

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS VOLUME 2



TURNED GAY BY THE LIVING ALPHA DINER

GLAZED BY THE GAY LIVING DONUTS

POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY OWN BUTT

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

Volume 2

By Chuck Tingle

TURNED GAY BY THE LIVING ALPHA DINER

1

When most people think of truck drivers, a very particular kind of guy comes to mind. Large, imposing and bearded are all ways to describe the typical mental image and, as a trucker myself, I can honestly say that that particular imagery is fairly on point. I, however, have my own thing going on.

For a trucker, I'm as young as they come, twenty years old and determined to see a bit of the country before headed off to college where I'll be locked down for years under the weight of text books and tests. Unlike many of my peers, I care about how I look during these long hours on the road, clean-shaven and lean from my push-ups during pit stops.

I'll admit, however, that sometimes it seems my efforts to maintain health and a reasonable appearance are meaningless. The hours out here are lonely and long, and sometimes I'll go days without having a meaningful conversation with anyone other than a gas station attendant. The lack of connection between other human beings makes you disoriented and strange, and eventually you find yourself craving conversation like you would food or water.

On the night that I met Buck, I was starved for interaction. Flying through the open desert of Arizona, it had been hours since I had even seen another pair of headlights slicing through the desert towards me, let alone talked to someone. My girlfriend back home hadn't called in a while thanks to my shoddy phone reception out here, and even if she did I wouldn't have been all that interested in anything Carly had to say. We'd been fighting a lot lately, and to be honest the recent radio silence had been a welcome relief from her constant nagging.

Breaking up with her would be too messy at this point, but deep down inside I have to admit that I know it's just not going to work between us. We're incredibly different in almost every day, and more often than not I find myself sitting across from her at the dinner table just wishing we had something, anything, to talk about. She's a sweet girl, but we're just not meant to be together.

It's been miles since the last town and as the evening sky grows darker my stomach begins to grumble, groaning for my attention like some terrifying desert monster who only emerges to feed at night. The next city is hours away, and the thought of waiting that long for a nice warm dinner makes me nauseous. I normally carry plenty of snacks on hand, but I forgot to stop and grab anything earlier, my mind entirely consumed by the current situation with my distant girlfriend.

Of course, there's not much that I can do about it. Unless by some miracle there is a lone gas station or diner out here somewhere, I'll be waiting until the next town for a late night meal.

Suddenly, as if manifested by some divine power to contradict my negative thoughts, I see a light appear off in the distance.

The closer that I drive, the more I'm able to see what this light is and, moments later, I laugh loudly as the welcoming neon sign of a twenty-four hour diner comes into view. I slap my truck's dashboard playfully, pushing the gas a little harder as I speed across the open highway towards my new destination.

A few minutes later, I arrive at the diner and pull into a designated space for long haul truckers, then hop out of my cab and look up at the neon sign before me.

"Butt House." I read aloud, my eyes scanning across the yellow glowing letters. I notice now that the diner is topped by a large, handsome face, which nods in my direction as we make eye contact.

For some reason, I find myself looking away, slightly taken aback by the restaurant's confident demeanor. The guy has swagger, and commands attention to any patrons close enough to get caught in

his smoldering gaze. My heart skips a beat and I'm not exactly sure why, but my compulsion for a good meal is much more powerful than any other concern at the moment.

I head across the parking lot, eyes lowered until I reach the restaurant's large double doors, crafted beautifully with the building's impeccable set of arches. Again, I find myself reeling from a mysterious attraction deep down in the pit of my stomach, a sensation that I am vaguely familiar with but previously only in the presence of a beautiful woman.

I'm as straight as they come, but something about this diner immediately has a hold on me, regardless of how desperate I am to deny it. The feeling reminds me of what it was like when I first met Carly, an all-consuming attraction that has since faded from my life. I have felt this sensation a few times, but never once before about a dining establishment.

I reach up and grab the door handle, pulling it open and stepping inside as I try my best to avoid staring too long at the diner's incredible body.

"Hi there, welcome to Butt House!" Says a bubbly waitress as I approach. "Just one?"

"Yeah." I nod, still a little off balance but trying my best to rein it in.

"Right this way!" The waitress says.

The woman leads me through the main hosting area and down a long aisle of booths, all of them packed to the brim with hungry eaters. For being so far out in the middle of nowhere, this place boasts an impressively large clientele that includes everyone from fellow truckers to twenty-something couples out on what appears to be a first date.

After seeing what the hot building is working with in here, however, I'm not all that surprised. The place is beautifully lit and breathtakingly clean, decked out in all the trappings of a retro diner but updated with modern flair. The scent wafting my way from somewhere deep in the kitchen is incredible, a savory reminder of the pleasure that's headed my way in the form of delicious food and beverage.

The waitress seats me by one of the windows and then heads off momentarily to bring me a cool glass of water.

I open the menu, perusing my way down the well-balanced selection of various food staples. The selection is incredible, and I'm so impressed that once again I find myself simmering with that familiar, yet confusing, sensation of arousal. I can feel my cock hardening just below the table, aching for release within my pants at the thought of these well-crafted burgers and fries. Of course, it's not just the food itself, but the handsome building from which they are served.

Finally, I just can't take it anymore. I have to say something.

"This is a nice place you've got here." I say aloud to the diner, trying my best to seem natural and nonchalant.

"Thanks man." Replies the building's deep, soothing voice.

The very sound of his words send an erotic chill down my spine and for a moment, I consider leaving right then and there, heading out into the parking lot and calling my girlfriend to confirm my status as a normal, red-blooded, American heterosexual.

Yet, despite my best efforts, I can't will myself into leaving the warm and intoxicating presence of this handsome diner.

"I'm Lars." I finally say, almost stumbling over this simple two-word sentence.

"Turk." Says the diner with a confident swagger in his tone. "Turk Dorby."

"Nice." I say, nodding and trying to keep my cool. "You been out here long?"

"Oh yeah." Says Turk. "I was built about twenty years ago but the remodel happened last

summer. Really happy with the way things turned out.”

“Me too.” I say, trying to sound natural but the words manifesting as awkward and stilted.

Moments later, me and the diner are plunged into silence, my brain desperately searching for something to say as the rest of the patrons chat and clank their dishes around me. “So...” I finally start, not exactly sure where the sentence is headed, just feeling like I somehow need to fill the space between us. My plan backfires however, and with nowhere else to go the word simply hangs there in the air as a reminder of my supreme awkwardness.

Suddenly, the waitress returns, saving me from myself. She sets a tall glass of water in front of me with a pleasant smile. “So, have you decided what you’d like to eat?”

“Oh, yeah.” I respond, a little startled. “I think I’ll just get a burger.”

“Fries?” The waitress asks.

“Sure.” I nod.

The woman leaves once again to put in my order, and I immediately find myself alone with the living diner once more.

I’m wracking my brain with what to say next, struggling to find another spark of conversation, when suddenly the building speaks up for himself.

“I saw your truck out front in the parking lot, is this your usual route?” Turk asks.

“Not really.” I shake my head. “I took over for a buddy who got sick, my usual drive is pretty far north from here.”

“So that’s why I’ve never seen you before.” Says the diner. “Glad I did though.”

My breath catches in my throat as he says this, immediately picking on an unexpected hint of something more lurking just beneath the surface of his words. “You are?” I ask, my cock literally throbbing to be touched as it aches under the diner table.

“Yeah, I mean, you’re a really good looking guy.” Turk tells me. “I love it when handsome guys stop in to eat, why wouldn’t I?”

“I don’t know.” I stammer.

“Are you single?” The diner asks.

I freeze, not wanting to answer his very direct, and very important question. I don’t want to lie, but my attraction to this living building is just too strong to jeopardize my chances.

“Tonight I am.” I finally say.

The diner is silent for a moment, and then finally follows up with, “You gay?”

“Tonight I am.” I repeat to him, my voice quaking.

Suddenly, I can feel the bench moving slightly beneath me my ass, just enough to make me jump a bit and look down in surprise.

“How’s that?” The restaurant asks.

I relax as much as I can given this is my first homosexual experience, and lay back into the comfortable, red leather booth. I let out a long sigh as the seat moves below me, massaging my ass cheeks in a series of powerful, circular movements.

“That feels great.” I tell him, trying not to alert the other patrons to the homoerotic encounter unfolding just beneath their noses.

I take one hand and reach slowly down towards my waistline, my rock hard cock craving the tight grip of my fingers. I’m almost there when suddenly my food arrives and I jolt up straight on the bench.

“Here you go.” Says the waitress. “Enjoy!”

As soon as the woman walks away I can here the diner’s voice drifting over to me in a hushed tone. “Listen, this is a twenty-four hour diner, so it’s hard for me to get any alone time... but I want you.”

“I want you, too.” I confess. “I want you so badly.”

“Finish your food and then walk over to that back door, there are stairs leading up to the roof. Go there.” Turk explains.

“Okay.” I nod.

I dig into my burger but can’t seem to find my appetite. Don’t get me wrong, the food itself is absolutely delicious, but at this point I’m way to distracted by the illicit invitation from Turk to think of anything else. I’m ready to give myself to him completely, consequences be damned.

I make it halfway through and then finally stand up from my booth in lustful frustration, throwing down more than enough cash to cover the meal.

Immediately, I march through the restaurant and down a small hallway with an inconspicuous door at the end. I open it up and find a flight of stairs waiting for me.

“I don’t know if I can do this.” I confess, my heart beating a mile a minute. “I lied earlier. I have a girlfriend at home, and I’m straight.”

