

CHUCK'S DINOSAUR TINGLERS

VOLUME 3



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PHARMA BRO POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY T-REX COMEDIAN BILL MURKY AND
A CLAN OF TRICERATOPS RAPPERS TRYING TO GET THEIR ALBUM BACK



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By Chuck Tingle

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One thing that I've always had going for me is my confidence as a journalist, not that it was always deserved. Looking back, much of my gusto over the last year has been youthful ignorance, a feeling that I can really make a difference out here reporting for the American public.

Over time, however, I've found myself beaten down by this whole process. However, by no means am I one of the grizzled, bitter old journalists that surround me as we board the massive 757. These men and women have lost everything, a blank soulless expression behind their eyes as they dream of the life that they could have had. I'm not there yet, but it's coming.

It's only been a year but, of all the years to start, this is the one that is most likely to drive you up a wall and break your spirit; election season.

By nature, all politicians lie; it's essentially in their job description. Some folks obviously lie more than others, but regardless of who's running for office, you're going to have quite a bit of fluff to sort through if you want to find anything tangible. Of course, when something does happen to slip through the cracks it can explode in a wave of tabloid-level excitement. A simple gaff from some presidential candidate can completely shift the political landscape overnight.

This is why my subject this week is such an anomaly; he seems to be immune to gaffs. Things that other politicians would have, traditionally, gotten burned at the stake for, he can throw out with a smile and receive tremendous support from across the Republican base. They are eating up every word of it, and it would appear that this candidate has developed a real shot at a seat in The White House.

The reason why this is all working out so well for him is actually not as illusive as it might seem, although it goes in direct contradiction to something that I just said. For the first time, a politician seems to be honestly speaking his mind on the issues, throwing the typical presidential campaign playbook to the side and simply speaking from his heart.

Unfortunately, that heart seems to be a little misguided.

"Welcome aboard Tromp Air," says an attractive young woman as I reach the top of the stairs that lead to the door of this beautiful plane, "we look forward to spending the week with you."

I give her a smile and a nod and then step inside, walking down a short hallway that opens up into several rows of seats for fellow members of the press. I recognize a some familiar faces and throw out a few waves, choosing to snag a spot next to my friend ' from Milk Magazine.

We shake hands.

"So what's old Milk Magazine want from Domald Tromp?" I ask him.

Barno shrugs, "Typical feature about the guy's favorite chocolate milk brand, ask him what he thinks of strawberry milk; fat free, two percent. Just the usual. You still with Bowling Bones?"

I nod, unable to keep a smile from creeping across my face. I may be starting to get jaded but I still can't believe that I actually write for the legendary Bowling Bones magazine, the leading counter-culture voice for generations.

Barno notices my expression. "Don't lose that, kid," he tells me. "That enthusiasm is going to keep you young."

Barno has been doing this for eight years now, so I respect his advice.

"I'm not that young," I offer. "Twenty-two."

Barno just shakes his head and laughs, "Good god, don't even talk to me about young and old, kid. You have no idea what you're talking about."

Suddenly, the loudspeaker above us chimes in, interrupting our conversation. "Alright, if

everyone could have a seat we're about to take off," says the voice. "Go ahead and turn off your phones and then you can reconnect to our inflight wifi once we reach cruising altitude."

Me, Barno and the rest of the press corps do as we're told, powering off our electronic devices for a shockingly calming moment of real human interaction with one another.

Suddenly, everyone is chatting pleasantly, living their lives outside of their little black screens for a brief moment of bliss. A strange wave of relief washed over me as I lean back into my chair and let the inertia of the plane overwhelm my senses. The vehicle begins to tremble and roar, eventually lifting off and cruising up towards the clouds above. Soon we will be in Iowa, the week's first official campaign stop.

Eventually, the captain returns over the intercom to inform us that we've reached cruising altitude and we are free to turn everything on once again. The cabin erupts in a series of bleeps and bloops as phones, laptops and printers start to power on. The chaos of life on the campaign trail returns.

Suddenly, there is movement at the head of the press cabin as billionaire Domald Tromp emerges with a wide smile.

The man is slightly pudgy and his golden comb-over hair is awkward as hell, but he does have some sort of strange charm to him that I can't quite put my finger on. There's also something else, something lurking just beneath the surface of the presidential hopeful's confident presence that seems weirdly off, almost inhuman, in a way.

"Hi everybody!" says Tromp with a wave. "Welcome aboard, I just wanted to come out here and say that I'm so glad to have you here with me, so glad. I cannot even tell you how nice it is to be up in the clouds with you guys and not those losers down below, am I right?"

The collection of journalists nods awkwardly.

"You know, I'm running for president but the president's plane is actually smaller than this, by quite a lot. Did you know this?" Domald Tromp asks.

Again, his remarks are met with a strange smattering of cautious affirmation.

"We're raffling out positions over the week for one-on-one interviews," Tromp explains. "Not all of you are going to get a chance to talk with me but, what can I say, I'm a busy man. Just like with the immigration issues in this country, we don't have time to wait around and see what happens, am I right?"

"Speaking of immigration, I was wondering if you had anything you'd like to say about the dinosaurs who are upset about your racist comments regarding them crossing the border into America," Barno suddenly interjects.

I glance over at my friend, admiring his old school journalistic instincts. The guy saw an opportunity and he took it, a real pit bull.

"Well, first of all I was talking about illegal dinosaurs, not legal dinosaurs," Tromp explains. "If you were paying attention you'd know that, but you know what? I think you're kind of a third-rate journalist for asking that question. That's what I think."

The entire room is stunned into silence by this comment, reeling from the fact that this politician has somehow already turned the tables on them. While the press corps once held the keys to the castle, it appears that Domald Tromp is content on simply bashing the gate in with a battering ram.

"I was just asking if you'd like to clarify," explains Barno, clearly taken off guard by the aggression that has suddenly been directed his way.

"You know, I've been running a billion dollar company from a long time now and we've been

very successful, very successful. A lot of people ask me the key to my success and you know what I tell them? I tell that that I surround myself with great, great people. I avoid the clowns and, you know what I think?" Tromp asks, nodding towards Barno.

"What?" Barno replies, his voice shaking a little.

"I have to be honest with you, I think you're kind of a clown," Domald Tromps says. "Barno, you're fired."

The next thing I know, two of the stewardesses are rushing down the hallway and unbuckling my friend from his seat. Barno seems utterly confused but he goes along with it, allowing the women to roughly carry him down the aisle by either arm as the rest of us look on in horror. Moments later, the door of the plane springs open and the entire cabin is flooded with a rush of cool air the sends papers flying.

Immediately, Barno starts to struggle against the stewardesses, but it is already too late. There is a wild yell as my friend is thrown from the airplane, whipping out into the vast blue sky and then plummeting down through the clouds behind us as he tumbles end over end.

The door slams shut, leaving the room in total silence.

"That's what I think of lightweight journalist. I think that's fair," says Domald Tromp.

Seconds later, one of the candidate's aids comes over and whispers something into Tromps ear. Domald nods in understanding and then raises his hand towards us.

"Alright, I have some preparing to do for my speech in Iowa tonight, it was great to meet you all," Tromp says enthusiastically, then returns to the other end of the plane.

That night in Iowa, the crowd is absolutely buzzing with excitement. Around me is a fairly broad collection of people, but not a single unicorn, bigfoot or dinosaur.

We are in an old airplane hanger, a stage erected at one end of the vast space while giant American flag banners hang throughout. The stage lights are dim, ready and waiting for the master of ceremonies to appear and give this crowd what they want, a way to vent their overwhelming anger towards the current political climate. There is a lot of rage in this room tonight, but it shows itself in many different ways.

I did a few interviews with Tromp supporters on the way in and learned a lot about the thinking that goes into someone's desire to vote for this madman. As I said before, these people are angry with the way the country is going, and rightfully so, but they are also afraid. With the economy in the state that it's in there is nothing more terrifying for these folks than losing their jobs, and with more and more dinosaurs crossing over the border every day, that type of blue collar security is getting harder and harder to come by.

