

CHUCK'S BIGFOOT TINGLERS

VOLUME 1



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POUNDED BY PRESIDENT BIGFOOT



BIGFOOT SOMMELIER BUTT TASTING



SEDUCED BY DOCTOR BIGFOOT: ATTORNEY AT LARGE

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CHUCK'S BIGFOOT TINGLERS

Volume 1

By Chuck Tingle

POUNDED BY PRESIDENT BIGFOOT

1

It's weird to look back and remember a time when bigfeet were still considered a thing of mystery; a myth, a legend. Many years ago, almost too many to remember at this point, the entire species were considered to be nothing more than a figment of imagination born from the minds of frightened campers in the deep dark woods.

I was just a teenager when it finally happened. The bigfeet, or sasquatch as they are sometimes called, held a massive press conference and exposed themselves to the outside world, seeking a truce with humankind as their land became further and further encroached upon.

There was desperation in their attempt to integrate into our society, but for the most part they were welcomed with open arms. Soon enough, it wasn't uncommon to see bigfeet working in restaurants, pumping gas, or even holding small government positions.

That is, of course, until Gardook Yuldok hit the scene.

Yuldok was a beautiful brown bigfoot, large even for his species. The creature became notable after co-writing a few pop hits that cracked into the top forty. Eventually, he released a record of his own titled, "It's Lonely Out Here In The Forest" which became an immediate classic with even the most jaded of hipsters. Something about the bigfoot experience began to resonate with people across the globe, and soon enough Yuldok became a household name.

But nothing could have prepared mankind for what would come next.

Eventually, rumors started to buzz about Yuldok campaigning for office. Technically, as someone born within the United States, he was allowed to run for the position of president, although the idea still seemed far-fetched. After all, we had spent centuries with humans as the leader of the free world, not bigfeet.

But the rumors were true, and Yuldok won by a landslide after staying true to a platform of environmental activism and fiscal conservation. History was made, and I was lucky enough to see it happen.

Growing up, I knew always wanted to be involved in politics. Sparked by my fifth grade class election, when I won by a landslide against a guy with an absolutely terrifying set of braces, climbing the social ladder has fascinated me like nothing else. After my win I was hooked, finding motivation to excel with the idea that, someday, all of these accomplishments would be vetted as I was on my way to becoming the first openly gay president of the United States. Of course, things never turn out exactly the way that we think that they will.

Instead, I became a journalist, and damn good at it. When I started out I was mostly covering filler stories, but eventually I worked my way into the coveted position of chief political correspondent of a very successful news blog. I'm a guy who's willing to get down and dirty and get what he wants, even if that means bending a few rules to get there.

I got my job in my mid twenties; right around the time that President Yuldok began to enter his second term. Our blog was getting bigger, but I still remember the feeling of shock that radiated through my body when I first learned that we had landed an interview with the president himself.

When I realized that, due to my position, I would be the one at the helm of this historic opportunity, I almost had a heart attack. But, I somehow managed to hold it together enough to prepare some direct and hard-hitting questions for the first bigfoot president.

I'll be the first to admit it, most of my journalistic skills are based on the simple fact that, unlike most of my aging, wrinkled contemporaries, I'm a handsome young gay man. It certainly doesn't hurt to have my looks when trying to press a few buttons. This could come in especially handy in regards

to President Yuldok, amidst rumors that the creature was gay due to his lack of a first lady.

The president tried to play it off coolly, suggesting that he was just too busy to find a suitable mate, but the general public wasn't buying it. The only thing that saved Yuldok was that he was already the first non-human President of the United States, making the idea that he could possibly be the first gay one less than newsworthy in the eyes of many.

When the day of the interview finally came, I was more than ready to meet the world's first bigfoot president, but nothing could have prepared me for what was about to happen, changing the way that I looked at love and lust forever.

"Identification please." The security guard asks me as I show him my shiny new White House press credentials.

"Right here." I tell him nervously. "First day."

"Only day." The guard says, cracking a smile. He runs my badge along a strange red scanner on the counter in front of him. It beeps twice, then he hands my card back to me.

"Just follow this hallway until you see the big white doors, there will be four secret service officers there to greet you. They'll take you inside the oval office when President Yuldok is ready." He says.

I start to walk away from the counter and then stop, unable to help myself as I turn back around and lean in towards the guard. I lower my voice amid the hustle and bustle of the first floor office lobby. "What's president Yuldok like?" I ask.

The guard thinks for a moment, apparently weighing a whole series of possible consequences in his head and then finally says. "Intense."

I nod, then continue onward into the hallowed halls of the infamous west wing. For a political junkie like myself, there could be nothing more incredible than being here in this notorious building and basking in the incredible sense of patriotic history. I gaze in wonder at the portraits that line the hallway as I pass by, various presidents long since dead who once walked these grounds, making decisions that would forever change the world.

I round a corner and immediately find myself face to face with the four secret service officers who were mentioned earlier. They check my credentials a second time and then instruct me to sit on a couch positioned just outside the door, which I do gladly, gripping my notebook and small audio recorder tightly in my hands.

From where I sit and can see movement under the door to the oval office, a shadow that paces back and forth within. There is a voice speaking loudly, deep in the midst of some heated phone call that I'm just barely out of earshot to hear.

The pacing stops.

My heart immediately begins to quicken within my chest, pounding harder and harder as I can hear large, lumbering footsteps approach the door before me. I try desperately to prepare myself for the presence of this glorious creature, but the second President Yuldok opens the door he completely takes my breath away.

The large, hairy beast smiles at me and then gives a nod, "Allen Bennet?"

I don't say anything, frozen in complete awe.

"Mr. Bennet?" The president repeats. "Your blog requested an interview?"

Suddenly, everything comes rushing back to me and I regain control of my senses. "Yes!" I gasp. "I'm sorry about that, yes, I'm Allen."

I stand up and shake President Yuldok's massive hairy hand, immediately taken by his powerful grip. As strange as it sounds, there is something incredibly sexy about the president's beastly presence, instantly creating an overwhelming sense of submission to his monstrous size. I'm trying to remain as professional as possible, but I find it difficult to quell the steady ache of my slightly hardening cock.

What are these feelings? I desperately ask myself.

Despite their integration into our society, relationships between bigfeet and humans are still very taboo, and a gay relationship of that sort is even more so. Not that any of this even matters, because at the end of the day, he is the bigfoot president and I am just a lowly blogger.

However, I can't help but notice the way that Yuldok's large bigfoot hand lingers on mine as he leads me into the office. Maybe the rumors about our president were true, after all.

"Come on in." President Yuldok says. "Have a seat."

The handsome bigfoot politician sits at a large oak desk on the far side of the office. There are two chairs placed across from the desk to face him but, other than that, the room is almost entirely void of furniture, just a large rug in the center and bookshelves lining the walls.

"You like what I've done with the place?" Yuldok asks. "There used to be some couches in here, I don't know if you've seen pictures or not. Anyway, I'm just too big and I like to pace around when I talk, so I moved the couches out. I kept on tripping over them; broke one, actually."

I sit down in the chair across from the hairy president. "Do you find it hard to adjust?" I ask, turning on my tape recorder with a firm click. "You're the first non-human president, there must be all sorts of things around here that need to be custom fitted for bigfeet. Larger pens maybe?"

Yuldok smiles. He's even more handsome up close, muscular with shiny fur and what seems to be a permanent devilish twinkle in his eye. The creature instantly commands the room, and he knows it.

"I'll tell you all about it." Says the president. "But first you'll have to turn off that recorder."

I look at him dumbfounded for a moment, not exactly sure where he's headed with this, but do as I'm told. "You don't allow recorders in here?" I ask, confused.

"Not for this interview." Yuldok tells me, leaning back in his large wooden chair.

We sit in silence for a moment while Yuldok takes me in with his deep, soulful eyes. I'm not sure what to do, wondering if he expects me to talk first and then finally offering, "This is a nice... desk you've got here."

