

A CHUCK TINGLE NOVEL



BUTTAGEDDON

THE FINAL DAYS OF POUNDING ASS

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By Chuck Tingle

Table of contents:

1 – A TINY HUNK NAMED CHANNING

2 – SNAKE IN THE GRASS

3 – FOR THE HONOR OF BILLINGS

4 – INTERSTATE

5 – RIVER HUNKS AND DEVILMEN

6 – GETTING HARD WITH MY BUD

7 – THE BUTT BELOW

8 – ONE HORN VS. THREE HORNS

9 – THE GREAT CHICAGO POUNDING

10 – TEACH ME GAYNESS

11 – ASSRATS

12 – TROPICS OF LOVE

13 – HOT AND SWEATY

14 – NUMBER ONE SCOUNDREL TED COBBLER

15 – HUNK ON THE WATER

BONUS STORY ONE

BONUS STORY TWO

EXCLUSIVE REAL SPELLS

ALSO BY CHUCK TINGLE...

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

1 – A Tiny Hunk Named Channing

Their eyes remain transfixed upon my hand as it waves slowly through the air, which is good. I've always found the verbal components of spell craft to be a little embarrassing, as if concocted by some arrogant business guy who simply *had* to make his self-important presence known as a caster.

Sure, I'm one to talk, making my living off of the attention of strangers, but at least I try to have a little class about it. There's nothing mysterious about the announcement of some wordy, charming man magic incantation; no mystery, and certainly no romance.

In this spirit, I've gotten quite good at casting under my breath, a rare feat, but one that is somewhat unnecessary to most in this art. My necessity for attention and constant disdain for it is an unfortunate paradox, to be sure.

It's not like the spells themselves are all that good anyway, but for a small law firm like mine they go over well enough.

I finish with my muted ritual of magic words and then make an announcement to the crowd. "Before you, roused from the elemental plane of blazing hot fire, I summon a beautiful hunk named Channing!"

I snap my fingers.

Nothing happens.

The crowd begins to exchange confused glances as I make my best attempt to shake it off and try again. As an amateur caster of gay charming man magic, spell failure is nothing new to me, but that doesn't make it any less embarrassing when it happens.

"Looks like our friend the hunk is a little nervous to come out and play," I proclaim to a smattering of nervous laughter, not quite capable of selling the joke. "Let's try that again, shall we?"

I focus hard, centering myself as my lips flow with dexterity through the same ancient incantation once more.

Seconds later, I snap my fingers and the spell takes effect, creating a small, wispy orange hunk that floats up out of my hands and hovers in the air, flexing his biceps and strutting back and forth confidently. He is about six inches tall and fierce as hell.

Of course, the miniature stud is nothing more than a childish illusion, not summoned from anywhere but, rather, created out of the gay energies that float all around us. Within the school of charming man magic, this spell as is simple as it gets, a quaint charm developed by some randy gay wizard to impress his potential lover. Apparently, it works great for small crowds, too.

Despite my rather cheap finishing trick, the host of onlookers' gasps aloud as this muscular but petite orange hunk struts through the air, making his way slowly around the circle as trails of orange and red lilt off of him. They float away like embers in the dying light of the evening.

I'm happy to draw yet another successful performance to a close, yet any amount of adoration is not enough to pull back the curtain of aching boredom that continues to haunt me. My eyes do not follow the tiny Channing.

When the mystical hunk finally disappears the crowd of coworkers clap and begin to disperse, more than half of them stopping to throw a few copper coins into a coffee cup that I've laid out. It looks to be a decent haul from the office tonight, but still not nearly enough. I need to loosen up more and I know it, but the very thought fills me with a strange dread.

“Great show,” says the HR guy, Burk, generously flipping me a quarter and smiling warmly. “That hunk is looking really good these days, got real hard just looking at him.”

“Thanks.” I say with a nod.

“We’re lucky to have you here, Pupper,” Burk continues, “not every business our size has it’s own gay office wizard.”

