

Alyx had vowed revenge. And now, he was finally going to have his day.

Astrid, James's girlfriend, was off for a lovely walk in the woods, humming to herself as she enjoyed the scenery around her. Letting out a happy sigh, she leaned against one of the wide trees and looked up at the beautiful sky. Things couldn't get much better than this.

That was when Alyx struck. He snuck through the trees, watching Astrid closely. Then, he jumped in front of her.

Astrid gasped in surprise. "Alyx!" she cried, her face filling with rage. "What are you doing here?"

He sneered. "Claiming what's mine."

Before Astrid could run, the man pulled a pocket watch out of his pocket, and brought it in front of her face, swinging it back and forth. "I couldn't have you last time because James intervened," he told her with a chuckle. "But this time, I will claim you as my own. Fall under my spell, Astrid. . ."

"No!" Astrid yelled. She tried to move her body, to try to run, or at least turn away from the swinging watch. But no matter what she did, she stayed put, and was forced to look at the object as it cast its spell on her. . . Her eyes changed the more she stared at it, and she felt herself slipping more and more. A moment later, it was done—her eyes glazed over completely.

Alyx smiled. "Are you done resisting, slave? Call me by my title when you speak to me."

"Yes, master," Astrid replied. Her voice was flat and monotone under the hypnosis.

"Good girl," the man praised her, triumph filling his heart. "Now, let me please my favorite princess. Sit down on the ground, and bring your legs forward."

The hypnotized woman obeyed her master, following his orders. Smiling, Alyx knelt down in front of her legs and reached forward, bringing his hand around her left fur boot. He removed the boot and brought it to his nose, taking in Astrid's earthy, musky scent from within. Then he did so with the right boot, pleasure filling him as he indulged himself. He had been waiting a long time for this. . . And that made this victory all the more satisfying.

Astrid numbly stared forward as Alyx enjoyed himself. Finally, the man put the boots aside, and turned back forward, smiling at the sight of Astrid's bare feet. "Oh, this is going to be excellent," he mused, leaning down and gently picking up her left foot.

Bringing her toes to his nose, Alyx ordered his slave, "Wiggle you digits for me, won't you, princess?"

“Yes, master,” Astrid said flatly. She brought her toes back and forth and spread them out, making Alyx smile as the toes gently grazed his face. He paused briefly to enjoy the moment, and then, he began.

The man stuck out his tongue and ran them over Astrid’s toes, slowly tasting each one. The musk that came from them reminded him of her, and it only made him enjoy this more. Lifting up his princess’s foot, Alyx put gentle kisses on the sole, tasting that earthy scent over and over. Once he was satisfied, he came back up and sucked on Astrid’s toes, one by one, starting with the thumb toe and ending with the pinky. Sighing happily, he looked over her foot. He couldn’t get enough of them, and he wanted to—

“STOP!”

The yell startled Alyx out of his reverie, and he spun around. James was standing there, looking absolutely enraged.

“Ah, I was wondering when you’d show up,” Alyx said, chuckling. He released Astrid’s feet and stood up, smirking. “You may be her loyal protector, but at least I had her for a while.”

“Shut up,” James growled. “You’re going to pay for this.”

“How so?” Alyx asked, laughing. “It’s not like you can do anyth—”

/WHAM!/ Before Alyx could finish that sentence, James lunged forward and slammed his fist into the other man’s stomach. Alyx cried out and doubled over, putting his hands over where James had punched him. Then, James pushed Alyx against one of the trees, hitting the man’s head against the wood. Alyx blinked and stumbled forward, looking dazed, and then he fell to the ground, stunned and knocked out. J

ames stood over him for a moment, smirking triumphantly. “That ought to teach you,” he said. Then, he turned to Astrid, and focused his attention on her.

“Babe,” he said, kneeling down in front of her and gently shaking her. “Are you alright? Please, talk to me.”

He looked over Astrid’s face, trying to figure out what was wrong. He could see that her eyes were glazed over, and drool was coming out of the corners of her mouth. . . It looked like Alyx had hypnotized her again. That wasn’t good. . .

“Astrid,” the man said, shaking his girlfriend again. “It’s me, James. Please, snap out of it!”

Astrid looked up and met his eyes, but her eyes still had a glazed look to them. “Where is my master?” she asked.

James shivered. Her voice was flat and monotone, not at all like her regular tone. It filled him with fear. “Astrid, do you know who I am?” he asked her.

“Master. . .?” his girlfriend repeated numbly.

James took a deep breath. This could take a while. . . But an idea was coming to his mind. Perhaps it he. . .? Yes, that could work!

He stood up from the ground and pulled the pocket watch out of his jacket. Bringing it in front of Astrid's face, the man swung it back and forth and said, "I will break this spell, and bring you under my control. Alyx is not your master—I am."

The hypnotized Astrid tried to resist, her voice still flat as she spoke. "N-No!" she stammered. "I cannot . . . betray . . . my . . . master. . .!"

"You can and you will," James said. "Come to me, my love. I will get you back from him."

Astrid's eyes glazed over again, but they looked a bit different this time, somehow more alert. James put away the pocket watch, satisfied. It was done.

"Who is your master?" he asked.

"You are," the hypnotized woman replied.

"Good girl," James praised her. "Now, let me give you the love that you deserve. . ."

He went down on his knees again, and gently removed Astrid's left boot, bringing it up to his nose. A familiar musk filled his senses, and James smiled, letting out a happy sigh. This was going to be good. . .

"Wiggle your toes," he said, and Astrid obeyed. James bent down and licked each digit, one by one, savoring the smell of her musk as he went from toe to toe. Then, he planted kisses all across the bridge of her foot, tending to them with all the love he had.

Satisfied, James sat up, and stood from the ground. He still had one more thing he needed to do.

The man produced the pocket watch from his jacket once again, and brought it in front of Astrid's face. "I have a command for you," he said.

"Yes, master," his girlfriend replied numbly. "Anything."

"Good girl," James said. He continued, "From now on, the only one who can put you under a trance will be me, and me alone. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master," Astrid told him. "Only you can control my fate."

The man nodded. That ought to do it. Now to break her out of this trance.

He snapped his fingers in front of her face. That did the trick, and the glazed look left his beloved's eyes. Astrid groaned. "James?" she said, looking around. "What happened? Why are my shoes off?"

"Alyx had you under his control," James explained. "I was able to stop him."

“Thank you,” Astrid said, hugging him. “I hope he doesn’t come back. . .”

“Don’t worry,” the man assured his girlfriend. “Even if he does return, I’ve made it so that only I can put you in a trance—not Alyx. So you’re safe.”

Astrid breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank the gods. Thank you, James. Thank you.”

He nodded, then brought his arm around her. “Let’s go home, ok?”

“With pleasure.”

And so, they returned to their house.