Yuldok smiles. "Thank you. Now how about a compliment for you?" The large creature offers. I'm utterly perplexed, but humor him. "Sure, why not." I say.

"You're an utterly gorgeous man." Yuldok tells me.

I immediately blush, my heart kicking into double time again as I realize that my suspicions are looking more and more to be correct about my hairy, gay president.

"Why are you telling me this?" I ask him, trying to keep my cool.

"I've seen you before, online." President Yuldok explains. "Your video blogs are very good, and you turn me on."

"Thank you." I say.

"Did you know that not only am I the first non-human president, but I'm also the first president to never have a first lady?" Yuldok asks.

I nod.

“Do you know why that is?” He continues.

I know the answer but I don't want to say it, terrified that I'm about to walk into some kind of verbal trap that has been meticulously laid out for me by this cunning sasquatch politician. I take a deep breath. “Because you're gay?” I finally ask.

Yuldok grins and looks back down at the recorder, double-checking that the red light is off. “Yes.” He finally answers.

I'm speechless, reeling somewhere between disappointment that I'm clearly not allowed to report this, but elation that I might actually have a chance with this incredible, presidential beast. “I am too.” I finally tell him.

Yuldok nods. “Yes, I know. With the secret service at my disposal, it's fairly easy to drum up information on just about anyone. After seeing you on your blog, I've decided that you would be the perfect candidate for my needs.”

“Candidate?” I ask.

Yuldok rolls his eyes and chuckles. “I'm sorry, that sounds so sterile. I'll try to leave my politics outside of the room when we're in here together. Maybe ‘lover’ is a better word.”

“I'm sorry,” I admit. “I don't entirely follow.”

“I'd like to fuck you.” Yuldok says, calmly and completely straight faced.

Despite his alpha swagger, the president's bluntness has finally gone too far and I actually find myself a little bit offended by his offer. Everything about this is just too formal, too... strange.

I can tell that he sees this in my face, but his collected domineer doesn't falter for a second.

“Why would I let you do that?” I ask, flustered.

Yuldok doesn't miss a beat. “Because I'm hot, gay, intelligent and I'm the fucking president; because I'm a rare commodity and I know my value. Because I can.”

My jaw nearly drops as he says this, partially offended by his confidence but also, despite my best efforts, a little impressed. Being as handsome as I am, I've never had a gay man come at me without just a hint of desperation lurking somewhere, but Yuldok clearly doesn't need me, he wants me.

I suddenly realize that I'm rock hard in my pants craving the touch of this powerful beast. He's so handsome and secure in that lush brown fur and those piercing dark eyes, I can't even imagine a world were I wouldn't be completely swept away the second that I saw him.

“I don't think so, let's keep this interview professional.” I force myself to say, despite the fact that I want him inside of me more than anything right now.

There is a twinkle in Yuldok's eyes as I say this, then a long pause before he finally responds with a simple, “Fine.” He taps a button on his desk and suddenly the doors behind me are swinging open, leading back out of the oval office.

I sit in my chair for a moment, stunned that he wasn't going to try harder to get into my pants before it suddenly dawns on me that he doesn't need to. President Yuldok is the leader in this exchange, not me, which is a rare situation for a me to find myself in.

“You can go.” Yuldok adds, driving the point home. “The interview's over.”

I sigh, but don't move an inch. “What do you want from me?” I finally ask.

“I told you. Sex.” Yuldok answers calmly. “You said no, so now you're leaving.”

“I'm sorry.” I blurt, shocking even myself. “What are the details?”

President Yuldok winks at me with his large, sasquatch eye, a disturbingly cocky move that he

can somehow get away with easily. “I get to fuck you.” Says the hairy creature. “You get the honor of having been fucked by me.”

Finally, I just can’t take it anymore, his alpha arrogance pushing me over the edge from which there is no return. I want him to take me right here, right now.

“I’ll do it.” I blurt, my heart nearly pounding out of my chest. “I’ll service you like the filthy gay human that I am.”

“Are you sure that you’re up for the job?” He asks.

“Yes.” I tell him, the word falling from my lips in a soft moan.

Yuldok stands up from his desk and then walks slowly around to stand behind me, placing his strong, hairy hands on either shoulder in a subtle display of dominance.

I can hear Yuldok unzipping his fly, pulling it down slowly and then releasing his cock, which he lays across my shoulder in all of it’s thick, brown glory. I turn my head to look at the stiffening rod and then gasp aloud, reeling in shock from its substantial girth.

“It’s incredible.” I mumble.

“You know what they say about big feet.” The president tells me.

Slowly, I turn in my chair to face Yuldok, looking up with big gay doe eyes as I take his cock into my hands, noting the stark contrast of my skin tone and his brown fur. His dick is so huge that I can barely wrap my hand around it, but I do my best, gripping him tightly and slowly beginning to pump up and down over the length of his beastly shaft.

Yuldok is clearly enjoying himself, closing his eyes and leaning back as a low, sensual moan escapes his lips. He starts to move his hips along with me, synchronizing himself with the strokes of my hand while I cradle his balls with the other. Eventually, my pumping grows faster and faster until finally my hand is simply not enough and I take him hungrily into my mouth, swallowing as much of his massive dick as I can muster.

My lips are stretched to the brink as I attempt to take down his python, pushing myself onto it with everything that I’ve got until the member finally hits my gag reflex and I find myself retching loudly. I pull back and take a huge gasp of air, slightly embarrassed but feinding for more.

Yuldok actually chuckles to himself as I collect my wits, then places his large hands behind my head and helps to push me back down onto his rod again. I’m ready now, taking him deep and then relaxing as the head of his mammoth cock presses up against my gag reflex. This time I manage to slide past it, plunging his cock down much deeper than any dick I’ve ever taken, and eventually I find myself with Yuldok’s hard bigfoot abs pressed up against my face, his cock disappearing completely within me. Tears well up in my eyes as he holds me there, a natural reaction to consuming such a massive wand of flesh, but somehow his rough treatment of my face dose nothing but turn me on even more.

I’m trembling with desire, my throat full of dick and my cock aching to blow its hot load. I want him to fuck me up my ass; I want to get off.

Yuldok pushes my head up and down a bit, controlling my movements as I pleasure his shaft and then finally, just as I’m about to run out of air, he lets me up to breathe.

“I love that fucking big bigfoot cock.” I tell him desperately. “But I need it in my asshole, I need it so bad.”

“Is that how you address your superior?” Yuldok asks sternly in his deep, booming voice.

“I need you in my asshole, Mr. Bigfoot President.” I repeat, formally.

Immediately, he lifts me up from the chair and then bends me over his desk so that I’m now

overlooking his incredible view of the White House lawn. Yuldok fiercely pulls down my jeans and boxer briefs, exposing my gay ass to the cool office air.

“Oh my god, I can’t believe I’m doing this.” I moan. “I’m such a bad, bad boy.”

“Yes you are.” Yuldok says, slapping my rump hard. He takes my hips in his strong hands and then skillfully aligns his thick rod with my puckered hole. Moments later he’s pushing forward, stretching my tightness around his massive shaft while it slides deeper and deeper into my depths, finally coming to rest at the bottom and holding me here for a moment, savoring me. I let out a long moan, my hands gripping tightly onto the edge of the desk as Yuldok begins to pump in and out of me with his Bigfoot cock, moving slowly at first and then gaining speed with his expert railing.

I close my eyes tight, bracing myself against his movements as well as the waves of pleasure that quickly begin to pulse through my body.

“That feels so good Mr. President.” I groan. “I love taking that big hairy dick.”

I feel another hard slap against my ass and look back at him over my shoulder, reveling in the incredible sight of this amazing figure plowing me, using me however he sees fit. I’m here for his pleasure now, a servant to his deviant gay desires and yet somehow, I feel free. Free to express the deep dark secret that I’ve carried around with me for longer than I can remember, that I want nothing more than to be dominated by a strong, muscular sasquatch.