I shake my head bashfully. “I’m no office wizard,” I tell him. “I just know a few tricks.”

Burk nods, hesitating for a moment as the crowd continues to dissipate around us. The rows of cubicles are almost entirely empty now, leaving just me and the caring, old gentleman to chat.

“How’s your father?” the HR guy finally asks. “I haven’t seen him around the office lately.”

“He’s fine,” I assure him, trying to remain as casual as possible. I start to collect my things; pouring the coins from my coffee cup into a briefcase.

Burk eyes me suspiciously, definitely picking up that there is more to the story than I’m letting on.

“Last time I talked to him, he said he was coming down with something,” Burk says. “Said he was having trouble working the office farm. Your father and me used to be very close, but it’s been a very long time now.”

“I’ve been helping out,” I assure the HR man, “and coming here to perform when I can.”

Burk eyes my little pouch of coins. “That’s not a lot.”

“I should be getting back.” I interject, suddenly, not wanting to dwell on the financial woes of my family that have already begun to hover over my head like a black cloud. “I’m already clocked out.”

“Pupper,” Burk says, stopping me before I get a chance to turn around and walk away. “I could use a little assistance over in HR. If you want the job it’s yours, no more cold calls.”

“That won’t be necessary,” I tell him, “but thank you for the offer.”

I spin abruptly and head towards the elevator, making my way down the rows of cubicles as the florescent lights above me begin to flicker and turn off.

With haste I continue onward, down into the lobby and out through the front doors and onto the streets of Billings, Montana.

Out here the only thing to light my way is the stars above, but they smile down gladly tonight and provide me with more than enough illumination to keep my wits about me.

On any other night the streets would be well lit with lamplight from above, but for some reason Billings have been experiencing sporadic blackouts that seem to only effect government buildings; police, fire and, of course, the streetlights.

Normally, I wouldn’t be all that worried about a stroll in this rather boring part of the city, regardless of the hour, but the rumors that have been spreading lately have got me on edge. There’s nothing concrete, really, and when you are this far away from the action it’s hard to find news that is the least bit reliable, but the shreds of gossip I *do* hear have been downright terrifying.

Tales of the demons and devilmen roaming the city are abound, and although I dabble in the magical arts enough to be familiar with dark magic, the thought of such a thing still makes me uneasy.

Then again, if a little action were to find its way to our Montana hamlet, at least it wouldn’t be boring.

I sigh loudly, my thoughts suddenly drifting away to a life in which I didn’t have to spend every hour of the day caring for my father and working on the office farm, a life where I could dedicate myself to the study of gay magical arts or, better yet, wander off in search of a real adventure. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to stroll through a part of Montana at night where ghosts and

mummies lurked in the shadows. I'm sure I could fend them off if I really had to.

I reach down and place my hand over a tiny, bound notebook that rests in my pocket. It's probably the world's scrappiest spell book, but it's my spell book.

Sardonically, I chuckle aloud to myself. I could always fight them back with the strut of a tiny hunk named Channing.

Suddenly, from just off of the road behind me I hear the loud snap of a twig.

My breath catches in my throat and I spin around abruptly, staring out into the darkness and immediately taking back every single thing that I have thought about living in a more dangerous part of the Treasure state.

"Hello?" I shout out into the darkness, completely frozen in place as a sharp fear cools my veins.

There is no answer.

Despite being completely drained of magical energy from the show, my fear is enough to get me to pull together everything I've got and cast Alight behind me.

I rapidly murmur the magical incantation under my breath, focusing every bit of energy that I have on producing this spell without a misfire until suddenly, magically, the area where the sound had emitted is illuminated as it were plain daylight.

There's nothing to see besides an old willow tree and a road leading out of the city.

Casting the spell has severely depleted my vigor. Almost immediately, I start to tumble over backwards but I catch myself before I collapse, just barely able to summon the drive to stay awake. No more casting for me tonight.

Despite that there seems to be nothing lurking out in the darkness, my illumination of this part of the street corner makes me feel even uneasy than before. If there is anything out there to draw the attention of, I've most certainly drawn it.

