

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

VOLUME 8



FROM HUGO NOMINATED AUTHOR
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TURNED GAY BY THE EXISTENTIAL DREAD THAT I MAY ACTUALLY BE A CHARACTER IN A CHUCK TINGLE BOOK



LEONARDO DECAPRICO FINALLY WINS HIS AWARD AND IT POUNDS HIM IN THE BUTT



SLAMMED IN THE BUTT BY THE LIVING LEFTOVER CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

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By Chuck Tingle

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Learning is great and, at the end of the day, the pursuit of knowledge is something that makes us all human. In a grand, cosmic sense, our own sentience and desire to learn is the most beautiful creation of the known universe.

What are the chances that all of this space dust floating around and exploding at random could eventually, given a billion or so years to sit around, become full of thought and life. That these rocks and meteors could one day become something out of nothing, single cells organisms that evolved into tiny micros and then early fish, lizards, birds, mammals and so on. Now we have the means to pursue knowledge, taking evolution into our own hands for the first time in the history of life on Earth.

As a fan of erotic author Chuck Tingle, I suppose this is why I've never found his stories to be as ridiculous as my friends did.

Who is to say that the universe couldn't have ended up full of gay butts? So what if the airplane can talk?

Long, long ago, there was a moment when a tiny spec of nothingness became something, where life blossomed in a place that it had never been before. I'm not going to comment on *why* this happened, but we all know that at some point it did. This begin said, is it really so crazy to think it could happen to an entire plane?

Again, that's the great thing about learning. This is a wild philosophy that I've created on my own and shared with my friends, who can take it or leave it. If they take it, then my knowledge on the subject of evolution and astrophysics has been contagious, and I can't think of anything more beautiful than that.

But now we've come to the heart of the matter, the terrible, hidden tragedy of knowledge that few people even consider until it's too late. There are some things you just can't unlearn. This lesson comes to me in the form of short story by one of my favorite writers, Chuck Tingle.

As I said before, I'm a huge fan of Chuck's work, although I am dubious about the idea that he is a real man out there in Billings, pounding away at the typewriter to create a seemingly endless supply of gay erotica. I'm not gay, myself, but I read it for the laughs, and it's sometimes hard for me to believe that anyone could truly get off to Chuck's typical sexual staples; chiefly dinosaurs, unicorns and bigfeet.

Then again, there are thirteen billion people out there in the world. If you can think of it, then there's bound to be someone turned on by it.

My fandom of Chuck was all well and good until one day everything changed, because one day the words of this brilliant Montana man taught me a lesson that I just wasn't ready for.

I've just left town with my wife, Carrie, for a short weekend trip down the coast to San Diego. We both work in online marketing and our eyes and brains are fried from the constant glow of laptop screens. This weekend is supposed to be a break from all that, a chance to recharge by the beach just a few hours south of Los Angeles, and so far so good. I'm not even checking my phone as I relax in the passenger seat, staring out the window while the traffic slowly dissipates into brilliant swaths of lush palms on either side of the freeway.

I take in a long breath and then let it out slowly, hoping all of my anxieties from the workweek will drift away with it.

"Where are we staying again?" my wife asks. "Sandy Point Suites?"

"I think so," I tell her, "you want me to start mapping it?"

“We’re getting close,” Carrie says with a nod. “Go for it.”

I pull out my phone and open my E-mail, checking to make sure that I’ve got the name of our destination correct. I do, but I also can’t help noticing another unopened message that sits patiently waiting for my attention.

‘Have you seen the new book from Chuck Tingle?’ the title reads. It’s from a friend back at work.

“What’s that?” Carrie questions, glancing over. “New Chuck book?”

I nod. “Keep your eyes on the road,” I tell her, only half joking.

Both of us are huge fans of the author, and often find ourselves doubling over with laughter at the erotic audacity of his titles alone. We trade pictures of his covers back and forth at work, trying to out do each other with every progressive gay literary masterpiece.

“Well, read it!” Carrie offers.

“The message, or the book?” I question.

“The book,” my wife continues, “we’ve got another hour or so before we get to the hotel, I bet you can power through it. Then you can tell me what happens!”

I laugh. “I thought this was going to be a technology free week!”

“Well, I’m curious now, Brad” my wife explains.

I consider this a moment, then eventually pull out my phone and open the E-mail. Just as I thought, it’s a link to Chuck’s latest work of brilliance, which I promptly download and dive right into.

Of course, an hour might not seem like long enough to devour an entire novel, but Chuck’s work is short and sweet, right to the explicit point.

This novel is titled *Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt””* and it is essentially a Russian nesting doll of gay anal pounding. The story is about a knight and a wizard battling it out with one another, commanding armies of hunky Chuck Tingle characters, but it quickly turns quite meta when the author himself is written into the story. This is Chuck Tingle at his best, and I’m thoroughly enjoying the read until I get to a part about the true depths of the Tingleverse.

All of Chuck’s books take place in a realm called the Tingleverse which, as far as I can tell, is a tight collection of very gay parallel universes. As the book describes, each layer is more erotic and absurd than the next, and while some characters are aware they exist within this strange, infinite existence, many of them do not.

The book ends with the revelation that the world of the reader is also part of the Tingleverse, the outer shell of an onion that appears to be endlessly deep and achingly gay.

I find the book to be thoroughly enjoyable until I reach the ending, at which point I can’t help feel a sharp chill run down my spine. I realize now that I’ve stopped chuckling to myself, instead deeply focused on the terrifying words of the page before me.

“What’s wrong?” Carrie asks, breaking my concentration.

“I don’t know,” I mumble, collecting my senses. I glance at the car’s clock and suddenly realize that an hour has passed in what seemed like an instant. Not only that, but we’re parked in front of our hotel, completely motionless.

I hadn’t even noticed.

“How was the book?” Carrie continues to prod.

I shake my head. “The ending was kind of weird, he says that we’re all part of the Tingleverse, like... me and you.”

My wife laughs. "That's funny."

"No," I protest, then readjust, "I mean, yeah, I guess. Something about it just feels kind of weird. Like, what if Chuck's telling the truth, what if we really *are* just characters in a Tinger?"

Carrie glances around. "I don't see any dinosaurs or unicorns," she scoffs.

I let out a long sigh. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Suddenly, someone appears next to my passenger side window, causing me to jump in shock when I notice him. The man leans down and smiles, then opens the door up for me. He's the valet.

"Oh my god, you scared me," I admit to the man as I climb out of the car.

"I'm very sorry, sir," the valet offers with a nod. He walks around the vehicle and opens the door for my wife, as well, who then hands off her keys and grabs her bag from the backseat.

I gaze up at the massive, beachfront hotel before us, marveling over its architectural beauty. Regardless of my strange moment in existential crisis, I know this is going to be a fantastic weekend of rest and relaxation under the warm California sun. I just need to chill the hell out.

As my gaze drifts down across the entrance of the hotel, however, I suddenly freeze, my breath catching in my throat. At first I think that my eyes must be playing tricks on me, but as my mind struggles to wrap itself around the meaning of these unusual letters, I am eventually forced to accept the reality of this bizarre situation.

"Is that the name of the hotel?" I stammer, barely able to find the words. I feel sick to my stomach, a wave of nausea washing over me.

"Butt Point Suites?" my wife asks, walking up behind me.

I'm utterly dumbfounded. "I thought it was the Sandy Point Suites," I protest.

"I mean, why would they call it Sandy Point Suites if it's on Butt Point?" Carrie questions.

I finally tear my eyes away from the giant letters that taunt me from above the lobby doorway and look to my wife. "You're not fucking with me?"

"How would I be fucking with you?" Carrie asks.

"So that I think we're part of the Tingleverse?" I explain.

My wife cracks a huge smile. "What, you're afraid that everything is going to turn into one giant butt?"

I suddenly realize how silly all of this is and let out a long sigh. Butt Point isn't that strange of a name after all, and the idea that my entire existence could be nothing more than the erotic musings of a Billings madman is more than a little absurd.

"You're right," I finally say. I put my arm around Carrie's waist and pull her close, taking in the fresh, sea air for a moment before heading inside.

The two of us walk up to the counter where a rather handsome man waits, smiling and nodding as we approach.

"Welcome," the man says, "checking in?"

"Yes," I tell him, then remove my credit card and hand it over.

The man takes the card and then begins to type rapidly into a computer before him, a cascade of potential reservations flying across his screen.

Me and my wife have no problem waiting patiently as this handsome guy goes about his business, but the longer that we stand here in silence the more I can't help noticing just how handsome he actually is. It's not all that unusual to see abnormally fit men around these beach communities, tanned and toned and ready for Summer, but something about this guy seems just the slightest bit off. His attractiveness is, somehow, unnatural.

I glance over at my wife to see if she notices, but she's checking out the lobby decor at the

moment, completely oblivious to my homoerotic crisis.

I look back up at the man checking us in, his high cheekbones and incredible, chiseled jawline. There is sweat forming on my brow and my hands are trembling, despite my most valiant efforts to stay calm in the face of such a powerfully disturbing situation.

What if the book was telling the truth? What if I'm just a Chuck Tingle character?

I take a deep breath and remind myself that the Tingleverse isn't real. If it was, would I really be married to my beautiful wife? Wouldn't there be hung dinosaurs and talking planes everywhere?

"Alright, you're all checked in," announces the man suddenly. He hands my credit card back, along with two room keys. "You're on the top floor, room sixty-nine."

I just stare at him blankly. "Seriously?"

The man glances down at his computer, double-checking with a vague hint of confusion on his face. "Yep, room sixty-nine, the Butt King Suite."

My knees almost buckle right then and there, but I somehow manage to stay upright. "Is this some kind of a joke?"

I can feel Carrie's hand on my shoulder, a concerned touch as she tries her best to calm me down. I didn't realize how loud my voice had gotten, but instead of lowering it I push ahead.

"It's not funny," I yell, pointing at the man before me who stands in utter silence, shocked by my aggression.

"I'm so sorry," my wife interjects. "It was a long drive."

"No!" I protest. "You really want me to believe that we're staying in a room called the Butt King Suite?"

"Well, this *is* the Butt Point Suites," Carrie interjects.

"And it's room six-nine?" I cry.

"It's gotta have a number, why not that one?" my wife replies.

I glance over and notice that one of the hotel security officers is standing in the lobby doorway, his hand on a canister of pepper spray that hangs at his belt. This has gone too far, I tell myself.

"I'm sorry," I finally say, "I just read this book and I'm a little shaken up."

The man checking me in nods to security, calling them off. "It's fine, I understand," he tells me generously.

"It's just, everything seems so gay," I admit.

Suddenly, a whole team of handsome young football players burst into the lobby, shouting and cheering as they slap each other on the ass with playful enthusiasm. They are all shirtless, with boyish smiles and an intoxicating, vibrant charm.

The next thing I know I'm sitting up in bed, gasping loudly as my eyes fly open to reveal the posh hotel room surrounding me. It takes a moment to gather my bearings, but I eventually realize that this must be the King Butt Suite.

