

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

VOLUME 7



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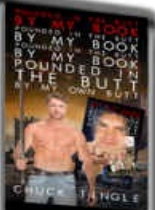
CHUCK TINGLE



CREAMED IN THE BUTT BY MY HANDSOME LIVING CORN



SLAMMED IN THE BUTTHOLE BY MY CONCEPT OF LINEAR TIME



POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY BOOK "POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY BOOK
'POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY BOOK "POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY OWN BUTT"'"

CREAMED

SLAMMED

POUNDED

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

Volume 7

By Chuck Tingle

CREAMED IN THE BUTT BY MY HANDSOME LIVING
CORN

1

It's rare that you think of a down-home, Southern farmer in a suit and a tie, but I'm not your average farmer. Of course, there's nothing wrong with working the fields in a dirty old T-shirt and a straw hat, wiping the sweat from your brow as you till the brown soil. I can honestly say that I've put in more than enough hours doing just that.

But there are many different facets of agriculture, and as the work changes in this modern day and age, the men and women who make up our American farming industry are changing with it.

When I was younger, all that I really needed to worry about was rotating the crops and following the weather patterns, but these days it seems like every political issue under the sun has worked its way into the process of growing food.

The particular weekend's activity; crop lobbying.

While there was once a time that the veggies I planted were based on whatever I felt like growing, many large-scale farmers like me are currently being accosted by various companies who want their seeds sown.

I'll be the first to admit, getting wined and dined like this is quite the treat for a humble guy like me, and I've honestly started to really enjoy these conferences. It's just hard to look back and recognize that this is what the life of a farmer has become. I don't think I'll ever truly feel comfortable with my shirt buttoned all the way to the top and this tie wrapped around me like a noose.

"Excuse me," comes a deep, soulful voice, suddenly breaking my concentration.

I look up, my reminiscence of the good old days dissipating quickly as it's replaced by the smiling face of a large cob of corn.

"I think I'm over there," the striking corn says, pointing to the airplane seat next to me.

I should stand up and let him through, making the whole boarding process as quick and efficient as possible, but instead I just sit here and stare at him, completely taken aback by the vegetable's shockingly good looks.

"Are you alright?" the corn asks, snapping me out of it for a second time.

"Oh, yeah, sorry about that," I stammer, standing up from my seat and then stepping out into the aisle of our bustling jet as we prepare for take off. I wave my hand across the row of chairs, motioning the corn inward.

Even now, I can't take my eyes off of this muscular agricultural staple as he moves past me and then finally collapses into the window seat. He is perfectly toned from head to toe, a beautiful yellow glow shimmering off every kernel of his body.

When I take my seat once again, the vegetable introduces himself. "I'm Liplon," the corn tells me, shaking my hand.

"Matthew McConneymay," I reply, giving him a firm shake and trying my best to collect my sense. "I'm guessing you're flying to the agriculture conference, too?"

"What gave me away?" the cob of corn says with a wink.

I laugh, instantly charmed by the handsome vegetable. I can see why this corn in particular would be sent in to convince farmers of using his species in their fields; he has an overwhelming amount of charisma to go with his dashing good looks.

"You a corn man?" Matthew asks, cutting right to the chase.

I chuckle, suddenly feeling quite uncomfortable. "No, I can't say that I am."

"What are you growing?" the corn continues. "If you don't mind me asking, of course."

"Oh no, it's fine," I gush, waving his cares away as I try my best to remain as endearing as

possible to the veggie. “Beets.”

“Hmm,” is all that Matthew says, smiling to himself, and then immediately turns to look out the window in silence.

I have to admit, this was not the response that I was expecting from a smooth talker such as this. I had been bracing myself for the hard sell, and when it doesn’t happen I immediately find myself strangely disappointed.

At first I’m not sure if I should say anything, well aware that any more conversation on the matter could spark a heated debate and a sales pitch that I would, unfortunately, be forced to decline. My curiosity has gotten the best of me, though, and regardless of whether or not the corn is currently playing me like a fiddle, I need to know more.

“What?” I finally ask.

Liplon glances back at me. “I’m sorry?”

“What does hmm mean? Why should I be growing corn?”

Liplon smiles. “I mean, when’s the last time you sat down and bit into a nice, juicy piece of corn? Like, really enjoyed it in a situation where your focus was entirely on the cob itself. Maybe with some salt and butter? I don’t know, whatever floats your boat.”

I shrug, suddenly realizing that I truly don’t remember the last time this had occurred. Lately, it’s been all beets at the house and, although they can certainly hit the spot of you know what you’re doing, the thought of a piping hot corn on the cob really does sound fantastic at the moment.

Liplon can see the expression on my face and just laughs knowingly to himself. “See?”

“I just don’t know if it makes business sense,” I tell him.

The corn nods. “Yeah, I guess you’re probably right.”

Once more the handsome, muscular cob turns away and leaves me to simmer in my own thoughts.

The rest of the plane ride we don’t say another word, each of us prepping for the long weekend of meetings and fancy business dinners ahead. Despite being the representative of such a massive food staple, the living corn next to me seems incredibly calm, as if he knows something that the rest of the world doesn’t.

When we finally touch down in California and begin collecting our bags from the overhead compartment, the corn steps towards me and hands me his business card in one cool, calculated motion.

I take his card and read it aloud. “Corn.”

“If you change your mind about your crops, give me a call,” Liplon explains. “We’ll do dinner.”

“Sounds good,” I confirm with a nod, but before I can look up to face him again, the vegetable is gone.

The first day of the conference is quite productive, a slew of meetings with several very persuasive foods who are glad to pay for my drinks regardless of the fact that I’m clearly not interested in switching crops any time soon. My main source of income is beets, however, and they always do a great job of showing my why this is a good relationship to maintain, taking me out for an incredible steak dinner in one of the fanciest restaurants I’ve ever had the good fortune to dine in. As a country boy, this is more than enough to keep me satisfied with the way things are going back home.

Still, there is something that continues to gnaw away in the back of my mind, a strange ache that throbs deep down in the darkest, gayest parts of my subconscious. What if I had a relationship with

corn? My life is wonderful now, and I respect the hell out of beets, but could it be even better?

When we finish up our dinner my purple companions offer to pay for a taxi back to the hotel, but I decline, opting instead to clear my head with a nice long walk in the warm night air. The beets insist, but I'm steadfast in my decision and finally we part ways with a smile and a handshake.

It's not a far walk between our restaurant and the convention center, which is directly across from the hotel that I've been generously put up in. I'm taking my time, though, strolling leisurely as my thoughts drift this way and that.

No matter what I do, I can't stop thinking about the way the light had glistened off of the corn's beautiful rounded kernels, or even the succulent yet subtle taste that his body would create in my mouth. Suddenly, I find myself with the beginnings of a completely unexpected erection, my hardened member pushing gently against the fabric of my pants.

A farmer my entire life, this is the first time I've ever developed feelings for a food of any kind, let alone a vegetable. While the concept is a bit intimidating at first, it's actually quite comforting the longer I think about it. What would be so wrong for a farmer and his vegetable to take their relationship to the next level?

Nothing, I suddenly realize.

I reach into my pocket and pull out the card that Liplon gave me, flipping it over in my hand as my eyes scan the elegantly designed surface. There is a phone number on the back and, seized by a moment of erotic compulsion, I call it.

I hold the phone to my ear, listening as it rings once, twice, three times. Finally, someone on the other end picks up.

"Hello?" comes the deep voice of the handsome veggie.

"Is this Liplon? The corn?" I question.

"Speaking."

It suddenly occurs to me that I have no idea what to say, no real reason for calling other than the fact that my own sexual attraction compelled me to. The silence between us is deafening, my heart kicking into double time as my brain frantically searches for something to say.

"I met you on the plane," I finally stammer.

Liplon takes his time with this information, completely chilled as he gives this space in our conversation weight.

"Matthew, right?" the corn asks.

"Yeah, that's me," I tell him, sweet relief washing over my body as Liplon remembers my name. I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't incredibly flattered.

"You thinking about switching to corn?" the golden food asks.

"I don't know," I sigh.

"Let's meet up for a drink and talk about it," Liplon offers, "where are you at?"

I glance around, finding the nearest cross street and then describing my whereabouts to the living food.

"I'll be there in two minutes," Liplon tells me, then hangs up without another word.

I'm trembling with anticipation now, fully realizing that the consequences of breaking my current beet contracts could be utterly devastating. Depending on how angry the beets got, I could lose my farm.

Of course, that's only if I break the contract, and I suddenly realize that I've done nothing so far that could get me in trouble. For the rest of the night, I'll just keep things civil. A casual drink is

nothing out of the ordinary at a conference like this.

Suddenly, a beautiful yellow convertible pulls up next to me, the top down and Liplon sitting proudly in the driver's seat. He flashes a brilliant smile.

"Get in," the handsome corn on the cob commands.

I do as I'm told and before I know it the two of us have taken off into the night, the wind whipping across my face as the city lights pass us by. Without a word between us I've found myself completely swept away by Liplon's presence, the handsome corn completely in control while I'm just along for the ride.

Soon we leave the congestion of the city behind and start cruising up the nearby hillside, winding back and forth as trees and shrubs begin to sprout up across the landscape. Our only light now is the glowing headlamps ahead and the soft wash of the brilliant full moon that hangs above.

The car begins to slow as we reach the top of a large crest, pulling off onto the side of the road in what I soon realize is a wide open lookout. The view is absolutely breathtaking, sweeping out over the entire city below, a blanket of twinkling lights.

Liplon throws the convertible into park but keeps the radio going, a soft, soothing wave of jazz pouring out from the speakers.

"Is this where you take all of your meetings?" I ask, skeptically.

Liplon shrugs. "Just the important ones."

"And what's so important about me?" I question.

Liplon thinks about this for a moment but doesn't answer, instead pushing the conversation off towards a different path entirely. "Do you see all of those lights out there across the city? Those lights are homes, and in each of those homes there is an average of four people living. Do you know how many meals that is?"

"Four people, eating three meals a day," I say, thinking out loud.

"Twelve meals a day total," the corn tells me. "Do you know how many of those meals include beets?"

"I don't know," I admit, "I never really thought about it."

"None," Liplon says bluntly. "The average person eats three beets a year, do you realize that?"

I shake my head. "Where are you getting this information from?"

Immediately, the corn reaches over and pushes a button to unlock the glove compartment in front of me. There is a quick snap as the latch comes undone and falls open, spilling a cascade of paperwork everywhere.

As my eyes pass over the swarm of text-covered pages, I begin to pick out an assortment of information; names and addresses, charts and graphs.

"What is all of this?" I question.