Not wanting to waste another minute, I start to wheel around when suddenly something catches my eye.

Just on the edge of the blackness, I see a small bit of movement.

I squint my eyes, peering off into the darkened field at the edge of my magical light.

"Hello?" I call out, my voice wavering slightly with fear.

Suddenly, I gasp as a figure stumbles into view; a walking, shambling devilman, his skin red and scaled and two sharp horns atop his head. I had seen illustrations of such a thing before, but never truly thought I would ever lay my own eyes upon such hellspawn.

I quickly notice, however, that this particular rambling demon appears to be lost. Staggering this way and that, it becomes apparent that whoever has summoned this hellish beast has somehow lost contact with it. I suppose spell failure can still happen to even the most powerful of dark wizards.

As I watch the devilman move about, seemingly unaware of my presence or the magical illumination around it, I catch a glimpse of something shiny and rose colored clutched tightly in the strange being's clawed, red hand. It appears to be a jewel, its value unknown but its shimmering aura absolutely enchanting.

Immediately realizing that this gem stone could be valuable enough to cover for our troubles on the farm during my father's sickness, I find myself faced with an interesting dilemma.

I look to the sky, half wondering if this peculiar situation is nothing more than a test from the gods to show my arrogance and ignorance at requesting a more adventurous life. I wanted more excitement; well, here it is.

Carefully, I take a few more steps towards the wandering devilman, who still appears to be wholly unaware of my presence.

Based on my limited knowledge of dark magic, this can be due to many things. Most likely is that the caster who created such a monstrosity was interrupted during the process of his spell and somehow has lost track of his newly summoned hell beast. The creature has been called to earth, but it has been given no instructions, no task from their creator.

Devilmen are empty vessels. Without a master, they are nothing.

I creep closer, and closer still, my heart slamming hard within my chest as my anxiety reaches a boil. I am more than versed on how dangerous this creature can be, but my desire for the jewel clutched tight within his scaly fingers outweighs any sense of doubt within me.

It's plain to see from this close up, however, that the tightness of my new friend's demon grip could be a real problem.

An office farmer by day and a student of the magical arts by night, I find myself without any weapons with which to confront the devilman by force and remove the gem, yet it would appear that this is the only plan of action. Instead, I find the next best thing, a huge rock.

Slowly, I bend down and grasp the enormous stone that rests just off to the side of the road. Thanks to many hours on the farm spent plowing and tilling, I am quite fit for a twenty-one-year-old boy with nice abs, though it is still a considerable effort to pick up the large stone above my head. My magic has drained me for the day.

I steady myself as the devilman stumbles back and forth, but when I'm just about ready to strike I notice the magical illumination beginning to flicker and fade. The duration of my spell is almost at its end, hovering dangerously close to collapsing entirely and plunging us into complete darkness.

It's now or never.

With all of the strength I can muster, I hurl that large stone at the devilman just as the magical light fades away. It looked as though my aim was true, but as I wait for the sound of a demon shrieking in pain, I hear nothing. Instead, the soft thump of the rock hitting grass echoes throughout the gloom. I've missed.

My breath catches in my throat, suddenly realizing that I no longer have any idea where this creature is as my eyes adjust back to the shades of subtle moonlight. I turn to run, but immediately find myself stumbling into something hard and hot, devilman who wraps himself around me.

I scream as the demon snaps at me with its sharp jaws in the darkness. Its hands claw at me as I struggle to pull away but in the confusion I suddenly find myself grasping onto the jewel.

With a split second to react, I pull away and make a break for it, taking the pink stone with me.

Suddenly, I'm sprinting as fast as I can down the road, not looking back for a second as I tear through the darkness towards my old farmhouse on the outskirts of Billings. My blood is pumping as hard as it can go and my lungs are burning and distressed; yet still I carry on until I make it to the front walk of my family's farmhouse.

There's no light inside, as my father has long since gone to bed.