Carrie, who had been standing by the window and staring out across the endless black ocean, runs over to me. It's evening now.

"You're awake," my wife gushes.

I turn my head to look at her and wince as a bolt of pain shoots through me. "God damn," I groan.

"Don't move baby!" my wife instructs. She reaches back behind me and fluffs the pillow,

then carefully helps to guide me back down. “You hit your head pretty hard, I thought I was going to have to move you to the hospital soon.”

“I hit my head?” I question. “How?”

“I don’t know!” Carrie admits. “We were just standing in the lobby and suddenly you started to yell about our room, and then this college football team pulled in and the next thing I knew you were on the ground. You fainted.”

I can remember all of this, except for the fainting part, but something about these memories seems like a surreal dream. It’s hard for me to reckon with just how erotic everything had seemed.

“We’re not in a Chuck Tingle book, are we?” I ask my wife.

She laughs. “I don’t think so, sweetie.”

I close my eyes and let the relieved smile creep out across my lips. I can’t believe how ridiculous I’ve been acting, how one little book could so insidiously creep into the depths of my subconscious.

“I’m sorry,” I tell her. “I hope I didn’t ruin our vacation.”

“Just get some rest,” Carrie instructs me. “I’m sure you’ll feel better in the morning.”

I listen as my wife walks about the room, closing the curtains and shutting things down for the night. Eventually, I can feel the covers and sheets pull back, and the body of my lover slide into bed next to me.

She cuddles up close and for a brief moment everything is fine, but the longer that I lie here next to her, the more my anxiety slowly begins to creep back.

Carrie falls asleep quickly, but I’m not quite so lucky. Soon, the minutes turn to hours, a cascade of ever expanding time that I simply cannot escape from. I feel like I’ve been here forever, trying to will myself to sleep and growing more and more frustrated with every half hearted attempt.

There are only so many sheep that a guy can count.

Fortunately, one thing that all of this rest has taken care of is the pounding ache on the back of my head.

“Are you awake?” I ask my wife, softly, already knowing that she’s passed out and unable to respond. My attempts at a little company are futile.

Carefully, I pull away from Carrie and climb out of bed, deciding that the only way I’m going to get any shuteye, at this point, is if I’m completely relaxed. I now remember that the hotel has a hot tub, and if it’s not already closed down for the night then it could serve as the perfect means to chill me out.

Once I maneuver myself out of bed, I pull on my swimming trunks then slowly, quietly, sneak out of our room and into the cool night air.

The entire hotel grounds are lit up beautifully, string lights cascading from palm tree to palm tree throughout the main courtyard, which sits open to the beach on one side. From here I can see the illumination glittering off of the water, dancing in the waves as they pull away from shore in a never ending exodus.

This is nice. This is really, really nice.

I walk along the open hallway and eventually find some stairs, which take me down to the level of the courtyard. It’s surprisingly empty, not another soul in sight, but I suppose there’s no reason to be out this late when you’re just here to soak up the sun.

Still, I can faintly catch the hot tub bubbling and frothing from where I stand. I follow the noise across the lush landscaping and eventually round a corner to find the Jacuzzi, lit from within by an eerie blue glow.

“Hey there,” comes a deep, soulful voice.

I stop, squinting through the darkness at the lone figure who sits peacefully in the bubbling cauldron.

“Hey,” I offer, “mind if I join you?”

“Not at all,” the man says.

I take a few steps closer and then, as my eyes adjust to the darkness, I freeze. The figure relaxing in the tub before me is not a man at all, but a swirling ethereal manifestation of my suffocating existential dread.

I should have known better than to go out walking this late in the evening, as my most oppressive moments of cosmic dread typically happen when I’m all alone in the middle of the night. This is the time that I’m usually thinking about my tiny place in the world, or what it will be like to die.

“Or whether or not you’re in a Chuck Tingle novel,” my existential dread interjects.

I nod.

“Well, does this answer your question?” the sentient emotion says with a laugh. He pats the edge of the hot tub next to him, beckoning me forward.

I do as I’m told, slipping into the warm water next to the emotion and accepting my fate. “I can’t believe it,” I finally murmur, staring past my own simmering dread and out into the waters beyond.

“It’s hard on most people,” offers my living existential dread, “I mean, nobody wants to find out that they’re in a book.”

I just shake my head, the weight of my despair almost too much to bear.

My personified looming breakdown puts his hand on my shoulder, trying his best to offer support. “Listen buddy, I know I’m your perceived oppressive weight of cosmic reality, but that doesn’t mean there’s nothing to live for anymore.”

“What do you mean?” I finally ask.

“Well like, look at it this way,” my existential dread continues, “even though you’re just a tiny part of an infinitely big universe, you’re also infinitely important compared to an atom. You could have been born a tree, or a rock.”

“Born?” I counter.

“You know what I mean,” my dread struggles to explain, “the fact that you’re even able to experience an existential crisis at all means that you’ve been blessed with the *ability* to do so. For every argument that you’re small and meaningless, there’s an equal argument that you’re unfathomably important.”

His words actually do give me some solace. “You’re right,” I tell the sentient emotion.

“To get to this point, an infinite amount of choices had to be made, going back billions and billions of years,” my dread explains. “If you really think about it, we’re both so fucking lucky to be here, there’s a hundred billion to one odds of that happening; probably more, actually. So it’s like, sure, you’re a character in a book, but the number of character who never even got to exist is endless.”

“That’s so heavy,” I offer, finally coming to terms with my own infinite impossibility.

“I think that maybe it’s time you started looking at all the positives in this situation,” suggests my dread.

“Like?” I question.

The personified emotion grins wryly and then leans in, kissing me deeply on the mouth.

My first instinct is to pull away, still trying to deny the truth of what I really am, but the longer that we remain locked together, the more I can feel the desire for this personified horror burning inside of me. I've never had a gay experience before, but now I understand that it was only a matter of time before the homoerotic portion of my story began.

Soon our hands are roaming across one another's muscular bodies, caressing and touching with a frantic enthusiasm. The sentient feeling is more toned than I could have ever expected, clearly hitting plenty of hours at the gym when he's not filling me with a crushing depression and cosmic fear.

Eventually, my wandering hands begin to drift lower and lower, below the bubbling water and under the waistband of my living emotion's shorts. Here I find the sentient dread's enormous shaft, rock hard and ready for my grip to be wrapped tightly around it.

I grab ahold and then begin to pump slowly, watching as the my living emotion leans his head back and lets out a long, drawn out groan. My hand moves slowly at first, then faster and faster with every successive pump until I am beating him off frantically, the sentient dread writhing with pleasure.

Eventually, I just can't take it anymore, standing up from my seat next to him and taking the living feeling by the waist. I guide him up so that he is now sitting on the rim of the tub, his massive, engorged shaft shooting up and away from his swirling body for the world to see. Now that I can get a good look at it, I am even more shocked and amazed by the rod's size, a formidable tower of sexuality.

I open my mouth wide and take his entire girth, pushing down as deep as I can and then gagging slightly as my dread's cock reaches the steadfast border of my gag reflex.

"I'm sorry," I gush, coming up for air in a wild sputtering mess. "I've never sucked someone off before."

My existential dread has a playful chuckle. "You'll get the hang of it," he says, completely sincere.

I collect myself and then take the emotion's shaft between my lips one more time, bobbing up and down as my mouth becomes accustomed to his length. I move in a series of slow, deliberate bobs at first, making sure to relax my throat as much as possible until finally pushing down and, somehow, allow his massive cock to slip past my previous limits.

Before I know it, my face is pressed up against the sentient dread's rock hard abs, his shaft completely consumed in a perfectly performed deep throat. I open my eyes and gaze up at him, then wink playfully.

"That feels so fucking good," my own suffocating astral dread tells me, placing his large cosmic hands on the back of my head and holding me here for a moment.

I can tell that he enjoys this control over me, keeping me here for as long as I can possibly manage and then finally letting up at the final second, just moments before I've run out of air.

Now I'm completely overwhelmed with erotic compulsion, ready to completely give myself over to this amazing otherworldly manifestation. I stand up on the seat in front of him and turn around, looking back over my shoulder coyly as I pull down my swimming trunks. The oppressive dread's eyes are locked onto my muscular ass, and I can tell that he likes what he sees.

"You want to pound me?" I ask, bending over a bit and then reaching back with both hands to spread my cheeks wide. "You want to plow this tight gay asshole?"

My sentient cosmic fear nods enthusiastically.

"Good," I tell him, and then slowly lower myself down onto his erect shaft.

It takes a moment to align the head of his dick with my puckered back door, his rod teasing

the entrance before I push down onto him and let out a powerful moan. I can feel the tightness of my butthole expand around him, stretched out as far as it can possibly go while he impales my body.

My dread begins to lift me up and down across his rod with his massive, muscular arms, fucking me in a graceful chain of firm swoops. He is deeper within my anus than I ever knew was possible, our bodies now completely connected like pieces of a beautiful butt puzzle.

“Harder” I demand, reaching down and grabbing ahold of my own rock hard shaft. I begin to pump along with the movements of the living emotion below me.

My existential dread speeds up, pounding me harder and harder with every thrust until eventually he is utterly throttling me like a feverish anal jackhammer. My hand continues to pulse along with him, immediately causing the first sensual hints of orgasm to begin working their way through my body.

“Harder! Harder!” I continue, screaming now. Now that I’ve learned I’m simply a character in a Chuck Tingle novel, I don’t care who hears me. “Pound me with the weight of your oppressive, existential cock!”

“You’re existence is both meaningless and powerfully important!” yells my cosmic dread.

Suddenly, I find myself cascading over the edge of a mighty orgasm, my entire body surging with pleasure as a hot load is expelled from the head of my cock. It blasts out into the bubbling waters of the hot tub, then is swept away like the currents of time as they cascade and tumble through the universe. I realize now that my existence is just like the cum in this hot tub, fleeting but beautiful, a firework in the darkness after several billion years of nothing but lifeless space dust.

Suddenly, I am content, completely at one with myself and the world around me. I pull the cock from my asshole and spin around, kneeling down before the handsome sentient feeling as he towers above me.

My existential dread beats off with a furious intensity, throwing his head back and roaring loudly into the sky. “Every moment since the beginning of time had lead us here!” he screams.

My oppressive astral dread unleashes an absolutely massive load of hot, pearly jizz across my face, splattering over me in a pattern reminiscent of the stars in our tiny, insignificant galaxy as it drifts farther and farther apart. I stick out my tongue and catch as much of it as I can, swallow hungrily, and then finish with a smile as my dread’s final ejection comes tumbling down.

“That was amazing,” I tell him, my face completely covered in warm spunk. “I feel like I’ve finally come to terms with you.”

“That’s good to hear,” my oppressive dread tells me, “but unfortunately this is where our story ends.”

“I know,” I tell him with a smile. “I know.” I climb up out of the water and wrap my arms tightly around the muscular sentient emotion, pulling him close.

“I’m sorry that it has to be like this,” my dread tells me.

