

The Car Ride from Hell

Scott could say that his summer was not proceeding as he had expected or planned. It wasn't even July when he got the call about his mother. While his friends were traveling abroad, getting drunk, or preparing for college, Scott was stuck flying cross country with his stepfather and two stepbrothers. The flight and the conversation were less than horrible, but it wasn't exactly a pleasant trip. They were traveling for Scott's mother's funeral.

She had been sick for years, and Scott had come to terms with the idea of her passing. Scott said his goodbyes to his mother in person several months ago, before she was taken to a hospice space near Martha's Vineyard.

"If I'm going - I'm going in style," she said to Scott.

The funeral was short, and Scott cried very little. His stepfamily hung around him like unwanted specters as he went through the crowd, greeting and thanking people for coming. He could feel them directing him towards the back office, where the family's attorney advised he would be waiting. The way they kept nudging him, Scott knew they were anxious to find out about the will.

"Your mother wanted to make sure you were all taken care of after she passed," the family attorney advised the four men. Scott sat in the chair to the left while his stepfather James sat in the chair to the right. His two hulking sons, Rod and Todd, to gorillas built for wrestling stood behind James. The two brothers knocked into each other, eager to find out how big of the pie each of them would receive from their dead stepmother. James, Scott's stepfather, shared the same shit-eating grin that Rod and Todd showed as the attorney leafed through the large stack of papers. He rambled along all the legal jargon, telling them about property, stocks, and bonds that Scott's mother owned before passing. Even Scott was surprised at the amount of stuff his mother collected over the years, only knowing about half of it, and from the way that Scott's stepfamily grinned - they only knew about a portion.

"But it would appear that she made some final adjustments before her passing."

Todd's, Rod's, and James's smiles all fell - this was news to them as well.

"What do you mean?" Scott asked. "What adjustments?"

"Well, your mother wanted to make sure that all of her possessions and lands were going to be taken care of after her passing. So -" the attorney began to read off.

"She put everything in my name." Scott's stepfather interrupted. "She said that everything was put all the land and bonds in my age and split the rest of it in the kid's names." Desperation dripped from his voice. Scott couldn't help but openly roll his eyes at his stepfather . . . well, ex-stepfather.

Scott knew that his stepfamily was all obsessed with his mother's money. The land, the stocks, the boat, the house in the Hamptons, Scott had doubts about the "love" James had for his mother. But for some reason, Scott's mother loved James for better or worse. Though he had a suspicion, it wasn't James's mind or his heart that made her fall for him.

Now Scott wasn't gay - he wasn't blind either.

His stepfather and stepbrothers had a proclivity for tight shorts and no underwear. Scott hated the way they peacocked around with their cocks swinging in their pants. Scott could make out the veins of their cock when they lived together as it pushed against the thinnest of denim jeans. Their peacocking was only made worse when they would walk around only in their boxers or sometimes - even less. Just everything about them was huge!

Their muscles, their cocks, their clown feet, and their fucking egos. But as the three men loomed the attorney's desk, everything evaporated.

"What? What is everyone looking at?"

"She left everything to you, Edward," the attorney said.

"What?" Scott said in disbelief.

"Yes, she made a few last adjustments in her final days. Originally it would have been split between you and James, but she called me three days before passing. She requested that everything is put in your name. She didn't give any reason. But it's here." The attorney twisted the will around and pointed to the amendment made at the bottom. Scott reached out and traced his fingers along with his mom's signature.

"Holy shit," Scott gasped. He looked at his family.

If looks could kill, Scott would be six feet under his mother's casket.

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Rod, Todd, and James huddled together in a separate area while Scott went through the necessary paperwork.

"What the fuck, Dad!" Rod cursed. James popped his son in the back of the head.

"Don't curse at me," James snapped back.

"Well, don't marry some dying bitch and then not check out the will before she croaks!" Rod bit back, narrowing his eyes at his father. The two men stepped towards each other. Todd moved between his twin and his father. While the brothers were identical, Rod was the manpower, their father was the face, but Todd was the brains.

"It's not dad's fault. Who knew she would do this. It wasn't a part of the plan. None of this was a part of the plan. But what we don't need is for you two fighting. Now, if you two can just shut up for two seconds and let me think."

Both men went silent at Rod's command.

Rod walked away from them and paced the side office. His fingers repeatedly tapped against his thumb, and he muttered incoherently.

"We could kill him," Todd offered.

“Shush,” Rod said.

“Just trying to help,” Todd said with a heavy amount of side-eye.

“Didn’t ask for it.” Rod pursed his lips. “We don’t need to get rid of him. We just need to get him on our side.” An idea sparked behind Rod’s eyes. “That’s it. We get him on our side. Or at least until we get him to sign over everything to us.”

“Oh, is that it,” James grunted as he slumped into a cushioned desk chair. “And I thought Todd was the dumb one.”

“HEY!” Todd yelled.

“Jesus Christ! Will, you shut up!” Rod shouted back. “I have an idea. It’s crazy . . . but I think it will work. All I need is just a little time. Well, a lot of time.” Rod’s fingers tapped against his thumb briefly and knew the answer. Rod took out his phone and tapped vigorously on the screen. His brother and father silently waited for Rod to give them a direction. It was ten minutes of silence, filled only with the tapping of Rod’s fingers on his phone. Typing out messages to some unknown person.

“Perfect,” Rod said before he slipped his phone into his back pocket.

“So . . .?” Todd asked.

“We hypnotize him,” Rod said with a wicked glint in his eye.

The following day a box arrived at the front desk of their hotel. His father and brother didn’t know what was in the package but knew Rod paid an arm and a leg for the quick shipping.

While Scott slept in his separate room, the three men huddled over the box. Rod carefully opened the box, unwrapping it from within the mounds of bubble wrap and tissue paper.

“What is it?”

