

## Heeling Touch

The man with amber eyes. That's who I was out here looking for. A man who could make dreams a reality and fantasies into futures.

I was in a run-down building. What had once been an old factory. The type of place you see in movies, with crime and drugs and gangs. Drama and violence. In reality, the place was home only to rats and other vermin. Crumbling and lifeless and dark. Lucky thing that this meeting was taking place in the middle of the day, with the sun outside providing just enough light to see by.

If I had to be here at night, I'd probably shit myself.

Even in the middle of the day, I couldn't help but feel nervous. This man who I was coming to meet, the nameless man with incandescent eyes, might be nothing more than an urban myth.

This could all be one giant hoax designed to get me here, a secluded spot, with a big bundle of money. Ripe for mugging.

The thought sent a chill down my spine.

That I'd been tricked here seemed far more likely to be true than the actual reason I'd come.

*I should leave. Right now.*

My feet didn't move.

It was worth the risk. This once in a lifetime chance, an opportunity to live in my dream world. It was worth the risk. More than worth the ludicrously large sum of money. If it were true, if this man could do what they said he could do, what the man himself had claimed over the phone, then my life would be forever changed for the better.

The sound of a footstep drew my attention.

I spun, braced to defend myself. And as met with a wry smile.

The man's eyes didn't glow, not in the way I'd imagined. More of a gleam, as if they were reflecting a bright light. Except there wasn't a light for them to be reflecting.

His face was plain, ordinary. Lacking any defining features.

Same with the rest of him. Nothing unusual, nothing out of the ordinary at all. Just a regular, random man.

But those eyes...

The man reached out with both hands. His right was empty, his left was not. In it, he held a simple brown envelope, bulging with the hand-sized item it contained.

I grabbed the bundled cash from my coat pocket, placed it into his empty hand. Took the envelope from his other hand.

The man pocketed my money, gave a curt nod, turned on his heels, and walked away into the shadows. Within moments, he had disappeared from sight.

As quickly as my shaking hands could manage, I tore open the envelope, shook its contents out onto the palm my hand.

A glove. A simple, ordinary fingerless glove.

Heart racing, I slipped it on my right hand.

I needed to test it. I needed to be sure that it worked.

But on who?

A random stranger wouldn't do. It needed to be someone I could observe. Co-workers? No, too many witnesses. Same with neighbours. It had to be someone close, someone I could easily watch.

That left my wife, Sally, and our twin daughters, Rose and Lily.

The twins would be in school right now.

Sally it was.

I headed home, thinking it all through. Did I really want to do this? Yes. Did I *really*

want to do this? Yes. What if Sally realised what I'd done? Bluff my way out of it. What if it didn't actually work? Hunt down the amber-eyed man somehow and get my money back. What if it *did* work?

Paradise. I'd create my own little perfect paradise.

My wife was a gorgeous woman. Hitting that ideal spot of maturity at forty, she had the slender firmness of a younger woman paired with the grace and confidence of age. She'd started gaining lines on her face, little wrinkles at the corner of her eyes and mouth. Permanent little laugh lines. Barely noticeable for now, but time had a way of making those lines longer and wider.

Her hair, once a light earthen brown, had been dyed dark. An attempt by Sally to hide those rare grey strands. It flowed mid-way down her back, wavy and lush.

She was faced away from me right now, washing dishes, swaying her hips in tune with music playing on the radio. The hem of her flower-print dress moved with her, dancing lightly about. Save for the dress, all I could see her wearing were a pair of fluffy pink slippers.

I slipped the fingerless glove onto my right hand. It felt like any ordinary glove, not special in any way.

*God, I hope this works.*

Tentatively, I reached out towards my wife, extending a single finger - my index finger - to touch her shoulder from behind.

The instant my finger made contact, Sally froze.

My heart stopped.

I pulled my finger back quickly, hid the gloved hand behind my back. Tried to look as innocent as possible.

Sally went back to cleaning, not bothering to turn around or acknowledge my existence in any way. She acted as if I wasn't even there. As if she wasn't aware that I'd just touched her shoulder.