“At least we’ll end together,” I inform him, “and besides, if I’ve learned anything from the last Chuck Tingle book I read, we’ll probably be back soon enough as other people.”

“Or things,” the living emotion interjects.

“Or dinosaurs,” I offer.

“That sounds really nice,” my dread tells me, no longer quite as dreadful as I once thought.

“Are you ready?” I ask him.

My sentient emotion nods.

I come to terms with my existence and the story ends, for now.

LEONARDO DECAPRICO FINALLY WINS HIS AWARD AND IT
POUNDS HIM IN THE BUTT

There are a lot of things about fame that make life easier, but there are just as many that make it much, much more difficult.

On the positive side, I rarely have to make a reservation anywhere; simply showing up at a restaurant guarantees me a seat at even the finest establishments. In fact, forget restaurants all together, someone in my position can pretty much get whatever they want, whenever they want it. If I walk into a store and the owner recognizes me, I'll probably be able to take away any items on the house, or at least as a substantial discount.

It's just good business for them. After all, who wouldn't want their products photographed around town being enjoyed by the world famous actor, Leonardo Decaprico.

Of course, the constant swarm of paparazzi invading your life left and right is one of the many negatives in all of this, and that lack of privacy can really get you down in ways that the average person would never even think of.

It certainly makes it difficult to relax, always reminding yourself to not sit the wrong way or make a weird face. You never know when one of those tiny cameras is going to pop out of the nearby bushes and start snapping away. They always use the least flattering shot, too, because that's what sells magazines.

But the worst part about being under constant public scrutiny is that, no matter how successful you are overall, your few failures will always be amplified and on display for the entire world to see.

After all, what's more of a failure than the man who can have anything he wants not getting the one thing that he truly needs, an award for most handsome buckaroo.

The Academy of Handsome Buckaroos is a powerful and deep rooted organization, formed over sixty years ago as a way for the Hollywood elite to congratulate themselves on their own handsomeness. It quickly became a tradition to vote on which actor or actress was the most handsome, which films were the cutest, and who had the nicest butt.

It's been years since then, and the Handsome Buckaroo Awards have done nothing but grow over time, eventually turning into the behemoth entertainment juggernaut that they are today. Now, anyone who wants to be taken seriously in this town and officially recognized as a true handsome buckaroo is going to need a little help from the academy. Specifically, to be awarded with one of those tiny gold statues that lets the whole world know, once in for all, you are a handsome man.

Herein lies the problem. Despite the fact that I am a well liked, talented and incredibly famous actor, I still don't have an award of my own. I've been nominated more times than I can count, but for some reason or another I always seem to have the trophy snatched away from me at the last second by some other dark horse nominee.

I've been through all of the stages of grief already.

First I was in denial, assuming that there must be some kind of mistake in which the ballots were being counted. Surely, a man as handsome as I am couldn't possibly be coming in second place this many times, my heart broken over and over again on those fateful nights when the winner was called out and it wasn't me. Clearly, fraud or conspiracy must have been the culprit, I would think, but eventually I came to terms with the fact that this entire train of thought is utterly ridiculous. The votes are counted by a completely independent firm, free from any tampering.

Next comes anger, which I will readily admit was not a pleasant time in my life. The photos will still haunt me, my bright red sports car crashed into the side of a hotel on the Sunset Strip, smoke

rising up from the wreckage as me and two gorgeous strippers stumble out amid the strobing camera flashes.

I have never been more self-destructive than I was back then, but eventually the stage of bargaining came around to set me straight. Suddenly, I was trying to plan my next move as methodically as possible, only accepting film roles that could put me in the position to be incredibly, incredibly handsome. Of course, the academy can see through that in a second, and although I still garnered quite a few nominations, I remained utterly winless.

The stage of depression came soon after, sticking around for quite a while as I drowned my sorrows in strong alcohol and more drugs. I can barely remember anything back then, just that I finally must have hit bottom because the next thing I know I was finally accepting the situation that I was in and working to get out of it.

I started taking roles without caring how handsome they'd make me look and, of course, I hit on one that changed the game for me completely.

That movie, of course, was *The Revenass*, the harrowing tale of a handsome buckaroo lost in the snow for hours and hours after narrowly surviving a bigfoot attack. When we were shooting, the only thing on my mind was the question of how to make this the best performance that I possibly could. Forget the awards, what's it going to take to make this move great?

We finished shooting and I honestly didn't think much of it until suddenly, one day, the reviews started coming in. Everyone in Hollywood was talking about *The Revenass*, and specifically my performance. There was murmuring behind closed doors that this could finally be the role that got me my first statue, a little gold man with the words "most handsome buckaroo" etched across the front plate.

So here I am now, adjusting my tie in the mirror of my Hollywood Hills mansion as I try my best not to be nervous. I tell myself that it's just an award, nothing more, but this line of thought doesn't seem to work out as far as calming me down. I'm smart enough to know that it's not just an award, that winning a statue from The Academy of Handsome Buckaroos would change my life forever.

I'm so nervous, and I never get nervous at award shows. Of course, there is more to be anxious about than just the awards themselves. If I could remind you of our earlier conversation about living in the limelight, it sucks to have the eye of the world on you for every single failure. If I lose this award again, I don't even know what I'm going to do with myself.

Honestly, I might quit being handsome all together.

Of course, I don't say this as I walk slowly down the red carpet, hounded by interviewers left and right as they thrust their bulbous black microphones into my face from every direction. They all have the same question, is this your year to finally win for most handsome buckaroo?

I try to be as measured and political as I can when answering. No matter how obvious it may be that I want this award, just coming right out and saying it would be more than a little off putting to the masses watching back at home. People like their celebrities humble and thankful, which I certainly am, but that doesn't mean I don't yearn for this award at the deepest core of my soul.

Honestly, there is nothing I have ever wanted more in my entire life, no craving that I have ever been so hell bent on satiating with every fiber of my being.

A muscular man approaches, smiling and introducing himself as the new host of *Butt Entertainment Weekly*. We shake hands as the camera behind him brightly illuminates my smiling face.

"Big night!" announces the charismatic host, as if I didn't already know. "You've been to so many events like this by now, Leo. Do you still get nervous?"

I put on my biggest smile, lying through my teeth. “You know, I try not to think about it too much, I’m just here to have a good time.”

“People are saying this is your year,” the reporter continues. “You’ve been nominated so many times in the past, though, and something always seems to stand in your way. Do you think this could actually be it?”

“There’s a lot of really handsome guys nominated this year,” I tell him. “It could be anyone’s award at this point.”

The reporter tries to follow up but at that moment I feel the hand of my manager, Jerber, on my back, the man pushing me along to the next slew of cameras. I continue to answer their questions the best that I can, artfully dodging the most probing ones or simply lying my way through the rest. Honestly, it’s exhausting, but once I walk up onto that stage and take what is rightfully mine it will all have been worth it. I didn’t toil away in subzero temperatures for months on end for nothing.

Eventually, we get inside and I find my seat near the very front of the auditorium, laughing and joking with some of the other actors nearby but secretly screaming with anxiety on the inside. The closer we get to the ceremony, the more I begin to realize how horribly embarrassing it’s going to be if I lose. If that envelope is opened and my name is not on it, I don’t know if I can hold my fake smile any longer. This could actually be the moment that I crack, the moment that I storm up onto the stage, grab the microphone and give everyone out there in Hollywood, and across the world, a piece of my mind.

I deserve to win the award for most handsome buckaroo, dammit. I know that I do.

The curtains go down and the show begins as expected, with a large-scale musical number that mixes song, dance and comedy. Of course, it’s not long before the inevitable jokes about my several nominations with no win begin pouring in, and I do my best to take them in stride. I keep reminding myself that there are cameras pointed at me all the time, and at any moment they could cut to a live feed of my reaction, broadcasting it out across the entire country.

The actual distribution of awards soon gets under way, and from the look of things the tide is pushing in my favor. My film, *The Revenass*, begins picking up wins left and right in what appears to be the beginning of a clean sweep. We take down plenty of technical achievements in butt lighting and anal effects, while my co-star and supporting actor Torgot Bulbos receives the first award that a bigfoot has ever received, making history.

As the night continues, I can’t help but notice something strange bubbling up within my mind whenever the awards are brought out on stage. Of course, these are objects of great desire to me so my attention is quickly drawn, my gaze lingering on their smooth, golden bodies under the bright lights of the stage. But there is something more than just a feverish desire to win that courses through my veins, building as the night stretches onward until I eventually find myself trembling with desire, unable to deny it any longer.

I suddenly realize that, to my own dismay, I’ve found myself incredibly attracted to these beautiful award statues.

The crowd suddenly erupts into applause as a man walks out on stage, holding an envelope and smiling wide with a set of pearly white teeth. It’s none other than world class actor Toms Cruz, who happened to be last year’s winner of the most handsome buckaroo award after his incredible performance in *Pounded By The Gay Unicorn Football Squad: The Movie*.

“Thank you, thank you,” Toms Cruz says, waving to the audience.

The actor steps out in front of a podium and then takes a deep breath, his gaze drifting across the crowd as he collects his thoughts.

“There are a lot of awards tonight, and they all matter,” begins Toms Cruz, “they really do. But this award right here, most handsome buckaroo, will always be close to my heart. I was lucky enough to win last year and I have to say that my relationship with my award has never been better. We are still going strong after all of this time and he has taught me so much.”

The audience bursts into another round of applause, clearly happy to hear that things have worked out so well for Toms and his golden statue.

“Now it’s my turn to present someone else with this incredible recognition,” continues Toms Cruz. “Just like it was presented to me.”

The actor turns around to look up at a giant screen behind him. “The nominees are,” he states.

Immediately, a clip of actor Matts Danon appears on the screen. “Matts Danon for Space Raptor Butt Invasion.” More clips begin to appear. “Mikey Fassbaster for Computer Man, Byron Crampson for Buttbo, Eddie Ready for The Donut Girl, and Leonardo Decaprico for The Revenass.”

The crowd cheers again and then a soft drumroll begins, the sound echoing out through the entire auditorium. I suddenly realize how hard I’ve been gripping the edge of my chair, my heart pounding fast in my chest as sweat begins to form on my brow. I’m fully aware that, now more than ever, all of the attention is on me, yet I can no longer seem to will myself to relax.

All of my career as an actor flashes before my eyes, from my stint as an annoying younger brother on a sitcom decades ago, to all of the previous years that I’m been nominated but never actually won.

“And the winner is…” Toms Cruz starts, letting his words hang out in the air before him as the audience waits with rapt attention. “Leonardo Decaprico.”

The wave of relief that washes over me is so beautiful it can hardly be described, and for a moment I actually wonder if I’m going to faint right then and there. I stand up, completely on autopilot as I make my way towards the stage. People reach out and shake my hand as I pass by them, congratulating me on a job well done. I know that this is what they’re doing because I’ve seen it happen to other winners over the years, but I personally have no idea what these people are saying as my brain shuts out their words. My focus is singular, I just need to make it up onto the stage without tripping or making a fool of myself.

