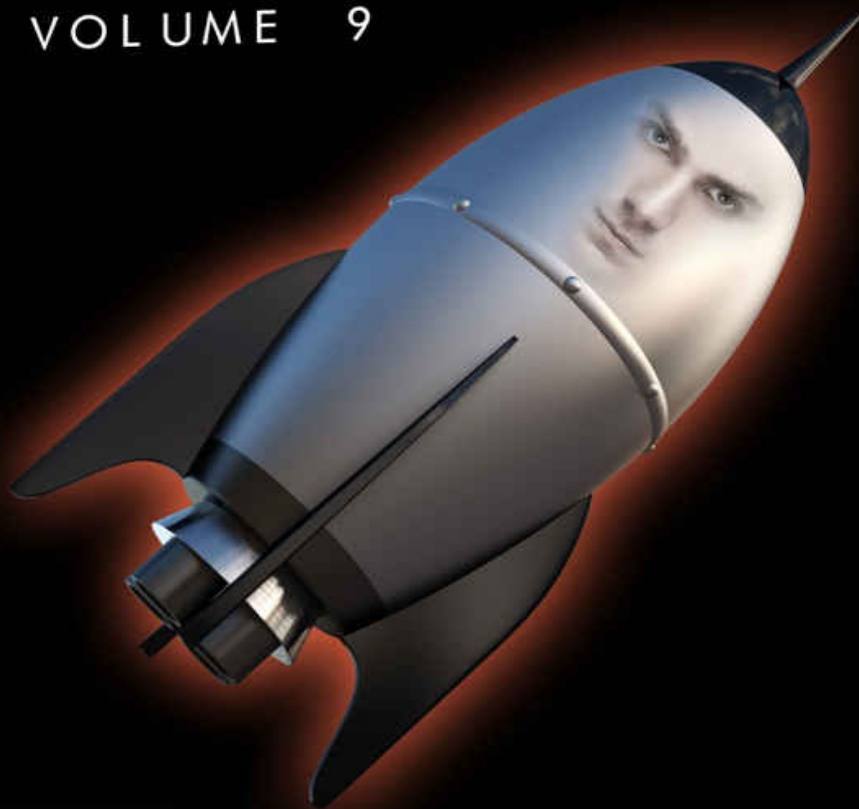


CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

VOLUME 9



FROM HUGO NOMINATED AUTHOR
CHUCK TINGLE

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LIVING INSIDE MY OWN BUTT FOR EIGHT YEARS, STARTING A BUSINESS AND TURNING A
PROFIT THROUGH COMMON SENSE REINVESTMENT AND STRATEGIC TARGETED MARKETING



SLAMMED IN THE BUTT BY MY HUGO AWARD NOMINATION



POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY IRRATIONAL BIGOTED FEAR OF HUMANS
WHO WERE BORN AS UNICORNS USING A HUMAN RESTROOM

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By Chuck Tingle

LIVING INSIDE MY OWN BUTT FOR EIGHT YEARS, STARTING A
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It all started with a single moment, a tiny choice that would change my life forever.

It's funny how that happens, though, one minute you're walking down the street with a hot coffee in your hand, then next you're tumbling end over end through the air, the earth suddenly flipping through your field of vision once, twice, three times.

The next thing I knew, there was nothing but darkness.

People ask me if I saw anything strange during those moments I was hovering between life and death, and I'd like to respond that I saw visions of my family, or even angels. Unfortunately, that's not quite the way things happened. Instead, I felt a profound sense of disconnection; no body to exist in, but a frightened mind simply floating for what seemed like forever in the eternal blackness.

They say that the man who hit me with his truck was going forty over the speed limit. With that much force, it's even more of a miracle that I survived, landing on the other side of the street and breaking almost every bone in my body. I had a punctured lung, and severe damage to my liver, lungs and spleen.

But modern medicine is a force to be reckoned with, even more so than the force of a speeding truck, apparently.

Eventually, I found my way through the empty darkness and was reunited with my body in a hospital bed.

This is where the nightmare really began.

The driver who hit me was uninsured, and I'm not wealthy enough to afford health insurance for myself. I suddenly discovered that I was a struggling student with five million dollars in hospital bills to my name.

I finish explaining this all to the barista before me, and he nods.

"Did you hear that last part?" I question.

"Uh, yeah," the man says, dividing his attention between me and the next drink that he's struggling to prepare.

"So what should I do?" I ask him. "I'm drowning in debt."

The barista hesitates for a moment. "I'm sorry, I wasn't really listening," he finally admits.

I let out a long sigh and throw my hands up, taking my coffee and walking back over to the table that I'm posted up at today. I'm not trying to be an asshole, but these days I've found my fuse to be unreasonably short. Life can only stab you in the back so many times before you just give up completely. I feel like the shell of my former self, the aches and pains of that horrific car wreck still flowing through my bones with every tiny movement.

I sit down and sip my coffee, staring at the laptop screen before me. Rows and rows of job listings are displayed across my computer, but all of the links have been visited already. While there are a few jobs here that I'm more than qualified for, none of them will provide me with what I actually need; a *lot* of money, very quickly.

I let out a long sigh, knowing that the coffee shop is about to close but not wanting to head home. I just can't take another walk past my apartment mailbox. I can already sense the guilt that it will crush down onto me as I try my best to ignore the bills that are literally overflowing from within.

There's a sudden jingle as the coffee shop door opens up and someone steps inside.

"I'm sorry, we're closed," explains the barista.

Before he can say another word, however, the man who entered steps up to the counter and throws a fistful of money into the barista's face. It flutters around the shop in a flurry of green, drifting

this way and that, until settling all around them. One of the bills lands at my feet and I look down, immediately noticing that it's a crisp hundred.

I reach down and snatch the cash up as quickly as I can.

"How about now?" the mysterious man asks the trembling barista.

The barista sweeps the money across the counter towards him and nods. "I think we can fix up one more drink," he stammers.

The mysterious, wealthy man is dressed to the nines, looking sharp in a green velvet suit and matching top hat that are both covered in dollar signs. He is wealth personified, a perfectly groomed gentleman holding a golden cane that is topped with a dollar sign.

"I'd like four of your most expensive drinks," the man in the top hat commands.

The barista nods. "That would be the our imported eight percent chocolate milk, sir."

"Very well," confirms the rich man.

I watch as the barista quickly prepares the beverages and then hands them over. The rich man takes his drinks and pours three of them out into the garbage, asserting his wealth and dominance, and then sips carefully from the last.

"This is very good," the rich man remarks with a smile, "your tip is parked out back, the keys are in the ignition."

"Whoa," says the barista, struggling to find his words, "I don't know what to say."

"Say nothing," suggests the rich man. Suddenly, he swivels on his heel and heads for the door, a long green cape flowing behind him.

Immediately, I'm hit with the realization that this is a once in a lifetime moment, my path crossing with financial greatness at a time when I need it the most.

"Wait!" I shout out, leaping from my seat.

The man is already gone, but I chase after him, running out in the parking lot and frantically searching for a glimpse of his luxurious green suit. It's hard to miss, as a helicopter lowers down from the night sky above and extends a staircase to the cement.

"Hold on!" I cry, running after him and screaming as my voice is drowned out by the whirling helicopter blades.

The rich man takes his first step up the staircase and then halts, hearing my voice and turning around to face me.

"Please," I pant, finally reaching the man, "I need to know your secrets, how did you make all of this money?"

In this moment, something confusing happens. The man's gaze is furious at first, but as his eyes move down my toned body they begin to change, flooding with a deep emotion and reverence. He stops completely when he reaches my ass.

"You're sitting on a gold mine, you know that?" he informs me. "Literally."

"I am?" I question.

"Come on," the rich man throws his head back.

I follow him up into the helicopter as the stairs retract behind us, folding up into the vehicle and then disappearing completely into its undercarriage. When we reach the top, I fully expect the find myself in a bare bones cockpit, my ears assaulted with the powerful hum of spinning chopper blades. This couldn't be farther from the truth, however.

When the helicopter door closes behind us, all of the sound disappears completely. We are in a small but opulent living quarters, with a fireplace, some couches, and even a large, flat-screen TV. The only way that I can tell I'm still in a helicopter is by looking out through the large windows on

either side of the aircraft, which now display the dark landscape below as it gets smaller and smaller, drifting away from us while we rise.

“Come, sit!” offers the man as he flops down onto the couch in front of his roaring fireplace.

“This is amazing,” I gush.

“Right, right,” the man says, clearly understanding how wealthy he is and not needing a reminder.

I walk over and sit down next to him.

“I am Sir Barkono Shibbery, but you can call me Barko,” the rich man explains.

“Travis,” I tell him.

“Well, Travis, I know a good investment when I see it,” Barko continues. “It’s how I’ve gotten to where I am today; solid, common-sense butthole investment.”

“Butthole investment?” I counter, not quite sure what he means by this strange, new term.

“Did you know that the most profitable place to run a business is inside the body of a handsome man?” Barko questions. “Specifically, inside of his butthole.”

I shake my head. “I didn’t know that, and I don’t know if I believe it.”

Barko throws his arms out. “Then please, explain all of this!”

I look around at the ornate trappings of this flying room, the detail that has been paid to every nook and cranny of the luxurious, helicopter compound. “Fair enough,” I concede.

Barko eyes me up and down, as if questioning whether or not I’m ready to hear what he has to say, then finally continues. “I will help you start a business within your body. Within just two years, I guarantee that we will turn a reasonable profit through common sense reinvestment and strategic targeted marketing. After that, the sky is the limit.”

“Will it be enough to pay for my medical bills?” I ask him, cutting straight to the point.

“When we’re finished, you’ll be able to buy the whole damn hospital,” retorts Barko. “All I ask is a twenty five percent stake in the company.”

I don’t need to think long before extending my hand out towards this wealthy, anal investor. “Deal.”

We start by investigating the ecosystem of my anus. Barko explains that even though it looks fantastic from the outside, there is no telling what waits within. Fortunately, what we find is a stunning collection of hills and valleys, a gorgeous landscape covered in lush green forests and beautiful flowing rivers.

Immediately, we recognize that there are many approaches to take within this anal wonderland, and decide to develop the most effective two.

First, we are going to take the rolling green hills and turn them into beautiful vineyards, growing grapes over the course of several years and turning them into a high priced wine. Barko has all of the connections needed for this, and he is confident that, within the ecosystem of my butthole, we will be able to come up with something quite special for even the most skeptical consumers.

