

Kindred Soles

It was a pain. All these people = my whole extended family – gathered in one place. There were uncles and cousins I hadn't seen in years, family members I hadn't even known existed. And all of them seemed thrilled to be here.

A large, open space with multiple barbecue grills set up. Long tables and countless chairs.

We were in my grandparents' yard. And ol' Gran 'n' Grams were *loaded*. Lived in a colonial-style mansion that'd been in the family for generations; the type of place that'd probably been built alongside a cotton farm or something. And, all around, family chatted and caught up and enjoyed the occasion – the grandparents' Diamond Anniversary.

I hated it.

Of the dozens gathered here, I knew about six. Three of which included my parents and brother. The other three? An aunt and uncle that lived close by to us and their son – my cousin.

The rest of these people? I had no idea who they were or why I should care. They might all be happy to smile and laugh and act like a close, loving family. But we all knew the truth. We all knew why they were *really* here.

Inherence. Cosying up to the ageing grandparents in the hopes of earning a place in the will.

With how little my parents stood out, I knew they wouldn't be getting much. And what they did get when Gramps finally kicked the bucket, they'd spend on stupid shit – holidays and cars. I wouldn't see a penny of it. Not a one.

So why should I care?

I wished my parents had left me behind, not brought me to this silly farce of a family gathering.

I could be at home right now, watching videos or playing games or sleeping or something. Instead, I was here. Trapped with no way out, surrounded by people I couldn't give two shits about.

As more and more of my extended family arrived and the celebrations got louder and filled with more snake eyes and fake smiles, I found myself drifting away – wandering to a quieter part of my grandparents' home.

It was a long shot – they were very traditional and weren't big on modern technology – but *maybe* they had a router and a WiFi signal I could connect to? I doubted it. But it was better than nothing. I was, unfortunately, out of data on my phone. It was either find a signal to connect to or go without the internet for the next few hours.

But... No luck.

I wandered all over the property, searching for any kind of signal at all. Nothing.

What I did find, though, was my cousin.

"Hypnosis?" I asked, eyebrow raised. "*That's* your idea of fun?"

"Hey!" Phil chuckled. "Don't knock it 'til you try it, Em. It can be a blast, especially at parties. Helps to liven things up."

"Uh-huh," I rolled my eyes. "You tell that to all the girls?"

"Only the pretty ones," Phil smirked.

I blushed, scowled. He was just messing around, just teasing, but... even so. It sucked that everyone saw me as a child. I was eighteen damn it! I wasn't a kid any more.

"Fine," I huffed. "I'll try it. But you go first. I'm not letting you hypnotise me until I've done you."

"Sounds fair to me," Phil smiled. "I'll teach you how to do it. It's really simple..."

I listened as my cousin walked me through the steps, taught me how to hypnotise someone. If I was honest, it all felt too absurd to be real. But I didn't say that. I just

listened, took in everything he was saying, and gave him the benefit of doubt.

Did I believe him about this being a popular thing at college parties? No. Not even slightly. Did I think he wanted to hypnotise me to ask me pervy questions? Totally. But it was better than doing nothing for the next few hours while our extended family peacocked around outside.

Wasn't like I had anything interesting to share anyway. I'd only had two partners in bed; my fingers and my hairbrush. No interesting kinks. Nothing.

"...Then you just have to wake me up. I'll probably be a little out of it for a few moments, but that's normal."

"Okay," I said, nodding my head.

"I doubt anyone's going to come up here," Phil grunted, nodded to the wall and the family gathering beyond it. "They're all too busy sucking Gramp's ballsack. If anyone does come in, just tell 'em I'm taking a nap. You ready?"

"Yeah," I nodded. "I'm ready."

I stared at my cousin, pursed my lips.

What the hell was I supposed to do now?

He was hypnotised – or, at the very least, he was pretending to be – and open to suggestion. I'd done what he'd told me to, put him into a trance. But... what now?

"I suppose I should ask you some questions, huh?" I said.

Phil, who was laying down on a sofa with his eyes closed, gave no reaction. He remained motionless, face blank.

What'd he say during his big talk on 'how to hypnotise someone'? Something about asking straight-forward, simple to answer questions. Not overloading the mind or making a tranced person think too much.

"Are you... straight?"

"Yes," came Phil's soft-spoken response.

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No," he answered.

"Do you..." What was the goal here? To tease out his secrets and have fun at his expense? To make him do dumb, humiliating stuff? "Do you have any weird kinks?"

"I..." Phil frowned. "think so..."

"Stop thinking!" I said quickly. "Thinking is bad! Just relax... Relax, and tell me your most embarrassing kink."

Phil was silent for a long moment.

I thought for sure I'd fucked up, asked something he wouldn't answer. A tiny part of me was terrified I'd somehow melted his brain. But, after a few long moments, he answered.

"Feet stuff."

Hours later, at home where I mercifully had internet, I began looking it up. Foot fetish.