By now, Yuldok is hammering me with all of his strength, every pump against my backside causing the desk to rattle and shake. I’m shaking as well, my body struggling to cope with the torrent of overwhelming sensations that are blooming with unstoppable beauty from my prostate. An orgasm is not far behind, and I reach down between my legs, stroking my dick to help myself along but, before I can, Yuldok suddenly pulls out of me and flips me over.

Maneuvered by his large, muscular arms, I suddenly find myself on my back with my legs in the air, spread wide open while Yuldok slams into my buttocks with an animalistic fury. With every thrust my legs bounce in the air, framing Yuldok’s chiseled bigfoot face.

“You’re doing great work here.” Yuldok tells me with a cocky wink. “Best interview I’ve ever had.”

“Thank you, sir.” I tell him.

“I’ve got an advanced task for you, though.” He says. “I hope you’re up for it.”

“I’m up for it.” I moan, the powerful feelings suddenly getting the best of me as I begin to tremble again, wild spasms shooting up and down my body. “I’m up for anything. My body is yours.”

Yuldok pulls out. “That’s what I thought.” He takes his gigantic rod in his hands and then lowers it slightly, pushing forward until the head of his shaft presses lightly against the puckered entrance of my already reamed back door. Next to his cock, however, I can feel something else; something quietly pulled from some inside the bigfoot president’s oak desk.

“Wait, are you?” I stammer, trying desperately to collect my thoughts. “Is this?”

“Double penetration?” Yuldok answers with a smirk. “Yes. You’re going to take my giant bigfoot dick *and* the official presidential butt plug at the same time.”

“I’ve never done it before.” I admit. “A DP.”

“It’s about time you learned.” Yuldok tells me, pushing forward against the rim of my tightness. My body resists him at first, and then moments later my asshole expands around his shaft and the plastic plug, spreading wide while I groan in a mixture of extreme pleasure and dull pain. I try my best to relax as he enters me, but his cock is so huge that it’s impossible not to respond to its size.

The deeper he slides with the dildo, however, the better it starts to feel, and by the time he comes to rest down within the depths of my anus the sensation has become a wonderful, overpowering fullness that envelopes me entirely.

“Fuck.” I whimper. “I can’t believe I’ve got a dick and a dildo up my ass at the same time.”

“Believe it.” Yuldok says, pulling out and then thrusting forward again, this time a little rougher and more deliberate. He does it again and again, plowing me harder every time as I squeal with delight until eventually he finds a nice, steady rhythm within me. I like watching him as he works, letting my eyes bask in the glory of his impeccable, refined abs and muscular hairy shoulders. I reach down and run my hands along the dark fur of Yuldok’s rippling chest, unable to stop myself as a flustered gasp escapes my lips.

The two of us are now moving together in perfect synchronicity, our bodies tethered by lustful movements. There is a pleasant tension building up inside of me again, an orgasmic wave of prostate pleasure just waiting to break, but I want to cum while riding on top of him.

“Lie down.” I tell Yuldok breathlessly, momentarily pulling his massive cock out of my asshole, the dildo popping out with it.

He does what he’s told without hesitation, turning around and lying flat across his presidential desk while I climb up onto him, my feet planted firmly on either side. Without hesitation, I squat down and impale my gay asshole with his huge dick.

“Oh god damn, that feel’s so fucking good.” Yuldok tells me in his deep voice.

I start to swoop down against him hard, focusing intently on the strange sensation within my ass while I rapidly beat my cock.

It’s not long before my body is trembling hard, quakes of lust shooting up and down my limbs while I enter the final stages of launch.

“You’re gonna make me cum!” I scream. “Fuck!”

Suddenly, a wave of unbridled pleasure hits me like a train, causing me to throw my head back and let out a frantic howl of ecstasy. I’m quaking on top of the bigfoot president, my entire body enveloped by a series of powerful, spastic convulsions. Hot ropes of jizz shoot from the head of my cock, splattering everywhere. My eyes roll back into my head and I clench my teeth, the sensation almost too much to handle as I ride it out and then finally relaxing as it subsides into a pleasant, satisfied warmth.

Yuldok is right behind me, railing away at my tight asshole then suddenly pushing up into me and holding, every muscle in his body clenched in unison as a massive ejection of cum blasts from his cock. It fills me with a strange warm and quickly becomes too much to contain, squirting out from the tightly packed rim of my asshole in white, milky streaks. His dick twitches with every pump, ejecting a series of large payloads before finally settling down.

Once Yuldok is entirely finished, I climb up off of him, letting his jizz splatter out onto the desk below me. He stands with me and takes me into his muscular, hairy arms, kissing me deeply.

“You did a great job today.” He whispers in my ear. “We can do the real interview as soon as tomorrow.”

I smile, then respond with a simple, “Thank you, Mr. President.”

I pull my clothes back on and then, after another quick kiss from Yuldok, turn around and make my way out of the oval office.

BIGFOOT SOMMELIER BUTT TASTING

2

As far as bro's weekends go, a wine tasting is the last thing that I'd be likely to get excited about. Still, it's Jeff's turn to pick and, for whatever reason, nobody else seems to have the same aversion to Napa Valley as I do. If it were up to me, like it was last month, we'd be heading back to Vegas for round two of strippers, gambling and black-out-drunk nights of insane debauchery.

"How much farther?" I ask from the back seat of our SUV, my head pressed hard against the window as I stare out across the passing vineyards that line our drive through the hills. I'll readily admit that the scenery is beautiful, but I'm still not all that excited to spend our whole weekend out here. I'll take beautiful women over beautiful scenery any day.

"This wine better be fucking fantastic." I tell the rest of the car, clearly displaying my disappointment.

I can see Pete glance back at me in the rear view mirror, his expression one of quiet disapproval, but he says nothing.

"You don't like wine country?" Says our friend, Jeff, from the passenger seat. He seems just as put off by my attitude as Pete does but, having picked the location this time around, Jeff has no problem defending his position.

"Dude, they only chicks up here are like eighty years old!" I tell the guys in exasperation.

Pete rolls his eyes. "Alright, fine. You're right, there probably won't be a bunch of chicks up here over the weekend."

"So why are we even going?" I ask, throwing my hands up.

"Because it's not always about chicks, man!" Pete tells me. "We're always out looking for girls, for once can't we just chill as bros and enjoy some wine."

I let out a long sigh. "Sure dude, whatever."

The thing is, Pete's right and deep down I know it. Still, as the number one poon hound in our frat, I've got a reputation to maintain. "I can't wait to get out of this fucking car and get drunk." I say under my breath.

"Well, it looks like you won't have to wait very long." Jeff tells me as we crest over the top a ridge and reveal the beautiful estate of Bilb's Vineyard.

The place is actually pretty impressive, an elegant resort surrounded by acres of beautiful grapes that beckon us onward and up the winding hill. As we make our ascent we pass by a wealthy looking elderly couple walking down the road.

"Oh my god!" I cry out. "You've gotta be kidding me. We're gonna be the youngest people here by like six decades!"

Pete turns around in his chair. "Nick, chill the fuck out!"

I can tell by his tone that my buddy has finally had enough of my complaining and I back off. I'll keep my mouth shut until he's had a chance to cool down. Who knows, maybe I could find a milf around here somewhere if I put in a little effort.

We soon pull into the main parking area and stop the car, then all three of us climb out and take a good look at our surroundings.

"I'm gonna head in a grab the room keys, you guys feel free to walk around for a bit." Jeff says, taking off for the lobby.

Pete wanders over to the edge of the hill for a moment, checking out some of the vines up close. Meanwhile, I'm already bored out of my skull, so I head towards what appears to be one of the main tasting rooms.

I can see immediately that a small crowd of well-dressed men and women have gathered around a guided, wine tasting tour. They're packed into a room on the side of the estate and the crowd spills out onto the patio, which is where I walk up behind them and find a place to observe.

"And now we have a buttery, oaky wine made right here in our own backyard." Says a deep, soothing voice.

