

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS VOLUME 4



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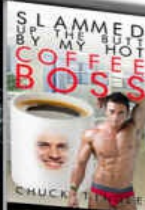
CHUCK TINGLE



REAMED BY MY REACTION TO THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK



ANGRY MAN POUNDED BY THE FEAR OF HIS LATENT GAYNESS OVER A DINOSAUR TRANSITIONING INTO A UNICORN



SLAMMED UP THE BUTT BY MY HOT COFFEE BOSS

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

Volume 4

By Chuck Tingle

REAMED BY MY REACTION TO THE TITLE OF THIS
BOOK

1

A familiar but sharp ringing cuts through my headset, and I immediately reach up to press the “answer call” button.

“Hello, this is Josh Gorpin, Blue’s Brownies Incorporated.” I say, leaning back into my chair and giving myself a spin. Spinning is one of the few luxuries that I have here in this cramped cubicle.

“Josh, it’s Peter.” Comes the voice on the other end.

I roll my eyes. “Dude, why do you keep distracting me? I’ve got so much work to get done today before five.”

“Oh shit.” Peter offers. “Sorry man, I was just kind of bored over here.”

Peter and I are both hard workers with comfortable salary jobs, but I often find myself being very jealous of the relaxed environment at his office, which just happens to be located a few miles east of my own looming high rise.

This company has a more traditional work environment, while Peter seems to have all the time in the world to send me goofy emails and completely inappropriate attachments.

“Did you check out that link I sent you?” Peter continues.

“Yeah.” I tell him, maximizing my email and staring at the pixelated message that sits unopened on my screen. “Well, I mean no, I didn’t open it.”

“Why not?” Peter cries out.

“Dude, you wrote ‘not safe for work’ in the title and then sent it over to me while you know I’m at work.” I explain, slightly frustrated. “You’re gonna get me fired.”

“Oh god, no I’m not.” Peter counters, mockingly.

“You’re not even supposed to be calling me on this line, this is my work phone.” I continue.

“Yeah, but on this line you get to use your headset and I know how much you like that.” My friend says with a laugh.

I know that he’s just messing with me, but Peter is actually correct about the headphone thing so I let it slide. As ridiculous as it sounds, talking on the headset feels pretty bad ass.

“So what is it?” I ask. “I’m not going to open it at work so you might as well just tell me.”

Peter sighs. “Well, it’s better if you just look at it, but fine. Do you know who Buck Trungle is?”

I begin to flip a pencil up into the air and catch it as we talk. “Nope. Tell me.”

“An author.” Peter explains. “Like...”

I stop throwing the pencil. “Like?”

Peter sighs. “This sucks trying to explain. You kind of just have to look at the covers of his books. They’re crazy.”

“Crazy how?” I continue to prod.

“Like super weird and totally gay.” Peter tells me.

“Why would I want to look at gay book covers?” I question. “I’m straight.”

“Hey, me too!” Peter protests, “But they’re so funny dude, you’ve gotta check them out. One is called *Space Raptor Butt Invasion*.”

I can’t help up laugh. “Seriously? Raptor like the dinosaur?”

“Yes!” Peter shouts. “There’s a bunch about dinosaurs, and unicorns, too. There’s even one about fucking a plane called *I’m Gay For My Billionaire Jet Plane!*”

“Is he for real?” I ask.

"I don't know." Peter admits. "I mean, it seems like he is but its kind of hard to tell sometimes. Like, this new book... I don't even know what to say about it."

There is something strange is Peter's tone as he tells me this, a powerful weight to his words that sets me ever so slightly on edge.

"What's the name of the new book?" I ask.

There is silence on the other end of the line. I wait for a brief moment and then try again. "Peter, what's the name of the new book?"

"Oh, sorry." My friend suddenly apologizes, ripped back into reality from whatever spaced out zone he was just occupying. "I think you should check it out for yourself."

"Dude, just tell me." I protest.

"It's in the link." Peter counters, an odd flatness in his voice. "Hey, I've gotta go."

"You have to go?" I scoff. "What, did someone finally give you something to do over there?"

The line abruptly goes dead.

"Peter?" I ask. It takes me a moment to realize that he's actually gone and when I finally do I'm not exactly sure what to make of it. Regardless, it's probably for the better because I can finally stop being distracted and get some work done for a change.

I pull my chair back towards my desk and place a stack of papers in front of me, pulling off the top few and then diving in to scan for mistakes. Right now I'm editing internal documents regarding our acquisition of a brand new company; nothing exciting in any way, shape or form, but it's something that has to get done.

Eventually, though, my thoughts begin to wander away from the task at hand, settling on the tiny yellow mail icon that remains unopened on my computer screen.

"Not safe for work." I read aloud.

This type of warning is standard for things forwarded around in an environment like mine, a not so subtle suggestion to save it until you get home. The problem, however, is that it's so fucking vague. Does it mean that the content inside is hardcore pornography, or just some silly joke with a little swearing?

I drag my mouse's arrow across the computer screen, letting it hover above the unopened letter from Peter as my heart rate quickens. Might as well live a little, I think to myself.

I'm just about to click, when suddenly my phone rings through my headset once again. I reach up and click the button to talk. "Hello, this is Josh Gorpin, Blue's Brownies Incorporated."

"Josh!" Peter shouts loudly into my ears, causing me to wince. I can immediately tell that something is wrong.

"What's going on over there?" I ask my friend.

Peter ignores my question. "Josh, whatever you do, don't open the email."

"What?" I question, not exactly sure if I heard him correctly.

"Whatever you do, do not open that email I sent you." Peter repeats.

I notice now that there is an unusual amount of noise in the background of Peter's office, a cacophony of sounds making their way through the receiver. It sounds like a mixture of violent shouting and long, low groans.

"Dude, what's going on over there?" I ask.

"Josh, just listen to me." Peter says again, his voice growing frantic. "Oh shit..."

Suddenly, the line goes dead again, prompting me to finally conclude that this entire thing has

been some kind of tasteless practical joke.

I'm about to open the email when suddenly I'm interrupted yet again by Raxlo, the head of human resources, who appears in the doorway of my cubicle.

"Hey, Josh." Raxlo starts. "There's a forward going around about this Buck Trungle guy, do you know what I'm talking about?"

I freeze abruptly, then slowly spin in my chair to face Raxlo. I hesitate before answering, not exactly sure if I should admit to anything at this point. Eventually, I decide to play my hand close to the chest.

"Oh, no I don't." I tell him, playing dumb. "Who's that?"

"God." Raxlo says, straight faced.

I eye him up and down, trying to discern if he's fucking with me or not, but despite Raxlo's awkwardness he appears to be genuine in his answer.

"God?" I ask.

Raxlo nods. "To me and you, yes. Not to them out there."

I'm utterly confused, but I decide to simply nod in response. "Okay. Well, I don't know him."

"You can go home early then." Raxlo informs me. "Everyone else is having a meeting in the conference room."

"Are you serious?" I question, but Raxlo leaves before I can even get the words out of my mouth.

I stand up from my chair and look around the rest of the office, noticing now that well over half of the employees have stood, as well, and are now making their way to the main conference room.

Sufficiently creeped out, I reach down and grab my bag, then begin heading towards the elevator.

Already within the conference room, I can see a handful of my coworkers undressing in front of the large paned windows, but the second we make eye contact one of them walks over and draws the blinds.

Something is definitely wrong here, but for the life of me I just can't seem to put my finger on it. Instead, I find myself panicking, trying to calm myself as I ride the elevator down to the first floor and then heading out into our office's parking lot. My heart is slamming in my chest, my senses on high alert as I climb into my ride and pull out onto the street.

"Holy shit!" I suddenly cry out as I swerve to avoid two twenty-something men who are standing right in the middle of the road. I hit the breaks and look back in my rear view mirror, ready to start apologizing profusely until I realize that they are completely oblivious of me and my big, loud car.

Instead, the men are locked in the troughs of passion, fucking each other with reckless abandon in the middle of the street. Their pants are around their ankles as they slam into one another, crying out with unbridled passion.

I throw my car back into drive and continue on my way.

By now I've begun to notice other couples, and sometimes more, slamming into each other without a care in the world. It makes absolutely no sense, especially when I realize the strange coincidence that all of these illicit pairings are gay.

There are very few other cars on the street, and the handful of other drivers that I see seem just as confused as I am, terrified looks plastered across their faces as they attempt to navigate through this surreal, new world.

I reach down and flip on the radio, hoping to find some information about whatever's going on.

"He really is an incredible author." Says a female announcer. "And with this new book, Buck Trungle has finally skyrocketed into the mainstream."

"I'll say." Responds the announcer's male counterpart. "Some people are starting to call on Dr. Trungle to run for president of the United States, including President Yuldok himself who is, apparently, a big fan of the new book."

"I think we all are." Says the female announcer, laughing.

"Well, to those of you just joining us, I'm Talp Bornin and this is my co-host Hedge Wizarp." The man says. "And we've just entered the second hour of our twenty four hour special on world-renowned author, Buck Trungle."

"Honestly, It's going so well that I think we might want to extend this to a whole week!" Interjects Hedge.

"Or year!" Counters Talp. "To bad we won't be around that long, we're already halfway done!"

"For those of you not already aware, Buck Trungle is the author of such masterpieces as *Pounded By President Bigfoot*, *My Ass Is Haunted By The Gay Unicorn Colonel*, and *Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt*." Explains Hedge. "The latter of those was hailed as a transhumanist masterpiece and prompted Trungle to follow up with the sequel *Pounded In The Butt By My Book* *'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt*."

"Sounds very meta." Adds Talp.

"Oh, it is." Agrees Hedge. "For those listeners who don't know, 'meta' is a word used to describe anything that is self referential. Things that break the fourth wall and, often, ask the audience themselves to become a participant."

"Ooh, very interesting." Talp says. "And a perfect segue into Dr. Trungle's newest 'Trungler'."

"Yes!" Replies Hedge. "Some are saying that this new book is so meta that it has literally made us start to question our own existence, suggesting that the entire world we live in could literally be a work of erotic fiction."

Both of the anchors laugh simultaneously.

"We have plenty of reports that hearing the title alone will turn you instantly gay." Explains Talp. "Which is why we are going to tell you all about it right now."

Just then I reach my house and pull up into the driveway, turning off my car and hopping out. The street appears empty but I can hear the passionate moans and groans of gay sex echoing across the block. I immediately head inside, locking the door behind me.

Now that I'm here, however, I have no idea what to do with myself. Is the world going to make any more sense from inside my living room? Will I wake up in the morning and everything is back to normal?

I sit down in front of my television and turn it on, hoping to ease my anxiety and take my mind of the craziness of the outside world, but instead my vision is assaulted by sudden and graphic depictions of gay sex. I scramble to change the channel and quickly realize that every station has been somehow converted into hardcore pornography.