“Pheromones,” Rod said as he lifted a small vial with a rubber stopper. The three men stared at the pink liquid as Rod twisted the vial within his hand. “Shoe’s off, gentlemen,” Rod instructed.

“What?” Todd and James asked.

“That’s where it gets inserted. Something about the pores in the feet has the quickest absorption rate than anywhere in the body.” Both men looked hesitant. “Okay, are we doing this or not? I paid the last bit of money that we had for this shit, so we either use it or wave goodbye to Scott and his fortune.”

Todd and James shared a look and then nodded. The two sat on the side of the bed and pulled off their socks. Sweat floated through the air and assaulted the noses of three.

“Fuck! Do you two know how to wash!” Rod barked as he covered his nose and bent towards his brother’s size 12 feet.

“What, you don’t like them?” Todd said as he pushed his foot into his twin brother’s face. Rod gagged at the smell as it was pushed into his nose. The sole squished against Rod’s face. The taste of sweaty musky feet dripped onto his lips and rolled down his face. Rod tightened his lips, but the act forced him to breathe through his nose. The stench was somehow even worse than the taste. The smell

traveled through his nose and made his eyes water. As quick as Rod could react, he shoved the foot from his space and smacked his brother's thigh.

"Fucker, how many times -"

"Boys! Behave. Scott will be over in 15 minutes to leave," James ordered as he wiggled his own massive foot at Rod. The brother's feet were huge, while his father's was gigantic. "Go ahead and do mine," James offered.

Rod took the stopper and the eyedropper from the vial and pulled a healthy dose of pheromones from the vial, and dripped it along his father's foot. The pink good dripped slowly and immediately disappeared into his father's foot. Rod did the same to the other foot and watched as it disappeared just as quickly.

"Oh, it tingles," James chuckled to his son as he stretched his foot and pushed it back into his shoes.

"You're up, dumbass. And keep your fucking feet away from my face!" Todd rolled his eyes and lifted his feet. The idea to push them into his brother's mouth and force him to suck on his toes, like he did when they were kids, crossed his mind, but he decided to behave - this time.

Rod covered his brother's overly sweaty feet with a dose of the pheromones and then did the same to his own. The twins giggled as their father did, enjoying the tickling sensation of the liquid as it seeped into the skin. The three pushed their unreasonably large feet back into their shoes and not a moment too soon.

"Hello, you guys ready?" Scott called from the opposite side of the hotel's room.

"Yeah, just getting packed up!" James called to his stepson, and then in a whispered tone, he asked, "So how does this work?"

"We need to sweat, like A LOT, and when Scott smells it, he will become obedient to us. It takes a few days to enter the system and turn his brain to mush entirely. By the time we are back in Washington and able to get him to the attorney's office, he will be begging us to take his money from him." The three men snickered as they grabbed their luggage and headed to the door.

Scott stood outside the door with a giant smile on his face but disdain in his heart for his stepfamily. He was ready to be done with them, once and for all. Scott knew that once he got back to Washington, he would never see them again. He would evict them from HIS house, cut off the allowances his mother started for Rod and Todd, and end all ties from the three.

"You guys ready?" Scott chirped.

"Yup!" Rod and Todd chorused together as they slung their bags over their broad shoulders and barreled out the hotel. James followed closely behind and shut the door behind him.

"Ready to go, son?" James asked Scott.

Scott gave his stepfather a hollow smile.

Fucking hate it when he calls me son, Scott thought.

I fucking hate that fake ass smile of his, James thought.

“Yes, sir,” Scott said a little too overly enthusiastically. The four men silently walked down the hotel hallway, checked out of the hotel, and walked outside. But while Scott walked towards the stop for the airport shuttle, his stepfamily walked towards a large black SUV parked on the side of the building. “Where are yall going? The airport shuttle is this way.” Scott pointed towards the sign.

“There has been a slight change in plans.”

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“Jesus Christ! Can someone turn on the A/C!” Scott moaned from the back row of the vehicle. His friendly, carefree attitude melted away when the inside of the car reached nearly 90 degrees.

“Sorry bud, A/C is broken. That’s why we were able to get it so cheap. Your brothers and I are a little pressed for cash as of late,” James explained as he kept his face forward.

“You’re about to be homeless too,” Scott grumbled as he settled into his chair. His extra-large stepbrother Todd filled his seat, spread across the center row, and pressed into Scott’s body. He pulled into himself more and more, trying to allow a sliver of separation between the two of them, but Todd continued to take the space and press further into his body.

“Did you say something?” James asked, cutting his eyes to the rearview mirror.

“No. Not at all,” Scott said as he settled his head against the window. He pulled his earbuds out of his pocket and shoved them into his ear.

Scott couldn’t believe that the flights were canceled, and now he had to stay with these fuckers for the next two weeks. He couldn’t imagine a worse way to spend his time, but it was just a countdown clock till they were out of his life for Scott.

It wasn't just the heat that woke Scott up several hours later. It was a smell, something musky, something pungent, something that scratched a memory. His eyes opened, and he pulled himself from the window, sniffing the air.

“God, what is that?” Scott cried out as he continued to sniff. Something inside him wanted to continue to sniff while the other half of him withered away at the stench as if it killed something within him. He looked to Todd, who had fallen asleep on the opposite window. He leaned towards his stepbrother and sniffed.

It’s not him, Scott said as he continued to sniff. *Or at least not his armpits.*

Scott continued to search, sniffing the car while Rod and his stepfather focused on the road. He traveled across his stepbrother’s body, sniffing his brother. His eyes followed just a few seconds behind his nose as he unbuckled his seatbelt and fell to the floor of the vehicle, and found his face pressed into Todd’s sneaker.

“Jesus!” Scott grunted in disgust as he found the source of the horrible scent and found he couldn't pull himself away, and some part of him - didn't want to pull out. The plush tongue of the sneaker pressed into Scott's nose as he took another whiff. The salty smell, sucked in by Scott's

overzealous inhale, filtered into his brain and sunk deep into his bones. The smell was disgusting and horrific but so erotic. Scott felt his hands move towards his hardening cock as he sniffed repeatedly.

