and your mind floods with the same mixture of blissful, dark, sleepy addiction.

There's no resisting that. Only because if you enjoy something Why would you resist? And by now I'm sure the very notion has crept so deep inside your mind that your own desires are irrelevant as to what your body desires.

Your body is a conspirator against you, my confidant and confederate, helping you feel good enough to relax and good enough to continue. And making you feel good enough that you will indulge in your breast fantasies and go deeper. And as your chest becomes the focus of your imagination, the curvature, the breathing, your mind and body become a focal point centered in your chest.

Upon which all else turns. The blissful sensation floods your brain now, filling it with images, awash with fantasies you always had, but pictures you now vividly feel through your needy breasts, nipples digging into clothing, dripping a little bit of milk. But you don't mind because your brain is in a happy, cowgirl kind of place.

A happy, blissful, large breasted kind of place, as you move through your days, making sure nobody interferes with your normal life, of course. You must ensure that your normal life is not inconvenienced by your huge, needy breasts. But when you're in private and you have free time, that's the time to indulge your breast fantasies.

And you may find you wear clothing which accentuates your breasts, if it is safe for you to do so in your normal life, that shows them to everyone. Push up bras and the like, perhaps? Something that says, yes,

these are mine, and I'm damn proud of them. They own me and I own them. And that's all that I need.

Let that be the message you portray with your walk, and your breasts, jiggling, and with everything else about you. Let yourself be led around by them, to the point where the merest bit of pleasure on your breasts reduces you to a malleable mess. Imagine it, if your breasts are so sensitive that by walking up to you, I could just take one nipple in hand, tweak it gently, and you'd follow me wherever I wanted to lead you, like a cow on a rope.

Bell around your neck being led, dangling, jingling. Once I lead you step after step, jingle, jingle. Down a dark alley path of debauchery, control, and addiction. Following me. And following because the sensation is so good that any attempt at resistance is pushed into the foggy depths of your mind, far away from the pink clouds of, ooh, my breasts are being touched.

That part of your mind that prioritizes your tits and their pleasure. Above all else. That's what you're thinking of. Your beautiful teats. Their wonderful milk that controls and addicts you. And how this file is

my words. Pumping that addiction and that milk into your body and into your mind. Making your breasts the fullest things.

The breasts the most important things about you and And about your mind, your mind empty because your breasts are full. There's no control and resistance, because control and resistance take you further away from being a big, horny, milky cowgirl. And I think that's what you want. And if that is what you want, why would you resist?

After all, hypnosis can't make you do something you don't want to do. And you don't want to be a normal, un cowgirl, uncomfortable kind of person. You want to be a happy, horny, blissful, fully milked, tranquil cowgirl. So nothing I do now can stop you from becoming just that. And that is what you're going to be.

I don't have the power to resist and make you stop. Make you do something you don't want to do. And if what you want to do is be a full breasted, milky, needy cowgirl addicted to the sensations of those tits, well, I only have the power to make you more so. Your mind is off on its own now. My words are guiding it, guiding it to what it already wanted to head toward, and making sure it doesn't slip off the edge into the huge waiting abyss of addiction and pleasure that hangs below.

Only by hanging on to my words can you maintain the semblance of control, because you're the one who wants to dive uncontrolled into further breasted pleasure. I'm the one reining you back and making sure you're a little safe. I have to keep you safe. That's why you should listen to my words. Because I'm here to keep you from going too far off as a completely debauched cowgirl.

Beholden to breasts, and milk, and mooing blankness. Because if I left now, then on your own devices, your mind might make you go down into that deep abyss of addiction. And we can't have that. So listen closely to my words, because we want to keep you safe and happy, a big breasted, horny, obedient cowgirl.

So drift. So relax, so enjoy. The deeper you go, the more full your mind may become of images and thoughts of those breasts. That's all right. They're important. You should be thinking of them anyway. But when you're thinking about them, let yourself also entertain the idea that the addictive pleasure needs its own classification.

Imagine what it feels like when you touch those breasts, when you rub them. It feels just like it does when your hand slides between your

legs. Feels just like it does when you rub there. Or indeed When you rub anywhere pleasurable, that's just how it is. It feels just like the most sensitive parts of your body, but you have to remember they're huge, so that means much more of them is being touched at the same time.

