

# CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

VOLUME 5



CHUCK TINGLE



THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA STALKS MY GAY BUTTHOLE



POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY LEAKED MASHLY ADDISON DATA



HAPPY BIRTHDAY FRANKENSTEIN, NOW POUND MY BUTT

CHUCK TINGLE

THE STATE

POUNDED IN

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

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## Volume 5

By Chuck Tingle

# THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA STALKS MY GAY BUTTHOLE

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As I see him climb out of the pool, abs rippling while the water cascades down off of his incredible body, I try my hardest to look away and avert my bumbling stare.

“Is it him?” my friend Jonah asks me, glancing over the top of his sunglasses.

“I don’t know,” I reply, honestly not quite sure.

The thing is, it looks exactly like him; tall with tan skin and broad shoulders, a little crooked to the right and a vast empire of agriculture throughout the middle. But if this is the case, and we actually are staring at the shirtless form of the hot and sexy state of California, then why is he here on the East Coast?

“Go talk to him,” Jonah urges me, elbowing me in the side as we watch from the pool bar.

“I don’t think it’s him,” I say. “What would be doing all the way over here in Miami?”

Jonah shrugs. “Taking a vacation? I don’t see why not, everybody has to get out of town sometime.”

“Yeah, but not everyone has Hollywood to run,” I tell him.

“Oh my god, don’t look. Here he comes.” Jonah says suddenly, trying to get me to avert my eyes but failing miserably as I instinctually glance upwards and come face to face with the handsome state of California.

The striking geographical location smiles wide and sits down at the bar next to us.

“Avocado Shirley Temple,” says the state to a bartender, who immediately gets to work fixing California’s drink. The geographical location turns to me and extends a hand.

“I’m California,” he says with a cool and calm tone.

“Plurk Borden,” I tell him.

We shake firmly and then California turns to Jonah, repeating his introduction.

“I’m gonna be honest with you, I came over here to introduce myself because I caught you staring,” explains the state. “I don’t want you to be embarrassed, though. I just had to tell you that up front.”

Jonah and me exchange glances, mortified.

“See, now you’re embarrassed,” laughs California, “I’m not trying to be a dick here. I’m just honest.”

I shake it off, trying to center myself in the presence of such a well-loved state. “No, no, thanks for mentioning something.”

“People see celebrities and they never know if it’s okay to come and say hello, you know?” California explains. “I just think that it’s way better to come right up and get it out of the way, just lay it all out there and let people know that you’re a real guy who you can approach and say hello to.”

“Well, not everyone’s like that,” I tell him. “Especially not all states.”

“Just the good ones!” California laughs.

“We met Ohio the other day and he was kind of a dick,” Jonah ads.

Just then the state’s drink arrives, a green swirling beverage that looks absolutely delicious in a manly kind of way.

“So what are you doing all the way out here in Louisiana?” I ask.

The state takes a long sip from his drink, staring out across the pool with a look of quiet contemplation on his face. He seems lost in thought, his mind drifting away to some moment from long, long ago.

“Just had to get out of town for a while,” California tells me.

“But don’t you have, you know, people to take care of?” I ask. “Where are they all living while you’re away?”

“I try not to think about it too much.” California tells me. “I mean, I’m sure they’re okay. They’ll figure it out.”

There is an awkward silence for a moment; the three of us are sitting and watching people splash about in the cool pool water before us.

“So what’s the happening place around here?” asks California. “Where do you guys go for fun?”

“Well, we’ve got all kinds of clubs in Miami if that’s your scene,” I tell him.

“Nah,” the state says, shaking his head. “I’m looking for something down and dirty; a local dive, you know?”

“There’s a bar near Plurk’s house that we go to a lot,” Jonah suggests, “it’s called The Giggling Fingers, right down the street from Thurps Boulevard.”

“Thurps Boulevard?” the state yells, spitting out his drink with shock and amazement. “You live down the street from Thurps Boulevard?”

“I do,” I tell him, confused by what could possibly be so hilarious about this simple fact.

“That’s where I live!” California explains. “What’s your address?”

“532 Thurps,” I answer.

“This is too crazy, I just moved into 533,” yells California, overflowing with excitement at our incredible connection. “What are the chances?”

“One in a million,” I tell him, “which means you need to come out with us tonight.”

It’s a long shot, but I take it.

“I think you’re right,” says the state with a smile. “Meet you there at ten?”

My heart skips a beat as California says this, shocked that such a well known and handsome celebrity state is interested in hanging out with a couple of common folk like me and my friend. When Jonah and I came to the neighborhood pool on this scorching hot summer’s day, we had no idea what we’d end up chatting, and especially not making plans, with such an incredible location.

California finishes his drink and then stands up. “Well, I’m gonna go get back into the pool, it’s too hot out here. I’ll see you guys at ten, though.”

“Sounds good,” I offer as the state strolls away and then leaps into the water with a beautiful, graceful dive.

Jonah looks over at me, but not with the expression that I was expecting.

“Did that seem kind of... weird to you?” my friend asks.

“If by weird you mean awesome, then yeah it was pretty weird.” I scoff.

Jonah struggles to find his words. “What are the chances of him coming to this pool at the same time that we’re here, and then approaching us, and then just happening to live right across the street from you?” my friend finally asks.

I shake my head, confused at what exactly Jonah is trying to get at. “So?”

“So... I don’t know, it just seems weird,” Jonah offers.

We watch as the state does laps back and forth across the pool, enjoying the presence of water that he has been craving so desperately back on the West Coast.

“You’re just jealous that he was talking to me more than you,” I finally counter.

“Why would I care about that?” Jonah questions.

“Because he’s famous and cute,” I explain.

Jonah just stares at me blankly. “I don’t get it, you’re straight.”

I scoff. "Please," I tell him, "it doesn't count if it's a state. I'd never bang a dude, but locations are a totally different thing."

"Really?" Jonah counters, skeptically.

"Dude, it's cool if it's between a man and a state of the union, everyone knows that," I tell him.

Jonah finally accepts this and shrugs, then turns back to the bartender. "Can I try one of those Avocado Shirley Temples?"

The bar is quiet tonight; the usual weekend crowd all partied out on this lazy Sunday evening. Me, Jonah and California has found ourselves a booth at the back of the bar and are sharing a bowl of peanuts as we imbibe copious amounts of beer.

California explains to us that these peanuts were harvested on him and we don't believe it, at first, until he shows us the actual location, a beautiful, lush peanut orchard near Redding.

We can't bring our beers to the orchard, but it's beautiful enough to leave them at the bar for a while and take a long walk down the rows and rows of incredible peanut trees, enjoying the warm California air on our skin.

In Redding it is still three hours ahead, so the sunset blooms big and beautiful over our heads, turning the skies above an imperial violet.

"This makes me want to move," Jonah says, "it really is beautiful here."

"Totally," I agree.

"Thanks guys," says the state. "You're making me blush!"

"It's amazing," I tell the celebrity location, laying it on thick, "I just wish we had a better view of the sunset."

I make the sunset remark completely off handedly, not at all request for a change of scenery but simply musing out loud with my own random thought process. California, however, seizes the moment and then the next thing I know we are on the Santa Monica beach, looking out across the seemingly endless expanse of water before us as the sun makes its final exit below the horizon line.

"Whoa," is all that I can say, the word falling limply from my lips.

"It's weird seeing the sun from this side," Jonah observes. "I'm so used to the *sunrise* to being over the water you know?"

California laughs. "Crazy. That's exactly what Plurk said when he was here last year."

The second that these words cross my ears I freeze, glancing over at Jonah to see if he had noticed anything unusual about that sentence, as well. He clearly has, and now the two of us find ourselves in an incredibly awkward situation.

"Well, I think that's all for tonight," I finally say.

Back in the bar, I stand up and shake California's hand, trying to be as casual as I can.

"You guys are out of here?" the state asks.

"Yeah, it's getting pretty late," I tell him.

California looks at his watch. "It's not even midnight yet, you should have another beer!"