Suddenly, the crowd around me erupts in a raucous cheer as the man himself, Domald Tromps, walks out onto the stage. Once more, I find there to be something incredibly strange about his walk, a sort of hop that just doesn't quite match with the rest of his billionaire demeanor.

"Thank you, Iowa!" shouts Tromp into the microphone before him. "It's great to be here!"

That's all it takes for the presidential hopeful to receive a second burst of wild applause, the crowd's roar growing to an absolutely deafening volume around me.

Eventually, Domald raises his hand and then lowers it slowly, signaling the group that he is read to speak once more. I immediately pull out my notepad and start writing down ideas for the article, completely inspired by the way that Tromp has his audience completely enraptured with him. It's incredible, like some kind of strange religious experience.

I notice now that many of the people around me have started to cry, their eyes running over with salty streams of tears and makeup that streak haphazardly down their cheeks. This is not just a case of the sniffles; these people are full-on bawling their eyes out in the presence of Mr. Tromp.

"I look around and all I see are winners here tonight," Tromp says. "When I become president, you would not believe how much winning there is going to be. We are going to win on the economy, we are going to win on freedom, we are going to win on immigration."

From out of the loudspeaker's positioned around the room there is suddenly an eruption of sound, a bald eagle screeching followed closely by a short but, admittedly, ripping guitar solo.

The audience loses it in the same way that I've now come to expect, and through the chaos I begin to now hear the a handful of words.

"Get those one horns out of our country!" a man says with a thick southern accent.

"Round 'em up and kill 'em!" an older woman chimes in. "Shoot 'em in the head and say you're fired!"

Suddenly, all of the fascination that I'd had with this situation is overwhelmed by something else, something powerful and heavy that floods my soul and sends a sharp chill down my spine; fear.

What was once something of a joke about the political climate and an absurdist commentary on celebrity culture has suddenly evolved, becoming all too real.

"When I'm president, everyone will get a nice, juicy, delicious steak dinner!" Tromp promises. "Every single one of you will get that, you think I'm lying? Listen, I can accord it, I've run billion dollar companies and I know what I'm talking about. I can afford a steak dinner for every American citizen because I think that's what America really wants. Am I right?"

I suddenly feel my phone start to vibrate within my pocket. I pull it out and glance down, noticing the number for Barno's boss, the editor of Milk Magazine.

Quickly, I make my way back through the crowd and out of the hanger, which is surrounded by a wide-open field of corn stalks that seems to stretch on endlessly around me.

I answer. "Hello, this is Pibbles for Bowling Bone Magazine."

"Pibbles," comes a deep, commanding voice. "It's Lon Bisk, I need to know if I can trust you."

"You can trust me," I say, taking a few steps out into the cornfield, even farther from the earshot of any unsavory characters.

"Are you aware that Barno Yawn-Starman was murdered earlier today?" Lon asks.

"I witnessed it," I tell him.

"Then you know that Domald Tromp is out of control," Lon says. "You know that he's willing to do whatever it takes to become president and he's not going to stop until he gets there."

"People love him," I say. "They're angry and he's channeling it."

"What if I told you that I had some dirt on Domald Tromp that could change everything?" the man asks.

I laugh. "Then I'd tell you that you're kidding yourself," I reply. "The guy just murdered someone today and his poll numbers went through the roof. American's loved it."

"This is bigger than throwing Barno out of a plane," assures Lon, "this could blow the lid off of everything."

I immediately recognize the deep seriousness of Lon's voice. This scoop is the real deal.

"I'm listening," I tell the man.

"Don't listen... look," explains Lon. "I'm going to be emailing you something in the next hour."

"In an hour, I'll be back on Tromp's plane," I counter.

“You have wif up there, right?” Lon asks. “On the plane?”

“Sure do,” I tell him.

“Then get ready for quite the flight.”

By the time we leave Iowa for New Hampshire it’s well past midnight, and most of the others around me are sleeping soundly in their seats. I’m somehow both exhausted and completely wired after today, my body drained but the thought of resting absolutely ridiculous.

Instead, I sit wide-awake in the dark cabin, refreshing my email every few minutes while I wait for the arrival of Lon’s smoking gun.

I can’t help but think, why me? Of all the people that the editor of Milk Magazine has in his Rolodex, why would he pick me to unload this massive scoop?

Maybe he needed something broader to make sure it was taken seriously, I think. Sometimes the milk readership has a hard time with that.

Suddenly, a loud, electronic ding interrupts my thoughts. I glance down and see an unopened message sitting there in my mailbox, just waiting to reveal its secrets. Without hesitation, I open the email and find it blank, a single attachment included.

I open the attachment.

Immediately, my computer screen is filled with a large, scanned document. It takes me a moment to realize exactly what this is and when I do I gasp suddenly, nearly jumping right out of my seat. Suddenly, it all makes sense.

I glance back and forth over my shoulder to see if anyone else is watching, and then lean in towards my screen to get a better look. Sure enough, the image is exactly what I thought; a birth certificate. Not just any birth certificate, but one that was presented in Scotland on the year of Domald’s birth. Tromp wasn’t born in the United States.

Not only that, but the birth certificate clearly reveals that the candidates full name is Domald Loch Ness Tromp.

Suddenly, it all makes sense; the strange way that Domald moves, the green color of his skin, the long neck. Domald Tromp is the Loch Ness Monster.

Not only is this shocking in its own right, but for one other, powerfully hypocritical reason, the Loch Ness Monster is a plesiosaur. In other words, Domald Tromps is secretly one of the dinosaurs he so vehemently hates.

I’ve just finished piecing all of this together when suddenly one of the stewardesses appears in the doorway before me.

“Mr. Pibbles Pooch,” she says, addressing me quietly. “Your raffle number as been called to interview Mr. Tromp.”

I glance around in confusion. “Right now?” I ask.

The stewardess nods. “Yes, sir. Please come with me.”

I close my laptop and reluctantly stand, my heart now beating hard in my chest as the woman leads me away from my peers and down the lavish hallway of this luxurious 757.

This is the first time I have been down to the far end of the aircraft, and I have to admit that, despite my overwhelming fear, I am truly amazed at just how lavish this vehicle really is. No expense has been spared; every gold plated detail installed with the finest attention to detail.

Eventually, we reach Tromps large office and the stewardess opens the door for me, closing it quickly after I step inside.

“Mr. Pibbles,” Domald Tromp says with a smile. He motions for me to sit down across the desk from him, with what I now realize is a dark green flipper.

How could I not have noticed this before? Tromp is so clearly the Loch Ness Monster that I can’t even imagine seeing him any other way.

I have a seat across the desk from Tromp, taking in the spectacular glory of his incredible aerial office. To my right is a waterfall, complete with large koi fish and a blue heron that has somehow been trained to live in harmony with them. To my right is a giant window looking out across the clouds below us and the starlit sky above.

“I suppose you’ve got a lot of question for me,” Domald Tromp says, “but before we begin, I’ve got just one question for you.”

I try my best to remain calm, although I am certain that my anxiety is showing through at this point. My breathing has grown heavy and sweat begins to form in beads across my forehead.

“My question is; what are you planning on doing with that birth certificate?” Domald asks.

I freeze, my brain struggling to find any reasonable response that it can and coming up completely empty.

“Cat got your tongue?” Tromp snarls.

“What birth certificate?” I finally ask.

“The one in your email,” the prehistoric creature replies, smugly.

I realize now that I have been caught red-handed, and straight-up denial will get me absolutely nowhere.

“How did you know?” I ask. “Are you monitoring all of the computers on this network? You know that is illegal, right?”

“Do you think I care?” Domald asks.

I let out a long sigh, completely certain of the answer. “No.”

“No,” the Loch Ness Monster confirms, shaking his head, “of course I don’t care, Mr. Pooch. Desperate times call for desperate measures.”

“So what are you going to do with me?” I ask him, my voice trembling. “Throw me out of the plane like you did to my friend Barno?”

The aquatic billionaire just stares at me blankly. He is impossible to get a read on, his emotions drifting carefully just below the surface of his green, scaly face.