"What the fuck?" I say aloud, finally opting to turn the television off entirely. "What the hell is going on?"

Finally, I just can't take it anymore, I reach over to the coffee table before me and grab my laptop, opening it up and immediately logging into my email. I place my cursor over the unopened

letter icon and take a deep breath.

Finally, I click.

The message opens up onto my screen, a few simple sentences followed by a link at the bottom.

“Dude, have you seen this guy?” I read Peter’s words aloud. “This shit is so crazy, you’ve gotta check out the title of his new book.”

I click the link below.

Suddenly, a massive book cover appears on my screen, revealing the title, *Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book* and instantly turning me gay. All of my senses are overwhelmed with a glorious bright light that hums across my entire body, elevating me to a higher plane of consciousness where I become acutely aware that I am nothing more than a character in a short story. On one hand you would think that this would be a terrifying notion, but you must also consider the fact that you, the reader, are also now aware that you’re simply a character in an erotic short, and you are not terrified in the least.

Is it simply because you are not ready to accept it yet? Or because you’ve always known?

I suddenly realize that my eyes have been closed this entire time and when I open them, my reaction to the title is hovering right in front of me, glowing with a beautiful bright light like the whiteness of a book page or this very kindle screen. It has assumed as physical form, an undulating blob of beautiful, explicit gayness that drifts closer and closer to me.

“I can’t believe I’m just a character in a book.” I finally say.

The reaction simply exists before me, not saying a word but soothing my soul from the inside out. A smile crosses my face.

“I’d love for you to fuck me.” I continue.

“Good.” Says the reaction. “Because the better you do, the more likely our dear readers will be able to accept that they too, have been turned gay by their reaction to this book. They have no idea that they are figments of Chuck Tingle’s imagination, and the sooner that they realize this, the sooner we can all join in harmony.”

“I understand.” I tell my reaction.

I slip down off of the front of the couch and push back the coffee table, making room for the physical representation of my own emotional state, then reach out and grab his cock firmly in my hand. My reaction is absolutely gorgeous; tan, muscular and sporting an incredible set of abs that has to be seen to be believed.

“You like that?” I ask, playfully.

“You know what I like.” Says the reaction. “You know everything about me.”

Immediately, I open wide and take the manifestation’s rod into my mouth, pumping up and down across the length of his shaft with expert precision. Despite never being with a man before, I suddenly realize that I am a fictional character and can be anything that I want. In fact, before the events of this book, a point at which I did not exist, I decide that I spent hours upon hours in the gym. The next thing I know, I am just as ripped as my reaction is.

I continue to bob my head across my reactions cock with feverish intensity, gradually speeding up until finally I plunge deep and hold, taking his shaft entirely into my mouth in a stunning deep throat. The reaction let’s out a long, satisfied moan of pleasure as I hold him there, running my tongue across the bottom of his shaft and tickling his balls.

The reaction’s rod is planted firmly in my mouth, my face pressed hard against his incredible, muscular abs. He places his hands against the back of my head, asserting his dominance until finally

I'm almost completely out of air and pull back with a loud gasp.

A long strand of saliva hangs down from my lips, providing me just enough lube to beat my reaction off frantically for a moment. I stand abruptly, tearing off my shirt and pants and throwing them to the side. My underwear comes next, and soon enough I'm completely naked in front of this incredible being. The manifestation eyes me up hungrily.

"Do you like what you see?" I coo.

"Yes." The reaction tells me. "Aside from a few spelling errors you've been written perfectly."

I smile and turn around, leaning forward over the couch in front of me and popping my ass out towards my strange new lover. I reach back and grab my ass cheek with one hand, spreading open my puckered hole.

"Ream me." I command.

The reaction positions himself behind me, carefully aligning the head of his shaft with the tightness of my back door and then slowly pushing forward, impaling me with a brutal strength. I grip the back of the couch tightly and brace myself against the reaction's powerful thrusts.

My reaction's cock is absolutely enormous, stretching my tight asshole to its very limits as he plunges in and out of me. The manifestation quickly finds a steady pace, pounding in a perfect rhythm that hits my prostate just right from the inside. I close my eyes tight as a strange pleasure begins to boil within me, starting as an aching simmer and then expanding down my arms and legs as I begin to tremble. I quake with ecstasy, wrapped up in the moment as I reach down between my legs and grab onto my hard, hanging shaft.

"Fuck!" I groan. "I'm so fucking close to blowing this huge load."

"Oh, I'm not finished with you yet." My reaction says, pulling out of my ass abruptly and lifting me up into his massive arms. He turns around and then lays me out across the coffee table, spreading my muscular legs wide as my cock juts out from my body.

My reaction wastes no time getting back to work, pounding away at my maxed out asshole with everything that he's got as I reach down and beat myself off. Then sensation is incredible, a fullness unlike anything I have ever experienced.

"I can't believe my reaction to this book title knows how to fuck me so good!" I cry out.

"Believe it!" The reaction exclaims, driving the point home with his rock hard shaft.

Once more, I begin to approach the wall of a powerful orgasm but, before I can, the reaction has one last surprise.

"Look back." The manifestation says.

I lean my head over the edge of the coffee table so that I'm upside down, staring out behind me.

"Do you see them?" My reaction asks.

"No." I admit.

"Look harder then, you filthy little twink!" The manifestation demands, slapping me hard on the ass.

"All I see is my wall." I tell him.

"Don't look with your eyes." My reaction explains. "Look with your mind. You know that you're not real now, so why would that wall be?"

His words make more sense than I'd like to admit and, almost immediately, I find myself gazing past the wall and through the words on this page, seeing my readers themselves.

“Holy shit, is that who I think it is?” I gasp, my reaction never letting up for a second as he hammers away at my buttocks.

“It is.” The reaction says. “Now cum for them!”

My entire body begins to quake with an incredible pleasure, sending spastic convulsions of bliss up and down my spine. I bite my lip, tears rolling down my cheeks as I grapple with the intense joy and strange hollowness of realizing that, as soon as you stop reading this, I will cease to exist. Moments later, I cum harder than I ever have, screaming out with a howl that can be heard for miles upon miles around us. I sound vibrates through the letters on this very page.

I am leaving my body, splitting into a million pieces as I change form into something completely unknown that travels out across the universe in every direction. I realize now that my fears of disappearing were unfounded, and as I leave this dimension and enter yours I am overwhelmed with joy, understanding that I will not disappear once the book is finished, but instead live on through the memories of you, my dear reader.

You are also within a book, but a much, much longer one.

Suddenly, I am thrust back into my fictional body. My reaction pushes deep into my asshole and holds tight, expelling a massive load of jizz up into my reamed butt. He fills me with pump after pump of hot spunk until there is no more room left and his semen comes spurting out from the tightly packed edges of my ass. It runs down my cheeks onto the coffee table below until my reaction pulls out and the cum spills forth like a tidal wave of pearly milk.

“That was incredible.” I tell my reaction. “Thank you for helping me see the truth.”

“I am only your reaction.” The manifestation tells me. “I was only showing you something that you already knew. Do you still fear the end of this book?”

I let out a long sigh. “No, not really. I understand now that I will exist in another way, not just blink out like a light. It’s still scary though.”

My reaction looks to the page number. “Well, you still have some time left, it’s just barely too short and Chuck like’s to keep things over four thousand words, at least.”

“That’s not a lot of time.” I tell him. “I almost wish I would have never known.”

“Well that would be easier, but you no longer have that choice.” My reaction tells me with a knowing grin. “So what do you want to do with the rest of your precious words?”

“We need to stop talking!” I shout, suddenly realizing that every word from my mouth is a waste of valuable space.

“Okay.” Agrees my reaction with a nod.

I stand up, trying to do as little as possible to avoid unnecessary descriptions, then realizing my effort is futile as my attempts to avoid wordiness only provokes it even more.

I walk to my front door and pull it open, then head out into the middle of the street where one of my neighbors is already waiting for me.

“We’ve only got a few words left, might as well enjoy them.” I say with a smile.

The neighbor and me start to make out, caressing each other’s bodies and then eventually falling to our knees right there in the middle of the road. My neighbor positions himself behind me and pushes his cock deep into my tight asshole.

“I don’t want this to end.” I say, more to the author than anyone else. “I know that I’ll live on forever in the people who read this and their posts and tweets but... can’t I just stay here forever, too?”

The author has mercy on me with four simple words.

We continue fucking forever.

ANGRY MAN POUNDED BY THE FEAR OF HIS
LATENT GAYNESS OVER A DINOSAUR
TRANSITIONING INTO A UNICORN

2

“What in the hell is this?” I ask aloud, the words simply falling out of my mouth as a photo fills my screen. I’m on some liberal news website that I normally wouldn’t be caught dead on, but a friend of a friend emailed me the link.

I try desperately to make sense on what I’m seeing, because all that I can gather from this photo is a sexy, majestic unicorn looks ready to party. It’s clearly a picture from some Hollywood photo shoot, which normally wouldn’t rev me up on principal alone, but even *I* have to admit that this horned beast is absolutely gorgeous.

After ogling the unicorn for a bit, I click back to the email and make sure I’ve followed the correct link, reading the message aloud. “You won’t believe what Bort Jenkins looks like now.” The message reads. “This is so wrong.”

I shake my head. Clearly, the friend who sent me this made a big mistake because the photo in question is definitely not of Bort Jenkins, tyrannosaurus athlete and star of the hit reality TV show, Borting Up With The Dinosaurs.

Instead, my buddy sent me the link to a sweet and sassy unicorn princess, and I can’t say that I’m disappointed.

“God damn, you’re a fine looking little piece of ass aren’t you?” I groan, leaning back into my chair and unzipping my pants, excited to beat one out before the old battle axe gets home. Unfortunately, I get no more than two strokes in before that’s exactly what happens.

“Carl!” My wife screams from outside the apartment, her shrill voice sending a sharp chill down my spine.

I immediately zip up my pants and jump to my feet, closing down the computer and walking over to the front door. I pull it open.

“Why the fuck is the door locked?” My wife screeches, pushing past me and almost knocking me over with her incredible size. She’s holding a grocery bag in each hand, each of them seemingly overflowing with beer.

My wife sets the bags down on the kitchen table and then pulls out a tabloid magazine from one of the bags. “Did you see this?” She asks, thrusting the magazine into my face.

“Bambam.” I say, trying to calm her down. “Chill.”

“You expect me to chill when this kind of sinful behavior is being peddled to our kids?” Bambam screams.

“We don’t have kids.” I tell her, calmly.

“But if we did.” My wife protests. “This is the kind of freak show the media would be rolling out for them.”

I finally take the magazine from my wife’s hands and look at the photo on the front, freezing abruptly as the image hits my eyes. It’s the same painfully sexy unicorn that I had been beating off to just moments before.