Secondly, we plan on using the natural beauty of this landscape to our advantage, turning it into an exclusive residential development for only the wealthiest of clients.

I have to admit, the first year of this whole process is quite frightening.

Barko lets me live at his home in the Hollywood Hills, where we develop and expand upon my anal property, but while the vineyards are growing their grapes and the homes are being constructed, not a single cent is being added to my empty pockets.

In fact, Barko and me are hemorrhaging money left and right.

Fortunately, my new financial mentor has faith in me, taking this initial investment upon himself as we work from the ground up. I don't know what I'd do without him, and I'd be lying if I said that this first year of crashing at his luxurious complex was much of a hardship.

Still, the thought always lingered in the back of my mind, a nagging question that I couldn't seem to shake my matter how hard I tried; is this a sound investment?

Eventually, though, the grapes are ready to harvest and the homes begging to be occupied.

We name this particular region of my butthole Plobus Valley, an attractive name that translates to "place of sweet riches" in the language of the natives who inhabit my body. It also makes for a great wine brand.

When Plobus Valley Wine is finally sent out to all of the world's most elite tasters, it scores incredibly high marks on both packaging and flavor.

Soon, Plobus Valley is a household name, synonymous with fine dining and the pinnacle of luxury. With that kind of recognition, it only takes a few well placed ads in print and billboard for our target demographic to start moving in, buying up homes left and right and paying off our real estate development ten fold.

One day I look at my bank account, and I have a hundred million dollars staring back at me.

Barko and I are strolling through the beautiful forest of my butthole, looking up at the anal sunset that peaks through the crisscrossing leaves above and covers us in a beautiful pattern of ornate shadows.

"This place really is amazing," Barko tells me.

I nod, removing my top hat as a symbol of reverence. Many years have gone by and, now that I'm a billionaire, I've started to dress like just like Barko, sporting a regal, purple suit that shows off my newfound sophistication.

"Thank you for believing in my ass," I tell him.

"I know a good investment when I see it," Barko replies. "All it takes is a common sense business plan and a little development knowhow."

I chuckle. "Don't sell yourself short."

The path we are walking on suddenly opens up and ends at the edge of a cliffside, looking out across the vast landscape of my own rectal passageway below.

"Look at this place," I sigh, my eyes locked upon the beautiful vista that spreads out before us. "Can you believe it's been eight years?"

"Eight fantastic years," he repeats back to me.

By now, we've spun off the initial investments into even more profitable ventures. Down by the lake I can see the massive aerospace warehouse, which provides reliable aircrafts all across my butt. Over to my left is the blossoming arts district, providing culture and excitement to the people who live here, and behind it is the soon-to-be-finished UFL stadium. All of this is generating income at an almost unfathomable rate, and all of it exists entirely within my butthole.

I turn to Barko, my eyes welling up with tears. "I don't think I can thank you enough," I tell him. "If it wasn't for you I'd still be paying off all of those medical bills."

Barko sighs. "Thank yourself, then."

"What do you mean?" I question.

Barko hesitates, his eyes sparkling mysteriously in the last light of the sun as it disappears behind the mountains.

"What is it?" I continue to prod, growing concerned. Something is off here, something that I

can't quite put my finger on.

"I have to tell you something," Barko begins. "Something that I've been keeping from you for a very, very long time."

"Tell me!" I insist, unable to contain myself any longer.

"I'm... not real," Barko finally reveals.

"What?" I question, not quite understanding.

"I'm a figment of your imagination," the man explains. "In fact, we're the same person."

The second that Barko says this, everything starts to fall into place. I remember that day at the coffee shop when I first met him, but in my memory I now realize that I had been all alone. There was no man in a purple suit, no helicopter drifting down to pick us up. Every piece of information that I learned from Barko had actually come from somewhere deep down within my own subconscious, passed on to the rest of my brain by a character that wasn't ever really there.

"I'm sorry," my friend and mentor tells me, his physical manifestation slowly starting to fade.

"Wait!" I cry out, grabbing ahold of him and pulling him close as tears stream down my face. "You can't go, there's so much that I still want to tell you, to learn from you."

"There's no time," insists Barko. "You'll have to learn from yourself. That's all that I ever was, Travis, a part of you."

"But, I love you," I reveal. I close my eyes and I kiss the handsome man deeply on the lips, feeling them dissipate against mine. When I open my eyes again, Barko is gone.

I fall to my knees now, looking up into the sky of my own asshole and crying out with the pain of a broken heart. Over the last eight years, we have created such beauty here, but with no partner to enjoy it with, the landscape now seems bland and colorless.

"I love you, too" comes a voice from behind me, deep and soulful.

Slowly, I turn around and gasp, shocked by the stunning vision that stands before me.

I recognize him immediately, a physical manifestation of my business ambition that swirls and dances in the air like a handsome cyclone of practical thought and common sense marketing.

"I'm still here," the manifestation of my business sense tells me, "just not in the way that you thought."

"I don't care," I tell him, trembling with arousal. "I want you."

Already on my knees, I beckon my sentient business sense towards me and then remove his ever-hardening cock from the swirling mass of economic strategy. His shaft is absolutely massive, pointing out at my face like a beautiful pink rocket of flesh that I swallow graciously.

My business sense lets out a long, satisfied moan as I begin to pump my head up and down across the length of his shaft, slowly at first and then speeding up with every movement. I cradle his balls in my hands, gently caressing the hanging globes as his hips pump along with my movements.

Eventually, I push down as deep as I can and take the sentient business strategy to the hilt of his rock hard cock, his length fully consumed into the depths of my throat. I hold him here for a while in an impressive deep throat, letting this handsome manifestation enjoy my oral skills.

Even *I* am surprised by how well I take him, due mostly to the fact that I'm not at all gay. There's nothing gay about a man taking his own economic strategy in a hardcore deep throat, I remind myself. This may be the business of love, but it is still a business.

Eventually, I start to run out of air and I am forced to pull back from the sentient manifestation's muscular, toned body. I let out a frantic gasp, struggling to collect myself as a long thread of spit hangs between my lips and the head of his mammoth shaft.

“You’re so fucking huge in my mouth,” I tell the living business strategy.

“I’m huge when you put me other places, too,” he says with a laugh.

I know exactly what he means by this and, suddenly overwhelmed with arousal, I fall back and turn around on the ground. I’m on my hands and knees now, facing away from the swirling mass of sentient ambition and knowledge. I push my ass out towards him, reaching back with one hand to undo my belt and then promptly slipping my pants off. My underwear comes shortly after, and soon enough I am completely exposed to the manifestation. I hold my tight asshole open for him.

“Take me,” I groan, “shove that big fat business cock up into my tight gay ass!”

My own sentient business knowledge positions himself behind me, crouching down and placing his rod up against the tightly puckered rim of my asshole. I can feel him teasing the edge of my taut sphincter, playing with the elastic of my ass and then gently sliding in. I let out a long, satisfied moan, gripping hard onto the grass before me and bracing myself against his weight.

Deeper and deeper my manifested business know-how dives until eventually he reaches the hilt, swallowed completely within my asshole. The fullness creates a strangely satisfying ache within me, and as the manifestation begins to slowly pump in and out I realize now that he is stimulating my prostate.

It’s an unusual sensation, one that I’ve never before experienced until this very moment of pure bliss. While every slam against my backside speeds up, the orgasmic throbbing spreads across my body, starting deep within my asshole and then flooding into my stomach, then down my arms and legs. Soon enough, my entire body is trembling with desire, shaking and convulsing as it’s filled with orgasmic pleasure.

“Harder!” I scream, egging him on. “Pound that ass harder with exponential growth!”

The business manifestation doubles his speed with every slam, faster and faster until he is hammering into my rectum like and out of control jackhammer. I am loving every second of it, my eyes rolling back into my head as I reach down between my legs and begin to beat myself off furiously.

I can sense the edge of this powerful orgasm welling up within me, struggling to explode across my body. Closer and closer it draws until I feel as though I’m about to break completely, but with just seconds to spare, the manifestation behind me pulls out and plummets me back to zero.

“Hey!” I shout in surprise.

“Not yet,” my business ambition says. “I want to show you something.”

I can’t help being a little disappointed, but I trust this sentient economic idea, and take his hand as it’s extended out towards me. “Where are we going?” I ask.

“To see what we’ve build over the last eight years of careful reinvestment and common sense business practice,” the manifestation coos warmly.

I suddenly let out a startled yelp, realizing now that we are lifting up off of the hillside, the clothes slipping away from my body as we ascend into the cool night air of my butt’s natural ecosystem.

“I’m flying,” I stammer.

“We’re flying, together,” my living business sense tells me.

“But, aren’t we the same person?” I ask.

My sentient knowledge cracks a smile. “I suppose we are, but that doesn’t mean we can’t love each other.”

As we drift up over the anal valley below, I’m greeted with an even more spectacular view of all that my business sense and I have accomplished. The city below is absolutely thriving, eight years of work on display. Even though it is late, the men and women who inhabit my asshole are still

hard at work in their jobs of choice, making well compensated overtime and happy to do it. This is what happens when you spend eight years of your life developing a system of common sense reinvestment and strategic targeted marketing.

“Do you see it?” my business sense asks. “Do you see what you’ve created?”

“I do,” I tell him.

My sentient knowledge is carrying me from behind, holding me tight with his body pressed up against mine as the air whips softly against our bare skin. The altitude of our flight is both thrilling and terrifying, but as the trust between my business sense and me grows, all of the fear quickly begins to melt away.

Suddenly, I can feel my sentient economic knowledge and ambition pressing his shaft up against the entrance of my butthole once again.

“Oh fuck,” I cry, “do it! Pound me up the ass while we soar over the fruits of my strategic anal investment!”

The business strategy pushes forward and impales me for the second time this evening. He wastes no time getting to work, plowing into my muscular frame with all of his brutal force. Immediately, I can feel the tension of a prostate orgasm welling up within me once more, filling my body with a quaking pleasure that is already threatening to blow.

I reach down and grab ahold of my cock, beating myself off in time with his pumps from the back and gritting my teeth.

“I’m gonna cum!” I cry out. “I’m gonna blow my load across this fucking city that we built together! I’m gonna shower my seed across every strategic investment!”

“Do it!” my sentient business sense commands. “You’ve fucking earned it!”