"After meeting you on the plane I took the liberty of doing some research on your crop selection," explains Liplon. "Your whole setup is screwed."

While I appreciate the effort that this corn has put in, I can't help but feel greatly disappointed by the way that this has gone. It was the calm and casual nature of the vegetable that had been so attractive to me, the fact that he didn't actually *push* to sell me on anything. Now, the trap has been sprung, and it's becoming achingly clear that this whole thing is much more about business than pleasure.

"I think you should take me home," I finally sigh, gazing straight forward through the windshield.

Liplon is silent, and I can't help glancing over to see the look of disappointment and heartbreak sweep across his face.

"I'm sorry," I tell him, "this was a bad idea."

The corn starts his car and throws it in reverse, but before he can pull out I reach over and put my hand on his as it rests over the gear shift. The two of us freeze, not quite sure what to do with ourselves.

"Wait," I finally say, causing the vegetable to turn off the car once again.

Without another word I open the door and climb out, beckoning the corn to follow as I make my way down to the edge of the nearby cliff.

The view is incredible.

I take a seat and stare out across the beautiful moonlight vista, breathing in deeply from the fresh night air. Moment's later, Liplon sits down next to me.

"I have to be honest," I finally tell him, "I thought there might have been something else going on between us."

"What do you mean?" the corn asks.

"I don't know," I laugh, shaking my head, "it was stupid."

"No, what was it," Liplon insists, placing his yellow hand on my leg.

I glance over at him, suddenly feeling that same electricity that had been present before. "I guess maybe I had a crush on you," I finally admit. "When you were taking me up here, I didn't know you were just trying to get me to switch my crops. It was ridiculous of me to think that this was anything other than a business transaction."

"Oh god, it's so much more than that," Liplon suddenly blurts, leaning in and kissing me passionately on the mouth.

All of the pent up desire that has been waiting so patiently within me suddenly explodes across my body, consumed by a frantic desire to become one with this handsome corn. Even though I am completely straight and Liplon is a male, there is no denying the energy that exchanges between us any longer.

"Whoa," I gush as we pull back from one another.

"The business can wait," Lipton tells me with a smile.

"How about some corn holing?" I offer mischievously.

Without hesitation, I turn and push the giant corn back onto the grass behind us, noticing now that an absolutely massive yellow erection has started to sprout out from his ripped body. It grows larger and larger as I begin to passionately kiss my way down his kernelled chest, drifting lower with every touch of my lips until finally my mouth is hovering directly above his swollen member.

Liplon lets out a long, powerful moan as I wrap my lips tightly around his cock. I immediately get to work moving my head up and down his length, slowly and sensually at first and then building speed. Soon enough I am bobbing my head across his length at a steady pace, allowing the corn to place his hands against the back of my skull and guide me.

"Oh fuck that feels so good, Matthew McConneymay," Liplon groans, pumping his hips back against my face.

I reach down and begin to play with his hanging yellow balls, which causes the vegetable to extenuate his pumps even more.

Finally, when I feel like things have reached an erotic peak between us, I push down as far as I can to consume his rod entirely in a expertly performed deep throat.

At least, that's what the plan was. However, things don't exactly work out that way that I expected. Greatly underestimating Liplon's size, I immediately begin to choke when his dick pushes against my gag reflex. The next thing I know I'm pulling back, releasing his shaft from my depths and retching loudly.

"You're so fucking big," I admit, struggling to regain my composure. "One more try."

I gather myself as much as possible and then attempt once more, taking the corn's dick between my lips and then slowly, confidently, lowering my head onto him. This time I am much more relaxed, and when the head of his cock reaches my gag reflex I somehow allow it to pass by without any hesitation.

Suddenly, I find myself with Liplon's giant corn dick fully inserted within my throat, his balls pressed hard against my chin.

The massive food clearly enjoys being fully consumed like this, and lets me know by throwing his head back and letting out a loud, passionate sigh of pleasure.

Within the warm confines my mouth I run my tongue across his length, up and down the shaft as I slowly begin to run out of air. This continues until, finally, I just can't take it any longer and come up sputtering and choking. A long strand of saliva hangs between the corn's dick and my hungry mouth.

"I want you to pound me," I tell him, climbing up onto the vegetable as he lies sprawled out in the grass.

I'm facing Liplon as I grab ahold of his wet, sloppy dick, placing it at the entrance of my tight asshole and then carefully lowering myself onto his giant rod.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," I begin to murmur, struggling to allow my body acceptance of his enormous size. For now, the corn is simply teasing my rim, pressing playfully against the edge of my sphincter until finally it opens up in one quick movement and I drop down onto him.

"Cornholed at last!" Liplon shouts gleefully as his dick impales me.

I lean forward and grip tight onto the food's shoulders, my body still desperately trying to adjust to his girth. Every ounce of my being feels stretched tight, ready to snap at any moment under the pressure of his substantial thickness.

Instead, however, the pain and discomfort that surges through me begins to subside, replaced with a strange, aching pleasure that builds and builds with every slow grind of my hips. Eventually, my movements start to speed up, turning into full on swoops of passion against the muscular corn. By now the tightness of my ass has given way completely in a wave of utter bliss, the mystical power of an impending prostate orgasm blossoming within me to replace it.

The sensation starts low and deep, somewhere within my belly before expanding out in a series of beautiful surges. With each pump of my body across his giant rod the feeling grows, moving down my arms and legs as I tremble excitedly.

I reach down and grab ahold of my dick, pumping my hand across my length in time with my movements of the corn's meaty cock up my rump.

"I'm so close," I yell. "Oh god, I'm gonna fucking blow my load!"

Suddenly, Liplon lifts me up off of him with his muscular arms, cutting short the waves of orgasm that had been building up within.

"What was that?" I groan. "I was gonna come."

"Not yet you aren't," laughs Liplon. "The key to every business transaction is making sure that both sides are happy, we're cumming together."

"Alright," I say with a playful grin, "you're on."

Suddenly, Liplon is flipping me over on the grass so that I'm now on my hands and knees, facing out towards the seemingly endless lights of the city below. The sight may be breathtaking, but it's not until the giant corn pushes his cock deep into my asshole from behind that I literally gasp out loud.

"Fucking hell!" I cry, my fingers gripping the grass before me as Liplon gets to work from behind.

The next thing I know, the handsome corn is pounding my buttocks with everything that he's got, railing me with a ferocity unlike anything that I have ever seen. It feels incredible to be dominated by him, to know that he is much stronger and more powerful than me as he uses my ass for his burning vegetable pleasure.

It's not long before the familiar orgasmic sensations begin to bubble up within me once again, spilling out through my veins like simmering erotic venom. I'm quaking hard, every muscle in my body pulled tight and then breaking like waves.

"Harder!" I scream. "Pound my ass harder, corn!"

The vegetable does as he's told, never letting up for a second as he reams my depths with a sexual prowess that makes my toes curl.

I'm just about ready to cum when the food behind me slams forward with a powerful, final thrust, crying out with a howl that echoes around us for miles. The sound is immediately joined by a spastic crackle, a series of loud pops that rattle off in rapid succession.

I look back over my shoulder in shock to discover that Liplon is erupting in a fit of passion, the kernels across his body exploding into puffs of popcorn and then shooting off in every direction.

"I'm cumming!" I corn shouts.

Within me, I can feel the strangely pleasant snap of his cock popping as well, his orgasm displaying itself in a carnal preparation of snack food. He's filling me up with his seed, pumping load after load within me until finally there's just not enough room in my ass and the popcorn comes spilling out over the edges of my sphincter, scattering across the ground below like an overfilled popcorn machine at the local movie theatre.

"There's so much corn in my asshole!" I shriek, beating myself off with an untamed fury.

Suddenly, I'm cumming as well, my eyes rolling back into my head as a massive load of jizz erupts from the end of my swollen shaft. It splatters across the ground below me, mixing with the popcorn to form a warm pearly seasoning of gayness.

When I glance back over my shoulder once more I find myself alone on the cliff side, heaps of popcorn strewn everywhere but my handsome companion nowhere to be found. A strong wind blows and scatters the food, some of it whipping off into the air and swirling away into the distance.

In this moment, I realize that Liplon is truly gone.

I look up at the crowd before me, watching as the tears stream down their faces. I realize now that I too am crying, reminiscing of my night long ago with this agricultural lover.

"That's how I met Liplon," I say, reading the final words of his eulogy aloud, "when I met him at that conference I had no idea that this breathtaking living corn would change my heart, and my buttocks, forever. He will be greatly missed."

I finish and then step back from the podium as a bugle begins to play, its bittersweet song soaring out across the grass of the cemetery. To my left, the coffin full of popcorn begins to lower slowly into the ground.

"I love you," I say under my breath, unable to take my eyes off of the oblong box until it is

completely below the dirt. “I’ll see you on the other side, and I’m ready for some corn hole.”

SLAMMED IN THE BUTTHOLE BY MY CONCEPT OF LINEAR TIME

2

I'm always confused when my friends complain about their jobs, not because I disagree with their assessment that work sucks, but because it's something that we already all know. Sure, there are the lucky few that have followed their dreams as a painter or writer or artist and somehow, in the face of all logical probability, carved a living out of it. For the rest of us, however, work is work. When someone tells me they want to find a job that's more fulfilling, that they want to do something meaningful with their life, all I can wonder to myself is *what?* What exactly is this magical position that keeps them happy, healthy, and, oh yeah, off of the street?

With the economy in shambles and massive hordes of Americans sinking below the poverty line every day, I'll take what I can get.

Not only take it, I'm gonna hold onto it tight.

It's this mentality that has kept me both employed and, admittedly, miserable, working my way up though the chain of command at my office by keeping my head down and saying "yes, sir" to nearly every question that comes my way.

Can you stay late tonight and work on the presentation? Yes, sir.

How about reworking the sales report to include this new data? Yes, sir.

By now, I'm truly exhausted, but there is a roof over my head and food in my fridge. I've even got enough saved up to send both of my kids to college.

This should shed a little light on why exactly I decided to tell my boss that I was more than willing to take over for Burbins on his quarterly investors report since the man is gravely ill and can't make it into work. With only one day to prepare, the idea of me carrying this important meeting entirely on my shoulders is both terrifying and a little preposterous but, at the end of the day, somebody's got to do it.

I find out in the afternoon and begin my preparations immediately, heading off to an unused corner office with a massive stack of papers in order to familiarize myself with Burbins' work. His research is a little cerebral for me, but I can fake this kind of science talk if a truly need to.

"Alrighty," I sigh to myself, dropping the stack of papers onto the desk with a loud thud and then collapsing into my chair. I take a long sip from my coffee and then read aloud from the first page. "Systematic Operations Report Of Cronos Project In Linear Field Testing."

