

CHUCK'S DINOSAUR TINGLERS

VOLUME 2



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GAYGENT BRONTOSAURUS: THE BUTT IS NOT ENOUGH



PROFESSOR T-REX TEACHES ME GAYNESS



LONELY AUTHOR POUNDED BY DINOSAUR SOCIAL MEDIA FOLLOWERS

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Volume 2

By Chuck Tingle

GAYGENT BRONTOSAURUS

The Butt Is Not Enough

1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

situation.

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

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

"Going up?" The dinosaur asks.

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

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

"What are the chances?" I offer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nod, again.

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

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

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

"Shall we?" The dinosaur asks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, we are no longer falling, but drifting down towards the beach as the ash and debris floats through the air around us in a fiery rain. I look up at my incredible brontosaurus savior who is still all business, scanning our surroundings for a place to land.

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

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

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

"This is what?" The dinosaur asks.

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

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

"John Marks." I reveal.

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

"I understand." I tell him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I know." Replies the gaygent, lost in a world of his own thoughts. The two of us are sitting side by side on his deck in a pair of low sling lounge chairs, our hearts heavy with the knowledge that we will probably never see one another again after tonight. We're from different worlds, him a

handsome and mysterious secret gaygent while I am nothing more than a lowly bellboy; ex-bellboy, probably.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuck yes." The dinosaur groans.

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

Gaygent Brontosaurus nods.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fuck!” I scream.

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

they come, the perfect gentleman and the perfect monster.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PROFESSOR T-REX TEACHES ME GAYNESS

2

It's been said that there are two types of people in life; the ones who we're born into their good fortune, and the one's who have to earn it. The thing is, though, whoever came up with this saying didn't realize there was a rather depressing third option.

The third kind of person wasn't born into anything, and regardless of how hard they try, earning it is still out of the question because, at the end of the day, life is just not that fair. That third person is me.

Fortunately, I've grown to accept this. I know that no matter how hard I work at my low paying, manual labor job, I will never save enough money to change my life in any truly significant way. It's just not in the cards.

The acceptance of this is freeing, in a way, just one less thing I have to worry about as I go through my routine daily struggle. It would be a lot easier if my brain was slower and weaker, but it's not, regardless of how hard I try. I am in the strange situation of wishing that I wasn't so damn smart, simply because it just makes all of these tragic realizations about the life of the average, American male that much more disappointing.

Today, like every other day that stretches behind me, begins with scrubbing down the first floor bathrooms here at Burtorp University. I make my rounds slowly and methodically, cleaning the facilities to the best of my ability. I move on to the second floor, then the third. Eventually, the final bathroom is cleaned, sparkling and new as I look back at it from the doorway with a strange pride.

It's finally time to go home.

I collect my things and start to make my way back towards the janitor's closet, pushing my mop and bucket across the long tile hallway of this otherwise empty building. Row upon row of classroom doors pass me by, a series of reminders of the college life that I could never afford to have.

I get to the final door before my janitors closet and stop suddenly, noticing something strange about the blackboard inside. I take a few steps, peering into the empty classroom and reveling in the incredible, giant math problem that stretches upward in chalk before me.

I've seen calculations like this before while reading in my spare time and, despite it's size, I think that I have a pretty good idea where to start, so I leave my bucket and mop then enter the classroom. I step out into the middle of the room and look up at the board, taking it all in, then get to work.

Hour's later, I find myself picking up a small piece of chalk and scribbling the solution to this equation at the bottom, then step away once more. It looks perfect.

The classroom around me is completely desolate, however, and there is nobody here to share my victory or check my work. Instead, I walk back out into the hallway, all alone, and continue to push my mop and bucket to the janitor's closet.

The next day I'm sitting alone in the massive brick courtyard when I'm suddenly approached by a handsome professor. He's a T-Rex, with dashing good looks and a sharp-toothed, yet attractive, smile.

"Are you James Gort?" Asks the dinosaur professor.

I nod, looking up at him from my place on the bench.

"Can you come with me?" He continues.