Suddenly, my entire body is surging with a powerful sensation, every muscle spasming hard as it tries to keep up with the waves of blissed out emotions. My first instinct is to shut my eyes tight, but I force them to stay open, to view the beautiful pearly rain of my cum as it splatters down across the city below. Rope after hot white rope ejects from the head of my shaft, tumbling down and blessing my investments.

I suddenly realize that the manifested business strategy behind me is cumming as well, thrusting deep within my body and letting out a frantic cry of pleasure. I can feel his semen pumping into me, load after load of milky spunk that fills my asshole to the brim and then squirts out from the edges when there’s just no room left.

“I love you,” I tell him, tears of joy streaming down my face.

“I love you, too,” my living investment strategy tells me.

My orgasm continues for what seems like forever until, finally, I sense the ground beneath my feet once again. I realize now that we’ve landed back upon the edge of the cliff.

My business strategy slips out of my butthole, spilling his leftover seed everywhere.

Immediately, I turn and wrap my arms around him. “I can’t believe what we’ve accomplished with these eight years of hard work.”

“Well, believe it,” he says with a smile. “Here’s to eight more.”

My sentient, manifested business ambition leans down and kisses me deeply on the mouth, then pulls back, looking me in the eyes with a fierceness that sends shivers down my spine.

“Travis, will you marry me?” my own sentient investment strategy asks.

“Of course I will,” I tell him. “Of course I will.”

SLAMMED IN THE BUTT BY MY HUGO AWARD NOMINATION

2

I've been writing my whole life and, somehow, despite the overwhelming odds, I've become successful at it. Who would have thought?

On one hand, I'm actually quite good at stringing a sentence together, spinning a story and crafting memorable characters, but at the end of the day, I think what has brought me to this rare position in life is *luck*. There are plenty of writers out there with talent, drive and absolutely breathtaking prose, and they never get to see their work recognized.

I suppose that's just what happens when you're trying to carve out a living in a highly competitive and sought after career, though.

Of course, the biggest thing I have going for me is that fact that I'd be doing this whether it was my career or not. Writing is just something that I exude, as natural as eating or sleeping, and because of this I've been able to find myself in the right place at the right time on more than one occasion. That's all that luck is, really, doing enough work so that you're ready for fate when it comes knocking at your door.

If I could go back in time and tell myself that I'd eventually make it as an author, I'm not even sure if I'd believe it myself. This isn't because I doubt the quality of my work, however, it's because my genre of choice is more than a little niche.

While I've dabbled in everything from horror to non-fiction, my personal taste lies firmly planted in the realm of gay erotica, particularly that of the dinosaur and unicorn variety.

When people learn this, the first question that they ask is, of course, whether or not I actually get turned on by the stuff that I write.

My response: who wouldn't? There's just something so sexy about a confident raptor or T-Rex at the top of his game, a muscular prehistoric creature with a bad boy demeanor who has carved out a place for himself in the world of business. The same goes for a wild and free unicorn stud, whether he's traveling the country on the back of a motorcycle or building a sailboat with his own bare hooves, there's nothing more intoxicating than one of these magical beasts with a sense of adventure.

So I write about them. I write about them because it's in my heart, my soul, and it erupts from the tips of my fingers in waves across the keyboard.

Little did I know, this passion of mine would be the catalyst that changed my life, and altered the fabric of my very universe.

I'm sitting at the local neighborhood coffee shop when I hear a light, electronic bing that breaks my concentration. I *had* been working on a new short story, my mind wandering through a fantasy world of muscular gay butts, but suddenly I am snapped back into reality.

I click the notification that has appeared on my screen and an email opens large and bright.

"Congratulations, Chuck Tingle," I read the subject line aloud to myself. "Your book, Space Raptor Butt Invasion, has been nominated for this year's short story Hugo Award."

Of course, this is very exciting news, save for two important flaws; my name is not Chuck Tingle, and I have never written a story titled Space Raptor Butt Invasion.

I continue reading the email, however, and find myself drawn deeper and deeper into the mystery. This does, in fact, appear to be an official email notification for The Hugo Awards, the world's most prestigious honor in the realm of science fiction literature. Not only that, but many of the details are eerily similar to my own life, just slightly off. My name is not Chuck Tingle, but Tuck Bingle, and while I do not have a book titled Space Raptor Butt Invasion, it certainly sounds like

something that would be a part of my catalog.

Not knowing what else to do, I quickly reply with, “I think you have the wrong e-mail address,” and hit send.

Moment’s later there is another ding from my laptop, alerting me that my message has failed to deliver.

“We’re sorry,” I read the new email aloud, “your message failed to send because this address is located on a different layer of the Tingleverse.”

As I read this, my breath catches in my throat, terrified and confused. Could this all be some sort of practical joke, a cruel prank at the hands of a mischievous friend?

The more I think about it, however, the more I realize that a joke is impossible. While I have been considering a short story regarding the different layers of the Bingleverse, or Tingleverse in this case, none of them have been published yet... at least in this layer.

Let me go back a moment and explain because, as I have just learned, there are readers out there who are going to be slightly confused by this revelation. The Tingleverse is a theory that I’ve been considering for quite a while, rolling around the data in my head as I write and revise my stories. The basic theory is that all reality exists as a stack of parallel worlds, the upper Tingleverse and the lower Tingleverse, with an infinite amount of variable universes in between.

The deeper into the Tingleverse one gets, the gayer the universe becomes, until eventually you reach the bottom layer, which is known as The Tingularity. There is some speculation about what The Tingularity entails, whether it is an entire universe of abs, calves, or cute butts, but one thing is for sure, it is the epitome of hot, sweaty gayness in it’s rawest form.

Meanwhile, on the other end of the stack is your universe, the universe of the reader. In this upper universe, homosexuality is simply a type of sexuality for humans to experience and enjoy. While there are some ways that gayness has effected the culture and lifestyle of this layer, the effects are relatively minor when compared to the deeper levels of Tingleverse. So minor, in fact, that most readers will not even realize this is the life they’ve inhabited for their entire existence.

I can’t say that I’m not a little jealous as I sit here in this imaginary coffee shop, my every action meticulously described by some external author who I’ll never meet, but at the same time there is a certain relief to knowing that the future is out of my hands. I am nothing more than a collection of words upon a page, incapable of pain or excitement or love, unless, of course, the writer wants me to be.

But the writer is kind, and I know that he’s brought me here for a reason.

And if you think that it’s unreasonable for me to learn all this from a simple email notification, the author would like me to remind you that I’ve been living in a deeper level of the Tingleverse for years, growing more and more suspicious of the bizarre happenings around me every day. He doesn’t have time to tell you about the fact that my mailman is hunky unicorn in leather, assless chaps, or that the last flight I took was delayed because the planes were all having a hardcore gangbang on the tarmac.

Most importantly, though, the author would like me to remind you that this is a short story and, ultimately, is about getting off more than anything else. He says, “bare with me.”

Now that I’ve come this far, the author sees no point in keeping from me that plenty of other characters have realized they are part of the Tingleverse.

Typically, they try to do something about it and, of course, it never works.

“So what’s the point?” I ask aloud, my sudden outburst immediately halting the chattering patrons that fill the coffee shop around me. Everyone is staring now, confused by the wild eyed man

so sits before him with his head to the sky.

“Is everything alright?” one of the baristas comes over to ask me.

I nod. “I just... I just finally understood a lot of things about my life.”

The barista sits there for a moment and then finally pulls out a chair, sitting down across from me. “Here,” he says, “I’m going to just speak for the author right now because it’s much less confusing for the reader that way.”

“Alright,” I accept, and then glance around at the coffee shop customers who still stare in confusion. “What about them?”

“They’re fine, they’re just background anyway,” the barista explains.

The next thing I know, the shop has kicked back into motion, the crowd chattering and moving together as if nothing had even happened.

“I understand you’ve received an email that was meant for a different layer of the Tingleverse,” asks the barista.

“You’ve been looking through my e-mails?” I counter.

The barista laughs. “I’m writing this whole thing, I *created* your e-mails.”

“Oh... yeah,” I reply. “I’m sorry, it’s just a little difficult learning that I’m a fictional character. I’m still getting used to it.”

“It always is,” the barista explains. “When things get meta you need to take a little more time with them, I guess.”

“But why?” I question, “why not just *make* me understand?”

The barista laughs. “Trust me, you’re handling it just fine, this is already plenty ridiculous for the readers at the top of the Tingleverse.”

“Is that where this e-mail was headed?” I question. “To the top level of the Tingleverse?”

“Afraid so,” the barista tells me. “You see, up there, nobody actually realizes they are in a tingler. They’re the readers, and for the most part their lives are pretty ordinary; no dinosaurs, no bigfeet, no living objects pounding each other in the ass all day.”

I scoff. “I doubt that, if there’s no dinosaurs then what do all the dinosexuals do?”

“There are no dinosexuals,” the barista informs me. “Well, not that many of them. There *is* one though, and his name is Chuck Tingle.”

“The guy whose email I got!” I confirm.

“That’s right,” the barista offers. “He’s an author, like yourself, in fact he’s just like you in almost every way except for he exists on the highest layer of the Tingleverse, and you are a few hundred layers down.”

“A few hundred layers down!” I shout, “That’s so far!”

The barista shakes his head. “Relatively speaking, that’s actually very, very close. You’re more similar than you’d think. Chuck is what you’d call your reverse twin.”

“And he got an award?” I question. “A Hugo Award? What is that?”

The barista leans back into his chair and folds his fingers together in front of him. “The Hugo Awards are a literary prize for the best science fiction or fantasy story written this year. They’re a great honor and a very important institution.”

“Well, that’s great!” I reply. “I mean, I know it sounds kind of strange but I’m honored my reverse twin received such a prestigious award.”

The barista lets out a long sigh. “Well, that’s the problem. Not everyone is all that happy about Chuck being nominated. People don’t think that Space Raptor Butt Invasion deserves to be up there on the pedestal. Do you know who George P.P. Martin is?”

“The guy who wrote *Game of Bones*?” I ask. “That fantasy series?”

The barista nods. “They made a TV show, too. On *this* layer it’s just a simple daytime sitcom about brutish men in a fantasy realm boning each other, while in deeper layers it’s called *Game of Moans* and is slightly more explicit. Even deeper in the Tingleverse it’s called *Game of Butts*, which doesn’t even rhyme, so you can see where their priorities are. Anyway, he has a show on the highest level of the Tingleverse, too, and he’s pretty upset about Chuck’s nomination.”

“But why?” I continue. “I still don’t get it, *Space Raptor Butt Invasion* seems like a serious piece of science fiction literature.”