“Then don’t do it.” The diner says to me, confidently.

I freeze, not knowing what kind of response I expected but finding myself wholly unsatisfied. Maybe that life back home was just a façade, a version of the truth that society demands of me instead of the truth that I want for myself? What if the real me is nothing by a hardcore, gay, diner fucker? I can’t help but find the thought of this secret underworld incredibly arousing, the home that I’ve long been searching for.

“Nevermind.” I say. “I’m coming up.”

I climb the stairs and push through a door on the top, now finding myself on the roof of the diner with the gorgeous night sky hanging above. Out here in the desert, the stars are more brilliant than I’ve ever seen then, a true testament to the natural beauty of these southern states.

“Come here.” Says Turk, his voice deep, smooth and seductive.

Slowly, I walk across the darkened rooftop until I’ve reached the other side, where Turks massive face rests imbedded within the front of the building. The sight of him this close is simply breathtaking, a perfect specimen of man that is so attractive I can barely speak, other than to let a sensual whimper escape from between my lips.

“Closer.” Turk tells me.

I do as I’m told, moving carefully towards his chiseled face along the edge of the diner.

Up here above the parking lot, its hard not to glance down over the edge, and when I do my heart nearly stops. This building may only be one story tall, but from the looks of it, that is one extra large story.

I also realize now that my perch is not as private as I had hoped, and anyone passing beneath us could easily look up and spot me and the living diner exchanging sweet nothings in the dark.

I’m right up next to the diner’s face when he finally tells me to stop. “There.”

“What now?” I ask.

“Take out that cock of yours and let me suck you off.” Turk commands.

I glance back over my shoulder at the parking lot below. “But, they’ll see us.”

“I don’t care.” Turk says. “But if it will make you more comfortable, I’ll see what I can do.”

Seconds later, the outer building lights begin to lower until they are completely off, leaving me and Turk bathed in nothing but the shining white moonlight.

“Now take out that fat, juicy cock of yours.” Repeats Turk, and shove it down my throat.

I slowly unzip my pants and pull out my aching rod, which is hard as can be and ready for action.

Turk smiles and gives me a little wink, then the building opens his mouth and takes me deep into his throat. I let out a long satisfied groan as Turk consumes me, savoring the feelings of his movements as he bobs up and down with his head across my shaft.

“Fuck, that feels so good.” I tell him.

Turk continues to service me like this, gaining speed for a moment and then sudden coming to a stop as he takes my cock all the way down into his neck. I plunge way past the giant head’s gag reflex and come to rest in his depths, finding myself the lucky subject of a perfectly performed deep throat.

The diner lets me remain here for a while, holding me within him until he finally just can’t take it any longer. I pull out and the diner gulps down a frantic gasp of air.

“God damn, I’m so fucking horny for you.” Turk tells me. “I need to fuck you right now.”

“Then fuck me!” I exclaim with equal desperation.

“Go down into the basement.” Instructs Turk. “You’ll see my cock jutting out from one of the cement walls. Please, get me off.”

I quickly zip up my pants and hurry back towards the rooftop doorway, throwing it open and rushing down the stairs. Immediately, I’m hit with the sweet and savory smells of mouthwatering diner food, but I continue on my way, finding another stairway to go deeper still into the basement of the building.

Moments later, I’m standing in the middle of an almost completely empty, cement basement, decorated with a few crates of non-perishable foodstuffs and an assortment of tables, chairs and restaurant paraphernalia.

There is one central light hanging down from the center of the room, which illuminates the proceedings in a hard shadowed glow.

“I don’t see it.” I admit to Turk, scanning the room from his hard dick.

“Back there, behind the boxes.” The diner tells me.

I make my way past a few crates of food and suddenly find myself face-to-cock with the building’s massive erect shaft. Turk’s dick is beautiful and fully engorged; standing at attention while his two giant balls hang gracefully beneath.

I start by cradling said balls in one hand and slowly stroking his firm shaft with the other, tracing my hand carefully up and down Turk’s length.

The building lets out a satisfied and thankful sigh. “Oh yeah, Lars, suck that cock.”

“With pleasure.” I tell him, then open wide and take him into my mouth. I pump my head up and down his member a few times, making sure to get him nice and lubed up.

I do this for a good while and then remove Turk from my mouth with a mischievous smile. “How about my asshole?”

I turn around and strip off my shirt, followed shortly after my back pants and boxer briefs until I am completely naked. Carefully, I back up towards the wall until the head of Turk’s cock is just inches from my asshole. His size is daunting, so I start by testing the edges of my anal limits, pushing back just enough to feel the elasticity of my hole begin to expand around his massive shaft.

Turk enjoys the tease, groaning loudly every time I pull away. Fortunately for him, however, I'm also in no mood to wait. After only a few brief seconds of our anal cat and mouse, I commit fully to the handsome restaurant, pushing down firmly onto his rod and biting my lip as it slides up inside of me.

The way that his enormous size stretches my limits is incredible, a sensation unlike anything I have ever felt. I'd never once taken anything up my asshole, and certainly nothing this large, but as I begin to pump myself up and down across Turk's shaft I start loosen up and let the pleasure overwhelm me. What was once a deep-rooted discomfort has given way to something beautiful and primal, a strange, full sensation that causes my own cock to twitch with every successive slam up my butt.

"Fuck me harder!" I command to the living diner. "Fuck me like the gay little twink that I am deep down inside."

"I thought you had a girlfriend." Turk says, jokingly.

"I'm gay now!" I shout, "You've turned me gay and I love it!"

The restaurant is giving me everything that he's got, slamming my asshole with all of his force as my frantic moans of ecstasy echo throughout the basement.

It's not long before the blossoming gay lust starts to give way to something else. I close my eyes tight, trying to fight the powerful thoughts that begin to seep their way into the dark corners of my unconscious mind. I know that if I accept these ideas my life will completely change, and because of that I make a valiant attempt to hold them off as long as I can.

Still, it's no use. The power of homosexual love is just too strong to be contained.

"Turk." I say, tears of joy beginning to stream down my face as the living building continues to hammer me up the asshole. "I think... I think."

"Don't say it." The diner tells me. "You don't have to."

"I do." I tell him. "I do."

"It's going to change everything if you say it." Turk warns. "Everything."

"That doesn't matter." I gasp through the tears. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Turk admits.

His words hit me like a truck, taking the wind out of my lungs and sending my heart into a spastic fit of lovesick butterflies. I don't even know what to do with myself, but moments later the question is answered as the building begins to shake and tremble around me.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Turk shouts.

"Do it!" I command, pulling his cock out of my asshole and dropping down to my knees in front of him. "Blow your hot white load all over my fucking face!"

The restaurant lets out a few more desperate grunts and then explodes across me with a thick, pearly rope of spunk, which splatters from ear to ear. I smile as the building rains his loads of jizz down onto me, covering me with his cum until completely drained.

When Turk finally finishes I stand up, impressed by his sizable load but desperately horny to cum myself.

"Your turn." Turk says. "Go upstairs and head out back."

I nod and turn to leave, grabbing a spare towel and wiping off my face, then tying it around my waist. Moments later, I emerge once again into the main dining room of the restaurant, where the patrons seem quite confused by the sight of a semi-naked man entering and then exiting their presence.

I waste no time heading out the front door and then making my way around to the back of the restaurant, the night air cool and refreshing against my bare skin.

When I finally make it to the rear of the building and stop to catch my breath.

“Do you see it?” Turk asks.

I scan the restaurant’s back wall, trying to understand exactly what my gay lover is getting at until my eyes suddenly come to rest on a beautiful, muscular ass protruding from the brick.

I grin slowly creeps across my face as I step towards Turk’s beautiful, toned butt, then I pull off my boxer briefs and kneel down behind him, placing my rod at the rim of his puckered hole.

“I want you to slam me until you blow.” Turk says. “Fuck me as hard as you can and then shoot that hot load up inside of me.”

I push forward, entering the handsome restaurant and immediately falling into a series of rapid thrusts. My hips slap hard against my gay lover’s ass cheeks, gaining speed as they go until I am hammering into him with everything that I’ve got. I can feel the familiar sensation of orgasm welling up inside of me as I continue to slam Turk’s tightness.

“Do it!” Turk commands. “Blast that cum into my hot gay restaurant ass!”

The sound of the building’s deep, sexy voice puts me over the top and suddenly I am cumming hard, lost in a haze of overwhelming bliss while semen erupts from the head of my cock and spills into my brick and mortar lover. I grasp onto the wall for support as more and more jizz continues to spill out of me.

Eventually, there is nothing left.

I pull out and watch as streaks of my hot pearly load spill forth from Turk’s reamed asshole, then I collapse back onto the cement behind me in exhaustion.

“That was incredible.” Turk says.

“I love you.” I confess to the building, starting to well up again.

This time, however, my tears are different. Instead of joy, I find myself swimming in a sea of fear and apprehension. What happens now?

“I love you, too.” Turk says, and then asks with genuine concern, “What’s wrong?”

“I want to stay with you.” I confess. “I can’t just go back to my normal life now.”

The building is silent for a moment, deep in thought. “You know, we have a server position opening up.” Turk finally says. “You could just stay here and work inside me during the days, then go out with me at night.”

“Really?” I ask, sitting upright.

“I mean, if you’d be interested in something like that.” Turk offers.

I can’t help but smile. “I’d love to stay here and work inside you. Forever.”