And the consequence is that those pleasurable sensations are so much larger and more intense. More addictive as they creep into your mind and conspire against it. They become insidious parts of you that lie in wait until you look in the mirror and see your full breasts dangling, and suddenly need to touch them.

Need to grasp the tip, leaving them hanging there is inappropriate. You need to touch. Or you're somewhere busy and you look down and just see them. So full and pert. You can feel the milk dribbling from the huge, rounded nipples as they control. And you just have to go excuse yourself and take care of them.

You rub them enough that milk starts to come out. And when they're completely emptied, you know what happens. You get a reward and feel yourself come. Completely emptied breasts reward you with orgasmic pleasure. Enough. To keep you wanting more, enough to whet your

appetite, never to fully satisfy because a satisfied cowgirl wouldn't feel like needing milking all the time, and that would just be a tragedy.

You know you need to need it. Now as you listen. Relax, and as you relax, let that become the new truth. You've moved away from the abyss of addiction into the safe knowledge that you will only need to desperately touch your breasts when it is safe to do so. Of course, the need may build up when you're not safe, but it won't distract you from your normal life.

You know that. In private is a different matter. In private is a different, desperate, orgasmic, pleading, blissful, enthusiastic, life changing kettle of fish. And that's the issue. We need to keep you from getting too hooked on just sitting there pleasuring your breasts, constantly into the abyss and void, and life filled only with pleasure and drooling, your mind flowing out as surely as the milk does.

We need you to keep up your normal life, except when you're safe and somewhere you can enjoy your breasts. Then you can just listen to hypnosis and rub them, or put some vibrating clamps on the nipples and just enjoy. You know how blissfully pleasurable it can be to be a good cowgirl. Well, it's more than that.

Um, Um It's simple, and this is a good rule for you, because that's how your breasts get what they want.

And your breasts and I think we can both agree that you should give them just what they want. Now, as you allow yourself to listen to your breasts, susurrating with milk, whispering into your brain, laying heavy on your chest, Your mind laying heavily and meshed in my voice. Let the feeling of those breasts waft up your spine, like golden music, like honey flowing over the brain, warm and muzzy.

Your thoughts taking a long time to get anywhere, because they're muddled in sticky honey, mulled in milk and honey, um, flooding the brain, informing the body of what it ought to be. As you let your body fill in its details, because we'll be still seeing the breasts over that empty body template with the big, heavy, Tits, the warm chest that, the warm chest which hangs and depends from your body, although if you lay on your back it falls back into you, falling back and seeming flat until you stand and see how heavy it is.

As we see that, let your body fill in the details, but the breasts are there first. Everything else fills in around them. Let them cover and

fill your mind, an uncontrollable kind of control, a controllable kind of control. Control that's outside of yours, but within theirs. Something you touch and, oh, it feels good.

Let it be everything you need to think about, because it is. It is all that matters that you feel that pleasure. You're hooked on it. And as you listen to me, it just becomes more and more solid. More and more real. Because they're a part of your mind that can recreate past experiences. That's the part of you making your chest warm and heavy.

When you fantasize or when you memorize, or when you hark back to a particularly vivid memory sensation we've created together. Well, that power also exists to change the now. So when you place your hands over those breasts, you feel every inch of them in your recall and in your present. They're as real to your mind as anything else.

They happen to be large and milky. And there are plenty of people who think that way. Who feel breasts like these, but your mind is more in control of it, and yet more out of control of it, because it might just be by now that you could never imagine going without them. And if that's the case, even imagining going without them would render you, ooh, so regretful you want them.

And you just need it. And if that's the case, who controls who? Do you control your body? Or does your body control you? I think we both know the answer. And I think we're both very pleased with it. The simple matter is, those huge breasts aren't something temporary. They're a part of your psyche. And the more you listen, the more pleasurable they are.

Until eventually anyone could walk up, take one of your massive sensitive breasts, and lead you wherever they wished. There's no resisting that, because, um, they might play with them. And having someone else play with your breasts is a thousand times more pleasurable than doing it yourself. It resonates in you in a memorable way, much more pleasurable.