Did that mean it was working?

There was no other change that I could see. No other indication that the glove was working the way it was supposed to.

I took a step back.

"What's for dinner today?" I asked loudly.

Sally flinched, dropped the plate she'd been cleaning back into the sink.

"Jesus," she swore, placing a hand on her chest and turning around to face me. "You scared the-"

What she was saying was cut short as she tumbled to the floor.

It was an almost comical fall. Sally's eyes shot open, a look of pure surprise plastered on her face. Her arms shot upwards, waving and dangling as her body dropped. It looked as if she'd trip on something, only there was nothing for her to have tripped over. She landed on the floor with a light thump, groaning.

Save for a tiny bump on her knee, she was unharmed.

"Oh geez," she said, trying to get to her feet, her face red with embarrassment. She stumbled, slipped and fell back to the ground again.

I hid the smile on my face behind a concerned expression. As comical as her tripping over air had been, the smile was not for that. The glove worked! It actually worked!

"What's going on?" Sally said to herself, looking confused and and dazed and concerned. Her eyes wandered to her feet, widened. "Oh. What am I wearing these for?"

She reached down, took off the pink slippers and tossed them aside. Tried to get up again, this time gripping on to the sink counter for balance. Her legs wobbled, buckled slightly, but this time she managed to stay up.

"Do you want a hand?" I asked, watching as Sally made her way shakily around the

kitchen, using the counters and walls to hold herself relatively upright.

Sally shook her head, smiled. "No, no. I'm fine. I'll be back in a minute."

One finger, one inch. Two fingers, two inches. An extra inch for every finger, thumb included. And that wasn't all! The person I touched wouldn't realise I'd touched them, wouldn't be aware that I'd done anything to them at all. And, more importantly, they'd wouldn't even know anything was different - they'd adapt to the change as if life had always been that way.

When Sally walked back into the kitchen, now wearing a pair of one-inch raised heel shoes, I knew it worked.

Sally, from this moment onwards, would not be able to walk in anything but heels - one inch or more. She'd be able to get around a little bare-footed, but any other shoes would be unusable.

The particular shoes she was wearing right now were simple outdoor shoes, the heels bulky and unsightly. Not a great pair, they were the type of shoes she wore whenever she left the house.

But it was a start.

I was tempted to touch her again, two or three fingers this time. There was nothing stopping me from touching her with all five. Well, nothing apart from the fact that she didn't actually own any five-inch heels. Not yet, at least.

But I held myself back.

There was one other thing that these gloves did. Something that I should test.

I cleared my throat, looking at my wife's shapely butt.

"Darling, you have one killer ass there. Makes me want to play it like a bongo drum."

Sally did not like vulgarity. A prude to her core. She'd once given me a long lecture about respecting women when I'd asked her to give me head. And, under ordinary circumstances, me saying anything even remotely lewd would have not ended well.

Today, however...

"Thank you, love." Sally said. She sounded, if anything, pleased at the compliment.

While wearing one inch heels; I could say whatever I wanted. No reaction. No anger and no offence, just acceptance. With two inch heels, I'd be free to touch and grope without response. Three inch heels would ignite lust in the wearer, a need for them to be touched and a desire to touch me. At four, the was amplified. The wearer of four-inch heels would want nothing more than to satisfy and please in any way they possibly could, would crave it. And five? Total control and obedience in all things.

Ultimate control, quite literally at my fingertips.

Three days. That's as long as I managed to last before caving. I hadn't used the glove since then. That one time. Not out of guilt or because I didn't want to. I did. But because I wanted to wait and see if anything happened to Sally. If she went back to usual or if she realised anything was off.

No, to both.

So, after getting out of work, I went to the mall. Or, more specifically, to an expensive female shoe shop in the mall.

I spent a lot of money. Three pairs of two-inch heels. Three pairs of three-inch heels. I would have gotten more, four and five inches, but I didn't want to spend *too* much money.

By the time I got home, it was beginning to get dark out. I entered the house with four boxes, all the two-inchers and one three-inch pair. I slipped that one into mine and Sally's bedroom before walking into the living room.