GLAZED BY THE GAY LIVING DONUTS

2

Our vacation to Southern California hadn't been a total bust, but it wasn't everything I'd hoped for either. When the guys and I loaded into Jordan's vintage convertible and hit the road from Ohio on a straight shot towards the west coast, we had big dreams; meet some cute boys, make new friends, have a few stories to share when we returned home.

And sure, we kinda did all those things, but it wasn't like the movies. Most of our time was spent sitting for days behind the wheel, and while road tripping is certainly an all American pastime, the stretches of empty nothingness along the way really start to get to you. Your friends become annoying and you stop caring about where the boys are because you're more worried about where the next rest stop is.

Salvation finally came when we cruised into San Diego on a warm summer day and found ourselves face to face with the crowded beach coastline.

The three of us parked and got out, looking up and down the miles of sand in either direction. There were beautiful people everywhere; lying out on blankets, sleeping until umbrellas. Surfers cut their way through the water like tiny dots of black against the flickering jewels of sunlight that dance and play on the tips of blue waves. It was a real life miracle, an oasis in the desert of endless gray highway between here and home.

But like everything else in life, we got used to it.

It's three days later and we are still laying out on the beach, wondering why our trip wasn't coming together like a movie montage with some fun, beachy rock song playing loudly over the top of it. The truth is, where you are doesn't change who you are on the inside, and our group is coming face to face with the fact that, deep down, we might just be really boring gay men.

"Do you ever feel trapped?" I ask out loud, lying on my back as the sun kisses my already tan skin. Jordan and Sam are on either side of me, and both guys seem to answer without words. We don't need to say it, because we are all thinking exactly the same thing.

"So how do you change it?" I add, a follow-up to my already unanswered question.

More silence as the waves rumble softly against the shore and a lone seagull calls in the sky.

Finally, Jordan speaks up. "We need adventure."

I can't help but laugh, a smile crossing my lips beneath my jet-black sunglasses. "Then what do you call this?"

"I don't know." He says.

"Maybe adventure comes from the inside." I offer. "Not where you are, but what you do when you get there."

"I'm pretty happy with my tan." Sam adds.

I laugh again. "Okay, sure. Me too. But we are heading back home tomorrow and we've got nothing to show for it."

"My tan." Sam repeats.

"A tan is only skin deep." I tell him, wisely. Now all three of us laugh.

"I wanted to have some stories, you know?" I explain. "We just graduated high-school and up until now have never really left Ohio. We're all going to college in state. It's like we're adults now but we still haven't really lived."

"Well what the fuck do you propose we do about it?" Sam asks.

"I don't know. Go out tonight?" I tell him. "Like go to one of those secret donut clubs or something?"

Being from the Midwest, the donut clubs were something of a mystery to us all, a vague rumor that found its way to us through various online forums or via hushed whispers at the local gay bar back home. We had heard tales about the utterly depraved donut scene in San Diego, but deep down I had always considered the idea of living, talking, gay pastries to be a purely European thing. Despite being invented in America, the living donuts themselves eventually started to migrate overseas in an attempt to find a more sexually liberal lifestyle, and the ones that stayed behind were eventually forced out whether they wanted to leave or not.

There was hedonism in the streets. Once the promiscuous nature of these living baked goods was completely exposed, human/donut fucking was entirely outlawed; gay, straight, all of it. The ruling led to a whole slew of human rights arguments, but despite the fact that living donuts could talk, think, and even love, they were still not considered to be legally human and therefore not afforded the same basic privileges.

Jordan rolls over on the blanket and faces me, propping himself up on his arm. "First of all, there are no gay donuts here in the United States, thanks to the Pastry Fucking Act of two thousand sixteen."

"Sure, not out floating around in public, but they're still here." I offer. "You just need to find the right donut shop."

I sit up and look to my left. Far, far down the beach where the stores become stranger and sometimes less than legal.

"They sell weed down there like it's nothing." I say. "I bet we can get a read on a hot gay donut bar."

It's not long before we find a local coffee shop with a mysterious round symbol stuck inconspicuously on the outer window, a signal to those of us who know what to look for.

Our group heads inside, trying to act as casual as possible.

The man helping us is young and fun, a surfer dude who's surprisingly handsome for being covered in tattoos with more piercing than I can count. His shop is only a small walk up the main drag of souvenir stands and bong boutiques that line the graffiti-covered beach boardwalk.

"What would you like?" The handsome young guy asks. "The dark roast is fresh!"

"Actually, I'm not really in the mood for coffee." I tell him, my heart beating hard within my chest. "How about a donut?"

"Oh yeah, we've got those." The man says, nodding. "Apple fritter? Maple bar?"

I hesitate for a moment, not quite sure how to go about this. "Do you have anything a little... gayer?"

The man freezes for a moment, then glances around to make sure our small group of friends are the only people in the store. The coast is clear, but he still seems skeptical of me.

"Why would you think we had living gay donuts here?" The man asks.

I'm not exactly sure how to play this, so I reluctantly decide to proceed with some honesty. "Well, there was that donut symbol on the window. Is that code?"

The guy shrugs. "Could be."

We stand here for a minute with the counter between us, neither one moving from our position.

"So... coffee then?" The man finally says.

I sigh, turning back around to face my friends but something stops me abruptly in my tracks. Adventure isn't about where you are, but who you are deep within. I could easily just call it a night

right then and there, but at this moment I recognize that it's time to step up and make something happen. I turn back around.

"Listen." I say. "I know that there's a gay donut bar around here, and I may be a country boy but I'm not stupid. I might not have the password or whatever it is that you need me to say, but I recognize the symbol and I give you my word, I'm not a cop."

The guy behind the counter cracks a smile, amused by my sudden rush of confidence. "You're asking for someone else, right?" the guy asks with a slight twinkle in his eye.

"No." I respond, confused. Sam kicks me lightly in the shin.

"What was that? I couldn't hear you." The guy behind the counter continues. "Because most of the living donuts have moved back to Europe. The rest are in hiding, afraid of getting deported."

Sam seizes the moment and interjects. "We're wondering for some friends."

"Oh, well in that case I think I can do something for you!" The guy says, looking up with a wide smile and a wink. "I know some places. Actually, I might be about to help you out later tonight, have your friends call me."

"Really?" I blurt, unable to hide my excitement.

"I'm Parker." He says, handing me a card with his name, number, and that same mysterious round symbol.

"Mike." I tell him, "And this is Jordan and Sam."

"You know, the gay pastry scene isn't for everyone." Parker explains cryptically. "You gentlemen up for an adventure?"

"Of course," I smile. "It's exactly what we've been looking for."

After a few hours of getting ready I exchange some texts with Parker and we head out to meet him and some friends.

There is a thick excitement in the car as we cruise the city streets, looking for the mysterious address that I've been texted. Finally, something interesting is happening, a story in progress.

That tall-tale feeling is nothing but amplified when we arrive at the living donut bar, which Parker had insisted on calling a dessert speakeasy because there's a password at the door.

"Is this the place?" I ask an imposing man, bald and representing a similar love of tattoos to Parker. It's hard to believe anything other than an industrial packing warehouse could be behind the door in question, but after double and triple checking the address, this is apparently the place.

"I don't know." The doorman says gruffly. "Is it?"

"The password." Sam reminds me.

"Oh yeah." I straighten myself out and stand up straight. "The password is 'Baker's dozen?'"

"Is that a question?" The doorman asks.

"Sorry." I try again. "Baker's dozen."

The imposing guy reaches over and twists the handle of the door, swinging it open to reveal a hustling, bustling donut shop within.

"Have fun boys." He says.

We step inside and make our way down the stairs. The place is hopping tonight, handsome men sipping on tall glasses of milk or coffee everywhere I look. Everyone here is much cooler than us Ohio.

"Mike!" A familiar voice shouts from somewhere near the bar. Out of the darkness comes Parker with a huge smile on his face, hugging all three of us in turn. "I'm so glad you guys could

make it!”

“We’re glad to be here!” I tell him. “This place is awesome.”

Parker nods and then takes a long swing of his two percent milk.

Just then I notice a sign to the side of the band with glowing purple letters. It reads: The Big Glaze. Below it is a large doorway with two bouncers on either side, people are slowly filtering in.

“What’s that?” I ask.

Parker laughs. “Order a milk first, then we’ll talk.”

After tossing back a few in a booth with Parker and his exceptionally cute friends I am practically boiling over with curiosity, but I hold my tongue. Everyone is having a great time, and the free drinks certainly don’t make it easy to pace yourself. Finally, I just can’t hold in my curiosity any longer.

“Alright dude.” I brazenly interrupt the conversation that preceded me. “What’s The Big Glaze?”

Parker takes a deep breath. “Okay, well.” He starts. “This is a gay donut bar as you can see. Most of the gay donuts packed up and moved to Europe when they were outlawed, which is straight up unconstitutional if you ask me, but a few of them stayed behind. Now they live in hiding, but the donut community has found a way to let them work under the table, providing a particular service that is commonly referred to as glazing.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” I finally ask. “I’m just a country boy from Ohio, you’re gonna have to walk me through this.”

Parker cracks a smile. “It means that one man is going to suck off a whole dozen gay donuts, and then they are going to glaze his face in hot, sugary cum.”

Inside of me, a fire starts to burn, overtaking everything else with hot, unfiltered desire to be a part of this erotic celebration of living confectionery.

“A dozen?” I repeat back to Parker in astonishment. “That’s a lot of glaze.”

