

# CHUCK'S BIGFOOT TINGLERS

VOLUME 2



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BIGFOOT PIRATES HAUNT MY BALLS



THE CURSE OF BIGFOOT BUTT CAMP



BIGFOOT SETTLERS CLAIM MY BUTHOLE

# CHUCK'S BIGFOOT TINGLERS

## Volume 2

By Chuck Tingle

BIGFOOT PIRATES HAUNT MY BALLS

1

I remember a time when the idea of pirates seemed silly and childlike. Where criminals of the sea were firmly relegated to the world of Hollywood blockbusters and amusement park rides. Birthday parties would be themed with skull and crossbones, a pirate's flag waving above chocolate cake and streamers.

I miss those days.

But things have changed, and now the very word pirate is enough to send a terrifying chill down the spine of any full grown man. It's a very different world, indeed.

The most ironic part of all of this, of course, is that the horror on the water began right here on the land. As humans, it was our fault, really; we should have known better than to continue our encroachment on the habitat of our bigfoot neighbors. But greed is a powerful thing, and soon the forests were being hacked to pieces while apartments and minimarts were erected in their place. Rivers were dammed and replaced with roads while black smog filled the sky above.

Many of the bigfeet assimilated into human culture, several of them becoming very successful and ushering in a new world of human/bigfoot relations. There were bigfoot doctors, bigfoot lawyers and even a bigfoot president who was incredibly well liked by the American people.

But not all of the bigfeet wanted to adapt to the civilized world of jobs and taxes, and our cities didn't slow down with their brutal swell into the wilderness.

Soon, these wild bigfeet had nowhere left to go but off into the vast oceans, leaving the forest in droves as they set out to sea on massive barges of lashed together tree trunks. We watched them go with a sense of relief, glad that these ultimate protectors of the wilderness had finally hoisted the white flag of surrender. Of course, we never could have expected what would happen when the bigfeet came back.

Soon, human vessels were being boarded left and right, cruise ships pillaged for supplies and oilrigs set on fire. The bigfoot pirates were ruthless seamen, environmental terrorists of the open waters with an axe to grind against the society that had cast them out of house and home.

Of all these fearsome bigfoot pirates however, one stood tall above the rest as the most cutthroat pirate of them all; Lorko the Black.

Lorko was a ferocious bigfoot from Dallas, Texas, who was said to have commandeered more vessels than every other bigfoot pirate combined. He ruled the seas with utter villainy as captain of his ship, Nice Abs, striking fear up and down the west coast and particularly the waters around Santa Monica, which is where I happen to live.

Encounters with Lorko were the stuff of legends around these parts, ranging from the time someone saw his massive pirate ship pass by in the early morning haze, to a near death battle in which the storyteller barely escaped with their life.

This is why it was such a huge deal when the Nice Abs was finally sunk just a few miles off the coastline, after a fearsome battle with the United States Navy.

The general reaction to the news was quite odd. On one hand, having such a violent criminal off the water was an absolute blessing, yet somehow the bigfoot pirate captain would be missed. Over time, Lorko had become a sort of celebrity around town, almost like a mascot for the city of Santa Monica. It didn't hurt that the bigfoot was incredibly handsome, a muscular creature with broad shoulders and a winning smile, but it was still hard for me personally to get behind celebrating a wanton criminal like he was some kind of folk hero.

That's not the only strange thing that started happening after Lorko died, however.

The first time I felt the ache in my balls I was taking my morning walk along the beach with my dog, Skippy. Skippy was playing in the waves, barking and dancing with jovial excitement as he fought against the ever changing tide. It was a day like any other, until suddenly I found myself buckling under the throbbing ache of a pain deep within my balls. I held fast, hunched over until the surges of discomfort passed completely, but by the time it was over I knew that something was dreadfully wrong.

I immediately booked an appointment with my doctor, and no more than twenty four hours later I found myself sitting in his Santa Monica office, waiting for my test results.

The door to my private room opens and my doctor walks in with a clipboard in his hand, causing me to sit up abruptly.

"Andy." Dr. Torp says, a concerned look plastered across his face. "We've got your results."

"And?" I ask, on the edge of my seat. I have a variety of different illnesses in my family and a diagnosis of any one of them would be devastating. "Just give it to me straight, doc. How sick am I?"

Dr. Toro shakes his head. "Well, you're not sick, actually." He explains.

I stare at him blankly. "I'm not?" A smile of relief slowly begins to creep across my face.

"But don't get too excited." Dr. Torp tells me. "You're still in a world of trouble. I'm afraid your balls are haunted."

I freeze, hit suddenly with a wave of utter shock and anxiety. Of all the potential outcomes, I never would have guessed that this feeling within my balls was one of spiritual possession, but my doctor is a good one and I have no other choice but to trust his diagnosis.

"Haunted by who?" I ask, slowly, not exactly sure that I want to hear the answer.

Dr. Torp sits down in a chair across from me and shrugs. "At this point, we can't say for sure, it's too early in the haunting to get any real sense of who, or what, has possessed your balls. Eventually, though, the paranormal occurrences will become more and more frequent and you will likely be visited by some kind of apparition."

"A ghost?" I ask.

Dr. Torp nods.

"From my balls?" I continue.

Dr. Torp nods again. "Once that happens you should listen very carefully to what this apparition has to say. A lot of the time these ball hauntings are caused when a spirit is not yet ready to move on from the material world, they have unfinished business to take care of and they're not going to leave until they do. It could be anything from delivering a message to a loved one, to building a massive art museum; you just don't know."

I let out a sigh. "So you're telling me that I have to drop everything in *my* life and take care of whatever this ghost needs me to take care of?"

"I'm afraid so." Dr. Torp tells me. "Let's just hope that whoever is haunting your balls is reasonable with their request."

I'm laying in bed that night when the pain starts to flare up again, a throbbing ache from deep within my balls that causes me to toss and turn, eventually waking me from my slumber. I sit up in bed, the cool Santa Monica air floating through the window and tickling my skin with a pleasant freshness.

It takes my eyes a moment to adjust to the darkness, but when they do I jump suddenly, surprised by the appearance of a large, semi-transparent figure standing at the foot of my bed. I immediately recognize him.

“You’re Lorko the Black.” I stammer. “The most notorious bigfoot pirate to ever sail the seven seas.”

“Aye.” Says the towering bigfoot ghost with a nod.

In person, he is even more handsome than I expected, his muscular frame simultaneously imposing and arousing. He is covered head to toe in jet black fur, an eye patch fastened tightly around one eye while the other stares down at me with devilish intensity.

“Why are you haunting my balls?” I ask. “Why me?”

Lorko shakes his head. “I didn’t choose this fate, matey, it’s simply the one I was dealt.”

For a moment I find myself deeply connected to this spectral bigfoot pirate. In many ways we are both in the same boat, thrust into a situation that neither of us asked for by the random hand of fate. Now we are connected by an unbreakable chain that stretches well beyond the realms of life and death, the haunter and the haunted woven together for reasons that we may never truly understand.

Beneath the sheets, my cock starts to grow, throbbing alongside my balls as I take in the powerful physique of this majestic bigfoot.

“What do you want from me?” I ask him. “I need you to stop haunting my balls. I mean, you seem like a nice guy but it really hurts.”

“Aye, the cold grip of death is a bastard!” Agrees Lorko. “It was not my intent to make ‘yer balls ache like two oysters in the deep.”

“Then help me.” I beg. “Help me help you. What is your unfinished business?”

Lorko sighs as I say this, sitting down at the edge of my bed as his entire demeanor changes from fearsome pirate to old friend. “Now that is a hell of a tale.” The bigfoot pirate ghost tells me. “One that needs to stay between you and me.”

I nod in understanding.

“Aye then, listen up.” Lorko begins. “My crew and I may have been the most dreaded pirates in the whole sea, but we were also the most secretive. Most folk thought it was because we were plotting something devious, but the truth of the matter is that my crew and I...” Lorko trails off.

“What is it?” I beg to know. “You can tell me.”

“The truth of the matter,” Lorko begins again, “is that my crew and I are gay.”

I gasp in astonishment, completely blindsided by this revelation. “Lorko the Black has been gay this whole time?” I ask. “That’s amazing.”

“Is it now?” Lorko chuckles.