Jesus, it smells so bad, Scott internally groaned. *Why can't I stop myself?*

With Scott's free hand, he took the sneaker and lifted it. Todd's foot felt heavy in his hand and even heavier as he brought it to his face. Scott knew he was doing something wrong, but his cock grew harder as the shoe closed the gap.

"Humph," Todd grunted as Scott twisted his foot into a weird position. Scott paused, hoping that Todd would not wake up, and much to his luck, Todd fell back asleep. He took the tip of the sneaker and pressed it into his nose, and sniffed.

FUUUUUUUCKKK, Scott silently moaned. Scott dug his fingers into the fabric of the sneaker, forcing Todd's sweaty feet to leak into the shoes that much more. The smell grew more intense as Scott worked over the sneaker. His hands massaged every inch of the shoe, until he felt the surface grow wet.

The sweaty insides squished against his fingers. Scott felt the sweat seep from his stepbrother's toes and into the sneaker material. Todd's foot was a literal waterfall of sweat as it soaked into the shoe. Scott worked his fingers along the sides, massaging the sweat through the fabric and out into the surface—all while the end was lodged against his nose.

"God, help me," Scott whispered as his hand pushed into his shorts and found his rigid cock leaking into his underwear. His cock was wet against his hand, already leaking profusely into his underwear.

"Everything okay back there?" James called back. Scott froze on the floor. His heart fell through the floor and left a mile back as he squeaked his response.

"Yeah."

"We are about another 15 minutes out from the first stop for gas. Go ahead and wake up Todd," Scott called to the back. He looked over at Todd and saw that he had fallen asleep as well but didn't attempt to wake him from his slumber.

Fifteen minutes, Scott thought as he felt the first bit of sweat ooze from the surface. Scott moved his face towards the sweat. Before he could talk himself out of doing it, Scott licked the sweat from the shoe. Scott's cock unloaded into his hand as the musky taste of feet assaulted his tastebuds and rolled back into his throat. *So disgusting.* Scott's hand moved quickly, milking his quick load into his underwear. His sticky seed dripped along his hand and onto his thigh. His brain grew foggy as the intense orgasm ripped through his common sense and pulsed along his body. Even as his testicles ran dry, Scott's cock remained hard, and his tongue wouldn't stop searching for further droplets of Todd's sweaty feet to devour. Every bead taste like unwashed jocks and a sweat-filled locker room. He couldn't control his tongue as it licked away at the shoe. *What is happening to me? Why is this happening? Why can't I stop? Why don't I want to stop?*

Todd's feet flexed within the shoe, swelling slightly within Scott's hands. Scott's grasp releases slightly as he adjusts his grip. He pushed his fingers into his stepbrother's foot, feeling as though he had to work less to force more of the stench through the shoe. Scott looked at the other foot, sitting idly by as

he made out with Todd's left foot. He could see the colors of the shoe change as sweat seeped into the fabric, adding its combined stench to the car. Scott licked his lips as he stared.

Scott leaned forward and pressed his lips to the other shoe, taste Todd's sweaty feet immediately. His tongue took several long, intense strokes across the top of his shoe. He wanted every flavor and droplet on his lips or in his mouth. Scott lost track of time as he made love to his stepbrother's shoe.

Scott broke free of his foot-induced hypnotism when the vehicle began to slow. Scott leaped from the floor and threw himself in the seat next to Todd as he began to move. Todd stretched his body, pushes his meaty arms onto Scott without any care of his personal space.

"Get off me!" Scott shouted, faking annoyance as his stepbrother his sweaty arms into his body. Scott ground his teeth together in an attempt to hold in a moan. The smell only got worse as Todd moved.

"Fuck off," Todd cursed as the car pulled into a parking spot.

"Okay, ten minutes guys, go stretch, get something to eat, take a shit, I don't care—just be back on time," James announced to the car as he stepped out of the vehicle. Scott heard a squish from his stepfather as his feet slammed onto the ground. Rod followed, and lastly, Todd slipped out of the van. Each member slapped their feet onto the ground, and a heavy *squish* came from them. Scott's mouth watered at the sound. He followed after Todd and looked at the ground.

"Fuck," he grunted as he stared at the massive outline of his stepbrother's foot. The sweaty insides had overflowed and created a footprint. Scott looked at the driver's seat and then at the front passenger's seat. Each had a pair of feet walking from the vehicle towards the gas station. His two stepbrothers went to the bathroom while James went to the front to pay for gas. The fresh air thinned out the scent of their sweaty feet, but Scott still followed his stepbrothers towards the bathroom.

He pushed open the door and was gifted by the stench of their feet.

Scott's hand flew to his face as he tried to cover his mouth and nose, but his fingers pulled open at the last moment. Though his mind forced himself to hide and recoil from the smells, his body wanted more of it. He looked to his hulking stepbrother's as they kicked off their shoes. Their once white socks had transitioned to a light shade of gray, darkening from the sweat that had soaked into the tiny cotton socks.

"Fuck! That car is hot as fuck, but I didn't think I was sweating that much," Todd pulled one of his socks and threw it on the floor. It splatted against the dirty tile, throwing sweat onto the muck that surrounded it. Scott's mouth fell open in shock at the size of his stepbrother's. Todd's face tilted as he looked at his foot, looking at it as if he had never seen it before in his life. He pulled away his second sock, threw it towards the first one, and looked even more confused. "Rod, do these look bigger to you?" Rod looked at his brother's feet and thought for a few seconds.

"No, just the same large gorilla feet you always have." Rod sniffed the air and faked a hurl. "Smells -"

"Amazing," Todd whispered as he stood in the doorway. His stepbrothers looked at the entrance, finally noticing that Scott had partially entered the bathroom.