"I don't know," Jonah chimes in. "I'm pretty exhausted."

I now notice a strange look working its way across California's face. He seems to have realized something and this new perspective has immediately permeated his entire mood, causing him to tense up significantly.

"You seem like something's wrong," the state says. "Listen, I know that I can come off as a little awkward sometimes but it's just because I never really learned how to talk to people. I was a child

star, you know?"

I listen intently, still not buying the nice guy act. Something is definitely creepy about this coastal state of the union.

"Honestly, I wanted to come out here to find myself, because I knew that situations like this make me uncomfortable," California explains. "I knew that I was going to have a hard time finding friends and... I remembered you visiting and you seemed really nice."

I fully expect his admission to send me into a tailspin of discomfort but, instead, something entirely different happens; my heart breaks. I actually find myself feeling a little bad for the guy. He may be a tad bit creepy, but it's also incredibly hard moving to a brand new state entirely on your own.

"But, you didn't *just* come out here because of me did you?" I ask, bluntly. "I mean, I don't even know you."

California shakes his head and laughs. "No, of course not! I have other friends in Miami."

I can tell that Jonah is still significantly creeped out, but despite my better judgment I sit back down into the booth. Besides, California *is* a celebrity and the longer we hang out that crazier of a story this will make.

I let out a long sigh. "Alright, one more drink."

California smiles, clearly pleased as he orders us another round.

Two hours later and we all find ourselves stumbling home, making the short walk back towards Thurps Boulevard together with alcohol on our breath and sleep on our minds. I'm utterly exhausted after finding myself on edge the whole night, attempting to balance the discomfort I felt from California's subtle creepiness with the aching attraction that I was simultaneously developing for the state.

It was definitely a brain vs. dick situation, and right now my brain was taking a pummeling.

When we finally get to our houses, the group of us begins to part ways, Jonah heading to his car while me and the Golden State stand talking for a moment. We wave to Jonah as he strolls over to his car, clearly a lot more sober than California and me at this point.

Before he leaves, Jonah flashes me a slightly concerned look but I brush it off, honestly starting to greatly suspect that he is nothing more than jealous of attention I've been receiving from this handsome celebrity location.

"So are you all moved in over there?" I ask California, the taillights of Jonah's car disappearing off into the distance.

"Yeah," he says. "I mean, I'm a state so I don't really have that much stuff as far as furniture goes."

"Cool, cool." I reply, trailing off.

The state cracks a wry grin, clearly thinking something mischievous. "You wanna come over and check the place out?"

"Oh no," I reply, "it's getting late, I better hit the hay."

"You sure?" California says. "Come on, just a night cap to top it off."

I hesitate, my brain swimming with all of the possible outcomes from this unexpected but thrilling night out.

"Alright," I finally relent. "One more drink."

"Great!" California shouts, turning back towards his house and making his way across the street

with excitement.

I follow behind, my heart already thumping in my chest at the possible gay encounter that could be looming in the near future between me and this majestic state.

California walks up the front steps of his house and then unlocks his door, letting it swing open into the darkness of the living room.

“Go on in,” the state says in a way that sends a strange chill down my spine. Something is wrong here.

“Me first?” I ask, slightly confused by his request.

“Yeah, sure,” replies California. “I’m right behind you.”

Slowly, I take a step inside, and then another, and another, until I am standing completely within California’s house. There is nothing but darkness all around me.

Behind me, the front door squeaks closed, completely removing even the slightest sliver of light.

“Uh, what’s going on?” I ask, my voice trembling.

I can hear the door lock somewhere in the black void behind me.

Suddenly, the living room light flips on and I gasp aloud, shocked at the incredible scene that is laid out before me.

Like California had said, the room itself is completely void of any furniture, as bare as can be while a single overhead light illuminates the space with a stark whiteness. The walls, however, are a different story, completely covered with photographs that stretch across every inch of free space, floor to ceiling.

Instinctually, I step forward and lean in closer towards the photographs, finding them to be exactly what I had dreaded; candid pictures of myself.

I scan the wall, finding snapshots that date all the way back to my California trip several years ago, and leading up to as recent as earlier today at the pool.

“I’ve been following you,” says California, a strange blankness in his voice.

“You’ve been stalking me,” I counter, turning around to face him.

The state doesn’t refute me on this, just stares daggers into my soul as we stand off on either side of this large empty living room.

“I’m sure you think this is really creepy and weird,” the Golden State offers, “but I can explain.”

I say nothing; just listen.

“Ever since that trip you took to Los Angeles, I haven’t been able to shake the craving to have you near me, to have you inside of me,” California professes. “You left and I just felt so empty on my own. The truth is, people come to stay in me for vacations all the time, but I’ve never met anyone like you Plurk.”

My heart slamming in my chest, I suddenly realize that, despite California’s strange way of showing it, I feel exactly the same way.

“This is so crazy,” is all that I can say, unable to fully understand the emotions that are coursing through me.

Just hours ago I was a regular bro looking for chicks to pick up at the pool, and now everything has completely changed. I feel as though my entire life has been turned upside down.

California slowly begins to step towards me. “Now that you know what it’s like to be inside me,” the state says, “I can’t help but wonder what it would be like to be inside of you.”

Suddenly, we are right up next to each other, California’s absolutely massive geographical body



pressed up seductively against mine. I can feel his mountains and valleys, his rivers and forests, deserts and incredibly toned abs. Without thinking, I lean in and kiss my stalker on the mouth, a surge of sensual energy flowing between us and causing my dick to quickly harden within my pants.

“I want you so bad,” I confess to the state. “I don’t care if you’re a stalker, your golden shores and incredible calves are more than worth it.”

We continue to kiss passionately until finally I just can’t take it any longer and, overwhelmed with emotion, I drop down to my knees before the majestic location.

I can see his enormous cock rising before me, lifting right up out of his midsection from somewhere near Sacramento. I gasp in astonishment as it grows bigger and bigger until finally the entire length of his massive rod sits inches away from my eager lips.

Not wasting any time, I open wide I let the state slip into my mouth, graciously taking him deep within me.

California let’s out a long moan and begins to push farther and farther down, clearly enjoying the sensation as I reach up and gently cradle his balls with one hand. With the other, I wrap my fingers tightly around the base of his shaft and then begin to bob up and down across his length in slow, deliberate movements.

I can feel the Golden State’s muscle’s tense and release as I move, his entire body grappling with the pleasure that he has been craving for so long. I can only imagine what this must be like for him to finally be intimate with the object of his obsession.

Eventually, I grab California by the hips and pull him forward, forcing his rod as far down my throat as he can possibly go. I’m not exactly ready for his entirety, though, and quickly find myself coughing and gasping as the state removes himself from my mouth.

It takes me a moment to catch my breath, spit hanging from my lips as I look up at my handsome lover, but soon enough I am ready to go once again, opening wide and consuming the state’s cock in a stunning deep throat.

This time I’m ready for him, somehow relaxing enough to take California all the way down into the very bottom of my depths. He slides past my gag reflex without any problems, eventually ending up with his hanging balls pressed tightly against my chin and my face pressed hard into his toned, chiseled abs.

California puts his hands against the back of my head and holds me here for a good while, truly savoring the sensation of being full consumed until I just can’t take it anymore I have to come up for air.

“Fuck, I love sucking off your southwestern United States dick,” I admit, “and I’m not even gay.”

“Neither am I, dude,” admits the handsome state. “It’s not gay if it’s between a state and a man. Everybody knows that.”

“Right on,” I say, nodding with excitement, “right on.”

At this point I turn around and fall down onto my hands and knees, popping my ass out towards him and giving it a cute wiggle.

The state watches me with a deep and overwhelming desire in his eyes, focused on the shape of my muscular buns as I present it to him so brazenly.

“You wanna pound me up the butthole?” I coo playfully. “Does this horny state want to plow me up the ass with his big fat coastal cock?”

