

CHUCK'S UNICORN TINGLERS

VOLUME 2



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UNICORN BUTT COPS: BEACH PATROL



ANALLY YOURS, THE UNICORN SAILOR



TOP HORN: TURNED GAY BY THE UNICORN PILOTS

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Volume 2

By Chuck Tingle

UNICORN BUTT COPS

Beach Patrol

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I don't really think of myself as a criminal, but if I were hard pressed to answer with a definitive yes or no, then I would have to settle on the affirmative. Of course, I would never commit any truly serious crimes, and nothing violent either, but recently I've found myself in the position where I need to fight to survive.

Of course, that's skipping ahead quite a bit.

There was once a time when I thought I was set in life, on top of my game in the world of business and not a care in the world. At just twenty years old, I was already well on my way up the corporate ladder after a string of successful positions at three major tech startups in Santa Monica. Everything was going better than I ever could have imagined for bright young man like myself, especially after skipping college and going straight into the business world, but then one day it all came crashing down.

I was walking to work, as I often like to do under the beautiful California sun, when someone blew through a red light and smashed into me, sending me flying through the air like a ragdoll. I soared over twenty yards, where I landed, unconscious, with seventeen broken bones and severe head trauma.

The fact that I woke up at all was a miracle, but when I came around a week and a half later, I immediately found myself in even more trouble. The company I had been working for had gone under, first laying off half of the employees on the day that I was hit, and then a week later completely crumbling under the financial pressure when investors decided to pull out. Because of this, I was suddenly no longer covered by my insurance, and the next thing I knew I was paying out of my own private savings to stay alive. The rehabilitation cost so much that I was forced to sell my home, and without a family to help me out, I found myself literally homeless on the day that I was released from the hospital.

Without anywhere else to go, I took what little positions I still had and started spending my nights sleeping under the pier in Venice Beach, hunting for jobs in the day and begging for change in the evening. Apparently, my good luck in business had run out because, despite my incredible job experience, nobody was willing to hire a guy who didn't have an address listed on his resume. I guess I don't blame them, I wouldn't have hired me either.

Eventually, I started to fit in down there on the beach, learning the ways of the street and doing what I had to do to survive. Like I said, I don't think of myself as a criminal, but over time you start to realize that stealing a little food to keep yourself moving forward another day isn't all that bad in the grand scheme of things.

But some people don't see it that way, and it's days like today where that difference in opinions becomes glaringly obvious.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing with that?" The owner of the taco stand asks me as I look back at him with wide eyes and red hands. I've got one of the orders that was meant for someone else, hoping to make my grab and then slip away unnoticed. Unfortunately, today I'm not blending into the crowd as much as I thought and there's nothing I can do about it now.

"I'm sorry." I say with genuine apology. I place the order back on the edge of the taco stand. "I thought those were mine."

"No you didn't!" The owner and chef says, pushing harder for me to admit my wrongdoing. "You were here yesterday, too. Doing the same damn thing!"

He's right, and usually I'm not this stupid when it comes to returning to the scene of the crime,

but those carnitas were just so tasty that I had to come back for round two.

"I'm sorry, I really am." I say backing away from the taco stand with my hands in the air. "It's not gonna happen again."

"Don't even think about walking away from here." The chef says angrily, causing me to halt in my tracks.

"Please." I beg. "I'm just trying to eat."

"So am I!" Argues the taco guy, who's getting more and more irate with every passing second. "I'm trying to run a business to feed my family and you keep stealing all of my fucking food!"

By now his anger has started to draw a crowd, and moments later I notice two unicorn beach cops approaching, their manes flowing behind them with intimidating grace.

The man at the taco stand sees the unicorn cops as well, seizing the opportunity to make me pay for my digressions against him. "Hey!" The guy shouts over to the cops while pointing in my direction. "This guys is a thief! Stop him!"

Immediately, I take off running in the other direction, my feet slamming hard on the pavement as I weave in and out of the tourists that dot the Venice Beach boardwalk. I glance back to see that the unicorn police are in hot pursuit, and it becomes apparent very quickly that I'm no match for their speed. Unicorns already possess an incredibly fast gallop, but these particular horned cops were outfitted with inline skates that made them lightening quick. Before I even have a chance to begin, I'm finished, pressed up roughly against a hard brick wall while one of the unicorns handcuffs me.

The nicer of the two hangs back and performs a few figure eights while he watches the scene unfold, definitely playing up the good cop image while his partner roughs me up. I wasn't falling for any of it, though. This may be my first time dealing with police of the unicorn kind, but I've spent enough time on the street by now to know how to handle myself around the law.

"What's your name?" The unicorn cop asks.

"Jeff." I stammer.

"Well Jeff, your ass is under arrest for theft in the first degree, and for evading arrest." Says the cop. "Your hot ass has the right to remain silent."

"I'm sorry, what?" I ask, astonished at what I'm hearing. "Did you just say my hot ass has the right to remain silent? I don't think that's how it goes."

The unicorn cop tightens the handcuffs a little more, not playing around. "You heard me." He says.

"No! I didn't!" I plead, genuinely confused.

The cop spins me around so that I'm facing him now, then looks me up and down in a way that is both strange and alarming.

"What is it?" I ask. "I don't have any weapons on me."

"Just checking out this bod of yours." The unicorn tells me very matter of factly, while his unicorn partner moves on to more advanced roller blade tricks on the pavement behind him.

"You can't be real cops." I protest. "Let me see your badge."

The stern unicorn reaches up and takes hold of a glinting silver badge that hangs from his neck on a chain, putting it up to my face so that I can see the name.

"Officer Kord, Unicorn Butt Cops." I read aloud.

"That's right, motherfucker." Says Officer Kord, "You just messed with the wrong unicorns."

I'd heard about the UBC before but never encountered them for myself down here on the beach.

People spoke of them with fear and apprehension, terrified of their homoerotic brand of justice that had been officially sanctioned by the government only years earlier. Fortunately, I'm not terrified of them at all because of a deep, dark secret I've been keeping for most of my life; I'm as gay as it gets, and these cops are actually kind of hot.

"I'm so sorry." I say, "I wasn't trying to hurt anyone, I was just hungry for some food."

"I understand that, sir. But you still broke the law." Says Officer Kord. "And there are consequences for breaking the law."

Suddenly, the unicorn cop who's been skating loops and doing tricks nearby comes barreling towards us at lightening speed, then stops with a loud grinding sound as he comes to a halt just inches away.

"Alright, punk." Says this new, much more aggressive (but just as handsome) unicorn cop. "You've got two choices, either you can pay the fine or you can receive your punishment."

Clearly, I had gotten the 'good cop, bad cop' dynamic wrong between these two, because this new unicorn was playing hardball like I've never seen.

I look down at the badge hanging from his neck, which identifies him as Officer Portanza.

"What's the fine?" I ask, already knowing that I'm going to take the punishment but still playing along to appease them.

"Three hundred dollars." Says Portanza gruffly, while Officer Kord looks on with a smirk, his pearly white horn glinting in the California sun.

"I don't have that kind of money." I tell them, biting my lip coying as I eye up the two studly unicorn cops. "What's the punishment?"

The two officers exchange glances, suddenly understanding that I'm on the same page that they are and definitely excited about it. When they turn their attention back to me there's a fire in their eyes, a burning passion for gay pounding. I can feel my cock start to harden with my pants, growing larger and larger as it swells at the thought of these muscular, unicorn studs having their way with me right here in the sand. After all, unicorn cops always deliver their punishment out in the open, to deter others from making the same mistake.

Of course, one man's punishment is another man's pleasure, and I can't wait to get started.

"The punishment for theft in the first degree by a hot studly dude is a hard anal pounding." Says Officer Portanza.

"And the punishment for evading arrest is a hard anal pounding, as well." Officer Kord chimes in. "Which means that, for your infractions, we're looking at a double anal situation."

A smile slowly crosses my face. "When can we get started?"

The unicorn cops begin to pull me away from the wall when suddenly there's a loud siren and the three of us look over to see the LAPD pulling up in an actual police cruiser. The officer in the front rolls down his window and sticks his head out.

"Hey, what's going on over here?" The cop asks, "We had a report of a carnitas theft?"

The unicorns look back at the police cruiser and give a nod.

"That's right." Says Officer Kord. "We've got him right here, admitted to the whole thing."

"Oh yeah?" The LAPD cop asks. "What kind of punishment are you boys looking at?"

"Double anal pounding, sir." Explains Kord. "Before that probably some double blowjobs, maybe a little spit roasting, and I figure we'll probably end by cumming all over his face."

The cop in his police cruiser listens intently and then nods. "Alright, and this young man is cool with all this?"

I nod.

“Sounds good.” Says the police officer. “Well, you all have fun out here, don’t get sand in your crack!” The officer laughs and then drives away, waving as he goes.

The unicorn cops wave back and then, moments later, we’re back in business.

“Come on.” Says Officer Kord, taking my by the arm and leaning me off of the cement boardwalk and out into the sand. He doesn’t seem to mind that his roller blades are getting all kinds of tiny rock grains up in their wheels.

I follow closely as we step through the sand, out towards the water, then stop just a few yards from the shore and under the hot, blazing sun. I look up and wipe the sweat off of my brow. “Here?”

“Yes.” Says Officer Kord gruffly, undoing my handcuffs and removing them from my wrists. “Now disrobe.”