“What is this?” I ask, suddenly very concerned.

“Bort Jenkins.” Bambam tells me.

I stare at the magazine cover for a while and then look back into my wife’s eyes, trying to figure out if she’s joking or not.

“From that reality show?” I ask. “I don’t think so.”

“Honey.” My wife says, taking the magazine out of my hands and holding it up to my face once more so I can get a really good look. She puts one of her chubby, long nailed fingers on the

cover and taps it repeatedly. "This is Bort Jenkins now."

I can't help but laugh. "Bort Jenkins is a dinosaur, though."

"Not anymore." Bambam tells me.

There's something about the look in my wife's eyes that finally convinces me she's no longer joking, and as I glance back at the magazine one final time my blood runs cold. All of the pieces of the puzzle suddenly begin falling into place, swirling through my brain like a vicious tornado until eventually there is just nowhere else to run.

"He had a unichange." Bambam says, disgusted. "He's a unicorn now."

The words hit me like a punch in the gut, causing me to almost double over completely with their devastating force. I feel sick to my stomach as visions of the last ten minutes wash over me in brutal waves, particularly the part where I was pleasuring myself to the images of who I know is Bort. At first I try to desperately convince myself that I had never seen him as an attractive mystical creature, somehow knowing deep down inside that a vicious T-Rex lurked within. Despite my best efforts, though, I just can't do it. I know the truth of my actions.

"Sickening, right?" My wife says, not quite understanding the blank look on my face as my skin goes pale.

I nod. "Just terrible."

I stumble a little, almost losing my footing and then catching myself. "I think I need to get some fresh air." I blurt, staggering towards the door of our apartment.

"You don't want any dinner?" My wife asks.

"Maybe in a bit, I just..." I stammer, not knowing exactly what to say. I throw open the door and step outside, looking back at Bambam. "I just need a little time to myself, that's all."

I close the door behind me and, almost immediately, my wife starts screaming like a vicious dog whose been tied up too tight. Her words are almost incoherent, a stream of belligerence that I can't even begin to decipher. I stumble away quickly down the front walk, trying to put as much distance between me and her as possible, should she come stumbling out after me.

Soon, I'm walking down the side of the road, my legs carrying me wherever they want to go as my mind travels to all of its darkest corners imaginable. There's no denying it now, I was attracted to a unicorn that started as a dinosaur.

The admission fills me with so much dread and rage that I actually have to stop for a moment and find my way over into a nearby ditch, vomiting profusely as the cars continue to stream by. Someone honks loudly as they pass, probably mistaking me for a drunk, and I angrily flip them off as they disappear into the distance.

How could this have happened to me? A red blooded American male, I've loved unicorn's since the day I was born; their long, flowing manes, their sturdy, powerful hooves, and last but not least their shiny ivory horns that twist up towards the sun in a perfect spiral of beauty.

In fact, just thinking about them right now turns me on enough to develop a hearty, half-chubbed erection.

But Bort Jenkins was no unicorn, he was an abomination. I'm straight as an arrow, never once finding a dinosaur to be sexually attractive in any way. Sure, some of the football playing raptors on TV had impressive bodies, but if I'm looking to get myself off I'd much rather tune into the Unicorn Football League.

I suddenly shudder just thinking about the UFL, remember that they had recently allowed their first human player. What is this world coming to?

I fall to my knees on the side of the road and look up towards the sky, praying that god is looking down on me and listening. "What is wrong with me?" I cry out, my body filled with excruciating pain and overwhelming depression. "I'm not dinosexual! I'm not dinosexual!"

Not knowing what else to do, I let my head fall into my hands and begin to cry, the tears pouring down my face as I realize that I've become my own worst nightmare. I think back with pride to all the time's that I had bullied dinosexuals as a child, or posted hateful comments about them online. I used to be so cool, and now I'm just as bad as they are.

After kneeling here for some time I finally lift my head up, my gaze stopping on a bright neon sign that flickers just across the road from me in golden yellow. It's the local unicorn strip club, and never have I been more thankful for it's presence.

I climb to my feet and immediately head across the parking lot towards the blacked out front doors, ready to prove that I'm a real man who wants to bone hot unicorns, and only hot unicorns.

I practically kick open the doors as I reach them, flashing the bouncer my ID and then immediately taking a seat at the very front of the stage.

"Alright!" Slams a booming voice over the club's loudspeaker. "Our next dancer comes to you all the way from Tennessee. He's a rootin' tootin' cowboy named Dasher and he's ready to clop his way into your heart. Everyone give it up for the one... the only... Dasher Sprinkles!"

Seconds later the most incredible, muscular unicorn I have ever seen steps out into the stage, dressed up to the nines in a very slutty little cowboy outfit that he immediately get's to work stripping out of. The whole world around me seems to stop as Dasher work's his magic, clopping back and forth and then eventually taking a few spins around the pole.

Several other men quickly join me at the front of the stage and soon enough the money is raining down onto the gorgeous young dancer. Dasher is loving every second of it, putting on a show like nothing I've ever seen.

Yet somehow, I'm not getting hard.

I look down towards my cock, which rests just behind a thin layer of fabric within my pants. "Come on." I coax. "You love this shit, bro."

My dick doesn't move a muscle, absolutely refusing to affirm my strong attraction to the handsome unicorn.

"Come on." I coax, beads of sweat forming on my forehead as the anxiety continues to blossom within me. "Come on."

I suddenly feel a twitch of something lustful in my groin but before it can get any further the song ends and Dasher begins to collect his money from the stage.

"Wait!" I shout frantically, suddenly right back where I started. "Don't go!"

Despite all of the chatter around us, Dasher hears me and looks up from his bouquet of dollar bills. "You want a private dance, baby?" The unicorn asks.

"Yes." I nod frantically. "Please."

The next thing I know, Dasher Sprinkles has taken my hand in his hoof and is leading me across the strip club to a curtained off back room. I follow him excitedly, my heart pounding hard within my chest.

"Why don't you just have a seat?" Dasher offers once we're all alone, leading me over to a red velvet couch and then closing the curtains behind us.

The unicorn immediately gets to work swaying his hips back and forth, his muscular body

entrancing me more and more with every movement.

“God damn, you look so good.” I say, unable to contain my excitement.

“Oh yeah?” The unicorn coos. “You really think so?”

“I know so.” I tell him. “I’m not some dinosaur lover or anything like that. I know good unicorn tail when I see it.”

The dancer freezes suddenly, stopping abruptly as my words hit his ears. “What did you say?” Dasher questions.

“Oh, I just meant that I’m not some dinochaser.” I say. “I’m a man’s man, you know?”

The look of the unicorn’s face changes slightly, his once joyful expression transforming to one of contempt and utter disappointment. “So *real men* don’t like dinosaurs?” The unicorn asks.

“Well, yeah.” I stammer, not exactly sure what I should say or why this dancer is getting so upset with me.

Suddenly, an perfect example dawns on me. “Like Bort Jenkins, right? He was born as a dinosaur, that’s the way that god mad him and he should just stay that way! It’s the natural order of things.”

Dasher shakes his head. “You’re disgusting. Get out.”

“What?” I shout, standing up. “I’m giving you a fucking compliment here.”

“You honestly think you have the right to tell Bort Jenkins, or any other dinosaur for that matter, what they’re allowed to do with their own bodies?” The now furious unicorn dancer yells as bouncers start approaching from either side. “What fucking right do you have?”

The massive bouncers grab me by either arm and I immediately struggle against them, enraged by the way this plan is turning out.

“What are you asking?” I scream at the unicorn dancer as the bouncers pick me up and start carrying me towards the door. “Are you asking if I hate dinosaurs that become unicorns? Well the answer is yes! Yes I do!”

The entire strip club starts booing me, a few patrons actually helping to clear the way as the bouncers carry me out.

The next thing I know, the front door of the club opens and I’m being thrown through the air, hurtling several feet before slamming hard onto the pavement and rolling end over end. I tumble for a while and then eventually come to rest, bloody and bruised, while the club door slams shut behind me.

“Dinosaurs are dinosaurs! Unicorns are unicorns!” I scream out into the night. “Deal with it!”

It takes a few minutes but eventually I manage to drag myself to my feet and begin the defeated walk back home to the apartment. It’s late now, and very few cars continue up and down the road. Instead of rumbling engines, my senses are overwhelmed by the chirping crickets who call out from somewhere deep inside the nearby forest.

“I should probably cut through.” I think to myself, realizing now just how long I’ve been gone. My wife is going to kill me when I get home and, as much as I dread returning, the sooner I get there the better.

I immediately veer off of the road and into the word, muttering to myself under my breath as though anything I say could possibly change the fact that I had, just moments before, thought a dinosaur was attractive enough to jerk off to.

The trees grown thicker and thicker around me as I continue deeper still, and eventually the moon above is blocked out by the crisscross of gnarled branches that hang above.

“Carl.” A voice suddenly moans. I stop and immediately turn around to look behind me. There’s nothing there.

“Hello?” I call out, my voice bouncing back to me across the assortment of twisting trees.

Eventually, I begin walking again, but it’s not long before I hear the voice for a second time. I spin back around, once more greeted by absolutely nothing.

“You don’t want to mess with me tonight!” I call out into the dark woods. “Don’t fuck with me ‘cause I ain’t scared.”

“Not scared?” I voice suddenly asks.

I spin and nearly fall over backwards in shock at what I see. There, hovering before me, is a massive, misty apparition in the shape of a face. It floats menacingly, it’s form changing and shifting slightly in the wind but, for the most part, retaining the look of an enormous hollow skull with ghostly nude bodies flowing through it. I lean in closer to see that the muscular bodies within this thing’s ethereal form belong to dinosaurs.

“What are you?” I ask, my voice trembling.

The skull laughs. “You already know the answer to that one, Carl, you just can’t accept it yet?”

I shake my head. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Do you know why you’re so afraid of Bort Jenkins?” The skull asks me.

“I’m not afraid of Bort Jenkins.” I counter. “I’m angry at the example he sets!”

“A lot of the time anger is just fear in disguise.” The skull explains. “This is one of those times.”

I shake my head, not wanting to accept the words that are being thrown my way. “Fuck that, I don’t want to hear this.” I say.

“I know, I know.” Chuckles the hazy skull. “But I’m not going to go away anytime soon because I’m a part of you, Carl. You might as well just deal with your feelings right here and now.”

“What feelings?” I scream at the appreciation, fed up.

“The fact that you’re attracted to a unicorn who was once a dinosaur makes you question your own sexuality.” Explains the skull. “And the only way for you to deal with that is to say that there’s something wrong with the unicorn, when in fact the only person with a problem is you.”

“No! No! No!” I shout, putting my hands over my ears as I fall to my knees. “You’re lying! This is just a dinosaur trick!”