I'm a little shocked by his request, seeing as this is the first time any staff or student here has

truly acknowledged my presence since I started working on campus two years ago.

“Is something wrong?” I ask.

“It’s about the math problem on my board.” The professor continues.

I suddenly remember the night before and immediately kick myself for not covering my tracks. I should have never gone into that classroom in the first place.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I tell him.

The T-Rex professor eyes me skeptically. “One of my students says that she saw you in there working on the equation last night, is that true?”

I shake my head. “No, sir.”

The dinosaur sits down on the bench next to me. “That equation has been around for a very, very long time. It’s never been solved. Until yesterday.”

I glance over at him, trying to determine whether or not he’s attempting to trap me.

“Wasn’t me.” I answer.

The professor T-Rex looks deep into my eyes, searching for something, and in this moment my perception of him suddenly shifts. I find myself strangely attracted to this handsome, prehistoric creature, unable to undo this slanted new way of looking at him.

The T-Rex stands abruptly. “Sorry to bother you.” He says, “My mistake.”

The dinosaur turns and begins to walk away, but he gets no more than five steps before I shout out and stop him. “Wait!”

The T-Rex halts and looks back at me.

“I’ve gotta get back to work now.” I explain. “But I’m off at eight tonight.”

“Come by my classroom.” The professor tells me.

I nod as he leaves.

The rest of the day it’s hard to focus on the job at hand. Even though most of my duties here involve straight manual labor with no brain power required, I often find myself staring out from the window at the students who walk past. I wonder what it was that brought them to this very moment, why they are here and what they want to do with their lives? I start to consider the same thing about myself.

When eight o’clock finally arrives I head over to the classroom and find the dinosaur professor waiting for me, sitting alone at one of his students desks while the massive blackboard is scrawled with yet another complex math problem.

“Hey.” Is all that I offer, coming inside.

The T-Rex stands and walks over to me, extending his stubby little dinosaur arm in a much more formal greeting than the one I received before. “Professor Robber Downy.”

“Nice to meet you.” I say, shaking his claw.

The T-Rex turns to the board. “I wanted to see if you could help me with this problem. It’s a little more difficult than the last one.”

My eyes are immediately scanning the equation top to bottom, taking it all in. Immediately, I start to notice a pattern, and before I know it I’ve stepped up to the board and grabbed a small white piece of chalk, getting to work.

The professor watches for a moment and then suddenly picks up on the angle that I’m taking, getting to work next to me with a few equations of his own.

Eventually, the board is absolutely covered with our notes, numbers and letters piling up into

lengthy patterns of chalk. When the two of us finally finish we step back and gaze upwards, smiles plastered across our faces.

“This problem has never been solved before.” Robber says. “Did you know that?”

I shake my head.

“You’ve made history.” The professor continues.

I suddenly feel the cold touch of his scaly claw on my shoulder. At first I flinch, not expecting this powerful dinosaur to get so close to me. I’m immediately picking up a vibe from him, lustful electricity flowing between us as we stand alone in his classroom. Unfortunately for Robber, I’m completely straight.

I pull away. “I should go.”

“Wait!” The dinosaur says, stopping me in my tracks. I turn back around to face him.

“You’re brilliant, did you know that?” Robber asks, a deep sincerity in his eyes.

“What does it matter?” I retort.

“Do you realize that you’ve just accomplished something in the course of an hour that some people have dedicate their entire lives too?”

I shrug.

“Why do you insist on denying your own intelligence?” The dinosaur finally demands to know, cutting straight to the point.

I sigh. “Because I know where I come from. I may be smart, but that also means I’m smart enough to know that it doesn’t matter for a guy like me. I can’t afford to go to school here.”

Robber nods in understanding. “What if I taught you for free?”

“Really?” I ask, suddenly interested.

“Yes.” The dinosaur confirms. “Not just math, though.”

“What else do you want to teach me?” I question, slightly confused.

The dinosaur cracks a smile with rows of powerful, sharp teeth. “Gayness.”

My heart skips a beat as the professor says this. I have always been completely in tune with my own sexuality, never questioned the fact that I was attracted to women and only women, but now I’m not so sure. There is no denying that this dinosaur is incredibly sexy, charming and sophisticated yet rough around the edges. Could it be that the lesson has already begun?