I do as I’m told, slowly removing my shirt to reveal an incredible set of toned, muscular abs, then following quickly with my red shorts. I’m in nothing but tight boxer briefs now, standing at attention as the two unicorn cops admire my chiseled physique. My massive cock is trying desperately to get out of it’s cloth sling, pushing hard against the fabric as it begs for sunlight.

“Everything.” Officer Portanza commands. “Take it all off.”

My heart pounding hard within my chest, I carefully slip down my underwear and step out of them. I notice now that a small crowd has gathered around us at a distance, watching the drama unfold and snapping a few photos.

Of courses, a handful of tourists checking me out is the last thing on my mind right now. Instead, my thoughts are flooded with an intense and powerful gay arousal for these uniformed beasts. All that I can think about is what I’m going to do to them, and what I want them to do to me.

I drop to my knees in the sand and look up at the two Unicorn Butt Cops with eyes full of blind lust, then immediately get to work as I unbutton both of their flies. Moments later, the creatures cocks are unsheathed, massive towering rods that block out the sun above me.

I take one in each hand and begin to stroke, slowly at first and then faster and faster as Officer’s Kord and Portanza begin to react to my movements. The UBCs let out long, satisfied groans as they begin to pump their hips back against me, quickly finding a pleasant rhythm between my fingers.

“How’s this?” I ask playfully.

“That’s fucking great.” Says Officer Portanza, who places his hands onto the back of my head and begins to push me down towards his lengthy shaft.

I follow his lead, opening wide and taking the enormous unicorn rod down my throat as far as I can, gagging slightly as he hits my gag reflex and then relaxing enough to consume his entirety. I push my face lower and lower until eventually I find my lips pressed up against the unicorn’s hard abs, which remain hidden beneath his shirt.

Desperate to see the toned bodies of these beautiful creatures, I reach up and begin to paw at the fabric of Officer Portanza’s beach uniform until finally he pulls it off over his head.

I look up, the unicorn cop’s dick still firmly planted within my mouth, and enjoy the view of this creature’s incredible, ripped body. In my peripheral vision, I can see Officer Kord removing his shirt, as well, getting comfortable and ready for a good time in the sand.

“Suck it.” Officer Portanza commands, drawing my focus once again. “Suck that fat unicorn cock you nasty little twink.”

“Nasty little *criminal* twink.” Officer Kord adds.

I pull Portanza's rod out of my mouth just long enough to offer him a desperate, "Yes sir!" Then I immediately get to work pumping my head up and down the length of his shaft. A start slowly at first, savoring every movement as I move, then growing faster and faster until I'm maniacally sucking him off, cock-crazed and hornier than I've ever been in my life. All the while I continue to beat Officer Kord's dick with my free hand, pleasuring both of the Unicorn Butt Cops with an experts grace.

Soon enough I find myself switching to the other side, taking the fresh cock of Officer Kord between my wet lips and going to town on him like I did his partner.

By now, the crowd of onlookers has grown into a sizable gathering, a vague circle in the sand of excited tourists who now have a story to tell about the time they saw two Unicorn Butt Cops pounding the fuck out of some hot guy on the beach. Might as well give them the show that they're expecting, I think to myself.

Frantic for dick, a begin to move back and forth between the two unicorn rods in frantic, gay desperation, blowing one after the other until, finally, I just can't take it any longer and shove both of their dicks in to my mouth at the same time. It's a struggle to fit them both inside, but I do my best.

Moments later I'm falling forward into the sand, my muscular ass popped out behind me as I wiggle it playfully for my unicorn lovers.

"I think I'm ready for my pounding." I tell them with a wink.

Now wearing nothing but his clunky inline skates, Officer Portanza clops through the sand behind me and then quickly begins to align his massive rod with the puckered entrance of my asshole. I reach back with one hand and grab my butt cheek, holding myself open for him as the hefty beast crouches slightly and then thrusts forward, brutally impaling me onto his giant unicorn rod.

I let out a yelp of both pain and pleasure as he enters me, my body in shock as it struggles to grow accustomed to the unicorn cop's substantial size. The weight of Officer Portanza pushes me forward in the warm sand, which pleasantly oozes through my fingers as I brace myself for his powerful thrusts.

Almost immediately, the beast is moving inside of me, plugging his mammoth rod in and out of my maxed out rectum while I moan and groan with pleasure. I bite my lip, my eyes rolling back into my head as I try desperately to come to terms with all of the incredible sensations that battle for attention within me.

"Holy shit, that feels so fucking good." I confess. "Pound me harder, Unicorn Butt Cop!"

My vocalizations kick the horny officer into overdrive, doubling his speed as he slams his giant shaft up my asshole, and I would certainly continue egging him on if it wasn't for the fact that Officer Kord has joined the fun, clopping up in front of me and shoving his enormous cock down my throat.

Now taken from either end like a gay human shish kabob, my moans of pleasure have become distorted and weird against the fleshy rod that fills my throat. The creatures have clearly been partners on the UBC beat for a long time, because their timing together is incredible. Within seconds the two cops have synced into a rhythm with one another, pushing me back and forth between their rods with a synergy like I've never seen. I feel as though I've been strapped onto a strange, sexual roller coaster and have no option now but to hang on and enjoy the ride.

The crowd must have picked up on their expert fucking skills, as well, because moments later they break into a raucous applause while the muscular unicorn cops gain speed within me, pounding away like I'm nothing but a rag doll with a hot gay hole in either end.

I'm so achingly horny from the encounter that my cock feels like it's going to explode right then

and there, hanging between my legs in all of its throbbing, rock hard glory. Careful to hold myself up with one hand, I reach down and begin to stroke off with the other, the pleasure almost too much to take. Within seconds, I feel as though I'm ready to blow my load but then I remember my impending punishment and hold off; these unicorns aren't even close to finished with me yet.

Like clockwork, the UBC partners switch places, stomping around to either side of me with their large, booted hooves. They pick up right where they left off, slamming my holes from either side as I frantically, but enjoyably, struggle to take their girth.

"God damn, that unicorn cock feels so good!" I pop out the dick in my mouth just long enough to say. "Keep fucking my twink ass just like that!"

"You like that?" Officer Kord asks me from behind. "That's what you get when you fuck around with the Unicorn Butt Cops!"

Officer Portanza steps back from us for a moment and then drops down into the sand, rolling over onto his back as his cock springs forth from his massive unicorn body. "I think you're ready for the big show." Says the hulking beast, his tower-of-a-dick just waiting for me to climb aboard.

I pull Kord out of my asshole, a sharp tingle running down my spine as he slides out of my tightness, then crawl over to Officer Portanza and climb aboard, throwing my legs around his enormous unicorn body. The unicorn neighs loudly as I reach down and grab his erection tight, carefully placing it against the taut rim of my backdoor and then sliding down onto him.

A long, animalistic groan escapes my lips as I slip across the unicorn's pole until finally I come to a stop at the hilt of his shaft, fully impaled by the cop's impressive thickness. I immediately start to ride him, swooping my hips down hard against the creature's muscular body as my entire being is filled with sharp, lightening bolts of pleasure.

"I'm sorry I stole a cartinas taco!" I scream in cheerful desperation. "I'll never do it again!"

"You fucking better not!" Says Officer Portanza gruffly.

I'm enjoying myself so much that I don't even notice the other unicorn cop climbing into position behind me, until suddenly he's right there, crouching down and pushing his enormous shaft against the puckered rim of my already filled ass.

"Oh fuck." I say instinctively, gripping tightly onto the muscular unicorn cop below me. "Oh fuck, oh fuck!"

As the second gigantic cock slides up into my ass I let out a long, drawn out "fuck" that carries out across the beach, transforming eventually into a strange, guttural moan. My ass feels as though it's about to rip in half, filled well beyond capacity by these two hung unicorns as I struggle to accept their girth. After a few pumps back and forth, however, I find myself relaxing against the pressure of their powerful rods.

The crowd goes wild, cheering with rapt enthusiasm as they watch the two creatures pound me from the top and bottom. The swarm of onlookers snap pictures from every angle, capturing the sublime gay moment for later viewing in the context of exciting vacation photos.

Meanwhile, the two beasts work in tandem within me, using my asshole in perfect harmony like only partners who've worked the beat for years could. Soon the dull painful ache of my rectum's stretching gives way to something deep and much more powerful, a pleasure unlike anything I've ever experienced. The Unicorn Butt Cops gain speed within me, pounding away at my tiny twink asshole with everything that they've got as I moan and groan between them.

Soon the one behind me is neighing loudly, his entire body trembling in the sand as he rears up on his hind legs, pulling out of my butt and blasting his hot, sparkling unicorn load across my asshole

and back. It drips down the sides of my tanned, muscular body in thick streaks.

The beast within my asshole quickly starts to tremble as well and, seizing the moment, I reach down between my legs to frantically beat my dick. Our timing is perfect, because the next thing I know the unicorn below me is pushing deep and holding within, expelling a hot load of his seed into my ass while I simultaneously eject a shot of my own. I throw my head back and let out a howl of passion, my spunk splattering across the chest of the ripped unicorn cop below me.

Deep within my asshole, Officer Kord is still unloading round after round of warm cum, filling me to the brim until there is no room left and his spunk comes spilling out from the edges of my packed rim.

Completely spent, I collapse back into the sand as the unicorn cops pull out and begin to dress themselves, carefully pulling back on their beach patrol uniforms.

“Alright folks, let’s move it along.” Officer Portanza says, dispersing the crowd. “Nothing to see here.”

I stand up and brush the sand off of my body, then put back on my clothes. “Thanks guys, I really learned my lesson.” I tell them.

