

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 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 penchant for tight shorts and no underwear. Scott hated the way they peacock 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 be 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 were 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, 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 intense, 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 richer 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, unto 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 Rodd 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 adjuster 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 show. 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, tasting 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, pushed his meaty arms onto Scott without any care of his personal space.

"Get off me!" Scott shouted, faking annoyance as his stepbrother threw 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 floor, 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 marginally 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 see. 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.

“OooOOooOOoO,” 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 disgust 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 hose 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 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 a 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 demanding 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 with 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 rockhard 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 on to 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 more soaked, 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 fast asleep, but the crack in the curtains shined light directly on his face. He tossed around on the ground, feeling his back tighten 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 was 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’ve 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 throw 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 Scott 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!

Scott’s mouth opened for him to deny his stepfather’s suggestion, but instead, he found the older man’s cock pushed beyond his lips. His lips closed around the spongy head of the cock, and his tongue licked against the tip. A bead of cum oozed onto his tastebuds, and a shiver ran along his spine. Something tasted almost . . . familiar to Scott as the taste awoke memories of the day prior. Scott remained at the edge as he continued to lick and swirl his tongue around the tip. Droplets of cum immediately reappeared as soon as his tongue took the previous treat. The more he stole, the more Scott wanted.

He couldn’t believe it.

It was nearly identical to the taste of Rod’s sweaty feet and the flavor of Todd’s socks. Scott couldn’t quite wrap his mind around it. How could James’s cum taste like his son’s feet but even more—why was Scott so addicted to the flavor.

“Yah need me to push you down more? Or do you know what you are doing?” James laughed as he continued to stare forward, keeping his eyes on the road even though his mind was clearly distracted by his stepson’s silky tongue. Scott took his stepfather’s suggestion and took another inch into his mouth. His lips slipped around his thick shaft, keeping a tight ring around his stepparent’s member.

James grunted in appreciation as Scott sunk deeper.

“That’s a good boy.”

James rubbed the back of Scott’s head. He felt a tingle of pride as his stepfather gave him Scott’s first and only positive encouragement.

“Making your daddy very happy.”

You don’t want that. You don’t want to make him happy or proud. God, I’m gonna be sick.

Scott could not help but want to move further onto his stepfather’s cock, wanting to feel that sense of pride, that tingle once more inside of him. He stared down at his stepdad’s unnaturally hefty balls as they bounced along the highway.

They just look so . . . so full.

The hunger that Scott had satiated the night before with his stepbrother’s sweaty soles and musky toes was being reignited by James’s cock.

“God, you’re such a fucking tease just like your mom!”

James raised his hips, jabbing his cock forcefully and unexpectedly into Scott’s throat. He briefly gagged as he tried to control his reflex, not wanting this to end but also—he would want to do anything but this.

“Just breathe through your nose. Slow and deep.” James coached. “Your mother had a lot of trouble taking it. It is pretty *thick*. But I see that most of the fags that I find to blow me are even more eager because its . . . you know . . . *thick*.”

Scott moaned in agreement. James rubbed his hand through the back of Scott’s hair.

“Just think, if I knew you were a queer. We could have been doing this for years. Just think you could have been sucking me off while your mom was at work.” He laughed at the idea, and Scott couldn’t help but groan while his cock hardened against his better judgment. Scott pressed his crotch into the center console, grinding it into the soft leather. His mouth relaxed as Scott allowed his body to enjoy the pleasure.

“There we go!” Scott’s mouth slid the remainder of James’s shaft. His lips ended at the base and pressed into his stepfather’s hairy bush. Scott pushed his nose into the dense, curly hairs and inhaled deeply.

Fuuuuuuuck. Why does it have to smell so good? So manly.

Scott huffed on his stepfather’s pubes as he slowly withdrew and descended for the second time. He gagged a little on the second time going down, but as he got into the motion, following along with the

bouncing and jostling of the car. Scott's timing only improved. James removed his hand from Scott's head and relaxed deeper into the chair. He noticed his stepson humping the center console but said nothing.

At several different moments, Scott felt his disgust for his stepfather and in himself bubble towards the surface. The emotion caused Scott to pause, forcing him to remember what he was doing and how much he wanted to stop. But the feeling would dissipate and slowly bury itself beneath the hunger and lust he felt.

The swollen balls that hung just an inch from Scott's mouth pulled towards the underside of James's penis. His stepfather's thrusts grew more aggressive, thrusting harder and deeper into the back of Scott's throat.

Two halves of Scott shouted as James let out a deep groan.

Don't cum. Please don't cum. I can't do this.

Fuck. Please cum. Give it to me. Feed me your load.

James pulled away slightly, thinking to unload onto Scott's face, but Scott forced the member into the farthest depths of his throat and felt his stepfather's load. Scott felt the load travel along the shaft in his mouth and out from the tip. The musky taste deposited itself directly into Scott, and he swallowed every ounce he could. The load traveled upward into his mouth and out the edges of his lips, leaking into his stepfather's thighs. Scott constantly swallowed, massaging the load out of his stepparent's cock. James let out several grunts as the orgasm gave away to waves of oversensitivity.

Scott's humping of the center console transformed into grinding, edging himself into his own orgasm. Scott lost himself, forgetting that he was in a car. That he was sucking his stepfather's cock. Or that his two stepbrothers were just feet away from him. They could be watching him, but he was so lost . . . he didn't even care.

"Mmm."

Scott felt his cock lurch forward within his shorts, spewing a thin load into his underwear. He moaned loudly around his stepfather's cock. He released cries of enjoyment as he nursed the last drops from his stepfather's cock and rubbed the load from himself. James's cock went soft within Scott's mouth before he finally released it. He wiped the sides of his lips and found a dollop of cum on the tips of his fingers.

I can't believe it.

He looked at his stepfather, and he had a self-satisfied look on his face. Scott looked back at the cum and wanted it. His mouth watered. He needed it. He placed his free hand on his stomach, feeling the rest of the cum bubble within his belly, begging for him to continue to feed on the older man's load.

Please, just stop. Just stop.

My inner voice grew quieter as I leaned towards my fingers and sucked them dry. James chuckled as he caught Scott's action from the side of his eye.

“What’s so funny?” A groggy voice asked from the back seat. Scott’s head snapped to the side, looking in the rearview mirror to see if his secret act was found out.

“Nothing. Just Scott said something funny,” James lied, tucking his softened cock into his pants.

“That would . . .” Todd yawned, “. . .be a first.”

Scott’s face soured. He sunk into his seat, pulling his knees into his chest. He stared at his faded reflection in the front window.

Another week and everything will be back to normal.

Another week and then you can put all this behind you.

Another week and you won't ever have to see them again.

Scott spoke the words within his mind, hoping to steel himself against any further weirdness. James said nothing about the blowjob he just received or any of the overtly sexual things he said to Scott. There was only silence, and Scott was thankful for it.

The peace of the vehicle was ended two hours later when a heavy *thunk* and *hiss* came from beneath the hood. Smoke spewed in thick dark clouds, forcing James onto the side of the country road. The vehicle came to a near screeching halt, throwing Todd and Rod into each other and the sides of the car.

“What the fuck, Dad!?”

“Shut up!” James shouted back as he turned the car off. The engine continued to whirl for several seconds after the keys were removed and finally shut off with a rather final sounding *thump*.

James stepped out of the car and opened the hood. A heavy billow of smoke released into James’s face. He threw himself back, hacking and coughing the smoke from his lungs. Todd kicked open his door and peeked his head outside.

“What’s wrong?”

“Do I look like a mechanic?” James shouted back, continuing to cough.

“I’m calling roadside!”

James gave a thumbs-up before he spit out a thick loogie and stepped back into the car.

“They said it’s going to be two hours,” Rodd announced to the car. The rest of the vehicle gave a deep grunt of disapproval.

“Jesus, it’s hot,” Scott whined, saying his first sentence since he ingested his stepfather’s load. He opened the front passenger door and received a blast of heat from the hot air. “God, I don’t know what’s worse with the door open or closed.” Though the air-conditioner didn’t work, they were able to circulate air through the car at least. Now with the heat of the sun, paired with the unmoving air, the four men were miserable.

The next hour the joined family complained, whined, and sweated within their oven of a car. The sun began to set, which forced one side of the vehicle to be in direct sunlight while the other was gifted a reprieve of shade. Unluckily, the sun continued to burn through the car's passenger side, which meant that Scott and Rod were forced to sit on the ground on the shaded side. Rod sat next to the back passenger's door while Scott sat next to the driver's side. Scott had wanted to sit near the back, away from his stepfather and the confusion that still fogged his head.

