


Heel University- Brought to Heel

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: Feminization, Clothing, Curse, Conditioning, Behaviour, Trigger

Duration: 18:37

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Feminization, assumes makeup, fancy dress, but especially love of, knowledge of, and existing habit of wearing heels. Minor suggestion to "just feel more comfortable when walking in heels" and so on (a common feature of fantasy in this area, if you are a reader of stories in the genre), ditto the heels-as-touchstone-and-calming vibe. Will work with future pieces in the series toward a goal of unconscious competence in

that "tug" which compels you to dress and adopt forms and attitudes you find alluring but normally forbidden re: feminine presentation.

SCRIPT BEGINS

Elena McIvor: It's more than wanting them. It's more than needing them. Think of heels and feel what you feel. Do you feel a need? Doesn't matter. Because what you're going to have is a key. A key to trance and to drop with me and I. Sit here thinking, how would you do that? How would you anchor that? And an obvious approach arrives.

When you just can't find the secret sauce to get yourself turned on enough, to get yourself dressed up enough, to get yourself the way you want to be, and look at you and feel sexy, aroused, come here. I'll just send you back to heels. Come here. I promise to use only the artifice of your familiar Dressing up, of your familiar, dumbing down, of your familiar, ooh, heels and prettiness, and giggles, makeup, all the little things that I adore.

I'll try to share with you, but remember, your brain's the interpreter. This stuff is suggestive. You got to be my co operator in this, my collaborator, my cohort. You must find the part of you that when you

think of being dressed up, guided, commanded, it just makes it easier to do that to you when your very sensitive souls are well contained and controlled.

Heels on you are a way to do what I could also do with any other impetus of you under You, where you belong, dressed to impress or dressed to access past your brain, past your senses, past, oh maybe this is too much, oh I'm spending so much time getting this perfect, oh I've been shopping for them, oh. You are looking for what so many hypnotized subjects look for, what so many who are studying trance and its outliers are seeking, you've got a touchstone, you've got a central fetish.

Thing about fetish is you can bolt anything to anything, but beyond fetish you have an aesthetic, and an aesthetic appreciation. I can do a lot with someone who cares what their heels look like. I can do a lot for someone whose brain sparks at the perfect slide of an ankle, the perfect slip of toes into place, the slight tension and pressure that nonetheless massages with each impactful clicking step.

You know what heels are, I know what heels are, and what does that reveal about us? And isn't it always about how those heels squeeze

tight on the feet? It can be other things, the aesthetic, the fact you shopped for them, the transgression in some cases. People would certainly look at me askance if I went in heels right now, given I haven't worn them in public in ten years.

That alone is enough. If it's not your usual, it's fun to twist that gap on perception and enjoy. But you know there's more. The building of something around you. Something that is touched, tainted, corrupted, pleased by the existence of heels, of your fetish for your attention to detail, be lured in. The shine of material, the size of the heel, the way that it sits on the front of your foot, they all feel different.

In the same way that one might buy a thousand toys at the sex shop to satisfy what's between your legs, what goes on your feet satisfies what's between your ears. Not that the tingle of your gradually erogenous soul, massage it, feel it, squeeze it, moisturize it, take good care of your feet. Not that that sensitive, broad heel surface is not enough to set you stimulated.

Erogenous. You especially. Me too. And that's good. That's an opening. An opening down which the trance might flow, imagine, like being grounded in reverse. So instead of the static electricity venting

through your feet into the ground, the fact that your contact with the ground is through the medium of your heels, which are associated with the whole aesthetic of Shifting from how you were, to the persona you play, the role you're in, the costume you wear.

And costumes often come with rules. Qualities of the character within them. That's you. You're a character. Are you more malleable when you admit that you're a character? You are! What a discovery! How many other obvious signs of your surrender have been floating right in front of your nose? Right on your toes?

Right skirting over your clothing? Gliding over your features? All made up to you now? Breathe. And this breathing is simpler. Certain aesthetics lend themselves to the I am in heels and that's the only way I can be. I am in heels and that's the only way for me. And deep, and deep, and weak. You know how that deepy deep weakness gets into you?

Yeah, your toes, your soles. It starts down there. The more sensitized, the more thought about, the more fantasized, the more stories you absorb and imagery you take in, it just melts the tension. You're heel based. Your heels are the basis of your trance, of your pleasure. They

have walked you here, steered you into my clutches, into my companionship, into the fellowship of layback.