The unicorn beach cops smile and nod. “Looks like it, that was a good time for all of us.” Says Officer Kord. “Thanks for your participation.”

The beastly patrolmen start to walk away, trudging back across the beach and out of my life forever, when suddenly they stop in their tracks. The two of them are quietly discussing something with one another, and then moments later they turn around and come back to me.

“We were wondering if you’d ever thought about joining the Unicorn Butt Cops.” Officer Portanza asks.

“Really?” I respond excitedly, my heart skipping a beat. “I’d never even considered it but... I mean, I do need a job.”

“Why don’t you come back to the station with us and we’ll see if we can sort you out with something.” The beast offers.

“But, I’m not even a unicorn.” I tell them. “Don’t I have to be a unicorn to apply?”

Officer Portanz nods. “Sure, but we’re opening up a new dinosaur division that I think you’d be perfect for.”

I freeze for a moment, terrified that my cover has been blown. “How did you know?” I stammer.

The two officer’s exchange glances. “Please... When has a human ever stolen a carnitas taco? That’s dinosaur behavior to a T.” Officer Kord tells me. “We get at least five carnitas theft calls a day down here and every time it’s either a raptor or a rex... no offence.”

“None taken.” I say, a smile slowly crossing my dinosaur face. “Alright then, where to I sign up?”

ANALLY YOURS, THE UNICORN SAILOR

2

Years ago, I would have never considered myself much of a writer, but the more that you do something the better you get at it, and some days during the last few months it felt like I was writing more than I'm speaking.

It wasn't always this way, of course, and in my college days I was barely capable of fumbling my way to a passing English grade. Math was more of my thing, and the finesse that beloved authors used to string together their prose escaped me completely.

This, however, all changed on a warm summers eve, when I was strolling casually along the docks of San Francisco. The sun was just about to disappear beyond the horizon, casting the entire bay in a purple and orange glow and causing my shadow to stretch out forever like black taffy behind me. The seagulls were crying out as they fluttered around the boats of the nearby marina, seemingly mourning the slow death of their beloved fading sun. It was breathtaking.

Unfortunately, I wasn't really in the mood to enjoy it completely. Instead, my mind was haunted by visions of my girlfriend, Kortos, who was now painfully my ex-girlfriend. The break up was fresh, no older than two days, and I was far from ready to let it go.

My heart was broken, and at that point I was utterly convinced that I would never find another lover again.

That is, until I saw him.

Looking out across the marina, my gaze stopped on an incredibly handsome unicorn who was in the midst of securing his large sailboat to the dock with a thick rope. The unicorn was absolutely gorgeous, toned and muscular with broad shoulders and biceps that could crack walnuts.

All my life, I had only found myself attracted to woman, but the second that I laid my eyes on this handsome unicorn something changed deep within me. This mysterious sailor beast had a hold on my heart, and now there was no going back.

Immediately, I start to make my way down towards the water. I have never had much confidence when it comes to the approach, but this creature's beauty was so powerful, so seductive, that it feels as though *not* talking to him would be even harder to consider. This is a once in a lifetime moment, and I know that I have to strike while I have the chance; for better, or for worse.

The unicorn looks up as I make my way down the dock towards him, smiling as our eyes meet.

"Hey." I say, stopping in front of him, my heart pounding hard within my chest.

"Hi there." Says the unicorn.

I suddenly realize that I have nothing else to say, completely unprepared for the inevitable conversation that would occur after our introductions.

The awkward silence between us seems to last forever, until I finally muster up the courage to stammer out a follow up question for this majestic beast.

"Nice boat." I finally say. "What's it called?"

"The Butt." The unicorn tells me confidently. "Do you sail?"

I shake my head, "No. I mean, I've always wanted to but my girlfriend hates the ocean."

The unicorn cracks an uncomfortable smile as the word girlfriend leaves my lips, so I quickly correct myself.

"Ex-girlfriend." I say.

"Oh!" The unicorn responds in turn. "I'm so sorry to hear that."

I suddenly realize that this unicorn is just as interested in me as I am in him, and from here on out a strange calm falls over me. I'm cool, casual and collected.

“What’s your name?” I ask the handsome nautical beast.

“Hunter.” The unicorn says, reaching out and shaking my hand with his hoof.

The second that we touch, a sharp chill runs down my spine, a signal that something is happening here way beyond a mere chance meeting. This is special.

“I’m Tuck, it’s nice to meet you. I’m sorry if this is forward.” I say. “But, would you be interested in grabbing some dinner tonight?”

“Right now?” Laughs Hunter.

“Yeah.” I tell him, desperately aching to avoid rejection. “There are some great restaurants along the water here. It’s my treat.”

Hunter looks me up and down for a moment, clearly focused on some kind of private inner debate. Finally, he nods. “Yeah, let’s go.”

It’s not long before we are seated at a nearby restaurant that overlooks the San Francisco bay. The place is a little out of my price range, but I’m hell bent on impressing this beautiful beast tonight, and so far it seems to be working.

I’ve ordered a well-seasoned surf and turf, meticulously presented and piping hot on the plate before me.

Being a unicorn, Hunter has ordered a large portion of hay, which he munches on happily.

“How is it?” I ask.

“Amazing.” Hunter tells me. “This is some of the best hay I’ve had in a long, long time. Thanks for taking me here.”

I lean back in my chair and smile. “Is it weird how comfortable I feel around you? I mean, we’ve only just met but I feel like I’ve known you my entire life.”

The unicorn stops chewing, renegade straws of hay dangling from his lips. “No, I feel it, too.”

His admission fills my heart with warmth, an incredible sensation of mutual comfort and admiration now coursing between us. The rest of the meal slowly evolves into the best date of my life, full of lighthearted conversation and beautifully personal revelations about life and love. I explain to Hunter that I’ve never been with another man before, unicorn or human, and he puts my mind at ease, explaining that it’s not entirely gay if a relationship is between a man and a beast. I tell him that I don’t mind either way. Maybe I’ve always been gay and I just didn’t know it until now?

As the night begins to come to a close, I finally muster up the courage to ask Hunter on a second date.

“So... this was a lot of fun.” I start. “I thing you’re incredible and I’d like to see you again sometime. Maybe this Friday?”

The unicorn gets strangely quiet and suddenly my heart skips a beat. I know that I’ve done nothing wrong, but based on Hunter’s reaction there is clearly something going on here that I’m not yet fully aware of.

“What is it?” I ask.

Hunter lets out a long sigh, his gaze drifting over my shoulder and out across the vast, black waters beyond. “I knew this was going to happen.”

“What was going to happen?” I question, frustrated as I reach out across the table and take his hoof in my hand. “What’s wrong?”

“I can’t see you on Friday. In fact, I don’t know if I’ll ever see you again.” Hunter says.

Immediately, I find it hard to breath. I sit straight up in my chair, reeling from the unicorn’s

startling admission and more than a little confused. “What do you mean?” I demand to know, struggling to keep my emotions in check.

“Here’s the deal.” Hunter says, tears welling up in his eyes. “I’m leaving tonight, right when we get back to the docks. I’m about to start a year long journey to sail around the world in The Butt.”

“Oh my god.” Is all that I can say. I’m not upset with Hunter, just utterly, savagely heartbroken.

“I want you to know that I feel it too.” The unicorn admits. “I feel this love between us and I know that it’s as real as it gets.”

I want to beg Hunter not to go, to demand that he stays with me here in San Francisco, but I just can’t do it. I can already tell that the handsome unicorn is having a hard enough time as it is, and I don’t want to make this any worse on him.

“I understand.” I say, the words burning my soul as they escape from my lips. “Go.”

“Tuck.” Hunter says, a single tear streaming down his face. “I’ll wait for you.”

My body is flooded with emotions now, almost too much to bear. “You will?”

“Of course.” Hunter says. “I’ve never met anyone like you before. I need to go on this trip, but when I return we can be together.”

I can’t help myself; I stand up right then and there, in the middle of the restaurant, and walk around the table, throwing my arms around Hunter. “I love you so much.” I confess.

“I love you, too.” Says my gay unicorn lover. “Mark my words... When I see you again, I’ll do something that shows you just how much I love you. I promise.”

When we finally finish our embrace I sit back down, wiping my eyes.

“I’m not going to have the internet or phone service.” Explains the unicorn. “But I can give you a map of when and where I’ll be at every port. You’ll be able to send me letters that I can pick up at the local post office. Will you write to me?”

“Of course I’ll write to you.” I promise Hunter. “Every day.”

The unicorn nods, his majestic horn glinting in the moonlight that streams through the window next to him. “Good... I guess I’ll see you in a year then.”

The first few days are the hardest. As Kortos moves her things out of our apartment, I patiently wait for the first letter from Hunter to arrive. We have agreed that he will start our exchange and then I will respond, leaving me with nothing to do but wait.

The days seem to stretch on forever.

It remains like this until finally, one fateful morning, I open up my mailbox to see a beautifully folded letter waiting for me.

Immediately, I take the tiny parcel inside and open it while sitting nervously at the dining room table, anxious for whatever Hunter has to say.

“Dearest Tuck.” I read aloud to myself. “Never before have I felt such a longing in my heart. You are the light in my life, a brilliance that I never knew was possible until now. You cast out the darkness and replace it with a whole new world. This will be a long year, but it will be worth it, and at the end of this year I want you to give yourself to me, wholly and completely, so that I can fuck your brains out.”