“You would teach me gayness... for free?” I stammer, my voice trembling.

“I would.” Says the T-Rex. “Are you interested?”

I nod.

“Good.” Robber tells me. “Be here at ten tomorrow night and we’ll have our first lesson.”

The following day is just as difficult to get through as the first, distracted by my excitement for what the professor could possibly have in store. The longer that my mind is allowed to wander, the hornier I get for his incredible prehistoric body. There is no question about it any longer, I’m turning gay for my dinosaur professor.

When I finally arrive at the classroom, the professor is nowhere to be found. A lone desk sits in front of the blackboard with a stack of index cards placed neatly on top of it. I look around, slightly confused, then approach the desk. I pick up the first card, which is labeled, *Lesson One*.

Flipping the card over, I read aloud. “If gay equals X and straight equals Y, what is bi?”

I think about this a moment, not even knowing where to begin with my answer.

“Having trouble?” A voice suddenly echoes through the room.

I turn to see Robber standing in the doorway with a smirk on his face. “You see, gayness isn’t quite as easy to learn as you’d think. I’ve been gay my entire life and I still don’t fully understand it.”

“I’ve been straight my whole life.” I tell the dinosaur. “And now I’m not so sure.”

The T-Rex professor sits down in one of his student’s desks. “Try the next card.”

I read the next card, which is labeled, *Lesson Two*. “Is it gay if it’s between a man and a dinosaur?”

“Well?” The professor asks. “What do you think?”

“I’ve heard this one before.” I tell him. “I’m thinking.”

Robber stands up from the desk and begins walking slowly towards me. “You know, sometimes the best way to teach someone is to just show them.” The dinosaur reveals. “Maybe we should leave the flashcards for the beginners.”

“I don’t know.” I counter, my voice quaking in my throat. “I’m scared.”

“Of what?” My dinosaur professor asks, pushing himself up against me.

“This.” I admit.

Our lips grow closer and closer until we are just inches away from one another, anxious to touch as our tension fills the air and swirls around us like a tornado. It’s like standing at the edge of a cliff and looking down over the side.

“You’re smart.” The dinosaur tells me. “But sometimes it’s okay to ask for a little help; a little push. Would you like me to push you, Mr. Gort?”

“Yes.” I sigh, the word falling out of my mouth in limp surrender.

Suddenly, Robber is kissing me, pushing hard against my body with his massive dinosaur frame. I stumble backwards a bit but he stays with me, maneuvering myself backwards until I finally reach the blackboard and stop against it. The two of us are making out now, passion blossoming between us as we enjoy the presence of one another’s body.

“Teach me.” I moan. “Teach me to be gay.”

The dinosaur begins to run his claws up and down my muscular chest and stomach, exploring me while I explore him. I quickly tear away his jacket and undo his tie, throwing it to the side. The dinosaur’s dress shirt comes next and, soon enough, he is completely shirtless, revealing an incredible, muscular set of toned, green abs.

“You look incredible.” I tell Robber.

“So do you.” The T-Rex gushes. With his tiny claws he quickly undresses me and before I know it the two of us are pressed back against the blackboard, completely naked.

The professor wastes no time, reaching down and grabbing a hold of my now rock hard cock. I let out a soft whimper as the prehistoric beast begins to stroke gracefully along the length of my shaft, sending wave after wave of pleasure across my trembling body.

I immediately begin to do the same for him, grabbing ahold of his massive scaly rod and getting to work. I beat the professor off slowly at first, pumping my hand across his length in firm, even strokes until eventually my aching lust gets the best of me and I begin to speed up. Faster and faster I go until I am throttling his beastly rod with everything that I’ve got.

“You like that you dirty old dinosaur?” I ask. “You like the way my warm human hand feels across that cold dino-dick of yours?”

“Yes!” Groans Robber. “I love it.”

“What’s my next lesson?” I coo.

“Blowjobs.” The dinosaur tells me, suddenly pushing me down onto my knees.