I step forward a little more, trying to catch a glimpse of the speaker who stands before the crowd and then stopping suddenly when I see him, my breath catching in my throat. Right there in front of me is the most beautiful creature I have ever laid eyes on, towering over the others by a good two or three feet. It's bigfoot, covered in fur and sipping leisurely from a glass of deep red wine.

Bigfoot puts the glass down and swallows, clearly enjoying the pleasant taste. "Let's form a line now and you can all come up to try a sip." Bigfoot announces.

The group shifts to one side and forms an orderly queue leading up to bigfoot's table, where the bottle of wine sits. I'm intrigued, and would love to have a taste, but I find myself unable to fall into the queue. I'm completely spellbound by this magnificent beast, frozen in silence as I take in every inch of his incredible features. The monster is more attractive than any human woman, or man for that matter, that I've ever seen, a perfect specimen of pure, animalistic hotness.

Despite my best efforts, and the fact that I'm completely straight as an arrow, I find my cock growing hard within my pants, aching as it stretches against its fabric prison.

"Excuse me... excuse me." I hear a voice coming faintly from behind me, snapping me out of my trance.

I turn around and look down to see a little old woman.

"Are you waiting in line for the wine?" The old woman asks me.

"Oh!" I start, trying to collect my senses. "Yeah, I am. Sorry about that." I take a few steps over and get into the line as it slowly creeps towards this powerful bigfoot sommelier.

My heart is pounding hard in my chest now, pumping gallons upon gallons of anxiety filled blood throughout my body. Only a few more people in line before me until I'll come face to face with the powerful bigfoot. I fix my hair and make sure my shirt is pressed as nicely as I can with my hands.

Finally, it's my turn for a sample of the wine.

"Hello." Says the bigfoot. "How'd you like a taste, sir?"

His imposing presence takes me off guard a bit and I start to stammer, reeling from swagger of this hulking beast. "I... I would love a taste." I tell him.

The bigfoot starts to pour me a glass very slowly and for a moment the entire world seems to stand still, a massive bubble surrounding the two of us in a romantic sphere of attraction. Me and this bigfoot are the only ones who matter right now; me, him and an incredible glass of wine.

"This is our signature Pinot Noir." Says the bigfoot. "Aged fifteen years for a delicious woody finish that I'm sure you'll find very pleasing. This is one of my personal favorite wine's here at Bilb's Vineyard."

As I take the glass from the bigfoot's massive hand our fingers briefly touch, which sends a sharp chill down my spine. For a moment our eyes meet and I find myself overwhelmed by an incredible warmth that immediately consumes my soul. I'm not gay, but I want to be with this amazing beast, more than anything I've ever wanted in my life.

"You're gonna have to drink it if you want to taste it." The bigfoot tells me with a wry smile.

I glance down at the glass, snapping out of my brief lover's trance as reality comes flooding

back. “Oh... Yeah.” I stammer. “Sorry.”

I smile coyly as I lift the glass to my lips and take a sip, instantly hit with a powerful, almost sensual, taste. “Oh my god.” I murmur.

“Good, right?” Says the bigfoot.

At this point I notice that this majestic creature is watching me just as closely as I’ve been watching him, his eyes transfixed upon my toned, muscular body as it moves under my tight white shirt. The connection between us is flowing now, moving gracefully back and forth in a strange, unspoken rhythm. A game of cat and mouse played out in subtle movements and looks.

“I’m Torbo Gulgot” The bigfoot suddenly says, extending his hand.

I reach out and give him a firm handshake, barely able to contain my smoldering arousal. “I’m Nick, it’s nice to meet you Torbo.”

Our hands remain in one another’s for slightly longer than you’d expect before Torbo lets go. He takes the glass back and sets it on the counter. “You seem like you have quite an interest in wine tasting.” Torbo observes. “And a great pallet.”

I nod. “I hope so.”

“Do you have any interest in mixing things up?” Torbo asks, a fierce directness in his expression. “Have you ever considered being the one who is tasted?”

I can’t help the confusion that immediately crosses my face. “I’m not sure what you mean.”

“Have you ever been...” Torbo lets his deep, sultry voice hang in the air for emphasis. “Tasted?”

“No.” I tell him. “I don’t think so.”

The bigfoot cracks a devilish grin. “Why don’t you come back here at eleven tonight and I’ll show you?” The creature asks.

“Alright.” I confirm nervously. “Sounds good bro.”

The beast hesitates and then suddenly everything about his demeanor changes as he straightens up and looks past me at the following person in line. “Next!”

I move out of the way and let the next taster pass, still slightly shaken from my encounter. As the anxiety begins to leave my bloodstream and I begin to stumble back towards my friends, I can’t help but look longingly over my shoulder at the mighty bigfoot sommelier. Our eyes meet for a split second, and then he’s back to work without another acknowledgement of the moment we just shared.

Out in the parking lot once again, I almost immediately hear the voice of Jeff calling me back over to the car. The guys are all waiting for me with disappointment written all over them.

“Well, it looks like you got your wish.” Jeff says, clearly a little upset. “We’re going home.”

“Why?” I start. “What happened?”

“There was a problem with the rooms.” Jeff tells me. “I don’t know why, but for some reason the booking didn’t go through. We’ve got no place to stay.”

My heart sinks immediately, a freight train of tragic disappointment crushing my soul within seconds of the words leaving Jeff’s mouth and hitting my ears.

“But we can’t” I stammer. “I need to go to the wine tasting tonight.”

“A wine tasting?” Pete cuts in with a wicked smirk. “I thought you wanted to get out of here as soon as possible and find some chicks.”

As Pete says this I’m hit with a strange wave of nostalgia, a faint memory of a life that once was. Even though it was just minutes before, my life of chasing women seems like it’s an entire

decade behind me. Now that I've tasted the succulent flavor of gay bigfoot desire, the thought of anything else, especially human women, seems laughably insufficient.

But of course, the guys aren't going to understand that. How could they?

"I'm over that." Is all that I tell them. "This place is pretty cool, actually."

Jeff just shakes his head. "Well that's good to know, but it's too late now. We don't have a room to stay in. No vacancies."

"None at all?" I ask, getting desperate but trying to hide it. There's no way that I'm missing my private meeting with Torbo tonight.

Jeff eyes me suspiciously, sensing that something is up. "Why do you want to stay so bad now, bro?" He asks.

"You wouldn't understand." I tell Jeff, shaking my head.

"Try me." My friend pushes. "What's up?"

I let out a long sigh. "Have you guys ever met someone who, the second you lay eyes on them, you just know they're gonna mean something important to you."

My friends awkwardly exchange glances with one another.

"Yeah, sure." Jeff offers. "What happened? You already met a girl?"

I shake my head. "No bro... a bigfoot."

Jeff seems confused at first, unsure of what to make of my strange admission. "Like the big monster that lives in the woods?"

"Yeah." I explain. "He's the sommelier here, I just met him. He's giving me a private wine tasting later."

There seems to be a sudden wash of understanding over the gang as they nod slowly, their hearts resonating with the powerful love that I display for Torbo.

"Alright." Jeff says, getting on board. "They don't have enough room for all of us, but there's a single room left if you want to get it for yourself, Nick."

My eyes light up with excitement. "Seriously?"

"Yeah man, it's cool. But you're gonna have to figure out a ride back into town."

Right now a ride back is last thing on my mind, but I appreciate his concern. "It's all good." I tell the gang. "You guys head back, I'll figure it out. I've gotta get ready for my date tonight."

At precisely eleven o'clock I find myself waiting outside the tasting room. What was once an open and inviting place has since been closed up and locked, long white shades drawn across the entirety of the massive, vineyard-facing windows. However, from where I can stand I can clearly make out some movement inside as a shadow crosses the dimly lit room.

I rap gently a few times on the glass and, moments later, the door swings inward, revealing Torbo's handsome, bigfoot face.