“Occupodo faggot!” Rodd and Todd shouted at Scott. Todd quickly snapped back to reality and backed away from the bathroom. The door slammed shut as Scott tucked himself against the building, covering his hardened cock with his hands.

He waited outside the bathroom for another five minutes while he listened to his stepbrothers jostle around on the inside. He heard the toilet flush twice but didn’t hear any water running inside. They pushed the door open and walked towards the storefront.

“All yours,” Rod shouted. Scott wasn’t sure, but both of them seemed to be off slightly as they walked. Their gaits were marginally wider, and both lifted their legs slightly higher. It was almost as if they weren’t used to their feet anymore, or something had changed in the way they walked. Scott pushed the thought away as he walked into the bathroom.

He stopped when he saw what Rod and Todd had done to the sinks. The socks had been left behind but were forced onto the faucet of both sinks. The sweaty article of clothing stood out like a beacon amongst the filth of the bathroom. The smell drew him forward like a cartoon finger brought an animal to a pie. Scott didn’t even feel himself lift a foot but somehow found his hands, his hands stroking the socks. He couldn’t believe that Rod and Todd had left such a gift for him to find. Scott knew it had been some sort of joke to them, but for Scott—it was a shiny pearl. He didn’t understand what happened or why his hands were undoing his pants, but Scott didn’t stop himself as he dropped his jeans and briefs to the floor. Scott’s cock stuck out towards the sock, like an accusatory finger, pointing at what it wanted to touch.

Gently, Scott pulled the sock from the faucet and forced his cock inside of it.

“OooOOoOOoO,” Scott groaned as the sweaty insides wrapped themselves around his slimy cock. His grip remained loose as he pumped his cock in and out of the sweaty sock. He tightened his hand around his cock and felt the juices from within the clothing leech out onto his cock, further lubricating his fucks. He looked at the second faucet and pulled it from the metal. It felt even more saturated than the first sock. His mouth opened as if his cock had already made up his mind about what to do with the second one. Scott forced the sweaty sock into his mouth. He gagged as the smell and taste overwhelmed him. His throat tightened as the horrible flavor worked its way. Scott’s stomach twisted in disgust as his cock throbbed or more.

So nasty. So sweaty. So fucking manly. God! Todd’s feet are massive. Why do they taste so good? Scott’s mind was a whirlwind of lust and revulsion as he pumped and sucked

Pumped and sucked

Pumped and sucked

As Scott pleased himself, he stared at his reflection in the dirty mirror. Scott pitied the wild animal he saw in the mirror. His reflection looked like it was taken directly from the darkest pits of pornography.

“Mmph,” he cried out. He bit down hard on the sock within his mouth. The force sent the rest of the sweat from within the sock into his mouth, and Scott unhappily swallowed the whole load. The musky taste of his stepbrother’s foot filled his stomach as he unloaded into the sock. His body shook violently as his cock shot out his second load within the last hour. Scott gripped the dirty sink as he tried to focus

himself and wait for the waves of pleasure to end. He opened his mouth, and the sock fell limply from his mouth and onto the stained porcelain.

Unbeknownst to him, the door to the bathroom cracked open, and his stepbrothers watched as he unloaded into the dirty sock.

“See, I told you he would go for the bait,” Rod told his brother.

“I didn’t say I didn’t believe you,” Todd said as they pulled away. Todd looked at his feet as they let the door softly shut behind them. “But for real, do my feet look bigger? My shoes just feel tight for some reason.”

“You’re probably just retaining water or something,” Rod explained, knowing that he felt as if his feet had swelled since they had begun their car ride together. “Yeah, just water,” Rod repeated. He tried to reassure himself of the fact, but something in him said it was the solution he applied to his family’s feet. “Let’s get back to the car before dad leaves without us.” Todd agreed as the two walked away.

The two brothers walked across the parking lot. Rod stumbled twice while Todd tripped three times over his feet. They both knew something was off, but both were too afraid to admit anything to the other.

“About fucking time,” James shouted as Todd and Rod moved into their seats. Scott followed behind thirty seconds later, silently sitting in his seat. “Y’all good to go?”

“Yup,” the three responded.

James put the car in drive without another word and pulled back onto the highway. The four sat silently in the vehicle as the vehicle picked up speed.

Scott’s mind was on the sock tucked around his cock and in his pocket, begging to be used.

Todd’s mind was on how uncomfortably tight his shoes continued to feel.

Rod’s mind was on the solution he gave his family and how he wished he read the warning.

James, on the other hand, could only think about the money he was desperate to steal.

Hotel for Four

James drove until the sun had buried itself deep beneath the skyline of the west coast. He wanted to go as far as his body could take him, knowing that every mile that he drove, he drew closer to the fortune that was rightfully his. Just the thought of how much money his dead wife left her brat gave him the energy to push until the dashboard clock switched over to the next day. If it weren't for his exhaustion and the constant strain on his feet, he would have driven all night long, but his feet ached with a need to relax. He pulled off the road and found the nearest hotel . . . or more specifically . . . he found a motel. He checked in while his sons and Scott were asleep.

"Two rooms," James requested.

"That will be \$450.00 for the night. Extra if you are looking for a late checkout."

"FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS?! That's fucking highway robbery," James barked. The clerk shrugged his fatty shoulders.

"Well, supply and demand. We supply the room, so we can demand how much we want for it."

"That's not even what that means!"

"Doesn't matter. You want the rooms or not?"

James imagined throwing himself over and bashing the clerk's face into the keyboard, several times but a level head won out. James took out his wallet and flung his credit card at the man.

"Just one room then. Two king-sized beds."

The clerk typed away at the computer, slid the card, and waited for it to process.

Please just fucking go through, James silently prayed.

The machine gave a satisfying beep, and James relaxed.

"Go ahead and sign here, initial here, and here are your room keys. Will we be expecting you for your complimentary breakfast in the morning?" The clerk asked as James exited the small welcome area without another word.