Eventually, the dinosaur stands up and, without a word, begins to make his way around the desk towards me. I gaze up, trembling in fear as the beast approaches, terrified by the thought of whatever might happen next.

“You know, the smart thing for me to do would be to fire you,” says Domald.

“But, I don’t work for you,” I counter.

“Listen to me,” the monster says, ignoring my statement. “I’m saying it would be the smart thing to do, but I’m not gonna do it. You know why? Because I like you. You’re a killer, Pibbles, a real killer.”

“Thank you,” I say with a slight nod and a gulp.

Tromp takes a seat at the edge of his desk and eyes me up and down, looking me over with his massive Loch Ness pupils.

“You’re not a clown like the rest,” the creature says, placing a flipper on my knee.

As we touch for the first time I can’t help but flinch, incredibly uncomfortable with our physical connection, but as the seconds pass I can slowly feel myself relaxing, adjusting to the prehistoric

candidate's presence. Eventually, I feel the tingle of something strange and erotic pulsing deep within me, an ache for something more as the monster begins to run his flipper up and down my leg.

"What is this?" I ask.

"I'm gonna tell it like it is," the creature explains, "because that's just the way I do things. I love America, I really do. In fact, I love America so much that I want to pound it in the butt."

"In the butt?" I ask.

"Yes," Domald nods, "and if I'm going to start the process of pounding America in the butt, I'd like to start with you. With your beautiful, muscular rump."

I'm about to protest and pull away when suddenly I realize that, in truth, I don't really want to. I said at the beginning that there was something strangely intoxicating about Domald Tromp, and I've only just not realized what it is; an extreme, gay lust.

"I've never been with another man," I finally tell him, my voice trembling. "I'm straight."

"So am I," says Domald softly, "but I'm not another man. I'm the Loch Ness Monster."

The creature leans in and kisses me hard on the lips, prompting me to pull back slightly, but then slowly give in to the sensation of Domald's incredible touch. I suddenly find myself overwhelmed with arousal for this brazen, golden haired politician.

Suddenly overwhelmed with ecstasy, I push back my chair and slip down onto the floor in front of him, looking up at the creature before me with a playful grin. Being that he is the Loch Ness Monster, Domald wears no pants, so it is clear to see that his massive cock is growing thicker and fuller by the minute. Soon enough, Tromps erection is standing at full attention before me, jutting out at my face like a deep green Popsicle.

Without hesitation, I open up and swallow the reptile politician deep, pushing down as far as I can onto the candidate's presidential dick.

Domald lets out a long, satisfied moan, placing his flippers on the back of my head and driving me lower and lower until suddenly I push up against my gag reflex and retch loudly. Suddenly I pull back, gasping and sputtering for air as spit hands limply between my lips and the head of Tromp's massive shaft.

"I'm not some loser clown," I assure The Domald, "one more try."

I open my mouth and take him again, pushing down slowly and trying my best to relax as his rod sinks deeper and deeper. It's not long before his length is teasing up against the edge of my gag reflex for another attempt, only this time I'm ready for him, allowing his giant cock to slip past in a stunning deep throat.

Now Domald Tromp's dick sits fully within me, consumed to the hilt as his beautiful balls hang against my chin. Their size is impressive, revealing the creature to be a real man's man, despite not being a man at all.

After holding the beast here for a while I finally run out of air and pull back, then immediately get to work bobbing my head up and down across his large shaft. I move slowly and deliberately at first and then eventually start to gain speed, pumping my tight lips across his length with a frantic enthusiasm I never quite knew that I possessed.

The dinosaur is utterly beside himself with pleasure, moaning and groaning and slapping his long scaly tail against the floor of the office.

Eventually, though, Domald has had enough of my mouth, craving something much more explicit from my muscular body.

"Come on," Tromp says, reaching out a flipper and lifting me up to my feet. The next thing I

know, the dinosaur is directing me over to the massive window before us, pushing me up against the glass and pulling down my pants with his powerful flippers.

I glance back at him with an excited smile as the large dinosaur climbs into position behind me, aligning the head of his massive shaft with the hole of my tightly puckered asshole.

"I am a one man weapon of change!" the creature declares. "I pledge to pound the butt of every willing American across this beautiful land, starting tonight!"

"This is truly historic," I tell the presidential hopeful. "It's an honor."

The dinosaur immediately thrusts forward and I let out a loud yelp, my body trying its best to adjust to the incredible sensation of fullness that overwhelms me. I brace myself against the window, trying to will my body to relax as the creature behind me begins with his slow, firm thrusts.

The clouds have cleared and below us I can now see a massive sea of city lights stretching out for what seems like forever.

"Do you see that?" Domald asks, picking up speed with his powerful thrusts up my asshole. "Do you see that fucking city down there?"

"I see it," I confirm, my body trembling with pleasure as the dinosaur plows into me. I reach down and grab ahold of my rock hard dick, beating myself off to the rhythm of Tromp's hammering from behind.

"I own all of that," Domald Tromp groans erotically, losing control of himself in a fit of lustful emotion "all of it!"

"That's so fucking hot!" I scream. "Pound me harder, Mr. Tromp!"

Now the Loch Ness Monster is slamming into me as hard as he can, his massive cock working like a jackhammer within the depths of my tight anus. I am beside myself with pleasure, the first beautiful sparks of prostate orgasm blossoming within me.

There is something incredible about being taken by such a strong, patriotic beast, even if he is really from Scotland. There is a passion within Domald that lurks behind every movement, every look, and every anal plow. He has completely overpowered me, and I'm loving every second of it.

Eventually, Domald Trumps tires of impressing me with his obscene amount of real estate and pulls us back away from the window, spinning me around and then laying me across the desk with my legs spread wide. The Jurassic billionaire places his dick at the entrance of my reamed out asshole and slams forward, immediately getting to work within me while I beat of my cock in a delirious gay trance.

"Fuck me!" I scream, "Fuck me President Loch Ness Tromp! Pound my ass like you'll pound the ass of all Americans!"

I can tell by the creature's pace that he is now growing close blowing his load, and I follow just behind. I can feel my body start to tense up and then break into a wild spasm of uncontrollable bliss, my legs shaking frantically in the air.

"Cum up my tight gay ass!" I scream, just as I eject my load.

The jizz flies through the air, splattering across my muscular chest in a beautiful Pollack pattern that swirls over my tan skin.

Suddenly, the Loch Ness Monster is cumming, as well, pushing deep within me and holding tight as he lets out a tremendous roar that is reserved for only the most incredible political titans. It shakes the entire desk, and the plane around us, a vocalization of this candidate's extreme love for the United States of America.

I can feel his spunk filling my asshole to the brim, giggling as it eventually squirts out from the

sides of my tightly packed rectum and then drips onto the desk below it.

“Fuck,” Domald Tromp finally says, pulling out of me and spilling his seed everywhere in a glorious mess. “That was great.”

“You’re just what this country needs,” I tell the monster.

It turns out that alienating the entire dinosaur demographic is not the best political strategy, and when election night rolls around Domald Loch Ness Tromp loses by a landslide.

Despite our brief and important moment together on the campaign trail, I never saw the creature again, but I also never revealed his secret. I’d like to think that we came to some kind of understanding up there above the clouds, a lover’s pact that would forever remain unbroken.

However, that doesn’t mean that Lon from Milk Magazine shared the same bond that I did with Mr. Tromp. Soon enough, Milk blew the lid off of everything, sending his publication into the stratosphere and sending Domald Tromp slinking back down into the depths of Loch Ness from which he came.

Some say that, on cold dark nights, you can hear his voice still drifting faintly across the Scottish lake, moaning into the harsh winds. You have to listen very carefully, but if you’re lucky you can hear it.

“You’re fired,” the creature bellows out to the world that turned its back on him.

PHARMA BRO POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY T-REX
COMEDIAN BILL MURKY AND A CLAN OF
TRICERATOPS RAPPERS TRYING TO GET THEIR
ALBUM BACK

What can I say, it's good to be rich.

I know that it's not exactly the most politically correct stance to have in this day and age, but as a young billionaire, life could be worse.