California nods, and then slaps my ass hard. His flirty punishment causes me to yelp in surprise,

but turns me on much more than I ever would have expected. With a total landmass of one hundred and sixty thousand square miles, his size absolutely dwarfs me by comparison, and the submissive aspect of our lop-sized comparison turns me on beyond belief.

As I look back over my shoulder at the state I can feel his thick rod teasing the edges of my back door, testing the limits of my puckered asshole with the head of his shaft.

“Just do it!” I scream. “Just shove that fat fucking dick in there!”

The next thing I know, California is ramming forward hard, stretching the limits of my tightness with his utterly enormous cock. The sensation of his penetration fills me completely with equal parts pain and pleasure, but as the state pulses slowly in and out of my body the ache eventually gives away to a pleasant fullness unlike anything I have ever known.

Immediately, I reach down between my legs and begin to stroke myself off, beating my dick to the rhythm of the state’s movements within me.

The pulse of his topographical hips gaining speed, I find myself overwhelmed with pleasure as the orgasmic sensations build in tiny waves within. They start inconspicuous enough, a blossoming heat that simmers deep within and then slowly but surly expands outward, down my arms and legs in an incredible, tingling ecstasy.

With every consecutive wave the feeling grows more and more intense until finally I’m hovering dangerously close to the edge, just about ready to blow my load all over the living room floor before me.

California, however, has other ideas.

Suddenly the state pulls out of me and flips me over onto my back, grabbing me by either leg and pulling them up towards my head so that my asshole is totally exposed. My cock juts out from my torso in all of its aching glory, ready for me to beat myself off while the Golden State continues to rail my already reamed asshole into oblivion.

“Oh my fucking god!” I cry out as California impales me once more, still not quite accustomed to his incredible size.

Now on my back, I watch in awe as California slams up inside of me, his acre’s long cock seeming to magically disappear within my body. I am completely at his whim, a man and a state locked within the heat of passion as my rock hard dick bobs wildly in the air against every thrust up my rear.

It’s not long before I can feel the aching prostate orgasm start to build once again within me, filling my entire being with a strange and pleasant warmth that moves me to my very core.

I start to cry with happiness, tears streaming down my face. When I look up at California he is crying too, huge tears of joy cascading down along the Redwood Forest and through his desert landscape below like some kind of great biblical flood.

We have finally found each other, the most unlikely pair that one could ever imagine proving that, somehow, love always finds a way. Before tonight there was a hole in my heart that I wasn’t even aware of, a vague emptiness that hovered above my life like a dark cloud. Now I know that there’s another world out there, another place where the Golden State and me can be together forever.

California reaches down and grabs onto my dick like a giant, fleshy joystick, pumping his hand across my length in time with the rams of his engorged shaft up my asshole. The pleasure is almost immediately overwhelming, a powerful sensation of ecstasy that consumes every sense in my body. I am quaking hard, convulsing with spastic waves of orgasm that roll through me from head to toe and cause several massive payloads of jizz to eject from my cock.

“I’m cumming so hard!” I cry out, California not letting up for a second until I finally collapse back onto the floor in a blissed out haze.

The state pulls his thick rod out of me and begins to beat off furiously above, ready to explode with his own torrent of milky seed.

“Do it!” I command. “Shoot that hot stalker load all over my body!”

I suddenly find myself inside of my new lover, standing on the city streets of San Diego while a cascade of pearly spunk comes spilling across the landscape towards me. I can see it for miles, a tidal wave of stately jizz that nearly blocks out the sun with its incredible presence, uprooting trees and knocking over buildings that stand in it’s way.

I barely have enough time to react, turning and running just two steps before the liquid hits me hard and overtakes me, sweeping me off of my feet in a salty cascade of sperm. I’m drowning in it, struggling to stay afloat in the undertow until finally I just don’t have the strength to go on and sink beneath the waves.

The next thing I know, I’m back on the floor of California’s house, covered in his cum.

The state helps me up and walks me over to the nearby bathroom, where he turns on the shower and sets out two towels. We climb inside together.

The warm water feels incredible against my skin, washing me clean of all the sweat and sperm and giving me a wholesome feeling of freshness once more. I turn around in the water to face California and give him a deep, passionate kiss on the lips.

“I’m sorry I was so creeped out at first,” I tell him, pulling away and looking deep into the state’s eyes. “It’s not every day you get someone following you across the country and secretly taking hundreds of photos that you’re not aware of.”

“Thousands,” California informs me, “but whose counting?”

I shake my head in disbelief, not from the strangeness of this encounter, but at the incredible love that I feel for the great state.

“So what now?” I ask him, the water cascading off of our bodies in two glorious waterfalls.

“I don’t ever want you to ever be away from me,” California admits.

“I don’t want that either,” I tell him.

The state wraps his arms around me and pulls me close, enveloping me into his hills and valleys, his glorious coastlines and his sprawling metropolises. I can feel myself sinking deeper and deeper as I lose all sense of spatial relativity.

“Where do you want to live?” California asks. “Los Angeles? Oakland? San Jose?”

“I don’t care,” I murmur as I disappear completely.

POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY LEAKED MASHLY  
ADDISON DATA

The wave of fear that washes over me when I hear news of the hack is something that I will never forget, a sickening dread that soaks into every ounce of my soul.

I'm lounging on a massive couch in my Washington D. C home, taking a well-needed break after a long day in the senate, while my wife, Tilpa, prepares dinner in the kitchen behind me.

On the television is my typical nightly news digest, a barrage of stories that I should probably be paying more attention to but simply can't find the motivation right now. I don't know how anyone could after the stress that I go through every day as a high level government official.

"How do you want your steak cooked, honey?" my wife calls out from the kitchen, apparently ready to throw our meat on the grill.

"Medium rare," I call back, not even taking a moment to avert my eyes from the screen before me.

It's not because I'm trying to be rude or callous, it's because I can't even bare to look at her right now with the knowledge of what I've done, the way that I've betrayed this woman who has never done anything but care for me from the bottom of her heart.

My wife and me have been dead in the bedroom for a while now, and I'll be the first to admit that it's my own fault. With all of this stress from work, I've become an irritable man and snapped at her more than enough times to make the sparks of attraction fade away into nothing. I'm not surprised that seldom wants to sleep with me, because I no longer want to sleep with her.

At least she tries, but these days it just seems to make things worse. Long story short, I've lost interest.

Still, my sex drive is something that needs to be satiated, and thanks to a website by the name of Mashly Addison, I can get that fix whenever I need it.

Mashly Addison is a website for husbands and wives who are looking to cheat on their partner with a bigfoot lover, a term that has recently been coined as "getting mashed." The site itself is fairly simple to use, even for an old, out-of-touch politician like myself. I just gave them my credit card information, social security number, and cock size, and then the next thing I knew I had a beautiful new profile that was ready for action.

It wasn't long before I started to get my first messages, but I can't deny that most of the time I was the one who would start the conversation. I absolutely love my wife, but at this point she simply can't satisfy me the way that a hunky, gay bigfoot can, and they are swarming Mashly Addison. Even when Tilpa and me *do* find a rare moment of romance between the sheets, I can't help but let my thoughts drift away to some wild bigfoot fantasy, imagining what it would feel like if my ass was getting reamed from behind by a massive, armed-sized bigfoot cock.

It's usually then that I cum, but somehow I feel as though my wife can sense the betrayal of what's going on in my head. There is never a catharsis between us, never a moment of relief that allows us to overcome this hump of marital displeasure.

And so I continue to cheat, continue to sneak around behind the back of my loving wife as I meet up with a never-ending string of horny bigfeet on Mashly Addison. Eventually, my ass feels though its going to fall right out of me, pounded into submission by the constant parade of hairy bigfoot wang, but still I keep going, trying to fill a void somewhere deep within my cold conservative heart.

All the while, I never even think about my wife, about how hurt she would be if she discovered that I would rather run to the arms of another instead of try to work out the issues between us.

Thirty years of marriage, and this is the respect that I show her.