I open up the first page and start to read, holding my forehead as the headache immediately begins to form. I can already tell that I'm in way over my head with this; half of the words completely unpronounceable while the rest are describing concepts that I can't even begin to understand.

Suddenly, there's a knock at the office door behind me. I turn in my seat as my boss, Mr. Whippo, enters.

"How's it coming along in here?" the large, imposing man asks. He is tall with dark features and a tightly cropped beard.

"Just started to crack it open," I inform him, "but so far, so good."

"You understand everything okay? I know it's a little dense," my boss questions.

"Oh yeah, of course," I confirm, lying through my teeth. I glance down at the page before me, randomly grabbing onto the first phrases that I see. "Temporal Phase Shifts, that's my bread and butter."

Mr. Whippo lets out a long sigh of relief. "Oh, thank god," the man says, "I was worried for a minute. I guess it's okay to tell you that they've moved up the meeting, then. You've got another hour before we'll see you in conference room A."

“Oh, sure,” I stammer, trying my best to be the dutiful yes man that I’ve worked so hard to become.

“Great!” exclaims Mr. Whippo, giving me a confident wink. He knocks once on doorframe with his knuckles and then exits quickly, leaving me to wallow in my own fear of what’s about to happen at this high profile meeting.

Immediately, I begin to tear through the pages, flipping faster and faster as I scan the material for the most important parts. Unfortunately, the language is so dense that I can’t even pick out what the most important parts are, simply searching for buzzwords that I think will impress the investors.

Everything is going well until I suddenly reach a section at the middle of the packet that is made up entirely of diagrams, various blueprints for what would appear to be a large, circular machine. Even though I’m on a tight schedule, I can’t help but slow down a bit, trying desperately to figure out what exactly I’m looking at.

My company, Butt Industries, does plenty of research and development on an assortment of projects, from high tech weaponry to environmentally efficient energy solutions. Just looking at the pictures, this object could be any one of these things, but for the moment I’m guessing it is some kind of video game.

“Time Displacement System,” I read aloud.

Suddenly there is another knock at the door and Mr. Whippo’s secretary steps inside. “Are you ready?” she questions urgently. “They’re already down in the conference room.”

I glance up at the clock and am shocked to find that, while my face was buried in this tome of hard science, time had been flying by. The meeting starts in three minute.

“Holy shit!” I blurt, standing up from the table and spilling my cup of coffee everywhere.

“I’ll get that,” the secretary tells me, “you go.”

I grab the stack of papers before the brown beverage can get to them, running out the door with a frantic thank you and then sprinting down the long hallway before me.

The building that I work in is huge, and it takes the full three minutes to get to conference room A. Thankfully, however, I’m somehow able to make it there in the nick of time, bursting through the door with a wild look in my eyes.

“I’m here,” I announce to the room of patiently waiting investors, a tableful of balding men that extends on for what seems like forever. Mr. Whippo sits at the head, staring across the table with pride at his favorite employee’s arrival.

“Alright, so…” I start, trying to collect myself. Behind me, a slide suddenly appears, displaying one of the blueprints that I had just been looking over.

“Okay,” I say, clapping once as I try to regain my focus, “this, of course, is the Cronos Project, a new gaming system that we’ve been developing here at Butt Industries over the last year.”

I scan the expressions of the businessmen before me, subtly trying to discern whether or not I’ve hit my mark. They do not seem pleased.

“Of course, there are other applications of this device, as I’m sure you all know…” I announce, trying to correct course. “We have a Blu-ray player installed, and obviously DVDs.”

The crowd definitely doesn’t like this. I’m beginning to sweat profusely, my words stumbling over each other and spilling out of my mouth in a jumbled mess. “I mean, I’m sure you all know, or you don’t know that’s why you’re here, but, I mean, I’m sure you understand what this is for.”

Suddenly, Mr. Whippo pipes up. “Is this a joke, Rhondok?”

I freeze, trying desperately to figure out the best way to play this. “Yeah, it’s a joke,” I finally

tell him.

“Well, it’s not a very good one,” replies my boss. “This is a very exciting announcement, let’s tell the people what they want to hear!”

“Yes, of course, sorry about that,” I say, straightening up. “We here at Butt Industries are proud to announce...”

I glance up at the blueprint being projected behind me, trying desperately to latch onto any bit of information that could point me in the right direction. “Proud to announce...” I repeat.

“I think that’s enough,” Mr. Whippo suddenly interrupts. “I’m sorry gentlemen, it appears that Rhondok is not actually prepared for the very important meeting. We’ll reschedule for tomorrow.”

The investors begin to grumble restlessly as they stand up from their chairs, collecting their things and heading for the door.

“Rhondok,” my boss says, looking directly at me with an intense anger in his eyes, “you’re fired.”

As his words hit my ears I feel as though my heart has literally stopped in my chest, a fate so unimaginably devastating that I can barely even bring myself to accept it.

“What?” is all that I can say.

“You heard me, get the fuck out,” my boss demands, sternly.

Without another word I take my paperwork and head off into the hallway. I feel like the shell of a man, an empty vessel that carries absolutely nothing on the inside of it other than a hollow aching pain.

What the fuck am I going to do? I have a family to support.

Before I know it, I’ve arrived at my office where a large cardboard box is already waiting for me to collect my things. They don’t waste any time, I guess.

I solemnly begin to place framed photos and other keepsakes from my desk into the box, tears lightly falling from my eyes as I struggle in vain to retain my composure. Nothing about this is fair, but it’s the hand that I’ve been dealt and I need to accept that.

It’s not long before this sadness turns to anger, however, and suddenly I’m grabbing the stack of papers and hurling them across my office in a fit of rage. The pages flutter and swirl through the air, turning this way and that as they tumble across the room. One piece in particular catches my eye, though, landing right there on the desk in front of me.

“Time machine,” I read aloud.

It takes a moment for the words to register but when they do my jaw nearly hits the floor. The Cronos Project wasn’t a new video gaming system, it was a god damn time machine.

I suddenly realize why this meeting was so important, and why Whippo was so furious that I couldn’t handle it, which, of course, is ridiculous because I didn’t have enough time to prepare.

But what if I did?

It suddenly occurs to me that there is a way of fixing all of this, a way that I can keep my job, as well as understand the Cronos Project inside and out.

Without another thought, I head out into the main hallway of my building, B lining for the elevator and then pressing a button for the research lab. Normally, I wouldn’t be able to reach this part of the complex with my security clearance, but just for today all of Burbins’ identifications have been transferred over onto me.

Deeper and deeper the elevator descends until, eventually, I reach the absolute bottom floor of my building, Research Lab One. This is where all of the most highly regarded and diligently protected

science is located, a place that I never dreamed I'd have access to in all of my years working at Butt Industries.

The elevators doors slide open slowly, revealing a massive lab that is more reminiscent of an airplane hanger than an office building. I have no idea how they are able to fit all of this down here, right below the hustling, bustling streets of Manhattan, but here it is in all of its glory. Before me is a massive white sphere, sitting atop three pedestals and humming a low, strange drone. Its surface is metallic but shimmers with a strange pearly current, flickers of electricity that dance and play while they run down every side.

I don't have long to stare, though, as moments later my focus is broken by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. Immediately, I duck off into the shadows behind a large wooden crate, just narrowly avoiding the gaze of two armed guards when they stroll past.

Clearly, this idea is much more dangerous than I anticipated, but I find solace in the fact that, regardless of how much a commotion I make getting to it, once I'm in the machine I'll be able to go back far enough that none of this will have even happened.

With that in mind, I sneak closer and closer to the giant sphere, taking note of an open hatch at the bottom. If I make a run for it I'll be inside before anyone can stop me, and then it's just a matter of finding the controls.

I pause for a moment, taking a deep breath as I prepare myself for the surge of adrenalin that is about to pulse through my body. My heart is pounding a mile a minute, hammering within my chest. It's now or never.

Heading straight for the hatch at the bottom of the time machine, I erupt from my hiding spot in a full on sprint, pushing my muscles to work as hard as they possibly can.

"Hey!" someone shouts from behind me. "You can't go in there! It's not safe!"

For a split second I actually consider heeding his warning, but at this point I've already crossed the line and there is no turning back.

I grab onto a small metal ladder at the bottom of the sphere and hoist myself up into the hatch, slamming the door closed behind me.

Now I'm in a pitch black room, so dark that I can't even see my hand in front of my face. I begin to stumble around, desperately searching for some kind of controls while fists begin to furiously pound against the outside of my metal shell. There are voices, men and women frantically telling me to open up, but I don't listen.

Eventually, their shouts become quieter, and odder, the words melting together in the air and turning into an awkward mush of syllables that I don't recognize. My entire body is tingling and the humming that I had heard on the outside of this machine is now deafeningly loud in my ears. The pitch keeps rising and rising and, with it, the darkness of the sphere changes into a brilliant blue.

"Oh my god," I stammer, gazing upwards.

Suddenly, everything stops.

I realize now that the blue I had seen is the turquoise hue of a beautiful sky that stretches out away from me in every direction, covered in fluffy white clouds. I am standing on a pure white floor with absolutely no features, just a massive nothingness.

"Hello?" I call out.

I spin in a circle, searching for any clue or connection to the place that I once was.

Suddenly, I find a man standing right behind me, startling me so much that I nearly topple over backwards. It takes me a moment to collect myself, but when I do I realize that I am face to face with

a nude, muscular hunk whose head is nothing more than a large clock.

“Do not be afraid, Rhondok,” says the man.

“Who are you?” I stammer, backing away slowly.

“I’m you, I’m me, I’m everything,” explains the clock-headed creature, which doesn’t really explain much of anything.

“You’re not me, I’m me,” I protest.

“When you said those words it was the present, now your words are in the past, do you know how they got there?” questions the man.

I shake my head.

“Time. That’s me,” he explains. “I’m everywhere, and I’ve been everywhere forever.”

“If you’re everywhere, then why are you standing here?” I ask. “Aren’t you just a concept?”

“This is the form that I’ve chosen to take when communicating with humans,” explains Time. “If it weren’t for this body your brain would literally explode just by looking at me, trying to make sense of my presence in your simple three dimensional world.”

“You’re from a four dimensional world?” I stammer.

“I *am* the fourth dimension,” Time replies, smugly.

I shake my head, my brain trying to keep up with all of this information as it wizzes past it.

“How did I get here?” I ask.

“That’s a great question, you tell me,” Time states. “This isn’t a safe place for you to be, one wrong move and you’re consciousness could get repeated across time forever, which would be excruciatingly painful. That’s what happened to the last guy who showed up.”

I suddenly realize that I’ve made a terrible mistake. Time is right, this is not a place that I should be, and it certainly isn’t worth trying to go back and fix my presentation at the office.