Of course, it could also be a lot better. For one thing, everyone hates me; and when I say everyone, I mean everyone.

It all started when my company, Buttscription Drugs, made a blanket purchase for the rights to hundreds of different drug patents, some of them valuable and some of them not, with the intent of jacking up the prices and turning a huge profit. I know, I know; on the surface this sounds like a pretty harsh thing to do, but in the world of business it's nothing new. In fact, this kind of burning and pillaging of intellectual property is how I got myself into such a lofty financial position in the first place.

Like I said, all of this price gouging is business as usual, but for some reason or another the press got ahold of the fact that one of these drugs in particular is used to treat blind orphan children and kittens who suffer from unbearable pain twenty-four hours a day. Of course, their dollars are just as good as anyone else's, so I raised the price of their drugs from three dollars to four hundred, and for some reason the entire world went crazy over it.

Suddenly, I was the most hated man on the planet, a spoiled, heartless rich kid who detests puppies and blind orphans.

Let's get one thing straight, I don't hate puppies and blind orphans, I just know that they will spend a lot of money to not be in constant, brain-melting pain. Ultimately, my loyalty is to my investors, and the investors expect me to do anything within my ability to make sure profits are high.

Why can't anyone else understand that?

My business practices and the unfortunate press that comes with them have given me the nickname of Pharma Bro, although my actual birth name is Marky Sharky.

Like I said before, it's good to be rich, but lately all of the backlash that I've been getting has really torn me down. While my biggest hobby is making money and destroying other people's lives, I'm also a big fan of music, and the music world has completely turned its back on me.

I've spent plenty of cold hard cash investing in artists that I like, or starting record labels, and all of them have returned the money once things started to get dark.

Fortunately, there's one musical artifact that I still have in my physical possession.

I'm talking, of course, about my one-of-a-kind album from my favorite triceratops rap group, the Yu-Bang Clan.

Yu-Bang Clan have been working on this unique album for years, an artistic concept record that would be limited to a single copy ever produced, sold to the highest bidder and then locked away for eighty-eight years. It's an amazing piece of musical history, and after much negotiation I was able to procure the only copy for the sum of two million dollars.

Fortunately, this all happened before the bad press started, and by then this one-of-a-kind album was already safely locked away within my billion-dollar compound.

But, when it comes to business, things are never really that simple.

I pick up my phone on the first ring, thrilled that someone has decided to call and break me away from my own oppressive loneliness.

"Hello," I cry out, a little too excited as my voice echoes down the long, empty halls of my cold mansion.

“Marky, this is Jorpo,” comes my lawyers familiar voice. He’s been calling a lot lately, which is usually not a good sign although I do appreciate actually having someone to talk to.

“What’s up?” I question.

“We need to talk,” Jorpo starts, a grave seriousness in his tone.

I lean back into my chair and let out a long sigh, ready for anything. From where I sit at my large oak desk I can see out across most of this luxurious compound, the whole thing completely empty.

“There is something in the Yu-Bang Clan contract that I think you should know about,” Jorpo says, “something in the fine print that we didn’t really notice until now.”

“Didn’t really notice?” I scoff. “Please tell me that you’re joking.”

“I’m afraid not,” Jorpo admits.

“What the fuck am I even paying you for?” I question angrily, my temper getting the best of me. As a genuine spoiled brat, my temper tantrums have been an issue that I’ve reckoned with for quite a while, even now as a thirty-something man. “Aren’t you supposed to be one of the best lawyers on the planet?”

“Yes, and I’m sorry. Here’s the thing, the stipulation is so absurd that we initially assumed it was a joke,” my lawyer explains. “Turns out, these guys are quite serious.”

“What’s the stipulation?” I ask, my curiosity piqued.

“It turns out that once the one-of-a-kind album is sold to the highest bidder, the Yu-Bang Clan have one opportunity to take it back without any repercussions,” Jorpo explains. “It says here that if they can pound your ass good enough then you are obligated to return the record.”

I start to laugh, amused by the absurdity of the situation. “Are you seriously trying to tell me that the Yu-Bang Clan are gay?” I question. “We *are* talking about the same notorious dinosaur rap group, correct?”

“I never said anything about them being gay,” Jorpo explains, “it appears that this transaction is a completely legal exchange.”

“Then why put it in the contract?” I question. “I mean, if they don’t want to pound butts then why make the fine print about pounding butts?”

“Artists work in mysterious ways,” Jorpo counters. “It’s not black and white like the world of business, Marky.”

I let out a long sigh and kick my feet up onto my desk. “I guess you’re right. So why are you telling me all of this now?”

“Because they’re on their way over,” explains my lawyer. “They’re coming to get the album back.”

Like clockwork, I hear a loud banging at the front door, three solid knocks that come ringing out through my vacant mansion.

“Oh shit,” I blurt, sitting up. “What do I do?”

“Whatever you do, don’t let them seduce you. I know how handsome dinosaur rappers can be, Marky, but if you want to keep this album in your possession then you must not succumb to their charms,” my lawyer explains.

“Okay,” I reply, “got it.”

I hang up to phone and then stand as the doorbell starts to ring, clanging out over and over again amid the growing fury of slamming knocks. The only thing pounding harder than their triceratops claws against my front door is my heart within my chest, the organ struggling to keep up with the anxiety that continues to flood me.

“Coming!” I call as I hurry down the stairs of my massive front entryway, finally making it to the door and then yanking it open.

There before me stands the entire Yu-Bang Clan in all of their prehistoric glory, covered in thick scales and ranging in color from light yellow to a deep forest green that immediately causes a gasp to escape my throat. I assumed that resisting these dinosaur rappers would have been an easy enough task, but I had no idea just how handsome they were going to be in person.

“Hey!” I start, trying my best to be nonchalant about this whole thing. “What brings you guys here?”

The handsome triceratops rappers say nothing as someone in the back begins to push his way through the crowd, finally appearing before me with a jagged row of long, razor-sharp dinosaur teeth and the unmistakable grin of a T-rex. This is not just any T-rex, either, but the legendary dinosaur comedian and actor, Bill Murky.

“Whoa,” is all that I can say, taken completely off guard. “What are you doing here Bill?”

Mr. Murky grins wide and then pulls a long cigar out of his suit pocket, popping it into his mouth and the lighting up as he offers me a playful wink. He takes his time while I look on in arousal and confusion.

Maintaining a clinical distance from these dinosaurs is easier said than done. I have seen plenty of music videos or comedy specials from this unique crew of prehistoric celebrities, but watching them on the small screen could have never prepared me for what it is like to be faced with a muscular, dinosaur crew of this caliber. Every one of them is handsome as can be, dressed to the nines and completely commanding the situation in a way that someone as rich as I am is seldom used to.

Finally, Mr. Murky speaks. “We’re here to get the album back,” he says.

“You’re part of this, too?” I question. “Is that really in the contract?”

The dinosaur nods.

“But why?” I continue.

“Why not?” Bill Murky counters, then takes a long drag from his cigar and puffs it into the air.

I suppose he has a point.

“Well, you’re not going to seduce me,” I tell them flatly, “so you might as well just all head home.”

Bill Murky nods, apparently understanding my request but refusing to go anywhere. “Alright, alright,” the dinosaur says, “but how about you have a cigar with us, chill by the pool, and if something happens then something happens.”

I have to admit, even as a straight man, I am incredibly attracted to these beautiful celebrity dinosaurs and their toned muscular bodies. Honestly, how could you not be? The thing is, there is no way I’m giving back a record that I dropped two million dollars to procure.

If I was smart, I would just shut the door and walk upstairs to sit alone in the dark some more, counting my money or finding more poor, disenfranchised people to take advantage of. Right now, however, there is more blood rushing to my slowly enlarging cock than to my brain.

“Alright,” I finally offer, opening the door wide and then stepping out of the way for the dinosaurs to come inside, “one cigar and that’s it.”

The creatures all pile in, each one more hunky than the last until the whole clan has entered and I shut the door behind them.

“Follow me,” I offer, making my way through the foyer and across the length of the house to the

pool in back.