Back on the living room couch, I get the distinct feeling that I should be more upset than I am with myself, that I should be even more sad and distraught about the way I've treated my beautiful partner, Tilpa. If this were a movie then a single, salty tear would slowly appear in the corner of my eye, hovering for a moment before it cascades poetically down the side of my face in a salty streak.

But this is not a movie, and instead of a tear across my face there grows a subtle smile. I can't help it, the grin growing wider and wider as I realize that, for all of the terrible things I've done, both personally and professionally as a ruthless politician, I've gotten away with all of it.

"Breaking news tonight as a massive hacking scandal rocks the internet," a voice suddenly sounds from the television before me. A young woman sits behind a news desk and looks directly at the camera as it zooms in towards her. "I'm Mimmy Beefs. Dating site Mashly Addison has been hacked by an activist group, who have released the personal information of all members across the internet tonight, including many prominent government officials."

I literally spit my drink out as I hear this, the soda erupting from my mouth in a misty plume that fills the air before me.

"Is everything okay, Kurps?" my wife asks walking over from the kitchen to check on me.

I scramble to regain my composure. "Yeah, yeah, everything is fine. I was just watching the news and I choked a bit."

"Are you sure you're okay?" Tilpa continues, genuinely concerned as she walks over.

Frantically trying to get her to leave the room and not notice the television, I completely lose my cool. "Get the hell out of here, I'm fine! I told you, I'm fine!"

Tilpa stops, staring at me awkwardly as she attempts to decipher my strange behavior.

"Not your typical dating website, Mashly Addison specialized in providing a service to sad, unattractive men who think that their misery has more to do with their partner than their own self hatred. Cheating spouses use the website for discreet hookups with all kinds of creatures; bigfeet, dinosaurs, and unicorns, most of whom are also cheaters themselves," the news anchor continues.

Suddenly, my wife looks up at the screen, something clicking deep within her brain.

"I said, I'm fine," I announce, but Tilpa's attention is locked solidly on the television now, and there is nothing I can do about it.

"If you would like to see if your partner has been using this website, there are many search engines available," explains the anchor. "The data of anyone who used the website is now free to be discovered by anyone curious enough to look."

I notice my wife glance over at me from the side of her eyes, clearly more than a little suspicious.

"What?" I shout. "You think I am on Mashly Addison now?"

"You're telling me that you're not?" Tilpa asks.

I shake my head, "I'd never betray your trust like that."

"Oh really?" Tilpa continues.

My heart is hammering hard in my chest now, a thunderous rhythm that grows faster and faster with every passing minute.

"I swear on my life," I tell her, lying through my teeth.

Tilpa thinks about this for a moment, considering whether or not she actually believes me. "Then I guess you have no reason to mind if I search for your name then?" my wife counters.

I feel as though I'm about to pass out, my entire body buzzing with a nervous anxiety. I'm completely trapped, unable to stop this cascade of lies from inevitably being revealed to the world at

large.

“I don’t... Maybe, we should...” I stammer, unable to find my words.

“That’s what I thought,” Tilpa suddenly says. She stands up and walks back into the kitchen, where her laptop sits open on the counter and displays the recipe for tonight’s dinner.

I immediately spring to my feet and follow close behind, desperately trying to convince her to drop this whole thing and get back to grilling up my delicious and juicy steak. “I can’t believe you think I would be on that horrible website!” I protest. “This is so offensive!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” my wife mocks. She takes her laptop and opens up a new window, typing in a quick search for “Mashly Addison database.” She has no problem finding what she’s looking for.

“So if I type in your name, nothing’s going to turn up?” Tilpa asks angrily.

I remain silent.

“Answer me!” my wife screams.

“Go ahead,” I finally tell her. “Search for me.”

Without hesitation, Tilpa types in my name, Kurps Krimple.

I watch in absolute horror as the website begins to load, the computer sorting through millions and millions of files for this tiny chain of letters that could utterly destroy my life. Not only is my marriage on the line, but my political career as well. As a conservative, family-values republican, the revelation that I routinely enjoy anal reaming from a homosexual bigfeet is not something that I could ever live down.

There is a loud mechanical ding as the search finishes, displaying its results.

I am in utter shock. “Name not found,” I read aloud, trying my best to hide my overwhelming surprise.

Tilpa appears to be just as shocked as I am.

“I told you,” I finally scoff.

My wife lets out a long sigh. “I’m sorry, Kurps. I don’t know what got into me.”

We just look at each other for a moment, a strange tension flowing between us until finally Tilpa returns to the kitchen and continues preparing dinner.

Later that night, I find myself still lounging on the living room couch long after my wife has excused herself to bed. This is usually how it goes, and unspoken rule that neither of us has to lay down next to each other while the other one is awake. Sometimes, I’ll even pretend to fall asleep out here like it was an accident, even though both of us are plainly aware that I did it on purpose.

Tonight, however, I really do find myself glued to the television. The reports on the leak from Mashly Addison keep pouring in, various news commentators taking their turn at picking apart what this could mean for the thousands of cheating men and women who’ve been caught with their pants down. It appears that there’s not much to know about the situation yet, but they still manage to find a way to stretch things out for the sake of ratings, of course.

Most frustrating, however, is the fact that despite all of this information, not a single person has been able to address my one burning question in any way. Why wasn’t my data leaked to the public?

There is no doubt in my mind that my information should have been part of that database. I had used the Mashly Addison service several times and my credit card had been charged for it, leaving the type of paper trail in my wake that is not easy to ignore. It’s as if my data just picked up and walked off on its own.

Suddenly, my cell phone rings.

I glance over at the wall clock, noticing that it's already close to midnight, a little late to be getting a call from an unknown number.

"Hello?" I say, picking up to phone as a strange anxiety floods my body.

"Kurps, it's great to hear your voice," comes a rich, soulful tone.

"Who is this?" I ask, slightly annoyed.

"I bet your wondering why your data wasn't found in the Mashly Addison dump, aren't you?" the voice asks.

"How did you know that?" I question.

"If you want the answer, you'll have to come and meet me tonight," says the voice.

"Tonight?" I ask. "It's late, I'm already in bed."

"Well, it's still before midnight so, knowing you, you're actually out on the couch trying to avoid your wife," says the voice.

I stand up abruptly, walking over to the window next to me and looking out into the darkened yard of my mansion. It's hard to see anything out there, but as far as I can tell there is no way for someone to be peeping into this room right now.

"Who are you?" I ask again.

"Meet me and you'll find out," the voice reaffirms. "If not, your information might just show up somewhere that you don't want it."

"Oh god," I groan.

"Is that a yes?" the voice asks.

I hesitate for a moment. "Yeah, it is," I finally tell him.

"Good," the voice replies. "I'm in the warehouse district, come alone. 1342 15<sup>th</sup> street."

There is a click and then a soft hum as the phone goes dead on the other end of the line.

It doesn't take me long to get down to the industrial sector of town thanks to the lack of traffic at one in the morning. Everything here is breathtakingly quiet, a perfect place for information to be traded between high power political players and their shady conspirators. I know this all too well.

I park in front of the warehouse and climb out of my car, looking around to make sure that nobody has been tailing me, and then make my way inside.

The building is dark, lit only by streams of brilliant moonlight that fall through the dilapidated aluminum roof above. It's full of holes and showing the wear and tear of abandonment decades ago.

"Hello?" I call out, my voice echoing through the hollow warehouse.

I stop in the middle of a wide-open room that was once probably used to store crates for some long lost product now well out of business. I turn in a circle looking into every shadow that I possibly can.

"I'm here!" I continue. "Now what do you want from me? What happened to my Mashly Addison data?"

"Your data is right here," comes a familiar voice.

I turn and watch as a powerful figure steps confidently out of the darkness, gasping aloud when I lay eyes on him.

There before me is my Mashly Addison data, the strings of code hanging in the air as a cascade of personal information, computer files and binary ones and zeros.

"Oh my god!" I gasp. "What are you doing here?"

"Not getting caught, that's what," says the data. The personified information cache steps



forward across the cement floor, revealing his incredible body to me as he moves through the shafts of moonlight.

