

The Car Ride from Hell

Eddie 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, Eddie 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 Eddie's mother's funeral.

She had been sick for years, and Eddie had come to terms with the idea of her passing. Eddie 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 Eddie.

The funeral was short, and Eddie 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, Eddie 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. Eddie 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, two 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, Eddie's stepfather, shared the same shit-eating grin that Rod and Todd showed as the attorney leafed through the large stack of papers. He rambled along all the legal jargon, telling them about property, stocks, and bonds that Eddie's mother owned before passing. Even Eddie was surprised at the amount of stuff his mother collected over the years, only knowing about half of it, and from the way that Eddie'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?" Eddie 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." Eddie's stepfather interrupted. "She said that everything was put all the land and bonds in my name and split the rest of it in the kid's names." Desperation dripped from his voice. Eddie couldn't help but openly roll his eyes at his stepfather . . . well, ex-stepfather.

Eddie knew that his stepfamily was all obsessed with his mother's money. The land, the stocks, the boat, the house in the Hamptons, Eddie had doubts about the "love" James had for his mother. But for some reason, Eddie'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 Eddie wasn't gay - he wasn't blind either.

His stepfather and stepbrothers had a proclivity for tight shorts and no underwear. Eddie hated the way they peacocked around with their cocks swinging in their pants. Eddie 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?" Eddie said in disbelief.

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

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

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

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Rod, Todd, and James huddled together in a separate area while Eddie 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 Eddie 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 Eddie 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. Eddie will be over in 15 minutes to leave," James ordered as he wiggled his own massive foot at Rod. The brother's feet were huge, while his father's was gigantic. "Go ahead and do mine," James offered.

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

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

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

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

"Hello, you guys ready?" Eddie 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 Eddie 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.

Eddie 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. Eddie 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?" Eddie 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 Eddie.

Eddie gave his stepfather a hollow smile.

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

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

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said a little too overly enthusiastically. The four men silently walked down the hotel hallway, checked out of the hotel, and walked outside. But while Eddie 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.” Eddie 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!” Eddie moaned from the middle 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,” Eddie grumbled as he settled into his chair. His extra-large stepbrother Todd filled his seat, spread across the center row, and pressed into Eddie’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,” Eddie said as he settled his head against the window. He pulled his earbuds out of his pocket and shoved them into his ear.

Eddie 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 Eddie.

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

“God, what is that?” Eddie 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, Eddie said as he continued to sniff. Or at least not his armpits.

Eddie 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!” Eddie 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 away.