His words make me tremble with desire, and soon enough I find myself unzipping my jeans, my hand slipping down past the waistband of my underwear and grabbing a hold of my rock hard cock. I begin to stroke myself off as I read the rest of the unicorn’s beautifully crafted letter.

“I can’t wait to be inside of you.” I read aloud, my voice quaking. “To shove this fat unicorn

cock up your ass and make you beg for more.”

Even though I have just begun reading, I suddenly find myself aching to cum, to shoot my pent up load as I recite Hunter’s romantic words aloud.

“I want to blast my load all over your chiseled human face and watch you lick my unicorn seed from your lips.” I read.

Immediately, I start cumming, ejecting my hot jizz onto the floor beneath the dinner table. “Fuck!” I cry out, no longer reading as I buckle forward, unable to contain the immense pleasure that explodes within me.

When the sensation finally passes I fall back into my chair, exhausted. I pick up the letter and continue to read the rest of it.

“In other news, I’ve decided to start collecting beach glass from every port that I stop in. I’m hoping to start an online business where I sell it to people from around the world.” I recite.

I can’t help but smile at Hunter’s ambitious nature, and my expression grows even wider when I reach the bottom of the page.

“I love you, and I can’t wait for the day that we will be together again.” I read aloud. “Anally yours, Hunter.”

Just below his signature, Hunter has left the pink marking of his puckered butthole, pressed against to page in a perfect starfish after applying a liberal helping of lipstick.

The letters continue back and forth like this for months, ranging from in depth personal confessions to hardcore erotic prose. Every time I open my mailbox to find one of his notes it feels like Christmas morning; with me running inside and tearing the letter open in a frantic attempt to get at whatever gay musings can be found within.

One day, however, everything changes. I open my letter and my jaw drops, blown away by the words that stare back at me from the page.

“Dearest Tuck.” I read aloud. “I am writing to inform you that my beach glass business has taken off dramatically. I am now a billionaire and would like to send my private helicopter to come and pick you up in the very spot we met, at noon, so that it can carry you to the Bahamas where I will be waiting nude on the beach, ready to make love to you. Anally yours, Hunter.”

Immediately, I jump up from my chair and begin to pack my things.

As our helicopter draws closer to the Bahaman beach, I strain to catch a glimpse of my unicorn lover. It has been months since we’ve seen each other in person, months since that incredible night when the two of us learned what love truly was.

“There’s the shore!” My pilot says over his headset, pointing down at the white sand below.

It’s then that I spot Hunter, laying out on the edge of the water with his massive unicorn cock completely exposed. He is ripped beyond belief and tanned to perfection after months out on the water. Immediately, tears of joy begin to fill my eyes.

The helicopter lands on the sand and before the pilot can say another word I’ve leapt from the craft, sprinting down the beach towards Hunter.

Meanwhile Hunter is galloping towards me, his massive rod bouncing with an impressive heft as he moves. When the two of us finally meet in the middle there is an explosion of passion, our embrace immediately morphing into a zealous whirlwind of kisses that causes the two of us to collapse into the sand.

Hunter is on top of me, his muscular body pressed hard against mine as the tide pulses below us

in a cool succession of gentle waves.

“I’ve missed you so fucking much.” I tell the powerful creature.

“You have no idea.” Hunter says, kissing me deeply once more.

We roll around in the sand like this for a while until I just can’t take it anymore, pushing my unicorn lover back so that he’s laid out on the beach with his massive shaft pointing upward like a glorious pink rocket.

“I’ve been wanting to do this for a long time.” I tell him with a wink, then opening wide and take Hunter’s enormous dick down my throat. I push down as deep as I can and hold him there, allowing all twelve inches of his hard unicorn shaft to slip into my depths.

Hunter lets out a long, satisfied moan, clearly impressed with my skills as an oral lover and fully aware of the fact that he is the first man I have ever been with. In the months leading up to this encounter, I have been practicing my technique with a banana, and it appears to be paying off.

“Holy shit, Tuck.” Hunter groans. “You are so good.”

When I finally run out of air I come up with a frantic gasp, a rope of saliva hanging gracefully from my lips.

I give Hunter a wink. “You ain’t seen nothing yet.”

Immediately, I get back to work on the unicorn’s giant rod, bobbing my head up and down across the length of his shaft. I can feel Hunter’s muscular abs tense up and release, his hips moving along in unison with my expertly performed movements.

As I service Hunter with my mouth I reach up and cradle his fuzzy unicorn balls, massaging them gently while I lick him from base to tip.

“I want to fuck you.” My unicorn lover eventually says. “I want to pound that tight little twink asshole.”

“Please.” I beg. “Please fuck me. It’s all that I want.”

Immediately, I turn around and place myself before Hunter in the sand on my hands and knees, tearing off my shirt and shorts and popping my bare ass back towards him.

The unicorn eyes me up, taking in my toned physique as I tempt him with my puckered gay hole.

“I need you inside of me.” I admit. “I’m anally yours.”

“Forever?” Hunter asks, climbing up onto his hooves and clopping into position on the wet sand behind me.

“Forever.” I tell him.

Hunter places his massive unicorn rod up against the rim of my butt, teasing the edge of my tightness while I reach back with one hand and hold myself open for him. My unicorn lover pushes forward, slowly but firmly, letting me feel every aching moment of my asshole spread to accommodate his enormous size.

“Oh fuck, you are so big!” I cry out, my body flooded with a mixture of pain and pleasure as I gradually take the length of Hunter’s monstrous rod. My asshole is stretched to its absolute limits, struggling to contain the thickness within.

Soon enough, Hunter has reached maxed out my asshole, his cock fully inserted within me and held firmly at the hilt. My body has just finished growing accustomed to his size when the muscular unicorn begins to pump in and out of my depths, slowly at first and then gaining speed.

I brace myself against the sand before me, the cool waves rushing in and out of my fingers as the massive cock rushes in and out of my butt. Almost immediately I can feel the strange and unfamiliar sensation of prostate orgasm blossoming within. My body is quaking hard beneath Hunter’s weight,

aching and trembling as a vicious cocktail of lustful emotions pulses through me.

“I’m getting close.” I groan, Hunter’s thrusts continuing to hammer away at my backside. “I think I’m gonna cum!”

I reach down and start to frantically beat off my hard rod, my body quaking with desire until suddenly Hunter pulls me up and stops me.

“Oh no you don’t.” My majestic unicorn lover says with a laugh. “I need you to blow that hot load inside of me.”

I climb to my feet as the unicorn sailor motions for me to mount him from behind. I do as I’m told, climbing aboard the massive beast so that I’m clutching tightly to his waist while I hang down off of the back. My cock is perfectly positioned at the entrance of Hunter’s asshole, and as the unicorn takes off galloping down the beach I push into him firmly.

Now holding on for dear life, I find myself riding Hunter along the shoreline, each and every gallop pushing me in and out of his tight asshole. The sensation is incredible, and as the cool sea breeze whips past my face I find myself overwhelmed by the recognition that this truly is what real love feels like.

To our right, the majestic ocean stretches on forever in an endless plain of blue, while to my left blossoms the lush jungle, spilling out over the sand. My senses are assaulted by beauty at every turn and, all the while, the aching pleasure within my throbbing cock begins to spread out across my body in powerful waves.

“Faster!” I shout to my unicorn lover as he careen over rocks and tide pools. I hang on tight, not wanting to slip off and fall as Hunter’s pace quickens “Oh my fucking god, I’m gonna cum so hard!”

Second later, I explode within my unicorn lover, expelling my seed into his tight asshole over a series of several powerful ejections. I’m screaming, my eyes clenched tight as every muscle in my body spasms. I no longer know where I am or how I got here, just that my entire being has been engulfed in a blinding pleasure unlike anything I have ever felt.

When I open my eyes again, I find myself laying on my back in the sand, exhausted and completely satisfied.

Hunter has turned around and is standing over me, his long unicorn cock hanging down and pulsing with lustful tension.

“Now it’s your turn!” I offer with a smile, reaching up and grabbing ahold of his member tightly. I immediately get to work beating Hunter off, rapidly throttling my grip across the hard length of his enormous shaft.

“Oh my god.” Hunter moans. “Oh my fucking god.”

Second later, the unicorn’s hot load explodes across my face, showering down onto me with an incredible fury. It splatters everywhere, crisscrossing my wide open mouth and running down either cheek in streaks of pearly white.

When he finally finishes, Hunter collapses onto the sand next to me.

“That was amazing.” I tell him. “I’m so glad we finally got to express our love for each other out here in the real world, instead of just through letters.”

Hunter smiles and nuzzles up against me. “It was amazing, you’re right about that. But I’ve been expressing our love in the real world for a while now.”

I pull back to get a good look at Hunter’s expression, trying to figure out what exactly he means. “How?” I finally ask.

“I’ll show you.” Says Hunter, climbing up onto his hooves. “Hop on.”

Soon, my unicorn lover and I are making our way through the dense Bahaman forest towards a destination that remains a mystery to me.

“Ever since the sea glass business turned me into a billionaire, I’ve been looking for a way to express my love for you.” Says Hunter. “When I stopped on this island with The Butt, I knew that I had to stay, but I wanted to make it a home for the two of us together.”

“I don’t know what to say.” I stammer. “That’s incredible.”

“You don’t have to say anything.” Hunter tells me.

Suddenly, we emerge from the jungle and find ourselves at the edge of a small village where various workers mill about diligently. Towering above them is a massive statue made of green sea glass, and depicting Hunter and myself in a beautiful, passionate embrace.

