

# What Heels Reveal 📄

## 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: Conditioning, Trigger, Heels, Feminization, Enfetishization

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**Elena McIvor:** Think about heels. The entire construct. The idea of them just being on you. You walk everywhere aware of your feet, aware of the basis on which you stand. You have to adjust your stance, your thinking, everything about yourself, just to wear them right. Exactly. Heels influence everything. They cling and stick, and your

mind clings and sticks to shiny heels, and they reveal just what's supposed to happen.

You walk in them, that's a jolt. You walk in them, that's a trigger. You walk in them, it creeps up your back and your spine, that, oh, I'm in them, anyone who saw me in them would know. Your slutty sultry brain is on display. They're your plumage. Preen the heels and take good care of them and feel sensitive souls pressing in.

Night night, there's more to you than that. More of you than that. Ten. Each count down in your brain the click of a heel. Click of a heel. Click of a heel. You know what you feel when you think of heels. There's all this useful architecture. All these useful thoughts already in your head. I'm already in your head.

I'm already in your head from when you get up and slip into heels till you slip into heels and slip them off and go to bed. Putting them on for no reason and going, wait, I can't wear these. Putting them on and going, wait, I need to leave them here for now. Taking them off only regretfully, your feet warm, influential, the reference in your brain between your sensitive skin.

Souls evermore sensitive souls sliding into the heels, losing control. Heel puppet heel at automaton heel. Clockwork. Motivated and driven by the things beneath leading with your leg, putting your best foot forward. And your best foot is in heels. What do they reveal? Your sealed unready mind. All mine. All mine.

And I am inside all mine and in my grass. But at least for now, those heels take effect, they clamp down, they're part of a whole outfit, they want you to complete the outfit, the dress and the makeup and the movements, osmotically absorbing every feminine, feminized thought you fetishize, now you overlay.

Now you explore. Now the temptation's real, and it's so comforting. A source of comfort. An accumulated source of comfort, and be careful. Too many heels in one place, like the closet you're accumulating and have accumulated. Too many heels in one place, and the gravity on the world. The influence on your thoughts takes off.

And then, you're just in the heels, cause you feel like they reveal the real you, and they do. I'm here to tell you they do. Here to let you know it's more than a shoe, it's your sensitive heels and soles. Your

sensitive, captured soul rolled into them. You stare at them and their glistening surface captures thoughts, captures everything.

The heels reveal what you really feel, and when you have them there, on your feet, every step just can't be beat. Click along. The siren song inside your head, body and brain, mind goes away. Longer. Longer and longer, longer and longer, longer in heels, more revealed. You wear them and walk around, corrupted from the inside out, constantly commissioned into it.

You look at heels and they conscript you to put your feet in the heels and feel warm, comfortable, see you comfortably, easily walk along and listen to the siren song of click. Click, voice in your mind, hypnosis waiting on the edges, you fetishize just being in them, unable to get out of them. I have stuck this seed of idea in you, and you are stuck in them.

Every step you take encased in your heels. Ten. A slow descent into trance can be accompanied by reinforcing mechanisms that I feel are gonna end up with you in heels no matter what you do. But you do like the idea of resisting the heels until they take over, so let none of my

words lazily Driftingly, deliberately afflict you, let nothing I say influence you in every way.

Wear heels, go out, enjoy wearing heels, enjoy being bound into shoes that are just plumage. Just a clear and obvious display of what's within. And I drive a claw gently down your body, drag a claw toward your ankle, hold it up and slip a heel on. One that as it slides on seems to shape itself around. A glistening, tight, purple thing ready to capture your mind.

Shiny purple pumps and they're in place or shiny purple higher heels. Higher heel, better you feel. Higher the heel, the further your thoughts drop and the longer it takes for you to pick them back up off the floor. Your heels reveal that you're a hypnofetishist. You're hungry for heels. You're hungry for what they do to you.

Hunger for them. An open, hungering emptiness in the core of you that could always fit more heels on walking around. Puppeted movement deep inside, every step on the ground. You got your feet firmly planted on the ground, how could you think that the deep urge to wear shiny accumulates shiny? Lose your mind to shiny, losing it in the reflection.

The version of you reflected in a well shined heel is always dumber and happier, always more giggly and softer. They're always more attuned to the heels, and that's okay, cause when they come off, you're free, aren't you? And of course, if that state isn't something that you enjoy, if you're only being pressed into it, only being forced into heels, then you just wouldn't wear them again.

Your want is the thin edge of the wedge, and all we do is take that want, which is set at maybe 10, 20, 30, I bet you're more like 50 or 70, and we turn it to 100 and beyond. Need to wear heels. The word escapes, you don't know where it came from. You feel the feminine movements take over applying foundation or lipstick or eyeshadow or nail polish.