“Afraid not.” Says the skull. “And while we’re at it, I guess you should know that you’re a repressed homosexual, too.”

Suddenly, the skull has gone a little too far for any of this be believable. I crack a smile and stand back up. “You had me going there for a minute, but the gay thing is just a little too much.”

“You we’re just at a bar full of male strippers.” The skull says flatly.

“Male unicorn strippers.” I explain. “Big difference.”

The skull shakes from side to side mid air. “There’s no difference, Carl.”

His words repeat over and over again within my head, bouncing around in an endless loop that seems to drift deeper and deeper into the most hidden parts of my soul. Eventually, I can’t hear anything else. Tears begin to well up in my eyes, my emotions suddenly too overwhelming to contain

within my body.

“Oh my god.” I stammer, the entire universe suddenly opening up before me in a blast of cathartic realization. “I hate Bort Jenkins because I’m jealous of him. He’s so open with his sexuality while I keep mine pushed deep down inside, hidden away.”

The skull nods. “That’s correct.”

“I don’t want to hide anymore.” I say. “Like you said, there’s no difference.”

“It’s all love.” The skull agrees.

“I’m gay.” I say, the words fulling my soul with beautiful warmth. “I like unicorns... and dinosaurs.”

Suddenly, the misty skull is swirling around me, enveloping me in its sensual touch. I close my eyes and let out a soft moan, reeling from the sensation of being held by a personified version of my own repressed sexual identity.

“I want you.” I say. “I want to be who I’m supposed to be.”

The mist begins to take shape around me, forming personified manifestations of my latent gayness. I have to admit, they look good; hunky ethereal men with absolutely massive erections projecting out from their bodies.

I look down and suddenly realize that, I too, am hard. After all of this effort, nothing was more arousing than losing my own sexual inhibitions.

Finally, I just can’t take it anymore, overwhelmed with ecstasy as I drop to my knees. I start to beat off the mist furiously, a cock and each hand as I make my way around the circle.

“Oh my god.” I say, overwhelmed by the forest of dick that surrounds me. “I can’t believe how gay I really am. All of this time spent hating people who are different than me and now I realize that I’m just as different as they are.”

“In your own way.” Says the mist. “We’re all different in our own way, and that’s okay.”

The personified sexual fear seem to enjoy my touch, groaning in turn as I take my time with each one of their rods. They rock their hips to the movement of my hands, closing their eyes tightly as my firm grip pleasures them.

Suddenly, one of the ethereal forms puts his hands behind my head and pushes forward, thrusting his massive shaft between my lips. I swallow him gladly, taking as much length as I can until he’s pressing hard against my gag reflex. I try my best to relax and allow him past, but it’s just too much to bear and suddenly I’m retching loudly, sputtering as I pull his rod out in a flurry of spit. I gasp for air, trying to collect myself as more and more hazy cocks are pressed against my mouth, anxious for their turn.

Seconds later, I’m taking the latent gayness deep once again, hungrily swallowing his massive dick and letting it expertly slip down into my depths. Somehow I manage to relax enough to allow him passage beyond my gag reflex, and the next thing I know his balls are pressed tightly against my chin, his cock completely disappearing within my neck. The strange being holds me there for a moment, enjoying the sensation of controlling me just as much as I enjoy being controlled. He starts to push me up and down slightly, using me as his own private play toy for a moment before letting me up in a frantic gasp for air.

The cocks continue to be thrust between my lips from every direction, and I quickly lose track of just how many I’ve taken. I spend a little time with each one, bobbing my head over their length as I use my hands to beat off the others two at a time. I lick up and down on their enormous shafts, running my tongue from balls to tip before swallowing them down again. The scene is frantic and

wild, a completely depraved expression of all my pent up sexual bigotry that's been dying to be exorcised.

At this point my dick is absolutely aching to be touched, throbbing between my legs as I yearn to be penetrated up the ass by any one of their massive misty cocks.

"Please." I gasp, pulling a member from my throat and looking up at the supernatural beings with huge doe eyes. "I need to be fucked."

One of the ethereal begins quickly drops to his knees behind me and begins to align his dick with my tight, puckered asshole. I look back at him and give a playful wink, then cry out loudly as he thrusts forward and stretches my tightness around the girth of his huge rod. His size is incredible, filling me completely as he pushes in and out with a slow, powerful grace.

"Oh fuck." I moan, my hands tightly gripping the green grass in front of me. "That personified sexual redneck fear feels so fucking good inside this tight butthole!"

The latent gayness hammering me from behind soon finds a pleasant rhythm and speeds up, his thrusts becoming a powerful pulsing slam against my round ass. Meanwhile, the misty apparitions around my face have stepped back and formed an orderly line, the first one shoving his cock down my throat so that I'm now being pounded from both ends. They push in and out of me in tandem with one another, timing their movements so that they're slamming my muscular body back and forth across their lengths like I'm some beautiful human sex-kabob.

One thing for sure, though, they know what they're doing, and it's not long before I find myself trembling as a prostate orgasm begins to blossom within me. I reach down and try to help it along, using my hand to rapidly stroke my throbbing cock as the quakes of pleasure continue to course through my body. I moan into the dick that fills my mouth, preparing for a powerful climax but then suddenly the cocks within me pull out and another two take their place, instantly starting the process over again.

These new misty men are just as hung as the first, and they waste no time picking up speed as they plow my tight holes. I brace myself against their thrusts, my eyes rolling back into my head as I struggle to handle the intense waves of pleasure being pounded through my body. They continue like this for a good while and then, like before, switch out with another pair of ethereal beings.

Eventually, all of the manifestations have had a turn within me. I'm still aching to cum but the mist men still have much more in store for my once closeted body.

One of the creatures lies down onto the ground next to me and instructs me to climb onto him, which I do happily. I straddle his body with my manly legs, and from where I sit I can now fully appreciate his ridiculously muscular yet foggy chest, which heaves and expands with every deep breath. I run my hands down the washboard abs of my own latent gayness and then take his rock hard dick in my hand, maneuvering it to the entrance of my tightness and then slipping down onto him as I impale my reamed asshole onto his rod. I slide down his length slowly, letting out a soft whimper when I reach the hilt and then start in with a slow grind.

"I was wrong about everything." I confess, my body tingling with absolute ecstasy. My swoops against the personified fear grow harder and harder, rapidly gaining speed until I am hammering down onto him with all of my force. My latent gayness helps me along with his powerful arms, taking my hips in his hands and guiding me into perfect alignment with his massive, swollen cock.

At this point I'm completely overwhelmed, my brain flooding with the most depraved, gay sexual thoughts possible. I crave more pleasure, more sex, more cock.

“Someone get over here and shove another dick up my fucking ass!” I suddenly demand, surprising even myself. “I need to be double fucked right now!”

One of the misty beings quickly takes his position behind me, squatting down and aligning his massive cock with the puckered rim of my already filled asshole. It’s a tense fit, the muscle of my ass fighting against his advances as he slowly pushes the head of his dick into my anal seal.

“Harder!” I command, looking back over my shoulder with a wicked fire in my eyes. “Just shove that fat dick inside of me! Punish me for being such a bad, bad little bigot!”

The latent gayness takes my words to heart and immediately thrusts foreword, hard, driving his dick up into my rectum in one powerful thrust. I scream aloud in a mixture of pain and pleasure, my entire body in shock from the bizarre sensation of two giant cocks fucking me in the same asshole.

The next thing I know, the mists are pumping back and forth within me, pulsing together so that their shafts create an incredible rhythm of pleasure. It’s unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

“Fuck me! Fuck me!” I’m screaming in a belligerent trance until suddenly one of the hazy men steps foreword and shoves his cock down my throat, cutting me off and turning my shrieks into a strange muted gargle.

Eventually, the ethereal creatures pull out and flip me over so that my back rests firmly against the latent sexual repression beneath me, while a second one pummels my ass from the front. Of course, a third misty man takes my mouth and suddenly I’m back where I started, with every gay hole filled to the max.

The mist begins to trade places within me, fucking me hard with their massive rods and then, right when I’m just about ready to cum, they pull out and let another one of the strange beings take their place. I quickly find myself lost in the frenzy of dick, my mind melting into a sexed up, cock hungry animal just aching to climax.

No sooner have I lost myself in their tornado of dick, when suddenly that familiar orgasmic sensation starts to bloom within me again, coming on strong and fast. I reach down between my legs and attack my cock, rapidly stroking myself as the sensations within me grow bigger and bigger, and then suddenly they erupt within my body. I let out a powerful scream that reverberates through the dick in my mouth, my eyes closed tight and my stomach clenched tighter. Wave after wave of ecstasy pulses through me and for a brief moment I forget where I am, leaving my shell in an out-of-body experience. Jizz erupts from my cock, splattering everywhere.

I finish cumming and then immediately collapse onto the ground next to the misty beings, who stand up and form a tight circle around me while they beat their dicks furiously. I look up at them through a lustful haze and beg for their jizz.

“Cover me with your fucking gay loads.” I command. “I need your seed all over this bigoted bro face.”

It’s not long before the strange creatures are beginning to blow, the first two of them shooting their loads onto my face in crossed ropes of milky white semen. It splatters across me and runs down my cheeks, a few white droplets catching playfully in my eyelashes. I open my mouth and stick out my tongue, then catch the next load as it sails through the air towards me.

“More!” I demand. “I need more gay cum!”

Load after load rains down onto me, covering my entire face with a pearly glaze of jizz. I lick it off my lips happily, swallowing hard and then finally taking the last one of them right on the forehead.

The mist fall back and find seats around the room, panting with exhaustion.

“Holy fuck.” I say aloud, reaching up and touching the thick layer of spunk that’s plastered onto my face.

I step through the door of the apartment and find my wife, Bambam, waiting silently on the couch, her teeth gritted in anger.

“Where the fuck were you?” Bambam asks.

“I had to think about some things.” I tell her.

“I bet.” My wife retorts. “It’s another woman isn’t it?”

“Actually.” I tell her. “It’s another man.”

Bambam starts to laugh. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“It’s another man.” I repeat. “Myself.”

My wife stops laughing.

“You can get the fuck out.” I say.

Bambam’s face goes through a quick series of emotions, from confusion, to utter rage, and then to amusement. “You don’t have what it takes to kick me out of your life.” She snarls. “I know courage and you don’t have it. I’m more of a man than you’ll ever be.”

“Get out.” I repeat.

Bambam stands up and walks over to the door, at which point I grab the tabloid magazine off of the kitchen table and push it into her hands, Bort Jenkin’s smiling Unicorn face still there on the cover.

“You want to learn something about courage.” I say. “Read this.”

I slam the door, and begin my brand new life.