Another thirty minutes passed, but the energy of the four plummeted, and so did the whining. Rod fell asleep against the back wheel while Todd had done the same in the center row, while James passed out with half of his body in the vehicle and the other half hanging from the car.

Scott would have given into the heat and the need for sleep if not for his stepfather's feet that hung just inches from his face.

Don't do it.

Don't do it.

PLEASE DON'T DO IT.

Scott felt the pull of his stepfather's sneakers. The noxious scent of his sweaty feet continued to bake away within the polyester and rubber.

You won't do it.

Just breathe through your nose. That's all you need. You don't need to be closer.

He agreed with his thoughts. Scott closed his mouth and inhaled once through his nose. Just a little hit to get his mind clear and allow him to move on and stop thinking about the massive, manly, sweaty feet of his stepfamily.

He immediately regretted his choice.

The odor that radiated just inches from him invaded his body and inflated his cock like a balloon. Scott shoved his hand into his pants, massaging his fully erect cock, and inhaled again—he inhaled deep.

More, his cock begged as he took another hit of the foot-tainted air. His cock throbbed and urged him to go closer, to smell more, to taste more. Scott's head fell into the car's panel as he closed his eyes and imagined a reality where his desires were real.

Images of his father's feet as they hovered over him, dripping sweaty into his open mouth. He could beg to taste the deep sweaty pores of his foot, and his stepfather would allow it. He would feed Scott for hours, giving him access to every inch of his foot. Forcing him into a pleasure-induced high, for which there was no return. Scott thought of the night before and how his stepfather's feet were just inches from his mouth, how Scott hated himself for not taking advantage of the moment and bathing James's feet with his tongue. If only to kill the fantasy long enough so he could break away from his stepfamily and the strange allure he felt towards them these past few days.

“What is happening to me?” Scott took another deep drag of the smell and let out a heavy breath.

“God,” Scott breathed, knowing he wanted more. He turned his face to the large sneaker, seeing his feet pushing practically against the outside of his shoes. Beads of sweat appeared on the outside of the polyester. They dripped down the sides and formed along the edge of the rubber, falling onto the hot ground where the sun immediately evaporated them.

Why was he wearing such small shoes?

Scott sniffed deeply again. His hand slid along his shaft with the sweat that collected within his underwear, finding it the perfect lubricant for his faraway worship.

In another world, Scott could feel the scent capturing him like a cartoon pie would the neighbor. The smell had a mind of its own, wrapping around the most sensitive sides of Scott’s innermost parts. Stroking them in time of his cock, urging him to give in and worship the aroma and give in to the taste. He leaned into the side of the vehicle, sniffing and inhaling every molecule that he could.

Scott looked at the rubber with unblinking eyes. The thought of pressing his face into the soles grew harder to ignore. The idea of sucking and cleaning the unclean bottom of his stepfather’s shoes pushed aside the agreement he made with himself.

No. I cant. It’s not right. It’s disgusting. You don’t want this.

Scott spoke internally, speaking lies that he did not want to believe or obey.

Against what he knew was right, Scott inched towards his stepfather’s hanging feet. Like a fish moving towards a lure, Scott sensed the danger that sat at the end of this lure. The closer Scott moved, the more intense the smell became. He could only imagine the taste or the smell of James’s feet how the taste was likely beyond that of Ross’s from the night before due to the powerful heat rays of the sun. Scott knew that everything within those shoes was magnified. And Scott desperately needed it.

Like a puppeteer moving its puppet, Scott’s hand was motivated by the invisible strings of James’s feet. Scott’s hand gently pressed into the soles of his stepfather’s shoes and rubbed them along the worn rubber. Scott watched his stepfather’s sleeping body in the driver’s seat, trying to move as slowly as possible so as not to wake him.

The dirty fingers looked as if nothing had changed to them, but they somehow radiated energy that Scott could not disobey.

Just a taste and I can cum, and then go to the other side of the car. Sun be damned. I need to get away.

“Mmmm,” Scott groaned, plunging his finger into his mouth. His tongue attacked his fingers, absorbing the harsh taste of rubber and sweat. The flavor of his stepfather’s feet had sunk deep into the shoes, staining them with his stench. Scott’s tongue wormed its way around his fingers, cleaning every inch he could find. His cock pulsed as Scott’s tongue continually wiped away the flavor from his fingers. His fist tightened around his shaft, squeezing the extremely thin stream of precum from his tip. Scott knew he had no more loads left within his cock, but he could not stop himself from urging another to explode within his already filled shorts. Scott looked back to the shoes, feeling his restraint to control his acts evaporated and transformed into hunger.

“Go ahead, why don’t you take a lick.” A voice rumbled from within the car.

Scott's head snapped to the right. His fingers dropped from his mouth as it fell open, gaping with fear at being caught. His stepfather leered at him with a look of satisfaction. His eyebrows reached towards his shaved head as he nodded towards his feet.

"If I had known you were a foot fag, I would have had you massaging my big ass feet all last night," James chuckled.

Massaging his big . . .

The idea of manhandling his massive appendages made Scott's knees quack. His hands were so small, and James's feet were so big. How could he even work over them? How long would that have taken? How many hours would he have been allowed to massage those massage sweaty toes?

Scott did not understand what bubbled within him as he stared at his stepfather.

Happiness? Lust? Hunger? Fear?

So many thoughts whirled in his brain, urging him to move forward with a choice.

James moved his foot, lifting it into the air.

"Lay down," James instructed.

"What?"

"Lay. Down," James repeated, ordering Scott to obey like some sort of animal.

Scott looked at the hot ground and then back to his stepfather. The words no stayed behind Scott's lips as he tried to speak them into existence, but somehow they would not come.

James sighed and made Scott's choice for him. He lifted his large foot and kicked Scott's side, forcing him onto the ground. Scott lifted himself, and James's feet slammed down on Scott's face. He loudly grunted as James relaxed the full weight of his feet on Scott's face. The will to fight came quickly but was instantly overshadowed by his reality.

"See, I think this is a perfect place for you. Right under my feet, just like the pathetic bitch you are."

Scott wiggled slightly beneath his stepfather's feet, trying to decide whether to attempt to break from underneath or accept his place. His nose was firmly pressed into the bottom of James's sneaker, and he opened his mouth to shout for his stepfather to stop, but instead, he sniffed.

Scott sniffed loudly, moaned, and sniffed a second time.

"So big!" Scott cried into the sneaker before he stuck out his tongue and took a long swipe of the sneaker's underside. Scott's mind exploded with fireworks of pleasure as he continued to take long, aggressive swipes of his tongue against his stepfather's shoe.

James laughed at Scott's worship of his sneakers, watching from between his shoes as his stepfather laughed and wiggled his feet on his stepson's face.

“Oh, I have an idea.” James turned to the center console and withdrew his phone. “Say cheese foot fag.”

Scott’s eyes turned into saucers as he stared into the camera. He tried to remove his tongue, but it wouldn’t return to his mouth. As if it were glued by the taste and the need to worship. James laughed as he took several images of Scott as he rubbed his shoes all across Scott’s face and his hanging tongue.

“You want what's inside?”

“Yes,” Scott gasped as he tongued the bottom of the shoe.

“Yes, what?” James baited.

“Yes, sir!”

“Yes . . . Daddy.” Scott moaned.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“So fucking pathetic,” James cursed. He hooked one foot underneath the other and flicked his sneaker onto the ground. The scent was a vicious punch to the face. The drenched sock dripped onto Scott’s face, turning his fantasy into reality and his reality a nightmare that he could not escape. The extra thick droplets oozed from James’s sock and fell across Scott’s face, washing him in the sweaty smell, marking him in his stepfather’s scent. Scott’s tongue darted around his lips and face, hating how much he wanted to wipe away every dewdrop of sweat. “God, you’re not a faggot . . . you’re a pig! You’re a foot-obsessed pig!”

Scott opened his mouth to deny it, but James shoved his sweaty sock into his mouth, silencing his obvious lie. James wiggled his toes within Scott’s mouth, stroking his tongue with his toes. Scott’s mouth closed around the sock, and he began to suck the sweat from the sock.

Stop it. Spit it out. Stop enjoying it! STOP ENJOYING IT!

His cock and his mind fought against one another as he continued to suckle at his stepfather’s sock. James undid the other sneaker and threw it to the side. Scott whined as he saw the shoe hit the ground, and sweat spilled out onto the ground. James noticed Scott’s desperation and rubbed the sides of his face with his large feet and soaked socks. The thick toes poked and prodded Scott’s face, layering sweat atop his skin.

“Think my feet will taste even better without the socks on?”