"Hello." Torbo says with a smile, stepping back and waving me inside. "Welcome!"

I step into the wine room, trying my best not to act too nervous and failing miserably. "Thanks for having me."

"Let me take your jacket for you." Torbo offers, a perfect gentleman as he removes my suit's blazer from my shoulders.

I've gone full suit and tie for the evening, dressed to impress.

"You look good." Torbo tells me, flat out.

I can't help but blush slightly, my heart skipping a beat at his blatant flirting. I walk over to the

same table that Torbo had served me wine at earlier in the day, expecting him to come around the other side and pull out whatever bottle's he got in mind, but instead the giant, hairy bigfoot steps up behind me.

"What is this?" I gasp, my voice filled with anticipation as Torbo's muscular frame envelopes me with its hairy warmth. The answer is obvious, however, and I know it.

"I told you I wanted you to come in for a private tasting." The majestic beast tells me. "I didn't tell you exactly what I wanted to taste though."

"What do you want to taste?" I whimper, my erect cock pressing hard against the fabric of my pants.

"Your ass." Torbo reveals. Without hesitation, he reaches around to the front and unbuttons my belt buckle, undoing it swiftly and then yanking down my slacks.

I let out a startled gasp as Torbo pushes me forward, leaning me over the table in a pose of erotic gay submission. From where I'm positioned now, I can't even manage to look back and see him, but I can feel Torbo's massive, hairy hands moving across my lower body, teasing me relentlessly as my dick aches for release from my boxer briefs.

As if reading my mind, the bigfoot suddenly rips down my underwear as well, unleashing my rock hard dick. More importantly, though, Torbo has exposed my asshole to the open air, and moments later I can feel him pushing his furry face between my ass cheeks.

"Oh my god." I gasp. As a straight man, I've never had anyone explore that region before, and especially not with their tongue. At first, I'm not exactly sure if I like it, but as Torbo continues to lap at my puckered asshole, I find myself loosening up and enjoying the ride. Soon enough, I'm overwhelmed by arousal and can't help reaching back to grab my ass cheeks with both hands, spreading myself wide so that Torbo can feast blissfully on my human butt.

"That feels so fucking good." I moan, reeling from the sensation.

Torbo pulls back for a moment. "It tastes good, too. The creature tells me. There is a definite high note of rose, with some smooth, buttery lows and a fine nutty finish. This is a delicious asshole."

"Thank you." I tell him, my words cutting off abruptly as Torbo dives back in and causes my breath to catch in my throat. "God damn, that feels so good."

Just when I think that my pleasure can't be elevated to an even higher plateau, my bigfoot lover does exactly that, reaching between my legs and grabbing ahold of my thick rod with his massive bigfoot paw. The creature begins to pump his firm grip up and down my length as he eats my asshole, causing my body to spasm and quake in all kinds of unfamiliar ways.

"Oh fuck." I start to murmur over and over again. "Oh fuck, oh fuck."

The intense pleasure loosens my grip on space and time, setting my mind adrift in a sea of unquantifiable sexual bliss. I feel like I've been standing here forever with this bigfoot's face buried in my ass, when suddenly Torbo pulls back and spins me around.

The powerful beast stands and hoists me up onto the table, spreading my legs and then gracefully swallowing my rod into his warm bigfoot mouth. He takes me deep, expertly relaxing his already massive throat as his black lips reach the base of my rod. The monster holds there for a moment, letting me thoroughly enjoy the sensation of his depths before letting me up and allowing me a large gulp of air. The next thing I know, he's back at it, only now Torbo gets to work pumping his huge bigfoot head over the length of my shaft like a beastly jackhammer.

"Fuck, that feels so good." I moan, moving my hips to the rhythm of Torbo's mouth. I'm ready to blow now, but as much as I enjoy the way Torbo is servicing me, I crave nothing more in the world

than to taste his huge bigfoot dick for myself.

After a moment, I push Torbo back and slip off of the table, climbing down onto the ground in front of him.

“Do you think I could suck on that fat cock of yours?” I beg, submitting myself to this beautiful bigfoot wine expert. “I’d love a taste for myself.”

Torbo obliges, unzipping his pants and pulling out the biggest dick I’ve ever seen; long, hairy and standing at full attention. He places his member so that it rests gently against my puckered lips, letting me kiss the head of his shaft and then lick him from balls to tip. After admiring Torbo’s phallic beauty for a while, I just can’t take waiting any longer and swallow his dick hungrily.

Torbo let’s out a deep sigh as I take him down as far as I can, stopping only when his length reaches my gag reflex and I retch slightly, unprepared for his incredible size. I come up and take in a frantic gasp of air, trying to relax in the face of the creature’s daunting manhood.

“Too much to take for a straight boy?” Torbo laughs.

I shake my head. “I’ve got this, bro.”

Immediately, I take Torbo between my lips for a second attempt, pushing down farther and farther until he slides confidently past my gag reflex in a beautifully performed deep throat.

The chiseled creature has removed his shirt, and I look up at the once mythical beast admiringly, taking in his incredible body from my viewpoint down below. Torbo places his hands on the back of my head and starts to pump me up and down, guiding my lips across his length as he fucks my handsome face.

The beast is somehow powerful and gentle with my body at the same time, careful not to hurt me but definitely enjoying his display of power while he uses me like a gay human play toy. Torbo moves me slowly at first, taking long deep thrusts into my throat as he groans happily, then begins to speed up within me until eventually he’s slamming his cock into my mouth with rapid brutality. I’m loving every seconds of it.

As Torbo continues to have his way with me, I reach down between my legs and get to work beating off my cock. My stomach clenches tight as I move myself along, the chills bubbling farther and farther across my body until eventually I find myself hovering near the realm of a powerful orgasm. I start to moan into the dick that plugs my mouth, the sound vibrating through Torbo’s dark flesh until suddenly, the beast pulls himself out and hoists me up next to him.

Torbo knows exactly what he wants and he moves with confidence, spinning me around with a single rough tug and then pushing me up against one of the wine racks. He saddles up behind me with his massive, muscular body, aligning his cock with the entrance of my untouched, previously straight asshole.

“Do it!” I scream. “Shove that giant bigfoot dick into my tight little brohole!”

Torbo doesn’t have to be told twice, immediately trusting forward and stretching the limits of my puckered butt. I can feel myself expand around the girth of his cock, my insides stretching to the brink as his throbbing bigfoot shaft slides deeper and deeper within my ass. I brace myself against the rack before me, but can’t help looking back to watch Torbo’s enormous bigfoot snake slides up inside.

When Torbo finally reaches the hilt I let out a long satisfied string of expletives, trying desperately to find the words for this incredible sensation that fills my ripped body. I can’t, so Torbo helps me.

“Tell me you like that big, fat bigfoot sommelier cock.” The creature commands with his deep

voice.

"I love that bigfoot sommelier cock!" I tell him, my words trembling as the movements of his dick begin to slowly speed up.

"You're a bad bay aren't you?" Torbo demands to know.

"I'm so bad." I tell him, my eyes rolling back into my head. "I shouldn't love fucking this big bigfoot dick so much; but I do, I really do."

Torbo slaps my toned ass hard, sending a shiver of excitement down my spine. He's railing into me frantically now, pumping in and out with all of his muscular force while I hang onto the wine rack for dear life.

I can't believe that this incredible beast is really fucking me, taking pleasure in my body as we share a moment of mutual carnal bliss. I've submitted myself to him completely, and yet somehow I feel free; free to explore sex the way that I'd like to do if there was no shame or guilt associated with our desires.

"Harder!" I scream at Torbo. "Turn me gay!"

He's going as fast as he can, but I want more. I want him to absolutely pummel my asshole, to fuck me harder than I've ever been fucked before, leaving my legs wobbly and my eyes wet with lustful gay tears.

"Harder!" I demand again. "Fuck me like the dirty gaybro that I am!"