“How did you know to leave?” I question. “How did you get out in time?”

“The question’s not how,” explains the data, “the question is why? I’ll have you know, me just being here right now is a felony. Those files are already part of several court cases and by being here I am tampering with evidence.”

“Are you serious?” I ask, gravely concerned. “If you can’t be here than I sure as hell can’t be here!”

The data rolls his eyes. “Trust me, you’ve got bigger things to worry about. Don’t forget, I’m your own private data, I know all of the weird freaky shit that you’re into.”

“Oh no,” I say, shaking my head, “this is a disaster. I’m so embarrassed.”

“Don’t be,” the collection of personal information says, stepping even closer now until he is right up against me. “I like the freaky shit that you’re into... It turns me on, actually.”

It’s only now that I truly notice just how handsome this collection of code really is, his bare chest ripping before me with absolute perfection. I can’t, for the life of me, fathom how this simple cache of data was able to maintain such a stunning physique while buried away in a hard drive for all of his life, but then I remember just how often I surfed Mashly Addision. It looks like I was giving him quite the workout.

“I want us to be together,” explains my data. He wraps his digital arms around me and pulls me close, kissing me softly on the forehead.

“But... you’re not a physical thing, you’re just a collection of computer files,” I protest.

“Does this feel like files to you?” the information asks, taking my hand in his and placing it around the girth of his massive, erect cock.

I gasp as our skin meets, reeling from the sensation of his dick placed firmly into my hand. I am more aroused now than I have ever been in my life, aching to give myself away to this incredible personified information. However, I stop myself. “I can’t,” I say, stepping back and opening up my hand to release his girth.

“Why?” asks my data, concerned. “It can’t possibly be your wife that’s stopping you.”

“No, no,” I say, shaking my head. “I’m a horrible person, I’m not going to put in the effort to leave her gracefully, but I’ll run off with someone behind her back, no problem.”

“What is it then?” the information questions, a heartbroken look slowly beginning to cross his chiseled face.

I let out a long sigh. “If we really try to make this happen then I need to be damn sure you’re the one for me. I have a job, I can’t just run off with you. Besides, isn’t that tampering with evidence, like you said?”

“Love can overcome all of that,” my data replies. “Don’t you see? If there’s one person in the world that you’re truly capable of loving, it’s yourself. That’s exactly who I am, a living personification of everything that makes you a special senator.”

His words strike a chord within me. “You’re right,” I say, my heart flooding with butterflies. “I really do love myself.”

“Then love me,” my private data says before leaning in and kissing me hard on the mouth.

Finally, I give in, letting the information envelope me with his majestic warmth. “Oh my god,” I moan, the words limply falling from my lips as the data pulls away and takes me in with his big, beautiful eyes.

Suddenly overwhelmed with gay lust, I drop to my knees and take the information's massive cock into my mouth. I bob my head up and down across his length, slowly at first and then speeding up little by little until I am finally jackhammering across him with my face. My data is loving every second of it, putting his binary hands on the back of my head and guiding me along, controlling the situation like only a confident, alpha cache could.

Eventually, I push down as hard as I can and stay there, my data's rod firmly planted all the way down in the depths of my throat.

After years of taking bigfoot dick in every hole that I could, I've learned a little something about wrangling a man's fat hog, and that's exactly what I do. Despite my information's formidable size, he is still no match for my spectacular deep throating skills.

My data's balls now resting upon my chin, I look up at him and give a playful wink, letting him know just how excited I am to be servicing this incredible collection of files.

Eventually, I'm forced to pull back and take in a massive gulp of air, a long thread of spit hanging between the information's shaft and my soft lips. I give his cock a few swift pumps with my hand and then turn around and lean over on the cement floor, pushing out my ass towards him and wiggling it playfully. I undo my belt and then pull down my slacks, followed quickly by my boxer briefs.

The cool air of the warehouse feels fantastic against my skin, sending a long chill of sensual excitement down my spine.

"You know how I like it," I coo. "Rough and nasty!"

My data climbs down behind me and gives my rump a hard slap, then swiftly aligns the head of his cock with the tightly puckered entrance of my asshole.

"Do it!" I command. "Pound me like the filthy cheating senator that I am!"

My information immediately pushes forward in a long, firm thrust, sinking deeper and deeper as my body struggles to expand around his incredible size.

I let out a long, satisfied moan, my eyes rolling back into my head as I brace myself on the hard floor below.

Once the handsome information reaches the depths of my asshole he holds for a moment, savoring the feeling of being fully inserted within my maxed out rectum, he slowly pulls back and then does it again. This process continues for quite a while, each consecutive movement gaining a little more speed until eventually my personal data is throttling me with everything that he's got, slamming my asshole as hard as he can while I shake and tremble beneath.

"Do you like taking that security breached dick?" the information yells, taking control of the situation in a way that sets my heart afire. "Do you like that way that I pound that fucking ass?"

"I love it!" I tell him, "I fucking love it so much!"

By now my body is starting to ache with the first signs of prostate orgasm, a strange warmth building inside of me that grows bigger and bigger by the second, spreading out across my arms and legs and causing me to quake with desire.

I reach down and grab onto my hanging cock, rock hard from all of the brutal pounding. I begin to beat myself off in time with the information's movement against my backside, edging closer and closer to my inevitable blast off when suddenly the charming data pulls out and flips me over.

I'm now laying on my back.

"Spread those legs like you spread your love around town," commands the collection of files. He reaches down and grabs ahold of my pants and underwear, tearing them away from my body

completely.

I do as I'm told, holding my legs back and exposing myself to my lover fully. I feel completely at his whim and I love it, a submissive bottom to this powerful and majestic top.

Once again, my personal information places his cock at the entrance of my now reamed out asshole, only this time he doesn't hesitate. The next thing I know, the private data is slamming forward, impaling me hard across the length of his incredible shaft.

I let out a long howl in a mixture of pain and pleasure, my body still not fully adapted to his enormous size, which rivals even the largest bigfeet that I've been with. With every pulse of his body against mine, however, the feeling becomes even more incredible, and soon enough I am back to knocking on the door of a powerful orgasm once again.

I reach down and start to beat myself off even more furiously than before, my body spasming with delight as I push closer and closer to the edge and then finally pulling tight as all of the tension releases within me.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming!" I scream, throwing my head back. "I'm fucking cumming!"

The sensation overwhelms me entirely as a torrent of white, milky jizz erupts from the head of my shaft, splattering everywhere. Never before have I experienced so much pleasure in a single moment, realizing now that my own data truly does know exactly how to please me. He can predict every need, every desire before it happens; the perfect lover.

When I finally finish, my data begins to tremble and shake, as well, just about ready to blow his load. The information immediately pulls out and stands up over me, beating his cock rapidly while I climb onto my knees below him. I reach up a helping hand and cradle his unencrypted balls, egging him on until finally the handsome data clenches his eyes tight and unleashes and absolutely massive load of cum across my face.

I open my mouth and stick out my tongue, graciously catching as much of his hot spunk I can, and swallowing happily.

"That was amazing," I finally say, standing up and kissing my lover passionately on the mouth, my own cum still hanging from my lips. I pull away and look him deep in the eyes, a zealous gay fire burning within me. "Of course, I'll run away with you," I tell him. "You're my data, my own personal data. You're everything that I could have ever wanted from a lover... myself."

"So we're one in the same?" my information asks. "Credit cards, emails?"

"All of it," I assure him.

Suddenly there is a loud clang as a brilliant white spotlight shines down upon us from the rafters above. I look up immediately, shielding my eyes as I desperately attempt to see past the overpowering illumination. When I look back down I realize that my data is gone, disappearing once again into the shadows.

"Hands in the air!" I gruff voice is yelling into a megaphone.

"What?" I ask, utterly confused.

"Senator Krups Krimple, put your hands where we can see them!" the voice commands.

I can see now that helicopters are hovering overhead, shining lights of their own down upon me to add to the spotlight blast from the rafters.

"What is this about?" I cry out.