“God yes!” Scott shouted, biting into the sock, pulling it away from his stepfather’s foot, and spitting it onto the ground next to his shoe. Scott gripped James’s foot and licked from the ankle to the tip of his big toe. James giggled at his stepson’s eagerness before he pushed two of his toes into Scott’s nose.

“Sniff!” James ordered.

Scott inhaled through his nose, taking a hit of James’s feet like there was a bottle of poppers. The stench forced his head to swirl. He didn’t know if it was the pleasure, the heat, or the constant teasing, but Scott didn’t want it to stop. With every drop of sweat, every huff of stench, every demeaning word from

James, Scott felt his orgasm creeping slowly towards him. Everything around him filled his glass, and he was just seconds from overflowing.

Just cum and be done. Just cum and run away. Go as far as you can. Get away from them.

HONKKKKKKKKK

A car's horn tore Scott from the worship of his stepfather's feet. He rolled on the ground and jumped to his feet. The deep broke his concentration and the enchantment that James's feet cast upon him. He peeked around the vehicle and watched as his stepbrothers roused from their sleep, and Scott quickly pulled himself to his feet. The tow truck pulled onto the side of the road, stopping just behind the broken-down car.

A robust man with a shaved head and a long ginger beard stepped from his truck and shouted to the vehicle.

"You need a tow?"

"Yes, sir!" James said, sliding from the car and onto the ground. His large feet slapped against the dirt, leaving sweaty footprints in their wake. Scott clutched the side of the vehicle, holding himself firmly in place, so he did not fall forward into the treads and followed them like a deranged animal. Scott's eyes narrowed towards the massive appendages as they thumped across the ground towards the tow provider.

Every step was like slow motion for Scott as he watched the size 13 feet flop across the scaling pavement without worry. Scott's tongue licked his lips, eager to clean the dirt from his stepfather's greasy feet. His eyes followed the trail back to him, and the treasure was discarded on the ground.

While the two men spoke and greeted one another, Scott collected the articles of clothing. Like a goblin snatching the gold from a treasure trove before it was realized. He moved into the front seat and waited. Rod and Todd grumbled to each other as they fell back asleep. Scott clung to his stepfather's dirty clothes and shoes, holding them like some sort of treasure. His fingers wormed their way into the inside of the shoe and pressed into the sole, oozing out the precious load that was absorbed.

* * *

"What do you mean you ain't got no money?" The tow truck provider shouted.

"Listen, I can write you a check, but-"

"A check?! A check!? What do I look like, a fucking bank?" The tow truck provider closed the distance between the two.

"I'm good for it!" James argued. "I'm just a little low on cash right now."

"What? Those boys don't have any money? I'm not leaving here until I'm paid!"

James twisted and looked through the rearview window. He saw the silhouette of his sons and that of Scott, and James grew a thought. If the tow man didn't accept checks, maybe he would accept something else.

“Would you ever consider some other form of payment?” James hung his question in the air with a simple look. The aged man’s face knitted together. He stroked his long ginger beard as he considered the question that James offered.

“What like drugs?” He looked around James and stared deeper into the vehicle. “Or were you thinking something a little less . . . illegal?”

James leaned towards the man and spoke in a hushed tone.

“I got a boy in there that would suck the load right out of you.”

“Oh?”

“He’s a hungry one too. Super eager to suck too. But with just enough struggle to make it fun.”

“Oh!” A smirk appeared on his lips, and he reached out his thick, calloused hand. “The name’s Booker.” James met his hand with a firm handshake.

“James.” Booker nodded.

“I’ll go ahead and load y’all up. Why don’t you go and get . . .?”

“Scott,” James answered.

“. . . Scott ready and acquainted with our little deal. I’ll bring the truck around and get you guys all hitched up. Where are you going?”

“Wherever the fuck the nearest mechanic is,” James laughed, not having thought about the next step. A broken-down vehicle didn’t just through a hitch in his cross-country plan. It completely diverted it onto a different map.

“Well, you are in luck. It’s about a 30-mile drive. So that means I should be able to enjoy your son for a nice long ride. Just hope I don’t get lost,” Booker laughed as he returned to his truck and moved it around the broken-down vehicle.

“Hope Scott’s still hungry.”

James walked towards Scott’s door and threw open the door, finding his stepson with his face inside the shoe. James couldn’t help but enjoy the sight of his stepson withering in pleasure, debasing himself in the most humiliating way.

“Horny?” James’s tone was flat and shocked Scott, causing him to drop the shoe.

“Wha-what?” Scott stammered.

“Stupid question.” James shook his head, grabbed Scott’s wrist, and tore him from the car. The shoes and socks fell onto the ground as James pulled Scott.

“I’m sorry!” The words left Scott’s lips before he understood James’s question.

“For what?” James asked as he brought him to the back of the vehicle and gave Scott a confused look—a look that Scott returned.

“Oh, for um . . . sniffing your shoes?” Scott’s answer seemed more like a question. James batted away Scott’s worry.

“I don’t care about that. We have a problem.” James waved at Booker as he stepped from the truck and attached the tow to the vehicle’s front. “We are out of cash.”

“How?”

“Long story. And none of your business. But Booker has agreed to tow us if you ride with him.”

“Why does it feel like there is an, And to that sentence.”

“He just wants some company . . . sort of like the company that you gave me while the boys were sleeping in the back seat.”

“I’m not fucking blowing a stranger for you!”

“Keep it down. It’s either that or we get to walk.”

“But I’m not gay.” James gave him a look of disbelief. “At least I don’t think.” Scott seemed less sure the second time around, and James realized it wasn’t an easy sell.

“I’ll make a deal with you. Do whatever you need to do to get us to the mechanic, and I will give you those shoes and socks.. I’ll get a pair from the boys too. Our secret.”

The offer made Scott’s mouth drool. The idea that he would have six socks AND James’s shoes to worship pushed any thoughts of saying no out of his head. James could see the look of agreement on Scott’s face and continued to assume the sale.

“Booker!” James shouted. “Scott’s ready to go whenever you are!”

“Oh, then I just have great timing then. Why don’t you come on up to the front, buddy, and we can get to know each other.” The big man shouted.

“See you soon.” James clapped Scott on the shoulder. “Just do what you did for me, and he will love it.” James slapped Scott on the back and ran towards the driver’s door, slamming it shut behind him before Scott could give any response.

“But I’m not gay,” Scott said to himself as he walked towards the towtruck. The door opened, and he smelt something familiar and something enjoyable dirty. He stared at the foot area of the passenger side and saw the largest boots he had ever seen before.

Fifteen inches?

Sixteen inches?

How big are these man’s feet?

“Guess you’re my riding’ buddy?” Booker asked, grinning like the cat that caught the canary.

“Oh, yeah. . . . that’s me,” Scott stuttered. “Should I just-um-move the shoes?”

“Yeaaa, just kick them to the side. Sorry about the smell. I'm a sweaty pig on these hot days. Had to take off those boots, so it's a little easier for me to drive.” He chuckled to himself. “My feet are so damn big that they barely fit underneath. But I don't think my pits are much better than my feet.” Booker raised a beefy arm and sniffed the underside, and recoiled from his own smell. “WOAH! Did I remember deodorant today?” He asked himself before he lifted himself from his seat and twisted his torso as he looked in the back seat.

Scott's mouth fell open as the tow truck provider's cock bulged in the front of his jeans. The way it flopped around within his jeans communicated two things; the man wasn't wearing any underwear, and he had a massive set of balls. The way that they bounced and flopped around as the man searched the back seat drew Scott closer. His throat felt dry and empty as he continued to stare at the meat that tempted him just inches away. Scott could make out the distinct image of his shaft as he twisted, further digging into his belongings in the back of his truck. The head was a dense mushroom, and the shaft was like a flashlight hidden within his jeans.

“Welp looks like you are out of luck, boy. Hope you don't mind the smell too much,” the tucker laughed.

“No, not at all,” Scott said as he watched the trucker return to his seat, adjusting his cock and balls as he settled back underneath the wheel.

“Well then, are yah' gonna get in? Or do you want to hold up everyone?”

“Oh, sorry.”

Scott stepped into the cab, slamming the door behind him, sealing himself in the smell. Scott's feet found a space between the massive boots that sat on the floor. They dwarfed his awkwardly sized feet, expanding several inches further in width and length. The vehicle lurched forward before he could find his seatbelt, sending Scott into the dashboard and then over into the driver's seat as Booker pulled out into the road. Scott's hands fell into Booker's lap, grabbing onto his massive quads with his left hand and Booker's meaty cock with his right.

“Wow, much more eager than my typical cocksuckers, but I'm here for it!” Booker laughed, sending a pulse to his shaft, causing it to inflate slightly into Scott's hand.