Torbo suddenly grabs me from the rack and spins me around, lifting me back up onto the table once more. He grabs my legs and lifts them back so that they rest against either one of his hulking, muscular shoulders and then aligns his cock with the already reamed entrance of my asshole.

"You want it hard, huh?" Torbo asks. "Let's see how you handle this."

"Shove it in!" I command. "Slam my bro ass with that thick fucking cock!"

Inspired by my verbal motivation, Torbo pushes deep into my butt, which expands wide to accommodate the girth of the monster's huge member.

"Holy shit!" I cry out, my hands gripping the edge of the table tightly. "My tasty bro ass!"

Torbo is pulsing in and out of me with slow, deliberate movements, my legs spread wide by his huge, muscular arms.

"You're fucking me so good." I tell him. "Let's blow our loads together, bigfoot bro."

Torbo nods in agreement, and I reach down to my rock hard cock. I begin to pleasure myself again with one hand as Torbo pumps faster and faster into my tight asshole, his thrusts gaining speed until he is railing my butt with everything that he's got. My legs bounce in the air on either side of the powerful monster.

"I'm almost there!" I cry out.

"Me too, me too." Torbo tells me, not letting up for even a second.

"I'm so close!" I moan.

Suddenly, it hits me like a freight train. My entire body seizes up and I clench forward, then seconds later everything explodes with orgasmic pleasure, throwing my head back off of the edge of the table. I arch up and cry out with a powerful yell, my body barely able to contain all of the incredible sensations that flow through it. "Fuck!" I shout as jizz blasts from the head of my shaft.

Torbo immediately plows forward and holds deep within me, letting out an anguished cry of his own. I can feel his load eject hard inside of my rear, pumping my asshole full of his thick, milky spunk as the beast's eyes remain tightly shut, his teeth gritted.

"Fuck!" Torbo groans, the eruptions of jizz still flowing until finally there's just not enough

room within my asshole and then semen comes spurting out of the sides. It runs in streaks down from the edges of my plugged hole, cutting thick streams of white down the curve of my toned ass and onto the table below.

Finally, Torbo falls back, panting with exhaustion. A satisfied smile slowly creeps across his devilishly handsome face. “Now that was satisfying.” Torbo tells me.

The next time that I see the guys a year has passed. Me and Torbo have started a vineyard of our own and are living peacefully in the countryside, far away from the hectic buzz of the big city.

I can hear the gangs loud, thundering bass as my friends pull up the front gravel drive, and I come out to greet them with open arms. It’s been a while, and I can’t wait to share my now life with them.

“Whoa, this is amazing.” Pete tells me, giving me a warm hug and then pulling back to look me up and down. “You look good dude, you been working out?”

I nod. “Yeah, me and Torbo run through the hills every morning, it’s kind of our thing.”

“This is beautiful.” Jeff interjects. “Thanks so much for having us up here for a guys weekend.”

“Absolutely.” I tell them.

“I feel like it was just yesterday that you were complaining about going to a wine tasting... and now you’re having us out here for one.” Jeff laughs. “So crazy.”

A smile slowly crosses my face. “Oh no, it’s not a wine tasting.” I tell them.

“It’s not?” Jeff asks. The guys exchange confused glances.

“It’s a tasting.” I clarify. “Just not wine.”

“I don’t get it.” Pete admits. “What’s going on here?”

I laugh and take Pete’s bag out of his hand, then turn and start heading for the house. “You’ll see.” I tell the gang. “But first there’s a nice group of bigfeet that I’d like you to meet, Torbo’s friends from the deep woods. You’re gonna love them.”

“Oh yeah?” Jeff asks. “Why is that?”

“Because they’ve got great taste.” I tell him.

SEDUCED BY DOCTOR BIGFOOT
Attorney At Large

3

“How’s it going in here?” My boss, Ken Yonks asks, pushing through the door of the conference room. I can already tell that he’s got some bad news for me, yet another unfortunate addition to the string of bad luck that has plagued this case since it was assigned to me a few months back.

“It’s good, man, it’s good. I think I’m ready.” I tell him with as much confidence as I can muster.

“You think?” My boss says, clearly put off by my lackluster response. “You’re the best lawyer that we’ve got at this firm and you’re telling me that you *think* you’re ready?”

“I know I’m ready.” I correct myself, “But this case has been driving me crazy.”

Ken takes in a deep breath; as if he’s trying to retain every last second that he can before telling me whatever bad news is tucked away in the folder that he carries. “You’re not ready, Mark.”

I laugh and shake my head. “What is it now?” I say. The opposing law firm has thrown everything that they’ve got at us in an effort to protect their client; Accusations of misconduct, motions to change the venue, the whole nine yards. With the opening statements less than twenty-four hours away, it’s no wonder they’ve decided to pull out one last trick play, probably just to fuck with us.

“Now we pray.” Says Ken. There is a deep seriousness on his face now that nearly stops me in my tracks, and the second I see his expression shift I realize that the other side has probably already won.

“Did they bring in Nart Bolguk?” I ask, fearful of Ken’s impending response.

My boss nods slowly.

The two of us sit in silence for a moment before I suddenly slam my hands down onto the conference room table and throw the statements I’d been memorizing across the room. “Fuck!” I exclaim in a moment of pure, unfiltered frustration.

Nart Bolguk is the best lawyer this town has ever known, but really that description only begins to scratch the surface. Nart is a bigfoot who wandered out of the woods at the tender age of twenty one and immediately passed the bar like he was reciting the alphabet, completely self taught. He started taking on cases immediately and soon became the most sought after lawyer in recent memory, boasting an impressively flawless record by never losing a single case. It’s now five years later and the majestic creature has still never lost, including several cases that we’re considered unwinnable by almost everyone involved.

Of course, it doesn’t stop there. In the meantime, Nart somehow became well enough versed in both heart, and brain surgery, to become a respected doctor who spends his days in the courtroom and his nights in the emergency room, saving lives any way that he can.

I’ve personally never met Nart Bolguk, but I’ve certainly heard stories. It’s said that once the monster showed up to the most popular downtown nightclub and picked up everyone’s tab for the whole evening, then lead an impromptu dance off which Nart won (without much contest, either, due to his incredible salsa dancing skills picked up during a summer overseas in the heart of Spain). Rumor has it that he left that night with a supermodel on each arm.

Which leads us to the real reason that Nart Bolguk rubs me the wrong way, despite all of his help to the community and his admirable skills as an attorney.

I have it on good authority, from more than one trusted source, that Nart is as gay as they come. Being an openly gay man myself, and plugged deep into the queer community here in New York City, I have more than one friend who has had a fling with the charismatic lawyer doctor. Yet, for all the good it would do for the gay community, Nart refuses to come out of the closet.

Of course, this is a lot to sum up in one simple response to Ken, so instead I offer simply, “I fucking hate that guy.”

“Don’t we all.” Says Ken. “But that’s not going to help us win this case. You’re going to need to knock your opening argument out of the water tomorrow morning.”

“I know.” I say, nodding in affirmation.

“I’m sure you’re aware that Nart Bolbuk has never lost.” Ken says, a question wrapped within a statement that simply lingers there in the air, hanging above us like a giant anvil waiting to drop.

“I know.” I repeat, the anxiety growing within me.

“Alrighty then.” Ken says, rapping his knuckles on the hard oak conference table. “Go get ‘em, Mark.”

With that, my boss leaves the room. I sit in absolute silence, waiting until he’s gone before lowering my head down into my hands. It’s going to be a long night.

Ten minutes until opening arguments and the opposition’s lawyer, the infamous Nart Bolguk, has yet to arrive. As unprofessional as this seems, I’m not all that surprised thanks to the monsters notorious flair for big entrances and passionate outbursts.

I look down at my watch, and no sooner have I lifted my head does Nart come bursting through the courtroom door in all of his glory; a large, imposing bigfoot wearing nothing but emergency room scrubs on the bottom and a medical face mask covering his mouth. He is shirtless, showing off his ripped bigfoot abs with a stethoscope hanging proudly around his neck, a subtle way of showing off that he is, in fact, a doctor as well as an attorney.