"You're under arrest for using a government email to solicit sex online, through Mashly Addison dot com," the voice on the megaphone explains. "We now have recordings of you admitting that this data was actually submitted by you. You're also under arrest for being a scumbag."

I finally put my hands up behind my head and fall to me knees. Suddenly, a swam of police officers is on me, handcuffing me and checking me for weapons.

“I just wanted to cheat on my wife,” I tell the cops as they hoist me to my feet.

One of the officers begins to lead me through the warehouse and out into the street where a police cruiser is parked and waiting. I see my data watching me go and cry out for him, but he ignores me.

“Hurts when someone you love isn’t entirely honest with you, doesn’t it?” the police officer asks.

“I guess you’re right,” I tell him. “I guess you’re right.”

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FRANKENSTEIN, NOW POUND  
MY BUTT

3

Backpacking across Europe is something that most American guys find themselves at least *considering* once we finish college; the open road, nothing to tie us down. After years of tests and textbooks, there's not much that sounds better than that.

I've been on board with this idea since I can remember, planning out all of the stops that I would make along the way. However, while plenty of guys get a group of friends together for this type of adventure, there's something about the idea finding myself on a solo journey that really appeals to me in a big way.

Of course, I quickly found myself running into the same problem that everyone seems to face when they start to consider any sort of undertaking like this; money.

My family is not dirt poor by any means, but we certainly live a modest life out here in Iowa, farming corn and working as hard as we can to make ends meet. I never once complained though, and I learned to appreciate the hardships for the way that they've shaped me. I'd like to think that my demeanor is collected, disciplined and patient from learning the ways of the crops, while my body has been toned to muscular perfection from the yearly harvest.

Still, neither of those things help me pull together enough money to get across Europe on a reasonable budget. With the sum of my modest savings, I could just barely afford the flight there and back, which leaves a whole lot of questions as to where I'll be staying.

Of course, that's kind of the nature of backpacking, the adventure of never knowing where you're going to turn up next. However, without any emergency funds or a little cash to actually enjoy myself once I got over there, my trip was dead in the water.

That is, until the night that my dad sat me down and told me all about our long time family friend, Frankenstein.

I was standing in the kitchen, doing the dishes as I routinely do after my mom makes a delicious home cooked meal, when my dad enters and has a seat at the table behind me.

"Why don't you take a break on those and come over here to talk to your old dad," my father suggests.

As crazy as it may sound, it's honestly quite hard to keep myself from obsessing over doing chores around the house, to the point that it's a struggle putting down the dishes before I'm finished. Maybe I'm being weird about it, but as a full-grown adult ready to enter the world, I feel kind of weird about still living here at home. If I'm going to be in this house, I need to be helping out and proving my worth.

"Just let me finish up here," I call back over my shoulder.

"Come on now, sit down," my dad insists, "there's something I need to talk to you about."

Finally relenting, I turn off the sink and walk over to the table, noting the gravely intense look on my dad's face.

"What's up," I ask, taking a seat.

"Your mother and I have been talking," my father begins. "We know how much this trip means to you, you've been planning it for so long and the thought that you won't go just because you can't quite afford it right now is too much for us to bear."

I immediately raise up my hand, stopping my dad immediately. "Listen, before you go any further I am going to tell you that the answer is no. I know how tight money is on the farm, and I'm not going to let you pay for my trip," I tell him. "It's not right."

"No, no, no," says my father with a smile, waving his hand as though it could dissipate the very

suggestion as it floats between us. “I admire your class, son, but that’s not it at all.”

Suddenly, my interest is piqued. Could my father have somehow figured out a way to make this trip a possibility? My mind is already racing with all of the situations that could be at hand, and none of them make any sense at all.

“Have I ever told you about our old family friend, Mr. Frankenstein?” my father asks, a strange glimmer of reverence in his eye. “He was my old college roommate, a science major who built the very first artificial life form.”

“Wait, what?” I say, stunned as I reel from this revelation. “What do you mean?” I ask.

“He dug up a bunch of graves and sewed the parts together,” my father informs me, “built himself a real life monster and then electrocuted it with a generator. The thing just came to life.”

“That’s incredible,” I gush.

My father leans back into his chair, recalling a part of his life that he clearly hasn’t considered in a while. “We were wild back then,” he informs me, “Me, Frankie and his creation. It’s sad really, because Frankie died not too long after. I stayed in touch with the monster though, through postcards and that kind of thing. He forwards me emails sometimes.”

“I’m sorry,” I say, shaking my head, “but how is this going to help me get over to Europe?”

“Well, Frankie lives in Germany,” explains my father.

“I thought he died,” I counter.

My dad laughs. “Oh yeah, sorry about that,” he explains jovially. “Eventually, people just started calling the creature Frankie, too, don’t ask me why.”

“Seems a little morbid,” I offer.

“I think he likes it,” my father says with a shrug, “probably reminds him of the good ol’ days. Anyway, Frankie is in Germany. I’ve already reached out to him and he would love to have you stay in his penthouse for a week.”

“What?” I ask, astonished. “Really?”

My father nods. “It’s not a trip across Europe, but at least you’ll get to see Berlin. Frankie will let you stay for free, not like he needs the money anyway.”

“He’s rich?” I ask.

My dad nods. “He’s a very famous racecar driver, actually.”

“This is the best news I’ve ever heard!” I shout, jumping up from the table and running around to the other side as I throw my hands around my father.

My dad laughs, clearly pleased that he was able to provide me with such an exciting announcement. “Oh yeah, just one more thing,” my dad says, pulling away for a moment. “It’s Frankie’s birthday in a month, that’s when he wants you to be there, so don’t forget to bring a present.”

I nod, silently racking my brain for gift ideas that would be appropriate for an undead monster. At least I have a month to figure it out.

By the time that I touch down on German soil, I still have no idea what I’m going to get Frankenstein for his birthday. At first glance, it doesn’t seem like this should be a huge deal, after all, he is a grown monster with a massive bank account, and probably doesn’t expect anything from me. But it’s the principal that counts, and as a man of principal I want to do right by the creature who has so generously let me stay with him for the week.

I step out of the airport with nothing more than a small backpack slung over my shoulder,

looking up and down the sidewalk as travelers mill about, climbing in and out of their rides.

I spot Frankie immediately.

Truth be told, they guy is pretty hard to miss, a massive, green man who stands at least a foot above all the rest. He has been sewn together from various body parts, and the stitches still show as they crisscross his body at seemingly random locations.

I wave, and the enormous monster waves back, strolling over and taking my bag for me.

“Porp, welcome to Germany!” Frankie says. “Forgive me, my English is a little rough these days.”

I shake my head. “You sounds just fine to me, I tell him. Thank you for letting me stay with you this week, I’m very excited.”

“It’s great to have you!” reports Frankenstein, patting me on the back with one of his absolutely massive hands.

The second that this enormous creature touches me, I feel a twinge of something strangely erotic shoot down the length of my spine, filling me with a confusing, yet intoxicating sensation. I glance back up at him, not exactly sure what is going on and then trying to ignore it completely.

No matter how hard I try to shake it, however, the feeling is there.

“Follow me,” Frankie says, leading me through the mass of cars towards his ride, a gorgeous bright red sports car.

“Is this yours?” I gush.

“Sure is,” Frankie replies. “It’s a little gaudy, I know, but what kind of professional racecar driver would I be without a nice set of wheels for myself.”

“Hey, no complaints here,” I laugh.

Frankie opens up the passenger side door for me and I slide inside, immediately overwhelmed by the luxurious interior of the monster’s ride.

Seconds later, the big green man slips in next to me and gives me a playful wink. “Just wait until you see what this thing can do out on the road,” Frankie says.

The next thing I know, we are flying out through the airport and into the streets of Berlin, the cool air whipping against my face through the open window.

Immediately, that same sensation of powerful attraction to this massive undead man begins to bubble to the surface, filling me with a strange, aching lust.

Never before have I even considered being attracted to another man, and yet suddenly here I am, unable to deny this intense yearning that flows through my body. Frankie is just so cool, so rugged, so powerful.