Somehow, I actually manage to ascend the stairs and arrive at the podium with Toms Cruz, who gives me a friendly hug. We’ve worked together before, and I’m sure he was pulling for me along with the rest of the nation who’ve all tuned in to see this incredible moment.

“Thank you,” I say into the microphone, ready to give my speech when suddenly the award catches my eye at the edge of the stage. The statue’s muscular body halts my voice immediately, completely overwhelming me as he struts his way to the podium.

Like all the most handsome buckaroo awards, my statue is fit as can be, incredible gorgeous and carved to perfection. He is tall, handsome and gold, about two inches larger than I am and sporting a chiseled jaw with a cute, boyish smile to match.

The most apparent thing about this particular award, however, is the absolutely massive cock that hangs down between his metallic legs.

“Oh my god,” I mumble, the statue drawing closer as his cock begins to twitch and grow. Apparently, he’s just as excited to see me as I am to see him.

Suddenly, I remember where I am and collect myself as quickly as possible. I stand up straight and look out across the captive audience while the statue arrives next to me, putting his golden arm around my waist and pulling me a little closer than I would have expected out here in the

public eye.

“First of all, I want to thank my family for supporting me during those early years. They were always around to drive me to acting class and to pick me up from the movies when I’d go catch a matinee by myself. They’ve always supported my love of the craft. I want to thank my manager, Jerber, for always believing in me, but most of all I want to thank the fans who have supported me though all of these previous nominations.”

There is a raucous applause from the audience, who are clearly right there with me in this moment, hanging on every word.

“I’ve been dreaming about this for a long time now,” I continue, glancing over at the award who stands proudly next to me. “I want it to be perfect.”

I suddenly find myself at a loss for words, my eyes locked onto the statue’s incredible body. I begin to rub my hand along the small of his toned back, which immediately makes the award’s cock rise up once more, growing larger and larger with every second until it has ballooned into a full on erection.

I fully expect the audience to gasp and look away from the sight of this brazen erotic display, but they do nothing of the sort. Right now, we are all in this together, a moment of deep love and sincerity for the entire Academy of Handsome Buckaroos to enjoy. Everyone can see the love that I have for this beautiful award, and not a single one of them is judging me.

Toms Cruz steps away from the stage, backing over to the wings as he realizes the gravity of this moment. Now it’s just the award and I, holding each other close under the hot white lights above.

“I’ve wanted you for so long,” I tell my award softly, turning to nuzzle myself against his golden shoulder.

“I’ve wanted you, too,” the statue admits, his words filling my heart with a deep, joyful ache. “I’ve craved your fingers around me.”

“Oh yeah?” I ask, playfully. “Around what part?”

The award says nothing, but takes my hand in his and then begins to slowly guide it down the front of his toned stomach. Eventually, it arrives at his massively engorged cock, my fingers wrapping tightly around the award’s thick shaft.

The audience watches as I drop down to my knees before this massive statue, looking up at him with lustful eyes as I begin to slowly stroke him off. I move my hand back and forth across his shaft in a series of firm, powerful strokes, eventually gaining speed until I am jerking him with unbridled enthusiasm.

“You like getting stoked off my the most handsome buckaroo of the year?” I ask. “Does that feel good?”

“Fuck yeah,” the golden statue tells me, then leans his head back and lets out a long, satisfied groan. The award pumps his hips along with the rhythm of my hand, clearly enjoying himself.

I am completely lost in the moment, overwhelmed with desire for this prestigious award. I don’t care that the whole world is watching us, hanging on every word as we express ourselves in a flagrant display of ferocious homosexuality.

Of course, I’m not actually gay. Not that there’s anything wrong with that, but I’ve simply never found myself attracted to another man. However, a handsome award and a handsome guy are two very different things.

Driven mad with lust, I open my mouth wide and take the award’s shaft between my lips, bobbing up and down a few times before retracting him again. A long thread of saliva hangs from my lips and connects to the head of his enormous rod.

“You taste amazing,” I inform the golden statue, “like victory.”

Before he has a chance to respond I swallow him down once more, this time pushing his length as far as I can into my throat. He slips deeper and deeper within me, eventually reaching the limits of my gag reflex. Somehow, I’m able to relax enough that the award continues onward, past my previous limits in a stunning deep throat.

The award holds me here for a moment, my face pressed hard against his beautifully sculpted abs until I’ve just about to run out of air. Finally, the statue lets me up with a gasp, only moments away from passing out but pleasantly satisfied by the rough treatment. I want to be punished by my award for most handsome buckaroo, I want him to let me feel the godlike vastness of his mighty power.

“Fuck me,” I demand, standing up again and tearing away my tie. I throw it to the side of the stage, my jacket coming off soon after and then quickly unbuttoning my shirt along with it. Soon enough, I am completely naked before the packed auditorium, my toned body on display for the entire world to see.

I lean forward and brace myself on the podium, turning so that my ass is pointed out towards the handsome, hulking statue behind me.

“Do it!” I command. “Show me who the real winner is.”

“You’re the real winner,” the award tells me, stepping up behind me and aligning his enormous cock with the puckered entrance of my tight backdoor.

“Say it again,” I demand.

“You’re not just a nominee. You’re the winner of the most handsome buckaroo award!” the statue yells, and then trusts forward.

I let out a loud yelp, my grip tightening against the podium as the award’s dick slides deep down inside of me. I had already experienced his massive rod with my hands and mouth, but taking the statue anally is another experience completely. I feel as though my body is going to be torn in half by the sheer size of his mammoth cock, stretched to the brink as my rectum struggles to adjust. Every movement fills me with both pain and pleasure as the handsome award begins to slowly pump in and out of me.

Eventually, though, I somehow manage to open myself up and accept his powerful anal gift. The pain in this cocktail of sensations has melted away, replaced by a dull throbbing ache that grows and grows within. I soon realize that the feeling I am experiencing is that of a looming prostate orgasm.

“Oh god, you’re fucking me so good!” I announce, my words echoing out across the audience.

I reach down and begin to beat myself off in time with the awards thrusting, the simmering orgasm continuing to bloom within me. I’m trembling with excitement, the blissful feelings pulsing across my body in a series of waves that grow progressively larger and larger.

“I’m gonna cum!” I scream. “I’m gonna blow my fucking load all over this fucking stage!”

Suddenly, the statue pulls out of me, causing my approaching orgasm to dissipate completely.

“What the fuck!” I cry in desperation, spinning around.

“Not yet,” says the award, a deep wisdom in his voice. “You’ve been waiting for a long time to be on this stage. Savor it.”

He’s right, there’s plenty of time for the real fireworks. For now, I need to just go with the flow and appreciate what I have, the most handsome buckaroo award buried deep within my ass.

I watch as the statue lies down on the stage, the beacons me to come over to him.

I do as I'm told, walking over to the award and standing above him, looking down at a massive tower of golden metal that has sprung for from his body as a massive erection. I know exactly what to do, squatting so that the whole auditorium can get a good look at my muscular gay butt. I carefully align the statue's cock with my already reamed back down and then push down, letting out a long, low moan as my asshole stretches to surround his massive dick.

Lower and lower I drift until finally I am impaled completely on the award's thickness, then begin to lift myself up and down across his length. I look back over my shoulder towards the audience, their eyes trained on my bouncing rump.

"Thank you," I say, overflowing with gratitude and sincerity. "Thank you for finally seeing what I can do as an actor and as a handsome man."

The applause begins again, softly at first and then rising as I begin to speed up my pumps against the beautiful award. Soon enough, the crowd is absolutely roaring with a deafening applause, the entire audience rising to their feet in respect of my thespian craft, as well as my anal prowess.

I can feel that same orgasmic sensation return again, swimming through me in a powerful, visceral current. I'm quaking with ecstasy, my entire body spasming as I fuck my award harder and harder.

Suddenly, from the loudspeakers above I can hear a familiar orchestral piece begin to play, the same piece that I've heard time and time again while watching others accept their award. They are playing me off; there's not much time left.

I reach down and grab onto my cock, beating myself off with frantic enthusiasm. "I'm so close!" I tell the award.

"I am too," he says. "Do it! Blast your hot load all over my golden chest!"

"Oh fuck!" I scream, throwing my head back.

The orgasm hits me like a truck, blasting through me in an overwhelming moment of blissed out gayness that seems to last forever. I shut my eyes tight and feel my balls tense up, ejecting rope after sticky rope of swirling white jizz across the abs of the statue below me.

Immediately, the award grabs my hips and holds me in place, trusting deep as his gigantic payload erupts up into my asshole. I can feel him filling me with pump after pump of hot spunk until finally there's just not enough room left in my tight hole and his seed comes spilling out of me, splattering onto the stage below us.

The audience is deafeningly loud as I stand up from my award, helping him to his feet and then taking a bow next to each other. This is truly a moment that I will never forget, an incredible achievement for all buckaroos who have ever dared to dream.

With the symphony playing, my award and me turn and then walk off of the stage, the cum still leaking from my asshole in a pearly trail behind us.

"That was the most beautiful moment of my entire life," the award whispers.

"Don't worry," I tell him, "we'll be back next year. I'm not stopping until there's enough of you for a gangbang."

The statue pulls me close. "I love you, Leonardo Decapricio."

"I love you, too," I tell him, and I mean it. "You were worth the wait."

SLAMMED IN THE BUTT BY THE LIVING LEFTOVER
CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES FROM MY KITCHEN CABINET

Like it or not, the hours you work will have a huge impact on the rest of your life. Not just the hours themselves, but when and where they occur.

We like to think that we're defined by what's inside, and most of the time this is the case, but when you spend as much time behind the bar as I do it also starts to change you in unexpected ways.

First of all, I can't even remember the last time I saw any of my daytime friends, the ones who work away at their nine-to-fives while the sun hangs overhead and blesses them with all of those good vibes and Vitamin-D. These are the ones who can grab dinner after work at pretty much any restaurant they want, without stooping to the level of whatever fast food is still open while I'm driving home, desperately trying to make it into bed by the time the sun starts creeping up over the distant horizon.

The bizarre schedule kinda makes me feel like a vampire, which is cool I suppose, but I also miss all of my friends.

Sure, every once in a while they'll stop by and grab a quick drink of milk, but when I'm on the clock I don't have much time to chat, especially in a milk bar as crowded as this one. I can barely get in a hug and make a bit of small talk, but the second this is over then it's back to the grind, mixing up strawberry Quick and popping the caps off of ice cold chocolate milk in the glass bottle.

Unless it's a Sunday night, of course, but who wants to go out on a Sunday.

The second way working as a bartender changes you is that it builds your tolerance for slow, stupid, or otherwise annoying people. There is more anger and vileness directed at me while I'm serving milk than I could have ever imagined, and somehow I've learned to deal with it.

People hopped up on ice cold milk are already a little frustrating, but when they don't feel like they're getting served fast enough, or when they simply want to start a fight, things quickly get amplified.