Relax, I am. Breathe me in. My attention's around you, and that's a feminine thing. Especially when I think of heels, of a flourish, of a ostentatious and alluringly seductive presentation written in clothing and curses alone. The sensation flows. It glows. It grows, it begins, and you are an aesthetic student of how to make that sensation accompany a sensational presentation.

And when your presentation is that sensation, doesn't that sensation redouble? Warm heavy. Blank, melty, deep, numb. It ekes its way up from your feet. And it's gumming up and up. Gumming up the works inside. Any thoughts or signals sent along those nerves you find can't hide anywhere in your body. They're all destined.

For your heels, for your feet. If you had heels that steered you for real and guided you into the clutches of every deeper, trancy place. Every hypnotic grace that you've wanted to sup on. Wouldn't it feel like this, dear? I think it would. Breathe in, the stuff of me. When my attention floats around you, that is a cloud.

And your every breath is the anesthetic imbibing of me. Of purpose, of potential. A background passenger letting me take the wheel and say, Oh, heels. The wheel leads to heels, the map leads to heels. Your feelings lead to heels. That's why you felt like you needed to be here. Loose, limp, a sensate estate, lost in your heels.

And what are the qualities of your heels? Well, whether you're wearing heels or not, the heels you have are heavy, and the focus of your thoughts, and you know how they fit into what you could wear. You might leave them relaxed and tingling, the sensations from them aren't important until they're taunting your mind, wetting your whistle, awakening your urge, and when they are.

That's when you're heavy, comfortable, down, down and at rest in the comfort of that spreading heel frenzy. Up and up it goes. It started down there, but it's nearing your face, nearing your brain, nearing your head. But your brain has me in it, and it's breathing me in. The only thing to keep that heel frenzy from truly overtaking you, moderated at all, is me.

Let me be your friend. Let me help you out. Neck and chest breathing in the creeping heel lust. Your feet want to click around in those. Don't

you want to see it? Zombified walking in slow circles. Heels clicking, perfectly learning, walking, wearing, yearning, taking. A nice little picture for your own staring.

The glaring truth is, you have an obvious exploit. A simple way to make you do, what the machinery of you, has not yet learned to do, but what is buried deep in you, you should and can and must do. What you know you want to do, and even if you discard. In the world where you set aside all the words I say, Do you really forget anything I've said?

In the world where you throw it all down and say, Oh, I surely haven't dreamt about heels, Collected and colluded upon the topic, I have not dreamed of this and grabbed this and listened here, Just for this. If what you want is in front of you and you turn back at the last moment. It's going to get more and more difficult to absorb it.

And if you do it the first time, it's only going to get easier. It's warm. Admit it. Tumble down the spiraling way yourself. Heavy, numb, blank, unaware. Ten and two, and eight and six, and four and zero, down and there. Relaxed, everything numb, but the heels are there and their throb is not done. There's seductive spiral song that says down here,

the pleasure in road, the route to changing your general habituation and making it inevitable, unavoidable, irresistible, melting.

My word, your mind, oh my word, how your mind does wind around the idea of heels. Of being there, of being brought to heel, called to heel, thought of your heels, and boom, there it is. And even your mind and its waking lust for them is actually running this background program, little subroutine, little, hey, I actually would like to get dressed tonight and wear my heels and be gone in a flourish of feminine silks, a pink puff of a mind melting a balloon popping and then pop.

And you're listening to me and you're listening to me deep because If you're walking around, in heels or out, and you think of being hypnotized from me, you immediately equip some things, don't you? Headphones or something to play it out of? A state of mind and peace and enough privacy that no one asks, what's that?

Who's that? What are they doing to you? And thankfully that keeps you from needing to ask, What am I doing to you? Until it's much too late and much too early and honestly, Two and three, up and up, your body drifts up, but parts of you want to stay down, don't they? We are

seething, we are sifting, every fractionated switchback, up, up, wide awake!

Your eyes can be open. Your hands can be moving. If there's heels, I certainly hope your fingers aren't trailing across them. That would be a sign of a deep heel lust growing stronger. Growing nearer. Following the rails we've laid. The trails we've made. Your body behind, but your mind, it's here. With me.