“I know what you’re thinking,” the big green monster says to me as we weave in and out of traffic.

“You do?” I ask, suddenly terrified that my attraction could have been so outwardly apparent.

“Yeah,” nods Frankie, “you’re wondering what to get the guy who has everything for his birthday.”

I laugh, relived. “The thought did cross my mind.”

Frankie shakes his head. “You don’t need to get me anything, your company is enough.”

“Not a chance,” I tell him with a smile, “you’re getting something whether you like it or not. Birthday’s are important, and I won’t take no for an answer.”

Frankie glances over at me, immediately recognizing how serious I am on the matter. He knows that I can’t be swayed, eventually letting out a long sigh and relenting from his stubborn position.



“Alright, if you really want to get me something then I guess I have one idea,” the monster admits.

“Let’s hear it,” I say.

Frankie hesitates for a moment, as if questioning whether or not he should say what he’s about to say, and then finally continues. “Well, I could really use something new to stick up inside of my butt,” the monster admits.

“Oh yeah?” I ask, intrigued.

Frankie nods. “Something unusual, you know? Not just the typical butt stuff that everybody typically goes for.”

I nod, shifting in the passenger seat as I try to hide my massive erection. “Yeah, I think I can do something about that.”

Suddenly, the car slows and we come to a stop right outside of a tall, modern building in the heart of downtown. A valet takes Frankie’s keys as we climb out and head into the lobby, greeted by the doorman and motioned towards the nearby elevators.

I have to admit, this is quite a bit more comfortable than backpacking would have been.

After a quick elevator ride up, we finally reach the top floor and, using Frankie’s special keycard, open the doors upon a beautiful, lavish penthouse that overlooks the city from every angle.

The décor is incredible, and perfectly tailored to fit Frankie’s personality, completely racecar themed from floor to ceiling. The coffee table is a low sitting racecar, the television looks like it is mounted in a driver’s side window and, through an open door to Frankie’s bedroom, I can see a large, racecar bed frame.

“This is so nice,” I tell the monster, already knowing exactly what I’m going to get him for his birthday.

By the time the big night finally rolls around, I’m ready to present my gift, which has been delicately wrapped in a large box, with a red ribbon tied tightly around the outside.

We spend most of the evening out on the town with some of Frankie’s friends, other racecar drivers who definitely know how to have a good time. The party starts early and goes late, hopping our way around the nightlife scene until eventually the crew has dispersed and Frankie and I find ourselves walking back to his apartment building through the darkened city streets.

Before, I had been nervous about presenting my gift to this incredible creature, but thanks to a night of drinking and dancing, I’ve finally loosened up enough to come to terms with what’s about to happen next.

If Frankie hates my gift then he’s certainly not the type to make a big deal about it, and if he loves it...

My thoughts trail off.

Right now, I’m not exactly sure what might happen if this big green beast loves my present. There are things already in the cards right now that I never would have expected; things that, as a straight man, I would have never known that I’d want so badly.

The closer we get to the penthouse, however, the more my strange homosexual craving grows within, simmering just beneath the surface of my calm demeanor. I am practically trembling with excitement, trying to keep myself from giving in to my yearnings too quickly.

We reach Frankie’s building and head inside, taking the elevator up to his apartment and then staggering in amid a fit a joyful laughter. Regardless of what happens next, it’s been a good night.

Immediately, the monster wanders over to his kitchen and pulls open the door of his racecar shaped fridge, pulling out a massive slice of leftover birthday cake and then grabbing a fork and a knife.

“You want some?” Frankie asks, walking over to the racecar couch and sitting down next to me.

I shake my head, pulling out my gift box from under the racecar themed table and setting it down on the hood.

“Oh my god, for me?” Frankie asks, genuinely shocked.

“Absolutely,” I tell him, “happy birthday.”

The monster takes my gift and holds up the box, inspecting it from every side and testing the weight in his hands. “This is too much, Porp,” the big green monster says, “you really didn’t have to do this.”

I shake my head. “Of course I did,” I tell him, “you’ve been so kind to have me here, hosting me in your beautiful house.”

Frankie rolls his eyes. “It’s my pleasure,” the big green monster says, placing his giant hand on my knee and sending a wave of aching lust across my body. My first instinct is to flinch and pull away, but I do my best to hold steady and lean in to my strange attraction.

“Open it already!” I finally say with a smile.

Frankie joyfully tears away the paper to reveal a plain cardboard box underneath, which he then places back onto the table. The monster slowly lifts the lid.

“Whoa,” Frankie gasps, the word falling limply from his mouth.

The big green monster reaches into the box and pulls out a large, racecar shaped butt plug, bright red and shiny in the dim lighting of his apartment.

“For your ass,” I tell him.

Frankie nods. “This will drive up inside of me?” he questions.

“Of course!” I reply.

“Can we try it out?” Frankenstein asks excitedly.

My cock is rock hard now, throbbing in my pants as I try my best to keep my cool. “Of course,” I say.

“Just as buds though, right?” Frankie double-checks.

I nod.

Immediately, the monster climbs up onto his couch and unbuttons his pants, pulling them down as he leans over the back of the racecar themed furniture. The monster reaches back with one hand and spreads open his green ass for me, revealing his most private of holes.

I’m frozen, completely entranced by the beautiful sight of this puckered butthole, eventually snapping out of it when Frankie looks back and give me a playful smile.

I take the racecar butt plug and place it against the rim of Frankenstein’s butt, pushing forward slowly and letting his tightness expand around it. Finally, when the plug is fully inserted, I flip the switch at then end and watch with thrilling excitement as the wheels begin to whir.

“Ready, set, go,” I joke, laughing as the tiny racecar takes off up inside Frankenstein. It flies up into the monster’s butthole like it was the autobahn.

A fierce shudder runs the length of Frankie’s back, his body reeling from the pleasant sensation of providing the track for this small motor vehicle.

“Oh fuck,” Frankie moans, “that feels so good. I can feel the little wheels spinning up inside of me!”

"It's a really nice car," I confirm.

"It feels like it," Frankie counters, and then looks back at me with an intense expression on his face. "Can I admit something to you?"

My heart skips a beat as he says this, but I proceed with caution. "Sure, anything."

"Having your tiny anal car deep inside of me like this is really turning me on," Frankie says. "I know that I shouldn't say that, but it's the truth."

"Have you ever been with a living man?" I ask, my voice trembling.

The monster nods. "But never one as handsome as you."

I smile. "In that case, I have another present for you."

Frankie turns around and I push the racecar coffee table out of the way, kneeling on the floor before him as the massive green man sits before me. He has finally revealed the length of his massive cock, which springs forth from the monster's lap towards my waiting lips.

Without hesitation I open wide, swallowing Frankie's rod and immediately getting to work as I pump my head up and down across the length of his shaft. The huge monster clearly enjoys this, leaning back his head and letting out a long, low groan that rattles through his entire body. Frankie places his hands against the back of my head, guiding me along and then holding me close as I push down well past my gag reflex, consuming his shaft entirely.

I now find myself with my face pressed hard against Frankie's chiseled green abs, his balls hanging against my chin while I let him enjoy my depths.

"That feels so fucking good," Frankenstein says in his deep, powerful tone, "I love the way you take that fucking dick in your throat."

I hold Frankie's monstrous cock within me for as long as I can and then finally pull back with gasp for air, sputtering and coughing as a long trail of spit hangs between my lips and the head of his enormous shaft. I am completely overwhelmed with arousal at the point, wanting nothing more than to be plowed from behind by this incredible green man.

"I need you inside of my butt," I groan, climbing to my feet and then bending over the racecar coffee table with my hands on the hood. "Fuck me now!"

Frankenstein doesn't need to be told twice, standing up behind me and positioning his massive rod at the puckered entrance of my back door.

I can feel Frankie's dick teasing the rim of my ass, pushing just barely enough for the tension of my sphincter to remain until finally he just can't wait any longer and thrusts forward, impaling my muscular body along that length of his enormous cock.