The sight takes my breath away, completely moved to my core by Hunter’s romantic gesture.

“Do you like it?” My unicorn lover asks.

“I love it.” I tell him.

“I bought this entire island for us.” Hunter explains. “I’ve renamed it Huntertuck Island and made everyone else leave. We are the only inhabitants.”

“Then who are they?” I question, pointing to the workers who are so meticulously crafting the new village’s infrastructure.

“Look closer.” Hunter says with a smile.

I do as I’m told, peering out across the field and trying my best to get a good look at the workers. Upon closer inspection I realize that they are all unicorns, which is strange in itself until I suddenly make another observation and gasp in shock.

“Oh my god.” I exclaim. “They’re all… you.”

Hunter nods, a satisfied expression on his face. “They are all clones, created by me at Huntertuck Island’s state of the art cloning facility.”

“That’s incredible.” I say, shaking my head in amazement.

“And now, with the seed that you so perfectly expelled within my asshole, we will make a second set of clones: Tuck clones.” Hunter explains.

I gasp, not quite sure what to say, but blown away by the incredible gesture. If you’d have told me four months ago that I would meet this handsome unicorn and he would become a billionaire, who would then sweep me away to a beautiful private island where the only inhabitants were worker drone clones of the two of us, I’d have a hard time believing you. Yet here I am, face to face with my incredible new life.

“This is so sweet.” I say, leaning forward and kissing the back of Hunter’s long, white mane. “Thank you.”

“Now I’ll always be anally yours.” My unicorn lover says. “Forever.”

TOP HORN
Turned Gay By The Unicorn Pilots

3

It's been four years since the war started, and already I feel like I can barely remember a time before all of this bloodshed. Things have changed so rapidly since President Yuldok decided that the United States had waited long enough to intervene in the European conflict, and suddenly an entire generation of young men and women were thrust into the warzone.

Back home in the United States, there was strangeness in the air, a sense of patriotism but also fear; fear of death, fear of destruction, but most of all, fear of failure.

Everything that made America great had been amplified to outrageous proportions, flags popping up on every lawn and businesses competing with one another to see who could appear the most patriotic.

This was even more evident in my hometown of Akron, Ohio, a humble midwestern town with a hardworking mentality. Half of my friends had already left home to serve on the frontlines, but I was still here working in an auto repair shop on the edge of town, watching the news every night with rapt attention as gunfire rained down on American soldiers halfway across the world.

My girlfriend, Marka, was glad that I stayed, but she had no idea the inner turmoil that I was experiencing as the war waged on. As dangerous as it was, I wanted to do my part in protecting our country, I wanted to earn my place as an American citizen. I wanted to go to war.

Of course, Marka wasn't having any of it, completely dismissing my dissatisfied grumblings at home as a passing phase. Four years later and the yearning to go to war was still there.

But that all changed one night, when I came home from the auto shop early and found the door to our shared apartment unlocked. I immediately knew that something strange was afoot, so I slipped inside with out a word, my senses heightened.

The apartment was dark other than a dim light that filtered in from beneath the door of our bedroom. I stepped closer to the door and almost immediately my suspicions were confirmed by the sound of my girlfriend and another man moaning together, our bed squeaking below them.

Prone to rage filled outbursts, there is a part of me that wanted to kick the door in right then and there and proceed to beat the living hell out of this man in my own home. Somehow, though, I remained calm in the face of the storm. My blood boiling, I immediately turned around and left the apartment, got into my car and headed to the nearest military recruitment office. I slept there all night, parked out front until a well-meaning recruiter found me in the morning while opened up and brought me inside.

In some ways, I guess I owe a lot to my girlfriend for cheating on me that night. After all, it's how I found myself on the way to the worlds most elite flight facility.

But now I'm getting ahead of myself.

Back then at the recruitment office, I had no idea the skills that I possessed within the depths of my own mind. When asked to fill out the surveys placed before me, my answers were all incredibly bland, average in almost every regard. Of course, the military needed as many people as they could get and there was no way I'd be turned away, but at the start it appeared I would be placed in a standard infantry position and shipped over with a gun in my hand; an important job, but a simple one.

That is, of course, until they gave me the flight simulator.

After filling out my paperwork I was taken to a room in the back of the recruitment center, then placed before an ancient looking computer monitor with a joystick and a keyboard. With very little instructions, a flight simulator began and I was tasked with destroying the pixelated enemy crafts that were heading my way.

At first the game just seemed incredibly easy, but the longer it went on the more I began to realize that I was actually just incredibly good at it. When the recruiter came back in to check on me he stopped dead in his tracks, confused at first and then convinced I was cheating. He even asked me to restart the game so he could watch the whole time, which I did without hesitation because, after a night of catching Marka with another man, it was actually kind of nice to ease my thoughts with a little mindless fun.

After watching me play this second round, the recruiter immediately left the room to make a phone call and then next thing I knew I was on a plane headed straight for the coast of Florida.

Because of my skills on the simulator, I was being recruited to join an elite squad of fighter pilots known as the Horned Hellfire, a group of ten of so trained killers who are the best and the brightest in the nation. It was an honor.

Still, I was nervous, not just because I had never flown in an actual plane before, but because there was a very specific difference between me and these other pilots; I'm a human and they are unicorns.

In fact, I soon discovered on my way over to the flight facility that I was the only non-unicorn ever accepted into the squad.

Now it's time for my arrival at the base and I'm nervous as hell.

Our private flight has landed on the tarmac and the door has opened. I step out into the blinding Florida sun, my face obscured by my massive sunglasses, and I take in my surroundings. The facility is just like you would expect, a massive hanger with ten of the US government's finest flying machines, beautiful silver jets that look like sharks of the sky. Every inch of them is loaded up with an arsenal of devastating weaponry.

I carefully make my way down the stairs and I am greeted at the bottom by a very stern looking unicorn in full uniform.

"Hi there, it's nice to meet you." I say to the unicorn pilot, holding out my hand towards him.

The unicorn looks at me and then down at my hand, uninterested in shaking it. "Alright, let's get one thing straight right now." The unicorn says. "My name is Regal Briggs and I am not your friend, I never will be your friend."

I knew that they squad would have a hard time accepting me, but I was not at all prepared for this kind of aggression.

"I'm sorry." I stammer. "I didn't realize that it was a problem for me to be here."

"You're god damn right it's a problem." Retorts Briggs. "This is a unicorn squad, that's why we're the best that there is. Do you realize what is going to happen once we have a human in our ranks?"

"What is going to happen?" I ask, a little shocked but genuinely curious to find out where all of this anger was coming from.

"Someone is gonna get killed." Briggs tells me, his pearly horn shimmering under the hot sun. "No human could ever fly as well as we fly because unicorns are fucking magic, do you understand?"

I just stare at Briggs blankly, unsure if the question was meant to be rhetorical.

"I said, do you under-fucking-stand?" The unicorn yells in my face.

I nod. "Yes."

Briggs seems to calm down a bit now, having asserted his dominance. He takes a deep breath, settling his emotions into a light simmer once more. "Okay then." The unicorn says. "I don't like you, but you're here now and you're part of the squad. Just stay the fuck out of my way."

The unicorn turned and walks away, leaving me to find my sleeping quarters alone.

Wandering through the base with my duffle bag of clothing, I find myself considering if this had actually been a good idea. I'm completely out of my element, confused, scared and alone. All that I have at this point is my drive to help America in any way that I can.

Soon, I find myself wandering down several hallways that crisscross through the facility. The entire base seems to be strangely empty, and it's not until I round the nearest corner that I begin to hear the shouting voices of more unicorns. I make my way quietly towards the sounds, which consist of playful, joking conversation, until finally I am right outside of a closed door from which their jovial tones emerge.

I push the door open slowly, and step inside.

Suddenly, I'm met with a strange humidity in the air, immediately finding myself in a dimly lit shower room that echoes loudly from all around. The unicorns have not spotted me yet, but there they are in all of their muscular glory.

The showers of this facility make up one large open room, and the beasts stand beneath the falling water as they talk to one another, completely naked.

The first thing that I notice is how absolutely enormous the rods of these majestic creatures are, hanging down from their toned bodies like massive fifth limbs. I try not to stare but I'm unable to keep my eyes from returning over and over again to their thick rods.

A strange attraction washes over me. Never before had I desired another man, or anything with a cock for that matter, but these unicorns have a charisma that is hard to ignore. They are beautiful from head to toe, and even as a completely straight man, I find myself more than a little intrigued by their physique.

"You gonna stare all day?" One of the unicorn pilots suddenly asks, breaking my concentration.

My eyes have been firmly transfixed on his dick, so I immediately look up at him in startled embarrassment. "I'm sorry!" I say. "I was just looking for my quarters."

"Well this ain't them." The unicorn tells me gruffly.

I look around and find that all the other pilots are starting at me with their large, unicorn eyes; unmoving as they watch me squirm with discomfort.

"You know there's never been a human on the squad here." Says one of the unicorns.

"I heard." I tell him. "But listen guys, I'm really not trying to fuck anything up for you. I just came here to fight for my country, that's it."

The naked unicorns exchange glances with one another. Finally, one of them speaks. "You seem like a good dude, so I'll be straight with you; respect is not just something that you *get* for being here. Respect is something that you earn."

"Understood." I say, nodding.

Suddenly, a siren begins to sound and a red flashing light overwhelms the entire shower room. The unicorns immediately spring into action, turning off the water and galloping out towards their aircrafts. I have no idea what is going on but follow their lead, heading out into the hanger.