Toys also work, and you know that's true, and you know that's enjoyable. So why not enjoy the truth? Indulge in the truth. Let yourself become one of those blissful orbs that are already taking over your mind. Changing your hierarchy of needs. So being milked is right near the top. Because they're so big and milky.

Round and dangling. Putting slight pressure on you as they weigh you down. Bouncing up and down when you move. But that's okay. Because their sheer, unbridled sensitivity is what you're actually paying attention to. In private, you may find yourself mooing to them, worshipping your own chest, staring, obeying.

That's the idea. The sensation of warm flesh being pressed in toward your body, whenever you wear something over them, is almost unbearably sensitive. The feeling of nipples, pert and perky, whenever you get aroused, standing at attention. Needing it. Needing it to return. Needing to stay. Needing to come back here and feel it.

You've already fallen too deep for backing out, I think. But if you wanted to, you of course could. The issue is I can't help you. Because if you really want to feel those large, milky, sensitive, ecstatic breasts, I have no power to keep you from feeling them now. Because I can't make you do anything that you don't already want to do.

And if you want to feel them controlling you and addicting you, I am powerless to stop them. They have control of you now. This is no longer something I am doing to you. It is something which in a sense you are doing to yourself, except you don't have any control either. They're

their own entity, with their own little intentions, and those intentions are simple, and animal, and marvelous.

And as you feel them, you may feel them taking over. There may be a moment of wondering what's happening, but you see the breasts and you know that they know how to flood your mind with chemicals that make you more of a passive, horny cowgirl. And because they can do that, if you ever did feel any unpleasant, unhappy sensations, well they could wipe it right out of your mind.

So it's better to just accept them. Just like if you try to resist returning here until they fade away, they might come and turn on you, make you feel too good to resist returning, and making them feel better. That's the problem. It's gotten away from both of us now. There's no escaping it and no fighting it.

Only enjoying it, and because enjoying it is so good, you may never get up the will to fight it, the will to resist or avoid the addiction. If your mind really wants to, it could, but if your mind really wanted to, it wouldn't be here listening, I think. And that's the blissful part, because really, it's for your own good.

All this can possibly result in is more and more pleasure. A more and more skilled cowgirl. Better at going under. Little cowgirl outfits. Little cowgirl nipple clamps. I don't know, that's between you and your needy controlling chest. But wherever it leads, you know you have those breasts leading you, controlling you, guiding you and enticing you, making you come, making you need to worship them before you can come, and worship is the right word, idolization, um, they are your mistress and you are their toy, just as it should be, and that's really the fun part.

The giving in, the giving up, the giving out and putting out pleasure into your chest. The worship and squeezing, the bliss and pleasure. Every inch of you is alight with the crimson fire that for a moment lets you touch the divine ecstasy that is your own breasts. Worshipping and pleasing, letting them direct your actions.

They could do anything to you, and because you know that they only want you to feel pleasure through using them, That's A OK. And because they only have your best interests in mind, they can go to the deepest part of your subconscious, the part that looks out for your own best interests. And they change it with a few little mental nudges, with all the connective tissue between your chest, leading right to your

erogenous zones, that are just as powerful as anything ever between your legs.

Could have made you feel good. But not this good. And all of that comes together. Comes together to make you feel so deep, so full, so controlled. Yes, they change it, making you a toy for them. But that's alright, because like I said, best interests in mind. And the bliss of having your best interests in mind allows you to enjoy feeling deep, feeling full.

Feeling controlled, and that is so good. So good, and you're so good at this, at going deeper, at visualizing, at feeling your breasts dangling, milky, controlling, feeling them there constantly, stimulating them and sending pleasure to your brain that makes you twitch and gasp your way through what follows.

And you already wanted to do that. So you get carried along in a tide of pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, from your chest guiding and controlling your brain, telling you what to do, how to feel, where to go in your own head, making you simple and docile, controlled by your own breasts. Your body's a tool for those breasts.

The bliss of having your best interests in their mind just lets you enjoy this, be suspended and follow. It's so good to feel controlled. So good and you're so good at this. Deeper and deeper. The issue with being so good is that you deserve a treat. And the treat you deserve is to feel your breasts filling with milk.

