

## 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.

“OooOOooOOOoO,” 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 shod 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 searched the floor for his stepbrother’s sweatiest footprint.

He searched the floor like a hound dog searching for a missing child.

He sniffed the air. He licked the ground. He pressed his face into the carpet. With each attempt, Scott hoped to receive the satisfying squish that his cock demanded.

Scott hated himself as he searched. He was disgusted in how his cock somehow lusted for the sweaty taste of Rod’s foot even though it continued to make his stomach churn. He couldn't explain it. No matter how much he tried to pull himself away or say it would be the last one, his body continued to search for every print buried within the carpet.

Scott crawled around the space like a deranged animal, licking up every droplet of sweat that had soaked into the disgusting carpet. He left a trail of precum as he sought out his next treasure. Each footprint would receive the same appreciation and worship. He licked, sniffed, kissed, and then humped the space until he came.

As Scott shot a pathetic dribble across the final footstep, he saw the sun begin to shine through the sheer curtains of the room. He didn’t know how long he had spent searching for Rod’s sweaty footprints or how he could have cum so many times, but as he crawled beneath the quilted blanket, Scott was very concerned for the remainder of the trip and the slight tingle he felt begin to radiate from his toes.