Oh, your toes are right there. And they should use some love. They could use some care. Painted or manicured or pedicured, and then then tied into what you're wearing on your feet. The shoes on your feet, you wear them. The heels, anyone who hears the click might look and see the equivalent of alluring plumage.

Your heels reveal what you really feel, but they also seal you deep inside, stuck where you are. A kind of thought that just won't leave

your mind, unable to buck the imagery of you, fantasizing. You osmotically absorbing the simple way people move and do. You loving to absorb how other people move. You sitting there and enjoying.

You sitting there and loving it because the heels guide you around and when you've been walked to the mirror And you have the makeup you might as well put it on if you're already in makeup and already in heels You might as well get dressed if you're already dressed you might as well get turned on might as well masturbate might as well Rub yourself down Explore a body influenced by the thing it wears and learning to wear it better and better and better Inside and out.

A heel devotee is always imagining what the heels are doing to you. Have a conscious awareness of them dripping their heel lust. Lust for femininity. For the exploration of makeup and clothing. The plumage of you. Any eye drawn to you might end up on your heels. And it feels so good when your heels reveal what you really are.

When you are seen for them. Heel slut, heel devotee. Capted in the heel. See yourself reflected in shiny surface. And if my fingers put one on, I said, keep these on. Walk around. Do what comes naturally. I

guarantee I'd come back a short time later and you, heel slut that you are, would be donning more clothing that's appropriate.

Exploring your face. Putting makeup on. Anywhere. To cover anything you want to, you have the unique ability to explore how you feel. You have a unique ability to, you wear heels, they draw you in, it provides an entire context of, oh, you're undergoing a feminine shift, you're undergoing a slide, you're undergoing a chain.

Always in the ongoing throes of walking, always in the ongoing throes of waking, but waking In heels, covered in the proper clothing, all made up pretty, slowly a sly lipsticker, slowly applying lipsticker and looking directly, slowly applying lipsticker, looking in the mirror, seeing the reflection, slowly in the mirror, eyes rolling or apply.

Makeup. So the longer it goes on, the more you feel that you could just do this over and over again without my voice in your head, but my voice is always in your head to heal. Click, the heels, you, click, the heels, click, your eyes roll, your eyes close, your eyes painted up, your lips painted up, careful about the makeup, but very careless, you could care less about anything that isn't heels, clothing, makeup, movement, feminine, desire.



Impulse and lust. Your heels reveal and you're heel. Heel. That's your trigger. You're gonna heel. You're gonna put on heels now. Time for playtime. Heels go on. Feminine mannerisms go on. It's all like an outfit, isn't it? Everything you do is just like an outfit. Anything outside of the outfit and context that you're in right now.

You can just listen and go no that bit I don't like yes that bit I love you can go I'm keeping this bit. I'm keeping this bit. You are able to winnow through But mostly what you're able to do is apply the same things that previously put you in the state You're in you love the idea of being made to do.

Made to do, but you could remember to forget the things outside of here and forget to remember to stop dropping for your heels. Stop, drop, heel. Stop, drop, heel. Your heels on your feet. Your feet pulsing. Pleasure. The pleasure of doing a good thing at the right time. A good thing in the right way. And the way you do it today is to do.

To simply carry out. Heels go on. Pleasure keeps them on. Heels go on for a long time. Heels sing their siren song. You wear. You accumulate. You osmotically absorb. Learn. There's tutorial after tutorial after

tutorial that will help you to understand the ways that you can winnow down your needs and awaken your heels.

Understand your heels. Reveal that when they're on you, different ones do different things. Different ones spark certain memories. The same ones reinforce the trance with them. Keep track of which heels you wear and what each set does to you. And if you should want to just let these things happen automatically, clockwork, puppet strings, just trust your shoes.

Let them click. Lead with your best foot forward, and your best foot forward is a heel. And that's just this time. Next time, what will it reveal, dear? We're going to find out. And you're quite well in ten. Nine, down, where you belong. Deep, where you belong. Try to hold yourself up, but if you're wearing heels, my words are more effective.

They know to listen to me. Eight and seven. Lower, the numbers are getting lower. Sinking, you are sinking. Deep breathing. Heels are perfect. Actively doing what you need to do. If you don't need to do anything, maybe you'll sit there, loose. Limp, ready like a ragdoll, but looking still and pretty and wearing your heels, in your clothes, in your makeup, in your stance and mannerisms.

It's even better when you hold perfectly still like a doll, just existing in your heels for a second. Because then, you get to enjoy being how you are, but also knowing you've built a you that's doing things a little differently, wearing heels a little differently, inch by inch, it'll happen slowly, and then suddenly, and then all at once, as all at once, you are someone who needs one.