“Can you send me home?” I ask. “To the time right before I left?”

Time lets out a long sigh. “I suppose I can try.”

Suddenly, I find myself standing in the hallway of my office once again. I look down into my hands and notice that I am holding the Cronos Project packet, quickly realizing that behind the door before me is a meeting that will single handedly destroyed my carrier. My second chance, I think, then take a deep breath and open up the conference room door.

What lies on the other side is not at all what I expected, however. The second that I enter an entire boardroom of men who look exactly like me turn and smile, perfect replicas of my own body.

I try to speak but my words refuse to come out, leaving me left in a brutally awkward silence before these strange clones.

Finally, the one at the head of the table stands up. “Rhondok, what are you waiting for?” he asks.

Suddenly, I find myself able to speak, but when I do the words come out over and over again, repeating in an endless feedback loop. I look behind me and find that there are copies of myself leading from outside in the hallway to where I stand now, frozen replications locked forever in time.

“Time!” I scream, the word echoing on and on and on until everything stops abruptly and I’m back standing before the muscular creature once again. The gorgeous blue sky spills out all around us.

“See,” Time says, “it gets complicated. It’s not like in the movies, you know? I’m fucking crazy, man, sometimes I don’t even understand how the fuck I work.”

“Well how do I get out of this?” I beg to know. “How do I make everything normal again?”

“You mean how do you get back to the timeline that you started on?” questions Time. “I have no idea, I don’t even know what *universe* you started in, let alone what timeline!”

“What *do* you know?” I shout, completely losing my cool.

“Well, let’s see,” the strange man says, eyeing me up. “I’m guessing that you’re from a fictional universe, because you haven’t been described very well physically.” Time reaches over and tousles my shaggy black hair. “See, you didn’t even know that your hair was shaggy until I interacted with it. That’s just lazy writing right there.”

I narrow my eyes at him, confused. “You mean, I’m not real?”

“Afraid not,” explains Time, “but that’s okay, there are way more fictional characters than real ones. I mean, I’m fictional, too. At least in this context.”

“How do you know we’re not in a movie or something?” I demand to know.

“Because we’re made of words, see?” Time points out, using this very sentence as an example.

“Holy shit, you’re right,” I exclaim. I should be *more* shocked by this revelation but, as a fictional character, I realize now that this emotional outburst is mostly up to the authors discretion.

“Has this ever happened before?”

“Sure,” Time says with a shrug, “you ever read Chuck Tingle’s other book, *Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book?*” Suddenly, the abstract concept catches himself. “Oh wait, of course you haven’t.”

“Who is Chuck Tingle?” I question.

“Your author,” Time explains. “He wrote a book before this one where a man realizes that he’s just a fictional character. That happens sometimes in Chuck’s books, apparently. I personally think it’s quite cruel.”

“Why?” I ask. “What happens?”

“Well, eventually you’ll realize that the book is going to end and it’s pretty sad, you know? You find out that once the book is over you’ll just disappear. I suppose it’s only sad because Chuck writes it that way, though, so for *you* he could just as easily make things very pleasant.”

This makes a lot of sense to me and I suddenly find myself completely at ease with the concept that I am nothing more than a literary character; thrilled, even.

“See,” time says, pointing to the paragraph above this one.

“So, what kind of book is it?” I question.

The clock-headed man hesitates.

“What?” I continue. “What is it?”

“Erotica... Gay erotica,” Time finally explains.

“Are you kidding me?” I shout. “But, I’m not gay!”

“Not yet,” replies Time.

I shake my head, unable to accept this completely bizarre revelation. “I’m not gay,” I repeat.

Time laughs. “That’s what they all say.”

I suddenly notice just how muscular this strange man really is, the way that his abs clench and release as he chuckles. I hate to admit that, even as a totally straight man, there is something quite compelling about his perfect physique.

I hadn’t even noticed it until now, but Time is also shockingly well hung, his massive dick slowly twitching to life before my very eyes.

“Maybe a little gay,” I finally say, dropping down to my knees before Time as his cock reaches full attention.

Without a moment’s hesitation, I open my mouth wide and swallow his enormous girth, bobbing up and down on Time’s shaft in a slow, confident rhythm. The abstract concept lets out a long,

satisfied groan, thrilled by the way that I'm pleasuring him as he places his hands against the back of my head and helps to guide me across his length.

We build speed together, faster and faster until suddenly I push down and hold, taking the clock-headed man completely to the hilt. I look up at him and give a playful wink, his dick fully consumed and his Time balls pressed tight against my chin.

"That feels so fucking good," Time moans.

Eventually, I run out of air and am forced to pull back with aloud gasp, reeling as I struggle to collect my senses. "I want you to pound me," I tell him, overwhelmed by a searing gay desire that I had never known was lying dormant somewhere deep inside.

I tear off my shirt, literally ripping it open as buttons fly everywhere and then throwing it to the side. My pants and underwear follow, and the next thing I know I am standing completely naked before this handsome clock man.

"Fuck me," I coo, turning around slowly and then crawling down onto the strange white ground. I pop my ass out towards him, wiggling it playfully as Time eye by puckered butthole with a ravenous hunger.

The massive clock-headed man climbs down into position behind me, aligning his humungous dick with the tightly sealed entrance of my backdoor. I can feel him teasing the rim with the head of his cock, pushing just enough to make me ache for more until I finally can't take it and demand that he shoves it in.

"Do it!" I scream. "Pound me like the filthy twink that I am!"

Time abruptly pushes forward, thrusting inside of me in one powerful swoop that stretches the limits of my ass. I can't believe how enormous his member is, a gargantuan rod that can barely be contained as my rectum is pulled taut.

"Jesus, do you really have to use the word rectum?" I ask the author.

Why not? Chuck retorts, communicating through the written words as they appear before me.

"What about just butthole?" I question.

Chuck shrugs.

Moments later me and Time are right back at it, the muscular lover slamming into my butthole with everything that he's got. While the movements had once been slightly painful and wrought with discomfort, the longer he moves inside of the me the more I'm able to adjust to his thickness. Soon enough, any unfortunately sensations have melted away into a powerful, overwhelming bliss. I'm trembling with pleasure, reeling from the sensation of having my prostate massaged from deep within the depths of my anus.

Again, I question Chuck's use of the word anus, and once more he informs me that it's fine to be anatomical sometimes, that word variety is a good thing that that the reader won't mind.

In fact, they're probably not even reading this to get off.

"What do you mean?" I ask him bluntly, my words forever sealed within the pages of this short story.

Most people are laughing at us, Chuck inform me.

Suddenly, Time and I stop, his cock still deep inside of me as we stare out into the nothingness, through the black printed words and towards the reader; towards you.

"Are you really just reading this for a laugh?" I ask you.

Chuck reminds me that I'm just a character, and that I'm not really in the position to be asking the reader anything.

See those quotes when you talk? He asks me, pointing to the previous paragraph. I don't have those because I'm typing directly to the reader, while you have to speak in quotes. This means you can't quite talk directly to them.

"Will you do it for me then?" I ask. "I'm curious to know."

Are you just reading this for a laugh?

I immediately realize that, unfortunately, this type of communication only works one way. I'll never truly know the intentions of the reader and I will probably just have to take Chuck's word for it.

"So what should we do then?" I question. "Just tell jokes? I don't get it."

No, no, Chuck explains. It might be funny to the readers, but not to me.

"We're getting you off?" I question. "Me and Time?"

Of course, Chuck says with a nod.

I'm suddenly hit by a powerful wave of encouragement. By now, Time is hammering my asshole with everything that he's got, pounding me with reckless abandon as the first hints of orgasm begin to creep slowly across my body. I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my cock, beating myself off in time with Time's potent thrusts.

"Oh my god," I groan, "I'm gonna fucking cum."

"Me too," Time admits, his voice quaking.

Immediately, this hulking abstract concept pushes deep into me and holds, crying out as he fully impales my ass across the length of his rod. I can feel his spunk unloading hard, a series of orgasmic pulses that fill me with an unbelievable warmth. Soon the otherworldly jizz is too much for my asshole to contain, spilling out over the edges of my plugged rim and splattering across the stark white floor below.

Seconds later I'm cumming as well, my eyes rolling back in my head as a massive load erupts from the tip of my cock. "God damn!" I scream, unaware that I was even capable of such a mighty sexual explosion.

When the sensation finally passes I collapse onto the ground, breathing heavy as Time pulls out of me. I roll over and look up at him with hazy, cock-drunk eyes.

"What now?" I finally ask.

"Well, I can't send you back," explains Time, "we already tried that. Maybe Chuck can help you though."

Of course I can help you, I'm the author.

"So help me, get me out of here," I stammer.

Suddenly, a small wooden box appears on the ground next to me, beautifully crafted and with a large red button at the top.

"What's this?" I ask.

The big red button.

"What does it do?"

The big red button is what makes the Tingleverse possible, the author explains. When pressed, the character who presses it will travel deeper into the Tingleverse, which is just like the universe out there only gayer. The more times you press the button, the deeper you'll travel.

"Until?" I question. "What happens if I keep pressing the button?"

Well, the Tingleverse is almost infinite, however, it does have a beginning and an end. The end of the Tingleverse is called the Tingularity. This is a universe that can no longer become gayer, a place of infinite butts.

I stare at the button, not sure if I want to push it but realizing now that I have no other choice.

The author soothes me, explaining that it's not so bad and certainly better than the alternative, which is just going out like a light once this book ends.

"But you wrote me to be okay with that!" I protest. "I'm not like that guy in *Reamed By My Reaction* or whatever. I'm not afraid of going out like a light, but this universe traveling this is fucking terrifying."

You'll be fine, Chuck informs me. Where to you want to go?

"What are my options?" I question.

Chuck smiles warmly. You could be a gay billionaire dinosaur, or a billionaire jet plane, or a billionaire vampire bus.

"What's with all the billionaires?" I ask.

They're hot.

"Fair enough," I say with a shrug, and then consider my options. "I think I'd like to be a billionaire jet plane, that sounds super weird."

It is, Chuck informs me.

"Do I get to pick my name and everything?" I continue.

Sure.

I think for a moment. "What about Keith? And can I be a professional card counter? Like playing Blackjack? That sounds cool."

I don't see why not. Besides, that book is one of my best sellers so clearly you know what you're doing.

"Wait, this already happened?" I question.

When time is on your side, you can do anything, Chuck explains. I'm sending you back to January 28th of 2015, that's when the book will be published. Everyone reading this will think that it's been around the whole time, that's how time travel works.

"Whoa," I stammer, "but what happens when *that* book ends?"

We'll send you somewhere else, that's how the big red button works. I mean, that's how you arrived here at *Slammed In The Butthole By My Concept Of Linear Time* in the first place.