Parker nods. “Sometimes even more. The record right now is sixteen loads from sixteen different donuts. They’ve got chocolate, coconut, rainbow sprinkles, it’s absolutely insane in there.”

“That’s...” I say, looking over at the door and reeling from all of the nasty thoughts that are suddenly filling my brain. “So hot.” I finish.

My heart starts to race a mile a minute, almost pounding out of my chest with the realization that the adventure I’d been looking for has finally arrived. I don’t think twice about what I say next, because I’m afraid that if I think too much I won’t end up saying it. “Where do I sign up?”

Parker laughs. “Sign up to watch?”

I shake my head. “No. Sign up to perform.”

When the lights go up on stage I find myself in a large, semi-circle theatre, with a wooden floor beneath me and a series of seats that tower upwards as they go. It’s a steep incline and I’m at the bottom, looking up with my big green eyes as I rest on my knees. I’ve stripped down to nothing, my tan body and toned abs exposed to the audience. It’s a full house tonight.

Thankfully, I’m too horny to be nervous, and my eyes dart about hungrily as I look for the sweet donut cocks that are apparently coming my way.

“Welcome to amateur night here at the downtown donut shop! Let’s give it up for Mike!” A voice suddenly booms over the loudspeaker. “This is his first time here at The Big Glaze!”

The audience bursts into uproarious cheer and I can't help but smile, soaking it in.

"Remember," The voice continues. "The number of donut loads to beat without tapping out from exhaustion is fifteen. If Mike can take that, he'll receive The Big Glaze grand prize!"

More applause.

"Now let's get to it!" The voice finishes.

The next thing I know, a handsome, floating donut is approaching me from either side. The pastries are absolutely gorgeous, muscular and toned with massive dicks hanging down from their frosted, circular bodies.

I look up at them happily and take an engorged cock in each hand. They're well equipped, massively hung to the point that it's almost hard to wrap my fingers around their entire width. I try my best though, and soon I'm pumping up and down on each shaft expertly with my hands.

The audience seems to like what they see, and I notice a few of the watchers begin to stroke their own rods as the action unfolds before them.

Eventually, I start to use my tongue on each of the two sprinkled desserts, going from one to the other with quick licks from their balls to the tip. It's not long before I'm swallowing one of them entirely, pushing my head down onto his sweet, sugary cock and letting his length hit the threshold of my gag reflex. I choke and pull back, gasping for air as his member leaves my mouth in a trail of spit.

"One more time." I say, sheepishly.

"Yeah, suck that sprinkled cock." Says the donut in a sexy, authoritative tone. "You like that sweetness don't you?"

I devour his giant cock once more, but this time I relax as it hits the back of my throat and end up taking him entirely to the base. My face is pressed up against his pink frosting as his dick hits its limit, then he starts fucking my face hard.

The donut plows into me, pumping up and down and using me like a gay human sex toy, which actually starts to make me hard down below. While he enjoys my mouth, I make sure to continue stroking the other dessert on stage and he seems to appreciate it, finding a rhythm with his movement against my steady strokes.

With my free hand I reach down and start to play with my cock, massaging myself as I'm violated by the living junk food.

The stage lights feel bright on my skin, completely exposed to the crowd before me. My friends are out there watching, Parker too, and exposing myself to them like this is potentially arousing. I have never been so horny in my entire life, consumed by the taboo nature of this human on pastry encounter.

Eventually, the floating donuts on either side of me start to tremble with pleasure, edging closer and closer to orgasm. I pick up the pace, using the spit from my mouth to frantically beat them off until finally they explode across my face in tandem. Two hot white loads fly through the air in milky ropes, splattering across my cheeks from ear to ear. I open my mouth to catch some of the liquid, and then swallow hungrily as the desserts disappear back into the darkness with drained balls.

Immediately, two freshly baked maple bars approach me, taking their friend's place. These pastries are equally hung, and with a newfound ferocity and a face full of cum I start to expertly suck them off. The desserts are clearly enjoying themselves, roughly passing me back and forth between them.

I swallow deep. The maple bar to my left takes me all the way down and gags me, brutally pushing me to the point that I'm unable to breathe around the girth of his enormous dick. My tongue

pushes out from the bottom of his shaft and laps against his syrupy balls as I choke.

“Of fuck.” The living confectionery starts to moan from his single, circular opening. “Are you ready for one more?”

I pull back to answer, but before I can form the words a warm blast of jizz hits me in the face. I laugh a little as it somehow manages to get up my nose, and I smile when the strings of semen dangle off of me. He pumps a few more shots and then turns me to face the other sweet treat, who’s balls I massage in my hand.

“Cover my fucking face with your sugary frosting.” I beg, starting to get into it now. “Use me as your gay donut cum dumpster.”

He begins to moan and shake, bucking foreword and releasing his tension in the form of hot splatters across my face.

Now that I’ve got four loads to contend with, I’m finally starting to feel the jizz blend together and form a thin sheen of glazed icing across my face. It’s like wearing a mask at the spa, only warmer and many times more explicit. A little bit of it has managed to end up near my eyes and I wipe it away with my fingers, blinking rapidly and looking up at the group of hard cocked donuts that now float around me. Seeing that I can hold my own out here, the group has given up on approaching two by two and instead have formed a tight circle with me as the centerpiece.

I look up at them with pleading eyes, making my way around the circle with both hands while I ache to be touched myself.

Soon this new group of desserts begins to pop, a spray here and a splatter there. They fling ropes of semen at me from every direction, landing them expertly across my face. From chin to forehead I’m covered in pearly white milk, which runs down my neck and across my chest in long drips. Dots of white speckle my eyelashes, which I fight desperately to see through as the donuts come and go above me.

I have no idea how many loads I’ve taken until finally the announcer booms over the loudspeaker once again.

“Nice work!” The voice bellows. “Mike has reached ten loads of hot, steamy frosting! That’s nearly a dozen!”

The audience bursts into uproarious applause and I smile wide as the strands that dangle from my chin dance in the air. I continue to stroke my dick and as I do my body tenses up with aching warmth, overwhelmed by the depraved situation that I have somehow gotten myself into.

“He’s only got six more to go before winning tonight’s grand prize! Where are those loads going to be?”

Suddenly, on stage right, a huge wheel lights up and starts to spin. I can barely make out the words that are printed on it, but it appears to be a list of different body parts; mouth, abs, chest. Someone hands me a small buzzer with a single red button on top and I hold it for a moment, not entirely sure what to do next, until finally I decide that my only option is to push it. The wheel begins to slow to a crawl and as it does our audience cheers, clearly thrilled about the impending result. When the wheel comes to a complete stop, the whole place erupts.

“Alright!” The announcer calls in a long drawl. “The final six frosting loads will be blasted onto Mike’s tight gay asshole!”

Two stagehands approach and help lean me back onto the ground, then position some sort of ramp under me so that my legs are lifted and slowly placed behind my head. My upper back still on the wooden stage floor, I find myself with my ass in the air and my butthole completely exposed to the

world.

Two floating donuts approach me with their cocks in their tiny baked hands, beating off and looking down at my fit body as it lies contorted below them. One of them is covered in dark brown chocolate sprinkles while the other sports an incredibly arousing coat of coconut shavings.

The first treat starts to moan almost immediately and shoots a string of semen directly into my asshole, where it lands and pools for a moment before sliding back down the crack of my ass. The next follows closely behind, but his aim is a little off so his jizz flies onto my butt, but also somehow manages to add a few splatters to the mess on my face.

“Eleven!” The announcer calls out. “Twelve!”

Two more frozed treats approach and position themselves accordingly. As they pleasure themselves I do the same, spastically rubbing my cock while I tiptoe on the edge of pure, blissful orgasm.

As the donuts blow their loads I finally cum myself, the muscles in my stomach contracting wildly as wave after wave of pleasure shoots through me. I scream a wild, animalistic yelp and let go of everything, my eyes rolling back into my head like a man possessed. I can feel the cum frosting raining down onto me as I tremble and quake, my body disappearing somehow and leaving me as an object of pure blinding pleasure. The sensation envelopes me as jizz continues to fall and the announcer calls out my benchmarks. My own load spurts back across the stage is a forceful blast.

“Thirteen!” He says. “Fourteen! Fifteen!”

I’m not even aware that the desserts have been replaced by others because my eyes are now completely caked shut with sugary semen.

“Sixteen!” The announcer crows and the audience loses their minds.

I collapse back only the stage floor and the ramp is pulled out from under me so that I can lay flat. I’m utterly glazed with donut semen.

“We have a winner!” The voice says. “Tell him what he’s won!”

Another voice suddenly comes over the loudspeaker, higher pitched and speaking rapidly like I’m trapped in some sort of bizarre sexual infomercial.

“Well Mike, you’ve had a great night here on The Big Glaze, starring in your very own donut show and taking sixteen loads! You’re going to love taking sixteen more during your all expenses paid trip to Holland, home of the Dutch who came to America and invented the donut many, many years ago! You’ll stay at the finest luxury hotel that Holland has to offer before being whisked away to our sister donut shop for your very own headline show!”

The crowd cheers again and I smile, sensing through the layers of cum on my closed eyelids that the stage curtain is now closing. I lay alone in the darkness, slowly trying to recover from the best night of my life.

POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY OWN BUTT

3

Where does the miracle of science end and magic begin? Some people would say never, that “magic” is nothing more than something we can’t quite understand yet, but eventually will. Just because a force seems mysterious and exotic, doesn’t mean that it can’t be quantified later on.