“As crazy as it sounds, some people up there just don’t see it that way,” the barista informs me.

I think about this a moment, trying to reckon with all of this unexpected information that is now fluttering around in my head. None of it makes any sense but somehow perfectly explains several questions that I have been grappling with ever since I sat down at this coffee shop and opened my laptop.

What was I doing before I got here? Where do I live? Who are my friends?

I don’t have an answer to any of these questions because the author hasn’t written them. I am a fictional character, and my entire existence remains here on this page. I am nothing more than a collection of words brought to life by the reader’s imagination, but I *want* to be more. I was written to be human, after all, and what makes us all human if not the desire to make something more than ourselves?

“I want to help Chuck Tingle win the Hugo Awards,” I finally blurt. “It’s what I was born to do.”

The barista chuckles to himself. “I mean, technically you were never born, but I get your point because it happens to be the whole reason that I created you in the first place.”

“You created me to help Chuck win a Hugo Award?” I question.

“More or less,” the barista says, “I mean, it couldn’t hurt.”

I sit up straight in my chair, ready for action. “So what do I have to do?”

“You’re already doing it,” the barista informs me. “Parallel universes, fourth-wall breaking storylines and a little meta humor sprinkled in there for good measure. The voters love this stuff!” exclaims the barista. “Look, *Space Raptor Butt Invasion* was nominated, but between you and me, Chuck has some better work out there. Just look at *Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt*, or even *Slammed In The Butthole By My Concept Of Linear Time*, there’s a lot of great ideas in there! Anyway, I created you to show that Chuck can do more than just put a raptor on another planet.”

“I’m confused, I thought you were trying to get *Space Raptor Butt Invasion* to win,” I counter. “Not whatever this book is called.”

The barista waves his hands in the air. “Yeah, okay. Forget I said anything. If you’re reading this, just don’t go back a few paragraphs. Let’s forget that conversation ever happened.”

“You’re just trying to get people to take Chuck seriously,” I offer, trying to understand.

The barista nods. “Yes!”

“Because... you’re Chuck.” I say. Suddenly, it all clicks. “What do you need me to do?”

“Get fucked up your butt by the Hugo Award nomination,” the barista responds.

There is suddenly a loud smash as the door to the coffee shop flies open and a massive, shiny award steps inside. The muscular living object is shaped like a rocket, tall and handsome with a ripped set of gorgeous abs that run across his length. He rocks from side to side on his wooden base, approaching our table while the rest of the coffee shop patrons run and hide with screams of utter

terror.

“Fuck him?” I question. “How is *that* going to make them take us seriously?”

The barista shakes his head. “No, no, the stuff before all of this is what’s supposed to make them to take us seriously. At the end of the day, this is still gay erotica, you’re gonna have to get pounded.”

Strangely, there’s something about this entire situation that actually kind of turns me on. I’ve never had a gay experience before, but as I glance over at the award’s incredible body and massive, hanging cock, I can’t help but find myself more than a little turned on by the prospect of taking him up my asshole.

Overwhelmed by desire, and understanding my role as homoerotic hero, I stand up from the table and turn towards this massive award, its phallic shimmering body towering over me and causing my breath to catch in my throat.

“What’s your name?” The award asks me in his thundering, masculine voice.

“Tuck,” I offer, trembling.

The award smiles. “I’m a living Hugo Award nomination, but my name’s actually Kelpo. Kelpo Jit”

The massive rocket extends a hand and we shake firmly. He’s much more of a gentleman than I ever could have anticipated, and this just makes me even hotter for him.

“It’s nice to meet you,” I tell the award. “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I’d love to get you know you even more. Would you like to grab dinner or something?”

Suddenly, the manifestation-of-my-own-author-in-barista-form clears his throat loudly from behind us. I glance back over my shoulder at him and the man shakes his head solemnly, tapping the watch on his wrist.

“It’s cute, I get it,” the barista says, “but we like to come in at four to five thousand words for these things. A date’s probably going to push us over the word count.”

I let out a long sigh. “Please,” I beg. “It’s going to be sexier if we have a real connection.”

“I can just write that in,” the barista explains.

“But it won’t make sense!” I argue. “Just one quick date.”

The barista rolls his eyes and collapses back into his chair. “Alright, just one date, but I’m only going to take like, two sentences to describe it, tops. After that you’ll each get a line of dialog and then it’s right to the fucking.”

“Thank you,” I gush.

The next thing I know, Kelpo and me are rushing off to a beautiful little café on the edge of town, chatting it up like two guys who have know each other for decades. I’m not surprised when we end up back at his place, which is a massive clear display case for large awards.

“It’s nice in here,” I tell him, looking around the case and admiring the craftsmanship.

“Shh,” Kelpo says, pushing up against me. “Let our bodies do the talking.”

Suddenly the two of us are kissing deeply, the primal award-nomination-and-recipient-from-another-dimension energy coursing between us. I can feel Kelpo’s metallic hands exploring my body, running their way across my toned abs as they drift lower. He eventually reaches my belt and starts to unbuckle it, but I stop him.

“Wait,” I tell the prestigious nomination. “Let me be the one who takes care of *you* tonight. I want to show my thanks for this incredible, handsome award.”

With that, I drop down to my knees and find myself face to face with the award’s massive erect cock. His dick stands a full attention, jutting out towards me in all of its homoerotic glory.

“Whoa,” is all that I can manage to say, the word tumbling out of my mouth awkwardly.

“As you can see, I’m not just any award,” Kelpo tells me.

I laugh. “No, you are not.”

Overwhelmed with desire, I open my mouth wide and take the award’s metallic cock between my lips, joyfully pumping my head up and down across his impressive length.

Kelpo is clearly enjoying himself, rocking his hips along to the movements. As I gain speed he lets out a long, satisfied moan, leaning his pointed head back and gazing upward. “Fuck that feels so good,” the award announces, egging me on.

I begin to move my head faster, cradling his balls with one hand while caressing his hard body with the other. Even though I have never given a blowjob before, I feel as though I’m doing a more than competent job at servicing my new gay lover.

Feeling confident, I suddenly push down as far as I can and hold, somehow managing to allow Kelpo’s dick past my gag reflex in a stunning deep throat. The living ceremonial artifact places his hands against the back of my head and holds me here with my face pressed up hard against his abs. I look up at him and suddenly find myself overwhelmed by love and attraction to this awesome nomination.

Sure, he’s penetrating deep within my throat, but he’s also penetrating my heart. As a fictional character, the very idea of me finding love within the lifespan of a short story is something to behold, a miracle that fills me with endless gratitude.

Eventually, I run out of air and pull back, letting the massive rod escape from the wet grasp of my lips. I take in a deep breath and then turn around, ending up on my hands and knees while my ass pops out towards Kelpo.

“You like what you see?” I question, wiggling my muscular rump playfully at my historic science fiction and fantasy award lover.

The handsome rocket figure nods and then steps up behind me, aligning his massive cock with the entrance of my tightly puckered back door. He teases the rim gently, letting the tip of his cock test the elasticity of my butthole, then slowly but firmly slips forward and dives deep down into the depths of my ass.

I let out a long, satisfied groan as my body struggles to accept his girth, completely in awe of his magnificent presence within me. I am overwhelmed with sensations of both fullness and discomfort, but as the muscular award starts to pump in and out, I find the discomfort slowly fading away and being replaced with something even more powerful, a deep, throbbing pleasure.

I realize quickly that this mysterious sensation is my prostate being stimulated; something that I’d heard about many times but never had the pleasure of enjoying for myself.

Every pump from Kelpo against my backside courses through me like a wave of pleasant warmth, starting deep within my loins and then getting larger and larger with every thrust as he pounds my butthole.

“Harder!” I command. “Fuck me harder!”

The Hugo Award slaps me on the ass and picks up the pace even more, throttling me now like a furious gay jackhammer. I’m utterly beside myself with pleasure, my eyes rolling back into my head and my hand working its way down only my rock hard shaft. I begin to pump my grip along with the pace of Kelpo’s incredible slams, causing the dynamic of my internal sensations to shift even more.

“I’m gonna cum!” I start to scream. “I’m gonna cum so fucking hard from this Hugo Award slamming me up my tight little parallel-universe-author ass!”

“Do it!” my award demands. “Cum for me!”

He is slamming me now with everything that he’s got, while my entire body trembles and quakes with uncontainable bliss. I can feel myself edging closer and closer to the cliff of orgasm until suddenly I’m tumbling over, a whole myriad of unbelievable sensations erupting throughout my being.

I close my eyes tight and shriek as jizz erupts from the head of my cock, splattering across the floor of the display case below me. In this moment, I feel as though I’ve left my body, hovering above the proceedings as some strange astral being.

I remain here for quite a while, looking down at my body while other versions of myself start to extend away from it on a long silver thread. Each version of myself that I see becomes more and more altered from the original; more muscular, more handsome. It quickly becomes apparent that in this moment of blissful orgasm, I am seeing through the layers of the Tingleverse, getting a brief glimpse at every version of my own gayness. Unfortunately, there are just too many layers to observe, but as I scan the thread a single version of myself catches my eye.

I see a man who looks a lot like me, only slightly older and wearing a bright white Tai Kwon Do uniform. He’s writing in his bedroom, which looks remarkably like my own except there are posters of famous wrestlers and shirtless men all over the walls. He stops typing for a moment and then takes a bite from the absolutely enormous plate of spaghetti that sits next to him.

The man chews for a while, staring out the window of his bedroom at the suburban street below. He washes his bite down with a long sip from a tall glass of chocolate milk.

Suddenly, the man stops. He slowly turns in his chair to face me.

“Hello?” I ask. “Can you see me?”

The man nods. “Course I can see you! I’m man name of Chuck, makin’ this happen! I was in the coffee shop talkin’ big words remember?”

“That was you?” I question. “So you’re the author?”

“Yup,” Chuck says. “You’ve done a real good job, buckaroo. Can’t wait to tell son name of Jon about what a good book this is.”

“What about the Hugo voters?” I ask him. “Do they think you’re a good writer yet?”

Chuck shrugs and takes another huge bite from his plate of spaghetti. I notice now that there are several empty plates scattered across his desk smeared with tomato sauce, the remains of his previous meals. The author chews for a long, long time, and then swallows and smiles. “Probably not. Probably hung up on all the spelling errors. Doesn’t matter though, I know I’m the best writer ever in Billings, bet the world, too. That’s all that matters when love is real, buckaroo.”