“Well, yeah.” I offer. “I mean there’s nothing wrong with that. I’m gay, too.”

Lorko eyes me up and down for a moment. “Well, that might explain why your balls are the ones being haunted.”

“And why my cock is so hard?” I add, genuinely curious.

Lorko shakes his head. “I’m only haunting your balls, the shaft is all yours, mate.”

I’m suddenly embarrassed by my careless admission, showing all of my cards right up front. This whole time I had thought my wanton attraction to the glorious bigfoot pirate was just part of the haunting, but now I realize that I truly am just incredibly turned on by the semi-transparent beast that stands before me.

“The thing is, me and my crew never had a chance to live out our gay lifestyle.” Continues

Lorko the Black. “We were adhering to the strict pirate code of no buggery, and had yet to find a civilian man who was willing to fulfill our desires as a gay crew. This is where you come in.”

“Me?” I repeat, my heart pounding hard in my chest.

“Go down to the marina and take your boat out into the darkness of the night. There in the mist we’ll find you.”

“Right now?” I stammer.

Before I can even get the words out, however, Lorko is gone, disappearing into thin air right before my very eyes.

My balls still ache for release. I let out a long sigh and then climb out of bed. I put on my coat and get ready to head down to the marina.

The ocean around me is eerily still as I putt slowly out across the water in my small boat, not exactly sure where I should be going but scanning the darkness for sign. It’s a beautiful night, clear as can be while I gaze up into the sky above of the twinkling lights of Santa Monica that drift farther and farther behind me. It’s been too long since I’ve been out here on the ocean, and regardless of whether or not I find Lorko out here, I’m still glad that I came.

By now, I’m beginning to think that all of this might have been a mistake. The events of an hour earlier now seem like nothing more than a strange fever dream, a brief lapse into delusional fantasy thanks to the mounting stress of a serious medical haunting.

I’m just about to give up and turn around when suddenly I notice a strange light mist floating out across the water towards me. There is no reason for fog tonight, and when I look a little closer the wafting smoke seems to be of an ethereal nature. The mist grows thicker and thicker until suddenly I’m surrounded by a wall of white, the shore and the sky completely obscured from vision.

Suddenly, out of nowhere comes Lorko’s massive pirate ship, emerging from the haze like a demon from hell. There are torches alight down either side of its deck, illuminating an entire crew of semi-translucent bigfoot pirates and their handsome captain Lorko. My balls throb with a haunted ache.

“Ahoy!” Shouts down Lorko the Black. “So glad you could make it, Andy.”

The next thing I know, a ladder is tossed over the edge of the pirate ship and lowered down to me so that I can grab on. I quickly lash my boat to the side of Lorko’s vessel and then climb up the ladder, eventually emerging over the edge of the deck.

The entire gang of bigfoot pirates cheer when they see me, excitedly exchanging glances with one another as I stand before them.

“Welcome to the Nice Abs!” Lorko tells me. “How are you balls?”

“Haunted.” I tell him.

“Well worry not, matey.” Lorko shouts. “Soon, your ass will be just as haunted as your balls.”

I know that his words are meant to scare and intimidate me, but as I stand here before the ghostly bigfoot pirates, I find myself overwhelmed by a much more powerful sensation than fear; arousal.

“You can haunt every inch of my body.” I tell the crew seductively. “I’m here to finish your business, your *gay* business.”

Lorko laughs aloud and looks to the rest of his crew. “You heard him boys! Get to it!”

The next thing I know I’m dropping down to my knees as the bigfoot pirates begins to circle around me. The mythical beasts stand tall and proud, towering over me with their muscular, fur

covered bodies while I look up at them with cock hungry eyes.

“Give me those ghost bigfoot dicks.” I demand.

The crew knows what to do next, pulling out their thick furry cocks and pushing them towards me from every angle. I take one in each hand and start to stroke rapidly, beating them off as I wrap my mouth around Lorko’s swollen rod.

He pushes forward and I try my best to take him, struggling slightly as his length forces its way past my gag reflex and into the depths of my neck. My eyes start to water as he pumps back and forth within me, moving in and out of my wet lips with firm, manly thrusts. Eventually, he pushes forward and holds, plunging as deep as he can go and making me choke on his cock. I make a strange, tortured gurgle as my face comes to rest against the captain’s hard, bigfoot abs, my eyes bulging until he pulls back and releases me.

As his cock retracts from my mouth I find myself gasping for air, sputtering and spitting as I desperately look from one pirate to the next with wild eyes.

“Tell me what you want to do to me!” I beg them. “Call me your dirty human twink!”

The bigfoot pirates exchange glances, clearly thrilled about the total freak whose balls they’ve been haunting.

“You like that undead sasquatch dick you fucking human sissy?” Lorko the Black asks me. “You like being haunted in your balls by a bigfoot poltergeist while you suck me off?”

I start to answer but the words are cut off as he shoves his thickness into my mouth, then processes to slam my head down again and again onto his member. His massive hairy hands behind my head, I struggle against him until finally he releases and passes me on to someone else. This continues until the whole ship has had a turn at fucking my face and the tears run down my cheeks.

“More.” I groan. “I need more ghost dick.”

“Stand the fuck up.” Lorko commands, pulling me to my feet.

He spins me around, roughly, and then pulls off my pants, then boxer briefs, and throws them to the side. I balance myself with both hands against the railing of the pirate ship, poking my bare ass out towards them while I gaze across the black water before me.

“Take my living human ass.” I tell the crew, locking my knees and bending forward.

The guys do as they’re told, lining up one by one behind me with Lorko at the front. He takes his time, aligning his cock with my tight hole and then he pushes forward, causing me to jump in shock from the foreign sensation. I feel my ass opening up, the rim of it stretching to accommodate the ghost captain’s enormous bigfoot dick. I let out a long, loud moan of pleasure and pain, reeling from the unfamiliar sensation as Lorko the Black begins to slowly pump in and out of me. Lorko grasps my hips tightly for a better angle and then continues to plow, entering me fully before pulling back and throwing in a few hard slap of his hand against my ass cheek for good measure.

“Fuck him good, captain!” One of the crew chimes in, a catcall that’s greeted with uproarious cheers from the others. “Take that human butthole to town!”

Lorko’s slamming me hard now as I look back at him with pleading eyes. My cock is rock hard, so I reach down and start to stroke off my shaft while he pummels me.

After a while, Lorko tags himself out and lets one of his crew have a go. This bigfoot is somehow even bigger than Lorko was, and when he pushes inside of me I can’t help but scream out into the darkness. It doesn’t stop him for one second, though, and moments later I’m getting pounded again as I bite my lip and take it like the bad, bad boy that I am.

Once again the beasts cycle through, using my asshole like their own personal gay sex toy. The



gang's rough treatment of my muscular body makes me insanely horny, and it's not long before I find myself right on the edge of blowing a massive load. I'm just about there when Lorko grabs me and pulls me away from the railing.

"Where are we going?" I ask.

Lorko lies right down onto the wooden deck, his firm cock jutting out from his ripped body.

"Get over here." He tells me. I walk over to him and Lorko motions for me to spin around, which I do, then he commands for me to squat down onto his thickness.

I lower myself slowly, dropping until I feel the tip of his shaft knock against my backdoor. I take a deep breath, relaxing as much as I can before letting myself fall all the way, then leaning back as his massive spectral shaft enters me and throwing my legs out in the air to either side. Lorko pulls me against him, my back pressed down onto his furry, chiseled chest, and then he begins to pump in and out of my butthole.

One of the other majestic undead bigfeet climbs down in front of me and positions himself on his knees. His cock engorged and ready, the creature aligns himself with my already taken ass and then pushes forward, entering me simultaneously with the shaft that's already pounding my tightness from beneath. Having never been double penetrated before; I hardly know what to do with myself.

I buck forward and back as the two monsters thrust into my body in tandem with one another. The bigfeet work in perfect synchronicity, causing me to tremble with wave after wave of intense, blissful sensation.

"Are you a bad little twink human?" One of them asks me.

"I'm am." I say, my voice quivering with every hard thrust.

"Do you like taking those two bigfoot ghost dicks?" Lorko demands to know, grabbing my ass cheeks and spreading me out from below while the two of them slam into my taut asshole. I'm stretched wide around them, barely able to accommodate their immense size.