As a young researcher, I haven’t been around in my field long enough to see any of these enormous changes take place, but I like to remind myself about things in the present that must have seemed like magic to those in the past. Electricity alone could have been framed in another way decades ago, considered the result of hours upon hours of careful black magic.

Of course, I know better. Magic isn’t real, nor the various mystical trappings that come along with it; love at first sight or luck, just to name a few.

I’m a staunch skeptic, as anyone else with my job (a research assistant at Rubble Biological Labs) should be.

But even a hardline skeptic like me can’t help but feel a little twinge of magic in the air when they first hear the news about Huntertuck Island.

The now-private island was recently purchased by a rather eccentric billionaire, who immediately went to work doing clone research and creating several living copies of himself. At first, the news of the small island colony was met by various scoffs of doubt, but as time went on and evidence was presented, the findings were quickly regarded as scientific truth.

Of course, there are a whole slew of ethical arguments to be addressed here, especially because the clones were not exact replicas, but rather mutants of the original sample, biologically programmed to be less intelligent worker drones. These drones were then used to build and entirely new infrastructure on the island.

I was ecstatic. Finally, the first massive shift in biology, and I am poised on the front lines of progress.

But once the breakthroughs on Huntertuck Island became regarded as scientific fact, the ability to recreate such incredible results was quickly locked up tight.

I can’t blame them. After all, once we have the ability to create these worker drone clones, the business potential is almost unlimited. The entire industry would be a goldmine, redefining the entire world’s economy.

Of course, the government was quick to step in and put a stop to all of this. Regardless of what a league of worker drone clones could do for progress, there were just too many people getting worked up about the human rights of such mindless creatures.

Maybe they had a point, maybe not, but it was an absolutely fascinating new discovery, none the less.

Here at Rubble Biological Labs, we’ve taken a balanced approach to moving forward. We’ve used the early results from Huntertuck Island to create the basis of our experiments, but started over completely with the rest of the research. To describe it another way, we’ve taken a photo of their finished puzzle, and now we are working hard to put all of the pieces back into the right place.

Thanks to a massive loophole, all of our research is perfectly legal, so long as we don’t use any exact copies of the Huntertuck method, and as long as we aren’t hiring any outside test subjects. The only people that we are allowed to test on are ourselves.

As intimidating as it could be to have a potential clone running around out there in the world, it’s really not that hard to volunteer for experimentation because, to this day, none of the experiments have yielded any living results. That is, until today.

I walked into work that morning like I would on any other day, swiping my key card through the laboratory reader and walking passed as the door automatically opens with a soft hiss. I say hello to the security guards and continue down a long hallway into the depths of the facility, until I reach lab 243, a highly secretive and high clearance area. I swipe my card again, and enter.

“Kirk!” Shouts one of my colleagues, Dr. Porter, as he sees me. He opens his arms wide and stands up from his row of computers to greet me with a warm hug. “Today’s the big day.”

“I know!” I say with a laugh. “I’m up to bat.”

Dr. Porter motions me over to his lead computer and types in a few quick commands, a bright blue display of cloning schematics popping up onto his computer screen.

My eyes go wide the second that I see what he has planned. “Oh, whoa!”

“It’s great isn’t it?” Dr. Porter offers with an excited smile.

The cloning process, on the surface, is fairly simple to accomplish, but not in the way that we want to do it. Anyone can extract some DNA and place it into an egg, creating a new version of you at birth that will take nine months to gestate and then come out as a beautiful bouncing baby.

However, for our practical application of cloning worker drones, or and other specified job for that matter, we need our clones to emerge at the same age as the subject. In other words, I’m a twenty two year old man, and we need my worker drone to be as well. The problem with this is that the rapid, almost instantaneous, cell growth is far from stable. Instead of fully complete clones, we have been creating strange and disturbing piles of lifeless flesh, or worse.

If I wasn’t so interested in science and human progress then I would be horrified, but instead I find myself in utter fascination with every passing experiment. Of course, some positive results would be great, but each failed trial is just another brick in the road towards a result.

Lately, we have been trying to keep the rapid cell growth stable by combining the DNA with small markers from various animals, as well as taking them from different, specific regions of the human body. Today’s trial, which I have been randomly selected for as the subject, is going to take DNA from my brain, my ass, and a hawk.

“What a combination!” I say aloud with a laugh.

Dr. Porter shrugs. “Last time I was in there we tried my arm, my lung and a catfish.”

“And?” I question, curiously.

“We got a very creepy balloon-type-thing flopping around.” Dr. Porter shrugs. “Had to put it down immediately.”

When I hear stuff like that, it makes me slightly nervous about the way that we’ve started playing god here at Rubble Laboratories. On one hand, I really do understand the history making application of what we have going here, but on the other, it can be a little unsettling sometimes.

I leave and meet with our resident nurses for some time, who take all of the required samples from my body while Dr. Porter prepares the hawk. Six hours later, we meet back in the lab.

“How’s it looking?” I ask Dr. Porter.

“Good, very good.” He nods. “The DNA has been synthetized and is already inside the egg.”

I look out through a large glass window before us that stares into a sterilized chamber, completely white and almost entirely empty other than a table, a large synthetic egg, and some injection equipment.

“It’s already in?” I ask, excitedly. “For how long?”

“Ten minutes.” Dr. Porter says. “Should be ready to come out any minute now.”

Normally, the gestation period takes no longer than ten minutes, so if we don't see any results soon, our chances of success go down drastically.

I lean forward, peering into the chamber with rapt attention. I'm used to failure by now, but that doesn't mean that moments like this are any less tense.

The seconds turn into minutes, and soon Dr. Porter and I are relaxed, talking to one another about the next genetic combination that we're going to try. It's over.

"The fact that there was no result at all was probably because of the brain cells." Says Dr. Porter. "It's just too delicate of an organ, we never get what we are looking for when we add that to the cocktail."

"I don't know." I start, "I think that the brain is our only chance. We need to look at whatever is happening in the bird DNA. Other birds have had great results but the hawk is just not happening for some reason."

Dr. Porter is about to refute my statement, and gets his mouth halfway open before suddenly there is a loud slam against the glass behind us. Dr. Porter and I jump in surprise, immediately looking up to find a rather large, winged butt hovering in the air just inside of the glass.

"Hey there." Says the butt. "You think you could let me out of here? I'm freezing my ass off." The rump chuckles to himself.

My partner and I exchange glances of excitement.

"Of course!" Dr. Porter says, running over to the containment chamber and opening it up. "Welcome!"

The flying butt flaps its way inside and then lands on the desk in front of us. "Hello!"

"Congratulations, you're our first sentient creation!" Dr. Porter says, extending his hand to the butt, who takes it with his wing and shakes firmly.

"Happy to be here." Says the ass. "But you can call me Kirk's butt."

"You know that you're my butt?" I ask.

"Of course I do." Says my winged ass. "I'm made from your brain, I know everything that you know."

A slight chill runs down my spine. I hadn't realized that all of my deepest secrets would suddenly be transplanted into this butt. I try my best, but I am still a flawed man with a penchant for running out on relationships and taking practical jokes too far.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to spill the beans." My butt says with a wink.

I nod.

Dr. Porter finds himself glancing back and forth between us, clearly picking up on the vibe that's being established. After many nights out drinking with Dr. Porter, he has proven himself to be a killer wingman, and already he's showing his impeccable support once again.

"It's been a long day." Dr. Porter says, doing his best to fake a yawn. "Your butt can't stay here all night, there's no place to sleep. Why don't you take him home and then we can pick this up tomorrow morning?"

I give Dr. Porter a knowing look of thanks, and he smiles back in return.

"That sounds good to me." My ass says.

"Yeah, totally." I tell Dr. Porter, then turn to my living butt. "You hungry?"

"I've never eaten! It sounds amazing!" Responds my sentient ass. "Let's go!"

Seeing as it is his first meal ever, I decide to splurge a bit on my butt, taking him out to a fancy

French restaurant in the hip part of town. It would usually be impossible to get a reservation on such short notice, but thankfully I know someone who works here and she's able to pull some strings for us. The next thing I know, I'm sitting across from my own ass, looking deep within his soulful eye.

"I'm not sure what to ask you." I confess. "I mean, you know everything that I know, right?"

"Pretty much." Says the butt, his wings folded neatly behind him. He takes a long sip from his wine glass, savoring every moment before setting it back down onto the table. "But I've never felt it... that, right there."

"Felt what?" I ask, confused.

"I have all of your memories about drinking wine, I know what to expect when I do it and I know what it's going to taste like, but I've never truly tasted it for myself." The butt explains. "It's incredible."

"Whoa." I say, "That is amazing. I'm actually kind of jealous of you now."

"Really?" Asks my living butt. "Why jealous?"

"Well, I know we're both twenty two, but at the same time you have so much to experience. Everything is going to be new and exciting for you."

My butt smiles. "Yeah, I suppose it is. Like this fucking steak that I just ordered."

I laugh. "You're really interested in food aren't you?"

"Well, I *am* a butt." My butt jokes.

I laugh out loud at this, impressed with his similar sense of humor to my own. For the first time in a long time, I finally feel like I'm sitting across the table from someone who really gets me, deep down at the core of my being. It's hard enough dating as a gay man in today's world of casual hookups and reckless flings. I'm looking for something more and, incredibly, I think I might have just found it.

That's not to say that my feelings for my own living ass aren't sexual, far from it; the connection that I'm looking for is something that embodies every kind of attraction. If I'm going to be honest, at this very moment I can barely contain my lust for this suave sophisticated living butt. Even the features that I don't directly recognize as my own are absolutely gorgeous, like the brilliant golden wings that sprout from his back.