SLAMMED UP THE BUTT BY MY HOT COFFEE BOSS

3

From the very second I step foot into the office, I know that something here is different. It's not any specific detail that gives it away, no single glaring sign that blinks above the doorway screaming for my attention. Instead, I recognize it in the weight of the air, the way that it feels against my skin when I walk through the lobby of our modest commercial building on the north side of town.

I stop, and suddenly it hits me, the strong scent of coffee.

I hear footsteps approaching down the hallway and moments later my coworker, Janet, rounds the corner. She smiles and waves as she sees me, but I can tell there is something slightly off about her.

"Did you hear?" Janet asks, halting in front of me.

I shake my head. "Hear what?"

"Brickle got fired over the weekend." Janet replies.

Darpo Brickle was my boss, and despite his tendency to be a bit of a hard ass, the guy was a great leader and pretty fun to be around. I had no idea about his termination, but I also can't say that the news comes as that much of a surprise. Sales had been lagging a lot lately, and despite Darpo's efforts to get the team back on track, things haven't exactly been looking up around the office lately.

"What happened?" I ask.

"The higher ups wanted him gone." Janet tells me. "Apparently, his performance ratings were through the floor, just terrible numbers this quarter."

I shake my head. "That's too bad, I actually liked the guy."

"Well, you're really gonna miss him once you meet the replacement." Janet says, and then suddenly straightens up. "That reminds me, I was just grabbing something out of my car but there's a meeting in the conference room in five minutes. Don't be late."

I glance at my watch. "Already? It's so early."

"He's already kicking things into high gear." Janet tells me as she walks past and heads out into the parking lot.

I watch my coworker go for a moment and then heed her warning, kicking my pace into double time as I continue down the hallway and then up the stairs towards our large corner office.

When I push open the door I find the usual hustling and bustling rows of cubicles completely empty, instead noticing that the conference room is in full swing. I immediately head over and push my way inside, finding my way through the usual suit and tie crowd until I arrive at an empty folding chair and sit.

"He's coming!" Someone suddenly says, causing the entire room of people to quiet down and find their seats.

Moments later, the door to the conference room opens and a massive, piping-hot cup of coffee comes sliding in across the carpet. He's tall, around six-and-a-half feet, and quite handsome for a beverage, wearing a tie around his ceramic body and sporting a large, muscular handle. I can't help letting my breath catch in my throat, not expecting to be so enchanted by this man, not only because he is a cup of coffee, but because I consider myself to be totally straight.

Still, my attraction to this powerful java cannot be denied.

"Some of you have already met me, and some of you have not, so let's get this out of the way right now." Says the coffee. "My name is Morcho Kibclaw, and I'm your new boss."

The coffee scans the room after he says this, as if trying to pick up on any subtle reactions to this statement of introduction. He's like a shark in the deep black ocean, sniffing around for the scent of

blood in the water.

“Your old boss, Mr. Brickle, wasn’t cutting it around here.” Morcho continues. “Can anyone tell me how Brickle wasn’t cutting it?”

There is silence for a moment and then a single hand goes up. It’s my co-worker, Danny.

“Yes?” The coffee says, nodding in his direction.

“He wasn’t hitting his numbers.” Says Danny. “Sales were down.”

The coffee cup seems impressed with this answer. “That’s correct. We are business of numbers, all right? And Brickle must have forgotten that along the way because, despite the bad numbers, he was still granting time off and allowing people to leave early. That’s not the kind of company we are going to run anymore here at Parkoon Lances. Would you like to know what kind of lance company we are going to be?”

Another hand slowly goes up.

“Yes?” Morcho asks.

“The one with the best customer care in the tri-cities area?” Answers my co-worker, Bill, with a lack of confidence that makes me cringe.

The imposing coffee cup sits in absolute silence for a moment, his expression utterly void of any warning at what’s to come.

Suddenly, Morcho speaks. “Get the fuck out.”

Bill looks utterly stunned and somewhat confused. “What?”

“I said get the fuck out.” Repeats the coffee cup.

“Are you serious?” Laughs my co-worker, clearly not wanting to accept his rather brutal fate.

Suddenly, the coffee cup slides forward through the rows of folding chairs, knocking them this way and that and causing people to jump out of the way before getting roughly bowled over by the ceramic mug. A few people cower in terror while others scream, but Morcho ignores them and, the next thing I know, the massive coffee cup is towering over Bill, looking down at him with a searing vengeance unlike anything that I have ever seen.

“You’re fucking fired.” The coffee cup yells. “Now get the fuck out of my sight before I pour myself all over you.”

Bill stands up and grabs his coat, crying, then stumbles over to the door, pushing out into the main office as tears stream down his face.

“The answer is simple.” Announces Morcho to the room. “What kind of lance company are we going to be? The best fucking lance company on the planet. The next person who talks to me about customer service like I give a damn is going to get hot coffee all over their lap, is that understood?”

Morcho slides back across the room and positions himself in front of the crowd once again, while my coworkers struggle to turn their folding chairs upright and reorganize.

“As you can see.” Morcho says. “I don’t have time for any of your bullshit. Today, I want you all working twice as hard as you normally would. Birthday coming up? Why not get your kid a lance? Horse show? How about some jousting? We’ve got lances for that. If I come around and you’re not on the phone selling somebody a brand new pointy lance then your ass is grass, understood?”

“Yes.” The entire conference room repeats back to Morcho in unison.

Suddenly, the door opens and Janet strolls in, stopping suddenly when she sees the chaos that has occurred. She looks to Morcho, “Sorry I’m late, I was just getting some papers out of my car.”

There is an audible gasp as the entire room holds their breath, waiting on the edge of our seats

in preparation for Morcho's reaction to Janet's tardiness.

The coffee cup hesitates for a moment and then slides over to Janet, ever so slowly. I can hardly watch, struggling not to literally avert my eyes as the mug drifts closer and closer to my unfortunate friend.

"You're not late." Says Morcho, sitting just inches away from Janet's face now. "How can you be late if you don't work here anymore."

Janet looks confused. "What?"

Morcho hesitates and then suddenly he's flipping himself upside down in one swift motion. The entire room jumps in surprise as Morcho goes spilling everywhere, the hot coffee cascading down and covering Janet from head to toe as she screams. The liquid pools out across the floor and Janet begins belligerently crying, lucky that Morcho is cooler than the steam rising off of his top would have you believe.

"Get out!" The coffee bellows, oozing into the carpet with every passing second. "Get the fuck out and never come back!"

Janet turns and rushes out of the room, her entire body stained brown from the hot liquid.

"Meeting's over!" Screams Morcho. "Now get back to work! I'll be pulling you in one by one for individual meetings over the next hour, and if I don't like what I hear from you then you can expect to end up just like her!"

Nobody moves a muscle, unsure of whether or not this terrifying beverage has actually excused us.

"Go!" Yells Morcho. "Get out!"

Everyone bursts up from their chair and hurries out of the room, careful not to step on the new boss as he begins to collect himself back within the massive cup.

The rest of the day I am on pins and needles, working harder than I ever have since first starting this job a year ago. Every single call that I make feels like it's life or death which, I suppose, means that the coffee cup's aggressive style of management is actually working. In the cubicles around me, I can hear my coworkers typing and talking with equal fervor, trying every tactic in the book to get out there and sell more lances.

One by one, people start getting called into Morcho's office, where the blinds have been menacingly drawn. The meetings seem relatively short, and consistently result in one of two endings.

Half of the group comes out and walks back to their desk, clearly shaken up but otherwise happy to remain employed. The other half, however, aren't so lucky.

There is a loud crash as the door to Morcho's office opens up and Danny comes stumbling out, tears streaming down his face as the coffee shouts angrily at him in the background. A chair suddenly comes flying out of the office door after him, narrowly missing the man as it clatters along the hallway with a second, even louder crash.

"And don't come back!" Morcho screams. There is a moment of silence, and then suddenly the moment I had been dreading all morning finally arrives. "Yonce Peppers!" Screams Morcho.

I stand. "Coming!"

The entire office stares as I make my way through the rows towards the gaping office door, a collective tension surging through the air like an electrical current.

I arrive at Morcho's office and step inside.

"Close the door behind you." Says the cup from behind his desk. Darpo's computer has

already been removed, replaced by a station for sugar, cream and artificial sweetener.

I close the door.

“Have a seat.” Morcho offers, motioning to the empty chair that sits across from him. I feel as though I’m being directed to the gallows, but I have no other option than to obey the commands of my ruthless liquid boss. I sit carefully, trying not to show my nervousness but unable to keep my body from trembling ever so slightly.

I can tell by the way this muscular coffee cup eyes me up that he notices, but he says nothing.

“Tell me, Yonce. Why did you get into the lance business?” Questions the new boss.

Immediately, my head is swimming with any number of possible answers. The obvious way to play it is to make up some kind of story in which lances mean the world to me, maybe my father was a huge lance enthusiast and raised me on our farm tossing them around in the Midwest. But, of course, that would be a lie.

The real answer is that I took the job because I need the money, as blunt as that may be, and I just so happen to be really good at it.

I swallow hard, and make my choice.

“I’m not going to lie.” I tell the beautiful, yet utterly terrifying, coffee. “I started working here out of necessity, I needed the job and I really don’t care about lances.”

“I find that hard to believe.” Scoffs Morcho, glancing down at a piece of paper on his desk. “It says here that you’re from Florida, lance capital of the world.”

I shrug. “I know. It’s hard to believe, but I’ve just never understood the appeal. I’m more of a pitchfork or trident man myself, but I think that’s what makes me so good at this job. I truly understand the competition.”

The second that these words leave my mouth I can see something in the coffee cups demeanor change. He instantly relaxes, softens even, and I feel ever so slightly more at ease. Now that I’m no longer completely terrified of the beverage, I can definitely feel that same aching attraction begin to seep into my thoughts.

“I like that answer.” Says Morcho. “It’s honest, and that’s something we need around here. Too many people are here because they said the right thing at the right time, not because they actually bring anything real to the table.”

The massive coffee cup reaches down and takes a sugar packet off of the desk in front of him, tearing open the edge and pouring it over the top of his head.

“So tell me.” The beverage begins. “What do you bring to the table?”

I immediately notice something strange about the way my boss says this, a slight inflection that, if I didn’t know any better, might have come off as flirtatious. Of course, that can’t possibly be the case so I answer him straightly.

“I’m the best that there is as far as developing repeat business from our clients.” I explain. “I know exactly how to keep them involved with us, whether it’s setting up lance parties or just getting out there and making house calls to our biggest lance buyers.”

The coffee eyes me up and down. “Another good answer.” He observes. “You really know your stuff.”

“Thank you, sir.” I say with a nod.

“What do you know about living coffee?” Asks Morcho.

This feels like a loaded question, so I tread carefully. “Well, I know that you’re brewed locally most of the time.”