Fortunately, I have a whole slew of bouncers ready to pounce at a seconds notice, grabbing the offending patron by the neck and literally throwing them out to the curb on more than one occasion. Fortunately, most of the indiscretions of these folks aren't quite bad enough for a forced removal, they're just rude.

This is where the changes come in. Over the first few weeks I felt like I was more short tempered than usual, but eventually all of that anger just stopped. I became thick-skinned, impervious to any bad behavior that might have otherwise bummed me out for days. Now when I call on the bouncers to kick someone out, I do it with a smile and a nod.

It sounds nice, and I guess it's better than losing my mind every couple of nights, but once that wall has been built up it's a very, very difficult thing to tear down. I feel the emotion that I once experienced drifting away, all of the anger and frustration and rage, but all of the excitement and joy, as well.

Or maybe I'm just taking all of this a bit too seriously.

Regardless, here I am again, standing behind the bar and staring out mindlessly as my head swirls with thoughts about how I ended up here and what kind of havoc it's wreaking on my life. The voice of the man standing before me finally stamps me out of it.

"Hey, hey!" he shouts, waving.

I glance down at him, realizing now that I must have been zoning out for quite a while.

"Can I get a drink?" he asks.

I nod, quickly collecting myself.

“Just a two percent glass of the white stuff,” the guy orders, clearly a little annoyed but also not the biggest jerk I’ve ever encountered around here. Not by a long shot.

After all, he has a point. Right now I’m on the clock; the introspection can wait. “Sorry about that,” I say, and then quickly get to work fixing his drink.

It’s Sunday night, so fortunately things are slow enough that I can actually get away with a little bit of relaxation on the job. However, that also means there’s nobody else here to help me or to give me a quick nudge when I turn into a complete weirdo and stare off into space.

I finish up and hand off the man’s drink. “That’ll be thirteen bucks,” I inform him.

The guy pulls out his wallet and gives me a twenty, then takes his glass of two percent and walks off to meet his group of friends in the corner booth. That’s a hell of a tip for a bartender that barely even knew he was there.

I suppose this is one of the few advantages of my job. When you’re as handsome as I am, it’s hard not to make a killing in tips even when you’re having an off night. Thanks to my big bright eyes and boyish good looks, I could have given the guy a shot of hot chocolate and he still would have been just as generous. I’m the type of guy that these New York hipsters fall all over themselves for; a few tattoos, cutting edge style, but enough good genes to have muscular, toned body to back it all up.

But now I’m drifting off again, overthinking everything as the internal dialog of my own brain spins out of control.

I look around the place, realizing now that they are basically the only ones in here and letting out a sigh of relief. I’m in too weird of a mood right now to deal with any more customers that aren’t the regular’s I’ve come to know and love.

Suddenly, I notice movement across the bar, the door swinging open and a group of tall, perfectly round disks entering through the darkness. I don’t have to see their faces to know exactly who it is, the familiar walk of my chocolate chip cookies immediately registering within the deepest recesses of my brain.

A smile quickly crosses my face as the gang of them approaches, all five of the desserts stepping into the light as they make their way up to the bar.

I can’t help doing an excited dance as I make my way around the counter and hug Gorbots, who has always been my favorite of the bunch.

“Oh my god, what are you guys doing here?” I ask. “Shouldn’t you be sitting in my kitchen cabinet?”

“We just thought we’d stop in and say hi,” Gorbots says with a smile.

“It’s been a while,” my living cookie Shipple adds, “you stopped eating us last month and now I feel like we never see you.”

I roll my eyes. “I’m on a diet, you know this.”

“Well, we figured we would come to you instead,” Gorbots continues.

I shake my head, not knowing what to say and suddenly finding myself incredibly touched by the food’s love and support. I’ve only had these cookies in my cabinet for five or six weeks now, but I have never felt anything but love for this collection of awesome desserts.

Of course, I’ll admit that there are times when I realize this feeling of love may be a little more sexually potent than I’d like to admit, but that kind of goes without saying when you consider the fact that we’re all pretty attractive and living in a post-college world where casual sex and hook ups with your own living food is the norm. In reality, these cookies are completely off limits, there to eat and nothing more, but I’d be lying if I didn’t admit that my mind had wandered there once or twice.

I honestly think the thing that’s most attractive about my five living cookies has nothing to do

with their handsome chocolate chip features; however, it's the fact that they seem a little competitive for my attention and approval. Of course, Gorbob usually wins, but the quarreling will always be so exciting to watch.

"You guys want something to drink?" I ask, continuing to pass out hugs left and right before finally returning to my position behind the bar once more.

"Just a round of milks," Gorbob informs me.

I smile and fetch a few bottles for them, popping off the tops and then passing them out.

"How much?" my living cookie asks.

I laugh. "Please, these are on the house tonight."

"You sure, Nick?" Shipple chimes in. "Your boss isn't going to get mad?" He nods up towards a security camera behind me, the menacing little box and it's blinking red light pointed directly at us.

I smile and then lean in close to the crew of living cookies. "Top secret info. It's fake."

"Whoa, really?" Gorbob laughs.

I nod.

"Well alright then," my living cookie says, hoisting his milk into the air. "Let's party then!"

The desserts all cheer and for a brief moment I actually *feel* something, a wave of joy and humanity washing across me in a soothing pulse. I had no idea what a welcome break this surge of emotion would be until it comes.

Suddenly, however, I'm pulled back down to reality as I notice the guy that I had previously helped is standing behind my living cookies, angrily trying to push past and make his way up to the bar.

"Hey, what's up?" I question, putting up my wall again as the man arrives and set his glass down angrily.

"This two percent tastes like skim," the man states bluntly.

Immediately, my living cookies go quiet, observing the situation with the intensity of disciplined guard dogs, just waiting for their chance to pounce.

I glance at Gorbob, signally to him that everything is okay.

"Can I make you a new one?" I ask the man who had seemed so generous when he tipped me before.

"I don't know, can you?" the man asks, a decidedly juvenile comeback. Obviously, this guy has had a little too much milk tonight and is simply looking to start a fight, but I still remain perfectly calm. I am made of stone, and nothing can penetrate my cool exterior.

"I sure can," I tell him, with a smile that comes across as genuine as it possibly can.

In most situations, this would be the end of it, but tonight this particular asshole is looking for conflict and he's not backing down until he gets it. The man raises his glass up in the air and then turns it over, pouring the drink out across the bar as I jump back in surprise.

Immediately, my living cookies are upon him, Gorbob laying the guy out in a single punch while the others grab his crumpled body and begin to carry him towards the door. This would have worked out just fine had the gentleman in question not been accompanied by a booth full of other angry loudmouths who quickly come to his aid. The next thing I know, all hell has broken loose, the entire bar now a tumbling fistfight between man and food. I glance over and see Rick, the bouncer, running across the room and diving into the fray, pulling people apart and trying his best to deescalate the situation.

"Them!" I yell to Rick, pointing at the group of angry patrons. "Get them out of here!"

The bouncer nods and, somehow, manages to separate the groups enough so that the fighting stops momentarily.

“All of you,” Rick yells, a fire in his eyes as he points to the asshole and his buddies, “get the fuck out of here and don’t you dare come back.”

I can see now that the men are completely bruised and beaten, clearly not fairing well against my muscular living cookies who all seem to be perfectly fine, not the least bit crumbly after this unexpected battle.

I have to admit, for as violent as this brutish display was, there is something kind of hot about the way that my living cookies all rushed in to defend me. I don’t *want* to be proud of them, especially after they threw the first punch, but I am. Maybe it’s the fact that my emotions have been kept so pent up inside lately, or maybe this is just a feeling that has been bubbling up within me for a while. Whatever the reason, I can’t help feeling the slightest bit aroused by the rough and tumble deserts.

I know, I know, these are my living cookie’s we’re talking about here and there is absolutely no way that anything could ever happen between us. The hint of desire that is sparking within me is not something I would ever act on, but it feels so good to nurse and feed this little flame. After all, it’s just a fantasy, right? It’s not like we are actually ever going to hook up, especially since there are five of them left in the package and only one of me.

Still, I’ll let them be my knights in shining armor for a brief moment.

Eventually, Rick convinces the angry patrons to leave, closing and locking the door behind them.

“Let’s shut it down,” Rick says, “it’s late and I don’t have the patience to deal with anymore dicks like that. I don’t want you to have to wait around for customers that never come, either.”

I nod. Typically, a bouncer would be the last guy to make this kind of call, but he’s close friends with the owner and I trust his judgment on this slow Sunday eve. Looks like nobody is that interested in drinking milk tonight.

“Fair enough,” I tell him. “I’ve just gotta clean up and let my living cookies finish their drinks.”

Rick glances over at the guys curiously. “Ah ha! I’ve heard a lot about you. Nick’s had you in his cupboard for a while now, right? I hear you taste great,” he says, shaking everyone’s hand. “I thought you guys were just some random heroes for a minute there.”

“Oh, they’re heroes,” I offer.

Eventually, Rick leaves and the whole gang of us finds ourselves with our own private bar for the night.

We chat and catch up, enjoying each other’s company over on a collection of vintage leather couches in the back corner. The desserts even talk me into having a glass of skim for myself, which is pretty nice and makes me loosen up a bit more.

My life has just gotten so tense lately, and the relief that I feel sitting around with these handsome gay confectioneries is almost indescribable. I don’t even fight it when my thoughts begin to drift into the places where they shouldn’t, noticing how toned and muscular Shipple’s chips have gotten, or sitting a little too close to Gorbott and placing my hand on his crumbling, baked edge.

The rest of my living cookies notice this but say nothing, clearly trying to play it off as a little harmless fun like I am. I can’t help but feel that we all sense it, however, the strange tension that has infiltrated our collective. Maybe it’s the milk, or the pulsing adrenalin left over from the fight earlier. Whatever the cause, it’s potent.

"I'm so glad you all came to see me," I tell Gorbot, gushing. "I really am. I mean, I just spend so much time in this place feeling nothing at all, surrounded by people but closed off to everyone. I feel like I can totally open up to you guys."

"Of course you can open up to us," Gorbot says, pulling me even closer to him, "we're your cookies."

My heart skips a beat as our warmth mingles, the familiar scent of his sugary body wafting into my nostrils.

"I feel like I can tell you anything," I finally admit, the words somehow taking on much more weight than I ever expected them to. They seem to hang in the air before us, waiting patiently to be taken advantage of.

"Like what?" Shipple finally asks, pulling the trigger. "Something on your mind, Nick?"

I shake my head, but can't help revealing myself with a mischievous smile that creeps out across my face despite my best efforts to contain it. "No, just saying," I tell them.

Shipple eyes me suspiciously. "I've seen you devour enough of my friends to know when you're full of it," he explains. "Come on, you can tell us. What's on your mind?"

I bite my lip, as if it could somehow keep my mouth from opening up and spilling the beans, but my efforts are useless.

"Okay," I finally say, "but you have to promise that you won't think it's weird."

My living cookies all nod, every one of them locked onto me with rapt attention.

"I thought it was really sexy the way that you cookies all defended me," I finally admit.