“It was an accident!” Scott pleaded, but his hand remained around the shaft.

“Oh, so you're a tease? I like a little fight.” Booker's arm shot out quickly and forcefully pushed Scott's face into his sweaty crotch.

Scott fought the man's grasp, but he could feel the man's musk already invade his body and tame the thoughts that told him to pull away.

Why . . why does he smell so bad and yet . . . so good?

“That's a good boy.” Booker laughed, feeling the tightness of Scott's neck relax as his face relaxed further into the man's crotch. Booker returned his hands to the steering wheel as Scott began to nuzzle and wash his face with the sweaty smell of Booker's cock and balls. Scott's lips pushed into the fabric and sucked the sweat that had escaped into the jeans, groaning as he exhaled.

“I’m not gay,” Scott moaned, inhaling again deeply

Booker let out another deep chuckle.

“I ain’t gay either, but you know what-I ain’t turnin’ way no blowjob. Speaking of which.” Booker forced Scott’s face off his lap, undid his jeans, and tucked the waistband of his underwear underneath his crotch. His thickening cock and heavy balls were lifted into the air like a present for Scott to enjoy. The meaty mound fell onto the side, still partially soft but stiffened with every bounce of the car.

Scott stared at Booker’s cock with ravening eyes. The smell of the man’s sweaty boots and musky cock settled around Booker’s senses, cradling them with their rancid selves. He could taste the feet. He could taste the cock. He could taste the worker’s boots. Scott felt himself lifting higher and higher from the intense smells. His own cock and feet throbbed, agreeing with the thought that sat at the forefront of Scott’s mind.

Suck it. Clean it. Worship it.

Scott leaned back towards the driver’s cock and engulfed it in one overzealous movement.

“Oh boy! Fuck! Now, that’s a tight one!” Booker grunted as Scott’s throat firmly gripped Booker’s cock. Scott’s tongue swabbed around the base of the cock, cleaning the dense bush of pubic hair that covered the bottom of the cock.

God, it’s probably been days since he last bathed.

God, it smells so bad!

It smells so good!

Scott massaged Booker’s cock bringing it to its full mast. His mouth stretched wide as he tried to accommodate the member. As Scott’s throat stretched further, it felt fuller than with his stepfather’s cock, and it made him want more. He swallowed around the cock, working the precum and the load from Booker’s cock with his throat muscles. Slowly, he started to bob his head, thrusting the cock into his throat, sculpting a space that was perfect for its pleasure. The two men pushed and inhaled together. Scott’s moans turned more enraged as he continued to breathe solely through his nose, relishing every molecule of man’s odor that he inhaled.

“Jesus, I haven’t had a mouth this good in a long time! Makes me want something more!” He growled before he pulled Scott from his cock. “You know what I really like, though? What I love more than even fucking? I love to see a whore worship my massive feet while I completely ignore them.”

“What?” Scott said, pulling from the cock for just a moment. Immediately he felt an emptiness within his throat, one that needed to be filled.

“And I have the perfect little space for an obedient boy like you.” Booker nodded down towards his feet, and Scott pulled back.

“What?! No!” Scott shouted, backing towards the door. Away from the trucker’s cock, and his tantalizingly massive feet. With Scott’s abrupt movements, his foot struck one of the large boots in his

foot space and immediately drew his eyes. They stared at the massive boots, feeling his cock bounce within his jeans in need of something to hump.

“You want them?”

“Huh?” Scott said, forcibly tearing his face away from the boots and the deep need that grew inside of him to clean and suck the boots clean.

“Do you want my nasty, sweaty, stinky boots?”

Scott narrowed his focus on the driver as his gaze remained forward, but Scott felt the boots staring at him with unseen eyes. It was the invisible smell that drew Scott’s attention back. Though Booker’s eyes never left the road, he knew that Scott looked back at his shoes and snickered.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

Scott’s hand went to his covered crotch and rubbed the wet strain that seeped through his pants.

“You go down there. Suck and worship my feet, and I will give you one of them. Actually, I will give you both.”

“You swear?” Scott asked, feeling his argument die on his lips at the thought of owning Booker’s boots.

“Hand to god. You worship my big ass feet, and then you can take both of them.” Booker took note of a sign that he passed. “Looks like it’s about another twenty minutes or so. So do it for the rest of the drive, and they’re yours.”

Scott inched closer.

His eyes moved towards the wide area of space at the base of the driver’s chair. While Booker’s work shoes were like miniature boats, his feet were a completely different story. His feet obscured the pedal while his toes hooked around the edges of the plastic piece.

They’re even bigger than I thought.

Booker’s large hand took Scott’s shoulder and angled him down into the space where his feet rested. Scott was thankful for his small body as he contorted himself around Booker’s legs and his face towards the gigantic appendages.

“Now, just open that pretty mouth and get to work.”

Scott obeyed with his mouth open and his tongue extended.

He found Booker’s big toe and forced his lips around it. Scott’s tongue wrapped around it, bathing it in his saliva. He relished every stench and every speck of dirt that he found. He moved to the second toe. Then the third, and the fourth, and finally the fifth. He moved towards Booker’s second foot. But before he could find his way to the second set of toes, Booker lifted his foot and squished Scott’s face into the ground.

“There! That’s so much better! Nothing softer than a faggot’s face underneath my aching feet.” The wet sound of jerking of a hand sliding along a shaft followed by grunts followed Booker’s teasing.

He dragged his foot back and forth over Scott's face, pulling at his lips, his tongue, and his facial features. Scott whined as Booker dug his heel into Scott's mouth. Scott met the intrusive foot with a hungry tongue and attacked the man's sole, licking, sucking, and biting at the foot's tender underside.

Something inside of him throbbed as he worshipped this stranger's foot. Something seemed to feed on the sweat that oozed from the tow provider's feet. The tingle started on his tongue and flowed down his body, growing with every pass of his body. The tingle ended at Scott's feet, and they throbbed so intensely that it broke the spell. His eyes went to his feet as they heated, as if beneath a warmer, and saw them swell.

Inches were gained as the heat intensified. His lips found a connection with the bottom of Booker's foot and continued to worship. While his eyes never left his own swelling feet that sat within the compact space just inches from his face.

It wasn't just my imagination. They are growing.

Scott flexed his toes, feeling the joints and muscles *SNAP* and *POP* as he stretched his expanding feet. Scott worship continued for several long minutes, learning every inch of the man's foot and memorizing every taste and smell that seeped into his mouth—losing track of time and the world around him.

The tow truck began to slow and turn as it pulled into the body shop. The foot that rested on Scott's gaping mouth pulled away, and Scott's face leaped towards it.

"The time has come, buddy," Booker said, speaking to Scott between his spread thighs. Booker's leaking cock hung spent between his thighs. Cum covered the seat, and his cheeks were flush with an after orgasm glow that Scott recognized.

He was so lost in his worship, Scott didn't even recognize that Booker came.

Scott attempted to pull himself out of the space, but the added size to his feet just made maneuvering around Booker's feet, his thighs, and the pedals. But after a few, not-so-soft bonks on the head, Scott stepped from the space with only eyes on his prize.

"Take him. I got a dozen back home." Booker nodded towards the books, and Scott went at them like a lion at a weak gazelle. He shoved his face into the wet insides of the boot, finding an ocean of sweat within them. His tongue licked the insides, consuming anything he could find. Booker laughed at Scott's inability to stop himself as he stepped from the truck and slammed the door shut, leaving Scott alone with his trophy.

Scott held the boot like a precious treasure, squeezing it to milk the sweat from the sole and onto his tongue. He grabbed the second boot, placed it between his thighs, and ground his erection into it.

"Well, looks like someone had some fun," a voice commented from beside him before snatching the boot from his hands.

Scott twisted himself, finding his two stepbrothers staring at him. Their wicked eyes glimmered with ideas on how to tease him on the shameful act he was seen doing.

"Boys!" Their father shouted from the back of the tow truck. "Get your bags!"

“Didn’t think you were into foot play faggot,” Rod laughed as he reached out for the second boot. Scott’s hands tightened around it, clinging to it.

“Rod! Todd! Get your asses in gear! They need to bring the vehicle inside. Leave your brother alone!” James’s voice held an ounce of venom in his command, making both of his sons obey him.

James arrived at the truck’s door, smiling.

“Booker said that you went above and beyond what he could have ever imagined! He’s gonna fix the freaking car for free!” He slapped Scott on the shoulder, congratulating the triumph. “Didn’t think you had it in you. For a moment, I was worried that you just had a thing for your old man, but it seems like we have a verified cocksucker in the family.”

“Oh, I’m no-”

“I’m not judging you. Just lucky that I finally found something that I could use.”