"Boys! Get up!" He shouted to the sleeping men of his car. They each slowly roused from their dreams, stretching and grunting as their bones popped and bodies came back to life. "Room 302, Rod, make sure all three of you get in," James warned. He knew his son enjoyed torturing their shrimpy stepbrother, but he was too tired to listen to Scott bang on the door if they locked him out.

Rod gave a thumbs-up as he fell back asleep with his head against the window.

"Jesus Christ," James cursed as he pressed firmly on the horn.

HOOOOOOONNKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

The loud sound jolted the three men awake.

“GET TO THE FUCKNG ROOM!”

“I got it!” Rod shouted back to his dad. “Don’t gotta be such an ass about it.”

James chose not to further fight with his son and instead walked to the room.

“God, why do my feet hurt!” James asked as he walked up the stairs to the motel room. His feet thudded heavily against the ground, sounding like some sort of heavy-footed animal galloped up the stairs. He entered the room and rolled his eyes. “God fucking damn it!”

It wasn’t just that the room was small; it was practically microscopic. A single king-sized bed took up the bulk of the room. There were only a few feet between the walls, the bed, and the tv that sat at the base of the bed. James considered marching down to the front desk and demand a larger room with two beds, as he requested, but the pain he felt from walking grew more intense with every step.

“Whatever,” James grumbled. It wasn’t the first time he had to share a bed with his sons.

Scott, on the other hand, could take the floor.

James wondered into the close quarters, sitting on the corner of the bed. He looked at his feet and felt like he could visibly see them throb within his shoes. He kicked one shoe off and immediately felt relief wash over him.

“What the hell,” James whispered as he compared his two feet. The naked one stretched at least two inches further than his other shoed one. He remembered the day prior when the shoes were flapping loosely around his bed, forcing him to wear an extra pair of socks at the funeral. But now, he wasn’t sure he could even get the shoe back on. James forced the second shoe off and felt that much more comfortable. He flexed his feet, feeling like a gorilla with his somehow enlarged toes. Each of his toes seemed to have grown in length and width. He cracked his toes and felt sweat squeezed from underneath the skin, soaking his fingers.

James quickly wiped his hands on the blanket and tucked the memory away, burying it beneath the lie he told himself.

“Probably just from driving all day. Yeah, that’s it. It’s just stress.”

He stripped away his clothes as he heard his sons jostle up the stairwell, groggily walking to the room. James chose the side furthest from the door, hiding his abnormal swollen feet beneath the comforter.

“Dude! The fuck?” Todd cursed as he stood at the door to the room.

“I know. Just lay down and shut up.”

Rod arrived at the room second. He opened his mouth to question the single bed, but Todd warned him with a single look.

Tonight was not the night to test him, the look said.

“I guess I’ll take the middle,” rod said, knowing he was the smaller one compared to his brother. He dropped his backpack along the sliver of a walkway and threw himself into the middle of the bed.

“And that means you get the floor,” Todd said, patting Scott on the shoulder.

“What?” Scott sleepily asked.

“Now be a good boy and make sure you don’t wake master like a good doggo,” Todd said as he demeaningly rubbed his stepbrother’s head, messing Scott’s hair.

Scott didn’t have the energy or the desire to argue with his stepfamily as he entered the room last. He took the quilted blanket from atop the comforter and snatched a pillow from the bed before Todd claimed it. He settled at the base of the bed on the floor. Todd turned off the single light, and the four men fell quickly asleep.

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Scott wasn’t sure what time he woke up, but he knew it was still dark outside. He twisted on the floor in an attempt to find comfort on the rock hard floor, but his spine cried for something softer. Scott flipped, turned, and adjusted himself until he found himself back in the same space he stared - face up with his back on the floor. But his eyes had adjusted to the darkness of the room, and as he stared up at the ceiling, he saw what peaked over the edge.

Three pairs of ghostly feet had fallen over the edge. Edge set stretched down towards him, running along the mattress, as each of the men on the bed slept on their stomach. Scott sniffed the air and found the stench of their feet had overrun the room, filling it with their musky smell. Scott shirked away the blanket and unzipped his pants. His cock was already hard and eager to play. He pawed the ground next to him, finding his jeans and the pair of socks hidden within his pocket.

He sniffed the socks but found the scent had left them.

Why do I need the milk when I have the cow right in front of me, Scott thought as he threw the socks away and stared at the mouth-watering feet that hung just inches from his face. Each foot glistened with a layer of sweat gathered within the previous hours. He lazily stroked his cock as he stared at the pairs.

“Just a sniff and back to bed,” Scott said to himself as he leaned towards Rod’s feet—the widest pair of the three. Slowly, Scott inched towards Rod’s exposed feet.

His mouth opened.

His tongue extended.

Scott dragged his tongue against Rod’s broad foot. Scott’s body shook as he collected the sweat that had leaked from Rod’s foot while he slept. Scott kept his movements slow and heavy, making sure to stay away from any type of sensations that could be considered ticklish. His tongue worked its way around the broad outline of Rod’s left foot, finding its way to his pinky toe. Before Scott could consider what his body was forcing him to do, he took the toe into his mouth.

I can’t believe I’m doing this, Rod cried.

Rod's toe found itself encircled by Scott's lips. He pressed his face forward, sucking the small appendage into his mouth. Scott found sweat buried in the crevice between the two toes and thoroughly cleaned the area before releasing the toe and moving onto the next one. Scott's hand never left his aching cock as he washed his stepbrother's toes. Around each toe, Scott found more sweat, more musk, more manly flavor. When Scott arrived at Rod's big toe, he paused and stared at the massive digit—the manly toe that seemed to tease him with its taste.