"I love taking bigfoot ghost dicks!" I scream. "Haunt my asshole like you haunt my fucking balls!"

Suddenly, there is a bigfoot pirate ghost standing at either side of me and one in the front, straddling my face. I quickly grab the beasts to the left and right and begin to furiously beat their long hairy shafts. The bigfoot who has stepped in front of me takes me by the head and pushes his cock deep down my throat, gagging me.

Now, my hands full of cock while two monsters pound my ass and another takes my throat, I truly feel like the filthy gay twink that I am; and I absolutely love it.

This whole time I thought I was helping the ghostly crew come to terms with their death, but now I realize that they've helped me come to terms with my life as a cock hungry bigfoot lover.

As a human encroaching on the land of these majestic bigfeet, I'd gotten so used to having everything handed to me. Now, actually being out here on the dark water and taking what I want from the world is utterly refreshing.

The pirates continue to pound me with their fat furry cocks, and as they do I find that familiar sensation of prostate orgasm creeping back across my body. It feels nice and warm, tingling as it travels from my dick to my stomach and then down across my arms and legs in a lustful fire. I start to shake, my eyes rolling back into my head and my legs kicking out straight while the sensation finally overtakes me and I explode from within. My dick begins ejecting hot cum everywhere in a series of forceful pumps.

"Oh my god!" I scream, my voice muffled by the dick in my throat.

The bigfeet don't let up for a second, slamming into my with everything that they've got as I convulse and spasm between them in ecstasy. I grab tightly onto the creature in front of me, hanging on for dear life as I howl and scream and then finally I fall back between them, fucked silly.

The monsters inside of my asshole are quick to follow, letting out groans of their own as they blow their hot white loads up inside of me. I can feel the semen fill my body, bursting out around the edge of their cocks and running down my ass crack and legs in thick, messy streaks. As they slide off me, a torrent of ghost jizz comes flowing out as well, spilling onto the deck below.

The rest of the crew stand and beat their cocks, anxious to blow across my face. I stick out my tongue playfully and look upward, coaxing them along as I play with their hanging bigfoot balls.

Moments later, they start to explode.

The first one shoots a warm rope of semen across my mouth, running from cheek to cheek like a liquid smile. I laugh a little and turn to the next beast, who blasts an utterly enormous load onto my pink tongue. I swallow hungrily as the final two step up on either side of me and quickly finish off in similar fashion, painting my face with even more streaks of milky white. I'm completely plastered with cum.

I lay back onto the hard wood below, exhausted; catching my breath until finally the bigfeet help me up.

"That was fantastic!" Yells Lorko the Black, clapping his hands together. "Thanks for helping us out there. I think it's safe to say that our business as ghost pirates is now finished!"

The whole crew cheers and I smile with warm enthusiasm.

"Time to celebrate!" Shouts the captain. "And what would a celebration be without someone walking the plank?"

Again the crew cheers, and I cheer with them until suddenly I feel myself being grabbed by the arms and roughly hoisted into the air.

"Wait!" I scream. "Me? What are you doing?"

"Sorry, mate!" Lorko calls out as the rest of the pirates carry me over to the edge. "We don't have a plank so it looks like we'll just have to throw you overboard. Never trust a pirate, and especially not a bigfoot pirate ghost!"

"No!" I cry, but it's too late. Suddenly, I flying through the air, tossed overboard by the crew and plummeting down towards the cold, dark water below.

I sit up with a gasp. This time, instead of my bedroom, I find myself surrounded by the beautiful Santa Monica coastline as the sun rises behind me, casting the sand with a beautiful, golden hue. I'm soaking wet, but alive.

Lying in the sand next to me is a note in a bottle, which presumably washed up onto the shore at about the same time. I grab the bottle and pop off the cork, removing the curled parchment from within.

I unfurl the paper and read aloud.

"Dear Andy." The page says, the words written in a beautiful inked script. "Sorry to scare you like that, but us pirates have a difficult time with goodbyes. Sometimes it's easier to just throw someone overboard than having to tell them the truth."

My heart is suddenly pounding, tears welling up in my eyes as I read the words before me. I don't want to read anymore because I know what it's about to say, and I just don't know if my heart can take it.

“The truth is,” I finally continue reading, “I love you.”

I crumble forward in the sand, overwhelmed by emotions. I had only just met this bigfoot pirate ghost and gangbanged his crew, but in this short time I had also fallen hard for the spectral sasquatch. Now, however, he is gone.

When I finally get up the courage I continue to read aloud through the tears. “Just know that we will be together again someday in the afterlife.” Torko writes.

My balls no longer ache, the haunting gone from their delicate hang.

I put the note back into the bottle and then stand up, looking out across the water as the sun continues to rise. I have faith that one day I will see my captain again, like a bird returns in the springtime or a man returns to the frozen lake of his wife’s drowning year after year. One day, I will see Torko again. One day, he will haunt more than just my balls.

# THE CURSE OF BIGFOOT BUTT CAMP

2

I'll admit that the words "adult summer camp" are laughable on the surface. After all, there is a reason we eventually grow up and stop traipsing around in the woods, doing crafts and pitching tents.

That reason is real world responsibility. It might be fun to spend a weekend telling ghost stories around a roaring campfire, but it's not the easiest thing to fit into one's adult schedule.

Some things, however, are worth the vacation days.

I first hear about Bigfoot Butt Camp from my friend, Jeff, who would also be attending his first year out in the woods with me.

"Dude, they have a giant trampoline, and a zip line. If you don't come you're gonna regret it." My coworker says.

I laugh to myself as I take in Jeff's excitement from across the table. We're in a diner next door to the office, taking our lunch break over a shared BLT and a plate of fries. "I don't know, man." I tell him. "I'm gonna pull my back out on that thing or something, I'm too old now."

"You're twenty five." Jeff informs me, rolling his eyes. "We're still very young, you know."

"But not summer camp young." I counter.

"That's the point!" Jeff says. "Why should they have all of the fun? Look at us working day in, day out at the office; slaving away for rent, a car payment, a new fucking suit. How great would it be if all we had to worry about for a week was whether or not we'd earn our fishing merit badge?"

"They have badges?" I question.

"They have everything." Jeff tells me.

I think about this for a moment, considering whether a weekend off in the woods with my friend sounds better than the trip I had already planned to Mexico. I shrug; the beach can wait.

"Alright, I'll go." I tell him. "But to be honest, I just want to hang out with some bigfeet."

Even though the bigfeet have been mostly integrated into our culture at this point, seeing them in the flesh is still something of a rarity. I can't imagine what it would be like to spend a whole week with the majestic creatures up close, instead of just a few limited interactions on my way too and from work.

"Have you ever hung out with a bigfoot?" Asks Jeff.

"Not really." I tell him. "I had a meeting with one from the New York division the other day but the rest of his team did most of the talking. There's one living a few doors down at my apartment building too, but I rarely see him."

"You know they say Senator Yuldok is going to run for president this year." Jeff informs me. "Can you imagine that? A bigfoot as president."

I take a long sip from my drink. The whole idea really does sound too crazy to be true, but it's a brand new world that we live in.

"Yeah, it's nuts." I finally tell him.

Bigfoot Butt Camp is located deep in the Oregon wilderness, far removed from the hustle and bustle city life that I've grown accustomed to. It's actually a little intimidating to be out here in a place that still seems to belong to these once mythical creatures, instead of spotting one riding the bus or shopping for groceries. There is something about the confines of an urban setting that has robbed these modern bigfeet of their sublime, natural beauty.

Jeff and I pull my SUV up to a large wooden gate that restricts access to the remainder of the desolate dirt road. There is a massive sign hanging above us that has been constructed from lashed

branches, spelling out the words Bigfoot Butt Camp in jagged wood. Below, and just off the side of the road, is a tall hut from which a bigfoot slowly emerges. The beast walks over to our car as I roll down the driver's side window.

"Welcome to camp, boys!" The bigfoot says with a wide smile. He reaches out his utterly humungous hand and we shake. "Just go ahead and drive down to your left. Head towards the lake, there's gonna be parking right there. We've got a bonfire going already so just find a seat and the opening ceremony will start in about twenty minutes."

I nod. "Thanks."

The bigfoot heads back into his hut and seconds later the gate is swinging open to allow us entry.

I turn to Jeff. "Okay, fine. This is fucking awesome."