Scott’s face fell at the word *use*, and it worried him.

“Booker said we could use an apartment above the shop. Todd and Rod are both already up there claiming the beds. There’s only a single twin bed and a pullout. So, looks like we get the pullout tonight,” James further explained.

So many things swirled around in Scott’s head. His stepfather’s awkward conversation and interest in sharing a bed with him. The fact that his feet somehow swelled to something beyond even the size of the boots that he now coveted. Or how he could not seem to stop himself from wanting to give in to the unnatural feelings he has towards other men and their feet.

James smacked his hand on the roof of the truck twice before he announced he was heading up to the apartment and for Scott to “Finish up his fun time. The stairs are just outside and to the right. I’m gonna go wash up.”

Scott stared at the boot in his lap, feeling the same draw of its stench and its musk. But his other worries created a wall of concern around his lustful habits giving him enough control to push the boot into a discarded plastic bag and step from the truck.

The body shop was in a state of disarray, just as Scott assumed from the appearance of the tow truck. Parts and stains littered the floor while a group of rather greasy-looking men relaxed near a barrel, laughing with one another. Booker stood in the center and pantomimed fucking. Scott caught the truckers’ line of sight and winked. Scott turned red with humiliation.

Scott wondered, was he twisting the story of his blowjob and telling his friends that Scott was some busty slut, or did he tell them the truth?

He tucked that thought into the back of his mind as he took a step, tripped, and fell onto the floor. Scott shot lustful daggers at his massive feet, feeling like a clown in vastly oversized shoes. They just felt so heavy and unyielding as Scott stood. He took a hesitant step. His foot slapped on the concrete ground. A wet sound echoed through the shop and drew the additional mechanic’s attention.

“Need any help?” Booker shouted across the shop.

“I’m good.”

“You sure? I don’t mind giving you a *hand!*”

“I’m fine!” Scott shouted back as he sped across the open Bodyshop and out the large opening. He walked to the right side of the building, finding the stairs as James had said.

The room above was a small apartment. No dining room. A partial living room with a worn couch and an outdated tv. Scott walked inward, seeing the door open for the bedroom, and both of his stepbrothers had already fallen asleep on top of one another as they squeezed their big bodies onto the twin.

“How the hell are they still tired?”

“Your guess is as good as mine,” James said, stepping from the bathroom shirtless. Steam flooded into the small living area as he continued to dry his hair with a towel. “Water is HOT. So be careful. Pressure isn’t too bad either.”

“Thanks.” Scott’s eyes lingered on his stepfather’s exposed skin. He never noticed how athletic his stepfather was before. It was like a pair of rose-colored glasses had been placed on his face, and he couldn’t remove them no matter how much he wanted to see the world the way he used to see it. Scott’s eyes rolled over James’s body. His perky flat pectorals. His broad rounded shoulders. His meaty arms. The way that his happy trail spread out across his stomach, covering just enough that it didn’t need to be groomed. Scott angled his eyes towards James’s feet. “You too . . .”

“What did you say?” James asked. Confusion filled his face at Scott’s whispered words.

“Nothing,” Scott said as he rushed past his stepfather. But with one wrong footstep of his oversized feet, Scott tripped and fell into his stepfather, causing them both to fall into the ground.

“OOMPH!”

Scott collapsed onto his stepfather’s chest, his face curried into the divot between his toned chest. Scott inhaled, smelling the musk that remained on his skin even though he had just bathed. Scott rubbed his face around the two mounds. Scott felt his feet intertwine with his stepfather’s feet. The four massive appendages rubbed against each other, bathing the other in the sweat that dripped from their skin.

Scott looked up at his stepfather, and with those rose-colored glasses, a thought appeared at the front of his mind. A command that Scott didn’t want to follow.

I can’t. I won’t. It’s wrong.

“You have a very cute face. Anyone ever tell you -”

Scott broke the distance and pushed his lips to his stepfather’s. The two bodies froze as their lips pressed firmly into each other. James moved first, opening his mouth and forcing his tongue out to Scott. Scott moaned as his stepfather’s tongue began to massage his own. James’s hands wrapped around Scott’s body, squeezing his buttocks. Their tongues fought for dominance as they rolled around each other’s mouths, both becoming more active and aggressive with every swipe of the tongue.

You hate him. You don’t like him. No matter what you do, you hate him.

Scott broke the kiss, ready to push him away and shout the obscenities that flooded his mind.

“Use me. Make me yours. I can't stop thinking about you. I can't stop thinking about Rod or Todd. I can't stop wanting all of you. I don't know what is happening. I just can't stop myself. I need you. I need them. I want them. I feel myself being pulled more towards you all every second of every day. I can't explain it.”

James stared deep into Scott's eyes, and the tender moment that was shared shattered with a deep, practically malevolent laugh escaped his lips.

“Then bend over, and let me claim you like the bitch that you are.”

Scott's eyes were heavy with regret.

“Wha-what?”

James released Scott's ass and held his chin.

“Bend over that couch, and I'm gonna fuck you until you can't even walk straight.”

Like an obedient doll, Scott lifted himself from the floor and stumbled towards the couch. He fell over the side. James followed behind him. His hands roamed over Scott's ass, unzipping his pants and pulling both to the ground. He pawed at Scott's cheeks, spreading them wide, releasing a growl at the sight of his perfect pink hole.

“Fuck! You are made to be fucked!” He dropped to his knees and pushed his face into Scott's hole, darting his tongue in and out like a hungry animal. Loosening and expanding his hole with every movement.

Push him off you. Kick him. Fight! Do something!!

“Ughhhh!”

Something besides that!

His stepfather's tongue made love to his hole, kissing and pleasuring it as he would a woman. Scott did not care to hold in his cries of enjoyment, no longer caring to hide from his stepbrothers. He gripped the couch tightly, tilted his head, and watched his father bounce up and down over his mounds. Their eyes met, and James would not allow Scott to look anywhere else. James bent down further, taking one long swipe of his tongue from Scott's taint to the top of his ass cheeks.

“Is it gonna hurt?”

James paused. His brows grew closer together as he thought of the question.

“Have you ever been fucked before, Scott?”

“No. I'm not-”

“Gay, I know. But from this view, it looks like you are one cock hungry faggot.” James' eyes swooped around the room, trying to piece together some way to keep Scott under his control. His eyes lit

up with realization as he pulled away from Scott. He whimpered from the lack of touch from his stepfather. "Go ahh."

"What?" Scott asked, lifting his face from the couch cushion finding a sock flying towards his face. His mouth opened quickly as if some part of him knew where it was supposed to go before he could process the action. Scott bit down, feeling the sweat squish from the cotton, filling his mouth. The moan he released was more intense. He moaned, and his body relaxed into the man's chest, almost as if the sweat drugged and calmed his mind.

"That's what I thought. Now just suck on daddy's sock. Now, deep breath in through the mouth. Get that stinky, musky, sweet aroma in your brain. Let it ruin your brain with its smell." James ordered as he walked back around Scott's body and slapped his hardened cock against his lower back.

Scott obeyed and sucked in through his lips, and the sound he released was pleasure incarnate.

"OooOOOooOOoo!"

His air was poisoned with the stench of his stepfather's foot, acting as his own personal brand of poppers.

James laughed as he watched Scott's asshole open, gaping for insertion as his body relaxed and he no longer could resist himself.

At that moment, James lined his cock with Scott's hole and thrust forward.

"UGHH!" They moaned in unison as Scott's hole swallowed James's cock. James fell onto his stepson's back, slowly feeding the inches into his body.

"God, you are so tight!" James groaned. Scott grunted his gagged response, following it with a deep audible breath through the sock. Drawing more of the stench into his body, relaxing him further as more cock was pushed into his body. "God, I don't know why I waited so long. Could have fucked that sweet ass years ago. Maybe we could have even been friends. Fuck! God, you were made for fucking!"

I can't believe this is happening. Why am I not stopping it?

Scott inhaled again, and his thoughts and worries became clouded with the smell and taste of his stepfather's foot.

"Just a few . . . more . . . inches . . . FUCK! There it is! God! Fuck! Sex has never felt this good before!" James cried out loudly.

Grunts from the bedroom signified the awakening of Scott's step-siblings.

"See! I told you dad was gonna pop that bitches' cherry!"

"Damn it. I wanted to fuck him first!"

Rod and Todd appeared at the head of the couch, standing with bulging erect cocks in their underwear.

"Perfect timing, sons. Why don't you replace that sock with something else," James instructed as he peeled himself off of Scott's back.

“Of course!” They shouted together. Rodd took hold of the sock and ripped it from Scott’s mouth. Scott’s neck lunged forward, not wanting to lose the sock.