“Just one more. One more, and I will cum, and then I can go back to bed,” Scott said to himself as he opened his mouth and worshipped Rod's large toe. It filled Scott's mouth in an unusual sensual way. His tongue found the mass and massaged it. It lapped against the underside, washing away the muck and the grime from the day. It swirled around the tip and washed his toenail.

Scott found essences that he could not describe.

Tastes he could not understand.

Scents that were Rod's manhood turned perfume.

Just cum and go back to bed. Just cum, Scott pleaded, wanting the experience to end.

Scott pumped his cock roughly within his hand as he sucked Rod's big toe as if it were the most delicious flavor. The harder he jerked, the more aggressively he sucked. He cared not for the slurping sounds he created within the room, only the worship, the humiliation, and the demeaning act he forced himself complete.

“MMMMPPHHH,” Scott cried out as his back arched and his groin pointed towards the ceiling. He bit down as his cock unleashed onto his stomach, covering himself in a load of cum.

“The fuck!” Rod shouted from the bed, thrashing from within the center. Groans came from either side of him as his rough movements woke up his father and brother. Rod ripped his toe from Scott's mouth.

Scott acted quickly and threw his blanket back over his naked, cum-covered body while Rod launched himself over Todd for the light switch.

The single light flared to life, blinding the four men. They all groaned in displeasure as if it were the very sun that forced them to awake hours too early.

“The fuck, Rod! I just got to sleep!” James shouted as he buried his head beneath his pillow.

“Something bit me!” Rod shouted.

“What?” Todd asked.

“Something fucking bit me!”

Rod lifted his massive foot to his brother. A faint outline of teeth surrounded the base of Rod's largest toe, but Todd gave a wave of disinterest before he hid beneath the comforter, hiding from the horrible light.

“Did you see anything?” Rod asked, thumping his massive feet across the floor.

“Nope!” Scott responded quickly. “Maybe it was a rat or something?”

“Some big fucking rat,” Rod looked around the small room, searching under the bed, and opened the bathroom door. Scott hid within the quilt as Rod marched around the room. He prayed that Rod would find him as the culprit of the “late-night nibble.”

Scott pretended to fall back asleep, but as Rod repeatedly walked around the small room, he heard his footsteps become wetter and wetter as if his feet were already adding a layer of sweat back. Rod’s every step became heavier and wetter, soaking the carpet with this sweaty foot and marking the room with his stench. With a humph of surrender, Rod flipped the lights back off, slid into bed, and fell back asleep while Scott thought about his stepbrother’s wet footsteps.

His tongue found the areas of his mouth that held the flavor of his stepbrother's foot and relished in its musky flavor. Scott’s hand found his cock once more and rubbed his aching shaft, needing to cum again. He looked to the feet that hovered over him, not hungry for the taste but pleasuring himself to the sight of the massive soles above him. He stared at their sweaty surfaces, their long meaty toes, their heavy manly scent that seemed to tease Scott with every molecule of their aroma.

“Just a taste. Just one more taste, and I can stop. Just . . . of fuck. One taste of their fucking nasty, musky, manly feet and I can . . . fuck.”

Scott shot a pathetic dribble across his lower abdomen. He saw the sun begin to shine through the sheer curtains of the room. Scott milked whatever was left within his ballsac and urged it across his body. His toes went numb as the feeling of enjoyment radiated through him. His orgasm seemed to go on for several long minutes as he stared into the soles of his family members. His mouth remained hungry for their feet until the moment his orgasm ceased, and reality weighed on his mind.

“YUCK!” Scott cried out as he rubbed the quilt on his tongue, choosing the taste of the unwashed fabric to his stepbrother’s feet. He threw the quilt over himself, hiding his shame beneath the ugly blanket. He hoped sleep would come quickly to push away the thoughts of feet that began to dance to the front of his mind and the slight tingle that began to radiate from his own feet.

It's Leaking

Scott woke up three hours later, tasting the sweat of my stepbrother's foot on my tongue. James, Rod, and Todd were all still fast asleep, but the crack in the curtains shined light directly on his face. He tossed around on the ground, feeling his back tightened as he turned too quickly towards one direction.

"Fuck," Scott cursed, feeling the muscles along his spine tighten uncomfortably. Slowly he twisted his waist and his upper body in two separate directions.

Pop pop pop

The bones along his back snapped into place. Scott let out a satisfying sigh. His body was righted.

Though something felt almost . . . *wet*.

Scott threw off the blankets and looked at his underwear. The cum from the night before had dried and crusted along his lower abdomen. He lifted his underwear, thinking he had wet himself or had a wet dream from the few hours of sleep. But the damp feeling did not come from his cock or the front of his body. It was lower, deeper within Scott's underwear.

He spread his legs and searched underneath his balls with his fingers. They sank two inches between his butt cheeks when he felt the wetness. He examined his fingers and watched as the liquid slowly dripped down his index finger, falling into his palm.

What in the world?

It wasn't liquid—it was goo. It was thick and spread between my fingers as Scott stretched them apart. The sensation was odd as it clung and lubricated his fingers. The smell came swiftly to his nostrils during his examination.

The musky, almost hot stench radiated from his hand. The smell reminded him of the taste of Rod's feet and Todd's socks. The manly smell of hard work and sweat.

"I wonder . . .?"

Scott hesitantly brought his fingers to his lips, extended his tongue, and licked the small amount that collected between his fingers.

"Oh god." Scott's body shivered, and his senses exploded at the taste. He pushed his finger's deeper into his mouth, devouring every droplet of the stranger goo that had found its way in between his cheeks. Scott rolled onto his stomach and fished his hand into the backside of his underwear. He felt a wet spot on the seat of his underwear and knew it was from the alien goop.

His buttocks spread open as his hand dove into the uncharted territory of buttcrack. Now an inch into the depths of his crack, he found the thick liquid dripped along his buttcrack. His hand slid along the crack, collecting all that he could find, and brought it to his mouth to consume.