I look up at the majestic green creature playfully, his cock hovering just inches from my face as I stroke his length. I stick out my tongue and lick him sensually from balls to tip, cradling his hanging scrotum as I go.

“Like this?” I ask.

“Just like that.” The dinosaur professor says.

“How about this?” I continue, then open my mouth wide and take him as deep as I can into my throat.

Due to the fact that this is my first ever blowjob, I don’t make it very far, stopping immediately when the creature’s giant dick reaches the edge of my sensitive gag reflex. I struggle against him and then finally pull back with a loud gasp and a retch, my body rejecting Robber’s advances.

“I don’t understand.” I say, coughing.

“That’s why I’m here.” The dinosaur professor explains. “To teach you.”

The creature places both clawed hands on the back of my head, but doesn’t pull me towards him yet.

“This time, I want you to relax.” Robber explains. “Just let yourself accept the cock. You are open and free.”

“I’m open and free.” I repeat back to him.

“Good.” Robber smiles. “Now suck this T-Rex dick.”

Robber pulls me towards him and once again I accept the prehistoric beast’s rod into my mouth. This time, however, I’m ready for him, and when the dino-cock hits my gag reflex I somehow manage to let him pass, accepting his size fully within my throat. Farther and farther his scaly rod travels down until finally he reaches the hilt, my face pressed firmly up against the professor’s rock hard dinosaur abs.

I look up at him with a lustful hunger in my eyes, wishing that there was somehow even more of him to consume. Even though this is my first homosexual experience, I’ve jumped in fully, yearning to take this dinosaur in every way possible. Not only that, but I realize now how my blooming feelings for this incredible creature may actually extend farther than just aching gay lust; I think I love him.

Just when I’m almost completely out of air, the dinosaur finally pulls me back and releases me from his grasp. I gasp loudly, beating him off for a moment and then going back in for more. This time I get to work bobbing my head up and down across the length of his hard dick, pleasuring the professor skillfully.

The dinosaur moans and groans above me, clearly enjoying himself as he begins to rock his hips back and forth to the rhythm of my movements. We are completely in sync with one another.

Eventually, my desire for Robber is simply too much to bear. I stand abruptly and turn around, marching across the classroom and then pushing the stack of notecards off of the desk. I lean down over the edge and pop my ass out at the dinosaur behind me, displaying my puckered hole for him.

“Here you go.” I purr.

I reach with one hand and spread my ass cheeks open, then look back over my shoulder.

“I’ve been a bad, bad student coming in here and solving all the problems.” I tell him. “You need to teach me a lesson, a lesson in gayness.”

“I think I can do that.” Says the dinosaur as he approaches my muscular rear, brandishing a massive scaly rod in his claw.

The next thing I know, I can feel the head of Robber’s shaft testing the rim of my asshole’s

tightness, pushing gently against my sealed butt.

“Do it!” I command. “Just shove it in there.”

The dinosaur professor does as he’s told, thrusting forward hard and causing me to let out a loud yelp that’s a mixture of both pleasure and pain. I grip tightly onto the edge of the desk as the enormous creature begins to slam into me, pounding me in a series of firm, even thrusts that rock my entire body.

As the dinosaur speeds up he begins to push us across the floor, the desk no match for his Jurassic strength.

“Oh shit! Oh shit!” I cry out, repeating the words over and over again, louder still with every pump. “Oh shit, my tight gay asshole!”

Professor Robber is throttling me with everything that he’s got now, absolutely pummeling my butt with his thickness. I reach down between my legs with one hand and grab ahold of my firm, hanging cock, then immediately get to work beating myself off. I close my eyes and bite my lip as the powerful sensation of impending orgasm begin to flood my senses.

The dinosaur is hitting my prostate just right, massaging me from deep within. It’s a strange sensation of fullness, but incredibly pleasant in a way that consumes my entire being, body and soul.

“I’m gonna blow!” I tell him, my body quaking with ecstasy.

“Not yet you aren’t.” Says Professor Robber. “What kind of lesson in gayness would that be?”

The dinosaur pulls out of me and slaps my ass hard. “Get up.”