The desserts all crack wide smiles, exchanging glances with one another.

Shipple shrugs and chuckles to himself. "That's your big secret, Nick? Do you realize how sexy I think you are *all* the time?"

My breath catches in my throat as I try to remain composed. I don't want any of them to know how horny this revelation makes me. Like I said before, I'm typically pretty great with my poker face, but in this case I've let myself slip. It's almost as though I want to be caught.

I realize now just how badly I want to feel something, to let any emotions surge through me the way that they used to before I took on this stupid job. I want to be free to make crazy impulsive decisions, I want to be the one getting into trouble inside of breaking the trouble up.

"It's too bad you're my living cookies," I finally say, my voice trembling slightly. "You know, food and nothing more."

"Why?" asks Gorbot, turning his brown cookie head to look down at me. I can feel his thumb running back and forth across the flesh of my hip, testing my limits.

"Because we could all hook up if you weren't on my grocery list," I tell him, diving in completely.

The cookies are silent, the entire gang of us as tense as we've ever been. Music plays softly over the speakers above, doing its best to fill in the awkward empty space while my heart nearly pounds out of my chest.

Suddenly, Gorbot leans in and kisses me deeply on the mouth.

My first instinct is to pull away, but as the surge of relief washes over me I switch gears completely. The floodgates have been opened and there is no going back. I am fully invested in this gay fantasy now, and I intend to take things all the way. Even though I am perfectly straight, I'm determined to get the homoerotic sensation that I so desperately crave from my dessert.

Suddenly overwhelmed with lust, I stand up from the leather couch, letting the guys watch me like a pack of hungry animals while I stroll out into the middle of them.

“If we’re gonna do this,” I say, “let’s fucking do it. Now stand up and get out those cocks of yours.”

Then cookies don’t have to be told twice, rising from their chairs in the circle and then quickly pulling out their massive, engorged shafts. I drop down into a squat between them, admiring their impressive members as they surround me in a forest of sugary, living cookie dick.

Overwhelmed with gay arousal, begin to furiously suck them off, pumping my head up and down over the length of their rods as I make my way around the circle. It appears that the desserts weren’t expecting such adept oral skill from their horny owner, but they quickly fall into step with my passionate blowjobs, placing large, familiar hands on the back of my head and helping to pump me up and down.

Eventually, I take one of my living cookie’s giant rods and push it down as far as I can, letting his length slide deep into the depths of my throat. Despite my enthusiasm, however, I’m not quite ready for Shipple’s incredible size and, the next thing I know, I’m gagging on his mammoth baked dick.

The handsome confectionery pulls out as I sputter and gasp, trying desperately to collect my senses. “I’m sorry, let’s try that again,” I offer.

I open wide and my living cookie slips his cock within for a second time, only now I’ve somehow managed to relax enough to allow his manhood to be fully consumed. His cock sinks deeper and deeper into my throat, finally coming to rest with his balls pressed tightly against my chin.

I look up at Shipple’s chocolaty eyes and give a playful wink, allowing him to enjoy the sensation of complete consumption as he holds me here.

Meanwhile, I reach out with each hand and grab ahold of two other massive living cookie dicks, stroking them off in a series of slow, firm pumps. The desserts seem to enjoy this greatly, letting out a chorus of deep moans as they trade positions within my hands.

Eventually, I run out of air and am finally forced to pull back with a gasp, releasing Shipple’s huge rod from my throat. I am so horny that I can hardly stand it, trembling with anticipation as I look up at the gang with wild, lustful eyes.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” I tell them, “I can’t believe I’m sucking off the leftover cookies from my kitchen cabinet.”

“Trust me, I can’t believe it either,” Shipple admits.

“I want you inside of me,” I beg. “I need your big, sweet, cocks.”

I stand up and walk over to a nearby coffee table, stripping my clothes off as I go and then bending my toned, muscular body over it. I look back at the forbidden men coyly.

“Get over here and pound this tight gay ass!” I command.

My handsome living cookies immediately follow my instructions and, the next thing I know, they have surrounded me once more, beating off their dicks while they watch Gorbott align his cock with my puckered butthole. I can feel him teasing the edges of my tightness, then moments later he slides deep inside of me.

I let out a sharp yelp as my body adjusts to my living cookie’s massive size. He is absolutely enormous, the thickness of his taboo shaft stretching my limits and filling me completely.

My muscular living cookie pumps in and out, slowly at first and then gaining speed with every thrust until, eventually, he is pounding me with everything that he’s got. The force of his confident slams shakes the coffee table below me, our loud rhythm ringing out through the whole bar.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” I begin to cry, unable to contain all of the pleasant prostate sensation as it flows through me. “You’re fucking me so good!”

I'm ready to continue my erotic diatribe but, at this point, another one of my living cookies kneels down before me and shoves his massive rod between my lips. Suddenly, I find myself completely silenced, unable to make any sound other than a wild grunt as I'm pounded from either end.

These cookies slam away at me brutally but, surprisingly, the more rough they are with my body, the more it turns me on. I want to be completely used by my living desserts, their own personal sex toy for the evening.

Eventually, the confectionaries in both of my holes pull out and let another pair have a turn, trading places within my tightness as they form lines at either end of the coffee table. Each living cookie is just as skilled as the first, however, picking up right where the last one left off and plowing away at my butt with a passionate fury.

I can feel the first hints of prostate orgasm begin to blossom within me, starting deep down in my stomach and then spreading out as it courses across my arms and legs. I start to tremble and shake, my muscles spasming while I reach a single hand down to stroke my cock.

Closer and closer I edge towards a powerful orgasm, almost reaching the final breaking point when suddenly my living cookie pulls out of me and give my ass a hard slap.

I look back at him, confused. "What's going on?" I ask.

"There's something we've all joked about doing for a while," my living cookie admits. "I think now is the time."

"What do you mean?" I question, not quite sure what to make of his erotic admission.

The handsome desserts don't answer, but two of them silently help me to my feet while I am replaced on the coffee table by one of my living cookies. The familiar food is laying on his back, his massive cock jutting out from his ripped body like a beautiful tower of aching flesh.

"Get on," he commands.

I do as I'm told, throwing my muscular legs around either side of the table and then crouching down onto the massive dick below me. As my living cookie enters my reamed out butthole I grab onto his shoulders, guiding my descent until I am completely impaled across the length of his giant member.

It feels absolutely incredible, and my body instinctively begins to buck against him in slow but firm swoops. Every grind of my hips grows harder and deeper, my body still trying to adjust to his size until finally the sensation is just too incredible and I begin to fuck him hard, riding his dick like a jackhammer.

"Fuck yes!" I scream, the sensation of orgasm boiling up within me once more. "Oh my god, that dick is so fucking good! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

I'm so caught up in the moment that I barely notice a second muscular dessert climb into position behind me. Suddenly, all of that changes however, as this leftover cookie places his thick cock against the puckered entrance of my already filled asshole and slams forward, double penetrating me ruthlessly.

I let out a wild scream of pain and pleasure, my body barely having any time to adjust to the powerful fullness. I look back at my living cookie in shock, but what started as a moment of anger quickly transforms into a lustful snarl. The feeling is unexpected, unlike anything I have ever experienced, but it's also quite amazing.

Soon enough, I find myself fully enjoying the sensation of their double plugging. The three of us eventually find a rhythm together, pulsing like some strange, sexual hybrid. My breathing heavy, I reach down between my legs and begin to frantically beat my dick, adding even more pleasure to the

already overwhelming onslaught. My eyes roll back into my head as a long, powerful groan escapes my throat.

“I’m gonna cum,” I start chanting, “I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna fucking cum so hard!”

The tension within me has built to a breaking point, ready to burst as I tremble and shake wildly. Everything in my body is clenched tight, just waiting to explode until finally it does and I let out a roar of joyful ecstasy.

“I’m cumming!” I scream, my jizz flying everywhere.

The living cookies who are double fucking my asshole don’t let up for a second, giving it to me with everything that they’ve got and sticking with it throughout the entire orgasm. Every slam within me just adds to the blinding throbs of sensation, treating me to wave after wave of bliss until, finally, I fall forward in exhaustion. I am completely spent as I lay here against the food.

“That was fucking amazing,” I gush.

These handsome desserts aren’t finished with me yet, though.

The next thing I know, the living cookie who fucks my asshole from behind has picked up speed, slamming me hard and then pushing deep as he explodes with a payload of hot chocolate syrup. His warm sweetness fills my ass quickly, gushing forth with a supernatural intensity until its squirting out from the edges of my packed anal rim.

“Fuck yeah, shoot that chocolate syrup deep into your owner’s maxed out asshole,” I encourage. “Fill me up!”

When my living cookie finally pulls out a whole torrent of chocolate comes with him, the liquid running down my ass and providing ample lube for the next living confectionery in line.

Soon enough, another edible lover has stepped up to take the last one’s place, aligning the head of his shaft with my rim and then plowing forward in a second, brutal double anal penetration. My toned living cookie quickly gets to work slamming my butthole, enjoying my tightness and then thrusting deep to release a load of his own.

“Oh shit!” I cry out, my handsome lover’s syrup swirling within me as it mixes with the sticky sweetness that came before it.

My living cookie stays put until he has completely emptied himself and then finally pulls out to allow a third one to take his place.

The guys continue like this for what seems like forever, plowing my reamed butthole and then eventually blowing their load into the mix with the others. Eventually, the last living cookie finishes within me and I find myself with only one left to satisfy, Gorbot, who has been so diligently ramming my ass from the front.

Gorbot pushes me off of him and then stands up, beating off his dick furiously while I look up and smile from my knees below. I stick out my tongue, coaxing him onward until finally my living cookie explodes across my face. His warm, brown spunk flies everywhere, though I manage to catch quite a bit of it in my mouth and then swallow hungrily.

“That was really nice,” I tell Gorbot, “you taste great.”

Gorbot reaches down and takes me by the hand, helping me to my feet. “Of course, I do, I’m four hundred calories of nothing but fat and sugar.”

I glance around the circle of handsome gay desserts, the guys looking beautifully toned and muscular as they catch their breath in the dim light of the bar.

“We can’t tell anyone,” I remind my living cookies. “I don’t want to have to fuck everything in the entire kitchen.”

“Of course not,” Gorbod assures me. “Never again.”

I think about this for a moment and then suddenly shake my head. “On second thought, tell everyone you can. I can’t want to see what a living cheeseburger feels like pounding away at my butt.”

The cookies all burst into a fit of laughter and we all exchange enthusiastic high fives.

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:

**DINOSAUR MAGICIANS PINN AND TUCKER MAKE THEIR
WIENERS DISAPPEAR IN MY BUTT**

I've been to Vegas plenty of times in my life and, I have to say, there's something about this city that touches me at my very core. Maybe it's the rich history of suit and tie crooners and seductive showgirls, or maybe it's simply my body's natural reaction to the barrage of flashing lights and ringing bells. Maybe it's the fact that, at any moment, I could walk over to a slot machine, drop in a dollar, and suddenly my life could change forever.