While the first gulp was salty and heavy, this one tasted almost—sweet. His tongue looped around his fingers, groaning between every slurp of the strange liquid. Scott pushed his underwear to his ankles, positioned his pillow beneath his body, and lifted his cheeks into the air for him to further his investigation. Scott found his cock throbbing against the cushion and humped it. His head returned to his butt and dug deeper, finding even more of the thick, delicious slime buried within his cheeks. Scott's fingers wormed itself to the base of his crack. His finger grazed his hold and felt it ooze more of the delicious liquid.

“OooOOooOOOOo.”

Scott's finger rotated around his hole as more of the goo leaked from his body. He massaged himself gently, rubbing the unfamiliar area as his hole continued to spread into his palm. Scott humped his pillow, urging his cock to orgasm for the umpteenth time. He waited until his palm was filled with the weird liquid, and he brought it back to his mouth. He stared at the translucent goo, noting how it looked like an obscene combination of cum, sweat, and lube, but somehow it was edible, and Scott wanted it.

Don't do it. Just wipe it on the floor and go back to sleep. Wash it down the drain.

Scott pushed his face into his palm. He ate, licked, and wolfed down every molecule of the goo, finding himself brought to new levels of pleasure that not even his stepbrother's feet gave him.

His humping became louder, and his eating grew more ravenous. It was like he was ingesting pure aphrodisiac.

“Just cum, and it can be over. Just cum.”

Scott bit down on the quilt as his body shook with orgasm. His cock did not issue a load; his balls drained from the night before. Yet, while his cock did not shoot a load. His hole seemed to spasm between his cheeks. It was like a geyser shoot from his asshole. The unknown liquid shot from within him leaked its way down his crack and collected on the pillow. Scott's stomach rumbled at the thought of sucking his pillow dry or eating the vicious liquid that contained between his cheeks. But before he could lift the pad from underneath him, Scott heard his stepfamily begin to awaken.

“What time is it?” James groggily asked. His sons gave a half-hearted response, grumbling incoherently within their sleep.

Stealthily, Scott slipped the pillow from under him and pretended to be asleep. He listened to his stepfather as he slid from the bed and stumbled to the bathroom—James's oversized feet, causing several missteps as he squeezed between the wall and the bed frame. Scott peeked open an eye as James crossed in front of him. His stepfather stepped over his “sleeping” body, and Scott saw the morning wood that fell into the leghole of James's boxers. The head of his cock pointed at Scott like it knew he was watching it. The thick shaft bounced over his vision, and in that split-second moment, Scott's leaking hole begged for it to fill him.

It's so big.

Scott squeezed his eyes shut, pleading the sensations, the hunger, the recent addictions that plagued him would vanish. But some part of Scott knew—it was only going to get worst.

* * *

James laid against the commode as he sat down and peed. His heavy cock touched the water within the basin as he waited for his morning wood to go down.

He checked his watch and sighed at the time.

He overslept, which meant that his card would be charged that late check. Which then meant his card would decline. James sat on the toilet while calculating the lack of money, gas, and the distance he still needed to travel. His mind drifted from his cock that wouldn't go down to his swollen feet that tapped against the murky bathroom tile. Though his stomach grumbled, what James wanted—what he wanted more than anything right now.

“God, I need a fuck.”

James slammed his head into the wall of the bathroom a handful of times, softly hitting the need out of his body.

It had been nearly half a year since he had last fucked his wife. The illness and his lack of interest in her combined into an extinguished sexual attraction.

“What I wouldn't give to have her lips around my cock one last time, though,” James dreamily said as he stroked his cock.

She did have a GREAT pair of lips.

Scott has a pair just like her.

James had been with men before; he didn't consider himself bisexual—more of an opportunist. It didn't matter if a dude wanted to suck down his load or a chick. All that mattered was that his balls got drained. He imagined Scott stretching his pretty mouth around his cock. He imagined Scott sitting between his legs. Scott's mouth accepting his cock without restraint or obstacle. James imagined that Scott would not know how to properly suck his cock, but he would show him how to take it and milk every bead of semen from his balls. James's hand worked along his shaft and rubbed his head, falling deeper into his imagination.

His stepson didn't just have his mother's lips; he had his mother's ass. He couldn't help but stare at the rip, firm peach that he squeezed into those tight dress pants. The plaid pattern stretched so tightly across Scott's ass, teasing James as his dead wife was buried. As James sunk deeper into his imagination, he tightened his hand, pretending it was his stepson's virgin hole he was fucking. James pumped his hips back and forth, wanting Scott to moan with him.

“Dad! I have to take a piss, are you done jerking off!” Todd shouted through the door.

And there goes the mood.

James stared at his beat red cock and let out a sigh of annoyance and horniness.

“Dad! I really gotta piss.”

Todd pounded on the door. James saw his son's shadow dance beneath the door.

“Five more days,” James whispered to himself.

Just five more days . . . if I'm lucky.

“For the love of God, dad, I’m about to -”

“I’m heard you the first ten times!” James bellowed as he slammed his hand on the toilet flapper, flushing the toilet. James tucked his cock back into his boxers and threw open the door.

“Have fun?” Todd joked. His eyes went down to his dad’s obvious boner, and he laughed. “Apparently, I stepped in a few minutes too soon.” James pushed past his larger son and stomped towards the window. He threw open the curtains, sending the daytime sun onto his family.

“We leave in thirty minutes. Shit, piss, shower, charge whatever you need. We aren’t stopping until we are out of gas.” Rod gave his father a thumbs up as he expanded across the room. His ass lifted into the air slightly, farting loudly.

“Idiots. I’m surrounded by idiots.” James rubbed his temples, feeling the migraine that had already started to form. “What are you looking at?” James barked, noticing Scott’s unblinking gaze on him.

Scott quickly tossed around within his blankets, hiding himself within the small quilt.

“Sorry, was . . . I was thinking about something else,” Scott stammered.

Thinking about this dick.