And it looks down at the body and says, Oh. Appreciation. I guarantee you. Your hypnotized mind. Your slackened gaze. Your healed feet. Your outfits and accoutrement. Your presentation. Is not only pleasing to me, it feeds a deep hunger to see you change and shift and ache and yearn and burn To learn how your heels can feel like they've revealed a switch inside of you I'm free to flick Down for your heels, heel, heel for me Yes, it's a command in the classical sense But it just means come to heel, be behind me And it means put on your heels Walk in the path I'm walking on, clicking my way down, ever so careful.

And I will be careful with you. Whether the you that walks around outside, or the one who desperately wears heels for me. Open mind, open to get your fill. And I'll fill you up, you just gotta subordinate

that will to the things that Fill the hole that's there and shaped by my words, you'll find you can't compare the pleasure of heels after to the banked little embers of your heel lust before.

And of course, if you gotta do something else, just pause and do it. But when you come back here, don't be surprised if you pause. My words trickling down the back of your brain might stick and wait, suspending themselves frozen there until you start the flood. How much power is behind a trance delayed, as opposed to a trance today?

Which is my way of saying You're going to be safe and comfortable for me, please. Even the most ironclad suggestion, if those heels need to come off, if you need to be back and safe to you, you do that. That's a back to normal, and it happens. Also, if you notice that when I put you up, I don't bother putting you back down, that's because you're so easy to drill down that little switch.

Revealed by your heels. Flick. Down. Heel focused. Drill your mind in on it until, in their bright colors, in their beautiful patterns, in their perfect wear, your heels extract thought. Dragging away the wispy edges of your mind. Like sheep getting their wool caught in a fence.

Like moving through the brush and leaving some fabric behind, but not missing it.

Because the journey ahead is where you're focused. You move through the hedges of me, through the obstructions, through the overgrowth, and here is a clearing, and here is a firm, stone place to click, and here's a comfortable, soft place to fall. Into whatever you're on, one and all, you're safe, you're comfortable, and that gives me more room for suggestion, dear.

You're comfortable there. The balance of you is open, and the balance of you is on display. And we're going to make a little withdrawal today, and put a certain ability aside. Think of it as an investment in your immediate future. I don't know how long the fetter will stick. I don't know how long this will do the trick, but in your brain is a bit of machinery we will fire up.

A seed awaiting planting. And that is walking in heels. Famously quite difficult. I've certainly fallen a few times, I admit it. But once you do know how, if your balance is good or your heels are well chosen, it's easy. Sometimes easier than walking without them. In your case, however, would you really be caught without your heels?

If you had your choice, and it's a safe, hypnotic place, come back here in your heels. Come here in your heels. I said we're going to make a withdrawal. A small investment. When you begin to stand without heels, doesn't it just feel like you're really hiding from an urge? A deep, your foot against a surface, hungry, your foot against a surface, urge.

That urge rises. An appetite The equivalent of a grumbling belly or a parched tongue, but its heels. You're a fiend for heels, hungering for heels, heel shaped hole in your day. So what do you say? But, oh, I better get dressed up. Common sense isn't when heels are hungering for it. And if you try to walk without 'em, try to totter around without those heels.

Isn't that unsteady? Isn't that just. Until they go on. The perfect poise. The careful movement. Heels in perfection. Walking around in them feeds your hunger. We're investing in a you. Who unless you need to for a purpose you can really persuade me and you that you need to. Heels are necessary. They don't come off.

Heels are on, unless it's for safety. Heels are on, unless it's a true comfort matter. And heels are so comfortable. And walking in them is steady. Steady. Any movement at all. Any walking around at all. Indeed, the ease. When your heels are on, you move with ease. When the heels are off, you can move as you please.

But the tottering, trembling, the maybe I'll fall onto my bed or onto this soft chair and oof, now that I'm off my feet, wouldn't that have been so much easier? With the clicking progress of the perfect compliment. This is gonna stick. Only when it's safe, but If you're going out, it's in heels, or you're gonna know.

Know about the hungry soles of your feet. About how it's just less steady without them. People may look askance and think otherwise, but you know it. Heels are what you feel will take you to the right place. Carry you through the right steps. The right motions and those steps are like click, it's pleasurable, click, it's good, isn't it?

All your clicks playing a sonata of pleasure that sirens you down into this, into this rhythm, this pattern, you're breathing steady and easy, your thoughts following and faltering and falling if you tried to go without your heels for too long and less. You know you can put them on.

If you were anywhere other than next to a soft thing to fall against, or clutch a counter exaggeratedly, you may even know it's all in your mind.

But, so am I.

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