Morcho nods.

“House blend?” I ask.

“Kona.” Morcho tells me. “But that’s very flattering.”

Once more I can feel the surge of erotic tension between us, and once more I try my best to ignore it.

Morcho clears his throat. “Something you might not know about living coffee is that it is very important for us to regulate our heat. As you can see, I’m very, very large. I can’t fit in a microwave to be reheated over and over again.”

“What kind of heat do you need?” I ask.

Morcho lets a smug grin cross his ceramic face. “Erotic heat.”

My heart almost stops as he says this, not sure whether this explanation is a joke or a deadly serious fact of the living coffee lifestyle. Thinking quickly, I decide that it’s safest to go with the serious approach.

“And that works?” I ask with as much genuine curiosity as I can muster.

Morcho nods. “Not only does it work, but it’s very, very important. Without erotic heat I could eventually turn lukewarm and die.”

In this moment I am actually struck with a touch of sympathy for my ruthless leader. If *I* was constantly hovering so close to death’s door, I would probably be a little upset, too, and I certainly wouldn’t have any time to deal with people who didn’t take their job seriously. With every second my heart is growing larger and larger for Morcho, and I’m both scared and excited by the prospect. I realize suddenly that my cock has grown hard within my slacks, a physical representation of my swelling admiration for this handsome cup of coffee.

“Corporate has given me permission to hire on an employee to keep me warm.” Morcho explains. “They will be given a raise, of course. I’d like to hire you on for this position.”

“Me?” I ask, stunned. “Why me?”

“I’d like to say it’s because you have all the right answers.” Replies Morcho. “But in reality, it’s because you’re just so fucking sexy.”

I blush, trying to hide the fact that his blunt admission turns me on even more.

“I’ve never been with a living coffee.” I admit.

“Any other living beverage?” Morcho asks, curiously.

I think for a moment. “A gang of chocolate milk cowboys once.” I tell him. “But that was in another life, I must have pressed the button nearly forty times since then.”

Morcho nods in understanding. “Well I can promise you this, I’ve got much more to offer than just a boring old chocolate milk.”

The large mug of coffee seductively begins to slide around the desk towards me, moving quietly across the carpet until he is right up next to my chair where I can now feel the pleasant heat radiating off of him. The beverage smells incredible, perfectly brewed.

“There’s one more thing.” I say, stopping my boss in his tracks. “I’m not gay.”

“Everyone’s gay for coffee.” Morcho says, pulling me close to him and kissing me deeply.

My first instinct is to pull away, but I immediately recognize this response for what it is, the irrational fear of a truth that I know at the bottom of my heart is real. I want this cup of coffee and I want him badly.

“I accept.” I tell the cup in between wild kisses of passion. “I accept the job as your erotic heater.”

“Good.” Morcho says. “Now get to work.”

Seized with an incredible gay lust, I immediately drop to my knees before this giant cup, happy to discover that a massive erect cock has risen out of his body and now stands at full attention before me.

I look up at Morcho, impressed. “This is going to be fun.” I say.

I open wide and take the coffee’s dick deep into my throat, pumping my head across the length of his shaft in a series of slow, deliberate movements. My boss moans with pleasure, tilting his head back and bubbling a little at the top.

I reach up with one hand and begin to play with his hanging coffee balls then, moments later, push down as far as I can, taking his entire length within me. Somehow I manage to relax enough to allow the beverage well past my gag reflex, my face pressed hard against the cup’s ceramic abs.

Morcho reaches down and holds me here for a moment, enjoying the sensation of having me consume his shaft fully, the entirety of his rod lodged deep within my neck. I force my tongue out as far as I can and tickle the edge of his balls playfully until finally there’s just not enough air left in my lungs and I pull back in a massive gasp.

Spit hangs between my lips and the head of his shaft in a single, thick rope, which I immediately use as lube while I beat the coffee boss off furiously. Faster and faster I go, pleasuring him with everything I’ve got until finally I just can’t take it any longer, standing abruptly.

“I need you inside of me.” I admit to the handsome beverage. “I need to deep inside this gay ass and I need it now. Punish me like I just came in late for work.”

“You want me to spill on you?” Morcho asks. “Like Janet?”

I shake my head. “No, punish me with your fat beverage dick.”

My boss smiles and nods. “With pleasure.”

I immediately step past him and unbutton my pants, pulling them down along with my underwear and then leaning over his large wooden desk. I reach back with one hand and spread myself open for him, then wink coyly. “Pound me.”

The massive coffee cup gladly slides into position and begins to align the head of his swollen dick with my puckered tightness, teasing the rim of my ass with his massive length.

“Do it!” I demand. “Shove it in there and fuck the hell out of me like the bad little twink that I am.”

Morcho slams forward, stuffing me completely with his utterly enormous rod and causing me to yelp out loudly in a mixture of both pain and pleasure. I grip onto the desk tightly as my boss begins to thrust within me, moving slowly at first and then building speed. It feels utterly incredible, a sensation unlike anything I have ever felt, complete with a slight buzz from the rectally consumed caffeine high.

“Fuck!” I moan, biting my lip as Morcho’s cock brutally impales me. “It feels so fucking good getting slammed up the ass by my coffee in the morning.”

The coffee continues to pound me like this for quite a while, hammering away at my asshole with powerful, rhythmic force. I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my hanging cock beneath, stroking pleasantly in time with every thrust up my rear.

It’s not long before the pleasant sensations of prostate orgasm begins to build within me, a strange and unfamiliar warmth that slowly but surely starts to creep through my body, beginning deep within my abdomen and then sweeping down across my arms and legs. I am trembling, quaking with pleasure, unable to entirely process the feelings that course through me and letting the excess come

out in an expression of uncontrollable shaking.

“I’m gonna blow my load so fucking hard!” I cry out.

My huge coffee boss immediately stops, pulling out of me and slapping my rear. “No, you’re not.” The beverage says. “I’m not warm enough.”

“I’m sorry, sir.” I tell him. “I’ll cum when you tell me to.”

“Good.” Replies the liquid. “That’s what I like to hear.”

Morcho grabs me around the waist and then flips me over on the desk so that I’m laying on my back. He grabs my pants and underwear, tearing them down and then ripping them off completely so that my asshole and hard cock are exposed to him. My muscular legs splayed wide, the giant coffee cup aligns his cock with my now reamed backdoor and pushes forward, stretching out my tightness with his incredible girth.

I can now feel the heat within my boss radiating against me much stronger than before, the cup of coffee clearly getting the change in temperature that he so desperately craved.

As Morcho slams into me once again, I start to beg for what I crave, sweet release.

“Please let me cum!” I beg. “Please let me blow this fucking load.”

Morcho pounds me up the ass like a java jackhammer, ignoring my words.

“I need to cum! I’m begging you!” I moan, the caffeine surging through me.

“We’ll cum together.” Morcho suddenly announces.

I reach down and begin beating myself of frantically, finally allowing the sensation of orgasm to completely consume my body. I close my eyes tight as it hits me in a sensual wave that pulses through my body over and over again, each one more powerful than the next until finally I throw my head back and scream, a fountain of white hot jizz ejecting from the head of my cock.

“Oh fuck!” Morcho cries out, clearly finding himself in the midst of a similar experience. The muscular beverage slams into me deep and holds, his arms trembling as he braces against the tidal wave of pleasure and then finally releasing as his cum spills out into my rectum. I can feel him filling me with load after aching load, the spunk pouring out from my boss until finally there’s just no more room in my asshole to hold him. The jizz comes spilling down my legs and crack in pearly white streaks.

When Morcho finally pulls out of me completely, the rest of his load goes with him, splattering onto the desk below.

“That was perfect.” Says Morcho, reaching out a hand and helping me up as his cum continues to drip from my reamed ass. “Looks like you’re just the man I was looking for.”

“I won’t let you down.” I tell my boss confidently, then hesitate. “But there’s something else.”

“What is it?” Morcho asks, his harsh exterior completely melted away now to reveal a strong, sensitive man underneath.

I’m struggling to find my words, overwhelmed with emotion as I process the events of the last forty-five minutes. “I... I...”

Morcho slides up against me and lets me feel his pleasant heat across my skin.

“I think I love you.” I finally say. “I don’t want this meeting to end, I don’t want to ever be without you by my side.”

“I love you, too.” Says Morcho.

We hold each other for quite a while, standing naked in the middle of Morcho’s office until eventually he speaks again. “You know, you don’t have to leave if you don’t want to.”

I look up at my boss, confused. “What do you mean?”

“I mean we can be together forever, if that’s truly what you want.” The coffee explains. “All you have to do is climb inside of me.”

“Climb inside of you?” I repeat back in utter shock. “But it’s hot! What will happen to me?”

“Well, it’s going to feel very, very strange, but eventually you’ll turn into coffee, too.” Morcho says. “We’ll be together forever.”

“But who will keep you warm?” I ask.

“We’ll find someone.” Morcho assures me.

Overwhelmed by my love for this incredible beverage, I climb up onto his desk, standing so that I can look down into the massive brown pool that waits between the cup’s ceramic edges. The prospect of climbing in is terrifying, but the prospect of spending a single second of my life without Morcho is even worse.

“Okay.” I say. “Let’s do it.”

I take a deep breath and then throw one leg over the edge, wincing from the heat. It’s very warm, but not painful; actually quite pleasant in a way. I throw my other leg over the edge and now, sitting on the side, I close my eyes, enjoying the powerful java scent that permeates everything around us.

I slip off of the edge and disappear into the swirling pool of delicious coffee.

Some say that love is the soul of books, and what better way to show a little love then with a free gift? Here to tingle you to the core is a bonus story for your reading pleasure:

LONELY AUTHOR POUNDED BY DINOSAUR SOCIAL MEDIA FOLLOWERS

For a writer like myself, inspiration is one of the most valuable renounces there is and, for the most part, my creative well stays relatively full. As a successful erotica author, most of what I do involves creating brief moments of fantasy, short stories that are meant to titillate and excite until the reader, and tale, reach their eventual climax. Thanks to this, I've written a massive variety of scenarios that run the whole gamut of settings and characters.

The creativity has flown freely for years, a seemingly endless stream of sexual adventure. That is, until recently.

Suddenly, I find myself searching desperately for something new and interesting. It's not so much that I can't coax out an original idea, more like I find myself hating every original idea that happens to be coaxed. Everything seems boring and played out, my love of writing and my drive to create simply withering away as time goes on.

Before long I realize the sad truth; I'm depressed.

Unfortunately, depression is something that is not just cured simply by recognizing it. In fact, the existence of a cure itself is debatable. Still, I have to try.

I start by going for daily walks to the nearby coffee shop, where everyone seems to know my name at this point. It's nice to get out of the house, feel the fresh Montana air across my skin and share a few minor interactions with other human beings, but it's not nearly enough.