I wait for a moment under the moonlight, trying to make sure that I haven't been followed, and then eventually make my way down the walk and into our home. I enter quietly and head straight for my bedroom, collapsing into the bed with fatigue. My body aches for rest but my skin tingles from the adrenalin that courses beneath it; a taste of real adventure.

Exhausted yet struggling to sleep, I replay the events of the evening over and over again in

my mind, not in terror but with thrilling excitement. True adventure was just as intoxicating as I had imagined it would be, and the craving for more continues to keep me up much longer than I would have ever expected, given the circumstances.

Eventually, I drift off into sleep with the jewel still wrapped tightly in my hand.

2 – Snake In The Grass

Typically, I find myself waking just before the rooster crows. It's a habit, but one that can only exist while I'm not this dead-tired. Today, I somehow find myself sleeping until my own father, Deupork, comes in and wakes me.

"Pupper," I heard my fathers voice drift into my ears, followed shortly after by a rough coughing fit.

I sit up, completely thrown off balance by the fact that I've somehow slept through the roosters wake up call.

"I'm sorry," I say, starting to climb out from under my ratty old blanket.

My father waves away my concerns and takes a seat at the foot of the bed. "It's alright, it's alright."

In some ways, I actually wish my father would be more upset with me. Ever since he's gotten sick and things started to fall apart here, Deupork's been way too nice. I've spent the majority of my years with a father who worked until he could hardly stand, went to bed, and then did it all over again the very next day. He expected the same from me, a constant disciplinarian who showed his love through structure. These days, though, he is a shadow of his former, hard-edged self. The sickness has made him soft, and it's strangely tragic to see my father this way.

"I should get to work," I tell Deupork, trying again to stand.

Once more my father stops me. "It's going to be fine," he says.

I can sense something strange in Deupork's voice, a deep and relaxed tone that could only come from someone who has finally accepted the truth of a great tragedy.

"What happened?" I suddenly interject.

My father laughs, his tone gravely and strained from all of the coughing. "I was going to ask you the same thing. You haven't slept in past the rooster since you were a little boy."

"Are you alright?" I ask. "You don't seem like yourself."

"Sentimental?" he questions.

I nod.

"With the time that I haven't been working in the fields, I've been thinking a lot," my father explains. "Thinking about you, about the office farm."

"I'm going to be alright," I tell him, "and the farm is going to be alright, too. There will be plenty off food for everyone back at work."

My father chuckles. "I believe one of those things."

"Why?" I question. "What do you mean?"

Deupork shakes his head. "It's no use, there's just too much ground to cover out there. Since your mother died, you've had so many duties around the house. I've been sick. There's just not enough time to do the work that needs to be done."

I shake my head in protest. "The harvest is still good," I assure him. "And it's not like we have that many people to feed back at the office."

"The harvest is dead," says my father. "It's just no use anymore. Your little magic shows are bringing in more money than the farm is right now."

I try to interject but stop because I know, deep down in my heart, that he's right. It has been a

struggle ever since this season began, a struggle to coax even the slightest bit of green out from the soil. Combine that with the terrible sickness that has worked its way through most of Billings, and you have a recipe for disaster.

“There must be something that we can do,” I say.

“There is,” my father nods, “but it won’t make much of a difference. We’ll salvage as much of the crops as we can, but most of them we will need to leave to die. We need to focus on the ones that have a chance, hearty roots and things that can stand on their own. Anything leafy and green is just not going to happen this year. You’ll have to tell your boss that salads are off the menu.”

I sigh, accepting his works.

My father shrugs. “But on the bright side, you’ll have more time to study your magic books.”

He’s right, but his assurance means nothing to me right now. I feel like a disappointment, a failure, and that’s going to be a difficult feeling to shake.

“And what if you’re not better by next year?” I ask.

With most sickness this question would seem utterly absurd, yet this terrible plague seems to stick around, unrelenting as it tortures its victims for years on end. Few have died from it, but those who are effected often find themselves bed ridden for six to eight seasons. It’s a miracle that my father is even attempting to work, but it’s a testament to his character I suppose.