“I... I’m confused.” I stammer. “Wasn’t the point of all this to prove that you can write even better stories than Space Raptor Butt Invasion?”

“Space Raptor Butt Invasion is best story ever, are you kidding me? I know I’m a true buckaroo,” says Chuck. “That’s why I have friends on the internet that think I’m a handsome man. I mean, sometimes it’s lonely days but mostly it’s just good times rough housin’ and getting hard. Don’t need no award to tell me I’m a *hard* bud. Would be nice though, no kidding.”

“So... do you want the award or what?” I question, still confused.

“Course I do!” says Chuck. “There’s lots of bucks out there who think the soul of books is just *inside* books. Don’t know that real love comes from proving book are *real* for all who kiss, that’s inside and outside of books, goofball. Space Raptor Butt Invasion tingled them, then got them to read this one, too, got them looking into the Tingleverse and seeing what’s what, maybe getting hard with their buds. That’s what it means to make love real, buckaroo. That’s why I should be awarded most handsome fantasy man name of Hugo.”

“I don’t understand,” I admit.

“That’s okay, bud.” Chuck tells me.

“Did I do okay?” I ask.

“Whoa, bud. Yeah,” the author tells me with a grin. “You’re hard as rocks.”

And suddenly, in this moment, I feel hard as rocks, too.

Almost immediately, I’m ripped back down into my body with a violent thud, the physical world immediately returning all around me.

“Oh fuuuck!” the handsome Hugo Award nomination behind me cries out, ejecting a massive payload of hot, sticky jizz up into my buttocks.

POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY IRRATIONAL BIGOTED FEAR
OF HUMANS WHO WERE BORN AS UNICORNS USING A
HUMAN RESTROOM

Here's the first thing that I want to say, right off the bat, before things get fishy. I am *not* unicornphobic.

Just because I get disgusted when I see a unicorn trotting down the street, doesn't mean that I hate them, or even that I'm afraid of them. I just don't want them anywhere near me.

You see, I've been following the unicorn agenda for a long time, watching as it seeps its way deep down into the cracks of American society. I've seen that way that it's started to erode away at our country and shifted our morals from classic and conservative to God knows what.

And I don't like it.

Let me remind you, that doesn't mean I hate all unicorns. I've said it before and I'll say it again, a unicorn minding his own business is fine by me... but I'll be damned if I'm going to let one of them into the bathroom while I'm in there. I mean, that's just common sense, right?

The thing about unicorns is that they're dangerous, they really are. Sure, I've known some alright one horns, and I guess there are probably a handful out there who know how to keep their hooves to themselves, but the vast majority of unicorns are just looking to stab somebody through with that big ol' horn; maybe even trample you or, if you're not careful, cover you with magical unicorn dust.

The thought of it makes me want to throw up.

I'm thinking all this as I stare out across the diner from my booth in the corner, simmering with anger at the unicorn that has been noshing on some hay a few booths away. It's a quiet night here in North Carolina, the sound of country music wafting out from the nearby stereo as the waitress kicks back and looks at her nails behind the counter. I've got my coffee and my steak, and in any other situation I'd been quite happy about that, but now that I've noticed this unicorn sitting across from me I've lost my appetite.

I think about going and saying something, I really do, but instead I just sit here and let the rage build some more. I want to get up and tell this unicorn that their kind ain't welcome here; that, in this diner, the unicorns are expected to act like unicorns and eat their hay outside. I want to let him know that the booths are reserved for people.

I swear, I'm about to say something, but before I get a chance I see the unicorn stand up from his booth and start heading for the door. I'll admit, a flood of relief washes over me when I realize that I won't have to confront this beast. There's no telling what they'll do if you cross them.

My eyes narrow as I watch him go, but as the unicorn continues past the front door of the restaurant my heart nearly stops beating in my chest. I watch in utter horror as the unicorn walks onward, brazenly clopping through the restaurant towards the restroom doors.

I know exactly what's about to happen, and when it does I nearly fall out of my chair.

"Oh, God no," I whisper quietly to myself. I watch as the unicorn clops right into the restroom for humans and immediately realize that nowhere is safe. What if I had been in that restroom, instead of here safely in my booth? Would I have immediately been stabbed through the heart by this horrible monster?

Probably, I think to myself.

I stand up abruptly, stammering as I try to grab the attention of the waitress. "Hey, did you see that?"

The woman looks confused.

"Did you see what just happened?" I scream, my voice cracking. "That unicorn just walked

into the human's restroom."

The waitress just continues to stare at me blankly for a while and then finally shrugs. "So?"

"So... what if someone was in there?" I shriek, completely losing my cool. "What if I was in there and someone starting thinking *I* was into unicorns? Or what if I got his sparkling magic dust on me? What then?"

"I think you'd be fine," the woman remarks. "You'll live."

The audacity of her comments sends my blood pressure skyrocketing. This young woman clearly has no idea the crisis that our nation is facing, and her complete disregard for concern is impossible to come to terms with.

I can feel the sweat pouring down my brow and my skin turning red with belligerent fury. My heart is pounding a mile a minute, and suddenly it's slamming so hard that it hurts, aching in painful waves across my arms and upper torso.

"You've gotta be fucking kidding me!" I scream. "This is... this is..."

I begin to make strange choking noises, my words falling limply from my lips and then suddenly I'm collapsing forward, my head slamming hard against the table before me.

"Sir? Sir?" a voice cuts through the darkness.

At first, I'm not quite sure where I am or why my head hurts so badly, but as my thoughts begin to swirl together and align themselves, the events before my collapse slowly become coherent once more.

"What happened?" I croak, still struggling to collect myself.

"You had a heart attack," the voice replies.

"What?" I groan.

Suddenly, I hear the waitress' voice cut through the darkness above me. "He saved your life. He put his hoof on your chest, and then sprinkled some magic dust, and then..." she trails off.

The word hoof suddenly snaps me out of my disconnected, dreary state. My eyes fly open to find the unicorn and the waitress leaning down over my body. I'm sprawled out on my back on the restaurant floor, looking up at the ceiling.

"Get the fuck away from me!" I scream, climbing to my feet and trying to push the unicorn back.

Unfortunately, I'm much weaker than I realized. Instead of displaying my aggression, I end up crumpling into the unicorn's arms. The large creature catches me and lifts me back up, helping me into the nearby booth once more.

"Could you get us some water?" the unicorn asks the waitress. "Maybe fries and ketchup if he can get them down. He's probably dehydrated and needs some sugar."

The waitress nods and runs off into the kitchen.

"You're going to be just fine," the unicorn assures me.

I don't acknowledge him, simmering with anger. I can't believe I actually touched that monster.

"Is everything alright?" The unicorn questions.

At first I want to ignore him, just pretend this unicorn isn't here until he gets the hint and goes away, but for the slightest moment I actually feel a strange spark of connection to the creature. Even if he did it with those filthy hooves, he still saved my life.

"It's fine," I grumble to myself. "Didn't need no help from some damn unicorn."

“Actually, I identify as human,” the creature tells me bluntly.

My heart skips a beat and suddenly clutch my chest, reeling as I try to calm myself down.

“Whoa, there,” the unicorn attempts to settle me. “What’s your name?”

I hesitate for a moment. “Honch,” I finally tell him.

“Hi Honch, I’m Kipper,” he says, extending a hoof.

I don’t take it.

Kipper chuckles to himself. “You won’t shake the hand of the man who saved your life?”

“You’re not a man,” I tell him, seething with anger.

Kipper lets out a long sigh. “Tell you what... you seem pretty pissed off just from sitting near me, and I’m fine with that. I know *who* I am and *what* I am, and that’s peachy. Unlike you, though, I’m not a raging asshole bigot. I’d like to understand you, even if we don’t see eye to eye on some things.”

“What’s your point?” I grumble.

“I’ve got a game. If you win then I’ll leave you alone. If you lose, you’ve gotta sit here and talk to me for a bit while you eat your fries,” the unicorn offers.

Like clockwork, the waitress returns with a tall glass of water and some piping hot fries that she places before me. She leaves quickly.

Kipper’s forwardness actually piques my interest a bit. For the second time tonight, I actually sense that same strange connection to Kipper, a brief glimpse of what makes us similar instead of what pulls us apart.

“Alright,” I finally grunt. “What’s your game?” I reach over and stuff some fries into my mouth, chewing loudly.

The unicorn smiles and pulls out his phone, then pushes it across the table towards me. On the screen there’s a picture of a smiling man.

“Born unicorn or human?” Kipper questions.

“Human,” I say with a laugh.

Kipper nods and then swipes to the next photo of another smiling man, only this time much older. “And this one?”

“Human,” I tell him again.

The unicorn continues like this for a while until I’ve gone through ten photos of different guys, all of them clearly humans.

“Alright, time to move along now,” I say. “I beat your little game.”

Kipper smiles. “Actually, you lost. They we’re all born unicorns.”

I scoff. “Please.”

Kipper takes the phone and shows me a new photo, one in which all of the men are prancing around in a field of clover, their horns glinting in the sunlight. I immediately realize that he’s right.

“Holy shit,” I say. “I couldn’t even tell,”

“Well, that’s a start,” says Kipper, “but it’s not really the point. The point is that these people can be anything they want to be. It’s not your business how they identify. Why would you want it to be your business when you can’t even tell? I mean, honestly, think of all the humans born as unicorns that you’ve peed next to and never even known.”

As much as I want to deny it, I realize now that Kipper is right.

“Even as a raging asshole bigot, you must *at least* realize how little sense this whole thing makes,” continues Kipper. “Honestly, why do you even care?”

“Cause I don’t want one of you unicorns spearing me with your horn,” I tell him bluntly.

“Has that *ever* happened?” asks Kipper.

I stare at my companion blankly, not quite sure what to say.

“I mean, honestly, are you *really* afraid of that?” Kipper continues prodding.

Finally, I shake my head no.

“So, what is it then?” Kipper questions, pushing farther into the depths of my psyche.

I have an idea but I’m not sure if I want to propose it, knowing full well that the argument doesn’t hold any real weight.

“God says it’s wrong,” I finally counter.

“You think God really cares about which bathrooms we use?” asks Kipper. “Doesn’t he have better things to do than think about where I pee. More importantly, don’t you?”

I shrug, not knowing what to say.

“You think maybe you’re just scared because it makes you subconsciously question your own humanity?” Kipper asks me, going in for the kill.