“Fuck. Not just a faggot, but a real foot faggot.” Todd turned to Rod. “Why not save our cocks for later, and make this foot fag worship something much worse.”

“It’s like you read my mind.” Rod and Todd left the couch briefly, returning with chairs from the small table in the corner. With one swift combined movement, they lifted their feet and slammed them down in front of Scott. His eyes went wild with the feast of feet set before him and attacked.

His tongue. His lips. His mouth. His nose. He pressed it all into the soles of their feet and worshipped them while the shame and humiliation grew within him.

The three men laughed at Scott as he grabbed onto the feet and pulled them into his face, mashing them into his features. He moaned loudly into their soles, humping the couch as his erotic nightmare became a reality.

“Hold onto those feet tightly, Scott,” James said before he took hold of his stepson’s hips and began to fuck him. His strokes were long and aggressive, moving along his prostate. Each pass sent a holt into his body, forcing him to move forward into the feet and then immediately fall back into the cock. The smell of sweat and sex grew within the room, of raw, animalistic passion.

Scott could feel the sweat pouring out of his stepbrother's feet and how it filled his stomach. His cock rubbed faster against the couch, adding several of his own bodily fluids to the sofa.

“Oh god. Oh god! They taste so good. So manly. So powerful. God, I love them. I want them.”

The brother’s shared a look and pulled their feet away, and Scott felt his heartbreak. He lunged for them, and James held him firmly in his hands, grinding his cock into Scott’s now gaping hole.

“Please! I need them! I’ll do anything! Please!”

“Anything?” The three men asked.

“Anything!” Scott shouted as he reached for their sweaty feet with his tongue. His tongue danced in the small space between the two. Though it was only inches between, it felt like a chasm to Scott. He desperately panted like an animal, sucking in the smell and swiping the taste from his lips as he wanted for his stepfamily to name their cost.

“Everything,” the stepbrothers said in unisons.

“Everything you have-” Rodd began to say.

Todd interrupted, “-everything your mother gave you.”

“Every piece of land, every stock, every ounce of cash that was put into that will. Is mine.” James finished.

“Is ours,” his sons corrected. James released a small scoff.

“Of course. Is ours.” James added.

“What? No! Never!” Scott barked, breaking free of the hypnotic gaze cast by his stepbrother’s massive feet and bulky toes.

“Well then,” James said finitely. “I guess we are done here then.” He withdrew his cock and shoved Scott onto the couch. “Let’s go, boys!” Rod and Todd pulled their feet from Scott’s face. His once pleasurable face contorted into something hungry, desperate even. His stepbrothers rounded the couch, moving towards the door, acting as if they had not nearly been in a foursome just seconds before. Scott felt his body vibrate as they left him alone. Everything seemed heightened for him in those seconds that passed while he sat alone. Sweat rolled down his exposed crack, mixing with the spit left from his stepfather’s tongue. He squeezed his hole, wishing that the emptiness would abandon him as quickly as his stepfather did, but it only seemed to increase as the distance between them grew.

Every footstep Rod, Todd, and James took towards the apartment made Scott squirm just a bit more, made the need grow just enough that it pushed past his clear thinking. When the door handle jingled, signaling to Scott his stepfamily’s departure, and Scott’s will finally broke.

“No!”

His confident word cut through the air, freezing the three men in their footsteps. It was a word very rarely said to the family and even rarer when it came from Scott.

“Did you say something, Scotty?” James couldn’t hide the excitement that wrapped around his voice. The eager tone quivered with arousal and excitement of what could occur and what was about to happen.

“Please don’t go.” Scott’s voice was barely above a whisper as he fell onto the couch. His face pushed into the worn cushions while his face arched, pushing his ass into the air. Cold air rushed into his hole as he relaxed.

“Fuck bro, you think we’re gonna get a piece of that?” Todd asked his brother.

“Shut up, you idiot!” His father hissed.

Scott listened as a pair of heavy feet crossed the floor. When a hand touched his cheek, gooseflesh erupted over his body.

“Ooh,” Scott gasped, knowing the hand belonged to his stepfather. The room remained silent as a zipper came undone and James laid over Scott’s body. Scott whined as he felt his stepfather’s heavy body grind into his, pushing him into the couch. His cock nestled between Scott’s crack, sliding along his already open hole. Each touch was purposeful as James pressed his lips to his stepson’s ear.

“You know our price. The question is, is it worth it? Are you willing to give up every chance to escape us to be nothing but a toy for us to play with? A hole for us to fuck. A tongue for us to use. A face to rest our feet upon?”

“I can’t,” Scott said, fighting every urge that had been created in the last few days of travel.

“Oh, you can, don’t you trust me? I will make sure you are treated right. I will take care of you, Scott.” James bit Scott’s earlobe and pushed his lips into his canal. “Let me be a proper Daddy. Let me take care of my boy. Take care of us, and we will make sure you are cared for. Trust your daddy.”

“Mmmpphhh,” Scott groaned into the cushion.

“Now say it, boy. Say you will give me everything, and I will give you a world of pleasure and ecstasy. You won't even remember what you gave up by the time we are done with you.”

Scott bit back the words even as they flew from his mouth. “Take it! Take everything! Please! Just give me that cock! Push those feet into my face. I want it all! Just do it! Give me that fuck and put those god damn feet on my fucking face!”

The three men laughed. Each sound held its own octave in the symphony of Scott's humiliation.

“You heard him, boys! Get those sasquatch feet on his face. While daddy returns to business.”

“Aye aye, captain!” His sons said as they stomped back to their chairs and lifted their feet in the air. Scott didn't wait for them to tease or taunt him with their sweaty soles. He grabbed them both and shoved them into his face, sandwiching his features between the feet. Their toes poked at his cheeks and smashed his lips. Scott's mouth hung open, hungry to taste everything they could offer.

“God,” Scott moaned in between, kissing the soles of their feet, no longer interested in hiding his attraction. And for once in his life, Scott gave into his carnal impulses and let himself enjoy the things he knew that he shouldn't. “Stick those fucking feet in my mouth!” Scott ordered, opening his mouth to the point where he thought the edges of his lips would tear.

“Wow, give him a little dick, and all of a sudden, he thinks he's the boss.” Rod joked and as he pulled his foot from Scott's face. “But I am happy to oblige and feed a foot hungry faggot like yourself.” With a hard jab, he sank the tips of his feet into Scott's mouth. With its recent growth, even Scott's go-getter attitude did not give him enough to fit the entire girth of his stepbrother's foot, but the sheer fact that he couldn't fit the whole foot in his mouth made Scott grind into the couch even that much more.

“Hope there's enough excitement for your old man back here.” Scott angled his head over his shoulder, not allowing the foot to leave his mouth, and his eyes bulged, signaling James what he wanted. “Oh, guess I was wrong.” James lined his cock up with Scott's quivering hole and sank the first few inches back into his body. The two men moaned together. James's remained the hearty baritone while Scott's crept to an angelic cry of pleasure-though muffled by the gargantuan foot plunged into his mouth. “It's even better the second time around. Now that he's open and begging for it, I don't have to be gentle.”

Scott let loose a growl of anticipation as he waited for the more aggressive fuck that his body yearned to receive.

The four men sank into a rhythm of fucking, sucking, licking, and further humiliating Scott. Feet were kissed, cocks were rubbed, loads were milked from Scott's stepfamily's balls and scattered on his body. Scott humped the couch while his family pleased themselves or used him to pleasure themselves. He lost count on the number of times he felt himself unload into the sofa, his family's number of loads even more so. At certain parts of their foursome, Scott was positioned in front of all their feet and forced to clean them. They would scoop the loads from Scott's hole or wipe away what had been deposited on his face. Scott would recoil from the taste, but he would clean with a vitality that said he enjoyed it.

The night turned into day as their foursome transformed into a three-way and then into a one on one, with Rod and Todd slowly pulling away when their cocks and their feet were in need of a rest. But the night came to a close with Scott bouncing wildly on his stepfather's cock, inhaling and breathing in the scent that had grown too accustomed to relishing. He sucked on each toe, licked every space, sniffed every molecule over and over and over again, but even with his endless worship, he could not get enough.

James' hands moved around his stepson's body while Scott remained preoccupied with the ogreish pair in his face. James' fingers found the soft and sensitive parts that dotted Scott's body, teasing and stroking. All movements have garnered a moan or a gasp of enjoyment from Scott. Words seemed to have been lost to Scott for the last few hours, only able to respond to his stepfather's taunts and jabs with grunts, groans, or extra long slurps of his feet.