I stand, and turn to face him, awaiting the next instruction.

“Climb on.” Robber says. He holds out his tiny T-Rex claws and I hoist myself up onto him wrapping my muscular legs around his torso. The dinosaur reaches down and positions his dick at the entrance of my now reamed backdoor, aligning himself as he holds me upright. Seconds later, the creature drops me suddenly onto his shaft.

“Oh my god!” I yell, my fingers gripping tightly into him as my body is impaled upon the dinosaur’s massive rod. “That’s do fucking deep.”

Robber immediately starts to pump me up and down across his length, using the power of gravity to slam his cock into me with even more brutal ferocity than before.

The sensation is so incredible that my eyes immediately roll back into my head, my body barely able to contain all of the strange new pleasures that course through it. I’m spasming uncontrollably now, my legs kicked out straight as I reach down and grab ahold of my throbbing cock for a second time

I begin to beat myself off in tandem with Robber’s thrusts from below, rapidly stroking my dick. “Teach me gayness!” I beg. “I’m ready!”

“You’re already gay.” Robber yells. “Just go for it, you can do it!”

With no more room left inside my body, I suddenly explode in a powerful orgasm, throwing my head back and letting out a scream of pleasure. My entire being pulses with blissful sensation, traveling across me from head to toe in a series of incredible waves. Hot, white jizz eject from the head of my cock in a handful of forceful blasts, splattering the dinosaur’s chest with a pearly liquid.

Immediately after the sensation passes, Robber lowers me down onto the ground. I sprawl out on my back before him, looking up with cum hungry eyes as I coax him along. “I need your spunk all over me.” I moan. “Cover this hot gay human with your Jurassic jizz bomb. Blast your load all over my fucking face.”

The dinosaur is beating himself off furious with a tiny claw, and then seconds later he explodes across me in a massive splatter of cum.

I open my mouth and catch as much as I can on my tongue, while the rest of it ends up painting me with a liquid smile from cheek to cheek.

“Thank you professor.” I say with a coy smile. “That’s exactly what I needed.”

Over the next month me and Robber grow closer and closer while we delve into the deep, unknown secrets of gayness. Just when we think we’ve found the bottom of the mysterious well, we discover there is even more to go. Soon we are publishing papers of our findings in all of the major science journals across the globe, as well as various gay and lesbian blogs. I couldn’t be happier.

With every passing day, our interspecies love becomes even more apparent, as well. Not only is the sex good, but the connection that we feel for one another is unlike anything I have ever experienced. I realize now that what I once thought of as straight love was nothing more than childish infatuation.

Eventually, Robber and I are married in a beautiful private ceremony on the beach in Santa Barbara. We kiss, sealing our vows, and then decide to go take a walk along the shore with one another, enjoying our first moments of gay matrimony.

We find a spot on the sand just as the sunset begins and take a seat, looking out across the water at the billowing swaths of purple and gold that caress the sky.

“It’s incredible.” I tell him.

“It is.” Robber responds, but he doesn’t smile.

“What is it?” I ask my newlywed dinosaur husband. “Aren’t you happy?”

“Of course, I am.” He says, putting his claw around me and pulling me close. “I just...” The creature trails off.

“What is it?” I question again. “You know that you can tell me anything.”

“Do you ever stop and think about what we’re doing?” Begins Robber the dinosaur. “The fact that we are just carelessly answering these timeless questions, opening them up without a thought in the world.”

I don’t quite follow him, and Robber can see it on my face.

“Maybe these problems that we’re solving should remain unsolved.” The dinosaur says, bluntly. “Maybe we’re playing god.”

“By understanding gayness?” I ask.

The dinosaur nods. “Gayness is the most powerful force in the universe.” Robber explains. “We might be working for good, but what if our work was to fall into the wrong hands? There’s no telling what could happen.”

I laugh. “You can’t be serious.”

I turn to Robber, expecting a smile in response but he is completely stone faced.

“With the knowledge that we’ve gained, you could create a blast ten times more powerful than an atom bomb.” The dinosaur says. “You could literally unravel the entire universe with our gayness.”