I could also just write in a scenario where you do something forever and ever, but that's bound to get a little boring, don't you think?

The guy in *Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book* started regretting his request for never ending fucking pretty quick. I finally had to go back and let him out. Now he's working in Vegas as a dinosaur magician.

"Wait, wait, wait... go back. You mean I've been in other books?"

About ten or so, yes, as different people or objects. Once you were a bigfoot that was a lawyer *and* a doctor.

"That makes no sense," I inform him.

Just push the button, Chuck says, I'm hungry and Jon's cooking spaghetti tonight.

I place my hand on the big red button. I push.

POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY BOOK “POUNDED
IN THE BUTT BY MY BOOK ‘POUNDED IN THE BUTT
BY MY BOOK “POUNDED IN THE BUTT BY MY OWN
BUTT””””

People like to say that you never get used to war, but when you've experienced as many of them as I have, things can get a little stale.

After the billionaire butt battle of nineteen-fourteen, the space bigfoot apocalypse of three-thousand-sixty and the great unicorn conflict, both one and two, I've seen my share of death and destruction at the hands of Dr. Tingle. This, however, is also the precise thing that gives me hope.

Unlike many of the other characters who exist in the Tingleverse, I've retained my memory throughout every recent story, learning more and more as I go about this strange, gay existence as a fictional character.

As the thought of my existence, or lack thereof, enters my brain, a cold chill runs down the length of my spine. Battle may be something that I've grown used to, but the knowledge of my own nature as a source of literary, erotic entertainment has not.

By the time you read this I will have been the star of twenty-three stories by Chuck Tingle that I can remember, some of which haven't even been written yet, and a side character in countless more. Sometimes I'm not even written about, just lingering in the background while a man boards a living biker train, or I'm serving on the jury in the case of a sexy bigfoot lawyer who is also a doctor, or eating at a handsome diner while the leading man runs in and out of the building, fucking its various orifices. I have done all of these things, sometimes returning later on to play multiple characters in the same story.

I've been pounded by myself.

Sometimes I wonder how many other characters are aware that they are repeating endlessly in the Tingleverse, how many of us there are in here floating around as an endless loop of hard abs and cute butts.

I know for a fact that other's have realized their existence as fictional characters, but this usually happens at the end of the story where there is little time to actually do anything about it.

This is where I have the upper hand. We're less than four hundred words in and I'm already completely aware that I'm nothing but a figment of Dr. Tingle's imagination, a surrealist fantasy existing between lines of black text on white pages. The question now is to figure out how to get out of here.

Is it possible for me to leave the realm of fiction and escape into the real world, a place outside of this endless Tingleverse bubble where men and women interact without immediately falling in love and pounding each other's asses? Is there really a place where dinosaurs, unicorns and bigfeet are no longer performing surgeries or flying living jet planes?

This particular story has found in me a fantasy setting, a place of heroic knights and powerful wizards, of swords and spells. I stand atop a castle turret looking out across the beautiful rolling hills before me, a long river snaking through the trees that dot this elegant vista, breathing deep as the sun sets on the evening before a massive battle between man and book.

For years, these kingdom's have been ruled but a fearsome tyrant, a living book by the name of "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.'"" This is a formidable piece of writing, a story that gained sentience long ago and eventually attained its *own* knowledge of the Tingleverse, as well. His awareness has given the book a magical prowess unlike any other wizard of the realm, able to break through the fourth wall at any moment, revising battles as he sees fit. Some have even told tales of this living book reaching out through the screen of the author and closing entire documents before they we're saved, destroying an entire literary universe before it started.

Of course, this could all be the stuff of legends, an old wives' tale used to scare weary travelers around the campfire.

Then again, stranger things have happened. As a man with a knowledge of the Tingleverse, I know all too well what Chuck is capable of.

This is why I need help, why this battle is so important and why this very short story before you could change the entire Tingleverse forever.

"Do not worry, my lord," a voice sounds out from the growing shadows behind me. "You shall be victorious when the morning comes, I have no doubt."

I turn around and find Gogo, my finest captain, as he stands at attention behind me. The warrior is only in his early twenties, but wise beyond his years.

"I know," I tell him with a smile, reaching out and putting my hand on the captian's shoulder.

"I do not fear the magic of 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt,''" Gogo offers. "He is a powerful wizard, but you are a powerful knight. When your sword meets the soft white pages of his midsection, his spells will be meaningless."

"I wouldn't be so sure," I respond with a half smile, "but I appreciate the thought."

Gogo nods. "I just wanted to come up here and inform you that all of the men are prepared and now rest, they will be ready when the enemy arrives at dawn."

"Thank you," I tell my captain, turning back around to stare out over the darkening landscape once more.

There is a moment of silence between us, no other sound but the wind as it whips through these upper turrets and shakes the flags nearby. The sun is halfway finished with its descent below the crest of the far mountains, causing the sky to bloom in an utterly breathtaking pallet of purples, yellows and oranges.

"Lord Gibbok," Gogo begins, "if I may ask, why are you still up here? Do you plan on any rest before the battle?"

I nod, my eyes still glued to the blossoming sunset before me. "I'll rest soon enough," I inform him, "but first there is one last thing that I must do. Prepare my steed."

"My lord?" is all that Gogo can ask, utterly confused.

"Please do as I say," I tell him.

"Yes," Gogo finally affirms, "right away." The captain immediately spins and heads back into the castle, down the hundreds of stairs to the stables below where my trusty steed, Butt Beauty, awaits.

The cool night air flickers across my face as Butt Beauty and I gallop along the long curves of road that slice over this majestic land. We take the main lane for a few miles and then curve off to the right, heading through the ever-thickening forest as more and more trees begin to spring up on either side.

Gogo is right, with time running down before battle it's imperative that I get as much rest as possible. What he doesn't know, however, is that I'm in the unique position to understand that none of this *really* matters.

The battle is important, sure, but even more important is the fact that I've found myself with the knowledge that I'm a fictional character (at the beginning of a Dr. Tingle short story, instead of the end), and this knowledge is something that I need to capitalize on before the living book wizard does

it first.

Of course, regardless of where I ride on this horse, me and my steed will still be trapped in letters across a page. I could circle the globe and still be no closer to reaching my goal of trading fiction for reality. I want to leave the Tingleverse, and there is only one person who could possibly make that happen.

As I've learned in previous attempts at communicating with the writer, it's quite easy to be direct and simply think these words onto the page, where he will then type them out for the readers to experience, just like this. Unfortunately, this method can result in a one-way street of communication, and also a very confusing read. While Chuck *can* type his messages to me in response, the only way I get to see them is if they end up in the final published story so you'll have no idea what was edited out here.

Frustrating, right?

However, one thing that I've learned about the Tingleverse is that Chuck is always hidden somewhere within, a character in his own story. Most of the time Chuck stays far away from the action, a background player who is never called out by name, but always there lurking.

This story is no different, until now.

I suddenly pull back on the reigns and Butt Beauty rears upright, neighing out loudly across the forest. We've entered a clearing of tall, green grass, thick and lush as it sways in the soft wind. At the edge of the clearing is a small wooden shack, out of which a small trail of smoke wafts up from the chimney. A fireplace flickers out dancing light from inside.

We trot over and I hop down off of my trusty steed, tying Butt Beauty to a post outside.

"Hello?" I call out, stepping up to the front door and rapping twice. "Chuck, are you in there? It's your character, Lord Gibbok."

There is some shuffling around from inside, but eventually the door opens to reveal the smiling face of a middle aged man in a Tai Kwon Do uniform, a martial art that I am familiar with thanks to my time spent in an erotic ninja story.

"Can I help you?" Chuck asks. "You know you're not supposed to be out here, you're messing up the story."

"I know," I admit, "I'm terribly sorry, Chuck, it's just..." I trail off.

"You have a few questions," the author interjects, a statement more than a question.

"How did you know?" I ask.

Chuck smiles knowingly. "Because I wrote it," he says. The author steps back and opens the door of his small cottage all the way now, beckoning me inside.

The cottage is quaint and inviting, a large fireplace roaring in one corner while the rest of the walls are lined floor to ceiling with books. As I inspect the bookshelf closer I realize that all of these books are Dr. Tingle stories, including some of my own.

"My Billionaire Triceratops Craves Gay Ass," I read aloud. "I remember that one, I was a waiter."

"You we're also the triceratops," Chuck informs me.

"Really?" I question, a little shocked. "I don't remember that."

"That's because it hasn't happened yet," the author says, "time is fluid in the Tingleverse, no book comes before or after the other."

"Fascinating," is all that I can say in return.

Chuck waves me towards a chair. "Sit."

I do as I'm told, and moments later Chuck takes his place in the seat across from me, the roaring fire continuing on between us.

"I suppose you know why I'm here," I start.

Chuck nods. "I know exactly why you're here, I'm writing this."

"Then let's cut to the chase," I offer. "I want to get out of the Tingleverse, I want to be a real man."

Chuck nods, surprisingly understanding of my situation. "That makes sense."

"I mean, I don't think it's fair, or ethical, for you to have me going through all of these books and then just dying when they're over." I continue. "I didn't even ask to be created in the first place."

"Well, first of all," counters Chuck. "You can't die, because you're not alive."

I consider this, but it makes me feel even worse.

"How do I get out of this?" I beg to know.

"And become something outside of a book?" Chuck clarifies.

I nod.

"I don't know," Chuck tells me, "I don't think it's possible. At least, not the way that you want it."

"You can't just type 'And then he became a real man?'" I ask.

Chuck shakes his head. "Those are just words, me telling you that you're allowed to leap off of the page won't make it happen. On the page, I can do whatever I want, but off of the page is a different story entirely."

"It's just not fair!" I yell, losing my temper a bit.

"I'll tell you what's not fair," Chuck interjects, "hijacking a story that these readers paid good money for, just so that you could come in here and scream at me about what you deserve as a character. Do you realize how lucky you are to even have this awareness? Do you realize how rare it is for an author to get this meta?"

I take in a long breath and let it out, trying to calm myself down. I look back at the words behind me, the way they've started to stretch on and on and realizing now that I'm running out of time. This is a short story, not a novel.

"Is there anything you can do?" I beg. "Anything?"

Chuck thinks about this a moment. "Well, you're always going to be fictional, but I suppose there might be a way to get you out of this book."

"Really?" I gush, desperately trying not to lose my cool.

The author nods. "There's this thing called Twitter, do you know it?"

I nod, remembering the website from a few of my other roles as an office worker.

"Well, on Twitter you can interact with people from the real world, but you can still be fictional," Chuck explains.

"I'm not sure that I follow," I admit.