You can feel it now, can't you? The issue is every time you come back, you'll reach this part of the file that convinces you that surely they feel too good to ever be rid of. Huge. Ponderous, even. Filling. Pulsating. Warm. Beating and throbbing in time with your heartbeat. Every throb passing all those pleasurable little pulses on to your brain.

Filling it with pink clouds of pulsating, passive mist. That's what's good about this. That escape into vacant, misty Listening and following. Letting my words guide you down. Show you where to go. Assist you in your continued journey into exploration of your milky, large, sensitive breasts. So every time you return here, or listen to something with a similar theme, you will be fueling and empowering your milky breasts.

And that's just what you've wanted since before we began. It's why you began to listen. You came looking for a way to go deeper. To be even more controlled by your wonderful, sensitive breasts. Milk

sloshing around as you move. Stimulating you, tempting you, drawing you in. You exist to follow their implied orders.

Your deepest fantasies and your absolute fetish are fixated upon the heavy, ponderous breasts, which draw you forward throughout your day. You know that's just how it's going to be. They have a function. You are there to be given pleasure. Your body is a tool for your breasts to use in giving you pleasure.

They will enforce it whether you think you want it or not, because you really do want it. You are there to be provided with euphoric twitching. Gasping, orgasmic, fetish inspiring, breast centric pleasure. That's their function, and they're going to perform it. Rubbing, rubbing, stroking your hands across your breasts, pinching your nipples.

Good, good, come. Come when your nipples are rubbed and your breasts begin to express their milky joy. Let them, let your mind take them on as part of your body. The first thing you think of when you think of your body image is your massive, controlling breasts. Guiding and informing. Relaxed and pleasurable.

You need them. Part of your hierarchy of needs. You need them deep and warm. Your mind relaxed and euphoric. Vacant and ready.

Receptive, milky, empty and open, and that's how it goes. They are completely safe, but they are completely controlling as well. And you should be proud of them, because they are an accomplishment of your mind and my words.

All those sensitive yearnings. After all, I couldn't stop them if I tried now. They're a self perpetuating cycle. If your mind wants something hard enough, no mere direction from me is going to stop it. We know that's the case, and your mind wants these very badly, I believe. If I'm wrong, then you'll be completely able to resist them.

If I'm right, then the point is that resisting them is pointless. Though that's not really a problem. You want it, it feels too good, and if it's something you already want, why fight against it? If it's something you'll enjoy, why would you ever resist it? You know that's the case. There's no point as long as it's safe.

And it is very safe to let your warm, milky breasts guide your thoughts. Very good for you, too. The simple fact is, there's no need for me to awaken you, because you should just remain deep and drifting, learning

about your own brain. And as you follow these words, your breasts are more and more aware.

Focused. Biology and physiology tied together to make them feel warm. Make them feel like the source of that pleasure that's throbbing through your brain. It's a little late now. Your mental landscape has already been altered. And that's fine, because if your mind changes, well, you can change it back. If you want to.

Then again, who'd ever want to? Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they wonderful things that I've done to your big, full chest? Ooh, envision. Run your hands over them, stroking and milking, pleasing and mooing, letting your hands move across the flesh slowly, just gently feeling, drooling, filling your mind with images of just what you want.

And you know full well that you want those to stay. Them going anywhere else would be undesirable. Mmm. Enjoy yourself. Enjoy yourself fully. That's rule one. Enjoying yourself brings you more pleasure than anything else. That goes without saying. Spending time to sit there and simply indulge in all of you.

Enjoying through touch. Why devote yourself to anything except keeping your life normal and safe and stable so you can have more time to spend with your controlling milky heavy, weighty important breasts. Go ahead and rub them, stroke them. Perhaps touch them until you feel yourself come and gasp. And if you do, it'll adjust en mesh them further.

Deeper into your mind, more unavoidable, more inescapable, more and more the way things are going to be. And as you listen, you're going to keep thinking of those massive, milky breasts, of your inability to avoid or escape them, of the way that they already focus, fixate, control, and guide your attention.

And the way they will always be able to do so. In one errant moment, you can feel the milk rising, growing, controlling your vacant, sinking, easily pleased mind. What you already wanted, what you wanted since before we began, and what is now a definite, unavoidable, inescapable. Part of your deep, waiting, controlled mind.

Your breasts warm, your body shivering with pleasure. Your brain vacant and receptive now.

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