

Dariel wasn't surprised when his parents separated. They were old, even for elves, and they were very fluid in that fickle social way. He was well in his 20s, so he had grown up enough to respect and understand their choices. It went about as smoothly as one could hope for.

He wasn't surprised when she wanted to start dating again either. He figured it was none of his business, so long as he didn't have to get involved. Elves were long-lived creatures so their age rarely kept them from their desires.

What really surprised him was to learn she was dating a goblin. Rigrak was a nice enough guy, but he only came up to his mom's knees. He was always casually dressed in jeans and t-shirts, a way more blue collar guy while his mom was always dressed classier as a respected weather mage in her county. Dariel would have never imagined her being that happy with such a casual schlub of a guy, but she seemed even happier than she was with his father. It was strange to see after going out for just under a year, Rigrak and his mom got formally married.

It was all absolutely shocking to Dariel, but it seemed to make everybody happy and didn't affect him too much. What DID affect him was that they moved in together at the elven family's home, bringing along Dariel's new stepsister Pecky.

Peculia was a teasing tomboy of a goblin with bluish green skin and boyishly short, ashy gray hair with darker green tips. She was even shorter than her father (something around 2'9" as best Dariel could guess), but much thicker built, presumably taking after her mother. She had wide hips and a wide stance with small but distinctly rounded breasts. She has a little button nose and small, pouty lips that made her look like she was always expecting a kiss.

Much like Dariel, Peculia had lived at home with her dad. While the elf had done so to avoid the complex paperwork of getting his own place in the elven homeworld, it sounded like Pecky just stayed at home because she could. The fit blonde elf didn't know what to make of her. She had been pretty dismissive and cold about him the few times they'd met, passing him casual nods more than anything else. That changed once they'd moved in together. Whenever Peculia wandered into where Dariel was, she plopped down somewhere nearby. She sat immediately next to him when he was eating in the kitchen, and if he was watching TV or on his computer in the living room, she'd just find a spot to do the same or just watch him instead. He was starting to feel less like he'd gained a sister than Rigrak had brought his cat along with him. He had no idea how to deal with her watchfully close proximity.

"Darling, could you do mummy a favor?" his mother chimed one day.

She was an elegant woman who grew up in the world of magic. She wore a silky robe around the house on her time off, a lightweight kimono of sorts. She held a small but ornate piece of paper, the kind of ScryPad that familial elves used to communicate between friends and family.

"Sure thing, mom. What is it?"

Dariel had offered paying towards the hose several times but it had been paid off some time ago and she had refused. He figured running as many errands as he could would be the best he could do. He looked up from his computer, jolting a bit when he saw Kandy sitting on the arm of the couch opposite from him. She watched him wide-eyed, ears and nose twitching slightly like a rat eyeing a piece of suspicious food.

“Your Aunt Figarlia... the one that moved to the human world last century? She came into some lovely everwood furniture that she didn’t want to keep and you know how bothersome shipping can be between dimensions. Would you be willing to take Rig’s truck down to her shop and pick them up for me?”

They swapped a few questions about where that was before he found her flower shop on his GPS, coordinating it with the airport portals.

“That’s a few days of driving,” he noted.

“Oh I can pay for fuel and whatever you need along the way,” she assured him, but Peculia perked up suddenly.

“I can go with,” she quickly offered.

Dariel’s mom broke into a wide smile.

“That’s a LOVELY idea! You could use the company, and you two can get to know each other better! I’ll tell Rig to get you the keys and you can head out whenever.”

She trotted off with an overly pleased grin. Dariel paused and looked back at the off-green step-sister.

“What’s that about?” he pried carefully.

“Duh. Roadtrip,” she said plainly.

“And I’ll go stir crazy if I stay stuck in elf land this long. It’s so weirdly clean out here. ‘Cept for you, sometimes.

Pecky snickered and jabbed him in the shoulder. Dariel winced as she hopped off the couch, touching down in a thickly jiggling landing.

“Finally gettin’ some alone time with my bro. Don’t bother packing condoms!”

Dariel wondered if he had misheard her or if she genuinely meant they wouldn’t have any need for them. Either way, Pecky seemed very chipper for the following day before their trip. Their parents sorted things out before they got back into his goblin step-father’s truck. He had to

remove the boosted foot-pedals to fit himself in comfortably, but otherwise it seemed to work fine.

“Here ya go. Take care of the ol’ girl for me, would ya?” Rigrak said with a joking smile.

“Don’t worry, pop, I learned to drive while I was back on Earth,” the much taller elf assured him.

“Oh, right. I wasn’t really talking about the truck, but good to hear.”

Rig smiled and gave him a firm handshake before giving his daughter a firm hug. She scoffed and rolled her eyes, but patted him back before they let go. The step-siblings got into the car with Dariel at the wheel, giving them a quick wave before driving off together.

Things went smoothly at first. Pec kicked her feet in the roomy space. Dariel let her pick their music station and she unsurprisingly swapped over to some goblin “dumpster pop.” They went through the rune tunnel and came back out on Earth, the subtle shift in light and colors something Dariel had gotten used to in his mixed education between worlds. He pulled through the busy parking lot before reaching the road itself... where the truck promptly stopped. It gave a weird little squeaking sound and seemed to lock up while he tried pulling out.

“What the hell?”

Dariel tapped the gas again and made sure he hadn’t bumped into an emergency brake or something like that.

“Get the widget,” Pecky pointed out.

“The what?”

“The little thing under the wheel. By the switches. You gotta change it after you do a dimension hop.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about. How old is this thing?”

“Oh gimme that.”

Much to his surprise, Pecky unbuckled herself and climbed into his lap. She sat down and made herself at home there, planting her wide booty right in his lap. It was soft as hell, squishing like a pair of oversized water balloons to mold into place. She snuggled her way in and reached under, hitting a few things around the dash. She swung her stubby little leg to kick at his.

“Now gas it.”

Dariel did as she said and the truck went on smoother than ever. He was a little impressed, but he had to assume she'd learned to drive on the old truck anyway. Dariel had to reach around Pecky's head with her ears resting against his arms to steer as they headed off.

"Thanks. You can move back now whenever you're ready," he said.

"You want me to move in a movin' vehicle? That's beggin' for a crash, nuds."

He supposed she had a point. He was ready to pull over when she slipped down to squat her tiny self between his legs.

"Besides, this way's easier to fit in some road head."

Dariel  
Peculia  
Dad rigrak

elf boy's mom marries a goblin, gaining a flirty, teasing goblin stepsister  
"Accidental" sexiness