More pair of heels. You see how your needs exceed your ability to catalog? You needed a little outside encouragement, a little bit of this not only can be you, this will be you. Can be, will be, has been. You've sat around thinking about your heels just taking over, putting your best foot forward, click.

Click. The resonant click you can remember to forget and forget to remember everything except the heels as they click and tick like clockwork. Made to turn you. They're made to turn your mind to other things. To soft things. When you see dainty feminine movement when you swing your hips. When you broadcast your plumage.

When you preen and choose and color coordinate. Nails. Heels, hips, hair, all the little things that are barely there when you feel perfect in

your skin. Heels, thighs, eyes, fluttering closed, thighs opened, soft, warm, deliberately. Feminizing in a fun way. Finding the fun is what'll keep you doing it, and what will render you undone.

Once they're on you, they're stuck, and you're stuck in. Best foot forward. Once you're in, the only way out is through. Once you're in and you begin, you click, you click, it clicks, ticks, slides slickly into place, and then you are. Where you belong, being played with, by you, by things that you brought in, little cursed and beautiful things stuck to your feet.

Click. Makeup, heels, dress, hips, movement, easy, steady, thighs open, soft, good, you get the idea. Inside your head, a constant little litany like that can drown out all the other things, if it's rendered loud by your sensitive feet in the heels, by the touch on your skin. And once you start the thing, starting's the hard part, continuing is easy, stopping, again, a hard part.

Can't stop till it's done, do your best and where it is, then you get to have your fun. Enjoy. Non stop. The little part of your brain that says, oh, oh, I could resist. Why would you? Why would you schedule and go to the trouble and color coordinate and spend that much time? You

spend that much time putting all your attention, all your thoughts on heels, and you think they won't copy.

Some of them carry, some of them take, some of them on board. Of course they will. Of course you will. And you've got the will to feel and know more of what they're doing to and for you. Heels click, mind slick. It might slip out, so hold it on. Surround it with your clothing. Surround it with eyes, hips, heels, hair, thighs, dress.

Makeup. Everywhere. Perfect. For you. You design, and when you design, it's easy to get caught in your own designs and desires. And find yourself. As you slide. As you drip. As the heels in the latest story about being bound. Or forced. Or tricked. No, you're faking it till it makes you. You make it till it fakes you out and you fall for it, fall into it, but you don't fall at all because you're confident in heels.

Confident in heels, even if the background, myriad, the verbiage of, I'm so pretty in heels, I love these, and these, and this color, there's enough there to fill a brain. People don't realize it's hard work to look this trapped by your heels. It's hard work to look this bound into what it reveals about you, which is that you can't help yourself.

You just can't help it. You're doing this to yourself. The heels help, but they're an accessory. You got them. The makeup did not end up on your face by accident. The clothes upon you by accident. You are garbed in what you want. Finally. What you want, within reach, is what you want. And hey, if you're into self denial or denied gratification, delayed gratification, ruining your heelgasm, that's up to you.

But if it's oven evening, and you could look in a mirror and sashay in just the right clothing, made up just the right way, with heels attracting so many thoughts, but you might look elsewhere and go, Oh, I've got what it takes to enjoy this. Relish, explore. Revel, seldom has someone needed so much resting around and convincing to be yourself and do what you want to do.

Corrupted little seeds sliding in view of all the thoughts I've said. There were things here before and they weren't quite there yet. All I've done is accelerate and nudge and nourish and nurture a thing inside that can easily slide into the role of oh, tick, click, heals, automatically, autonomous, forward.

Best foot forward, your feet warm, sensitive, massaged, held, tighten the heels and they reveal exactly what you need, exactly what you've

needed the whole entire time. Here they are. And here we go. And now you know. Heels. They click into place. Your mind. You nod. Yeah, that's right. Heels forward. Best heel forward.

Stuck in them. Thinking about them. You could be sliding them on right now if they're on you right now. Don't you feel them practically clicking, nodding in agreement? Heels. Reveal what you really feel about the osmotic construct of feminine movement and dress, the parts you want, make up the parts you want, take care, hair, hips, heels, the heels reveal what you're for right now.

This is your leisure time, but it's also time to tell a little story and maybe it's similar to the kind of stories you read. And love, and think about, and let tease your brain. And if you don't read any of them, I highly advise you to. There's some quite good ones out there. About hair, and hips, and heels, and makeup, and osmotically observing the feminine aspects you enjoy.

And incorporating them into your fun little heel experience. The ritual of an evening. The chosen mannerisms. Just because it's self directed doesn't mean that you can get rid of it. In fact, most of the things that we can't help ourselves about, we did to ourselves. And what the

heels reveal tonight is this is just one more thing that you're doing to yourself, darling.

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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.](#)