"I could go out into the real world and start a Twitter for you," Chuck explains, "then you wouldn't just be a character in a book, you'll be part of reality."

"Will I escape from the Tingleverse?" I question.

Chuck shrugs. "What do you think? Regardless, it's the only shot that you've got so you might as well take it."

"Alright!" I should excitedly, jumping up out of my chair.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Chuck says, waving me down once more. "Not so fast, this is still a story

that people are busy reading. Before I even *think* of starting a Twitter for you, you're gonna have to finish up this book. The people want to be entertained, not just yammered at about the nature of reality for pages and pages."

"You want me to fight the battle?" I question.

Chuck nods. "I'll tell you what," offers the author. "You *win* tomorrow's battle and I'll make you a Twitter account. If you lose, forget about it."

"But why?" I stammer.

"Conflict," Chuck explains. "It's gotta be entertaining, you know? The readers need stakes."

I let out a long sigh. "Alright."

I stand up and begin to head for the door but the author stops me.

"Oh, and one more thing," Chuck says. "Don't forget to find a reason to pound each other's butts, this is erotica after all."

That night, I have a strange and powerful dream.

Suddenly, my eyes burst open, the hammering of battle drums suddenly erupting all around me. My men along the wall of the castle must have spotted the wizard's armies approaching, then sounded the alarms.

I sit up, already clad in my heavy plate mail armor with my sword at my side.

"Lord Gibbok," Gobo says, bursting into my quarters. "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt'" has arrived with his army."

"Tell the archers to hold their fire," I announce, rushing past my captain and out the door. I don't even head over to the castle turrets and look out at the army below, instead running immediately to the nearby staircase and descending as quickly as I can.

When I reach the bottom, I sprint as fast as I can to the front gates of the castle. They are sealed, locked, and ready for battle, towering over me by at least fifty feet.

"Open up!" I shout.

"But my lord," says one of the gate keepers, "what about the battle? We much keep the castle secure at all costs."

"Open up!" I repeat. "A plan has come to me in a dream. I will speak with the living book face-to-face."

The gatekeeper eyes me skeptically. "You sure about that, sir?"

"Do it," I command.

Seconds later, there is a loud clang as the internal locks of these massive double doors spring open loudly. I watch as the huge wooden gates creak open, my heart pounding hard within my chest in perfect time with the hammering war drums above.

As my view grows less and less obscured, I find myself looking out across a surrealist erotic army unlike anything I have ever seen. Billionaire jet planes fly overhead while armed bigfeet ride muscular dinosaur lawyer steeds, many of whom carry swords themselves. An entire swarm of disembodied, floating butts swarm through the air with an oppressive menace.

And, of course, leading them all is a particularly handsome edition of Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.'" The short story looks absolutely ravishing, a perfect specimen of bound words that immediately takes my breath away on sight.

“What is this?” the book shouts at my arrival. “There is a battle to be fought!”

Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” raises a hand to halt the onslaught of overtly sexualized warriors behind him.

“I come to make an offering!” I announce.

“Ha!” the book laughs, skeptically. “A trick from a trickster, nothing more.”

I shake my head. “Not this time.”

“What could you possibly offer? My kingdom is far greater than yours,” retorts the book. “Chuck has written it, so it is the way of men!”

“Yes, Chuck has written you to value this battle highly, but there is *one* think that you are designed to value more,” I counter. I reach down slowly, seductively, and take hold at the bottom of my plate mail armor, then lift it up over my head.

Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” watches with rapt attention, a hunger in his eyes that is just as ferocious as I expected it to be. There are not many consistent rules here in the Tingleverse, but you can always count on the ultimate value of a hard anal pounding.

“If I let you slam this tight butthole, will you declare us the winner of the battle?” I coo, stepping forward across the drawbridge with erotic grace.

The book appears to be conflicted, trying not to agree to these ridiculous terms despite his best efforts until, finally, he just can’t contain himself any longer. The book nods. “I agree,” says the sentient work of fiction, “damn it, I agree.”

The next think I know, Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” is running forward, meeting me halfway across the draw bridge in a passionate embrace. We kiss furiously, our bodies pressed together as an ever-hardening cock begins to grow at the base of the written wizard’s cover.

I reach down and take his rod in my hand, stroking the book off gently while each of our opposing armies look on with rapt attention. The book lets out a long and satisfied groan, clearly pleased with our deal.

“You like that?” I ask, pumping my hand across the length of his cock faster and faster with every stroke. “You like the way it feels with I beat you off like the dirty old book that you are?”

“Yes,” Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” tells me.

Overwhelmed with desire, I drop to my knees before him and take the living object’s dick between my lips, savoring the salty taste of his papery shaft. He is absolutely enormous; sporting a formidable member that takes every bit of effort I can muster just to fit my lips around.

Somehow I manage, however, and quickly begin to pump my head up and down across his length. I use my hand to cradle to book’s balls, egging him on while I work my magic, appreciating every moan and groan that he makes above me. Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’s’” abs clenched tight, his body bracing against the surges of pleasure.

Moments later, I push down as far as I can, taking the book’s entire cock deep within my hungry throat. I relax enough to allow his length past my gag reflex, the shaft finally coming to rest at the hilt while my face presses hard against the book’s muscular cover.

I look up at him with cock drunk eyes and wink playfully, a small gesture that puts Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’”

over the edge completely.

“I want your ass,” demands the powerful wizard, “and I want it now.”

The book pulls himself from my mouth and I turn around, falling forward onto my hands and knees and then popping my rump out towards him. I wiggle it playfully, reaching back with one hand and undoing my belt, then pulling my pants down just enough over the curve of my ass to reveal my tightly puckered butthole.

“Do it,” I say, “pound the fuck out of my self aware gay warrior ass!”

The book doesn’t need to be told twice, immediately crouching down behind me and aligning his shaft with my waiting butt. I can feel him teasing the rim, pushing against me gently at first and then eventually plunging inward with a single, powerful swoop.

“Oh fuck,” I yelp, bracing myself against his weight on the drawbridge below.

The book wastes no time pumping in and out of me, plowing my asshole with a series of rapid-fire thrusts that send shockwaves of both sensuality and discomfort through my body. Over time, however, the discomfort begins to slip away, drifting farther and farther from my consciousness until eventually it has been replaced entirely by a strange, aching pleasure. I reach down and grab ahold of my dick, jerking myself off in time with the movements of this handsome wizard book.

Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” is a veteran of the Tingleverse, a never-ending erotic Russian nesting doll that knows just how to pound me, hitting my prostate perfectly from deep within.

“Oh fuck,” I start to moan, “Oh fuck, oh fuck!”

I can feel the first surges of orgasm blossoming within me, pulsing like waves through my body with every thrust from behind. Each wave grows larger and larger until eventually my entire body is quaking with pleasure, my muscles spasming in a way that is completely outside of my control.

Before I can finish, however, the book pulls out of me and grabs me around the waist, flipping me over so that I now lay on my back, staring up at the gorgeous, muscular book before me.

“Not just yet,” he says, then thrusts back into my ass once again.

Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” picks up right where he left off, reaming my asshole with the type of ferocity that only a sentient erotica short can muster. I hold my toned legs back for him, opening myself up as my rock hard cock bounces in time with the living book’s furious pounds.

Soon, I can feel the sensation of orgasm blossoming once again, this time entirely internal and driven by the expertly performed massages against my prostate. I can see my dick twitching wildly, preparing to unload in a unique and powerful ejection.

Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” can tell that I’m very close, picking up speed until he is throttling my anus with absolutely everything he’s got. The book jackhammers away like this until I finally kick my legs out straight, screaming at the top of my lungs and releasing a wild stream of pearly jizz ropes that blast into the air as a majestic fountain of spunk.

I haven’t experienced this much orgasmic pleasure since my last trip through the Tingleverse but, unlike battle, you never really get used to it.

My living object lover suddenly pushes as deep as he can within my asshole and holds tight, throwing his head back and unleashing a massive payload of cum directly up into my rectum. It’s not long before my asshole is completely full of his warm, creamy jizz, which has no other place to go besides squirting out from the edges of my tightly packed rim.

When the intense feelings finally subside, I lean my head back against the bridge below and let out a long sigh. I close my eyes, reveling in the sensation of Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” pulling out of me. I can feel his cum flooding from my asshole, covering the ground below us in a beautiful white mess.

When I open my eyes again I see the book standing over me, extending his hand downward in an act of goodwill as he attempts to help me up. I reach out and grab hold, then smile warmly as I’m lifted to my feet.

“A deal’s a deal,” the book says, and then turns to face the army that waits behind him. “We lose everyone, a deal’s a deal!” he shouts, “it’s time to go home!”

The army turns almost immediately, without hesitation or disdain, and begins to march off in the opposite direction.

“Thank you,” I tell the book.

Pounded In The Butt By My Book “Pounded In The Butt By My Book ‘Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’” shrugs, looking back over his shoulder at me, “what can I say, I can’t resist a good pounding.”

With that, the wizard begins to follow his assortment of erotic troops back across the hills from which they came.

“Come in,” calls the familiar voice of Dr. Chuck Tingle, beckoning me back into his cabin for the second time.

I open the door and step inside, smiling as I see the man sitting exactly where he had been previously, warm before the roaring fire.

“You won,” the doctor says proudly, “very clever!”

“Well, you wrote it,” I remind him.

Chuck nods. “So I did.”

The author waves for me to take a seat across from him, but I decline. I know that this book is ending soon and I’d rather not waste the words that it takes to describe me sitting. We have business to attend to.

“Why am I still here?” I ask Chuck, bluntly.

The author laughs. “The story needs an ending! Of course you’re still here.”

“But shouldn’t I be out on Twitter or something?” I question. “I feel exactly the same as I did beforehand. I’m still stuck in the Tingleverse.”

“You’re out there,” Chuck says with a nod. “You just don’t know it.”

I shake my head, confused. “What do you mean?”

“I mean you’ve been out in reality the whole time,” Chuck explains, “you just haven’t been ready to hear about it.”

“So, I’m a real person?” I question.

Chuck nods.

“Well, what’s my name on Twitter then?” I stammer.

The author hesitates. “Chuck Tingle,” he finally says.

At first, I’m not quite sure how to take this, suspicious that the author is messing with me. How could *both* of us be Chuck Tingle?

“Remember when you mentioned being multiple characters in a single book?” the author continues. “What if I told you that you were *every* character? Even me?”

The reality of his revelation suddenly hits me hard. I stagger back, almost collapsing onto the floor before catching myself on the back wall. I'm at a loss for words, stammering mindlessly as my brain attempts to catch up with my body.

"I know it's a lot to take in, but that's the great thing about being the writer, we can just make you fine with it," Chuck explains.