All three were there; Sally, Rose and Lily.

Sally was wearing a simple pencil skirt and business shirt, a tired look on her face.

She was seated on an armchair. The twins were slouching on the sofa, still in their school uniforms.

Women in their own right, with the bodies to match. They weren't girls any more and, if not for their prudish mother, would likely be strutting about half-naked at home. The twins were identical, right down to their ponytail hairstyles. Light brown hair and angled faces, pretty lips and amazing legs.

If they'd noticed any difference in their mother over the last three days, they weren't showing it.

I strode over to the women, giving each a box.

The glove was on my right hand again, ready to use at a moment's notice.

Sally and the twins looked confused. Opened the boxes to see the shoes inside. All the pairs I'd bought were rich and beautiful and, most important, they were sexy.

"There was a sale," I lied. "So I got you some gifts."

My wife didn't look convinced, with her narrowed eyes. The twins didn't seem to care one way or the other.

"Which store?" Sally asked, suspicious.

Likely, she was worried more about how much money I'd spent than anything else, not anything to do with sexualizing our lovely daughters.

"Can't really remember right now," I said, stepping closer to her. I reached out, touched her with my index and middle fingers.

She froze for an instant, that suspicion locked in place.

And then it was done.

It didn't take the three women long to slip into their new shoes after I'd tapped each of them. Their minds adjusted to their new reality quickly. As soon as they noticed they weren't wearing heeled shoes - or in Sally's case, was wearing heels that were too small - they put on the ones I'd given to them.

None of them let on that something strange was happening. To them, this was an ordinary evening.

After removing the glove I sat on the sofa with the twins, Rose on my left and Lily on my right. An arm each around their shoulders, my hands curving around to cup and squeeze their perky little breasts. Firm. Smooth. Fun to play with, to squeeze and fondle.

"Girls," I told them loudly, "you have the most amazing titties. Sally! Don't they have just the most amazing tits you've ever seen?"

My wife shrugged, "They're very nice."

That I could do this was unreal. I was expecting to wake up at any second, in bed with my wife sleeping next to me, rock hard and unsatisfied. But this wasn't a dream. I was wide awake. And I had all the power in world.

As the evening wore on, the girls got tired. Started laying down on the sofa, their bare legs crossed over my lap, my hands on their thighs.

All the while, Sally ignored what she saw. Treated it like an everyday occurrence. Like me groping the twins was completely and utterly normal.

When it was time for bed, I donned the glove once more. Walked up behind Sally as she undressed for bed.

"Playing with Rose and Lily's tits all night has gotten me rock hard," I said. "Fancy helping me take care of it?"

Sally yawned. "Not tonight," she said, not even turning to look at me. "I'm too tired. Maybe tomorrow."

I pressed three fingers into her back, caught her with my spare hand as she tumbled to the ground, guided her to sit on our bed, confused and dazed.

While she marvelled at how and why she was wearing heels that were far too small

for her, I collected the shoe box I'd dropped off earlier. Three inch heels. I started putting them on Sally's feet before she could protest.

As soon as she was wearing them, her eyes widened.

She looked at me, my body, with new appreciation.

"Let me ask again," I smiled, "would you like to massage my cock for me?"

I didn't need to ask a third time.

The doorbell rang. Instantly I opened the door - I'd been standing there waiting for this for the last two hours. There stood a delivery man, shocked at how quickly the door had opened. He was push pushing a big card-board crate on a dolly.

Behind me, I could hear Sally walking about, her four-inch heels clacking on the floor noisily.

I accepted the delivery, let the delivery man wheel the crate inside. I watched him leave, shut the door behind him, hurriedly opened the crate with a sharp knife.

Inside the crate were row upon row of smaller boxes. Shoe boxes. Dozens of them. Close to a sixty pairs. Each and every one of them containing five-inch stiletto heels. Enough for every woman in this house, this street, enough for all the women I worked with and dozens more besides.

With my glove, and with these shoes, I'd have total control over any woman I wanted. Every woman I wanted.

My paradise was about to become my reality.

It was time to start a new fashion trend.