I may be rich, but I still haven't gotten used to just how beautiful this mansion is, every part of it crafted perfectly in the most luxurious detail. This couldn't be any more apparent than now, as the gang of us steps out through the back door and gazes across my compound, the sun setting in the sky and the pool shimmering at our feet. Everything radiates with incredible, blossoming color, casting this perfect moment in purple and orange.

"There's plenty of chairs," I say, directing the Yu-Bang Clan and Bill Murky over to a swath of white chaise lounges that sit scattered around the pool.

The triceratopses all sit while Bill pulls another cigar out of his jacket pocket and hands it to me, which I graciously accept. I place it into my mouth and then grin as my T-rex companion lights it.

"So listen," Bill Murky says, "you're kind of a dickbag, you understand that right?"

I almost choke on the smoke but catch myself, completely surprised by this comment. This is not at all the sensual wooing that I was expecting.

"What?" I ask.

"You're a dickbag," the T-rex continues, "a little shit, a spoiled brat."

"I mean, I'm just doing business," I stammer, struggling to explain myself.

"Yeah, but we all are, you know?" Bill Murky counters. "Everybody's gotta make a living, I get that, but we're not all dicks about it. You go out of your way to be terrible, what's up with that?"

"I just..." I start, trailing off. Suddenly, I realize that I don't quite have an answer to this one.

"You think it might have something to do with not having any friends?" the T-Rex continues after a glorious puff of his cigar.

"Maybe," I admit, looking down.

Even though this line of questions was not at all what I expected from these handsome dinosaurs, I still can't help myself being turned on by their approach. There is something about our conversation that seems so much more real than the stuff that I'm used to. I feel as though Bill Murky really, truly knows and understands me at my very core, an incredible feat seeing as we've only just met.

"I'm just so lonely," I finally admit. "I've never had many friends, and now that I'm rich I try to surround myself with objects to make myself feel better. That didn't work so, I guess, I just try to make other people more miserable."

"Like blind orphans and kittens?" Bill Murky questions.

I nod.

"That's fucked," he tells me bluntly. "You've gotta knock it off with that shit. Raising the price of drugs by like four hundred dollars? Are you serious?"

"I know," I say, looking down and shaking my head, "I know."

I can't help it, I actually start to cry right then and there as my heart is flooded with a true understanding of the pain and misfortune that I have caused all of these people over the years. My heart aches, broken into a million pieces, but there is no one to blame here but myself.

I can feel the T-Rex comedian place his large and powerful claw on my shoulder, his touch soothing me as I turn to face him and begin crying into his shoulder.

"I've been such a fool," I sob.

The T-rex begins to move his claw along my back, causing the faintest sparks of warmth to begin growing somewhere deep down within my heart, and my cock.

"Oh my god," I sigh, the words limply escaping from my lips.

I press harder against the handsome T-rex, his cock bulging within the fabric of his suit pants and making me tremble with a gay desire that I have never felt before.

"I want you," I finally whisper.

"I don't want anything to do with your evil ass," replies Bill Murky, but I'll sure pound it to get that record back."

Suddenly overwhelmed with lust, I kiss the T-rex deeply and passionately on his green, scaly lips.

Soon, I find myself completely surrounded by the dinosaurs from every angle. I let out a soft sigh, succumbing to the sensation of their touch as it overwhelms me. The hunky prehistoric beasts know exactly what to do with their claws, slowly removing my clothing and then tracing their way down to my rock hard cock.

I bite my lip as one of them begins to stroke me slowly, barely even noticing that, by now, I'm standing completely naked between them.

"Fuck yeah," I groan, "Pound me like the evil little fuck toy that I am."

I look down and see that the dinosaurs have all pulled their enormous cocks from their fabric sheaths, their shafts rubbing across my body in a hurricane of reptile dick.

Overwhelmed with gay arousal, I immediately drop down to my knees between them and 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 dinosaurs weren't expecting such a quick and enthusiastic validation of their legally binding clause, but they quickly fall into step with my passionate blowjobs, placing scaly hands on the back of my head and helping to pump me up and down.

Eventually, I take one of the creature'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 the dinosaur's incredible size and, the next thing I know, I'm gagging on his mammoth, Jurassic dick.

The creature pulls out as a sputter and gasp, trying desperately to collect my senses. "I'm sorry, let's try that again," I offer.

I open wide and the dinosaur rapper 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 the creature's yellow 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 massive prehistoric dicks, stroking them off in a series of slow, firm pumps. The creatures seem to enjoy this greatly, letting out a chorus of otherworldly 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 the dinosaur'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 Yu-Bang Clan and Bill Murky with wild, lustful eyes.

"I want you inside of my ass," I beg. "I need your big, thick, celebrity dinosaur cocks."

"That's what I'm talkin' about," Bill Murky says with a chuckle.

I finally have no problem admitting that I'm happy we've come to a deal. Without hesitation, I stand up and walk over to a nearby chaise lounge, bending my toned, nude body over it and looking back at the creatures coyly.

"Get over here and pound this tight evil billionaire asshole!" I command.

The rapper dinosaurs immediately follow my instructions and, the next thing I know, they have surrounded me once more, beating off their dicks while they watch a particularly hung beast align his cock with the tight rim of my butt. I can feel him teasing the edges of my tightness, and then moments later he slides deep inside of me.

I let out a sharp yelp as my body adjusts to the dinosaurs massive size. He is absolutely enormous, the thickness of his big green dick stretching me out and filling me completely.

The dinosaur 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 shake the chaise lounge below me, our loud rhythm ringing out across the back yard.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," I begin to cry, unable to contain all of the pleasant 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 the dinosaurs 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 squeal as I'm pounded from either end.

These ancient monsters slam away at me brutally but, surprisingly, the more ruthless they are with my body, the more it turns me on. I want to be completely used by the dinosaurs, their own personal gay sex toy for the evening. I've been a very bad little billionaire, and I deserve to be punished.

Eventually, the triceratops rappers 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 chaise lounge. Each of the new Yu-Bang Clan members is just as skilled as the first, however, picking up right where the last ones left off and plowing away at my body with a passionate fury.

I can feel the first hints of a 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 beat my cock.

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

I look back at them, confused. "What's going on?" I ask. "Punish my butt!"

The creatures don't answer, but two of them help me to my feet while I am replaced on the chaise lounge by one of the triceratops rappers himself. The dinosaur is laying on his back, his massive cock jutting out from his muscular, scaly like a beautiful tower of aching flesh.

"Get on," the prehistoric celebrity entertainer commands.

I do as I'm told, throwing my long legs around either side of the flattened pool chair and then crouching down onto the massive dick below me. As the dinosaur enters my ass I grab onto his shoulders, guiding my descent until I am completely impaled across the length of his huge member.

It feels absolutely incredible, and I instinctively begin to buck against him in slow but firm swoops. Every grind of my hips grows harder and harder, my body still trying to adjust to his enormous 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 prostate orgasm boiling up within me once more. "Oh my god, that contractually binding dino dick is so fucking good! Fuck me! Fuck me! Make my ownership of this one-of-a-kind rap album void!"

I'm so caught up in the moment that I barely notice Bill Murky climb into position behind me. Suddenly, all of that changes however, as the comedian T-rex places his thick cock against the already

filled entrance of my 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 the thunder lizard in shock, but what started as a moment of anger quickly transforms into a lustful gay snarl. The sensation is unexpected, unlike anything I have ever felt, but it's honestly 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, dinosexual hybrid. My breathing heavy, I reach down between my legs and begin to frantically stroke 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 within me 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. "The album is yours!"

The dinosaurs 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. Jizz erupts from the head of my cock, splattering everywhere. Every slam that they push within me just adds to the blinding pulses 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 dinosaurs cool skin.

"That was fucking amazing," I gush.

The prehistoric creatures aren't finished with me yet, though.

The next thing I know, Bill Murky has picked up speed, slamming me hard from behind and then pushing deep as he explodes with a payload of hot, milky jizz. His cum fills my ass quickly, gushing forth with a reptilian intensity until its squirting out from the edges of my packed anal rim.