“And without the universe, what would take its place?” I ask.

“An even gayer universe.” The dinosaur explains. “With our formulas, you could literally build a button that, when pressed, rebuilds the universe instantly, just gayer.”

“That sounds great.” I joke.

“I don’t know.” Says the dinosaur. “With great power comes great responsibility.” My new husband and professor reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a sheet over paper, handing it over to me.

“What is this?” I ask, unfolding it.

“The blueprints for that button.” Robber says. “An order straight from the president himself.”

LONELY AUTHOR POUNDED BY DINOSAUR SOCIAL MEDIA FOLLOWERS

3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I let out a long sigh; Probably not.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I check the notification and see that it's from Dennard Lelaney, another fellow author. "Checked out the new book." It reads. "Really great stuff, can't wait for the next one."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly, it hits me.

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

More answers begin pouring in left and right. Benny Baffe, Persace Tad, Cannah Hatherine and more all immediately respond with assurances of their existence as real, flesh and blood human beings, not just figments of my imagination or words upon a page. Kenna Nuillaume and Wat Mitebed from Zubfeed Magazine, a prominent Billings publication, both assure me that they were not written into existence by any author, especially not me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The raptor nods.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The crowd of reptilian beasts nods.

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

The dinosaurs nod again.

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

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

I hesitate, trying to let all of this sink in. My mind is having a hard time keeping pace

against the powerful emotions that flood my senses with anxiety and wonder. “Who is Chuck Tingle?” I ask.

“Dr. Chuck Tingle is an erotic author and Tae Kwon Do grandmaster, almost black belt, from Billings, Montana.” The handsome dinosaur begins in an almost mechanical tone. “After receiving his PhD at DeVry University in holistic massage, Chuck found himself fascinated by all things sensual, leading to his creation of the ‘tingler’, a story so blissfully erotic that it cannot be experienced without eliciting a sharp tingle down the spine.”

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

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

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

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

“But it’s my life!” I yell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

kidding me?"

"That's exactly my point." I tell him. "I'm fake, so Chuck is, too. Right?"

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

"Oh yeah? Why is that?" I ask.

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

The prehistoric creatures all stop as they hear this, the words 'big red button' seeming to hang menacingly in the air above us.

"What's the big red button?" I ask.

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

"Distracted?" I ask.

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

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

"Not yours, dummy." The dinosaur clarifies. "The writer's."

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

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

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

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

"Chuck?" I ask.

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

"What?" I ask, astonished. "Why wouldn't there be talking bigfeet?"

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

"That's Incredible." I say. "So what happened when he found this box?"

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

"Naturally." I agree.

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

I shake my head no.

"Look at it this way, in fictional space there are no laws of time, space... anything. If the

author wants a billionaire jet plane to show up in your back yard, he can do that at the snap of his fingers.” Dennard explains.

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

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

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

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

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

I shake my head.

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

“Gayer?” I ask. “But I’m straight.”

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

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

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

“Where are we now?” I ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dinosaurs reel with satisfaction as I touch them, reptilian eyes closed and muscular scaly bodies quaking. Their cocks are enormous and hard as rocks within my grip, which

quickens with every stroke. Soon enough, I'm beating them off ferociously, giving the monsters everything I've got as I work their huge shafts.

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

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

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

Eventually, I begin to move back and forth between their shafts, giving all of the dinosaurs equal time between my lips as they pound away at my face. I'm completely cock crazed at this point, losing track of which one is which as I take their rods down my throat, sometimes two at a time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I submit to the monsters completely, satisfied with my position as a gay fuck toy for

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dinosaur nods.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Want some inspiration?” The dinosaur asks. “Let’s go deeper.”

“Where?” I ask.

“Anywhere you want?” He responds.

I press the button.

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:

POUNDED BY PRESIDENT BIGFOOT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The pacing stops.

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

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

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

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

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

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

What are these feelings? I desperately ask myself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you." I say.

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

I nod.

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

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

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

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

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

“Candidate?” I ask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s incredible.” I mumble.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you, sir.” I tell him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance

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