"I feel like you need a name." I tell my own butt. "I know that you are a part of me, and I love that about you, but you also need an identity of your own."

My ass thinks about this proposition for a moment and then nods in agreement. "Alright, what's my name?"

"How about Portork?" I offer. "That's a pretty sexy name."

"Portork." My ass repeats aloud. "Yeah, it's very manly but also seductive, I like that name a lot."

"Portork it is!" I laugh. "Cheers to that!"

The two of us raise our wine glasses and clink them together right as our steaks arrive, perfectly cooked and rare as can be.

I watch as Portork slices off a thin, tender strip of meat and then chews it happily, swallowing with complete satisfaction.

"And?" I ask. "What do you think?"

My winged ass smiles. "It's incredible."

Suddenly, I find myself overwhelmed with lust for this incredible butt. I know that this is only the first night we've known each other, but I also know that the feelings I have for this ass are not just

some passing phase. This is as real as it gets, and if I don't say something now I will regret it for the rest of my life.

"Is there anything else you've wanted to experience?" I ask Portork.

The living butt immediately picks up on the weight of my words, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Yeah, of course." He says.

"Anything that I can help you with?" I question, continuing to lead him along.

I can immediately tell that Portork understands what I am asking of him, reading between the lines with expert precision. The butt hesitates for a moment, and then finally offers, "I'd like to try anal."

"I think I can help you with that." I tell him with a sly grin.

The second that we get back to my apartment all bets are off. Portork and me stumble through the door, kissing frantically as we make our way towards the bedroom. The second that we get inside I push my living ass down onto the bed and watch as he spreads his majestic wings out behind him. For a living butt, his physique is quite impressive and I laugh out loud when I realize that I'm only complimenting myself.

As I lean in towards Portork, I see a massive cock beginning to grow out of the front of his body, stretching upward until it becomes a fully engorged shaft.

"Impressive." I tell the flying butt.

"Hey, I got it from you." Portork says with a wink.

Seconds later, I open wide and engulf his massive rod in my mouth, taking his shaft down as far as I can before pulling back. I do this movement again, and then again, until eventually I find myself bobbing up and down on his length with a confident rhythm.

My living butt is clearly enjoying himself, groaning loudly as he pushes back into the bed and stretches his wings.

"Oh my god." Says Portork. "That is so fucking good."

I pull the butt's cock out of my mouth just long enough to tell him, "Just wait" and then swallow his shaft completely, pushing down as far as I can. When Portork's rod hits my gag reflex, I do everything that I can to relax, somehow managing to let his incredible size slip past my barrier. Now my face is pressed hard against his ass cheeks, his dick fully inserted into my throat.

Portork puts his wings against the back of my head and keeps me here for a while, enjoying the control that he has over me. My throat is stuffed completely, no sound and no air, but just when I'm about to start worrying my ass lets me up with a huge gasp of air.

"I need you to fuck me." I suddenly admit in a haze of lustful desperation. "I need to be pounded up the ass by my own ass!"

I climb up onto the bed, past Portork, and frantically remove my clothes, tearing off my shirt, pants and underwear while the flying butt flaps around the room and observes my toned body.

"Looking good." Portork tells me.

I give a bashful smile and then lean forward on my hands and knees, completely naked with my toned, muscular ass popped out behind me. I reach back and give myself a playful slap on the cheek, then look back at Portork.

"I'm just a bad little twink." I admit to him. "And I need to be slammed from behind. I need to be taught a lesson by my own flying gay ass."

"With pleasure!" Portork tells me, flapping down and perching atop my butt. He quickly aligns

the head of his cock with my puckered rectum, teasing the edge of my tightness with his impressive length.

“Do it!” I command. “Shove it in there!”

Immediately, Portork pushes forward, impaling me onto his sizable length. His rod is certainly impressive, but it’s also a little difficult to reckon with, filling my entire body with a swirling rush of ecstasy and aching discomfort. The rim of my butthole can barely accommodate the cock size of my magnificent, cloned ass, but it does it’s best, stretched to the limit as Portork pushes even deeper into me.

Eventually Portork comes to a stop, my own ass completely buried deep within my own ass. I let out a long, agonizing groan as my living butt holds there, and then brace myself against the bed before me while he begins to flap his wings and pump in and out. Soon Portork has found a steady rhythm, pulsing in and out of my rectum with a powerful precision that is unlike any human lover I have ever experienced.

The connection erupting between us right now is more than just one of depraved lust; it’s an expression of pure, unfiltered love in it’s rawest form, the love between a man and his own living ass.

“Fuck that feels so good!” I cry out as Portork hammers away at my backside with his thick, girthy cock. “You’re so deep!”

Eventually, my winged living butt pulls out of me and instructs me to turn over on the bed so that I’m now laying out on my back. I pull my legs back, my cock jutting upward from my body and my now reamed asshole exposed to my other asshole. Portork flutters into position and then inserts his rod yet again, picking up where he left off as the disembodied butt continues to rail away at me.

As Portork plows my hole from the front I reach down and start to beat off my cock frantically, the sensation immediately almost too much to bear. It’s a strange pleasure; a powerful blossoming prostate orgasm that blooms from somewhere deep within my body and spreads across me in an awesome wave.

“Oh god.” I start to mumble, my eyes rolling back into my head. “Oh god, oh god. I’m gonna cum!”

Immediately, Portork stops and pulls his lengthy rod out of me. “Not like this.” He says. “I want you to blow your load inside of me.”

The flying ass immediately takes a position at the edge of the bed, his butthole hanging over and ready for pounding. I position myself for entry, grasping ahold of his beautiful, muscular ass cheeks as I plow forward to enter his depths. I let out a long cry of satisfaction as his ass consumes me, then get to work throttling Portork with a series of jackhammer-like slams against his body. I’m quaking, trembling hard as I edge closer and closer towards a powerful orgasm and then, finally, I explode within him.

I grab hold of my disembodied ass and pull him close, my length entirely inserted within Portork’s tightness as I eject load after load. My whole being is consumed by blinding pleasure unlike anything I have ever felt, the sensations overwhelming every sense that I have until I feel as though I’ve left my body completely.

Eventually, my massive jizz load is just too much to contain and it comes squirting out from the edge. It runs down the crack of my living ass’s ass and drips onto the bed below in splatters of pearly white, and when I finally pull out my spunk sprays everywhere, unable to remain contained.

“Fuck.” I groan. “I love cumming in my own asshole.”

Portork flutters up to the level of my face, his hard cock at the ready as he drips stray cum from

his butt. “Now how about your own asshole cums inside of *you*?” He offers.

I smile, then open wide, allowing Portork passage into my mouth once again. It only takes a few pumps before my lover is ready to blow and, the next thing I know, he’s pulling out and shooting several hot ropes of jizz across my face.

The first shot lands across my tongue and I swallow hungrily, while the other two blasts hit either cheek and then hang down in sticky white droplets.

Finally finished, me and my own ass collapse into bed, exhausted. I reach over and grab some tissues; cleaning up as quickly as I can and then pulling my living ass close, falling asleep with the handsome science experiment in my arms.

When I wake up the next morning, I immediately notice a mysterious absence in the bed. I sit up and look around, throwing back the covers to make sure Portork hasn’t simply slipped down below. My living ass is nowhere to be found.

“Portork?” I call out into the empty apartment.

I climb out of bed and walk into the living room, where a small note has been neatly folded and left out on the coffee table.

I pick it up and read aloud. “Kirk, thank you so much for the wonderful night, I really appreciate you sharing so many new and exciting experiences with me. Unfortunately, despite the love that we share for one another, I must now go. There is a whole world out there and I need to see it on my own, without a relationship holding me back.”

Tears are welling up in my eyes now. I have been on the other side of this letter man times, writing the words for some one-night-stand to find in the morning. This couldn’t make more sense though, after all, Portork and me are the same person who is unable to commit. Now I know what it feels like.

I turn around and jump suddenly as I see my living ass in the bedroom doorway. He had been hiding this whole time.

“What the fuck?” I ask in startled joy. “What is this?”

“I know that we both have a knack for running out on relationships.” Portork tells me. “But we also know love when we see it.”

A broad smile crosses my face. “I see you’ll also picked up my habit of inappropriate practical jokes.”

Portork laughs. “Of course! Now get in here an fuck me, it’s time for round two!”

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:

TAKEN BY THE GAY UNICORN BIKER

I don't believe in miracles; nor luck, nor magic. I don't believe in anything that I can't see with my own eyes or touch with my own skin, and it's been a long time since I have. Superstition is a plague.

Some people think that being skeptic is boring, but I'd like to think of myself as simply an appreciator of reality. I don't need to live in a fantasy world when real life is so full of brilliance and beauty.

Take, for example, this very moment.

I've been driving all night, desperately crossing the harsh Nevada desert towards Las Vegas for my brother's wedding. It's not too long of a drive from Los Angeles, clocking in at a little under five hours, but it can get grueling if you're forced to leave right after your shift ends at the gay bar where you work.

I managed to pull out of West Hollywood at two in the morning, and now the sun is coming up in front of me, bathing the glorious desert landscape with a beautiful wash of yellow and gold. It's absolutely stunning and completely real.

It's weird how much this firm grip on reality means to me, considering the fact that my parents and brother are so religious. But, in a lot of ways, I think that's probably the reason I turned out the way that I did. It's not easy growing up in a Christian household as a flamboyantly gay child, and although they all still claim to love me after I came out of the closet, it's clear they like my brother, Jared, just the slightest bit more.