When the dinosaur finally pulls out a whole torrent of jizz comes with him, the pearly liquid running down my ass and providing ample lube for the next creature in line.

Soon enough, another dinosaur 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 penetration. The creature 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, the monster's jizz swirling within me as it mixes with the cum that came before it.

The dinosaur stays put until he has completely emptied himself and then finally pulls to allow a third Jurassic monster to take his place.

The dinosaurs continue like this for what seems like forever, double plowing my reamed out butthole and then eventually blowing their load into the mix with the others. I completely lose track of how many have taken me, and soon the only measure of telling becomes the splatters of semen that leak out from my ass. Soon enough, though, the last dinosaur finishes within and I find myself with only one left to satisfy, the creature who has been so diligently ramming my butthole from the front.

This final triceratops pushes me off of him and then stands up, beating off his dick furious with his claw while a look up and smile from my knees below. I stick out my tongue, coaxing him onward until finally the dinosaur explodes across my face. His warm, sticky jizz 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 the dinosaur, “you taste great.”

Without a response, the handsome rapper above me turns and heads for the door.

“Wait a minute!” I cry out, standing up and watching as the entire gang of hunky reptilian creatures disappears back into the house.

I follow them inside and see that Bill Murky has already removed the one of a kind record from its case with his T-rex claws, carefully carrying it through the mansion and towards my front door.

“But wait, don’t you love me!?” I cry. “Was it really all about the record, I thought that we had something!”

The dinosaurs don’t say a word.

“Are you honestly telling me there is nothing between us?” I shout, completely losing it. “Are you honestly telling me that this love isn’t real?”

The dinosaurs open up the front door and file out until only Bill Murky is left, the T-rex stopping at the threshold and turning to give me a wide, sharp-toothed smile.

“Sorry,” he says, “it’s just business.”

“Nooo!” I cry out, falling to my knees and throwing my head back in a painful scream of true loss.

Bill Murky steps outside and closes the door behind him, leaving me all alone once more in my giant, empty mansion.

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 revelers 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 for 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 asshole!”

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 retille 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?"

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:

MONDAY POUNDS ME IN THE BUTT

If there's one thing that I know how to do like a pro, it's party. Honestly, it doesn't matter where or when; whether we're talking about a seductive dinner soiree or a wild warehouse party downtown, I go hard.

So hard, in fact, that lately I've been having trouble pulling it together when Monday finally rolls around.

I can deal with the hangovers, sure, because I'm used to them by now, but that hard earned experience seems like it's just the thing that's been dragging me down lately. I'm only human, and there is only so much alcohol that my body can take. After years of late nights and long weekends, I've finally started to feel it all catch up with me.

While I was once able to force myself awake on Monday morning, pushing past the throbbing in my head and powering out the door, lately I haven't even been given the chance as I simply sleep through it.

I'm thinking all of this as a constant throbbing pulse pushes its way through the vast darkness of my sleepy brain. I've been dreaming, my thoughts a strange blanket of hazy unknown that is slowly taking shape. What is that terrible tone that seems to drill itself over and over again through my body, a terrible, aching slam that stays relentless no matter how much I toss and turn.

Finally, all of this abstraction begins to take shape as I recognize this constant whine as the familiar, piercing tone of my alarm clock. I slowly force myself to open my eyes, darting them back and forth across the room as I struggle to understand my surroundings.

I know that this is my own room, but how I ended up here is something that eludes me. I certainly don't remember going to bed last night.

Today is Monday, I suddenly think.

I glance over at the squealing alarm clock, trying to adjust my vision enough to make out the bright red digital letters before me. They float in the air like strange blurry clouds and then gradually come together, eventually creating the sign of a waking nightmare.

The numbers read eleven thirty, meaning that I'm already three hours late for work.

Immediately, I sit upright and turn off the blaring alarm, then grab my phone to find six missed calls from work.

"Fuck," I say aloud, trying my best to jump out of bed and then immediately tangling in the sheets. I slam hard onto my bedroom floor, a sharp pain in my face as I stagger to my feet and then throw open the door of my closet. I desperately begin to cobble together a suit and tie.

Skipping my shower and breakfast, I run my hair under the faucet for a bit and then grab an energy bar while running out the door.

Once in my car, I consider calling in to tell them that I'm on my way in but then realize, in an office as ruthless as mine, this is not the best idea. Like I said, my hard partying ways have been catching up with me and my boss has just about had enough of it. I would not be surprised if this particular fuck up is the one that finally gets me sacked, and I figure I have a much better chance of talking myself out of this unfortunate outcome if I'm actually there in person.

Thankfully, I've already missed the morning traffic so I make it to the office incredibly quickly, screeching into the parking lot and throwing open the door just seconds before the vehicle has stopped moving. I'm straightening my tie as I march up to the front door and throw it open, passing through the lobby before our receptionist can even acknowledge my presence.

I continue down the hallway past a series of rooms, rounding the corner and then literally

slamming into my boss, Mr. Perper.

Fortunately, it's not hard enough to seriously injure either of us, but the look on Mr. Perper's face is enough to nearly stop my heart cold. He is utterly furious, absolutely red in the face with so much anger that he can hardly get out the words when he tells me to step into his office.

I follow Mr. Perper like a dog en route to punishment, head down and tail between his legs. While we walk I can see my friends peering out from their desks, appropriately worried for me and the impending doom that awaits.

Finally, we reach Mr. Perper's lair and step inside, the man slamming his door loudly and then taking a seat at his desk. I begin to head for the chair across from him but my boss stops me.

"No," Mr. Perper shouts, "don't sit, you're not going to be here long."

"Please let me explain," I stammer, trying my best to hold myself at some level of dignity, despite the fact that I probably still reek of booze from the night before, "there was an accident on the freeway, you should have seen it, traffic backed up for miles."

"Jesus Christ!" Perper exclaims. "You're really going to just lie about it? Be a man, Wimbs."

"I'm telling the truth," I counter.

"Did you know that we take the same freeway to get there in the morning?" asks Perper with a sigh.

I freeze. "No, I didn't know that."

"There was no wreck," Mr. Perper says, shaking his head. "You know that you had a very important client meeting this morning with Starbutts. That's a massive account, Wimbs, one of the biggest that we have."

"I know," I assure him, "I'm sorry."

"Well, you should be," Mr. Perper says, "because they left us, they're taking their advertising budget elsewhere."

My heart skips a beat. "What?"

"That's a twenty million dollar account," Mr. Perper informs me.

"You're kidding," I stammer, "they left?"

"Well, *their project manager* missed his meeting for the third time," Mr. Perper offers.

"Holy shit," I exclaim, "I'm so sorry."

Mr. Perper just stares at me, a seething anger in his expression unlike anything I have ever seen.

Suddenly, though, it breaks. A smile carefully begins to spread across my boss's face until finally he is beaming with a wide, goofy grin.

"No, I'm just fucking with you, they didn't leave," Mr. Perper reveals.

"They didn't?" I gasp. "So I'm not fired?"

"Oh you're still fired," my boss explains, "I just wanted to mess with you before you go. You know that feeling of horror you just experienced? That's what it was like for me explaining to our largest client that their project manager was a complete and utter fuck up. Fortunately, they understand that you are not a representative for our entire company, and they have decided not to leave... yet."

I am equal parts relieved and disappointed, sad that I've been thrust into the harsh world of unemployment but ultimately glad that I didn't take the whole ship down with me.

"I'm sorry," I apologize, hanging my head and accepting my fate, "Monday really fucks me up the ass."

"What was that?" my boss questions, his eyebrows raised.

I said "Monday really fucks me up the ass."

“You’re dating Monday?” Mr. Perper questions.

I suddenly realize the mistake that has been made. My boss thinks I’m referring to a personification of the first day in our workweek, where I had simply been using a common expression.

In the split second that I have to react, however, I recognize how much this changes his attitude and suddenly instinct takes over.

“Oh yeah,” I lie, “I’m with Monday, we were really going at it this morning and that’s actually why I’m late.”

Mr. Perper seems confused. “I had no idea you were gay.”

I’m not, but he doesn’t need to know this. “I sure am,” I profess.