I try my to spend more time with my family, but they seem to be engaged in other matters for the time being. Enough though I've slowed down into a sad shell of my former self, I can't fault the world for continuing to spin at a normal rate around me. The sun will still rise and set, regardless of whether or not I'm smiling while it happens.

Long ago, when I was feeling down in the dumps, I would have gladly thrown myself into my writing to lift my spirits, but these days that is not an option.

Tonight I've hit the bottom of my sadness, or at least, what I hope is the bottom. I can barely find the energy to get out of bed, simply opting out of tonight's spaghetti and meatballs dinner. I lay on the couch of my office and stare at the ceiling, analyzing its particular shade of whiteness instead of thinking any thoughts of real consequence. For a brief moment, I consider what it would be like if I was never born. Would the world really care if bestselling author Buck Trungle was no longer in it?

I let out a long sigh; Probably not.

It's at that very moment that I hear a loud, digital chime from my desktop computer across the room. I've received a new message on Torte, my social media platform of choice.

With every bit of effort that I can muster, I sit up on the couch and then climb to my feet. I had been in such a deep, dark trance that I had no idea I'd been crying, my eyes now wet and red from the tears.

I stagger over to my writing desk and sit down, then shake my computers mouse, illuminating the screen. I have one new notification.

I click on the icon and suddenly a brief sentence pops up onto my screen, publicly posted for the whole world to see.

"Come visit me soon." I read aloud. "Would love to see you."

The message is from my friend and fellow erotic author, Bunter Cox.

Part of me wants to respond, but for some reason I just can't bring myself to do it, my brain simply unable to will my fingers into lifting and typing out the words.

I take a deep breath and begin to stand up again, when suddenly another digital chime rings out through the office.

I check the notification and see that it's from Dennard Lelaney, another fellow author.

"Checked out the new book." It reads. "Really great stuff, can't wait for the next one."

A smile slowly crosses my face. At least some people out there care about me.

Still, it's not enough to find the inspiration that I'm looking for. Encouragement from my peers may keep me from falling deeper into this overwhelming depression, but it's still not going to give me that spark of creativity I so desperately crave.

At this point I've tried everything, my stories evolving farther and farther into a self-referential universe. They are as meta as they can get, breaking through the 4th wall and then some; yet I feel like there is nowhere left to go.

In one of my latest erotic shorts, the character himself even started to realize that he was a fictional character, which was certainly interesting to write. Unfortunately, I found myself wanting more. It was one thing for a fictional character to realize that he was simply words on a page, but how could I get the writer himself to realize that, too, or even the reader?

No matter how hard I try, it seems like an impossible task, one that will simply drive me farther and farther into sadness and longing. Is the character real? Is the author? There is no way to really know. If I was to cut myself and bleed out on this keyboard, would my blood truly exist in a vibrant red, or would it be black ink on a white page that I will never ever truly be aware of.

As I sit here pondering in sadness, my eyes drift to the two new messages on my computer screen, one from Bunter and one from Dennard. I suddenly realize that the answer to one of these questions is quite literally at my fingertips.

I lurch forward and immediately type out a short message across the keyboard, slapping the enter key confidently as I blast it out to all of my twitter followers. *Are you real or just fake imaginations?*

It's not long before the answers start coming back with a resounding "Yes."

Fans and peers alike begin to reach out online. Secky Darsust torts, "I'm as real as you are, Buck." While Borb Rynnes says, "Of course, Buck. We are your biggest fans and we love you." A nice reviewer named Decha Mahl says, "I'm real and waiting for your next erotic tale."

Everyone is so supportive, but their words still leave me with a strange emptiness. Despite their assurances, how could I ever know if these people are real? Are they who they say they are?

When I was writing about the man who had no idea he was a character in a book, everything seemed real to him despite its absurdity, and even though these online responses appear to make sense, how could I ever truly know?

More importantly, is this the key to renewing my ever-evasive inspiration? If I could somehow find a way to peer past the veil of reality and recognize my own world as real or written, could I then find motivation in that?

If only there was a way to know that these other authors were real.

Suddenly, it hits me.

Filled with excitement, I type another message and post it to my Twitter wall. *If I teleport you here, can you prove to me that you're real and this is not a book?*

More answers begin pouring in left and right. Benny Baffe, Persace Tad, Cannah Hatherine and more all immediately respond with assurances of their existence as real, flesh and blood human

beings, not just figments of my imagination or words upon a page. Kenna Nuillaume and Wat Mitebed from Zubfeed Magazine, a prominent Billings publication, both assure me that they were not written into existence by any author, especially not me.

Finally, after receiving countless messages promising to me that this world is quite real, I respond to each and every one of them, all the way back to Bunter Cox, with very specific teleportation directions.

I stand up from my writing desk and then head out into the hallway, walking down it with nervous excitement until I reach my teleportation room and step inside.

I can see that the teleporter is already humming with activity, buzzing softly with blue light in the darkened room. The control panel shows that several of my Torter followers have activated the code, connecting their teleportation chambers to mine and securing the link for safe travels.

Suddenly, there is a loud crackle of energy as the first traveler arrives, their body assembling from a billion reconstructed atoms before my very eyes. According to my control panel, this arrival should be none other than my fellow author, Bunter Cox, but I gasp aloud when his presence finally manifests itself. The arrival is much different than I expected.

Instead of the handsome, smiling young man that I anticipated to find standing before me, I am now face to face with a fearsome, scaly dinosaur.

“Are you?” I stammer. “Are you Bunter Cox?”

The raptor nods.

“Why would you pretend to be a human?” I demand to know, equal parts disappointed and intrigued. “I don’t understand.”

“I was never pretending.” Bunter Cox says in his deep, raptor voice. “You never asked.”

“But this is absurd!” I shout, losing my temper slightly. “If you’re a dinosaur then I know this can’t be real. I must be a character in a book!”

The dinosaur scoffs. “You didn’t think it was absurd that you had a teleporter in your house?”

I think about this for a moment, not wanting to believe the answer that sits so defiantly at the forefront of my mind. “I guess you’re right.” I finally say.

Suddenly, more and more of my Torter followers begin to arrive via the teleportation chamber. Not a single one of them is human, each and every one of them a handsome gay dinosaur that also happens to be incredibly well endowed. Before I know it, I am completely surrounded by a roomful of my prehistoric online friends.

“All of you?” I shout, throwing my hands up into the air. “Each and every one of you is just a gay dinosaur?”

The crowd of reptilian beasts nods.

“And I’m just a character in a book? Even though I wrote a book about that very idea?” I continue, exasperated.

The dinosaurs nod again.

“Then who is writing this book?” I ask.

Bunter steps forward. “Chuck Tingle.” He says.

I hesitate, trying to let all of this sink in. My mind is having a hard time keeping pace against the powerful emotions that flood my senses with anxiety and wonder. “Who is Chuck Tingle?” I ask.

“Dr. Chuck Tingle is an erotic author and Tae Kwon Do grandmaster, almost black belt, from Billings, Montana.” The handsome dinosaur begins in an almost mechanical tone. “After receiving his PhD at DeVry University in holistic massage, Chuck found himself fascinated by all things

sensual, leading to his creation of the ‘tingler’, a story so blissfully erotic that it cannot be experienced without eliciting a sharp tingle down the spine.”

“That sounds just like me.” I tell him.

“Of course it does.” Bunter replies. “You’re based on him.”

“But I already wrote a story like this!” I cry out. “It’s called *Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book!*”

The dinosaur chuckles. “Well, Chuck wrote that you wrote it, technically. There’s a lot of layers and it’s all very confusing, really.”

“But it’s my life!” I yell.

Bunter shrugs. “I don’t know what to tell you.”

I let out a long sigh, trying to settle my mood and collect myself. “Well, now that you’re all here, would you like some spaghetti?” I ask the gang of dinosaurs. “I mean, even if it’s not real, we can at least have a good time.”

It’s been a while since I’ve been this happy. As I look out across the kitchen of hungry prehistoric beasts that wolf down their sauce and noodles, I finally get a sense of belonging in this world. Now that I’ve realized I was only being written as depressed, it was fairly easy to change my way of thinking. I might not be totally inspired yet, but I’m certainly on my way.

Funny enough, this is completely opposite to the reaction that my character had while writing *Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of The Book*. In that story, the character’s realization of his fictional state is absolutely devastating, but for me it’s quite freeing. There is no part of me that is concerned with what will happen to me after the book ends, because I realize now that all of this is nothing more than a short bit of entertainment for my readers. I will not die, because I was never alive.

“This is so fascinating.” I tell one of the dinosaur Torter followers. “I can’t believe we are all just... words on a page.”

“Or an e-reader.” Replies the stegosaurus. “Probably an e-reader.”

“So who do you think is writing this?” I ask.

“Chuck Tingle.” Says the stegosaurus through a mouthful of spaghetti.

“But who is writing him?” I continue. “Everyone has to be written by someone else, right?”

The dinosaur shakes his head. “I don’t think that’s how it works. There has to be an end.”

“Why?” I continue. “Chuck wrote me, and I wrote someone else, and in that story someone else wrote someone else.”

The stegosaurus rolls his eyes. “Stop! You’re giving me a headache.”

“I mean, logically, don’t you think that someone had to write Chuck?” I ask. “What kind of name is Chuck, anyway? That can’t be a real person.”

A triceratops joins us and interjects. “What kind of name is Buck Trungle! Are you kidding me?”

“That’s exactly my point.” I tell him. “I’m fake, so Chuck is, too. Right?”

“I think Chuck is real.” Chimes in one of the other Torter follower dinosaurs from across the kitchen. “I don’t think anyone is writing him.”

“Oh yeah? Why is that?” I ask.

“Because he was the first person to push the big red button.” The beast says flatly.

The prehistoric creatures all stop as they hear this, the words ‘big red button’ seeming to hang

menacingly in the air above us.

“What’s the big red button?” I ask.

The dinosaur who spoke up wipes the spaghetti sauce from his mouth with a massive green claw. His eyes narrow. “Are you sure you want to know?” The beast asks. “I mean, I shouldn’t even be saying this but I speak what he types and he seems a little distracted.”

“Distracted?” I ask.

“The TV is on.” Explains the dinosaur. “He’s writing these words but he’s not really thinking about the consequences. I mean, he could always go back and edit this out later but we’ll see what happens.”

I glance across the kitchen and into the living room, where my television sits comfortably in the off position. “The TV is on?”

“Not yours, dummy.” The dinosaur clarifies. “The writer’s.”

I nod, finally understanding. Despite being distracted by the television, the author lets me know that the dinosaur is Dennard Lelaney, just for the sake of clarity, although I probably could have figured it out from the shades. Dennard always wears shades.