Each of the unicorns seems to have their own specified fighter jet, which they quickly climb into. One of the pilots throws me a helmet.

"Here, put this on. Your jet is over there." He says, pointing with a strong hoof.

I glance over and spot one of the unclaimed vehicles with an open cockpit.

"But I've never flown before!" I tell the unicorn pilot.

The unicorn ignores me and gallops over to his jet as an announcement begins to play over the loudspeaker. "Squadron of T-Rex fighter jets heading towards the coast, looks like they are protecting a bomber," the loudspeakers reports, echoing throughout the hanger, "we need to get to that bomber pilot and take her down."

"Her?" I say aloud, slipping on my helmet and climbing into the cockpit of my plane. "How do they know it's a her?"

There is a crackle of static in my helmet and suddenly the familiar voice of Briggs the angry unicorn can be heard loud and clear. "We have intelligence on this run, rookie." Briggs tells me. "This is a secret agent who's been living in the states for years under a false identity."

"Why aren't they attacking from the European side?" I ask. "If she's been hiding out in the states shouldn't she be coming from inland?"

"Yesterday we tracked movement from her hideout in Akron, Ohio back to Europe. She delivered some sensitive information and now is heading our way on the bomber run."

"Did you say Akron, Ohio?" I suddenly ask, my heart skipping a beat.

"Yeah, she was under cover there." Briggs explains. "But took a lot of heat when she started cheating on her boyfriend with another secret agent. Sounds like the guy found out and they had to call her back."

It suddenly feels as though my entire world is falling out from under me. How could I have been so stupid? How could I have not realized that my ex-girlfriend had been an elite T-rex spy this entire time?

"Everything okay over there?" Another unicorn asks me through my headset.

I shake off the cobwebs from my mind and try to focus. "Yeah, sorry. I'm on it. Let's roll!"

The next thing I know, our squadron is soaring high above the earth in our powerful fighter jets, shooting towards the incoming T-rex unit over the Atlantic Ocean. It's not long before we find them and immediately form a dogfight formation.

"Peanut Butter! Sparkles! You two hit them with covering fire!" Shouts Briggs over our headsets. "Black Stallion you cover the rear! The rest of you take the guard planes while me and the new guy go straight for the bomber."

"My name is Nick." I tell them. "But you can call me... Clover."

The next thing I know, bullets are flying everywhere. I duck and weave through the crossfire, dodging the hot lead left and right as me and Briggs make our way through the chaos and try to get a clear shot at the bomber.

We make one pass but the guard planes are ready for us, cutting us off and forcing us to pull up over the top of the fray. As Briggs and I maneuver upwards I catch a glimpse of the bomber pilot and sure enough, it's my ex-girlfriend, Marka, in all of her T-rex glory.

"There she is." I say softly into my headset.

"What was that?" Briggs asks.

"Oh nothing." I tell him, flipping over in the air and then heading back towards the target.

"Let's just say that this one's personal."

Seconds later, I find the shot and unleash a hail of gunfire upon the bomber, which immediately rips into pieces and explodes in the air, sending a shockwave through the surrounding planes. The bomb itself plummets down towards the Atlantic Ocean where it explodes on impact, harming no one.

Over my headset, the entire squad of unicorns cheers in unison while the remaining T-rex fighters turn and start to high tail it the other direction.

“Nice shooting, Clover!” Someone offers.

“Guess it’s not so bad having you around.” Briggs says. “Now lets get back to base and shower off together.”

The second that we get back to the shower room, the unicorns are all over me, unable to control their lust for the new rookie hero. The cover me with kisses from every direction, our naked bodies moving through the steam of the shower room that swirls around us.

I’ve never felt a love like this before, the kind that transcends above any typical companionship. This is about a group coming together and banishing their opponent like real men, or unicorns in this case. This is a love that’s based on teamwork and camaraderie.

“I finally feel like I belong.” I tell the majestic pilot beasts.

Suddenly Briggs pushes through the group, kissing me deeply on the mouth. “You do belong, Nick... or should I say, Clover.”

Suddenly, I am completely overwhelmed with gay lust. Immediately I drop down into a squat between them.

“Alright, let’s fucking do this.” I say, confidently.

The unicorn gang surrounds me, vying for position as they push their huge cocks towards my face. I take them into my hands and begin to pump in tandem with my manly grip.

“Do you like that?” I ask, making my way around the circle and pleasuring the monsters two by two.

The unicorn’s clop around on the shower tiles loudly, careful not to step on me as they maneuver their dicks into my hands.

Eventually, my sexual appetite gets the best of me and I can’t help but take one of them into my watering mouth. I bob up and down a few times and pull his shaft out and lick him from balls to tip, his massive cock glistening in the warm steam. The pilot lets out a soft moan as I gather myself and then swallow him deep, pushing down until I hit the limits of my gag reflex and I’m forced to come back up for air.

“Come on you filthy little human twink.” The unicorn coaxes. “You’ve got this.”

I gather myself and try again, eyes watering as I let the beast’s lengthy dick plunge deeper and deeper until my lips hit his toned abs. I stay there and hold, letting the unicorn fully appreciate the incredible majesty of my deep-throating abilities. I stick my tongue out as far as I can so that it appears just at the edge of my lips, tickling his hanging balls, and then come up retching as I search frantically for the next cock to service.

My squadron is happy to oblige, taking my head in their hooves and passing me around the circle, using me like some gorgeous gay sex toy. They ram me ferociously with their huge dicks, all the while making my dick harder and harder until finally I just can’t take it anymore. I crawl over to the edge of a large washbasin, about waist height, and sit on it with my legs spread.

The unicorns follow as I lean back, showing off the goods while I reach down and hold my gay asshole open for the horny pilots, my legs spread wide and my cock shooting up like a rock hard rocket.

“Do you like what you see?” I ask. “When is the last time any of you plowed the fuck out of a gay human asshole?”

“Never.” Says Briggs. “It was too taboo back where I come from, but I’ve always wanted to try it.”

“Now is your chance.” I say with a smile. “Shove it in there!”

The pilots answer back in a series of rowdy hoots and hollers, gathering around as Briggs takes the initiative and saddles up in front of me. He positions his mammoth dick at the entrance of my tight ass and then pushes forward, filling me completely with his incredible size. I let out a long, pleasant moan as he begins to pump in and out, slowly at first and then gaining speed until he’s ramming me with all of his magical unicorn force. My body shakes with every thrust, unequipped to handle all of the power dished out by this wild pilot beast.

“Fuck me!” I start to scream, lost in a haze of blinding pleasure. “Fuck the hell of my tight gay asshole!”

I barely get out the final word when one of the creatures suddenly grabs me by the head with his hooves and shoves his huge dick down my throat, choking me and instantly turning my words into a strangled gargle of sexual grunts. He slams into me with similar force to Briggs in my butt, face-fucking my mouth with complete abandon.

Now taken from each end, I can feel the sexual desires inside of me hit a boiling point. I can’t help but reach down and start to frantically play with my cock, edging closer and closer to orgasm while the unicorn pilots have their way with me in the rising mist. The squad seems to be on the same sexual timeline, pumping faster and faster as a crazed look begins to blossom somewhere deep behind their huge soulful eyes.

I’m almost there when suddenly Briggs pulls out abruptly and grabs me by the waist, pulling me down towards him as he leans back onto the shower floor. I climb off of the washbasin as the pilot lays down flat on his back, his huge cock protruding straight up from his muscular body. He beckons me to come towards him, then pulls me on top.

I straddle the magical beast, popping my ass out as I lower it down and let him slide his member up inside of me. It sends a sensual chill down my spine. Briggs begins to rock, and I push back against him in elegant swoops as we find our rhythm together. He places his hooves on my toned, muscular hips, pumping me up and down and using his monstrous strength to better impale me onto his thick, aching rod. I’m loving every second of it.

One of the unicorns suddenly clops up behind me behind me in the dim light of the showers, then positions himself at the already occupied entrance of my ass. I look back over my shoulder at the beast in a state of confusion and surprise, not quite comprehending his plan until it’s all too late. The next thing I know, I can feel the unicorn’s huge cock pressed hard against the tight rim of my stuffed asshole.

“Two at once?” I ask in astonishment. “Really?”

“We work as a team.” Says the unicorn. “That’s the most important lesson of all.”

The unicorn behind me pushes harder, then harder still until finally the stubborn muscles around my sphincter open up and allow the beast’s giant member to slide in next to the other cock. I let out a desperate moan, reeling from the incredible sensation of being brutally double penetrated in the ass. The fighter pilots waste no time, thrusting in and out of me together as they stretch my body to the limit.

I’m lost in a sea of pain and pleasure. As the unicorns pound my hole I find myself compelled to reach back with both hands, balancing myself as I grab my ass cheeks and spread them open as far as possible for maximum penetration.

Of course, they take full advantage and have no issues with going harder and faster until eventually I find myself getting utterly slammed in my tightness. One of the unicorns inside of my ass

suddenly pulls out and steps away, allowing another one to take a turn inside of me.

This pilot is equally large and ferocious, violently pummeling my asshole with every inch of his massive, unicorn cock. He pounds away at my ass for a while and then passes me off again, and then again and again until the whole squad has had a chance to double fuck my large frame in the swirling shower steam.

The last one is particularly good, slamming me just as hard as the others but somehow finding a way to hit me just right from the inside. The tension inside of my body starts to build as he does this, growing larger and spreading across me in a strange warm wave of prostate orgasm.