My boss leans back into his chair, clearly thinking hard about something.

Finally he speaks. “Listen, maybe I was being a little harsh earlier,” Mr. Perper says, a tense caution in his voice. “I honestly had no idea that you were so close with such an important day of the week.”

I nod, trying to figure out where he is going with this but not exactly sure. I’m just thankful that my lie appears to have worked, for now.

“Have you ever thought about how much business we could do if we were to implement your boyfriend within this company?” Mr. Perper asks. “I’m sorry to be so blunt about it but, come on, Monday is a huge deal. I mean he’s been coming around every seven days for as long as I can remember.”

“I’ve thought about it,” I offer, lying through my teeth, “but you know, it just seems kind of weird to ask my boyfriend to do something for my work like that.”

“What if your job depended on it?” Mr. Perper questions flatly.

I suddenly understand where he is going with this and I desperately want to agree, if not for the fact that I have no personal connection to Monday whatsoever.

Finally, I’m forced to answer. “I’m sure I could figure something out, what did you have in mind?”

“The launch party for our new Starbutts campaign is this weekend,” explains my boss. “I want you to be there with your boyfriend, Monday. Just show him off a bit, let everyone at Starbutts know that we have an entire day of the week in our back pocket.”

“I don’t know,” I start, but Mr. Perper is having none of it.

“Alright, I’ll see you then,” my boss says, standing up from his desk.

Not knowing what else to do, I turn to leave, then stop and look back at my boss. “Does this mean I get my job back?” I question.

“Job? If you deliver on this, you’ll become a partner,” Perper gushes.

Thankfully, getting in touch with Monday is not as difficult as one might imagine for being an eternal, physically manifested day-of-the-week. His assistant is very nice and shockingly receptive when I explain my situation to her. She runs the whole plan by Monday and, somehow, he agrees to go along with it for the sum of thirty thousand dollars.

It sounds like a lot, I know, but it pales in comparison to losing my salary at the office. I need this job, and if spending a little bit of cash is going to help me keep it, then so be it.

As luck may have it, Monday lives in Los Angeles just like I do, and I have no problem driving

to his place for a pick up in Griffith Park before the party.

The day is out front waiting for me when I pull up, manifesting himself as a radiating ball of quantified time with a cute smile and incredibly thick biceps.

As I said before, I don't have a gay bone in my body, but I have to admit there is something about this particular day that I can't help but get a little turned on by.

Maybe it's the fact that he seems so rugged and dominating, someone who is not afraid to show up at the top of every workweek, kick open the door and shout, "here I am."

"Hey," I say, reaching out and shaking the day's warm glowing hand as he climbs into the passenger seat, "it's great to meet you."

Monday smiles. "We've met before, you don't remember?"

It suddenly occurs to me that I've known this handsome day of the week my entire life, our paths crossing like clockwork between Sunday and Tuesday ever since I was born.

"Oh yeah," I stammer, I guess you're right.

"It's good to see you again, though," Monday says and then glances at his phone, "I few days earlier than normal this time. Feels weird, right?"

"I suppose it is," I say, then throw the car into drive, pulling out into the street and making my way towards the luxury hotel ballroom where our business shindig is already well under way.

"You want to listen to anything?" I ask the day, flipping on the radio.

"I'm cool with just talking," Monday shrugs, "it's not that often that I get someone taking me out like this. It's really nice, actually."

A smile slowly creeps out across my face, realizing now just how much this whole thing actually means to the handsome day.

"I figured you'd have people all over you," I offer, "I mean, you're a fucking day-of-the-week. That is so far beyond and kind of normal celebrity."

"Yeah, but I'm the day-of-the-week that everyone hates," Monday says, chuckling to himself despite the deep, aching pain I can sense in his voice.

I want to console him, but in this moment I realize that the day is actually right.

"I'm sorry," I finally offer.

Monday shrugs. "It's all good, been that way forever, you know?"

Eventually, we pull up to the hotel and climb out.

The valet takes my car and, the next thing I know, Monday and me are walking into the building side by side, heads turning as they see me coming with this notorious selection of time.

According to the plan, Monday and me only need to spend our time here in close proximity to sell the image of our relationship, but the day takes things a step further by slipping his arm around my waist.

I jump slightly as his ethereal yellow skin touches me, not expecting the warm embrace but immediately drawn deeper into his presence. There is a very real energy between us that I did not expect, mostly because we are both male and completely straight, as far as I can tell.

Still, there is no denying that this energy is erotic in nature, a deep sexual craving that defies the boundaries of everyday classifications like gay or straight.

We head through the lobby and immediately emerge into a large, well decorated ballroom full of people. Businessmen mill about in their suits, chatting casually with horderves in their hands while thundering music blares all around us.

The second that we enter, Mr. Perper appears out of nowhere with the Starbutts executives in

tow.

“Oh Wimbs, great to see you!” my boss says, shaking my hand.

I greet him and the other executives, who are clearly still upset about the meeting that I missed until they notice the beautiful man I’m standing next to.

Suddenly, everything changes. The men from Starbutts begin falling all over themselves as they make introductions to Monday, stammering like belligerent fanboys as they bask in his presence.

Eventually, one of the executives turns to me. “We had no idea that you and Monday were an item,” the man exclaims. “How come you never mentioned him before?”

“He’s my boyfriend, you know, its not something that I think about all the time,” I struggle to explain. “When you’re in love you aren’t really thinking about how famous your partner is.”

The executive nods and then slowly cracks a grin. “I hope that doesn’t mean you’d be adverse to calling in a few favors.”

I lean in towards the executive and lower my voice. “Whatever you need, sir. If we can count on your business, then you can count on the best that Monday has to offer.”

The executive nods and we quietly shake hands, happy to have come to a mutual understanding. Of course, it’s going to be quite awkward when my company can’t always deliver on our Monday promise, but for now everything seems to have been pleasantly smoothed over.

The rest of the night goes off without a hitch, and as the hours draw later and later I find myself being drawn closer and closer to this incredible day of the week. There is something about him that is absolutely intoxicating, a homosexual attraction that builds and builds within me until it is absolutely overflowing.

As we leave the party, Monday and I find ourselves holding hands, not because it is expected of us, but simply because we want to.

We stop in front of my car for a moment, neither of us wanting this night to end but too nervous to say a word. Instead, we stare deeply into one another’s eyes, the tension just waiting for an opportunity to break.

“Can I be honest with you?” I finally ask.

“Of course,” Monday confirms.

“I had a really good time tonight, and I…” my voice trails off, unable to fully express the taboo desires that swirl and simmer within me.

“What is it?” Monday urges.

“I really want you to pound me hard,” I tell him.

The day grins knowingly, placing his warm yellow hand on my shoulder. “Oh Wimbs,” he sighs, “don’t know see? I’ve been pounding you for years, every morning when you wake up and dread going to work, every time your head aches when the alarm sounds. I’ve always been with you, pounding your heart’s butt.”

This revelation hits me hard, nearly buckling my knees and dropping me right then and there in the parking lot. I can’t believe that I have been in the presence of such an incredible man and never even noticed, never even given it a second thought.

“I don’t think I can wait until next Monday,” I finally admit, “I want you to pound me now.”

Without another word, the muscular day sweeps me up into his arms and begins to carry me across the parking lot, away from the cars and the curious gaze of other revealers. We quickly reach the edge of the cement and then continue off into the nearby woods, the forest growing ever thicker around us.

My heart is pounding out of my chest now, fully consumed by this moment of gay lust and still aching for more.

Eventually, Monday lowers me down onto a patch of beautiful green grass, illuminated by a shaft of moonlight that shimmers across the soft surface of the blades. I look up at the handsome day of the week, rampant arousal filling my eyes as I scramble to undo the fly of his pants.

Eventually, I throw the fabric open and pull out the day's massive cock, the hardening member springing forth in brilliant glowing yellow as it extends outward towards my face.

"Oh fuck," the day groans as I slowly begin to pump my hand across the length of his rod.