The entire crowd of onlookers seated behind us in the courtroom burst into a frenzy of excited whispers, trying to keep the volume below a hushed chatter but failing miserably. Soon their prattle reaches a low roar and the judge is forced to bang his gavel loudly, calling out for order in the courtroom.

I glance over at Nart but he doesn’t even return the gaze, acting as though I’m not even here in the same room with him. I immediately see what everyone finds so appealing about the beast though. Not only is he incredibly smart (both a doctor and a lawyer), but the bigfoot carries himself with a rugged confidence that can only be found in the most suave of characters. It’s as though the world must answer to him, not the other way around, and Nart knows it. He wields his power of social dominance like a great sword, and we are lucky to be within his presence just long enough to bow down to it.

“Now that all parties have arrived, are you ready to make your opening statement?” The judge asks me.

I nod and stand up from my desk, sorting through a few notes before laying them back down onto the table in orderly stack. “Yes, your honor.” I say, stepping out into the front of the courtroom and turning towards the jury.

I begin my opening statement. “My name is Mark Tucker, and over the next few weeks I am going to be explaining to you a few...”

Suddenly, I trail off, the words stumbling out of my mouth and then disappearing into nothingness. My gaze has somehow drifted onto a shiny brass post that sits on the corner of the jury box, and within it’s reflection I can see the image of Nart sitting behind me, leaning back coolly in his chair as he watches the proceedings. There is something about him that is just so effortless, so sexy, that it immediately takes my breath away.

“Mr. Tucker, Mr. Tucker?” The judge repeats, until finally nabbing my attention. “Mark Tucker?”

I turn to him immediately. “Yes?” I ask.

“You were just about to begin your opening arguments? I assume you’ve prepared more than just half of that sentence?” He asks mockingly.

“Oh, yes.” I say, straightening myself out and collecting my thoughts. I glance over at my boss, Ken, who’s sitting in the front row with a look of utter horror plastered across his face. I clear my throat.

“My name is Mark...” I begin again, still a little shaken. “My name is Mark Tucker and I’m here...” I lose track of the syllables again as I notice an amused smirk cross Nart’s face in his reflection on the brass post.

Now I freeze up completely, not staying a word as my mind is overwhelmed with thoughts of bewilderment at just how sexy this bigfoot doctor lawyer is. The entire courtroom begins to murmur in confusion, trying to figure out exactly what’s happening. Even I barely know the answer to that.

“I’m sorry.” I finally profess, turning around and heading past my desk, then out of the courtroom with my head staring directly at the floor. I can hear the judge banging his gavel once again, demanding that the crowd remain orderly despite this completely absurd situation.

I push through the large double doors and out into the hallway, leaving my life as a lawyer behind me forever.

Or so I thought.

The bar is almost entirely empty at this point, but the woman behind the counter is kind enough to keep bringing me beers. The television has been playing footage of my dramatic exit from city hall all morning, along with news of a mistrial, but it doesn’t seem like the bartender recognizes me. She’s just a kind soul who recognizes when the only cure for sorrow is a stiff drink.

I’ve been here for hours now, longer than even seems possible, really. I’ve seen five or six waves of customers come and go at this point, from the afternoon lunch crowd to the dinner rush and then the late night party scene. Now it’s just me and a few other very sad patrons, ships in the night who’ve decided to give each other some space to wallow in our own separate sadness.

I’m staring down at the bar in front of me, considering another shot, when I see the door open from across the room, a movement just barely within my peripheral vision. I don’t even need to turn my head to see who it is, I can simply sense the presence of Nart, who seems to be psychically exuding the intense, feverish charm of both a doctor and a lawyer wherever he goes. I can feel the hair on the back of my neck stand on edge as he approaches, my heart kicking into double time and my thoughts pleading over and over again that he will simply walk on by and not even notice me.

Of course, that’s not what happens.

I can hear the chair slide out next to me and the large creature take a seat.

“An old fashioned.” Nart tells the bartender

The woman quickly starts to mix Nart’s drink, her gaze unwavering as she stares at the incredible beast.

“Hell of a day.” Nart says, almost to himself.

I sit in silence.

“Your boss, Ken.” The bigfoot continues. “He told me you’d be in here.”

“What do you want?” I finally snap, sounding more aggressive than I truly feel. Deep within,

there is a strange yearning to be near this creature still; but it's a conflicted feeling, full of turmoil and apprehension. This bigfoot just ruined my life, but he's so damn charming that I can't stay mad at him.

"I wanted to see how you were doing. That was quite a show you put on in there today." Nart says, placing a warm hand on my shoulder. His touch sends a chill down my spine and, almost immediately, I can feel my cock growing harder within my pants.

I glance over at him and when our eyes meet there's an instant electricity between us that cannot be denied. "I know." I admit. "I don't know what happened."

Nart smiles warmly. "It happens to the best of us." He tells me. "Even I get cold feet sometimes."

The sensitive admission from such an incredible and powerful beast makes me swoon with gay desire. He's got me right in the palm of his hand now, melting.

"I guess something was distracting me." I tell him, giving as much weight to the words as I can. "Something that I just couldn't ignore."

Nart chuckles to himself. "You don't need to talk in code, I know the effect that I have on some people."

"It's... powerful." I say. "But I guess that's what you get when you cross a doctor with a lawyer." I notice now that Nart is carrying both his stethoscope and a stack of law books; tools of the trade.

"I suppose you're right." Nart says, his drink arriving. He takes a long sip and then sets the glass back down onto the bar. "I'd really love to take you back to my place and fuck your brains out." Nart tells me, bluntly.

"What?" I ask, knowing full well that I heard him correctly but my brain now quite allowing me to process the information.

"You heard me." The bigfoot doctor lawyer says, still staring straight ahead with a casual grace and swagger. "I'd love to take you back to my place and fuck your brains out, what do you say?"

Just moments before I had been cursing this monster's name, telling myself that I would do anything I could to make him look like as much of a fool as he did me. Now, I was considering making love to him.

Let's be honest though, there's very little *consideration* taking place here; I already know that I want to fuck this bigfoot, and fuck him hard.

"Let's get out of here." I say, pounding the rest of my drink and standing up from my chair.

I grab my coat and follow Nart as he leads the way out onto the darkened street, where a chauffeur is waiting for us in a discreet black car.

We climb in.

"Take us home." Nart tells the driver.

Nart Bolguk's Manhattan apartment is just as luxurious as you'd expect, and as I gaze out across the sparkling lights of the city from seventy-two floors up, I can't help but feel something more than lust creeping up from deep inside of me. Could it be love? I'm not sure, but the more I get to know this majestic creature, the more I start to think that the two of us have more going on than just a wild, one-night stand.

"Come here." Nart says smoothly from the darkness behind me.

I turn and let my gaze come to rest on his massive, muscular form as it crosses the room towards me with a confident stride. The creature is completely naked, an incredible specimen of bigfoot

perfection and surrounded by the trappings of luxury at it's peak, as only a lawyer and a doctor combined could afford. His cock is utterly enormous, jutting off of his body towards me like a thick, flesh arrow.

I smile, dropping down to my knees with the gigantic row of floor-to-ceiling windows behind me, my mouth watering as Nart crosses his apartment's massive living room. As the monster reaches me I look up seductively and give him a little wink, then take his massive shaft into my mouth.

The bigfoot playboy closes his eyes and lets out a low, guttural moan of satisfaction, leaning his head back as I get to work pumping my head slowly up and down the length of his hard rod. I pull him out for a moment and lick his hairy bigfoot shaft from base to tip, then take him down again, cradling the creatures balls for some added flair.

"God damn, that's so fucking good." Nart moans, placing his hands on the back of my head and using them to guide me up and down, gaining speed as he goes. Eventually, I find myself working the beasts shaft like a jackhammer, pumping with everything I've got while his thickness tests the limits of my lips.