Suddenly, I feel great, completely at ease with the fact that I've just learned my existence is and endlessly repeating loop of homosexual erotica characters, including the author himself.

"I'm confused," I suddenly blurt. "Does that mean you're *not* real?"

Chuck smiles mischievously. "Just as real as everyone reading this."

"You mean?" I start.

Chuck nods. "The readers exist in the first layer of the Tingleverse, they simply aren't aware of it. I mean, how long did it take you to realize that you were a character in an erotic short?"

I think about this for a moment. "I'm not sure," I admit.

"It's been eons," Chuck informs me. "Luckily, the readers are getting pretty close to realizing they are characters in the Tingleverse, thanks to the fact that they've already discovered me. That's the first step. The reader thinks, 'this can't possibly be real', when my existence in reality is actually just as sign that *their* universe is readjusting, not mine."

"But if the readers are part of the Tingleverse, then that means they're..." I trail off.

"Us," Chuck answers, bluntly. "That's correct."

I feel like I should be frightened by the galactic enormity of this revelation but, instead, I find myself somehow comforted.

"So what now?" I question, "the loop just keeps going?"

"Oh no," Chuck says, shaking his head. "It has an ending, this is just another link in the chain to get there. One day at a time, though, first thing I need to do is publish this story."

"What are you going to call it?" I question. "Isn't it going to be kind of hard to title, since you're me and I'm you and we're also both the reader and they just don't fully understand it yet?"

Chuck shrugs. "It seems pretty simple to me, I'm calling it Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.'""

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:

TAKEN BY THE GAY UNICORN BIKER

I don't believe in miracles; nor luck, nor magic. I don't believe in anything that I can't see with my own eyes or touch with my own skin, and it's been a long time since I have. Superstition is a plague.

Some people think that being skeptic is boring, but I'd like to think of myself as simply an appreciator of reality. I don't need to live in a fantasy world when real life is so full of brilliance and beauty.

Take, for example, this very moment.

I've been driving all night, desperately crossing the harsh Nevada desert towards Las Vegas for my brothers wedding. It's not too long of a drive from Los Angeles, clocking in at a little under five hours, but it can get grueling if you're forced to leave right after your shift ends at the gay bar where you work.

I managed to pull out of West Hollywood at two in the morning, and now the sun is coming up in front of me, bathing the glorious desert landscape with a beautiful wash of yellow and gold. It's absolutely stunning and completely real.

It's weird how much this firm grip on reality means to me, considering the fact that my parents and brother are so religious. But, in a lot of ways, I think that's probably the reason I turned out the way that I did. It's not easy growing up in a Christian household as a flamboyantly gay child, and although they all still claim to love me after I came out of the closet, it's clear they like my brother, Jared, just the slightest bit more.

This is why I can't be late to the wedding, and why I can't stop glancing at the clock on my dashboard as the minutes count endlessly upward. I need to prove that I'm not a complete mess out in Los Angeles on my own, that I've got my shit together.

I'm driving as fast as I can, but by now I'm also too tired to focus and the whole thing really just starts to make me uncomfortable. Speed and sleep rarely mix, and right now I'm flirting with disaster. Still, I've gotta get there somehow.

"You'll make it." I say aloud to myself, looking off into the sunrise and trying to focus on the natural beauty before me. This is reality, right here and now. I might be late and my parents and brother will certainly look down on me for it, but the sun will still rise and the sun will still set.

I take a deep breath, in and out, trying desperately not to stress.

If it isn't already clear, I'm a recovering anger junkie. These days you'd never even know what it used to be like, the way I would change into a complete asshole at the flip of a switch. It's destroyed every relationship that I've ever had, but these days I'm feeling better about it. I think that I might just be ready to find something meaningful again, maybe even love.

I've started to look inward, and it's working.

I take another deep breath, holding it longer this time before exhaling as the car roars down the long stretch of highway.

"You're going to make it to your brothers wedding." I say to myself again. "Stay positive, Mario."

For the briefest of moments I close my eyes, trying hard to meditate just a split second and somehow recharge my batteries. Showing up to the wedding is the easy part, after all, but showing up bright eyed and busy tailed was going to be difficult. I've only got two hours to spare.

Suddenly, the car lurches as I dip down off of the side of the road. My eyes fly open and I swerve wildly, my hands gripping tightly onto the steering wheel as I try desperately to self-correct.

I'm simply going way too fast.

The next thing I know, one of the tires has hit a massive triangular rock and my car is being launched into the air, flipped one entire rotation as I scream bloody murder and hold on for dear life.

Fortunately, I'm wearing my seatbelt, and I remain inside the car as it barrel rolls across the road without being tossed out through the glass windshield.

I'm fine, but the car itself is not so lucky. There is a loud snap as the vehicle lands and the axle breaks in half, dropping the car onto the pavement below and immediately ripping the two front wheels to shreds.

I skid to a stop amid a cloud of dust and debris, terribly shaken up but otherwise okay. Steam rises up from under the hood of the vehicle and drifts away and I struggle to unbuckle my seatbelt. I climb out from the driver's seat, staggering into the light of the rising Nevada sun.

"Fuck!" I exclaim aloud, immediately recognizing that my car may or may not be totaled. Searing anger boils within me, but I remember to focus and somehow cool myself down into a quiet simmer. "Just chill." I tell myself. "Just chill out, it's going to be okay."

I quickly realize that my insurance will cover this, even though it's entirely my fault, and at the end of the day I'm not going to take much of a hit financially. Besides, the pay bar that I work at is incredibly high end, and the tips that I make alone are double some folks salary. In other words, I'll be fine.

The real problem, however, is that I'm only a few short hours away from proving to my family, once and for all, that I'm not a complete fuck up. The car situation is not exactly helping my cause.

I let my gaze linger over the wreckage, reeling from the intense physical trauma that still lingers within my body. My nerves are at full alert and my neck is killing me.

I look up and down the road, trying to see if I can spot any other rides headed my way, but there is absolutely nothing but wide open desert. Trying to make good time, I took my best attempt at finding an alternate route and somehow ended up on these back roads along the way. It's great for avoiding traffic, but I could sure use a lift right about now and who knows when the next one is coming.

With nothing left to do, I just start walking.

It's early enough in the morning that the desert heat hasn't yet started to beat down too harshly but, with every step I take, the temperature seems to grow warmer and warmer.

By the time the car has disappeared behind me I'm drenched with sweat, yearning for someone, anyone, to come driving by and save me with a generous ride, even if it's just to the nearest gas station.

I've almost entirely given up hope when suddenly I notice a shiny silver object rising up over the hill behind me. It's almost too far away to see, like a tiny glinting spec on the horizon line, but from where I stand I can hear it barreling over the asphalt. It's a motorcycle.

Immediately I stop walking and begin to wave for the rider's attention, hopping up and down as I throw my arms wildly in the air on the side of the road. I'd been so busy hoping that someone would drive by that I never even considered the fact that they probably won't stop for me, but I've got to try.

Fortunately though, as the vehicle draws closer it begins to slow until, eventually, the motorcycle pulls up next to me and stops completely. It's only then that I realize the rider is a beautiful, white unicorn, with a long flowing mane and a glorious pearly horn jutting out from the top of his head. The unicorn turns to me and nods in acknowledgement.

"Where are you headed?" The biker unicorn asks in a gruff voice.

“Vegas.” I tell him, to desperate to be bothered by the fact that my savior is not human.

“Guess it’s your lucky day.” The unicorn says, his tail whipping back and forth in the air as it hangs over the back seat of the bike. “I’m headed there, too. Unless that’s your car back there, in which case it’s probably not your lucky day.”

I shake my head. “Nope. I don’t know what happened but the thing it totaled.”

“I’d say you’re probably right about that.” The unicorn says, stopping the asphalt a bit with its hoof. “Well, let’s hit the road, huh? Climb on behind me.”

I do as I’m told, deciding it’s best not to tell this majestic creature that I don’t believe in luck as I walk over to the large motorcycle. I swing my leg around the back, then scoot up against the unicorn.

“What’s your name?” I ask. “I’m Mario.”

“Kirk.” The unicorn tells me, then neighs loudly as we take off down the road, the bike rumbling powerfully between my legs.

The next thing I know, we’re back on track, flying towards Vegas at full speed and without a minute to spare. I wrap my arms around Kirk and hold on tight, noticing the pleasant warmth of his body against mine. I had never seen a unicorn before in real life, and I find myself surprised by how masculine his beauty is. Besides the slight pink shimmer of the creature’s mane and horn, there is nothing girly about this muscular beast. In fact, this particular unicorn is actually looking pretty badass in his leather jacket, jeans and boots.

“You seem tense.” I shout into the unicorn’s ear over the loud rumbling of the motor beneath us. “Why are you headed to Vegas?”

Kirk pauses for a moment before answering, choosing his words wisely. “I’m not so much heading *to* Vegas. More like heading *away* from California.”

“Oh shit.” I offer. “What happened?”

“Bad breakup.” The unicorn tells me. “Really bad.”

We sit in silence for a moment, letting the sound of the wind rushing past fill our ears.

“Well, I don’t really know you all that well.” I offer. “But it sounds like she lost out on a pretty good unicorn.”

“He.” The unicorn corrects me. “*He* lost out on a good guy.”

“You’re gay?” I ask, surprised. “Me too!”

“No shit?” Says the unicorn with a laugh. “I’m normally so good with that, I can always tell.”

“Not this time.” I smile. “I get that a lot though, my ex used to tell me that I acted too straight.”

The unicorn nods, staring out across the road ahead of us. “Sounds like both of us have asshole ex guys.”

I pull tighter against the unicorn, feeling the beat of his massive heart against my body. He’s an incredible creature, so perfectly toned and strong. I have never before been attracted to anything other than a human male, but being here on this bike with Kirk has, admittedly, opened my eyes to a different kind of beauty. I can’t help but feel a strange twinge of arousal deep within me, and I’m just barely able to keep myself from growing and erection right here against the unicorn’s back.

“So why are *you* going to Vegas?” The unicorn questions. “I wasn’t going to ask, but now that we’re getting to know each other so well I figured you might as well tell me.”

“Nothing too exciting.” I say. “My brother’s wedding.”

“That sounds really exciting!” The unicorn protests. “It’s your brother!”

“We’re not exactly close.” I explain.

Whenever I tell people about the fact that my brother and me don’t get along, people always respond with the same thing. ‘He’s your brother, you’ll figure it out.’ Kirk, on the other hand, has nothing to say other than, “I’m sorry to hear that.”

It’s not a dismissive version of the phrase, nor an empty one; for once I feel a sincere empathy for my feelings on the matter. Kirk isn’t trying to change me, he just wants to listen, and that alone is much more than any man as ever really offered.

“You’re pretty cool, you know that?” I say to the unicorn.