James internally joked. He stared at his stepson and saw something in his eyes that he recognized. A look that his ex-wife gave him when she was in the mood.

Maybe.

James tucked the thought away as he stepped outside. He wrapped his arms around his center, feeling the bite of the morning air.

“Now, how am I gonna get us out of the late afternoon charge.”

A Front-seat Blowjob

Scott hid beneath the quilt as Rod and Todd gathered their belongings, showered, and left the room. The heavy smell of their sweaty feet poured into the room as they plotted around and readied for another long day in the rental.

The hotel room door slammed shut behind Rob, and Todd and Scott jumped from the floor. His aching hardon bulged from within his briefs. With less than five minutes to spare, per his stepfather, Scott went into the bathroom and dropped his underwear, bent over, and spread his cheeks.

“Holy fuck,” Scott gasped as he stared at his puffy asshole. Thick white slime leaked from his puffy donut. He relaxed and watched as his hole gaped, practically begging for something to fill the emptiness. Scott’s fingers traced the outer rim of his hole, and he shivered. Every soft graze was like an electric shot through his body. His cock remained hard, but it did not leak the usual precum that Scott had come to expect

His brow furrowed as Scott tightened his hole—or at least attempted. His inflated asshole seemed to close, but not the entire way. The leaking lessened, but a steady drip continued.

“What’s happening to me?”

Scott rolled, took a wad of toilet paper, and pressed it into his hole, absorbing whatever slime that had already leaked. He went back for a second and a third, pressing it firmly until his hole was dry. He spread his cheeks once more.

It looked almost normal. The rim was still inflamed and puffy, and it still leaked, but Scott was able to stifle the floor for at least now when he focused his complete attention on his hole.

With the last few sheets of toilet paper, Scott stuffed them into the back of his underwear, hoping that it would be enough for the ride today. With one final glance at his backside, Scott grabbed his backpack and left the room.

He had hope that he could remain hidden in the far back row of the van, but when he saw that Rod and Todd had laid out on both rows, Scott had only one option.

“Looks like your my co-captain for the day.” James gave his stepson a hesitant smile.

Scott mirrored the awkwardness.

“You don’t mind if I don’t put on pants, do you?” James asked, motioning to his boxers. “It’s too fucking hot today to even consider janes.”

Scott looked down at his stepfather’s exposed lower half.

Fuck

His cock bulged so deliciously in the front of his underwear. Scott wasn't sure if his stepdad was hard or if he was naturally thick. Either way, his hefty front package was abundantly clear. Scott's leaking hole seemed to pulse at the sight, finally finding what it needed to satisfy the hunger that grew within his body.

"Hello?"

"Oh—sorry, yeah, that's fine." Scott stammered. James's awkward smile transformed into something more curious as he stared at his stepson.

"Cool," James said as he adjusted his front pouch.

Scott wasn't sure, but he was certain that his stepdad's cock seemed to acknowledge his stare with a bounce.

The two situated themselves into the car and said nothing for the first hour of the drive. The two exchanged casual glances or nods to one another, but nothing audible was shared. Rod and Todd had fallen fast asleep and snored loudly.

On the surface, Scott's and James's silence was their typical annoyance for one another. But below the exterior, both were a tsunami of thoughts and emotions.

Scott remained vigilant on clenching his hole, even though everything urged him to release and give in to the feelings. The harsh smell of feet seemed only to increase as the day grew hotter. Scott hid his cock beneath his backpack and couldn't help himself from thrusting into the heavy bag.

And Scott was not the only front seater that battled his internal thoughts.

James continued to through the casual look at his stepson, seeing more and more of his ex-wife in Scott's features, specifically his lips. The two plump pillows begged for a cock, and the constant stream of sexual thoughts forced James's cock to inflate. He would though his thoughts to the road, the money, the fact that his overdrawn credit card, but just a glance at his stepson and his cock would reinflate to its thickest potential.

James wasn't sure if it was his horniness, his tiredness, or just his lack of control, but he decided to be brave.

"You gay?"

"What?!" Scott shouted back, caught off guard by the question and the forwardness of his stepfather.

"What? We are family here, just curious." James threw a casualness into his question, but his cock was adamant in the seriousness of it. "So are you?"

"No, I mean—I don't think I am," Scott whispered the second half.

"You don't know?" Scott questioned, trying to hide the excitement in his voice. "What do you mean you don't know?"

"I haven't had, any experience I guess."

“Is it an experience that you want to have?”

“I don’t know.”

“Seems like you don’t know a lot of things,” James laughed. “Here, let me show you something.”

James took a hand off the wheel and withdrew his cock. It pointed toward upward—a bead of sweat or precum leaked along the shaft, rolling down to his heavy balls.

“God, it’s bigger than I thought,” Scott gasped. His concentration released his hole, and a large gush of goo seeped into the toilet paper and his shorts. Scott squeezed his knees together, rubbing his cock from all sides as he felt the emptiness in him attack him more than ever before.

“What do you think of that,” James asked, waving his cock with one hand while the other remained glued to the wheel.

“It’s . . . fucking huge.” Scott felt his body moving of its own accord, drawing him closer to his stepfather’s erect cock.

“Ever wondered what it would be like to suck a cock?”

“No . . .”

“Liar,” James teased his stepson as Scott crossed the center console and hovered over his cock. His eyes leaked hunger as his hole gushed his thick cum-like slime. Scott’s mouth fell open as he stared at his stepfather’s swollen head.

Scott hesitantly reached out to the cock and squeezed it. His stepfather groaned at Scott’s soft hands as it encircled his rod. Another, heavier bead of precum overflowed from his slit.

A hand appeared behind Scott’s head and pushed him forward.

“Why don’t you just have a taste.” James pushed his stepson’s head lower as he internally screamed for himself to stop.

You’re not gay. This isn’t you. You don’t want to suck a cock. You’re not gay!