To say I was blushing the whole time would've been understating things. My face was redder than the ripest tomato. Half the blood in my body must've been in my face, for how hot and red it was.

But, for as weird and awkward and embarrassing as it was, I couldn't help feeling a little curiosity.

Phil was into this type of stuff?

I debated for days before finally coming to a decision. I called my cousin up and invited him over, made sure it'd be when my parents and brother were out.

When he arrived, I was bare-footed.

I'd showered an hour before, paying special attention to washing and cleaning my

feet. After that I'd applied some deep pink nail-polish, made sure to wear a knee-length skirt – so my feet would be in full view at all times.

As he entered the house, he seemed not to notice or care about my feet. I didn't catch him glancing at them, anyway. But, after leading him to my room, having us sit on my bed, and putting my feet up on his lap, my poor cousin couldn't help but start appreciating them. He did it in furtive, stealthy glances, but I caught him looking, caught his blushes.

My cheeks were pink too, of course. How could they not be with what I was doing?

I felt warm. Excited. I'd never tried anything like this before – going out of my way to tease a guy? Who had time for *that*? Yet, here I was. Teasing my cousin no less!

"Hey," I said, smiling at Phil. "Wanna let me hypnotise you again?"

"Uh," Phil blinked. "Sure, I guess..."

I slid the tip of my big toe up the inside of his leg.

"You like feet," I said, watching his face. "Don't you?"

"Yes," my cousin breathed as I slid my toe back down past his knee.

"That's my foot you can feel," I said, sliding it up his leg again. "Do you like my foot, Phil?"

"Yes," my cousin practically moaned.

I trembled at the sound. The faint hint of desperation bleeding through the emptiness of the trance. Warm tingles blossomed inside me, a sensation of power and control unlike any I'd felt before. It was thrilling. Addictive.

"Has a girl ever rubbed your cock with their foot before?"

"No," Phil answered.

"Would you like one to?" I asked, gliding my toe higher than I'd dared before; brushing it along his inner thigh towards his very visible bulge. "Would you like to feel it?"

"Yes," Phil breathed.

I smiled, pulled my foot away.

My heart was thumping in my chest. Racing. I hadn't realised it until that moment, but I was panting. Chest rising and falling rapidly. My entire body tingling with anticipation.

When in the world had I gotten so *bold*?

I shook my head, forced all the naughty thoughts out of it.

And, feeling a pang of disappointment at myself and a flood of regret, I began waking Phil from his trance.

"What are you?" I asked, bare toe on bare cock.

"A foot slave," Phil grunted.

"Whose foot slave are you?"

"Yours."

I smiled, looked down at my cousin; laying on the floor, on his back, butt-naked and utterly vulnerable.

Amazing how much could change in just a few weeks.

"You're a filthy perv, aren't you?" I asked, pushing down on my foot.

"Y- yes, ma'am!"

"And what do filthy lil' pervs deserve?"

"To be stepped on!"

And that's exactly what I did. Shifting my weight from one foot to the other, pressing down harder and firmer on my cousin's stiff cock. He groaned, grunted, didn't try to stop me.

"Look at you," I said, feeling more powerful than ever. "I bet you love this, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

I lifted my foot from his cock, regarded him. My toes slid along his length once, twice.

“What am I going to do with you...”

So many options. So many ways to humiliate and degrade him, to torture him with his kink. I could press my big toe into the soft flesh between his shaft and balls, make sure he felt the pressure. Or I could give him a slow, torturous foot-job. Perhaps I should make him suck on my toes one at a time, get them nice and drenched so I could paint his face and body with the saliva.

Or, I could take this slower, simpler. Make him worship my feet.

“Get on your hands and knees,” I said, flicking his cock with my foot. “Bow before me.”

My insides quivered as he moved to obey.

I felt the tingles, the moistness between my legs.

Not a desire to be penetrated – that was something I knew all too well. No, this was *different*. The thrill I felt, the hunger, was more potent. More demanding.

“Kiss my feet,” I commanded – feeling like a goddess. A queen.

And my foot slave obeyed. Lips showering my feet and toes with more affection and intensity than they'd probably ever shown a girl before.

“Look at you,” I giggled. “Pathetic.”

To think, just a few weeks ago, my idea of having a 'fun time' amounted to playing a new video game or watching a new show. Diddling myself like clockwork, scratching the itch but nothing more. A shy, awkward girl; oblivious to what she really wanted.

I pushed my cousin's face back with my foot, presented him with my sole.

Dutifully, he began licking.

How much of this subservient attitude was natural to him, and how much was down to my hypnotic suggestions guiding him to being submissive? I couldn't say. And, I supposed, it didn't much matter.

“Keep going,” I told Phil. “Don't stop until I'm completely clean.”

Power. That's what it was all about.

Who cared about inheritance or money or family? Idiots, that's who. When all was said and done, power was the only thing that mattered. Power and control and the fleeting moments of satisfaction.

I pressed the sole of my foot to Phil's face.

“Worship it,” I commanded. “Worship *me*.”