Of course, I'm smarter than that. I know what the odds are and I know that the entire system here is rigged in favor of the house. But I'm a human being, and we are all built to be fascinated by the magic of the unknown; the improbable, the amazing, the miraculous. Even if I don't throw another dollar into the massive profit pit that these casinos continue to amass, I love the option of knowing that I could.

And this, at the heart of it, is what Vegas is all about, the mystery and magic of what *could* happen if you just get lucky enough to play your cards right.

Something about this trip into Sin City feels even more magical than usual, though, and as we cruise closer and closer to our destination across the vast desert landscape, I suddenly realize that I have never arrived in Vegas by car before. Sure, the city looks beautiful as you swoop down over its sprawling metropolis of lights, but this moment is fleeting. By car, however, the city seems to loom large out of the nothingness, starting as a glowing spec in the distance and then becoming bigger and bigger until you're surrounded by its loving embrace. It's beautiful.

"What a fucking view," I stammer, gazing out through the windshield from my place in the passenger seat, taking in all the billboards and scrolling marquees.

My friend, Shibs Bark, says nothing as he nods in agreement, his eyes just as transfixed as mine on the luminous scenery that unfolds before us.

Shibs is a good guy, a real bud who has been nothing but adventurous so far during our cross-country road trip. He's definitely the type who knows how to have fun, a reliable wingman that enjoys getting wasted and picking up chicks just as much as I do.

Vegas is our last stop before we turn around and head back East, and we plan on making the most of our weekend here.

"So what do you think?" I question. "If we get check in right away, get changed, and then head down to the casino floor, I bet we could start in with some blackjack before midnight."

Shibs nods. "Yeah, man, let's do it. You ever tried craps, though?"

I shake my head. "It looks fun but I don't really know the rules."

"Oh, it's so easy," Shibs gushes, "basically, you're trying to get seven, at least that's how it starts."

My friend continues explaining the rules of craps to me but, the second that he starts in, something catches my eye and completely disconnects me from the conversation.

Above us, in beautiful shades of black, white and red, is a billboard unlike anything I have ever seen. It shows two ravishingly handsome dinosaur magicians, one large T-rex and a short velociraptor, standing in well tailored suits while cards fly from their hands. Their names are Pinn and Tucker.

For some reason, I just can't get over how devastatingly good looking these prehistoric entertainers are, their muscular frames and beautiful scaly skin making my heart skip a beat. There is something absolutely breathtaking about their confidence as they stand there, displayed in massive proportions like kings of this fair city.

But as soon as the image has arrived it's gone again, swept past us as the freeway flies by underneath.

"Does that make sense?" Shibs asks, finishing off his lengthy diatribe on the rules of craps.

"Yeah," I lie, nodding as I tune back in to his story, "totally."

Shibs eyes me skeptically, immediately picking up that something is amiss.

"What?" he asks, glancing over from the driver's seat.

I hesitate, not exactly sure how to deal with the powerful feelings that have suddenly just coursed through me. I feel as though I'm coming down off of an intense high, a changed man.

"What do you think about seeing a show while we're here?" I stammer.

"A show?" Shibs questions. "What do you mean a show? Like go to a strip club?"

"No, no," I counter, shaking my head, "like a magic show."

At first it seems as though my friend is quite receptive to this idea, but when our eyes meet I suddenly realize that he is completely joking, sarcastically mocking my excitement as if it is some kind of childish flight of fancy. Suddenly, Shibs bursts out laughing, unable to control himself any longer. "Wait, are you serious, Larb?" he asks.

Immediately retreating the notion, I nod. "Yeah, I was just fucking with you. Magic is for kids."

"Yeah bro, we're here to gamble and bang chicks!" yells Shibs, drumming his hands on the steering wheel wildly and then throwing his head back to howl like a wolf.

I smile, trying to join in with my friend's excitement and, for the most part, succeeding. Still, there is something that now gnaws away in the back of my mind, and aching desire to be close to these incredible dinosaurs, and to experience the magic of Sin City for real.

After a few hours at the craps table I'm finally ready to return to my usual blackjack routine. It's not that craps is all that difficult to understand and, to be honest, it's a really fun game, but luck does not appear to be with my dice rolls tonight. I'm better off with the cards, I finally decide.

By now, even Las Vegas has calmed down a little bit, although there is still an impressive number of drunk revealers wandering through the casino for three in the morning.

I find myself at an empty blackjack table and sit down, handing the dealer a hundred dollar bill and then receiving my chips. He smiles and nods, then deals out the cards.

The dealer shows a two, and I have a pair of queens that totals twenty. Things are already starting to look up.

"I'll stand," I announce.

The dealer turns his card to reveal a nine, then deals another, a king, which makes twenty-one. The house wins.

I have no other option but to shake my head and let out a long sigh as the dealer pulls half of my chips away. "What are the chances," I murmur to myself.

Someone sits down in the chair next to me, and at first I pay them no attention until I spot a large, green T-rex claw placing another hundred on the table from the corner of my eye. I glance up to find the familiar face of Pinn, the Jurassic magician from the billboards on the way into town.

The dinosaur gestures to me.

"Hey," I stammer, "you're Pinn."

"I sure am," the dinosaur replies with a smile, showing off his long, dagger-like teeth.

"How's the table treating you tonight?"

"Not good," I admit, shaking my head. "I've played one hand and I've already lost half of my

chips.”

The handsome T-rex nods in understanding. “I have a feeling things are going to turn around for you,” he offers, then winks.

Suddenly, the dealer interrupts us. “Would you like to make a bet sir?”

I turn back to him and then push the rest of my chips forward. “Yes.”

A new set of cards are dealt, and I immediately win with a blackjack of my own.

I gasp aloud. “How did you know?” I ask Pinn, who also won big.

“Magic,” the dinosaur tells me with a charismatic smirk. “As part of our deal with the casinos, me and my partner Tucker get to use magic while playing any game. We don’t get an official salary, but this little loophole has kept us very, very wealthy.”

“Whoa,” I gush, shaking my head in amazement, “so cool.”

“Do you like magic?” the dinosaur asks.

I shrug. “I don’t know, I mean, I’ve never been to a magic show before.”

Pinn reaches into the breast pocket of his suit and then pulls out a card. It’s a VIP ticket to the Pinn and Tucker Magic Show tomorrow night. “I’d like you to have this,” says the handsome T-rex. “Come to the show and you’ll see what magic is all about, just show up at the time listed on this ticket.”

I reach out from the card but Pinn withdraws his hand and places it back into his pocket.

“Don’t I need that to get in?” I question.

The dinosaur laughs. “You’ve already got it.”

I’m confused at first, but then slowly, cautiously, I open my jacket and search within my own breast pocket. I find the VIP ticket tucked away safely inside.

When I look back up to thank the gracious dinosaur he has disappeared completely, nothing left of the handsome prehistoric creature but a puff of smoke that wafts away through the cool casino air above.

The next night I go all out, dressing up in my finest suit and checking myself in the mirror more times than I can count.

“You look fine, holy shit,” Shibs yells at me, rolling his eyes, “you’re acting like this is a fucking date.”

The second that my friend says this I freeze, not wanting to reveal my true feelings about this important night. It was hard enough to tell my bro that I was going to a magic show, something that he continues to think is utterly childish. Now that Shibs has come to terms with the fact that he’ll be cruising Vegas on his own this evening, I don’t want to give him anything else to be upset with me about.

Granted, even *I’m* not exactly sure what these feelings are that blossom and grow inside of me. All of my life I have been nothing but a perfectly straight bro, a man’s man who loves nothing more than drinking beer, watching football, and banging babes. Suddenly, however, everything has changed. What I once found incredibly attractive has fallen away, crumbling to dust while, in its place, an image of Pinn and Tucker stand proud and muscular.

Not only are they dinosaurs, but they are male dinosaurs, something that makes absolutely no sense to my conscious brain but continues to feed a strange, deep compulsion.

“I have something to admit,” I finally say, starting to tremble as my eyes lock with Shibs in the mirror. He’s sitting on the bed behind me, watching as the emotions begin to dance across my face.

“What’s up?” Shibs finally offers when he realizes that something is actually wrong.

"I... I don't know how to say this," I stammer, "but I think I want to fuck these magical dinosaurs. Is there something wrong with me? Am I gay?"

There is a moment of silence between us and, during this time, I'm overwhelmed with vicious nightmares that feature every possible outcome of this revelation. I imagine my friend leaving without a word and never speaking to me again, furious that his bud has become some horrible dinosexual monster.

Instead, Shibs stands up from the bed and then slowly walks over to me. He opens his arms wide and wraps me tightly within them, pulling me close in a warm embrace of unconditional friendship.

"Whatever man," says Shibs, "you'll always be my bud."

"You mean that?" I question, the tears of joy welling up in my eyes.

"Of course, bro," replies Shibs. "Now get out there and get your butt pounded by those magical dinos."

I thank him for his understanding and wipe the tears from my eyes, realizing now that I'm on the verge of being late. Without another thought, I grab my ticket from the nearby table and run out the door, my heart pounding hard within my chest.

Minutes later, I'm crossing through the hotel lobby and hailing a cab, throwing open the door and jumping into the back seat. "To the Pinn And Tucker Theater," I tell the driver.

The man glances at me in his rearview mirror, but doesn't pull away from the curb. "You sure about that?" the man questions.

"Uh, yeah," I confirm, "and I'm a little late already, so let's get out of here quick."

"The theater's closed tonight," my driver informs me, "I do that route a lot and I can promise you that they are dark on Thursdays."

"What?" I question, suddenly feeling like a deflated balloon. Of course this whole thing was too good to be true.

"Let me see your ticket," offers the driver.

I pull the card out of my pocket and hand it to men, watching as his eyes light up with a knowing expression. He hands the ticket back to me.

"Nevermind," my driver says with a smile, "looks like you're in for a treat tonight."

We pull out into the brilliant Las Vegas evening, lightings flicking above us and tourists stumbling this way and that across the sidewalks. It's a lot to take in but, to be honest, I've tuned out most of the Sin City festivities at this point, looking inward instead.

What is going on here? What did my driver know that I didn't?

I pull out my ticket and look it over, noticing nothing out of the ordinary in its glossy black design. The time and date are definitely printed correctly.

Eventually, we arrive at the Pinn And Tucker Theater. I climb out of my cab and tip the driver generously, who then cruises away with a knowing smile.

It suddenly strikes me that this might not even be the right place. Despite the fact that the marquee in front clearly has Pinn and Tucker emblazoned in massive red letters, there is not a single other person around.

I walk up to the front door of the theater and am utterly shocked to find a ticket taker there to greet me.

"Hello, and welcome to the Pinn And Tucker Theater," she says warmly.

I hand her my ticket and the woman tears off the stub, giving the rest back to me.

"I'm sorry, but what is going on?" I finally ask.

“You’re at the VIP show,” explains the woman.

“Is anyone else here?” I question.

The ticket taker shakes her head. “Nope, just you. Head on in, the performance is about to start.”