Jeff laughs.

We travel a short distance along the rest of the dirt road until the thick forest opens up into a beautiful view of Abs Lake, which stretches out before us in all of its picturesque glory.

I park the car and step out into the fresh air, taking a deep breath as I close my eyes and lean my head back. The afternoon sun is pleasant against my skin, and it suddenly hits me just how rarely I find myself out from under the shadow of a tall building while back in the big city.

"You gonna just stand there all day, Ken?" Jeff asks me with a laugh.

I open my eyes. "You were right, I did need to get out of town." I tell him.

Jeff grabs my bag from the trunk of the SUV and hands it to me, then throws his own over his shoulder. My friend gives me a solid pat on the back, "I know." He says with a smile.

Without much time before the introductory bonfire, Jeff and I forgo setting up in our designated tent spot and, instead, head directly towards the opening ceremony to grab a seat. The walk is not far.

Soon enough, we find ourselves in a large clearing that overlooks Lake Abs in all of its smooth, reflective glory. There is a raging fire out front while a set of elevated benches make their way around the outer rim, already packed with excited men just who are buzzing with anticipation for the weekend.

Jeff and me find a seat near the back. Seconds later, a large bigfoot in shorts and an official looking button up comes walking out from the forest and stands before the bonfire. His presence settles the crowd almost immediately, and soon enough the entire ritual becomes dead silent, save for the crackles and pops that emit from the large fire pit.

"Who's ready for a good time?" The handsome bigfoot counselor asks in his loud, booming voice.

Our crowd of young professionals bursts into a raucous applause.

"That's what I like to hear!" Continues the counselor. "How many of you work in an office?"

A majority of the crowd raises their hands.

The bigfoot nods. "Well, this is our office." He says confidently, swinging an arm out behind him. "And for the next week, it's your office, too. We want you to forget about the stress of the outside world and live in the moment while you're here at Bigfoot Butt Camp."

A handful of other bigfeet suddenly emerge from the surrounding wilderness and stand before us, all clad in the same uniform. They are a shockingly handsome bunch, and although I've never been sexually attracted to another man before, their impeccable sasquatch features are hard to deny.

"My name is Rim Barkoon." Announces our speaker. "Over the next week you'll get to know

me quite well, along with all of the other counselors. If you see anyone in this uniform then we are here to help you.”

Jeff leans over to me and speaks in a hushed tone. “Dude, is it just me or is Rim kinda... hot?” I shake my head in amazement. “I was thinking the same thing. I mean, they’re all pretty hot.” “Does that make us gay?” Jeff jokes.

I laugh. “I don’t think so, man.”

Rim Barkoon steps out in front of his fellow counselors now, his voice immediately taking on a more serious tone. “Now, we are going to have a lot of fun this weekend, I promise you that, but we have something a little serious to address here right off of the bat.”

Rim scans the crowd with his eyes, making sure that every single one of us is giving our full attention to the message he’s about to deliver.

“We plan these camps the best that we can, but every once in a while they end up on the evening of a full moon. That’s our bad.” Rim admits, putting a hand up. “I could give you some kind of excuse about the moon colonization throwing things off, but we should have known better. You’ve already paid for a full week so we will be cutting one day off your total bill, but all of tonight’s activities have been canceled.”

Concerned chatter suddenly erupts through our crowd.

“I know, I know.” Says Rim. “But this is very important for everyone’s safety. All of the councilors here have a very specific medical condition that will only be an issue tonight during the full moon. During that time, we need every one of you to stay in your tents? Is that understood?”

Jeff suddenly raises his hand. I glance over at him, utterly mortified as I try to get him to pull it down. Before I can, however, the handsome, muscular bigfoot has spotted him.

“Yes, you there.” Says Rim.

Jeff stands up. “Hi, I was just wondering if you could tell us what this medical condition is? Is it dangerous? Can humans catch it?”

Rim exchanges glances with the rest of the mythical creatures before us. Finally, his gaze returns to Jeff. “I understand your concern, I really do, which is why we are offering free refunds to anyone who wants to leave now. To answer your question; No, humans can’t catch this, but there are other issues to be concerned about. Regardless, if you stay in your tent you will absolutely not be harmed. That’s a guarantee.”

Jeff seems satisfied with this answer and sits back down.

“What’s the medical condition?” Someone else shouts from the crowd. “Just tell us.”

“Unfortunately, I can’t tell you exactly what this medical condition is, thanks to the Bigfoot Human Integration Act of two thousand and sixteen.” Explains Rim. “If anyone would like to receive their refund, they can leave now. We have an assistant counselor waiting in the parking lot who can help you with that.”

A handful of campers stand up and make their way down from the wooden benches, heading back towards the lot.

Jeff leans in towards me. Are you scared?”

His words enter my ears but somehow get lost before reaching my brain. Instead, my focus is utterly singular, my eyes gazing upon the gorgeous visage of Rim Barkoon. The bigfoot is unlike anyone I have ever laid eyes on, and the longer that I stare, the more deeply in love I fall with this majestic creature of the forest. He is the perfect combination of down home good looks and a bad

boy, bigfoot attitude. I'm hooked, and I'm definitely not going anywhere.

"Are you scared?" Jeff repeats. "Ken?"

I finally shake my head. "Nah man, I'm excited for the week. Who cares about one night stuck in our tent?"

Jeff shrugs, nodding in agreement. "What's the worst that could happen?"

There is a rumor going around camp at the bigfeet are all vampires, and that when the full moon rises they will immediately turn into bloodthirsty bats.

"Ridiculous." I tell Jeff, who sits in the tent across from me as we play Go Fish by the light of our small, battery-powered lantern. "Vampires don't come out on a full moon."

"Yes, they do!" Jeff assures me.

I shake my head. "Don't you mean mummies?"

Jeff looks up from his cards, deathly serious. "Are you fucking with me?"

"Yes." I tell him. "Everyone knows that mummies aren't real. They probably just have some kind of bigfoot disease that we humans don't know about."

Suddenly, a long, drawn-out moan cuts through the forest around us. Jeff and I freeze, staring directly into each other's fearful expressions as our ears strain against the following silence.

"Did you hear that?" Jeff finally asks.

I nod.

"Didn't that sound like a mummy to you?" My friend continues, his voice trembling.

"There's no such thing as mummies." I whisper to Jeff. "It's just some kind of animal or something."

"What kind of animal makes a sound like that?" Jeff counters.

We sit in silence for a moment until finally my friend begins to crawl over to the front flap of the tent.

"What are you doing?" I ask, shocked.

"I'm gonna go check it out." Jeff tells me.

"Are you kidding me?" I respond, unable to process his assertion. "Did you not hear the rules? We need to stay here in our tents all night, no exceptions."

Jeff rolls his eyes. "Come on buddy, live a little. Don't you want to figure out what's going on?"

"Let's just finish the card game, okay?" I beg, my fear getting the best of me.

My friend cracks a mocking smile. "I'll be right back."

The next thing that I know, Jeff has unzipped the flap and slipped out into the darkness. I can hear his footsteps crunching off into the distance as he steps farther and farther away from the tent, eventually disappearing completely.

I listen hard for any signs of life. Nothing. The only sounds are resonating internally as my heart pounds hard within my chest.

"Jeff?" I finally ask, already knowing that he's much too far away to hear me or answer back. I am all alone.

I sit frozen like this for much longer than I realize, my thoughts swimming with every different possibility of what could have happened to my friend. With every minute that passes by I grow more and more anxious until finally I'm a trembling ball of nerves, desperate for any kind of answer that I can find in this utterly harrowing situation.



I crawl to the edge of the tent and slowly unzip the flap, popping my head out and staring through the dimly lit trees. The only light is that from the moon above, casting the surroundings in a strange and eerie glow.

“Jeff!” I hiss. “Stop fucking around!”

As expected, I get nothing in response.

Finally, I’ve had enough. I unzip the tent completely and then climb out into the night, slowly letting my eyes adjust to the darkness.

“Jeff!” I call out again, a little louder now. I take one step forward, and then another, and another, until eventually I’ve left the tent far behind me.

After walking a ways I eventually come to a dirt path that winds up through the forest. I follow it quietly and carefully, my senses on full alert as the branches that crisscross above me sway in the wind.