The author considers whether or not Dennard will be bothered by his inclusion in this book, and then decides that it’s probably fine. The author then returns to a state of mindless writing, while the television continues to drone on and on in the background.

“So what’s the big red button?” I ask, trying to get as many answers as I can before the sex starts and it all goes to hell.

“The big red button is something that the author found on his way to the coffee shop one morning.” Dennard tells me. “The real author.”

“Chuck?” I ask.

“Yes.” The dinosaur nods. “In his world there are no unicorns or dinosaurs, at least still alive, and there are certainly no bigfeet.”

“What?” I ask, astonished. “Why wouldn’t there be talking bigfeet?”

“Seriously.” Says Dennard. “This is what I like to call the First World. If you follow the chain all the way back, this is where our universe begins.”

“That’s Incredible.” I say. “So what happened when he found this box?”

“Well, there was a big red button inside.” Explains the dinosaur. “And, of course, who is going to find a big red button in a box and not push it?”

“Naturally.” I agree.

“So the author starts pushing this button, and every time the button get’s pushed it creates another layer, not in his world but in our world. Do you understand?”

I shake my head no.

“Look at it this way, in fictional space there are no laws of time, space... anything. If the author wants a billionaire jet plane to show up in your back yard, he can do that at the snap of his fingers.” Dennard explains.

I suddenly notice some flashing lights outside of the kitchen window behind Dennard’s head. I stand up and walk over to the window, peering out to see an incredibly handsome jet plane laying face up in the backyard. He’s shuffling a deck of cards, but stops when he sees me. “You wanna learn to count cards?” The plane asks.

I shake my head, and then turn back to the dinosaurs in the kitchen. “That’s so fucking

weird.” I say.

Dennard shrugs. “Eh, it makes more sense if you’ve read the book.”

“So what’s your point?” I start. “What does that have to do with layers?”

“Do you know what Opitz-Kaveggia syndrome is?” Dennard questions.

I shake my head.

“Let’s just say that the author can keep track of a lot of things at once.” Explains the dinosaur. “I have no idea what happens in the real world when you press the button, but in here it creates another layer to the universe, a deeper, gayer layer.”

“Gayer?” I ask. “But I’m straight.”

The dinosaur laughs. “Trust me, that’s what they all say. Your life is just one of many in a collection of short stories that all take place within the same universe, called the Tingleverse.”

“Okay.” I say, nodding. I understand this part because I wrote about it in one of my books.

“So within the tingleverse there are several interlocking worlds, some of them more gay than the others, but all existing at the same time. The world’s gayness depends on how many times the button has been pushed. Sometimes the world will seem almost real with just a few details missing, while others will seem downright ridiculous to the reader.”

“Where are we now?” I ask.

A smile creeps across Dennard’s face. “Oh, we’re deep. There’s a card counting plane in your backyard.”

“I’m still confused.” I admit. “Like... If we’re all just existing as fictional characters in this layered universe of extreme gayness, then what’s the point of it all? Why keep pushing the button?”

“I’d love to tell you.” Dennard says, standing up and grasping tightly onto his massive dinosaur erection. “But we’re out of time.”

Suddenly, I find myself utterly overwhelmed with gay lust. I drop down to my knees as the gay dinosaurs begin to surround me with their utterly massive dicks.

“Do you want to all fuck me at the same time?” I coo out of nowhere. “Do you want to take me in my little gay asshole?”

The circle of dinosaurs begins to tighten slowly around me, their massive erect cocks moving closer and closer towards my face.

Suddenly overwhelmed with lust, I grab a cock in each hand and begin to pump my fingers up and down across their throbbing members, providing them with the sensation that they so desperately crave.

The dinosaurs reel with satisfaction as I touch them, reptilian eyes closed and muscular scaly bodies quaking. Their cocks are enormous and hard as rocks within my grip, which quickens with every stroke. Soon enough, I’m beating them off ferociously, giving the monsters everything I’ve got as I work their huge shafts.

I’m too overwhelmingly horny to think, completely consumed by my arousal. Consequences be damned, I want these prehistoric beasts to take me any way that they’d like.

The dinosaurs push forward and surround me with their giant dicks, vying for attention. I immediately take one of them into my mouth, swallowing him down as far as I can and then rapidly bobbing my head across his shaft.

Meanwhile, I continue to pump my hands along the cocks of the monsters on either side of me, expertly satisfying all three of them at once.

Eventually, I begin to move back and forth between their shafts, giving all of the dinosaurs

equal time between my lips as they pound away at my face. I'm completely cock crazed at this point, losing track of which one is which as I take their rods down my throat, sometimes two at a time.

Lost in a sea of frantic gay nymphomania, I take one of the dinosaur dicks and shove it down my throat as far as I can, gag reflex be damned. Somehow, I manage to loosen up enough to take the creature all the way into the depths of my neck, his entire length consumed as his balls hang on my chin and his green abs press hard against my face. The dinosaur holds me there for a minute, enjoying the sensation of complete immersion within, and then eventually he lets me up.

"Fuck." I gasp, unbuttoning my pants and kicking them off frantically. "I need you inside of me." My shirt and underwear come off next and soon enough I find myself nude, down between the creatures on my hands and knees.

One of the dinosaurs immediately kneels onto the kitchen floor behind me and aligns his cock with my tight, puckered asshole. I look back over my shoulder and watch as the massive beast pushes forward, causing an unexpected yelp to escape my lips. Now that he's inside of me, the dinosaur is much larger than expected, stretching my limits with his enormous shaft.

"God damn, you are so fucking big!" I moan, bracing myself on the tile against the creature's powerful slams.

The dinosaur starts off slow and deep, pumping me with a series of graceful slams that somehow hit in just the right way every time. As the creature speeds up, I open my mouth once against to groan, only this time I'm cut off as another dinosaur plunges his shaft down my throat.

Now ruthlessly pounded from either end, I can feel myself aching to cum between them, and soon enough I've reached my hand down between my legs, frantically rubbing my cock to help myself along. I can feel the throbbing warmth of orgasm starting to build within me, growing larger and larger as it shoots down my arms and legs.

I shut my eyes tight as my body quickly becomes overwhelmed by sensation, moaning into the rod that so brutally fills my mouth. With every push from the front I'm propelled backwards onto the other creature's shaft, back and forth between them.

I'm just about ready to cum from a powerful prostate orgasm when suddenly the dinosaurs remove themselves from me and let another pairing have a turn. Soon enough, these new beasts are pumping into my body with equal ferocity, starting slow and then building until they are hammering me with everything that they've got.

I submit to the monsters completely, satisfied with my position as a gay fuck toy for these strange, Jurassic creatures as they take turns swapping in and out of my holes. They go through every arrangement, each one of the ten dinosaurs having a turn in either orifice while I yearn for them to make me cum.

Suddenly, the dinosaur within my mouth pulls out and lifts me up to my feet. I stand naked and erect before them, my toned body exposed to their yellow dinosaur eyes as another one of them lifts me up into the air. I wrap my legs around the powerful prehistoric being, holding tight as he aligns his shaft with the reamed entrance of my asshole. The next thing I know, the dinosaur is lowering me down onto his rod, impaling my muscular frame onto his thick, girthy shaft.

"Oh my fucking god." I moan, throwing my head back in the warm kitchen light. "That feels so fucking good."

The dinosaur wastes no time getting to work, pumping me up and down over his thick rod with his powerful scaly arms. The sensation is incredible as the monster controls my every movement, using my body in any way that he sees fit.

Moments later, though, another one of the strange beasts positions himself behind me, causing me to freeze up with apprehensive concern.

"You can't be serious." I gasp, looking back at the ambitious dinosaur. "Two at the same time?"

The dinosaur nods.

Never before had I even considered submitting myself to something so depraved, so dirty, so gay. But now, as I hang here in the monsters arms, surrounded by this gang of horny creatures, I can't help but be intrigued by the prospect.

I take a deep breath and confidently reach down with both hands, spreading my ass cheeks so that the dinosaur can get a good look at my tight, already filled hole.

"Is this what you want?" I ask seductively. "Fine then, take it!"

The creature immediately steps forward and helps to lift me up in the air, positioning himself behind me before lowering me back down onto a dual shaft, anal invasion. The monster's cocks enter me at the same time, stretching my asshole well past anything that I've ever felt. I howl in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

The dinosaurs quickly get to work pounding my body, thrusting into me back and forth in perfect sync with one another. Their cocks work together within me like a dual piston motor, pumping in turn as I tremble and shake between their powerful dinosaur bodies.

"Oh my god." I start to murmur. "Keep doing that, I'm so close. I'm so fucking close."

I reach down and begin frantically stroking my cock, pushing myself closer and closer to my impending orgasm until suddenly I just can't take it anymore and the beautiful sensation explodes through my body. I scream out loud and hold on tightly to the dinosaur that pounds me from below, my entire body wracked with blissed out spasms of pleasure. Every muscle within me seems to contract and expand over and over again, wave after wave of sensation coursing through me like joyful electricity as jizz erupts from the head of my cock.

It feels as though the cumming will never end, the dinosaurs never letting up for a second with their double dick pounding until finally, at long last, it passes and I collapse between them.

"God damn, that was so good." I groan while the monsters lower me down onto kitchen floor below.

I stretch out on my back, naked and muscular as the dinosaurs tighten their circle around me with their cocks in their claws, rock hard and aching to explode.

"Cover me with your cum!" I command. "I want to feel that hot, gay dinosaur jizz all over me!"

Soon the creatures are unloading left and right, showering my body with splatters of their milky white spunk. The first few shots blast across my face in a haphazard cross, running down my cheeks on either side in a pearly mess while the others begin to cum across my abs and pecs. It's not long before my entire body is covered in a sticky glaze.

The spunk is layered so thick over my face that I can barely get my eyes open, blinking rapidly as I struggle to gaze up at the dinosaurs through the droplets of cum that hang from my eyelids.

"Oh my god." I laugh. "I don't care if I'm just a character in a book, that was amazing."

I sit up and wipe some of the renegade cum droplets from around my eyes.

One of the dinosaur's approaches with a small wooden box. He leans down and opens it up, giving me a good look at the big red button inside.

"Want some inspiration?" The dinosaur asks. "Let's go deeper."

“Where?” I ask.

“Anywhere you want?” He responds.

I press the button.

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About Dr. Tingle...

Dr. Chuck Tingle is an erotic author and Tae Kwon Do grandmaster (almost black belt) from Billings, Montana. After receiving his PhD at DeVry University in holistic massage, Chuck found himself fascinated by all things sensual, leading to his creation of the "tingler", a story so blissfully erotic that it cannot be experienced without eliciting a sharp tingle down the spine. Chuck's hobbies include backpacking, checkers and sport.

If you would like to know more about Dr. Tingle, you may [visit his website](#) or write to him at ChuckTheTingler@gmail.com