I reach down and start to frantically beat my cock, helping myself along as the impending orgasm draws closer until finally it's just too much to take and I explode from within. My body is shaking and convulsing, just barely able to tolerate the blissful quakes that rock me from the inside out. My jizz splatters everywhere.

I open my mouth to scream but, the second that I do, one of the unicorns takes my head in his hooves and shoves his cock brutally down my throat. Somehow, though, his roughness just makes me even hornier, and my orgasm slowly pushes further and further towards a permanent trip that I may never come back from. I somehow manage to swallow him completely, despite the passionate ejections of semen that consume my body and send lighting bolts of pleasure flying through my brain in every direction. This is the best sex of my life.

I pull him out just long enough to command the fighter pilots to cum all over me.

Briggs goes first, slamming me faster and faster until suddenly he pushes deep into my tightness and unleashes a thick, warm flow of semen up my butt. I can feel it spurt into me, filling my ass with pumps of white liquid until there's no room left and it comes running out down the side of my legs. The other unicorn within my ass finishes in similar fashion, picking up his pace for a brief moment before letting out an ecstatic cry and releasing his cum up into my messy hole. His load is massive, as well, and soon enough it comes spilling out of the tight corners of my ass.

"Cover me in your jizz!" I yell, pulling the cock out of my mouth and rolling over onto the wet shower floor. "Use me like a gay human cum target! Blow your unicorn loads all over me!"

I lay flat, looking up at the four mythical creatures that are left who stand around me with hungry eyes as they beat off furiously.

"Incoming!" One of the unicorn pilots jokes.

They explode one by one, blasting me with thick ropes of cum that splatter down onto my body and face. One of their loads lands directly across my mouth and I laugh, painted with a smile of white. The creatures continue until I am completely glazed by their warm spunk and then finally, at long last, they start to clop away.

I am completely drained and exhausted, but more satisfied than I've ever felt in my life.

Briggs trots over and offers a hoof to help me up, which I take gladly.

"Thanks." I tell him.

"Don't mention it." Briggs says with a smile. "Hey, I was thinking... why don't you shower off and then I can give you a ride around the base, show you where everything is?"

"You would do that?" I ask, basking in the glow of our newfound friendship.

"I'd love to." Briggs says. "Welcome to the squad."

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:

GAY T-REX LAW FIRM

Executive Boner

"I see that you've done secretarial work before. It was at another law firm?" The T-rex across the desk from me asks. "Two years of experience there?"

"Yes" I tell him, trying to hide the nervous waver in my voice. "A small one."

"And why did you leave?"

"Well, I just didn't see my work leading anywhere. I'm from a small town, and the firm wasn't quite as fulfilling as a firm like this one is." I tell him, glancing around the massive office that I sit in, the New York skyline stretching out forever in the windows behind me. "I wanted to do more with myself."

"You have a law degree, though." The T-rex says, as if I didn't already know this.

"Yes." I nod.

"So why are you applying for the secretary position?" He questions.

"Jobs are hard to find these days, even with my qualifications. I'm just happy to be applying for a job with one of the leading law offices in all of New York City. It's an honor to be inside this building."

The T-rex nods slightly, his eyes still scanning over my resume. He's incredibly hard to read, sharp and focused. His lips form a tight line across his expressionless dinosaur face.

My heart is pounding out of my chest.

"Okay, just a few more questions." He finally says. "Have you ever worked for a dinosaur before?"

I shake my head. "No sir, but I'm excited about the prospect."

With this, the T-rex raps on the table with his tiny little hand and stands up quickly. "Please excuse me," He says. "I'll be right back." Seconds later, he's gone, leaving me to sit alone in his bright luxurious office.

The room is beautifully furnished with a modern flair, a minimalist workspace that would look perfectly at home in an architecture or contemporary design magazine.

Moments later the T-rex reenters, not wasting any time. "Alright Donny, you're the man we've been looking for. Welcome to Jurassic Law."

I stand up in complete shock, having thoroughly convinced myself that this interview was going terribly. I shake the T-rex's hand, briefly taking note of how cold his scaled skin is. "Thank you very much, sir."

"You'll start tomorrow morning." He tells me.

As if my interview wasn't nerve wrecking enough, the first day of work I'm a living, breathing ball of stress. I'm dressed as professional as I can muster without looking twenty years older than I actually am, a sleek black suit and my dark hair parted neatly to the side.

I look good and I know it, a young, fresh-faced guy in the big city. But today I'll need a little more help than that, Jurassic Law is notoriously hard for humans to gain any respect around the office.

I scan my keycard in the building lobby then hop inside an elevator and quickly punch the button for floor ten. As the door begins to close a T-rex in a grey suit picks up his pace and slips inside.

"You must be Donny." He says, extending his clawed dino-hand. "I'm Tyson, Tyson Rex. Very nice too meet you."

I shake his hand. "Nice to meet you too, Tyson." I tell him.

"I guess I'm your new boss." He says with a laugh as the elevator shoots upwards. "I'll show

you to your desk.”

We reach our floor and step out into a bustling office. Tyson leads me past the front check-in and down through a large series of corridors until we reach the main room, which is mostly a long series of desks and doors leading to the various partners at the firm. Each desk has a T-rex answering phones and taking messages, all of them apparently very busy this morning. As we walk past them I receive a series of looks that could only be described as awkward, me being the new human and all, but I don't have enough time to really consider them because moments later we are at the end of the room in front of an empty chair. Two large double doors stand menacingly nearby.

“This is your office?” I ask, nodding at the doors.

Tyson nods. “Yes.”

“How'd you get such a nice one?” I joke.

“I'm senior partner.” He tells me in complete deadpan.

My face turns bright red. “Sorry, sir.” I sit down in the empty chair and start straightening things out as Tyson bursts out laughing.

“It's okay!” He says. “Don't worry about it, I know it's going to take you a few days to get the hang of things around here but it's all pretty simple.”

After giving me a brief rundown Tyson retreats back into his office through the large double doors, leaving me to sit in front of a whole pile of unorganized papers that wait to be filed. I take a deep breath and then clear my thoughts, time to get to work.

The minutes slowly turn into hours and somehow the stack of things that I need to organize seems to grow larger and larger as I go, thanks mostly to the continuous delivery of more and more paperwork from office curriers throughout the day. I feel like I am drowning in paper, trying and failing to stay above the constant stream of white rectangles.

What's even more frustrating though, is that it seems like all of the other secretaries are doing just fine. As the evening grows later I glance down the row of desks and realize that several of the other workers, both human and Tyrannosaur alike, have already left and gone home, finished with the day's organizational duties.

“Sorry.” A mail boy interrupts my train of thought as he drops off yet another stack of papers on the desk.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I snap at him.

The guy says nothing, just turns around and hurries away. Behind him I can see the sun disappearing slowly over the horizon line, a beautifully frustrating scene.

“Fuck.” I say to myself, lowering my head onto the stack of papers in exhaustion. I lay there for a moment and let my eyelids slip closed and my breathing slow. Just a few moments of rest, I think. The bustling sounds of the office slip farther and farther away as I relax and let my worries drift. I'm sinking into the darkness, letting it envelope me in its warm, peaceful embrace.

“Donny?” A deep voice says from behind me, a cool claw on my shoulder.

My eyes shoot open. The office is completely dark and empty, the only dim lighting to be seen is courtesy of the long row of screen savers on the computers to my right. I quickly sit up, realizing that I'd fallen asleep. Tyson stands behind me.

“I'm so sorry, sir.” I say in a panic. “I didn't mean to fall asleep, I just...” The words trail off.

“That's okay.” Tyson tells me calmly, “I was planning to keep you late, anyway.”

“What?” I ask, confused.

“Procedure.” Tyson explains. “It's what we do on the first day for your position.”

“But why?” I stammer.

“Well, to test your commitment.” Tyson laughs a deep dinosaur laugh as he says this. “You think you’re going to have this much paperwork to file every day? No.”

“That’s a little sadistic, isn’t it?” I venture, slightly pissed off now.

“Well, we are carnivores.” Tyson smiles, showing two glinting rows of dagger like teeth. He pulls out a chair across from me and sits down, face to face. “What do you want?” He asks.

“Right now?”

“From this job.”

I think about his question for a moment and then finally answer. “Stability. A steady paycheck.”

Tyson nods. “It’s always greed with you humans isn’t it?”

“Well, no.”

“That’s okay.” Tyson nods in assurance. “That’s probably the most common one. Now how much money are we talking here?”

“How much money?”

“A million dollars? Two million dollars? What would be enough for you?”

I laugh. “That’s my salary?”

“No,” Tyson tells me, putting a claw over my hand. “It’s a one time payment, it needs to last.”

I shrug. “Okay, ten million dollars then.” I throw out the first number that comes to mind.

Tyson smiles. “Great.” The next thing I know, Tyson is opening a briefcase and pulling out what appears to be some sort of legal document. He hands it to me and I read aloud.

“Contract to run a T-rex gangbang train on Donny Sullivan’s gay human ass for the sum of ten million dollars even.” I can hardly say it with a straight face. “Is this a joke? What is this?”

“Exactly what it looks like.”

“But I’m not gay!” I protest, shaking my head. “You want me to sign this?”

“That’s up to you.” Tyson says. “You’re providing a service to us, and in return we will provide a service to you, in the form of ten million dollars.”

Finally, I’ve had enough. I’m exhausted after such a long evening and as much as I appreciate a good practical joke on the first day, this whole game is wearing thin. I’m not going to lose it on Tyson because, after all, he’s my boss, but that doesn’t mean I’m not over it and ready to head home.