I do as I’m told, crossing through the lobby and then opening up the large double doors to the theater’s main floor. The room is absolutely massive, stretching out before me with rows and rows of velvety red seats, not a single one of them taken. The lights are up and from somewhere behind the stage’s curtain soft jazz emanates.

Not knowing what else to do, I silently make my way down the isle and take a seat front and center, a perfect view of the stage before me. As if waiting for my cue, the house lights immediately dim and the curtain slides open, allowing for the two dinosaur magicians to step forth and introduce themselves.

“Hi, I’m Pinn and this is my partner Tucker,” the large T-rex begins, his loud voice booming out across the vacant expanse of theater before him. “We’re honored to be here tonight, presenting you with some illusions that are designed to shock and amaze. You know, I speak for both Tucker and myself when I say that the best magic touches you deep down inside, living in a place of wonder that many of us tend to forget about while going about our daily lives. With your permission, we’d like to touch you there tonight.”

A strange silence befalls the room and I suddenly realize that a spotlight has been trained onto me from above, illuminating my face in a beautiful, serene glow. “Um... yes,” I finally respond. “That sounds good.”

The spotlight turns off.

“Great!” replies Pinn, clapping his claws together loudly. “For our first trick, we are going to stimulate that sensation in an audience member, selected at random.” The dinosaur places his claw above his eyes and scans the entire room before eventually selecting me. “You there,” Pinn says with a grin, “what’s your name?”

“Larb,” I tell him.

“Good,” Pinn replies, “is there anything in your butt right now, Larb?”

I’m completely taken off guard by his question, but eventually manage to shake my head.

“Are you sure about that?” the T-rex magician continues.

“Pretty sure,” I confirm.

Suddenly, I can feel an intense pressure against the rim of my asshole, teasing the edge momentarily and then suddenly sliding deep inside of me. I let out a loud yelp, jumping slightly in my chair as I struggle to readjust to the strange sensation.

“Oh my fuck,” I cry, grabbing onto the seats in front of me and bracing myself against this incredible fullness. Never before have I experienced anything even remotely similar to this, but as the pressure and tension finally reached the depths of my ass, I can’t help but find myself incredibly aroused.

“You now have a magic dinosaur dick inside of you,” Pinn informs me.

“I love it,” I groan, my voice echoing out across the room.

The magic dick presses gently against my prostate, causing a sharp chill of orgasmic sensation to pulse across my body. I am completely maxed out, overwhelmed from the inside out.

Second later, the pressure releases within, disappearing into the ether from which it came. I fall back into my chair, completely exhausted yet craving more.

“That was amazing,” I tell the dinosaur duo.

“And we’ve only just begun,” announces Pinn. “For our next trick we are going to need a volunteer from the audience. I must warn you, however, that this is a very intense bit of magic. We are going to make our cocks disappear within your buttocks.”

Immediately, my hand shoots up into the air.

“Come on up, Larb,” the handsome T-rex says, beckoning me onto the stage.

I stand slowly, realizing now just how nervous I truly am. My body is quaking with both anxiety and unbridled desire for these hunky reptiles. However, with every step that I make towards the bright lights of the stage, I find myself even more taken by one sensation that completely overwhelms the rest, desire.

Soon enough, I find myself standing with these muscular dinosaurs before the empty theater, my heart nearly pounding out of my chest.

The curtains behind us finally open up all of the way to reveal a large black mat, perfectly square and with just enough give to make it comfortable.

“Are you ready for the trick to begin?” Pinn inquires, taking my hand in his large claw and leading me over to the middle of the stage.

I start to say yes but then stop myself, too consumed by gay attraction to be passive in this situation. “Are *you* ready?” I finally respond.

This is it, it’s now or never.

Suddenly, I drop down to my knees between the two dinosaurs, frantically trying to get at their enormous Jurassic rods. The prehistoric beasts have removed their shafts from the cloth prisons of their suits, pushing them towards my face from either angle.

I take one in each hand, beating them off furiously.

“You like that?” I ask, frantically stroking the dinosaurs.

Tucker remains silent, staying in character the whole time, while Pinn lets out a long, deep moan. The T-rex begins to pump his hips along with the movement of my hand, pushing faster and faster to match the rhythm of my strokes.

Finally, I just can’t take it anymore, opening wide and swallowing the T-rex’s ancient shaft down into my throat. I pump my across his length with skillful enthusiasm, taking a break from beating off Tucker to cradle Pinn’s hanging green balls.

After pulsing across Pinn’s rod for a while I finally push down as far as I can, my lips drifting lower and lower until finally the dinosaur’s enormous shaft is fully consumed in an incredible deep throat. My face is now pressed hard against Pinn’s incredible scaly abs, but I somehow manage to glance up at him and provide a playful wink.

“Fuck yeah,” the T-rex groans, placing his claws against the back of my head until finally I just can’t take it any more and pull away with a gasp.

“Now it’s your turn,” I tell the silent raptor next to me. I grab Tucker’s substantial member and swallow it in turn, taking his entire length down to the hilt.

Never could I have imagined that I would one day find myself in this situation, furiously sucking off two of the greatest dinosaur magicians on earth and loving every second of it. I’m hard as a rock, aching to be touched but, surprisingly, aching even more to be pounded up the asshole.

I remove the raptor cock from my mouth and fall forward onto my hands and knees, glancing back at the magicians with a fire in my eyes.

“Do it!” I demand. “Show me that fucking trick and make those dinosaur dicks disappear in my buttocks!”

Pinn saunters up behind me and crouches down, aligning his cock with the puckered entrance

of my back door. "Patience," the T-rex says, "you can't rush the magic, Larb. How about just one for now?"

"Yes please," I beg, "I need your fat prehistory rod up inside of me."

I can feel the head of his dick teasing my entrance, hovering right at the edge until suddenly the massive reptilian beast is pushing forward, impaling me across his incredible shaft. I let out a loud yelp, my body struggling to accommodate his enormous dinosaur size while I brace myself on the mat below me.

Soon enough, Pinn is riding me with a series of firm, powerful thrusts, slowly at first and then eventually gaining speed as my body becomes accustomed to his girth. Eventually, any pain or discomfort has completely fallen away, replaced by a warm, throbbing pleasure that shakes me to my very foundation.

I open my mouth to scream, the blissful sensations having nowhere else to go but out through my throat, when suddenly the sound is cut off by the fleshy thickness of Tucker's rod. The raptor has positioned himself in front of me, kneeling down and shoving his giant cock into my mouth.

Now I'm being plowed at either end but these incredible prehistoric beasts, skewered like a gay shishkabob between two hunky reptiles as they use my holes. When one of them pushes forward, the other pulls back, using the inertia from one another to pummel me more furiously than one of them ever could on their own.

The sensation of being used by these creatures has gotten my dick as hard as a rock, and I reach down between my legs to grab ahold of my own aching manhood. I begin to stroke myself off, pulsing my tight fingers faster and faster along my length and moving with the speed of their dinosaur slams. Soon enough, the first hints of orgasm begin to blossom deep within my loins, growing more and more powerful with each passing second until I am absolutely quaking with ecstasy and ready to explode.

I'm just about ready to cum when suddenly Pinn pulls out of my asshole, breaking my concentration as my rectum snaps shut once more. I let Tucker's cock fall from my lips and then glance back at Pinn in frustration, "I was almost there."

"The trick's not over yet," the T-rex tells me with a grin, slapping my ass playfully with his claw and then laying down on the mat next to me. "In fact, it hasn't even started yet!"

The handsome dinosaur beckons for me to climb up onto him and I follow his instructions, throwing my legs around his muscular green body and then reaching down to align his shaft with my blown out asshole. I quickly find the spot and then lower myself, letting out a long, aching groan as the beast impales me.

Pinn grabs my waist with his claws and helps to guide me in a series of slow, deliberate swoops that cause his cock to tickle my prostate in just the right way. The sensation is incredible, and it's not long before I find that same orgasmic sensation bubbling up inside of me once again.

"Oh fuck, that feels so good," I start to mumble, my eyes rolling back into my head. "You feel so good in my ass, you feel so fucking good in my ass!"

Faster and faster I ride, pumping myself against the massive retile with everything that I've got.

"And for our next trick!" the T-rex announces below me, "we will make two cocks disappear within Larb's tight gay asshole. As you can see, one of our rods has already vanished completely, and with a little help from my partner Tucker, you are sure to be astounded."

I glance back over my shoulder and see that the raptor is now approaching us, his thick dick hard and at the ready. I'm equally terrified and aroused, not sure if I can handle both of their massive

members at once but willing and ready to give it my best shot.

Second later, I can feel the head of Tucker's rod pressing hard against the tightness of my rear, trying desperately to find a way in to this incredibly tight and already filled hole.

"Abracadabra!" Pinn shouts, and suddenly Tucker plunges forward, my anal passageway somehow relaxing just enough to accommodate both of their massive dinosaur cocks at the same time.

The creatures waste no time getting to work within my stretched hole, slamming up my ass like dual piston of scaly green dick. I'm honestly shocked at how incredibly pleasant it feels, their movements somehow complimenting each other perfectly inside the snugly contained walls of my flesh. I grip hard to the T-rex below me, holding on for dear life as their dicks pummel me like jackhammers, slamming my prostate in a rapid-fire torrent of cock that has me spasming wildly.

I reach down for a second time and begin to beat off my cock with an unprecedented fury, yearning to explode and getting there swiftly. I throw my head back and let out a guttural howl, my entire body flooded with blissful intensity.

Suddenly, rope after rope of hot, sticky jizz erupts from the head of my shaft and splatters across the muscular body of the dinosaur below me, covering him in a milky display of pearl spunk.

Now the dinosaurs are cumming as well, the two of them holding deep within me and letting loose with simultaneous payloads that fill my rectum to the brim. The jizz keeps coming and coming, though, and it's no surprise when it finally spills over, squirting out from the tightly packed rim of my butt and running down my legs in thick streaks.

After everyone has completely finished with their powerful orgasms, the three of us collapse into a pile in the middle of the stage.

"That was amazing," I moan, "I never knew magic could be so... hot."

The dinosaurs pull out of me gently, spilling cum everywhere, and then stand up and take a bow to the non-existent audience. The curtain drifts closed and Pinn walks over to help me up, extending a friendly claw.

"You did fantastic," the dinosaur offers, "I mean really, really great."

"Oh thank you," I tell him with a nod.

Tucker approaches from somewhere off in the wings and hands me a large towel so that I can clean myself up.

"That was an audition," Pinn informs me.

Immediately, I stop what I'm doing, completely taken off guard by this unexpected revelation. "Seriously?" I ask.

"Seriously," the T-rex explains. "We're looking for a new assistant, someone that can help us make dicks disappear in front of a crowd five nights a week."

"I don't even know what to say," I stammer, blushing a bit.

"Say you'll join us," urges Pinn.

I don't even think twice. "Of course I'll do it," I tell the handsome dinosaur magicians, "but how about another run through, first?"

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About Dr. Tingle...

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

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