I hate to admit it, but he’s right. My fear and hatred of unicorns makes no logical sense, and if I’m going to be perfectly honest, I couldn’t point to a verse about it in the bible even if I tried.

Tears begin to well up in my eyes and, suddenly, a single streak of the salty liquid is running down my cheek. I realize now what an awful person I’ve been being all these years, understanding that this fear and discomfort is just a mirror image of that hatred that I have for myself. My life is a mess, and it’s so much easier to deal with if I’m trying to project that darkness out onto someone else.

“I’m so sorry,” I tell Kipper, who I now recognize as a man, not a unicorn.

“Hey, you’re learning,” he replies.

“What do I do?” I ask. “I want to be better. I don’t want to be the kind of guy who has a heart attack over a unicorn using the human restroom.”

“Well, let me explain something,” the man says. “There are two things you need to realize. First, that was a *human* using the *human* restroom, and second, even if it wasn’t... who the fuck cares?”

“I understand,” I tell him.

“You’ve gotta face your fears then,” explains Kipper. “That’s the only way to get over something so fucking irrational.”

“You mean?” I start, trailing off.

The man nods. “You need to go into the human restroom with me.”

The very mention of this fills my body with a suffocating dread, anxiety swelling across me as I try to grapple with the thought. I’m literally trembling in the booth, my body quaking so hard that I accidentally knock over my glass of water that is now, fortunately, empty.

“I can’t,” I stammer.

“Why not?” the man questions. “You understand that I’m a human, correct? That’s how I identify.”

I nod.

“So, what’s the problem?”

“What if other unicorns start using this as a reason to go wherever they want? Sneaking peaks at humans and stuff?” I question.

Kipper rolls his eyes. “You realize that is fucking asinine, right?”

I take a deep breath. “Yeah, I suppose it is.”

The man stands up from the booth. “Come on.”

Not knowing what else to do, I slowly rise and begin to follow him across the diner. With every step towards the restrooms I find myself growing more and more unsettled, waves of vertigo

sweeping through my body in pulse after powerful pulse.

"I don't know if I can do this," I tell him as we finally reach the restroom door. "What's going to happen when we go in there?"

The man smiles. "Absolutely nothing."

Kipper pushes open the door and holds it for me, waiting patiently until I'm finally able of force myself across the threshold. I'm shaking and sweating profusely.

"Don't have another heart attack!" Kipper jokes, then gets immediately somber. "Seriously, don't."

A take one step into the restroom, then another, and another, followed closely behind by Kipper until the two of us are standing directly at the tiled center.

I brace myself for something terrible, but nothing bad ever comes. Instead, I find everything to be remarkably, painful, sufficatingly normal.

"I don't know what you were expecting," Kipper says. "but this is pretty much what happens when you let humans who were once unicorns use a public bathroom. Nothing."

"Do you have to go?" I ask.

Kipper shakes his head. "Not really."

We stand a moment longer and then Kipper exits, leaving me completely alone to bask in my own newfound understanding.

When I'm finally ready to go, I turn around and head back out into the diner, stopping abruptly when I see that Kipper is no longer anywhere to be found. Instead, a large unicorn-horned restroom sign sits waiting for me in the booth, the blue and white surface reflecting subtlety in the dim light of the restaurant.

"Uh... Who are *you*?" I ask.

The sign cracks a wry, half smile. "I'm your irrational bigoted fear."

"But I'm not afraid anymore!" I shout.

The sign nods. "That's correct, and that's exactly why I'm here," you've purged me from our body, so now I've manifested myself out here in the physical world."

I let out a long, frustrated sigh. "Can't you just go away," I question. "I don't want you around anymore."

"Easier said than done," my manifested negative emotion says.

Suddenly, I lose it. "What do you want from me?" I scream.

The sentient emotional response to my own repressed self-hatred chuckles to himself. "Well, the best way to get over something, is to get under something."

I'm confused by his comment. "What?"

"The best way to get *over something*, is to get *under something*," the sign repeats.

"I still don't get it," I tell him.

The irrational trans-species fear rolls his eyes. "Oh my god, I'm asking if you want to bang it out."

"Oh!" I gasp. "Well, I'm not gay."

The living feeling smirks. "Right."

I have to admit, there is actually something strangely alluring about this sassy sentient emotion. I can't help but find my eyes drifting down across his glossy blue and white surface, taking careful note of the perfectly sculpted abs.

The restroom sign catches me looking and gives me a playful wink, then stands up slowly from the booth and begins walking over to me, seductively swaying his muscular hips from side to

side.

“You like what you see?” the manifested emotional state questions.

I nod, unable to find the words but succumbing completely to my lustful gay attraction.

Now the big blue restroom sign is pushed up against me, his cool flat surface sending a chill down my spine as our skin meets. My breath catches in my throat, a split second of hesitation and then suddenly the two of us are kissing each other deeply, our hands feverishly exploring one another’s bodies.

“I want you so bad,” I groan, “even if it’s just to get rid of you.”

I slowly begin to drop into a squat before him, looking up hungrily as I grab ahold of the massive sign’s gradually enlarging member. Soon enough, his shaft is jutting out towards my face in all of its rock hard glory.

I stroke him off for a bit, cradling the living emotion’s balls with my other hand until I find myself overwhelmed with desire and open my lips wide.

Kipper lets out a long groan as I take him into my mouth, swallowing the sign’s massive shaft as deep as I can until it hits the limits of my gag reflex. I struggle to push him past but end up retching loudly, pulling back in a shower of spit as I gasp for air and struggle to regain composure.

“You’re so fucking big,” I tell the sign.

My manifested sentient emotion places his hands against the back of my head and lowers me down across his dick once again, only this time I’m prepared for his substantial size. I try my best to relax and, despite my relative inexperience, somehow manage to let him sink all the way down into the depths of my throat.

Now I find myself pressed up against his hard abs, the sign moaning loudly as he fully appreciates my skillful blowjob. He holds me here as long as I can manage and then, eventually, lets me up just long enough to take in a large gulp of air. Moments’ later, I’m back at it, his enormous cock thrust down my throat yet again only this time he’s pumping in and out of me, using me like some warm wet oral sheath for his girthy member.

Faster and faster the living restroom sign pumps through my lips, his head thrown back as a long, satisfied groan escapes him. The sentient emotion is trembling now, but before he gets too carried away, the sign has the discipline to pull back and pop himself out of my mouth.

“Get over here,” the sign commands, helping me to my feet and then leading me over to the nearby table. The personified emotional state slaps the counter hard with his hand, coaxing me to climb up onto its firm surface. I lie with my back on the table and my ass just hanging off the edge, unbuckling my belt as I go and then watching helplessly as the sign simply grabs the leather and tears it away from my pants. He roughly unzips me and then pulls my jeans down over of my legs, tossing them (along with my underwear) to the side and exposing my puckered butthole beneath.

I’m feeling completely exposed and achingly aroused, my cock rock hard as it projects out from my body in a tower of pink flesh. I spread my legs open and the blue restroom sign grabs one in each hand, spreading me as he scoots his body up to the diner table and aligns himself with my ass.

“Fuck me!” I scream. “Shove that cock up into my butt and teach me to get over my repressed self hatred like the good little twink that I am!”

The sign pushes into my body without hesitation, forcefully impaling me across the impressive length of his supernaturally manifested dick.

I cry out immediately, gripping tightly onto the edges of the table while my body struggles to adjust to the outrageous girth of the sign’s painted white dick. I’ve seen versions of this sign so many, many times, hanging beside the doors of countless restrooms across the world, and never before had I

noticed just how intoxicatingly handsome it is. Now I finally see what was in front of me all along, an elegant and modern figure, minimalistic yet perfectly recognizable.

Even though I'm fucking this manifestation to get rid of it, I *will* admit that the design of the sign itself is nothing short of timeless. The curves are simplistic and perfectly recognizable in a way that makes my cock painfully erect, aware that I could identify this symbol almost anywhere on the planet and know exactly what it meant.

Now that is power.

The handsome symbol of my bigoted emotions begins to move in and out of me with a series of firm, slow pumps, warming up and allowing the inside of my rectum to settle around his mammoth rod. The sensation is unlike anything I have ever felt, a strangely powerful warmth that starts deep within my prostate and then begins to spread out across my body ever so slowly. With every pump into my anus the feeling blooms until it is a beautiful flower of bliss, running down my arms and legs.

I'm trembling now, unable to hold back with my reaction to the incredible sensations that course through me. I can see an orgasmic finish line on the horizon and I start to frantically pull myself towards it, reaching down across my toned stomach and grappling ahold of my bouncing cock. I beat myself off to the rhythm of the sign's thrusts, faster and faster as my sentient emotion lover picks up speed.

Soon enough, he's ramming me with everything that he's got while I stroke my cock at blinding speeds. "Oh my god!" I cry out. "I'm going to cum so fucking hard!"

"Do it!" the living manifestation of my irrational bigotry commands. "Blow that load right fucking now!"

My eyes roll back into my head and I let out a long, animalistic cry of passion, the sound erupting from my throat like a volcano of pent up gay lust. The orgasm hits me hard, causing me to buckle at the stomach as a blast of hot, sticky jizz ejects from the head of my hard dick. The semen splatters everywhere, across my abs and down the front of the restroom sign as he continues to pound me with unhinged ferocity.

The sentient emotional manifestation is not far behind on his path towards the inevitable, and the next thing I know he is pulling out of me, helping me down off of the table and standing proudly above me as he beats his giant dick.

"Cum all over my fucking face!" I command.

The handsome, muscular sign strokes himself faster and faster until suddenly he's throwing his head back and howling loudly, expelling a series of cum blasts across my waiting cheeks and lips. The restroom sign absolutely covers me in his seed, the pearly warm liquid spilling down my neck in streaks of white.

When the sign has finally finished he stumbles back and takes a seat in the booth yet again, struggling to catch his breath.

"That was great," I tell him.

The sign smiles. "Another round tomorrow?"

I shake my head.

"Please," my bigoted emotional state begs.

"I'm over you now," I inform him. "I'm sorry, but you've gotta go."

Reluctantly, the sign stands up and walks slowly towards the door of the diner, glancing back over his shoulder just once to see if I've changed my mind. I haven't.

"You sure you don't wanna go shout something homophobic while watching the football

game or something?” the sign asks.

“Nope,” I tell him.

“Well, okay then,” the sign sighs, then finally leaves.