"I think I got one more in me, baby. Let's kick this into overdrive!" James grabbed onto Scott's hips and plowed him, pushing so hard that Scott lost contact with James' feet and groaned a sigh of sadness. "Oh, don't worry, my little foot faggot. You will be cuddling up to those tonight and every night for the rest of your life. Need to make sure you don't try and escape and get back what you are going to so *willing* give to my boys and me."

"I take—" Scott gasped as his stepfather jabbed him rather aggressively in his prostate. Scott's spent balls shot a bullet of cum towards James' feet. "I take it back."

"Oh no, baby. No take-backs. The deal is sealed. And tomorrow, we will be back on the road, and when we finally get back home, we are going to call *my* lawyer and have you sign away everything."

"No. No. No. No." Scott screamed. James slammed his cock into Scott's hole, punctuating every no with a thrust. "Oh fuck. You're about to cum again. I just know it. You're about to cum! Fuck! Fill me! Shoot that load in me!" Scott slammed his round cheeks down onto his stepfather's lap and squeezed his hole tightly around the intruder, and felt his stepdad's final load spew inside his body. Scott felt the cum ooze out of his ruined hole. He collapsed onto his stepfather's chest, exhausted and regretful of all of his shameful acts.

James patted Scott's sweat-covered head in a rather appreciative yet demeaning way. "That's a good boy." The stepfather and stepson laid together. Their breathing became in sync as they slowly let the world settle around them.

Scott was first to move, uncurling from his stepfather. James' softened cock slid from Scott's hole and flopped onto his thigh. A gush of cum spurted from Scott onto his stepfather. He moved from the couch and walked into the small bathroom. It was in the same state as the rest of the apartment. A layer of grime covered the toilet, the shower, and the vanity. The mirror was fogged over what a thick crust. Scott pushed the toilet seat down and sat. He fell back against the commode. His hole relaxed, and cum dribbled onto the ugly yellow toilet.

"What the fuck did I do to myself?"

He fell asleep in that spot with his head against the wall. He didn't want to, but he dreamed of his stepfamily and their erotically sized feet.

The Final Stretch

A heavy knock on the roused Scott from his awkward sleeping position.

“Ugh,” he groaned, stretching his neck to the opposite side. The pain in his neck matched the literal pain in his ass. He pulsed his hole, and it sent a jolt of pain through the rest of his body. His hand went between his legs and touched his asshole. It felt bruised by the way it jutted out from between his cheeks. He pulled his hand back and saw slime covering his fingers. He swallowed the lump in his throat as he parted his fingers. The cum created a thin bridge between his point and middle finger, and a voice in his head ordered him to eat it. And he did.

Scott shoved his fingers into his mouth and devoured the cum that dribbled his fingers. He was ready to return his hand for a second round of cum fresh from his hole, but the door to the bathroom was kicked open by his partially nude stepbrother.

“Dude! I gotta piss! Wait, did you sleep in here or something?” Todd looked at Scott, seeing his naked body propped up on the toilet. He sniffed the air. The manly aroma that seared the top layer of the bathroom meshed with the smell of stall sex and feet that wafted from Scott. “Bro, you need a shower! Hold on, is that me?” Todd raised his armpit, showing the tangled mass of hair that grew beneath his meaty arm. He pulled back slightly at the smell. “Nope, that’s you, bud,” he laughed before adding, “Now get up. Unless you want me to pee on you.” His eyes sharpened at the thought and made Scott launch itself from the toilet and step to the side.

“Didn’t think so.” Todd tossed open the toilet and let his boxers fall to the floor. His morning wood pointed out at a ninety-degree angle, making it slightly difficult for him to pee, but he managed to get most in the toilet—most. He took notice of Scott’s eyes as they watched his hard cock bounce up and down, shaking off the last bits of pee. “You already ready for round two? Wait. Maybe like round seven. Honestly, I can’t remember how many times I came.” He rubbed the back of his head, flexing his arm in the process. Scott could feel the need to submit wash over him. His eyes traced the curve of Todd’s arm and his wide back. A bead of sweat traveled around the outline of his body, making Scott weak in the knees.

Todd twisted his head towards his pit and sniffed again. His cock bounced, enjoying the smell.

“Ooh wee! Second thought, you wanna take a shower with me?”

“A—a shower?” Scott stammered.

“Yeah, I have trouble getting to all the crevices. So help is always needed.” Todd twisted to the shower, released the water, and kicked his boxers at School. He waited for the water to warm, threw the shower curtain along the dirty tub, and stepped inside. Scott stared at his stepfather’s body through the sheer-like shower curtain. His burly arms. His wide, thick back. His ungodly sized thighs and glutes tapered to a more reasonably sized calf. Todd’s feet were unseen due to the tub, but Scott knew they dominated the small tub. “Not gonna ask twice!” Todd shouted towards the ceiling. His voice

reverberated along the ceiling and stroked Scott, shocking him into action. He threw back the curtain and stepped inside.

“Scott, get off my foot!” Todd shouted, making Scott jump into the small section of available floor space. Scott’s own weirdly sized flopped and slapped against the porcelain tub, adding to the awkwardness. “Looks like massive feet run in the family.” Todd joked, shaking Scott’s shoulder in an unexpectantly brotherly way.

“But we aren’t actually related.” The brotherly action transformed into a heavy punch in the shoulder. It wasn’t hard enough to cause real pain, but it sure did throb.

“For someone so smart, you are fucking dumb sometimes.” Scott began to respond, but Todd pressed his meaty finger to his lips. “Enough talking; we only have the bathroom for about fifteen minutes while Rod finishes his morning jerk off. So get that soap and get to work.”

“Yes, Sir,” Scott said. The words once again left his lips before he knew what he said. Todd smirked.

“Start with my front, and then you can get lower. If you work quick enough, you can pay some extra attention to my feet and my cock.” Todd winked at Scott, and Scott whirled into action. He reached for the soap, lathered up his, and slapped his hands against Todd’s upper body. His hands moved against his stepbrother’s pectorals, circularly soaping them. Confidently, Scott moved from the outer region and washed inward, paying special attention to the underside of each pectoral before his fingers found Todd’s stretched nipples. He couldn’t stop himself from tweaking both slightly, and he received a grunt from Todd.

“None of that monkey business; maybe you can keep yourself occupied on the last leg home. Those feet have to get boring after sucking on them for so long.”

“Never,” Scott said, surprising himself. “I fucking love them. I can’t get enough.”

Todd laughed again. “You really are something. I think we are gonna be getting along a lot better when we get home. We can see if Dad will just move you into my room. Wouldn’t mind having a pet to lick me clean after a long day at work or the gym.” Scott’s hands moved along Todd’s chest, washing his left shoulder and into his pit. He raised his arm without being asked, knowing where Scott was meant to go. “Bet you would love just sitting in my room huffing on some soaked socks or my dirty trainers, would you?”

“Ugh,” Scott sighed. His cock started to grow, pushing through the exhaustion that plagued his groin. His hands moved along Todd’s musculature, massaging every place that Scott could touch. Moving lower to his softening stomach, Scott went around Todd’s body, washing his back and rolling onto his ass cheeks. Todd seemed to sink into Scott’s hands as he grabbed handfuls of his ass. “Jesus,” Scott cursed. “I never realized—”

“That I have a dump truck ass? Yeah, I know. The fags at the gym love smacking the shit out of it when I walk around in the locker room.” He squeezed them tightly. “Oh, yeah! Right there!” Scott obeyed and dug his thumbs into the meatiest sections of Todd’s glutes. His deep grunts transitioned into higher-pitched moans as Scott’s fingers dragged along his hefty cheeks.

Did his stepbrother also have a secret?

Scott tucked thought into the back of his mind as he dragged his fingers along Todd's crack, paying special attention to his hole. The soft outer rim opened to Scott, practically begging for his fingers, but Scott continued to travel down to Todd's thighs. Todd let out a sigh of annoyance, but Scott decided to focus on his interests instead of his stepbrothers. With long, tight strokes, Scott wrapped his hand around Todd's hardened cock. Two heavy—somehow full—testicles bounced up and down with Todd's strokes.

“God, you gonna make me beg?”

“What?” Scott asked sheepishly, feeling the scales tip once in his favor.

“Fucking faggot. Just shove a few fingers in my cunt and milk a load out of me!” Todd barked.

Scott laughed at the request, and Todd decided to fulfill his request forcibly. He grabbed Scott's hand and shoved it underneath his privates and into his crack. Tighs tightened around Scott's thin wrist.

“Shove your fucking skinny ass, faggot fingers in my hole, or I swear to god I will snap your arm like a fucking twig.” Todd squeezed tighter around Scott's forearm. Scott swallowed whatever joy he found in the bathroom and forcibly shoved four fingers into his stepbrother's hole. They sank into them like a spoon into warm ice cream, meeting no resistance and creating only pleasure for Todd.