Suddenly, another long groan slices through the night. I freeze, peering down the path towards where the sound originated. I can just barely make out a large figure standing before me, some twenty feet away.

“Jeff?” I ask.

The figure groans again and begins shambling forward.

“Jeff, knock it off. You know we’re not supposed to be out here.” I tell him, my voice trembling.

As soon as the figure is close enough to see I gasp aloud, my body freezing in fear. There before me is the handsome head councilor, Rim Barkoon, only he’s not the same bigfoot that I first laid eyes on just hours earlier. Instead, the once fresh-faced mythical creature has warped into something strange and undead, a mummy bigfoot wrapped in hanging bandages that staggers through the shining moonlight.

My first instinct is to turn and run, yet something holds me in place. I watch as the creature steps closer and closer until he is right up next to me, which is where I suddenly realize that my trembling has not been out of fear, but arousal.

“You’re so fucking sexy.” I finally say to Rim.

The bigfoot mummy stops and eyes me hungrily from just a few feet away, his cock growing longer and harder with every passing second. His rod juts out from his body like a massive, third appendage, its sheer size utterly intimidating.

“Suck me.” Rim moans.

“But I’m... But I’m...” I stammer, my mind struggling to find an excuse that would allow me to do what my heart so desperately craves. “But I’m straight!”

The mummy cracks a knowing grin and then places a bandaged hand onto my shoulder. “Are you sure about that?”

I consider his words for a moment as my heart skips into double time, my mind reeling from the implications of what stands before me. If I go through with this, there is no turning back.

I take a deep breath.

Slowly, I drop down onto my knees and take Rim’s massive shaft into my tight grip, pumping my hand slowly across the length of his hard rod.

The mummy lets out a powerful sigh, his eyes closed as he tilts his head back and savors the sensation of my firm hand job.

“Do you like that?” I coo seductively.

The bigfoot mummy moans loudly in affirmation.

“Then how about this?” I ask. Seconds later, I open my mouth wide and take the creature’s shaft within my lips, then begin to pump my head up and down across his length in slow deliberate moments. I find a good pace and eventually begin to speed up, cradling the bigfoot’s balls with one hand while I service him orally.

Rim places his hands against the back of my head and guides me along, faster and faster until he is fucking my face with everything that he’s got, using me as a filthy human sex toy.

Eventually, I push down as far as I can and hold, taking the bigfoot’s incredible rod all the way into my throat where it comes to rest in my depths, completely consumed. I look up at my handsome bigfoot lover, my eyes watering, and give him a playful wink.

When I’ve finally run out of air I pull back and gasp, releasing Rim’s rod and wiping a long strand of saliva from my lips. I stand up and kiss the bigfoot mummy on the mouth, hard, running my hands along his ripped body before leading the beast off of the path towards a nearby stump.

I remove my shirt and toss it off into the forest, then my pants and underwear comes next until I am completely naked, save for my hiking boots. I bend over the remains of this fallen tree and look back at Rim.

“How about you pound this tight gay ass for a while you ripped mummy stud.” I say, relentlessly horny for the monster’s undead cock.

Rim wastes no time at all, saddling up behind me and aligning his cock with the taut edge of my puckered backdoor. He slaps my ass hard with his massive, hairy hands and then grabs me by the hips, pushing forward into my tightness.

I cry out in a mixture of pain and pleasure, not entirely ready for his enormous size as my body struggles to accommodate his dick. I am stretched to my limits.

Rim begins to pump in and out of my rectum; my entire body reacting to every aching thrust from the strange beast. A shudder runs down the length of my spine and my eyes roll back into my head as I brace myself for his pounds.

“Oh fuck, that cock is so fucking huge!” I tell my handsome monster lover. “I don’t know if I can take it!”

“You can take it.” Rim assures me confidently.

Eventually, the pace of the bigfoot mummy’s pumps has increased into a merciless slam, but with every thrust my asshole relaxes until, eventually, the pain disappears completely and I find myself in a world of blissed out fullness. I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my hanging shaft, beating myself off to the rhythm of Rim’s pounding.

“Oh my god, you’re gonna make me blow much fucking load so hard.” I hiss through clenched teeth.

Rim smiles. “Not so fast.”

The next thing I know the creature is spinning me around and taking me into his bandaged arms. Rim lifts me up into the air and I wrap my muscular legs around him, still dwarfed by the massive size of this undead creature.

Rim reaches down and maneuvers his cock into position, then eventually lowers me onto his length, impaling my asshole with his huge rod.

“Oh shit!” I call out into the dark forest, still not entirely accustomed to the bigfoot’s enormity.

“You’re so tight.” The bigfoot mummy moans.

I grab onto Rim’s shoulders as he begins to raise and lower me, using the power of gravity to

slam me even harder than before. With every plunge downward an overload of sensation floods through me, eliciting feelings I could have never before dreamed of back when I considered myself a straight man.

Soon my bigfoot lover is hammering me with everything that he's got. My body is quaking with spasms of an impending prostate orgasm, unable to contain all of this ecstasy within. I grab ahold of my cock, stroking furiously over the length of my shaft as I tilt my head back and let out an incredible howl, the sound drifting off into the fresh night air.

"I'm cumming!" I scream.

Immediately, a powerful wave of sensation hits me, pulsing through my body hard as a blast of jizz erupts from the head of my cock. It splatters between Rim and I, covering our sweaty muscular bodies with spunk.

Rim is following right behind me, and within seconds he has lifted me up off of his dick and placed me onto the ground below him. I lay out in the ferns, looking up at the powerful creature as he beats his rod above me.

"Do it!" I command. "Cover me in for bigfoot mummy seed! I need your jizz all over me!"

Rim does as he's told, letting out a powerful cry and then ejecting a massive payload of milky white cum across my face and chest. It rains down onto me in a series of splatters that paint my skin with pearly liquid.

"That's good." I coax. "That's real good."

When the bigfoot finally finishes, he stumbles back against a tree to catch his breath.

"That was amazing." I tell him in a cock drunk haze.

There is no response. I glance over to see that the creature has disappeared off into the forest from which it came.

When I've finally collected my sense I stand up and gather my clothes, then make my way down to the water of the lake. I take off my hiking boots on the shore and wade out into the cool and refreshing water, floating along the surface as I stare up at the full moon that hangs in the sky overhead.

When I return to my tent, Jeff is nowhere to be found.

The next morning I find that my friend is still missing and immediately start to panic. I throw open the flap of my tent and climb out, looking around for any signs of his return while I slept.

"Jeff!" I call. "Jeff!"

A fellow camper walks over and asks me if everything is all right.

"I don't know what happened to my friend." I tell him, unable to hide the desperation in my voice. "He left last night and he hasn't come back."

The other camper shakes his head. "That's no good." The man says. "You better tell a councilor."

Flooded with concern, I immediately head down the path towards the main cabin.

"Hey!" I call out as I arrive, grabbing the attention of the nearest bigfoot. "I think my friend is missing."

The bigfoot counselor, immediately takes me inside the building, which has been outfitted as some kind of woodsy, all-purpose office. The creature walks around his desk and sits down in front of a computer, while I find a seat on the other side.

"Alright, what is your friend's name, and when was the last time you saw him?" The councilor

asks.

“His name is Jeff...” I start, trailing off. “Jeff... something.”

The bigfoot glances at me skeptically. “You don’t know your friend’s last name?”

I nod. The fact that I don’t know Jeff’s last name strikes me as odd, as well, but I suppose it’s just something I’d just never really considered until now.

“And when was the last time you saw him?” The bigfoot continues. “Typing a few things into his computer.”

“Last night.” I explain. “We were in our tent and he heard a noise. He went out to see what it was and he never came back.”

The bigfoot counselor stares at me with a grave concern. “You know that you weren’t supposed to leave your tent during the full moon.”

“I know.” I tell him. “I tried to stop him.” Of course, I neglect to mention that I, too, followed Jeff out into the forest.

The bigfoot types a few more things into his computer and then slaps the spacebar. He stares at the screen for a moment before turning back to me. “Is this some kind of joke?” The bigfoot asks.

I shake my head. “No, why?”

“There is no record of any Jeff checking in to camp.” The bigfoot counselor informs me. “And if I recall, you arrived here alone.”

I’m utterly confused. “No, I came here with my friend Jeff.”