Kirk cracks a smile and nods to himself. “I suppose I’m alright.”

His casual unicorn demeanor is so incredible to me, and suddenly, despite my best efforts, I find myself getting turned on.

“Whoa.” Kirk says with a laugh, sensing the hardening of my cock up against his back. “You getting excited back there, buddy?”

“No.” I protest, defensively.

“It sure doesn’t feel like it.” The unicorn prods with a laugh. “That feels like a big fucking human cock pressed up against my back.”

I don’t say a word, completely embarrassed.

“You ever fucked a unicorn?” Kirk asks me suddenly.

I can immediately sense a change in his tone, a new direction in his unicorn mannerisms all the way down to the way he turns his large beastly head to speak to me.

“No, I can’t say that I have.” I explain. “You’re the first one I’ve met.”

Kirk nods. “Yep, there’s not a lot of us out there, not a lot of gay one’s either.”

“I didn’t even realize you existed.” I confess.

Kirk scoffs. “Come on now, that’s just rude.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” I offer. “Anyway…”

The word drifts off behind us as we continue down the road, the tension between me and Kirk the unicorn biker growing to incredible heights. There is something comforting about just being here with him, as if I’ve suddenly been blessed with the assurance that everything will work out in the end. He’s a protector, a figure of power that radiates with support, companionship, and gay lust. My body aches for him.

I find myself running my fingers through the unicorn’s shimmering mane, unable to stop my roving hands. “Do you believe in love at first sight?” I ask Kirk.

“I don’t know.” He tells me, “Why?”

I hesitate, not wanting to just lay all my cards out there on the table, but then I take the plunge. “I feel something between us. I don’t believe in miracles or anything like that, and I know it sounds crazy but I think that I love you… I think that I *want* you. Right now.”

“Right now?” Kirk confirms, slowing down the motorcycle. “Don’t you have somewhere to be?”

“I don’t give a fuck.” I tell him.

Almost immediately, Kirk pulls over onto the side of the road and climbs off of the motorcycle. I step off with him, and then moments later we are meeting under the desert sun next to a giant, flat boulder. Kirk and me embrace each other feverishly, our lips locked in a passionate kiss.

My heart rate elevated, my body trembling, I’m happy to finally release all of the powerful

tension that has been building up inside of me. I'm trembling with desire, wanting nothing more than to take his massive, gay unicorn biker cock inside of my body. I want to pleasure him, to make him understand the way that he makes me ache.

Without another set of eyes for miles on this empty stretch of desert highway, I quickly tear off my shirt and watch gladly as Kirk does the same. His body is utterly incredible, perfect and muscular in its majestic, beastly form. I touch him gently with my hands and then work my way down the unicorn's toned, muscular chest.

Suddenly overwhelmed with passion, I drop to my knees and unbutton Kirk's pants, pulling them down and letting his massive unicorn cock spring forth.

"Holy shit." I gasp. "Your dick is fucking enormous!"

The confident unicorn biker gives me a wink. "Think you can handle it?"

Instead of answering I decide to show him, opening wide and swallowing Kirk's shaft deep into my hungry mouth. The gorgeous beast lets out a satisfied neigh, leaning back and lifting his head skyward like a howling wolf of the desert.

I move up and down, letting Kirk's rod slip gracefully between my lips as I pleasure him. With one hand I cradle his hanging balls, and with the other I reach up and take his hoof in mine, grasping tightly.

"You're incredible." Kirk moans.

I push down farther and farther until hitting the edge of my gag reflex, which causes me to stop abruptly. Kirk's size is just too much to take, and I struggle against his rod, retching as I push the limits of my body. I simply can't take his size. Instead, I find myself stuck, and eventually I'm forced to come up for air in a frantic gasp.

"Are you alright?" Kirk asks.

"Yes." I assure him. "I just need to do this, let me try."

"You don't need to do anything." He tells me. "You don't need to impress me."

I shake my head. "I need to do this, Kirk."

I center myself and then try again, this time relaxing my throat as much as possible as Kirk's unicorn cock slides deeper and deeper into me. His length is incredible, and at first I retch a little as it hits the back of my throat. Moments later, however, I somehow manage to relax enough that Kirk's massive dick slides all the way inside. I proudly look up at him and give a playful wink, Kirk's shaft entirely consumed as my lips press lightly up against his rock hard unicorn abs.

"Fuck." Is all that this amazing man can manage to get out, overwhelmed by my expert deep throating skills. "That's incredible, Mario."

The sound of my own name sends a pleasant chill down my spine. This is all that I had ever wanted. To find love when I least expected it, out here in the desert in a time of need. I was stranded and alone, fighting for my life against the heat and the natural elements and then suddenly, with the help of one gay biker unicorn, everything changed. Maybe miracles do happen, I think to myself, maybe I was wrong all along.

Moments later, I find Kirk carefully pulling me up to my feet with his powerful unicorn teeth. He kisses me deeply and then pushes me back against the flat rock next to us, where I lay happily as the beautiful beast removes my jeans and tosses them to the side. My briefs come off next, and suddenly I find myself completely exposed to the warm desert air.

Kirk leans down and immediately gets to work licking my hard cock, which sends all kinds of incredible volts of pleasure throughout my body. I arch my back against the warm stone as Kirk

satisfies my senses, my hands finding their way around to the back of his head and pulling him even tighter against me.

The creature certainly knows how to use his tongue, finding no trouble at all with quickly bringing my body dangerously close to orgasm.

Eventually, Kirk starts to suck me off, taking my entire shaft easily into his large unicorn mouth. He pumps his head up and down on my length, pleasuring me skillfully between his majestic lips. I let out a long, satisfied moan, which seems to kick him into overdrive, pumping his head faster and faster over my length.

I'm going to cum soon. The feeling builds within me in wave after blissful wave, every one of them becoming more powerful than the last until finally I just can't take it anymore and I force myself to push him back.

"I want to cum." I tell the unicorn. "But I want to do it with you inside of me."

Kirk smiles and pulls me down the boulder slightly so that my muscular gay ass is hanging right off of the edge. Next, he aligns his rock hard shaft with my puckered butthole, his head teasing against my entrance while I beg for him to push it in.

Kirk is much larger than any of the human cocks that I've ever taken anally, and I have to admit that I'm slightly fearful of what his incredible size could do to my body, but I try my best to play it off and be fearless. Still, the anxiety is there, but thanks to the loving nature of my new unicorn lover, it becomes exciting and erotic, only adding to our playful and lusty encounter. I feel safe around Kirk, free to be myself even if that means getting a little nervous.

I collect my wits, then reach down and spread my gay ass open for him.

"Fuck me!" I demand. "Fuck me with your giant unicorn cock!"

Kirk stops for a moment. "I want you to beg for it."

"Fuck." I start, reaching down and grabbing a hold of his large beastly body with one hand. "Me." As I finish repeating the phrase, I pull Kirk forward and his mammoth cock disappears completely inside of my asshole, stretching my tightness to the brink.

I let out a loud groan, not entirely prepared to take his substantial size within my butt.

As I look up at the beautiful sky above us, clouds drifting calmly across the open blue, I can't think of any better moment to open my heart up than this. It's everything I ever dreamed it could be, me and my unicorn lover locked in a passionate embrace that defies species or sexualities.

Kirk begins to pump in and out of my butt, slowly but firmly as I tremble from his skilled touch. My legs are spread wide for him, held back as he slams into me at an ever-escalating speed. Soon enough, Kirk is hammering into me with everything he's got, his hips pounding loudly against the side of the boulder.

Once again, I can feel the profound sensation of an impending prostate orgasm blossoming deep within. It grows quickly, spreading out across my body in a series of violent quakes until my entire being is convulsing. There is too much pleasure locked up inside, bubbling over without any place left to go.

I reach down and start to frantically beat off my own rock hard cock, rapidly pumping my hand over it's length in time with the pounding of Kirk's powerful thrusts.

"Oh my god." I start to mumble. "Oh my god."

"I love you so much." Kirk the unicorn tells me, his eyes aflame with truth and passion. "I want to be your biker unicorn lover forever!"

"I love you, too!" I tell him, my legs suddenly kicking out straight. "I'm cumming!"

Kirk doesn't let up for a second as the prostate orgasm surges through me like a lightning bolt, pounding away at my muscular frame with his massive unicorn body. All of the tension from the last few hours is suddenly released within me, exploding across every ounce of my being with blinding love. Hot ropes of jizz explode from the end of my shaft, blasting out into the air and splattering everywhere.

I let out a blood-curdling howl of pleasure that echos out across the desert landscape, cascading across the hills and valleys until it bounces back to us. I'm outside of my body now, looking down at myself as I writhe and spasm on the edge this flat desert boulder. Tears of joy are flowing down my cheeks in beautiful glistening streaks, truly happy within my own skin.

I suddenly realize that Kirk is cumming as well, buckling forward as he ejects several pumps of semen within my asshole. His eyes are clenched tight as he lets out a guttural neigh of his own, throwing his head back and shutting his eyes in an expression of pure satisfaction.

The entire experience seems to defy time and space, stretching on and on for what feels like forever until suddenly I'm thrown back into reality, lying in exhaustion with Kirk's large unicorn body on top of me, breathing heavy.

"That was amazing." I whisper into his ear.

"No, you're amazing." He tells me.

"There's something I want you to do for me." I tell him. "Something important."

The biker unicorn nods. "Anything."

"Come to my brother's wedding with me."

The wedding goes beautifully, and is surprisingly classy for it's tongue-in-cheek Las Vegas setting. I had expected a drive through chapel with an Elvis impersonator overseeing the ceremony, but instead I was greeted by a beautiful venue in one of the nicest hotels on the strip.

My entire family was there, and when I pushed through the doors to greet them with plenty of time to spare, their eyes lit up in surprise. Showing up on time to the wedding shouldn't mean that much, but for me even being here at all went a huge way in showing that, even though I was gay, I didn't have to be the black sheep of the family.

Not only that, but everyone loved Kirk. At first I was worried that they'd have a problem with the fact that he rode motorcycles and came off as a bit of a rough and tumble guy, but he cleans up nice. Nobody at the wedding had ever seen a unicorn before, either, and Kirk was nice enough to answer questions and provide rides around the room during the reception.

I watch from afar as my father hoots and hollers, riding my new boyfriend around the banquet hall as the rest of the wedding party looks on in amazement. My newlywed brother is standing next to me and he puts his hand on my shoulders.

"You seem... really good." My brother, Jared, says. "Chilled out or something."

I laugh. "I think that I am."

"Thanks so much for being here." Jared tells me. "It means a lot."

"Don't mention it." I say, winking at Kirk as he passes by. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

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About Dr. Tingle...

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

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