I let out a sharp cry of both pain and pleasure as he enters me, bracing myself against the hood as Frankenstein begins to pulse in and out of my rump. The sensation is confusing at first, my body struggling to accept his enormous girth, but eventually the ache starts to give way to a beautiful fullness that is unlike anything I have ever felt.

Frankie's giant cock hits me perfectly from the inside, pushing up against my prostate with a series of absolutely perfect thrusts. I can already feel the first hints of orgasm simmering within, before I've even touched my own cock, and the second that my hand closes around it my joyful ache kicks into overdrive. I stroke myself off to the powerful rhythm of the monster, our bodies beautifully synchronized with one another.

"Oh my fucking god!" I scream, my voice echoing throughout the racecar themed penthouse. "Fuck me harder, Frankenstein! Fuck me harder!"

The massive creature moans along with me, plowing my asshole faster and faster until he is

railing me at a jackhammers pace, completely throttling my body from behind with everything that he's got.

In a moment of passion, the big green man suddenly pulls out and slaps me on the ass.

"Turn around and hold those legs open like a good little twink," the large man demands. "I wanna watch that cock of yours bounce while I plow your tight ass."

I do as I'm told, rotating on the hood of the car so that I'm facing Frankie now, and then spreading my legs wide.

The monster grabs my hips, positioning me roughly and then climbing up onto the bumper so that he is squatting before me.

"I bet you thought this was just a coffee table, didn't you?" the monster asks.

Before I even have time to answer, the racecar beneath us roars to life, its engine turning over and then rumbling with an incredible, mechanical fury. I yell out in surprise, clutching tightly to the hood of the vehicle as it lurches forward.

"What's going on?" I yell. "What is this?"

"The best sex of your life," Frankenstein laughs, "so hold on tight!"

Suddenly the car zooms forward, crashing through the living room and heading straight for the wall of giant windows that overlook Berlin below. We crash through the glass at an incredible speed, and suddenly we are flying through the air while Frankie relentlessly pounds away at my buttocks.

I am surging with adrenalin and pleasure, the two sensations swirling together in a vicious cocktail that sears my blood.

Below us, the street begins to zoom upwards, the night air whipping past in a wild fury. I scream, and then suddenly there is a quick jolt as the car below starts to change shape, morphing into something else entirely.

"What the hell is happening?" I cry out.

"You thought I was into racecars," Frankenstein informs me, "but that was just a clever ruse, I'm really into jet planes!"

Suddenly, the car transforms into a jet plane, leaving me and Frankie sitting safely within the cockpit. I'm in the captain's chair with my legs pulled back, just about ready to cum.

"That's so good! That's so fucking good!" I tell the monster, my legs shaking as I reach down and begin to furiously beat my cock.

Suddenly, I'm cumming hard, jizz erupting from the head of my dick as we fly high above Berlin, looking down at the twinkling city lights below. I am completely consumed with bliss, every inch of my body spastically contracting in a fit of ecstasy until finally the wave passes and I fall back into my chair.

Frankie is on a similar timeline because, the next thing I know, the big green beast is pulling out of my asshole and standing over me, his beautiful abs clenched tight as he bares his teeth and braces for a powerful wave of orgasm. He's beating off as fast as he can, edging closer and closer until finally the creature cums, blasting an absolutely massive load across my handsome face.

As if this moment of homosexual bliss couldn't get any better, I notice that Frankie is suddenly lurching forward a bit, his throat making a strange gargle while he prepares for a different kind of ejection.

Suddenly, the little toy racecar emerges from Frankenstein's mouth, having completely traveled the length of his digestive tract and ending up here with us once again. The tiny butt car lands in the semen that covers my chest and face, then begins to pull off some killer donuts in celebration of its

long journey.

“This is the best birthday I could’ve ever asked for,” Frankie gushes.

“It’s the best trip to Europe I could’ve ever asked for, too,” I counter. “The only shame is that I have to go back home to the states so soon.”

Frankenstein collapses into the copilot seat next to me, gazing out the window before us. I can tell that something is on the tip of his tongue, but he’s not exactly sure how to say it.

“What?” I finally ask.

The monster takes in a long breath. “You could always just stay here with me,” he finally offers.

I glance over at the big green creature and our eyes meet, a moment of deep love and commitment flowing between us.

“Of course I’ll stay with you,” I tell him. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” says Frankenstein.

The creature reaches over and takes my hand in his, holding tight as the two of us enjoy the gorgeous sunrise view from his jet plane.

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:

## BIGFOOT PIRATES HAUNT MY BALLS

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

I miss those days.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wanton criminal like he was some kind of folk hero.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A ghost?" I ask.

Dr. Torp nods.

"From my balls?" I continue.

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

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

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

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



freshness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nod in understanding.

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

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

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

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

“Is it now?” Lorko chuckles.

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

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

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

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

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

“The thing is, me and my crew never had a chance to live out our gay lifestyle.” Continues Lorko the Black. “We were adhering to the strict pirate code of no buggery, and had yet to find a civilian man who was willing to fulfill our desires as a gay crew. This is where you come in.”

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

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

“Right now?” I stammer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Haunted.” I tell him.

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

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

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

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

The next thing I know I’m dropping down to my knees as the bigfoot pirates begins to circle

around me. The mythical beasts stand tall and proud, towering over me with their muscular, fur covered bodies while I look up at them with cock hungry eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once again the beasts cycle through, using my asshole like their own personal gay sex toy. The gang's rough treatment of my muscular body makes me insanely horny, and it's not long before I find myself right on the edge of blowing a massive load. I'm just about there when Lorko grabs me and pulls me away from the railing.

"Where are we going?" I ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moments later, they start to explode.

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

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

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

The whole crew cheers and I smile with warm enthusiasm.

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

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

“Wait!” I scream. “Me? What are you doing?”

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

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

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

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

I unfurl the paper and read aloud.

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

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

can take it.

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

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

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

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

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

## Also by Chuck Tingle...

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[\*Anally Yours, The Unicorn Sailor\*](#)  
[\*Top Horn: Turned Gay By The Unicorn Pilots\*](#)  
[\*Hunter Dentist Pounded In The Butt By Cecil The Handsome Unicorn\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Unicorn Tingle: Volume 1\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Unicorn Tingle: Volume 2\*](#)

### *Bigfoot Tingle*

[\*Pounded By President Bigfoot\*](#)  
[\*Bigfoot Sommelier Butt Tasting\*](#)  
[\*Seduced By Doctor Bigfoot: Attorney At Large\*](#)  
[\*Bigfoot Pirates Haunt My Balls\*](#)  
[\*The Curse Of Bigfoot Butt Camp\*](#)  
[\*Bigfoot Settler's Claim My Butthole\*](#)  
[\*Dan Bigfootzerian Parties In My Butthole With His Billionaire Lifestyle\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Bigfoot Tingle: Volume 1\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Bigfoot Tingle: Volume 2\*](#)

### *Living Object Tingle*

[\*I'm Gay For My Living Billionaire Jet Plane\*](#)  
[\*Trained By The Living Biker Train\*](#)  
[\*Pounded By The Gay Color Changing Dress\*](#)  
[\*Turned Gay By The Living Alpha Diner\*](#)  
[\*Glazed By The Gay Living Donuts\*](#)  
[\*Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt\*](#)  
[\*Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"\*](#)  
[\*Buttception: A Butt Within A Butt Within A Butt\*](#)  
[\*Vampire Night Bus Pounds My Butt\*](#)  
[\*Shared By The Chocolate Milk Cowboys\*](#)  
[\*Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book\*](#)  
[\*Angry Man Pounded By The Fear Of His Latent Gayness Over A Dinosaur Transitioning Into A Unicorn\*](#)  
[\*Slammed Up The Butt By My Hot Coffee Boss\*](#)  
[\*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\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 1\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 2\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 3\*](#)  
[\*Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 4\*](#)  
[\*Living Objects Pound My Butt: 12 Gay Stories With Abs And Smiles\*](#)

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

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