The bigfoot lets out a long sigh and then finally turns away from me and opens up a large cabinet. “Let’s just consult the All Seeing Eye, shall we?”

Moments later, the bigfoot pulls out a small, glass box from the cabinet and places it onto the desk between us. Within the square box is what appears to be a human eye, which floats around in a translucent liquid.

Suddenly, the eye swivels around to look directly at me. I jump. “Whoa! What is that?”

“I just told you.” The bigfoot replies. “The All Seeing Eye. It knows everything.”

“That’s incredible.” I exclaim. “Why do you keep it in the cabinet?”

The bigfoot gives me an irritated look and ignores my question. “All Seeing Eye.” He asks. “Why does my friend here think that Jeff checked into camp with him?”

The eye is silent for a moment, and then suddenly a strange voice erupts through my subconscious mind via telepathic speech. “Jeff is a manifestation of your latent gayness.” The eye informs me. “He does not exist in reality.”

“What?” I ask, understanding the words but unable to accept the truth behind them.

“Jeff is a figment of your imagination, more specifically your repressed homosexuality. He brought you here because you could not do it yourself, and now that you’ve turned gay there is no longer any use for Jeff.” The eye explains.

“I’m gay now?” I ask, shocked.

“Yes.” The eye tells me. “Incredibly gay.”

The bigfoot counselor smiles and lifts up the All Seeing Eye, placing it back into the filing cabinet. “Anything else I can help you with?” He asks.

I shake my head and stand up. “No, I’m sorry to bother you.”

“It’s no worry.” The counselor says, suddenly sympathetic to my situation. “This kind of learning experience is exactly what Bigfoot Butt Camp is all about.”

BIGFOOT SETTLERS CLAIM MY BUTTHOLE

3

There's nothing easy about the wild American frontier, but that's why I love it. Back East, I had the typical city life as a young man working his family trade as a taffy salesman, spinning away at my taffy wheel and selling candy to the masses. As sweet as it was, however, taffy wasn't in my heart.

At least, not that kind of taffy.

Making candy is a skill that balances both artistic freedom and stone cold scientific precision, and there's no question that I fall on the side of art. I love inventing new flavors, combining old favorites to create an entirely new sugary experience for the mouth. Unfortunately, thanks to the New York State Flavor Laws, almost none of my creations will ever be tasted outside of the back room at our little shop.

The flavor laws had been in place for as long as any of us could remember, and we're created in order to maintain the integrity of the great American flavors; chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry. At first it seemed like a pretty good idea, but of course, the only thing unnecessary laws do is turn normal citizens into criminals.

Eventually, the underground trade of candy flavors started to blossom into a full-scale criminal empire. The mob got involved, and soon enough the candy black market was flooded with new and interesting flavors. Grape, cookie dough, even banana taffy was suddenly easy to find with the right price, and I was immediately hooked.

I started spinning some of the most advanced flavors you could imagine on the taffy wheel at our shop; peanut butter and jelly, apple and caramel, you name it.

But when the police department started cracking down, it just became too dangerous to be a part of the family business. With money quickly disappearing there was only one thing to do, open up a second shop out west where we wouldn't be restricted by these oppressive flavor laws.

The next thing I knew, I was on a train headed straight for Colorado, which was the last stop on the tracks for the time being. I would be part of settling a small mountain town that seemed to be a promising spot, due to the gold rush and the fact that these train tracks would be running straight through it. It was the perfect place to continue my experiments in taffy.

The town itself was basically just one long street, with a general store, a stable, a tavern and now a taffy shop. Suffice to say, without much else for the townsfolk to do, business was booming.

It's Monday morning when a new train of settlers arrives in our small corner of the world. Everyone in town is buzzing with excitement, wondering who it will be and what kind of life they'll inject into the settlement.

I look out the window as the townsfolk gather around the train station, gawking at whomever it is that will come stepping off of the train.

Moment's later, they get their wish as a handful of tall, well dressed bigfeet exit the steam engine. Even as a straight man, the first thing I notice is just how devilishly handsome these large, hairy creatures are, my breath literally catching in my throat as they greet the townspeople with warm smiles. There are about seven or eight of them, all in black suits that are completed by ties and bowler hats on top. Their fur varies, however, from jet black to snow white and every earth tone in between.

As soon as they arrive, however, they're gone, heading up the hillside to do some business that I can only imagine.

Moments later, one of the young men who was watching the bigfoot arrival comes into my taffy

shop and breaks my trance.

“Hello!” I say, abruptly. “Welcome!”

The young man looks to be around my age, twenty-two, and I’ve seen him in here a few times before. He’s got a sweet tooth, and great taste in taffy.

“Can I help you find anything?” I ask. “Fresh batch of butterscotch just off the wheel, if you’re interested.”

The man shakes his head. “No thanks, you got anything fruity?”

A smile immediately crosses my face. “We’ve got every fruit you could think of, its all on that shelf over there.” I say, pointing across the shop.

The young man nods and walks over to the shelf that I directed him to.

“Hey, what’s the story with all those bigfeet that just rolled into town?” I ask. “You know anything about then?”

The young man looks over at me and shakes his head. “That’s not my business. I don’t know nothing ‘bout that.”

I smile. “You just watched them get off the train! Is that your business?”

“I suppose it ain’t, but I’m not one to gossip behind other people’s backs.” Explains the young man.

I don’t press the issue any further, just watch as the small crowd continues to dissipate from the train station until there is nothing left.

Eventually, I hear the young man let out a long sigh. “You don’t have the fruit I was looking for.” He says. “Thanks anyway.”

The man turns and heads towards the door but I stop him immediately. “Wait!” I shout, genuinely concerned. “What do you mean I don’t have the fruit you want? I have every fruit.”

The young man shakes his head. “Not tomato.”

A knowing grin creeps across my face as I leave my counter and walk over to the shelf that he’s standing in front of. I scan the jars of taffy briefly and then find the one I was looking for, pulling it out and handing it to him. “Guess you missed this one.”

He pulls out a handful of deep red tomato taffy. “Whoa, thank you! This is amazing.”

“You’re welcome.” I tell him, then head back up to the front counter as he follows behind. “What’s your name?”

“Ricky.” The young man tells me.

“Now Ricky, I know you don’t like to spread gossip, but you know that you can trust a guy with tomato taffy, right?” I prod. “How about this? You tell me everything that you know about the bigfeet and I’ll let you have a whole bag of tomato taffy for free.”

“Free?” Ricky repeats, astonished.

“Free.” I tell him.

The young man seem slightly uncomfortable but then finally nods in affirmation. I begin to pull tomato taffy out of the jar and put it in his bag.

“Apparently they are land buyers.” Says Ricky. “Real estate tycoons, they think this little town of ours is about to blow up big time!”

“Oh yeah?” I ask. “Why is that?”

“Because people like to woods?” Ricky offers, shrugging.

I roll my eyes. “I don’t know if I’d go that far.”

“Maybe there’s more gold in the mountain than we first thought.” Ricky says as a second suggestion.

This one makes more sense, and it also makes my heart skip a beat with excitement. It sounds like I picked the right place to start up a taffy shop.

“I guess they are trying to make this place a little more tame, a little more easy to settle.” Ricky continues. “Well, that’s what my friend said.”

“How are they gonna do that?” I ask him, curiously.

“Buy up all the land and bring in some new laws.” Ricky offers.

I freeze suddenly, my mind racing with all of the possibilities that this could entail.

“New laws?” I ask.

Ricky shrugs again and pops one of the deep red candies into his mouth, chewing happily.

“Yeah, you know, just clean the place up a bit? Property laws, gambling laws... flavor laws.”

My eyes go wide.

“Did you hear anyway say flavor laws?” I ask, more aggressively than I intend to.

“I don’t know.” Ricky admits.

I suddenly reach out and grab him by the collar, losing control of myself. “What do you mean you don’t know? Did anyone mention flavor laws?”

“Hey!” Ricky says, pushing me away from him. “I don’t know.” He turns abruptly and heads for the door of the shop in a huff, leaving without another word as I stand in silent shock.

The next morning I have a lot to think about during my morning walk. Before opening the store I usually head out at the crack of dawn, taking one of the many paths that works its way up and down the tree covered hillside. It’s a nice way to get my mind focused on the day ahead, or to start cooking up new flavor combinations in my head. Today, however, I’m completely consumed with something else entirely.