Of course, being in the presence of such a distinguished bigfoot, I want to impress him with more than just the width I can handle. With that in mind, I collect my senses and, moments later, push Nart's bigfoot dick as deep as it can go into my throat. I can feel him press up against my gag reflex briefly but, somehow, I manage to relax and let him past.

My face is now pressed hard against the bigfoot's ripped abs while his balls hang tight on my chin. I look up at him, my eyes watering, and he looks down at me, our gaze locked in a brief moment of passionate domination and submission.

Nart and I stay like this for a while, with the monster's dick planted firmly within the dark recesses of my throat, until I'm seconds from running out of air and Nart finally let's me up. I gasp frantically, a thick strand of saliva stringing from my lips to the head of his bigfoot cock, then moments later I dive back down for more, taking Nart's entirety in yet another expertly performed deep throat.

This time I give the blowjob even more flair, cradling the creature's balls with my hands and somehow managing to run my tongue along the length of his dick while it fills my mouth.

Servicing this powerful beast is turning on so much that I can barely stand it any longer, and moments later I make the decision to take things to the next level. I pull Nart's cock out of my mouth and stand up, turning around so that my hands are pressed up against the window and my muscular, toned ass is popped out towards him. I look back over my shoulder coyly. "Do you want to fuck this tight gay human ass?" I ask. "Do you want to pound me like the little twink that I am?"

"Fuck yeah." Nart says, slapping one of my ass cheeks hard and then stepping up behind me with his cock at the ready. Grasping his rod in his hands like some kind of powerful, ancient weapon, Nart aligns his length with the rim of my puckered asshole, pushing against it gently as he tests my boundaries.

"Shove it in!" I command, drunk with bigfoot lust. "I need you to pound the fuck out of me right now!"

Nart immediately pushes forward and I let out a startled yelp, the limits of my buttohole stretching to accommodate his enormous size. I brace myself against the window before me, my heart pounding as I look down on the city streets below while Nart slides deeper and deeper into my rectum. His shaft feels like a never-ending snake of flesh, going on forever and ever until finally Nart reaches the hilt of his enormity.

My majestic bigfoot lover holds me here for a moment, fully impaling me onto his rod while he allows my body to adjust to its incredible size.

“Fuck, you’re cock is so huge.” I tell him. “I don’t know if I can take it all.”

Nart begins to pump in and out of me, taking his time with my maxed out asshole. He holds me steady by the hips and plows into my body, finding a rhythm within that grows faster and faster as I loosen up even more until, eventually, he’s slamming me at a solid pace.

The loud repetitive slap of Nart’s hanging balls against my backside resound throughout the apartment, joined shortly by a long, animalistic moan that escapes my lips and hangs in the air. By now the pain within my rectum has given way to an intense, fulfilling pleasure, Nart’s cock hitting my prostate just right as he thumps against me.

My cock is rock hard and I reach down between my legs, taking it in my hand and helping myself along as I pump my firm grip to the pulse of Nart’s ramming from behind.

Now the incredible doctor lawyer is absolutely pounding me with everything that he’s got, slamming my body hard enough that I’m fearful the glass might just pop out of this window frame and send me hurtling to the ground below. The fear subsides quickly though, as another feeling takes its place, one of animalistic, gay desire. All that I care about in the world right now is being fucked silly by this enormous beast and, safety be damned, that’s what I’m gonna do.

Suddenly, Nart pulls out of me and spins me around roughly.

“Get up here.” The beast commands.

I wraps my large arms around his neck and then, seconds later, Nart is grabbing me by the thighs, lifting me up so that I can hang off of him while he stands facing me. I kiss the creature passionately on the mouth before pulling away so that the two of us are gazing into each other’s eyes.

Nart reaches down and places his cock at the edge of my butthole, then drops me slowly onto his shaft. I let out a hearty groan as his girth slips into me once again, my reamed asshole only slightly more forgiving against his massive cock in this new position.

“Now take this doctor lawyer dick.” My bigfoot lover commands, hoisting me up and then dropping me down once again over his pole.

I am completely at Nart’s whim, his powerful arms controlling every movement that I make. The creature continues to pump me across his rod, the anal violation sending flickers of an impending prostate orgasm out across my body. I grip onto his shoulders tightly with one arm and then reach down and grab my dick with the other.

“I’m gonna cum.” I stammer. “I’m so fucking close, I’m gonna blow my fucking load all over your ripped hairy chest!”

“Do it!” Nart commands in his powerful bigfoot tone. He’s throttling my body harder now than anything I’ve ever experienced, tossed around like some gay human sex doll.

“Oh fuck.” I start to repeat. “Oh fuck, oh fuck!”

I start to tremble and shake now, every muscle in my body clenching and seizing as he hammers me until, finally, I just can’t take all of the welling sensations and throw my head back with a frantic cry, “I’m cumming!”

I give my shaft no more than a single, firm pump and then suddenly it’s blasting everywhere, splattering a load of hot, milky spunk across Nart’s incredible chest. One, two, three payloads of jizz eject onto my bigfoot lover while I shudder and tremble against him, my eyes closed tight and my teeth gritted.

When I open my eyes again, I can tell by Nart’s expression that he’s just about ready to blow, as

well.

“Cover my face!” I command. “Cover my face with that hot load!”

Nart sets me down, pulling his cock from my asshole as I lean back on the floor and he steps over me, frantically beating off in my face. The majestic creature lets out a primal roar as a torrent of pearly cum rains down. I smile happily and open wide, catching as much as I can with my mouth while the rest of his seed dribbles from my chin in white streaks.

Moments later, the monster steps back and collapses onto his couch in complete exhaustion.

I’m taking a shower directly off of Nart’s master bedroom when I quietly hear the door creeping open. Nart and I are the only ones here, so I know exactly who it is, but the sound still fills me with a sense of wonder and mystery.

“Mind if I join you?” I hear the doctor lawyer say in a low, sultry tone.

“Hey, it’s your apartment.” I joke. “Come on in.”

The shower door opens up and Nart steps inside, where there is now just barely enough room for the two of us.

“I have to confess something.” Nart Bolguk informs me, his eyes filled with genuine tension and concern.

“What is it?” I ask as my heart thunders within my chest.

“I’ve been a player for a long time now.” The bigfoot admits. “But it’s only because I’ve been hurt so many times in the past.”

“I understand.” I tell the sensitive creature, placing my hand on his chest as a symbol of reassurance. “It’s alright.”

“I never thought that I’d be able to love again.” Says Nart. “Until tonight.”

I close my eyes as he says this, the words filling me with almost too much emotion to bear.

Nart leans down and gives me a passionate, gay kiss, then pulls back and smiles. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” I tell him.

“And I want to start a firm with you.” Nart continues. “Just me and you, maybe eventually you could be one of my nurses at the hospital, too.”

“Both?” I ask.

“I want you to be a part of every aspect of my life; lawyer, doctor, everything.” Nart tells me.

I wrap my arms around the massive beast, pulling him close as the warm water continues to rush over us. “Yes.” I say, “Of course, I’ll be your law partner and male nurse. I love you, Nart Bolguk.”

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

LONELY AUTHOR POUNDED BY DINOSAUR SOCIAL MEDIA FOLLOWERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I let out a long sigh; Probably not.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, it hits me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The raptor nods.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The crowd of reptilian beasts nods.

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

The dinosaurs nod again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But it’s my life!” I yell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh yeah? Why is that?” I ask.

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

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

menacingly in the air above us.

“What’s the big red button?” I ask.

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

“Distracted?” I ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Chuck?” I ask.

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

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

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

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

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

“Naturally.” I agree.

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

I shake my head no.

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

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

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

weird.” I say.

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

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

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

I shake my head.

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

“Gayer?” I ask. “But I’m straight.”

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

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

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

“Where are we now?” I ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dinosaur nods.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Where?” I ask.

“Anywhere you want?” He responds.

I press the button.

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About Dr. Tingle...

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

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