The second that my bigotry exits I find myself completely overwhelmed with a sensation that I haven’t experienced in years, all of my pent up self loathing suddenly replaced by a warm fullness and a glorious self love. It suddenly becomes crystal clear that my entire argument was based on fear and darkness and negativity, of which there’s already just too much in the world.

Why not let people identify however they’d like; human, unicorn, plane, whatever.

I’m suddenly crying again, the tears streaming down my face and mixing with the thick layer of jizz that precedes it.

“Can I get you a towel?” the waitress finally asks. She’s been watching the whole time, frozen in utter shock.

“Absolutely,” I tell her, “and how about another plate of those fries?”

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:

GAYGENT BRONTOSAURUS

The Butt Is Not Enough

In some small way, every guest that comes and goes from the Hotel Lortono has changed my life. I learn a little bit from every single one of them, whether it be intellectually or in some other deep personal sense.

This is the life of a bellboy, rubbing elbows with the rich and famous at one of the nicest hotels in all of Central America.

Little did I know, however, that the greatest experience was yet to come, that a mysterious figure would walk through those luxurious lobby doors and change my life forever.

Before any of that, however, there was still one terrifying person that I needed to meet, a brutal and ruthless man who could send a chill of nervous apprehension down your spine with a single word from his villainous mouth.

"I'm here for the conference." Comes the gravelly phrase in a thick Russian accent.

I look over to see the front desk manager checking in a rather large, imposing gentlemen. He's tall and bald, wearing a long dark jacket that's just barely appropriate for the balmy weather. I can clearly see that one of the hands he rests of the front counter is actually a sharp hook, and I try not to stare but the man catches me. By the time I glance away it's already too late.

"Aw, I see that you noticed my hand." The man says. "Or, lack of a hand."

I shake my head while my boss stares daggers into me. "No sir."

"Oh?" The Russian man asks, clearly not buying it for a second. "You know it's not kind to lie to someone who's spending as much money as I am at your hotel."

"I didn't notice." I tell him, my heart beating hard in my chest.

The man suddenly places his hook under my chin horizontally and lifts my face up to look him directly in the eyes. "Are you going to lie to me again, or should I find a new hotel at which to host my environmental conference?"

I may be terrified, but my boss is even more upset right now, doing everything he can to hold himself together. He tries to interject, "Sir, I'm so sorry about this."

The Russian man turns to my boss, the front desk manager. "Did I ask you?"

My boss shakes his head, and the villainous man turns back to me. "Now then, I'll ask you one last time. Were you staring at my hook?"

I gulp hard against the metal the rests under my neck. "Yes, I was."

A smile slowly crosses my assailant's face and he lowers the hook. "Good, good. I like an honest bellboy. You'll carry my things up to the suite."

"Yes sir." I nod. "Very good."

I start to turn away to grab the man's bags but he stops me almost immediately. "Aren't you going to shake my hook? Are we not men?"

I stare at the Russian and then down at his silver hook, which glints under the lobby lights as he holds it out towards me. I take the metallic loop in my hand and shake it, trying to be as normal about this entire situation as possible.

"I'm Tudwig Cobbler." Says the man with a smile. "And you are?"

"John Marks." I tell him. "I'll take your bags now."

I pick up the man's two large duffle bags and carry them down the hallway towards the elevators while my boss stares daggers into my back. When the elevator doors finally close behind me I feel a strange sense of relief wash over me, thankful to finally be away from such an awkward situation.

I look up and watch the light blink higher and higher towards the penthouse suite on the hotel's top floor, where Mr. Cobbler is staying. Suddenly, though, the elevator stops and the doors open.

Moments later a large and incredibly handsome brontosaurus enters the elevator, wearing a sharply cut suit and a warm but serious smile across his face.

"Going up?" The dinosaur asks.

I nod and suddenly realize how odd this is. It is very, very rare for someone to join the elevator mid lift and then continue upward. In fact, of all the time I have been working here at the Hotel Lortono, I don't know if it has ever happened to me.

"Looks like we're headed to the same place." The dinosaur says smugly.

"What are the chances?" I offer.

There is a moment of silence between us as my brain starts flooding with all sorts of bizarre theories about what could possibly be going on. It doesn't last long, though.

"I need you to listen to me very carefully, because there's not much time." Says the Brontosaurus suddenly.

Expecting anything at this point, I simply nod in affirmation. "Okay."

"I know that you met Mr. Cobbler in the lobby, he's here for a conference on environmental trade regulations." The brontosaurus explains. "This is a cover for something far more sinister, and it could result in several nuclear warheads falling into the wrong hands."

I nod, trying to follow along as adrenaline suddenly floods my system.

"When we reach the penthouse I am going to follow you into Mr. Cobbler's room and I am going to bug the room, then I am going to leave and you will not mention this to anyone. You will also delete the security files from this elevator and the landing upstairs. Do you understand?"

I nod, again.

The elevator reaches the top floor and the doors immediately open onto breathtaking landing, glass walls on either side that look out across the beautiful tropical coastline to the left and the dense jungle to the right. Every time that I come up here it takes my breath away.

I'm well aware that what this mysterious dinosaur wants me to do is illegal and if anyone was to find out I would be immediately fired, but I get the feeling after tonight I will probably be fired anyway. I also didn't particularly like the Russian man and his dark, intimidating gaze.

Besides, even though I've only just met this well dressed brontosaurus, I'm already wildly taken with his suave nature, his handsome face and what appears to be a spectacular body beneath that suit.

"Shall we?" The dinosaur asks.

I pause for a moment. "Who *are* you?"

The dinosaur cracks a wry smile. "Secret Gaygent Brontosaurus, pleasure to meet you. Now if you don't mind, I have a world to save."

I nod and immediately step forward towards the door of the penthouse, which is the only room on this top floor of the hotel. I swipe my keycard and the door unlocks.

The gaygent pushes inside and gets to work, placing one microphone under the desk and another behind an extra large television that sits in one corner of the incredibly luxurious room. Behind him, the sunset is just beginning to blossom across the tropical sky in a wave of pink and violet.

Suddenly, the elevator doors open on the landing behind me and Tudwig Cobbler steps through them, followed closely behind by two gentlemen who are armed with semi automatic rifles.

“Gaygent Brontosaurus.” The man says in his thick accent. “It seems that I just can’t get away from you.”

The dinosaur stands up and straightens his tie. “It appears not, Mr. Cobbler.”

Tudwig smiles a crooked smile as he steps through the door and his armed men focus their weapons on the gaygent, who is frozen in place. “Why don’t you just remove your weapon and toss it over to me?” Mr. Cobbler asks.

Slowly, the Brontosaurus pulls a black pistol from his inner jacket pocket and then lightly tosses it to the villainous Mr. Cobbler.

“Very good.” Says Tudwig, then notices the slight smirk that the dinosaur gaygent still wears across his face. “Don’t even think about it. There’s no way out of here this time.”

“Think about what?” Says the dinosaur. “Tripping one of your men and then using his weapon to shoot the other in the head while I make my way out this window behind me.”

Tudwig chuckles aloud as this. “Oh really? And why wouldn’t you just shoot me in the head?”

“That’s where I’ll aim, but your guard’s going to jump in front of you.” The Brontosaurus says flatly.

“Well, I only see two problems with your plan, Gaygent Brontosaurus.” Tudwig retorts. “First of all, that window is twenty stories up so I seriously doubt you’ll be leaving through it. Second, how do you expect to trip my guard if you’re standing all the way over on the other side of the room.”

Gaygent Brontosaurus suddenly winks at me, and his expression conveys a million different things in a single glance. I instantly know what I have to do and, without hesitation, I push the guard forward as hard as I can.

The man falls and his gun goes flying out of his hands, sliding across the floor as Tudwig and his other henchman look over at me in utter confusion. Within a split second, Gaygent Brontosaurus has reached down and grabbed the rifle, firing off a single shot that hurtles towards Tudwig Cobblers head.

As expected, though, the second guard throws himself in front of Tudwig and takes the bullet directly between his eyes.

Suddenly, Mr. Cobbler is running past me towards the elevator doors and throwing something back over his shoulder, which lands at my feet. I look down just long enough to realize what it is, an explosive, and then suddenly the brontosaurus gaygent has grabbed me around the waste and is carrying me towards the large penthouse windows.

“Cover your face and hold on tight!” The dinosaur commands.

I follow his orders and then the next thing I know we are crashing through the massive windowpanes, hurtling out into the air from hundreds of feet above the ground. I can feel the pressure of my surroundings change, the cold air hitting me as my weight meets gravity and begins to pull me downwards. Almost immediately, there is a resounding boom from behind us and the cold air is replaced by a powerful wave of heat that rolls over our bodies. I can feel the flames of the explosion licking against my back.

Now me and the brontosaurus are falling together, embracing tightly as we hurtle towards the ground. I start to scream when I realize that these are my last few moments of life but then suddenly I can feel a sharp upward tug and look to see the gaygent has deployed a parachute.

Suddenly, we are no longer falling, but drifting down towards the beach as the ash and debris floats through the air around us in a fiery rain. I look up at my incredible brontosaurus savior

who is still all business, scanning our surroundings for a place to land.

Gaygent Brontosaurus tugs at one side of his parachute and suddenly we are turning away from the beach, gliding back towards the hotel parking lot.

"I'm sorry you got caught up in this." The dinosaur tells me. "But there's no turning back now."

"I'm not sorry." I say, staring into his massive dinosaur eyes that sit atop an incredibly long neck. "I never knew that someone like you existed until today. I think this is it."

"This is what?" The dinosaur asks.

"This is love." I tell him, my voice trembling.

The brontosaurus smiles. "What's your name, bellboy?"

"John Marks." I reveal.

The dinosaur closes his eyes as a single tear rolls down the side of his face, "Then that is the name of the man I'll never forget... but the life of a secret gaygent is a difficult one and I'm just not in a place where I can give my heart away." He breathes in deep and collects himself.

"I understand." I tell him.

"Let's discuss this later." Says the dinosaur as we drift lower and lower towards the parking lot. "I've got a criminal mastermind to catch."

Suddenly, Gaygent Brontosaurus and I land right next to each other in the back of a bright red convertible. The dinosaur swiftly cuts the parachute that falls behind us and throws the car into gear.

"There he is!" I shout, pointing across the parking lot to a jet-black sports car as it peels out and takes off down the winding cliff side road, a devious Mr. Cobbler in the driver's seat.