I walk out to the cliff side, a beautiful bluff overlooking the valley below. It’s an absolutely majestic view, one unlike anything you’d ever find back east, and as I stand here by taking it all in. I imagine what it will be like a decade from now, two decades. I imagine the buildings popping up here and there, just a few at a time for the first little while as the railway expands farther and farther towards the coast. Suddenly, though, the boom will hit, and the entire valley will become just another city of lost souls looking to find something different; a new thought, a new flavor.

It sounds like I won’t be able to provide it for them.

I turn around to begin my trek back into town when suddenly I stop dead, realizing that the gang of bigfeet has stepped out of the forest behind me and are watching with an unsettling confidence. They are all fierce and imposing, still dressed to the nines in their dark business suits.

“Can I help you?” I immediately ask, trying my best to keep my voice from trembling.

“Yes.” Says one of the bigfeet, stepping forward and extending his hand. His fur is silver, and it glistens in the morning light.

I reach out and give him a firm handshake.

“You’re Mr. Greg Peacher, right?” The bigfoot asks.

I nod.

“I’m Tord Hulyork and these are my friends.” The mythical beast explains. “We make up The Hulyork Group.”

“I’ve got a shop to open in a half hour.” I tell the beast, impatiently. “What’s up?”



The bigfeet exchange glances, seemingly amused by the way that this small town guy is standing up to their big city ways.

“As I’m sure you’ve heard, me and my friends are planning on buying up a sizable amount of land here.” Explains Tord. “From the town, down to the edge of that valley behind you.”

“Sounds like a lot of money getting passed around.” I tell them. “This dirt must be worth quite a bit.”

“It’s not so much the dirt itself.” Explains the bigfoot businessman. “More like what rests on top of it. The resources.”

“Gold?” I ask.

Tord laughs. “Not bad, not bad. You are correct, the gold in these hills holds a lot of value, but that’s not all we’re looking to settle.”

“What else?” I ask, genuinely confused.

Tord takes a deep breath. “Your ass.”

“What?” I ask, convinced that I haven’t quite heard him correctly.

“Inside your asshole.” The bigfoot clarifies.

I stand in utter silence, my gaze drifting from one creature to the next. “What?” I ask again.

“Listen, Greg, I know that it might be a lot for you to take in, but our company has done many studies on the value of one’s asshole. You could say that we’re leaders in the field.” Explains Tord. “I know a valuable asshole when I see it.”

I shake my head in awe. “Well, what do you want to do with my butt?”

“Claim it.” Tord explains. “Just like we would any other tract of land. Once your asshole is claimed we can develop it as we see fit, but I can assure you that we have only the best intentions for such an important part of your body.”

“I... I need to think about this.” I stammer. I continue forward, pushing my way through the bigfeet and then heading back down the trail. It’s almost time for the shop to open.

The rest of the day goes by quickly, my thoughts overwhelmed by a sense of impending doom that I just can’t seem to shake. I try to ride the taffy wheel for a while when the store is empty, hoping to blow off some steam and create a few new batches of sugary goodness, but the physical exertion still doesn’t keep me from obsessing over the events of the last few days.

These men were obviously rich enough to throw some good money my way, but was I literally willing to sell my own ass, regardless of the price? Not only that, but the second I give them what they want are they going to overtake the town and institute the same oppressive flavor laws that brought me here from New York in the first place?

Even more concerning, however, is the other powerful feeling that has been blossoming within me ever since this morning; lust. As a straight man, I’m not sure what to make of my attraction to these handsome male bigfeet, but the longer I let the cravings simmer the more overwhelming they become.

My head is swimming with these sexual thoughts as the workday comes to an end. I’m just about ready to close up shop when suddenly the bigfeet enter, spreading out across the open floor as their leader, Tord, steps forward.

“Now that you’re done selling candy, let’s talk business.” The creature tells me in his deep, booming voice.

“Candy is my business.” I retort, trying to ignore the sharp chill of arousal that shoots down my

spine as the Tord approaches me.

The bigfoot settler smiles. "Aw, so that's what this is about?"

I nod.

"I guarantee that when we develop this land, including your butthole, you will remain the sole owner of your taffy shop." Tord says warmly.

I laugh. "But will I be able to make the kind of taffy that I want?" I counter. "Or will you just enact the same needless flavor laws of the East?"

The look on the bigfoot businessman's face slowly begins to change as he realizes that he's up against more than just an issue of finances, but an issue of the heart. "Well, of course we'd have to enact a few more laws, but that is for the sake of everyone! This is the wild frontier, and for development to happen we need to remove the wild part from that equation."

I shake my head. "I can't do it."

"Can't do it, or won't do it?" Asks Tord.

"I won't be a part of destroying this country's great tradition of unique candy with needless flavor laws." I tell him, a fire in my eyes.

The bigfoot turns and brings his fellow businessbeasts in close, talking amongst themselves quietly. Every once in a while a creature will look back and take a quick glance at my ass, making sure it's as incredible as they seem to think that it is. Finally, the group disbands and Tord turns back to face me.

"Alright, we have an offer." The bigfoot says. "Ten thousand dollars for the land that this store is on, ten thousand more for your butthole, and a legal guarantee that we will not allow the inaction of any flavor laws in this county, ever."

My jaw literally drops. "Seriously?"

Tord nods. "The only catch is this. You have to let us test your asshole first, take it for a spin so that we'll know what we're in for once development starts."

I consider this proposition but it doesn't take long for me to come to my decision. "Sounds fair to me."

The next thing I know, these powerful bigfeet spring into action, locking the door to the shop and drawing the shutters. I come out from behind the counter and stand before them, trembling.

"What now?" I ask.

"Strip." Tord says. "Let's try to keep this professional."

I watch as the bigfeet begin to remove their suits, ties, and hats, folding everything nicely and placing it on the counter. I awkwardly follow in their example, and soon enough the whole group of us are completely nude.

"What about now?" I continue.

Tord takes a step towards me and as he does I notice that his dick has started to lengthen, growing larger and larger before my very eyes. I had already believed that these beasts were well hung, but when their cocks are fully erect it's another story entirely, sporting rock hard members the likes of which I'd never dreamed possible.

"Oh my god." I gasp, the giant bigfoot now pressed against my body. I can feel his incredible physique against mine and suddenly I'm actually a little impressed, blown away by the chiseled form of his bigfoot chest.

I tremble with homosexual arousal; a sudden chill of excitement running down my spine. I've done nothing but work my ass off since I moved to New York, slaving away at the taffy shop day in

and day out and then going home to an empty cabin before starting the process all over again. It's about time I had a little fun.

Suddenly, I drop down to my knees, seized with erotic confidence. "Let me show you what me and my asshole can do." I say.

Immediately, I take the gigantic bigfoot rod into my mouth, struggling to wrap my lips around his substantial girth.

The bigfoot leans his head back and lets a satisfied moan roll out from the depths of his massive frame. I can feel his stomach clench tight as I bob up and down his shaft, bracing as the pleasure begins to course through him.

Almost immediately, the rest of the bigfoot gang surrounds me, a giant hairy dick pointed at my chiseled face from every angle. I look up at them with a gay, cock hungry lust clouding my vision, aching to service their shafts as I quickly take one in each hand. I pump up and down their members at the same rate as the dick that fills my mouth, simultaneously pleasing three of them at once.

Eventually, I try to force down the cock in my mouth as far as possible, pushing my head hard over the bigfoot's giant shaft. I get it down about halfway but then stop as the creature's rod hits the edge of my gag reflex, causing me to retch slightly. I try to relax and allow the beast past, but he's just too enormous and, moments later, I'm forced to come up for air, sputtering and gasping as spit dangles from my chin.

"I'm sorry!" I cry. "One more try!"

"One more try." The bigfoot agrees, placing his massive hands on the back of my head and pushing me down for a second attempt.

This time I'm ready for him, and as the bigfoot's cock approaches my limits I somehow allow him even further, his shaft plummeting all the way into my depths. The next thing I know, my face is pressed up hard against the monster's hairy bigfoot abs, his huge balls forced tight against my chin as I take him in an absolutely stunning deep throat.

The monster holds me here for a moment, controlling my movements while I continue to beat off his friends on either side of us. Finally, when I'm just about completely out of air, the bigfoot settler lets me up with a frantic gasp.