This is why I can't be late to the wedding, and why I can't stop glancing at the clock on my dashboard as the minutes count endlessly upward. I need to prove that I'm not a complete mess out in Los Angeles on my own, that I've got my shit together.

I'm driving as fast as I can, but by now I'm also too tired to focus and the whole thing really just starts to make me uncomfortable. Speed and sleep rarely mix, and right now I'm flirting with disaster. Still, I've gotta get there somehow.

"You'll make it." I say aloud to myself, looking off into the sunrise and trying to focus on the natural beauty before me. This is reality, right here and now. I might be late and my parents and brother will certainly look down on me for it, but the sun will still rise and the sun will still set.

I take a deep breath, in and out, trying desperately not to stress.

If it isn't already clear, I'm a recovering anger junkie. These days you'd never even know what it used to be like, the way I would change into a complete asshole at the flip of a switch. It's destroyed every relationship that I've ever had, but these days I'm feeling better about it. I think that I might just be ready to find something meaningful again, maybe even love.

I've started to look inward, and it's working.

I take another deep breath, holding it longer this time before exhaling as the car roars down the long stretch of highway.

"You're going to make it to your brother's wedding." I say to myself again. "Stay positive, Mario."

For the briefest of moments I close my eyes, trying hard to meditate just a split second and somehow recharge my batteries. Showing up to the wedding is the easy part, after all, but showing up bright eyed and busy tailed was going to be difficult. I've only got two hours to spare.

Suddenly, the car lurches as I dip down off of the side of the road. My eyes fly open and I swerve wildly, my hands gripping tightly onto the steering wheel as I try desperately to self-correct.

I'm simply going way too fast.

The next thing I know, one of the tires has hit a massive triangular rock and my car is being launched into the air, flipped one entire rotation as I scream bloody murder and hold on for dear life.

Fortunately, I'm wearing my seatbelt, and I remain inside the car as it barrel rolls across the road without being tossed out through the glass windshield.

I'm fine, but the car itself is not so lucky. There is a loud snap as the vehicle lands and the axle breaks in half, dropping the car onto the pavement below and immediately ripping the two front wheels to shreds.

I skid to a stop amid a cloud of dust and debris, terribly shaken up but otherwise okay. Steam rises up from under the hood of the vehicle and drifts away and I struggle to unbuckle my seatbelt. I climb out from the driver's seat, staggering into the light of the rising Nevada sun.

"Fuck!" I exclaim aloud, immediately recognizing that my car may or may not be totaled. Searing anger boils within me, but I remember to focus and somehow cool myself down into a quiet simmer. "Just chill." I tell myself. "Just chill out, it's going to be okay."

I quickly realize that my insurance will cover this, even though it's entirely my fault, and at the end of the day I'm not going to take much of a hit financially. Besides, the pay bar that I work as is incredibly high end, and the tips that I make alone are double some folks salary. In other words, I'll be fine.

The real problem, however, is that I'm only a few short hours away from proving to my family, once and for all, that I'm not a complete fuck up. The car situation is not exactly helping my cause.

I let my gaze linger over the wreckage, reeling from the intense physical trauma that still lingers within my body. My nerves are at full alert and my neck is killing me.

I look up and down the road, trying to see if I can spot any other rides headed my way, but there is absolutely nothing but wide open desert. Trying to make good time, I took my best attempt at finding an alternate route and somehow ended up on these back roads along the way. It's great for avoiding traffic, but I could sure use a lift right about now and who knows when the next one is coming.

With nothing left to do, I just start walking.

It's early enough in the morning that the desert heat hasn't yet started to beat down too harshly but, with every step I take, the temperature seems to grow warmer and warmer.

By the time the car has disappeared behind me I'm drenched with sweat, yearning for someone, anyone, to come driving by and save me with a generous ride, even if it's just to the nearest gas station.

I've almost entirely given up hope when suddenly I notice a shiny silver object rising up over the hill behind me. It's almost too far away to see, like a tiny glinting spec on the horizon line, but from where I stand I can hear it barreling over the asphalt. It's a motorcycle.

Immediately I stop walking and begin to wave for the rider's attention, hopping up and down as I throw my arms wildly in the air on the side of the road. I'd been so busy hoping that someone would drive by that I never even considered the fact that they probably won't stop for me, but I've got to try.

Fortunately though, as the vehicle draws closer it begins to slow until, eventually, the motorcycle pulls up next to me and stops completely. It's only then that I realize the rider is a beautiful, white unicorn, with a long flowing mane and a glorious pearly horn jutting out from the top of his head. The unicorn turns to me and nods in acknowledgement.

"Where are you headed?" The biker unicorn asks in a gruff voice.

“Vegas.” I tell him, to desperate to be bothered by the fact that my savior is not human.

“Guess it’s your lucky day.” The unicorn says, his tail whipping back and forth in the air as it hangs over the back seat of the bike. “I’m headed there, too. Unless that’s your car back there, in which case it’s probably not your lucky day.”

I shake my head. “Nope. I don’t know what happened but the thing it totaled.”

“I’d say you’re probably right about that.” The unicorn says, stopping the asphalt a bit with its hoof. “Well, let’s hit the road, huh? Climb on behind me.”

I do as I’m told, deciding it’s best not to tell this majestic creature that I don’t believe in luck as I walk over to the large motorcycle. I swing my leg around the back, then scoot up against the unicorn.

“What’s your name?” I ask. “I’m Mario.”

“Kirk.” The unicorn tells me, then neighs loudly as we take off down the road, the bike rumbling powerfully between my legs.

The next thing I know, we’re back on track, flying towards Vegas at full speed and without a minute to spare. I wrap my arms around Kirk and hold on tight, noticing the pleasant warmth of his body against mine. I had never seen a unicorn before in real life, and I find myself surprised by how masculine his beauty is. Besides the slight pink shimmer of the creature’s mane and horn, there is nothing girly about this muscular beast. In fact, this particular unicorn is actually looking pretty badass in his leather jacket, jeans and boots.

“You seem tense.” I shout into the unicorn’s ear over the loud rumbling of the motor beneath us. “Why are you headed to Vegas?”

Kirk pauses for a moment before answering, choosing his words wisely. “I’m not so much heading *to* Vegas. More like heading *away* from California.”

“Oh shit.” I offer. “What happened?”

“Bad breakup.” The unicorn tells me. “Really bad.”

We sit in silence for a moment, letting the sound of the wind rushing past fill our ears.

“Well, I don’t really know you all that well.” I offer. “But it sounds like she lost out on a pretty good unicorn.”

“He.” The unicorn corrects me. “*He* lost out on a good guy.”

“You’re gay?” I ask, surprised. “Me too!”

“No shit?” Says the unicorn with a laugh. “I’m normally so good with that, I can always tell.”

“Not this time.” I smile. “I get that a lot though, my ex used to tell me that I acted too straight.”

The unicorn nods, staring out across the road ahead of us. “Sounds like both of us have asshole ex guys.”

I pull tighter against the unicorn, feeling the beat of his massive heart against my body. He’s an incredible creature, so perfectly toned and strong. I have never before been attracted to anything other than a human male, but being here on this bike with Kirk has, admittedly, opened my eyes to a different kind of beauty. I can’t help but feel a strange twinge of arousal deep within me, and I’m just barely able to keep myself from growing and erection right here against the unicorn’s back.

“So why are *you* going to Vegas?” The unicorn questions. “I wasn’t going to ask, but now that we’re getting to know each other so well I figured you might as well tell me.”

“Nothing too exciting.” I say. “My brother’s wedding.”

“That sounds really exciting!” The unicorn protests. “It’s your brother!”

“We’re not exactly close.” I explain.

Whenever I tell people about the fact that my brother and me don’t get along, people always respond with the same thing. ‘He’s your brother, you’ll figure it out.’ Kirk, on the other hand, has nothing to say other than, “I’m sorry to hear that.”

It’s not a dismissive version of the phrase, nor an empty one; for once I feel a sincere empathy for my feelings on the matter. Kirk isn’t trying to change me, he just wants to listen, and that alone is much more than any man as ever really offered.

“You’re pretty cool, you know that?” I say to the unicorn.

Kirk cracks a smile and nods to himself. “I suppose I’m alright.”

His casual unicorn demeanor is so incredible to me, and suddenly, despite my best efforts, I find myself getting turned on.

“Whoa.” Kirk says with a laugh, sensing the hardening of my cock up against his back. “You getting excited back there, buddy?”

“No.” I protest, defensively.

“It sure doesn’t feel like it.” The unicorn prods with a laugh. “That feels like a big fucking human cock pressed up against my back.”

I don’t say a word, completely embarrassed.

“You ever fucked a unicorn?” Kirk asks me suddenly.

I can immediately sense a change in his tone, a new direction in his unicorn mannerisms all the way down to the way he turns his large beastly head to speak to me.

“No, I can’t say that I have.” I explain. “You’re the first one I’ve met.”

Kirk nods. “Yep, there’s not a lot of us out there, not a lot of gay one’s either.”

“I didn’t even realize you existed.” I confess.

Kirk scoffs. “Come on now, that’s just rude.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” I offer. “Anyway…”

The word drifts off behind us as we continue down the road, the tension between me and Kirk the unicorn biker growing to incredible heights. There is something comforting about just being here with him, as if I’ve suddenly been blessed with the assurance that everything will work out in the end. He’s a protector, a figure of power that radiates with support, companionship, and gay lust. My body aches for him.