“Whatever.” I tell him, grabbing a pen and scribbling my name across the bottom line. “I need to get back to my apartment.”

The second that my pen leaves the page my T-rex boss stands up from his chair. “Follow me.” Tyson instructs.

I want to tell him that I need to get home, that I’m tired and sore and overworked, but it’s the first day of work and I’m not about to disobey my superior. He was joking with that contract, right? A little bit of dinosaur on human humor?

I stand up and walk slowly towards the double doors as Tyson follows behind. Terror fills my brain, an instinctual realization that something is terribly wrong. I’ve gotten in way over my head with these tyrannosaurs rex lawyers.

As I move closer and closer the door slowly creaks open on it’s own, revealing a large boardroom with an enormous oak table positioned in the center of it. Surrounding the table are several dinosaurs, dressed to the nines in suit and ties, watching hungrily as I approach while in the back of the room a fireplace roars. It’s terrifyingly full of rippling red flames. Tyson follows closely

as the doors close behind me.

“This is Donny!” Tyson announces to the ground. “He’s the new human in the office and he’s agreed to let us show him how us T-rexes treat greedy little humans on the first day at work.”

The group applauds in approval.

When I realize that the contract was not a joke I go into a complete panic. “Wait a minute, you were being serious?” I stammer.

Tyson laughs. “Should have read the fine print, huh? Don’t worry, we were not going to eat you. It’s a sexual transaction, nothing more, nothing less.”

I let out a sigh. Guess I’m fucking these dinosaurs tonight.

I begin stripping off my button up shirt and pulling down my slacks. I move slowly and deliberately, revealing the black boxer briefs that were hidden underneath. As my skin hits the warm air I shudder, a chill of arousal running down my spine. On the one hand, being out of my own control is horrifying, yet somehow this situation is also making me incredibly horny. I’d never had a gay experience before, nor did I particularly want to but, now that I couldn’t help it, I felt a small spark lighting somewhere deep inside of me.

Once down to my bare essentials, I step forward and climb onto the long, narrow table, making my way across it on hands and knees. The dinosaurs seem to enjoy this, and they begin to stand up from their chairs and gather around me, Tyson included. They gather at the edges of the table, large enough that they tower above me while I crawl, with their green, throbbing T-rex dicks pointing out at me from every direction.

I sit back on my knees and reach out with each hand to grab two of the monstrous shafts. The beasts rear back and moan deeply while I stroke them, reeling from the sensation of my tight grip. Terror fills my entire body, yet I smile up at them and, while screaming on the inside, ask, “You like what a nasty gay boy I am?”

The dinosaurs huff and puff in approval. Eventually, they begin to switch places, taking turns between my fingers until finally one of them has had enough and grabs my head, then forces my mouth down around his gigantic rod. The penetration is unexpected, and I quickly find myself gagging as his thickness presses up against the edge of my gag reflex. Tears well up in my eyes while the T-rex pumps in and out of me until finally he lets me up and I gasp for air, frantically trying to ready myself for the next violation. It comes fast, but this time I’m ready, relaxing my throat and letting his entire length slip down into me, taking him deeper than even I expected I was capable. Eventually, I find my face pressed against his green, toned abs, lapping at his balls with my tongue like a puppy while I deep throat his cock. The beast pumps up and down, fucking my face until finally passing me onto the next one in line, who quickly picks up where the last left off.

The prehistoric monsters continue like this for quite a while, treating me like a gay human sex toy, then finally one of them grabs me by the ass and spins me around on the table. He takes my boxer briefs and tears them off in one firm rip, then aligns his engorged cock with my tight ass and pushes into me with brutal force.

I gasp out loud as the dino stretches the limits of my toned body. His Jurassic cock fills me to the brim, yet I can’t help but push my body back against him. We find a rhythm as he fucks me from behind and, the next thing I know, another creature steps out in front, shoving his dick down my throat. Now pinned between them, I’m helpless as the dinosaur lawyers take me from both ends. When the one behind me pushes forward, the one before me pushes back in time, pumping together within my body as I struggle to maintain their enormous shafts.

The most terrifying part, however, is how good it's starting to feel. By now, the fear has melted away into something else, a deep, aching arousal that swims through my blood in the most sensual way imaginable. Still on my hands and knees, I let one hand slip down across my stomach and onto my throbbing cock. The stimulation is almost too much to bear, but before I get a chance to cum I suddenly find myself being lifted off of the table in one of the monsters tiny T-rex arms.

One of the Tyrannosaurs has laid down across the dark oak in my place, his cock jutting out from his body like a thick, powerful tower of sex. With little I can do to stop it, I'm suddenly being lowered down onto him, facing away as my asshole draws closer and closer. I'm stopped briefly while the beast aligns himself at my tight backdoor. I try my best to relax, breathing deep in the clutches of the powerful monsters, but nothing I do could prepare me for the feeling of tightness as I'm slowly pushed down onto the dino's massive, pulsing cock.

I let out a cry of both pain and pleasure, reeling from his incredible girth as a penis substantially larger than the rest of the dinosaurs impales me. As my body reaches the hilt of his rod I lean back against him in near shock, moaning loudly while my eyes roll back into my head. It feels as though I'm being torn apart.

Of course, that's only the beginning of what these ancient monsters have in store for my ripped body. Almost immediately, the T-rex that had picked me up in the first place then positions himself in front of me. Two more of the prehistoric lawyers approach from either side and hold my legs back, spreading me open completely as I'm hammered up the ass from below. The T-rex in front of me aligns his cock with my already filled asshole and then pushes forward, forcefully stretching me as both cocks fill my hole in a powerful double penetration.

I let out a scream of passion, bracing myself as they slam into me. My body trembles with every thrust, stretched to the brink while I'm sandwiched between the two massive dinosaurs with my legs splayed wide.

"Fuck me harder!" I find myself commanding of my own violation. "Fuck the hell out of my tight ass with those big T-rex cocks!"

The monsters grunt and groan, obeying my commands to ram even harder.

"Is that all you've got?" I shriek, a fire in my eyes. "Treat me like the slutty fucking gay boy that I am."

They are absolutely throttling me now, bearing down with all of their reptilian power. I can feel myself drawing closer and closer to an orgasm as they pound me.

“Fuck me!” I yell, but the words are suddenly cut off as one of the tyrannosaurs that holds my leg decides to grab me by the head and stuff his cock down my throat. I gag on it, taken by surprise and trying desperately to center myself.

Suddenly, I’m completely lost in a mass of pounding erections and cold scaly flesh. I can’t think straight, although I am vaguely aware of the Jurassic monsters trading positions within me, swapping places and making sure that everyone has a chance to ride my asshole. The aching sensation of cumming grows stronger and stronger now and I find myself reaching down to my cock to help my body along. I stroke myself rapidly, the sensation almost too much to bear until finally the feelings explode within me.

I gargle a frantic squeal around the cock in my throat and then quake with ecstasy, thrashing about while I’m debased in every hole. My stomach contracts tight, as if it’s all I can do to hold myself together during the massive waves of sensation that course from head to toe. Hot ropes of semen eject from the end of my stiff rod.

Finally, after what feels like an eternity, the feelings pass and I collapse back onto the table in exhaustion. The T-rex lawyers remove themselves from my ass and mouth and then drag my limp body to the edge of the table, positioning me so that I’m bent over it with my feet on the ground and my ass in the air.

“Let’s show this human what being tyrant lizards is all about!” One of them bellows.

My dino masters form a line behind me; the whole gang of them hard and ready to blow. The first in line steps up and then pushes his entire length deep into my asshole as a grit my teeth. He begins to pump in and out, steadily at first and then gaining speed as he plows me with his thickness. As his pounding reaches full tilt, the monster lets out a glorious roar and then erupts inside of me, spilling his hot prehistoric jizz up into the farthest reached of my ass. He pushes deep and holds, letting buckets of cum pump up into me before sliding out and letting his limp cock hang, white liquid following closely behind as it runs down my legs in thick streaks.

The next dinosaur quickly takes his place, throttling my tight hole in the same fashion until he pops, as well. The T-rex roars loudly and ejects his semen into my asshole, letting it mix with the load before it.

This continues down the line until all of the ancient creatures have emptied their payloads inside of me, a creamy mixture of dinosaur seed that covers my ass, legs and the floor beneath. When they are all finally finish, I fall back into the chair behind me; naked, ravaged and full of cum.

The next morning I arrive at work early and head straight to my desk, rejuvenated and ready to take on the day. I’ve got a lot of papers to file, so I might as well dive right in and get it done.

Strangely though, when I show up all of the paperwork has been taken care of. I check to make sure this is actually my desk, and it is, so I sit down in my chair and suddenly find myself with nothing to work on.

The night before is a total haze, a mixture of reality and gay dinosaur nightmare that I can’t quite fully sort out yet.

Suddenly, the mail guy appears out of nowhere. It was too good to be true, I think to myself,

preparing for the worst.

He makes his way down the row of desks, dropping off stack after stack of paperwork that needs to be filed while I flinch with the sight of every new delivery. When the mail guy finally reaches my desk there is nothing in his basket but a single letter with my name written across the front in red pen. It's marked with a strange wax seal displaying the name 'Tyson Rex'. I open it.

The first thing that falls out is a small card, which reads, 'It was a pleasure doing business with you. Looking forward to working late again. – Tyson'

Suddenly, I'm in complete shock. I stare down at the final contents of the envelope; a check for ten million dollars.

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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