The next thing I know, we are locked neck and neck in a high-speed car chase that winds its way through the jungle, the ocean waves crashing just below us against the hard and jagged rocks that jut out from every angle.

Gaygent Brontosaurus swerves left and then right, flying over the asphalt at a lightning speed as he deftly maneuvers the vehicle along the narrow highway. As I glance over at him I see a fire in his eyes, pure determination unlike anything I have ever witnessed.

Our car pulls right up behind Tudwig Cobbler's and the man spins around to fire two rounds at my dinosaur hero and me, both of which miss. Seizing the moment, Gaygent Brontosaurus reaches out with his long dinosaur neck and manages to grab the bumper of Mr. Cobbler's car with his teeth, and then with one powerful movement he flings the vehicle off of the cliff side.

We come to a screeching halt as Tudwig plummets down towards the rocks below, his car exploding on impact. The gaygent steps out and walks over to the edge of the cliff.

"Who's extinct now?" Gaygent Brontosaurus asks aloud as the wreckage is swept away with the ocean tide.

Later that night, I find myself back at a small beachside home that Gaygent Brontosaurus has been staying at while here in Central America. This mission has only been for the weekend and, after that, who knows where in the world this mysterious beast will be. My heart aches at the thought of losing him.

"I can't believe that I've finally found the love of my life and now he's being taken away from me." I confess, staring out across the darkened beach before us as the waves crash lazily along the sand.

"I know." Replies the gaygent, lost in a world of his own thoughts. The two of us are sitting side by side on his deck in a pair of low sling lounge chairs, our hearts heavy with the knowledge that

we will probably never see one another again after tonight. We're from different worlds, him a handsome and mysterious secret gaygent while I am nothing more than a lowly bellboy; ex-bellboy, probably.

Still the love that flows between us cannot be ignored, no matter how inconvenient it may be.

I turn to the dinosaur abruptly. "I know that this can never last, but while we're here in this moment, I want to give you something."

Gaygent Brontosaurus smiles. "And what's that?"

"I want to give you my butt." I confess, my body aching for his touch.

"The butt is not enough." My beautiful brontosaurus tells me. "I want your heart as well, and I don't care about the consequences."

Suddenly, the two of us burst upward from our chairs and meet in the middle, kissing passionately in the still of the night.

His leathery dinosaur skin feels cool against my warm-blooded flesh, and as his lips meet mine from atop that glorious, lengthy neck, I shudder with sensual pleasure and arousal.

"Now get out that fat dinosaur cock and let me suck you off." I demand, dropping to my knees before the large creature right then and there. I reach up and unzip the fly of his suit, then pull out the beast's enormous rod. It springs forth nearly hitting me in the face. "Whoa, you're huge!" I offer.

"I'm always packing heat." Gaygent Brontosaurus tells me.

I open wide and take his prehistoric cock into my mouth, wrapping my lips tight around his shaft and then bobbing my face up and down with slow graceful pumps.

Gaygent Brontosaurs lets out a long, satisfied moan that rumbles through his large body. He begins to pump his hips firmly against the rhythm of my face, clearly enjoying himself.

"Fuck yes." The dinosaur groans.

"Do you like that little human mouth?" I ask, pulling his shaft out and licking him from base to tip.

Gaygent Brontosaurus nods.

"Then how about you try some of this?" I continue, opening wide and then pushing his enormous dinosaur cock as far as it can go down my throat. The shaft plunges lower and lower into my depths until he reaches my gag reflex, stopping suddenly and causing me to pull back with a gag. I gasp wildly as I come up for air, reeling from the sheer size of this creature's enormous dick. However, I don't give up that easily.

I take a deep breath and then try again, this time relaxing enough to take the dinosaur's prehistoric rod all the way down. Soon, I find my face resting up against his green abs, his balls hanging gently against my face as the secret gaygent holds tight within me. I run my tongue along the bottom of his shaft from inside my mouth, tickling his member playfully as the dinosaur enjoys the sensation of being fully consumed.

When I've finally just about run out of air I pull up with another gasp, a long string of saliva connecting my lips to the head of the gaygent's green rod. I'm so horny for him that I could explode. "That's it, I need your juicy dino-dick right up my asshole." I tell him.

I stand up abruptly and march over to the edge of the deck, tearing off my pants and underwear and then leaning over the railing. I look back at Gaygent Brontosaurus seductively, offering a playful wink.

"Do you want to pound me?" I ask.

"With pleasure." The dinosaur says, straddling up behind me and then aligning his massive

cock with the puckered entrance of my tight, muscular ass. I can feel him testing the edges of my rim, teasing the rod against the puckered tension of my well-sealed sphincter.

“Just do it.” I beg. “I need you inside of my asshole! I want it so fucking bad!”

Immediately after I say this, Gaygent Brontosaurus thrusts forward, impaling me across the length of his humongous dick. I yelp in surprise, my body immediately flooded with a mixture of pain and pleasure as I struggle to take his giant Jurassic member.

The dinosaur wastes no time getting to work on my ass, pumping in and out of me with a firm and powerful rhythm. It feels incredible. I brace myself against the railing, trying my best to take his thrusts like a good little human twink while Gaygent Brontosaurus picks up speed.

Eventually, the massive creature is hammering away at my backside with everything he’s got, his dick plowing my asshole with a power unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

“Oh my god!” I cry out. “Oh my god! Oh my god!” I can’t stop repeating the phrase, which falls from my lips every time that the beast thumps his hips against my butt.

I reach back and grab each of my ass cheeks, spreading myself out for Gaygent Brontosaurus. I want to give myself to him completely, my body now his property to use however he’d like.

“Do you like that you nasty little human?” The Jurassic monster asks me forcefully. “Does that dino-dick feel good up your ass?”

“Yes!” I answer emphatically. “I love it!”

Suddenly, the dinosaur pulls himself out and spins me around. We kiss again for a moment and then the next thing I know, I’m falling backwards as the beast climbs on top of my body.

Gaygent Brontosaurus pulls my feet back towards my head, exposing my asshole completely as my rock hard dick projects out from my body. I reach down with one hand and start to frantically beat myself off, my hand running rapidly up and down across the length of my shaft.

Once again, the dinosaur places his dick up against the freshly reamed entrance to my asshole, only this time he doesn’t hesitate. The next thing I know, Gaygent Brontosaurus is pounding me right there on the deck, his dino-cock completely filling my insides while my feet remain pulled back near my head. He slams me with just as much power as before, never letting up for a moment while my body receives his prehistoric anal punishment.

As the enormous beast continues to ram me I can feel a powerful orgasmic ache blossoming within. Part of it is the fact that his rod is skillfully massaging my prostate, hitting me just right from deep inside my anus, and part of it is the rapid speed at which my tightly gripped hand travels back and forth across my own cock. The feeling starts somewhere within my stomach and then eventually begins to move outward, making it’s way down my arms and legs as my eyes roll back into my head, overwhelming me with an incredible pleasure that simply cannot be contained.

“Oh my god, I’m gonna cum!” I tell the dinosaur, my body starting to spasm wildly as convulsions of pleasure pulse through me in a series of waves. Each one is bigger than the last, growing and growing until finally the orgasm hits me hard and my abs clench tight. I throw my head back and let out a howl the echoes up and down the beach, filling the night air with an uninhibited cry of true passion. Several hot ropes of cum eject hard from the head of my cock, splattering up across my chest as I grip tightly onto the wooden deck below me.

“Fuck!” I scream.

All the while, my dinosaur lover has not let up for a second, pounding away at my body like he’s some incredible reptilian jackhammer. He looks incredible up there, his button up shirt hanging completely open to reveal the stunned set of abs beneath it. Gaygent Brontosaurus is as handsome as

they come, the perfect gentleman and the perfect monster.

I can tell by the speed of his pumps that the gaygent is about to blow his load as well.

“Cum inside of me!” I command. “Fill me with your dinosaur jizz!”

“I’m gonna cum!” Is all that the brontosaurus responds, suddenly throwing his head back and then holding deep within me, his shaft unleashing a massive payload of prehistoric spunk up my rectum.

The dinosaur continues to eject load after sticky load within me until finally my asshole simply can’t contain anymore and it comes squirting out from the edges of my tightly packed rim. I gasp aloud as the jizz goes running down the crack of my ass and dribbles onto the deck below, then once more as Gaygent Brontosaurus pulls out completely and spills even more of the pearly spunk everywhere.

I collapse back onto the deck in utter exhaustion. “That was incredible.” I say.

The dinosaur leans down with his massive neck and kisses me hard on the lips. “I love you.” He says. “Now lets wash off in the ocean together.”

The next thing I know, the two of us are sprinting down the beach towards the water, laughing and playing in the waves when we finally reach the sea. The brontosaurus dives into the darkened water and I follow closely behind, swimming until I find him and then pulling his massive body close.

The seawater washes away our cum, leaving us rejuvenated and whole again as we stare into one another’s eyes.

“You did good back there.” Gaygent Brontosaurus tells me. “Have you ever considered working as a secret gaygent yourself?”

I freeze for a moment. “Are you serious?”

“I’m actually in need of a new partner.” Says the handsome dinosaur. “On the job *and* in the bedroom.”

I smile and wrap my arms tightly around the beast’s large neck. “I’d love to.” I tell him. “Where to next?”

“Everywhere.” The dinosaur says with a smile. “I’m taking you everywhere.”

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Glazed By The Gay Living Donuts

Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt

Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"

Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt'"

Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"'"

Buttception: A Butt Within A Butt Within A Butt

Vampire Night Bus Pounds My Butt

Shared By The Chocolate Milk Cowboys

Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book

Angry Man Pounded By The Fear Of His Latent Gayness Over A Dinosaur Transitioning Into A Unicorn

Slammed Up The Butt By My Hot Coffee Boss

The State Of California Stalks My Butthole

Pounded In The Butt By My Leaked Mashly Addison Data

Happy Birthday Frankenstein, Now Pound My Butt

Oppressed In The Butt By My Inclusive Holiday Coffee Cups

Monday Pounds Me In The Butt

Creamed In The Butt By My Handsome Living Corn

Slammed In The Butthole By My Concept Of Linear Time

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 1

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 2

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 3

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 4

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 5

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 6

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 7

Chuck's Living Object Tingle: Volume 8

Self Help

Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance

Novels/Other

Helicopter Man Pounds Dinosaur Billionaire Ass (A Novel)

Buttageddon: The Final Days Of Pounding Ass

Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror

About Dr. Tingle...

Dr. Chuck Tingle is a Hugo Nominated 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