I find myself running my fingers through the unicorn’s shimmering mane, unable to stop my roving hands. “Do you believe in love at first sight?” I ask Kirk.

“I don’t know.” He tells me, “Why?”

I hesitate, not wanting to just lay all my cards out there on the table, but then I take the plunge. “I feel something between us. I don’t believe in miracles or anything like that, and I know it sounds crazy but I think that I love you… I think that I *want* you. Right now.”

“Right now?” Kirk confirms, slowing down the motorcycle. “Don’t you have somewhere to be?”

“I don’t give a fuck.” I tell him.

Almost immediately, Kirk pulls over onto the side of the road and climbs off of the motorcycle. I step off with him, and then moments later we are meeting under the desert sun next to a giant, flat boulder. Kirk and me embrace each other feverishly, our lips locked in a passionate kiss.

My heart rate elevated, my body trembling, I’m happy to finally release all of the powerful

tension that has been building up inside of me. I'm trembling with desire, wanting nothing more than to take his massive, gay unicorn biker cock inside of my body. I want to pleasure him, to make him understand the way that he makes me ache.

Without another set of eyes for miles on this empty stretch of desert highway, I quickly tear off my shirt and watch gladly as Kirk does the same. His body is utterly incredible, perfect and muscular in its majestic, beastly form. I touch him gently with my hands and then work my way down the unicorn's toned, muscular chest.

Suddenly overwhelmed with passion, I drop to my knees and unbutton Kirk's pants, pulling them down and letting his massive unicorn cock spring forth.

"Holy shit." I gasp. "Your dick is fucking enormous!"

The confident unicorn biker gives me a wink. "Think you can handle it?"

Instead of answering I decide to show him, opening wide and swallowing Kirk's shaft deep into my hungry mouth. The gorgeous beast lets out a satisfied neigh, leaning back and lifting his head skyward like a howling wolf of the desert.

I move up and down, letting Kirk's rod slip gracefully between my lips as I pleasure him. With one hand I cradle his hanging balls, and with the other I reach up and take his hoof in mine, grasping tightly.

"You're incredible." Kirk moans.

I push down farther and farther until hitting the edge of my gag reflex, which causes me to stop abruptly. Kirk's size is just too much to take, and I struggle against his rod, retching as I push the limits of my body. I simply can't take his size. Instead, I find myself stuck, and eventually I'm forced to come up for air in a frantic gasp.

"Are you alright?" Kirk asks.

"Yes." I assure him. "I just need to do this, let me try."

"You don't need to do anything." He tells me. "You don't need to impress me."

I shake my head. "I need to do this, Kirk."

I center myself and then try again, this time relaxing my throat as much as possible as Kirk's unicorn cock slides deeper and deeper into me. His length is incredible, and at first I retch a little as it hits the back of my throat. Moments later, however, I somehow manage to relax enough that Kirk's massive dick slides all the way inside. I proudly look up at him and give a playful wink, Kirk's shaft entirely consumed as my lips press lightly up against his rock hard unicorn abs.

"Fuck." Is all that this amazing man can manage to get out, overwhelmed by my expert deep throating skills. "That's incredible, Mario."

The sound of my own name sends a pleasant chill down my spine. This is all that I had ever wanted. To find love when I least expected it, out here in the desert in a time of need. I was stranded and alone, fighting for my life against the heat and the natural elements and then suddenly, with the help of one gay biker unicorn, everything changed. Maybe miracles do happen, I think to myself, maybe I was wrong all along.

Moments later, I find Kirk carefully pulling me up to my feet with his powerful unicorn teeth. He kisses me deeply and then pushes me back against the flat rock next to us, where I lay happily as the beautiful beast removes my jeans and tosses them to the side. My briefs come off next, and suddenly I find myself completely exposed to the warm desert air.

Kirk leans down and immediately gets to work licking my hard cock, which sends all kinds of incredible volts of pleasure throughout my body. I arch my back against the warm stone as Kirk

satisfies my senses, my hands finding their way around to the back of his head and pulling him even tighter against me.

The creature certainly knows how to use his tongue, finding no trouble at all with quickly bringing my body dangerously close to orgasm.

Eventually, Kirk starts to suck me off, taking my entire shaft easily into his large unicorn mouth. He pumps his head up and down on my length, pleasuring me skillfully between his majestic lips. I let out a long, satisfied moan, which seems to kick him into overdrive, pumping his head faster and faster over my length.

I'm going to cum soon. The feeling builds within me in wave after blissful wave, every one of them becoming more powerful than the last until finally I just can't take it anymore and I force myself to push him back.

"I want to cum." I tell the unicorn. "But I want to do it with you inside of me."

Kirk smiles and pulls me down the boulder slightly so that my muscular gay ass is hanging right off of the edge. Next, he aligns his rock hard shaft with my puckered butthole, his head teasing against my entrance while I beg for him to push it in.

Kirk is much larger than any of the human cocks that I've ever taken anally, and I have to admit that I'm slightly fearful of what his incredible size could do to my body, but I try my best to play it off and be fearless. Still, the anxiety is there, but thanks to the loving nature of my new unicorn lover, it becomes exciting and erotic, only adding to our playful and lusty encounter. I feel safe around Kirk, free to be myself even if that means getting a little nervous.

I collect my wits, then reach down and spread my gay ass open for him.

"Fuck me!" I demand. "Fuck me with your giant unicorn cock!"

Kirk stops for a moment. "I want you to beg for it."

"Fuck." I start, reaching down and grabbing a hold of his large beastly body with one hand. "Me." As I finish repeating the phrase, I pull Kirk forward and his mammoth cock disappears completely inside of my asshole, stretching my tightness to the brink.

I let out a loud groan, not entirely prepared to take his substantial size within my butt.

As I look up at the beautiful sky above us, clouds drifting calmly across the open blue, I can't think of any better moment to open my heart up than this. It's everything I ever dreamed it could be, me and my unicorn lover locked in a passionate embrace that defies species or sexualities.

Kirk begins to pump in and out of my butt, slowly but firmly as I tremble from his skilled touch. My legs are spread wide for him, held back as he slams into me at an ever-escalating speed. Soon enough, Kirk is hammering into me with everything he's got, his hips pounding loudly against the side of the boulder.

Once again, I can feel the profound sensation of an impending prostate orgasm blossoming deep within. It grows quickly, spreading out across my body in a series of violent quakes until my entire being is convulsing. There is too much pleasure locked up inside, bubbling over without any place left to go.

I reach down and start to frantically beat off my own rock hard cock, rapidly pumping my hand over it's length in time with the pounding of Kirk's powerful thrusts.

"Oh my god." I start to mumble. "Oh my god."

"I love you so much." Kirk the unicorn tells me, his eyes aflame with truth and passion. "I want to be your biker unicorn lover forever!"

"I love you, too!" I tell him, my legs suddenly kicking out straight. "I'm cumming!"

Kirk doesn't let up for a second as the prostate orgasm surges through me like a lightning bolt, pounding away at my muscular frame with his massive unicorn body. All of the tension from the last few hours is suddenly released within me, exploding across every ounce of my being with blinding love. Hot ropes of jizz explode from the end of my shaft, blasting out into the air and splattering everywhere.

I let out a blood-curdling howl of pleasure that echos out across the desert landscape, cascading across the hills and valleys until it bounces back to us. I'm outside of my body now, looking down at myself as I writhe and spasm on the edge this flat desert boulder. Tears of joy are flowing down my cheeks in beautiful glistening streaks, truly happy within my own skin.

I suddenly realize that Kirk is cumming as well, buckling forward as he ejects several pumps of semen within my asshole. His eyes are clenched tight as he lets out a guttural neigh of his own, throwing his head back and shutting his eyes in an expression of pure satisfaction.

The entire experience seems to defy time and space, stretching on and on for what feels like forever until suddenly I'm thrown back into reality, lying in exhaustion with Kirk's large unicorn body on top of me, breathing heavy.

"That was amazing." I whisper into his ear.

"No, you're amazing." He tells me.

"There's something I want you to do for me." I tell him. "Something important."

The biker unicorn nods. "Anything."

"Come to my brother's wedding with me."

The wedding goes beautifully, and is surprisingly classy for it's tongue-in-cheek Las Vegas setting. I had expected a drive through chapel with an Elvis impersonator overseeing the ceremony, but instead I was greeted by a beautiful venue in one of the nicest hotels on the strip.

My entire family was there, and when I pushed through the doors to greet them with plenty of time to spare, their eyes lit up in surprise. Showing up on time to the wedding shouldn't mean that much, but for me even being here at all went a huge way in showing that, even though I was gay, I didn't have to be the black sheep of the family.

Not only that, but everyone loved Kirk. At first I was worried that they'd have a problem with the fact that he rode motorcycles and came off as a bit of a rough and tumble guy, but he cleans up nice. Nobody at the wedding had ever seen a unicorn before, either, and Kirk was nice enough to answer questions and provide rides around the room during the reception.

I watch from afar as my father hoots and hollers, riding my new boyfriend around the banquet hall as the rest of the wedding party looks on in amazement. My newlywed brother is standing next to me and he puts his hand on my shoulders.

"You seem... really good." My brother, Jared, says. "Chilled out or something."

I laugh. "I think that I am."

"Thanks so much for being here." Jared tells me. "It means a lot."

"Don't mention it." I say, winking at Kirk as he passes by. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

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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