Monday eventually begins to rock his hips along with my strokes, pumping faster and faster until eventually I am beating him off with a furious enthusiasm. In this moment, giving him pleasure means everything to me, and soon I can't help but open my mouth wide and swallowing the day's giant rod.

I pulse my lips across the length of his shaft, savoring the unusually sweet taste of Monday's dick as it moves across my tongue. I pull him out and lick him from balls to tip, and then take his shaft once again, this time pushing down as far as I can. The day's cock slips deeper and deeper down my throat until eventually it hits my gag reflex and I retch slightly, not entirely prepared for this enormous unit.

I come back up sputtering and gasping for air, a long strand of saliva hanging between my lips and Monday's member.

"I'm sorry," I stammer, bravely trying to collect my senses. "One more try."

Monday places his hands on my head and guides it back down across his shaft, lower and lower until he meets my gag reflex once again. This time, however, I'm ready, relaxed enough to let his enormity slip down past my previous limits.

Soon enough, the day's shaft is fully consumed within me, my lips pressed hard against his chiseled abs and his balls hanging tight across my chin. I gaze up at Monday with a look of cock drunk lust, giving him a playful wink and fighting the urge to come up for air until finally I just can't take it anymore and pull back with a gasp.

"You're so fucking big," I profess.

"A whole twenty four hours is a lot to take," Monday says with a smile, and then pushes me back onto the grass.

The day climbs down onto his knees in front of me, holding back my legs with his powerful arms and aligning the head of his massive cock with my puckered asshole. I can feel him teasing my rim, playing with the edge as he inches slowly past its elastic border and then pulls back. Monday continues like this for a while, toying with me until I finally just can't take it anymore.

"Shove that fat cock inside of me right now!" I demand. "I need that fucking day-of-the-week dick!"

Monday smiles and lets out a hearty chuckle. "Oh yeah? You want it?"

"Badly," I moan. "Please fuck my ass!"

Without a second thought, Monday thrusts forward and plunges deep into my tight asshole, causing me to throw my head back and let out a wild howl of pain and pleasure.

The beginning of the work we slowly begins fucking my ass, just like he's fucked it a million times before. The sensation is fantastic and so strangely familiar.

"God dammit! I love the way that you fuck me, Monday!" I scream.

My words give the day a surge of encouragement and soon enough he is picking up speed, slamming my asshole harder and harder until eventually he is throttling me with everything that he's

got, hammering away at my tight sphincter with reckless abandon. My eyes roll back into my head and I grip my legs even tighter, spreading myself out for Monday so that he can plow me in a perfectly angled swoop. Every thump of his hips against my asscheeks cause my rock hard dick to bounce and bob, playfully dancing in the air and aching to be pleased.

Without another thought, I reach down and grab ahold of my rod, beating myself off in time with the slams that ream my butthole.

As a straight man, the sensation is almost indiscernible, the nerves within my anus treating me to something wholly unique. I had no idea that tickling the prostate could be so strange, so sensitive, so sensual.

I can feel that pulsing waves of orgasm beginning to build within me, coming in short, staccato bursts and then growing as they move across my body. Soon every muscle is clenched tight, ready to explode as I push closer and closer to the edge of a powerful orgasmic cliff.

I'm almost there when suddenly Monday pulls out of my ass, abruptly breaking my concentration.

"What the fuck?" I cry out, yearning to blow my load.

"Not yet," says the handsome day. "You're going to have to work for it."

"Work for it?" I question.

"Monday is a day of work," he says to me, confidently. "That's the point."

I watch as the glowing yellow manifestation lies down onto the grass next to me, his massive cock extending out from his body in a proud tower of shimmering gold. He looks incredible stretched out like this, the absolute pinnacle of fitness thanks to years of all that hard work he's so fond of.

"Get on," Monday commands.

I crawl over to him and then climb aboard, squatting down over the muscular being and aligning his massive shaft with my butthole. This time there is no teasing the rim as I roughly impale myself onto his rod, my entire body skewered as I sink deeper and deeper.

"Work for it," Monday commands again.

I start to pump my entire body up and down across his length, groaning as I accept his thickness within my stretched out asshole.

"I've got a case of the Mondays in my ass," I murmur, repeating the words over and over again until I am shouting them out at the top of my lungs. "I've got a case of the Mondays in my ass! I've got a case of the Mondays in my ass!"

My cock is hard as ever, bouncing along with my frantic slams until I grab it tight and begin to beat off once more, picking up right where I last left off.

I'm quickly hit with the same looming sense of orgasm, trembling wildly as I jackhammer down onto Monday and then finally letting out a loud, satisfied roar when I explode all over him with my massive jizz load.

My spunk flies everywhere, splattering in a thick white mess across Monday's hard chest in a beautiful display of gay passion.

"Fuck!" I yell, falling backwards onto the grass.

I look up to see Monday climbing over the top of me, furiously beating his member while I lay sprawled on the grass below.

The day cries out and then buckles forward, his eyes shut tight and his teeth barred as hot ropes of spunk eject from the head of his shaft.

I open my mouth and catch as much as I can, the rest of his cum painting my lips and running

down either side of my face.

Finally, the day falls back onto the grass next to me, completely spent after the hardcore, day-of-the-week fuckfest.

“That was amazing,” I tell him, licking my lips.

I slide over to the muscular day.

Monday puts his arm around me and holds me close, filling my soul with a comforting warmth. When I first hatched this plan, I would have never guessed that it could lead me somewhere so unexpected, but now that I’m here I wouldn’t have it any other way. I understand now that, as harsh as Monday can be, his intentions are pure.

Every workweek has a beginning and an end, and Monday is strong enough to pound ass when it needs to be pounded the most. Without Monday we would all hate Tuesday instead, a never-ending cycle of hungover wakeups that simply cannot be avoided.

No longer will I shoot the messenger, I think to myself. From this day forward I will see Monday for what he really is: A necessary day of the week, and a truly phenomenal lover.

“I think I love you,” I finally say, the words spilling out of my mouth without warning.

The day looks at me with a deep intensity in his eyes, a single tear cresting over the edge and running down his glowing yellow face in a slippery wet streak. “I love you, too,” says Monday.

“I don’t ever want to leave your side,” I confess.

Monday’s smile fades slightly. “I’m sorry, Wimbs, I can’t stay with you forever. Eventually Sunday’s going to roll back around, and then I’ll need to get back to work.”

“But can’t you just stop?” I question.

“And let Tuesday handle it?” the day attempts to clarify.

I nod.

“I can’t,” he says, shaking his golden head, “everything would fall apart.”

“Without you *I* will fall apart!” I shout in protest.

My words hit the day hard, like an arrow to the heart. He is thinking now, a solemn look on his face. “You’re right,” Monday finally says, “our love is more important than any of that. I’m not going in to work this week.”

I gaze out across Los Angeles, trembling with anxiety in the late night darkness. Monday sees me shaking and puts his hand in mine, offering a sliver of comfort in this otherwise terrifying situation.

After an eternity of coming directly after Sunday, my new gay lover and I have no idea what will happen when he decides not to show up.

I check my watch.

“How much time?” Monday asks.

“One minute,” I tell him.

I squeeze his hand tighter, looking out over the city lights and wondering what the future holds. Will we automatically jump to Tuesday as if nothing even happened? Or will the very fabric of time and space collapse around us?

Suddenly, I can feel a strange rush of wind from behind, though something about it feels completely distinct and new.

“This is it,” I say.

The wind behind us continues to pick up, howling in my ears as a bright red glow appears along

the distant horizon line. It's only then that I realize the wind is not wind at all, but the sensation of time and space being ripped apart.

"Oh my god!" I cry out, but the words immediately dissolve into nothingness.

I look over and see that Monday's face has begun to melt, drifting away from him in a strange swirling line that eventually consumes his entire body. Soon enough the two of us are merging together in a sickening mutation of random matter, consumed by our own place in space and time.

I should be terrified right now, but I'm not. Regardless of our impending metamorphosis within the space-time continuum, I am just glad to be here with Monday, the love of my life.

Moments later, we are ripped into a billion tiny pieces, melding with the universe as it collapses around us.

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About Dr. Tingle...

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

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