“Of fuck! Yeah! Just like that! God, those bitches are long. Yeah! Scratch. No press. Yeah! Just like that! Oh, fuck!” Todd's hole tightened around Scott's fingers, edging towards pain, while Scott pistoned his soapy hand up and down his stepbrother's cock. “Here it comes.” Scott fell to his knees, feeling the urge well up inside of him. “Here . . . it . . . oh shit!” A thick load of cum shot from the tip and struck Scott in the face. The white load painted his face as Scott moved the cock back and forth, enjoying the load as it dripped down his face.

Scott remained in the same position as the cum mixed with the spray from the showerhead. Todd relaxed and released the grip his hole had on Scott's fingers.

“We are gonna be having lots of fun when we get home, little bro,” Todd said as he leaned towards Scott, parted his cheeks, and let the water wash away the soap from his butt crack. “I'll let you wash off as a prize for getting me to cum so quickly.” Todd tossed Scott's partially wet hair and stepped from the shower. He dripped water across the floor and decided to continue the trail when no towel was found.

“Fuuuuuuck,” Scott loudly groaned as he threw himself into the water, washing away his shame. “Why can't I control myself!” Scott laid his head into the dirty tile. Todd's load washed from his forehead and found its way to his lips, and even in his confusion, Scott licked it from his lips.

The living room and bedroom were both empty when Scott came from the shower. His stepfamily's belongings were gone. Outside the front window, Scott heard Rod and Todd shouting to one another about their seats in the vehicle.

“Guess it's fixed.” Scott found his clothes balled up in the corner of the room. He smoothed out the wrinkles the best he could and decided it made no difference.

Who would care what he looked like today?

Downstairs, Rod, Todd, and James had already found their places in the vehicle. Todd nodded to Scott at his arrival, sitting in the front passenger seat while Rod was propped up in back row. The center row was noticeably missing, and Scott had a funny feeling they were stored away without reason.

“All settled up!” A hand slammed down on Scott’s shoulder, causing him to jump two feet away. “Woah, buddy, calm down. Didn’t mean to make you wet yourself.” The tow provider said, laughing slightly.

“I didn’t wet myself,” Scott said with an annoyed tone.

“I could help with that.” The tow provider grabbed his cock through his dirty jeans. He massaged it between his fingers, bringing it life. His cock stretched down his pant leg, pushing against the loose area of his jeans. The magnetism began, drawing Scott towards the tow provider's member. Weakness assaulted his knees, making him wobble as he stumbled closer to the greasy man. “See, I knew would want a goodbye gift.” He grabbed his zipper and began to undo his pants.

HONK HOOOONK

Two loud horns sliced the attraction in two and gave Scott eh ability to pull away and look at the vehicle.

“Let’s get this show on the road! I wanna be home before nightfall!” James yelled, slamming his hand on the top of the SUV to emphasize his readiness to leave. The tow provider gave him the finger, zipping up his pants and grumbling about his erection.

For once, Scott was thankful for his stepdad’s penchant for leaving early.

“Where am I sitting?”

“Oh, we didn’t think you would want a chair?” Rod raised his bare feet. “I thought more of a footstool would be more appropriate and probably more to your liking.” He wiggled his toes as his feet hovered in the air.

Scott didn’t need to say anything; he climbed into the car and positioned himself beneath Rod’s feet. They sat heavily on his face, smashing into his features as Rod allowed the full weight of them to press into his nose and his mouth. The vehicle reversed out of the shop and took a sharp left turn, moving towards the highway. Scott looked towards the front, making eye contact with James. His thin lips spread across his face, deepening into the dimples of his face.

“Who’s ready to be home?”

Todd and Rod gave a resounding me, while Scott gave a half moan beneath Rod’s feet, fearing home just as much as he was excited for what his life was to become.

Scott remained beneath his stepbrother’s feet for the remainder of the ride. Todd and James talked about what they were going to do with all of Scott’s money. Cars. Houses. Businesses. Expensive watches and flashy jewelry. Anything they wanted, they could have—at the expense of their new slave. Scott often whimpered when they would throw the idea back and forth between the two about releasing

Scott from their grasp and letting him. But the whimper would be snuffed out by Rod's heel or by a large toe in Scott's mouth. He would suck on it like a child would a binky, lulling himself into a sense of relaxation, forgetting all the horrible things that plagued his mind and awaited him at home.

They arrived late into the evening, stopping in a parking lot that Scott did not recognize. When Rod raised his feet from Scott's face, soreness erupted from his jaw. Thinking about the last several hours, Scott hadn't stopped worshipping Rod's feet once. He had given each of Rod's feet hours' worth of attention, washing every speck and space imaginable. So much so that the taste had been burned into Scott's tongue. Even as the door opened into the empty parking lot and Rod launched himself onto the pavement, Scott's tastebuds still rolled around the taste of his stepbrother's feet. His hands went to his cock, massaging the extremely painful erection that remained through the entirety of the car ride.

"Get your hands, our your pants! We have some business to attend," James said, peeking his head into the open door. He reached out a hand, and Scott took it.

Why had James brought him here, Scott wondered? The decrepit row of shops and businesses were closed us out completely of business. Not a single one seemed to be open or accepting business at the late hour, but Rod, Todd, and James all walked towards an unmarked door beneath an unmarked marquee. Before Scott could comment, Todd threw back the door and stepped into the dark insides. Scott hesitated, not fully understanding what was happening, but couldn't stop as James continued to pull him into the store.

The insides were unexpected. For one, it was clean, and it was occupied.

Scott looked at the window and saw black paint smeared on the inside of the storefront, giving the impression of being closed.

"Oh, look who's back already!" Announced a redheaded female from the front desk.

"Hey Barbara," James said. "Is he in?"

"Yes, he is! Go on inside; he should have everything ready. Can't believe the time you made! When you texted us earlier today, I didn't think you would make it before we closed up for the night."

"You can do wondrous things when you are determined, and when you go twenty over the speedo limit the entire way," James laughed while the group of them walked into a large side office.

The office was even nicer than the outside. Heavy tombs lined the back wall while a rich, dark oak desk sat in the middle of the room. Several heavily cushioned chairs sat opposite of a portly balding man.

"Isn't this a little late for you, old man?" James joked.

"Aren't you older than me?" The man said, rising from his chair. James released Scott's hand and shook the balding man's wrinkly hand. Scott had half a thought to turn and run, but Todd and Rod took position on either side of him, grasping firmly onto his biceps. "Do you have the paperwork?"

"All drawn up and ready to be notarized," the man said as he leaned towards a manila folder and withdrew a large stack of papers. A large pen was sat atop, and Scott knew. He didn't need to read them to understand what they were. He had signed a very similar stack just a few days prior.

“The transfer of assets is all here and ready to be signed.”

Then the entire room turned to Scott.

They were like a pack of wolves staring at the fattest sheep they had ever seen—or in this case, a cash cow.

“Ready to sign, little bro?”

“Ready to give up everything?”

“Ready to be our helpless little foot fag?”

Scott opened his mouth to shout no, but the wettest soak he had seen the entire trip found its way into his mouth, and a piece of tape traveled around his head, sealing it in place. Rod’s hands found their way under Scott’s jaw and pushed down, wringing out the sweat and filling his mouth.

“MMMMM!” Scott cried out as the sweat washed away any thoughts. He swallowed the mouthful and bit down again. His legs turned into noodles, but his stepbrothers only needed to drag him across the floor. They pushed the pen into his hand, and he began to write.

His eyesight came and went as he continued to chew on the sock in his mouth.

Was it Todd’s? Was it Rod’s? Was it James’ sock?

It tasted deceptively like Todd’s cock, but somehow also tasted of James’. It was this cauldron of tastes, and Scott couldn’t stop his thoughts from whirling as he absorbed every droplet, examining the flavor and filing it into his mind. Every idea seemed to bury his consciousness under it. He could feel wetness travel across his groin as he leaked into his pants, cumming without even touching himself.

He looked down and saw his wet front and his hand traveling across every form, signing his name. It was sloppy, but it was his.

He signed and sucked.

He signed and swallowed.

Sign.

Suck.

Sign.

Swallow.

But the time his hand-scribbled across the final sheet, he felt his body seize once more, shooting another load into his pants. His stepbrothers released him, and Scott fell to the floor, focused more on cleaning the dirty sock in his mouth than the fortune. Scott watched his stepfamily's feet as they bounced up and down, excited about their future.

Though Scott had just lost his freedom and millions, all he could think about was hiding beneath those men’s feet and sucking them until he couldn’t feel anything.