I don't have much time to gather my senses, however, because seconds later another one of the monsters takes me by the head and slams me down onto his rod for another ruthless throat fucking. The creatures continue to pass me around like this for a while, trading places within my mouth or between my rapidly moving hands. Eventually, I've completely lost track of which ones I've serviced, the entire ordeal transforming into a frantic carousel of blowjobs.

"What a nice mouth this taffy boy has on him!" One of the bigfeet teases.

The others wholeheartedly agree, laughing and chiding one another on.

Eventually, though, the beasts grow tired of my face and hands, craving something even more extreme in their insatiable quest for self-pleasure.

One of the bigfeet gets behind me and pushes me forward, so that I fall onto my hands and knees. I look back at him with excitement and terror, not quite sure if I can take his immense size but willing to give it my best shot. "Fuck me with that big bigfoot cock!" I command. "Settle this tight gay asshole!"

The creature aligns himself with my tightness and then moments later he pushes forward, impaling my body onto the length of his incredible shaft. I let out a satisfied moan as he enters me, stretching the limits of my ass far beyond anything I could have ever imagined possible.

“God damn!” I cry out, bracing myself against the bigfoot with my hands in the dirt in front of me. “That’s too much dick for my little gay asshole to take!”

The bigfoot gives me a hard slap on my rear and then gets to work, pumping in and out of me; slowly at first and then gaining speed with every thrust. Soon he’s hammering me with all of his beastly strength, his huge, monstrous body slamming against my muscular frame below.

I can’t help but start to moan and groan with pleasure, the pleasant feelings that course through my body unable to contain themselves within, and instead spilling forth from my mouth verbally. Eventually, I start to scream, trembling as my body is pushed to its limits until, moments later, I’m cut off by a massive bigfoot rod that’s shoved down my throat.

Now the mythical monsters are hammering me at either end, pushing my toned body back and forth between them as they use me like their own personal gay sex doll. My frantic vocalizations are muffled by the cock in my mouth, now tumbling out of me in a series of strange gargles.

When the bigfeet have had enough they eventually pull out and give two other beasts a turn within my tightness, picking up where the previous occupants left off and slamming me with everything they’ve got. The monsters cycle through until everyone has had a turn, and then happily flip me over so that my back is on the floor of the taffy shop. From there, they continue to rail my mouth and reamed asshole at either end, enjoying this brand new position as my legs are pulled back towards my head by two of the other beasts. I’m completely spread open for them.

I enjoy their cocks like this for quite a while until, suddenly, one of the monsters grabs me and lifts me up into the air. He has no trouble at all maneuvering me in his powerful arms, turning me so that I’m facing his muscular chest and then slowly but surely lowering me down onto his thick, bigfoot rod.

I wrap my arms around the beast’s broad shoulders as his cock impales me, stretching me out while I dip lower and lower until finally coming to rest at this hilt of his shaft. I’m filled completely, and my body quakes with sensation as I try to collect myself, reeling from the incredible sense of abundance.

The bigfoot immediately begins to pump me up and down his shaft, using the force of gravity while he guides my toned body over his thickness. The sensation is incredible. It’s not long before the creature picks up the pace again, and soon enough he’s pounding me ferociously onto his throbbing hairy member.

Suddenly, I can feel another set of hands on my waist. I look back to see a second bigfoot positioning himself behind me, aligning his massive dick with the already filled entrance of my tight little asshole.

“Oh my god.” I murmur to myself, grappling with the realization of what’s about to come next. I’m just not sure if I can take two at once, worried that my body might literally rip in half. Still, I’ve come this far, so why not go all the way?

The beast behind me lets out a hefty grunt and then slams up into my asshole, stretching me wide with his thick tube of a cock. I let out a shriek of surprise and unfamiliar pleasure, grabbing tight onto the monster in front as the two of them rail my butt in tandem.

The bigfoot settlers are nothing but thrilled by my wild vocalizations, which kick them into high gear as they slam into me with everything they’ve got. It’s not long before the one who’s fucking my asshole from behind starts to tremble and shake, closing in on a powerful orgasm.

“Do it!” I command. “Blow that sasquatch load up my wild frontier of an ass! Settle my gay butt with your cum!”

The bigfoot lets out a thunderous roar and then slams me down onto his shaft and holds tight, the contents of his massive bigfoot balls ejecting up inside of me. I can feel his warm seed blast forth in a series of powerful tremors, filling me to the brim until there's just not enough room left and his pearly jizz spills out onto the dirty ground below.

When the beast withdraws himself from my ass a torrent of semen spills forth, splattering everywhere. I left out a gasp, and then moments later gasp again as my rectum is double plugged by a brand new bigfoot cock, this one even more massive than the first. Using the jizz as lube, the new bigfoot immediately gets to work double fucking me, plowing my tight hole with animalistic fury.

I reach down and go to work on myself now, frantically beating my swollen cock as I edge closer and closer to a powerful, impending orgasm. I'm almost there when this second bigfoot explodes within my asshole, mixing with the filthy spunk cocktail that came before him.

The bigfeet continue like this for a while, taking turns in a ruthless, standing, double penetration and then blowing their seed up my reamed out rectum. Eventually, all of them have been satisfied and the only ones left to cum are me and Tord, who slams me up the butt from the front.

"Cum in my mouth!" I beg. "I want to swallow your seed! Please, please, please cum in my mouth!"

The bigfoot finally relents and drops me down onto the floor, where I stretch out before him on my back. The creature straddles my face, while I reach down and rapidly stroke my own throbbing dick, aching for climax.

It's not long before Tord begins to tremble and quake, his stomach seizing above me until it finally clenches tight and his massive dick explodes. I do my best to swallow his entire load but it's just too much, and soon enough the jizz is running out from the corners of my mouth while I gag and choke on the bigfoot's milky sweetness.

Thankfully, I'm cumming now, as well, so I don't even care. I'm completely lost in a sea of beautiful ecstasy, my body overwhelmed with a searing pleasure that pulses through my senses like waves. My eyes roll back into my head as I let go completely, allowing the pleasure full access to every nerve of my body. I scream, gargling hot jizz and splattering it everywhere while I launch a load of my own.

Finally, after what seems like an eternity, the sensation passes and I fall back onto the ground. The bigfoot within my mouth stands up and joins with the others.

"That was incredible." I groan, dragging myself to my feet. "I feel so claimed."

"You are." Says Tord. "You are."

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:

## **POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY OWN BUTT**

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 know 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 but 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 and fuck me, it’s time for round two!”

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[Taken By The Gay Unicorn Biker](#)  
[My Ass Is Haunted By The Gay Unicorn Colonel](#)  
[Pounded By The Gay Unicorn Football Squad](#)  
[Unicorn Butt Cops: Beach Patrol](#)  
[Anally Yours, The Unicorn Sailor](#)  
[Top Horn: Turned Gay By The Unicorn Pilots](#)  
[Chuck's Unicorn Tinglers: Volume 1](#)  
[Chuck's Unicorn Tinglers: Volume 2](#)

*Bigfoot Tinglers*

[Pounded By President Bigfoot](#)  
[Bigfoot Sommelier Butt Tasting](#)  
[Seduced By Doctor Bigfoot: Attorney At Large](#)  
[Bigfoot Pirates Haunt My Balls](#)  
[The Curse Of Bigfoot Butt Camp](#)  
[Bigfoot Settler's Claim My Butthole](#)  
[Chuck's Bigfoot Tinglers: Volume 1](#)  
[Chuck's Bigfoot Tinglers: Volume 2](#)

*Living Object Tinglers*

[I'm Gay For My Living Billionaire Jet Plane](#)  
[Trained By The Living Biker Train](#)  
[Pounded By The Gay Color Changing Dress](#)  
[Turned Gay By The Living Alpha Diner](#)  
[Glazed By The Gay Living Donuts](#)  
[Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt](#)  
[Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"](#)  
[Buttception: A Butt Within A Butt Within A Butt](#)  
[Vampire Night Bus Pounds My Butt](#)

*Shared By The Chocolate Milk Cowboys*

*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 Tingles: Volume 1*

*Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 2*

*Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 3*

*Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 4*

*Self Help*

*Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance*

## 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](mailto:ChuckTheTingler@gmail.com)