“I don’t know,” my father says, trying his best not to show the fear that lurks so clearly beneath his steady gaze.

Deupork stands up and smiles. “Let’s relax this morning for a bit. Why don’t you head into town today? See some friends.”

“We need to work,” I counter, not used to being the stubborn one.

“You need to live,” my father tells me.

Suddenly, the memories of last night come flooding back to me like a surreal dream. I reach around under the covers and find the stone next to me, grasping onto it. My first thought is to show my father, but I stop myself after realizing that the last thing I’d like to do is get his hopes up about a valuable jewel which is actually worth nothing at all.

First things first, I’ll take it in for appraisal.

“Actually, there are a few things I’d like to take care of in town,” I tell my father.

He smiles a wide and genuine smile. “Good.”

“Then it’s back to the fields right when I return,” I say. “Those workers aren’t going to feed themselves back at Buttcorp.”

“Of course,” my father nods, “back to the fields.”

He turns to leave when suddenly I stop him with a question.

“Have you heard anything about the devilmen?” I ask. “People at work were saying that they’ve been stalking Billings at night.”

“People at work say a lot of things,” my father replies.

“I saw one,” I tell him, bluntly.

At first, it appears that my father thinks this is a joke, but as my face stays stern his expression eventually contorts to join me.

“These are strange times,” Deupork says. “Strange times, indeed.”

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” I tell him, my voice dropping down into a hushed whisper, “so spooky I almost keeled over.”

He considers my words for a moment, nodding to himself in silence and then finally speaks. “Be careful. I want you home from work before dark from now on.”

“It would be easier if the cars were working,” I say, frustrated, “but alright.”
I instantly smile, relieved by the small taste of my father’s familiar stern demeanor.

“Still no word from the mayor of Billings?” My dad asks.

I shake my head. “None of the city lights are working, and no cars have been working anywhere. Dark magic is in the air.”

Without another word, Deupork leaves and I climb out of bed, dressing quickly and then heading out for the Billings Pawn Shop for an appraisal, the stone tucked safely within my jeans pocket.

In the broad daylight, this long road into Billings is infinitely less intimidating; though I give slight pause when I stroll past the location of the devilman from last night. There is no evidence of our skirmish other than a large indent in the grass from where the large rock had landed, and then the stone itself some few feet away.

I stop for a moment and pull the rosy gem out of my pocket, running my fingers across the otherworldly smoothness of its pink surface. I notice now as I hold it that there seems to be a very subtle heat emanating from inside, and although it could just be a product of the sun reflecting through it’s semi translucent shell, something even more peculiar seems to be at work here. The shimmering sparkle that I had noticed before is even more apparent in the daylight, seeming to surge through the gem at every angle as I turn it in my hand.

“Hey!” I voice suddenly shouts, causing me to jump and nearly drop the stone. “What’s going on, Pupper?”

I look up to see a familiar bunch of faces cresting over the ridge before me on horseback. I immediately recognize all of them, but this particular bunch is somewhat curious to me in their arrangement. I know all of these unicorn cops, but I don’t believe that I have ever once seen them together.

“Clobe Showbant,” I nod addressing the lead unicorn, then nodding to the others. “Hello, Dasher. Hey, Churps. Don’t all of you work at different stations around Billings?”

“On an errand for Mayor Fancy.” Clobe explains, looking around at his crew of three men. “She called upon the most bad ass Butt Cops in all of Billings.”

I do my best to stifle the laughter that yearns so desperately to escape from my throat. It may be true, these Unicorn Butt Cops may be the best in Billings, but that is not saying much.

Still, I can’t help but find myself intimidated by these unicorn’s on horseback for slightly different reasons. They are all devilishly handsome, toned to perfection from hours of intense Butt Cop training. Clobe has an especially alluring quality to him, a sincerity and boyish charm that is quite captivating, even to someone like me who prefers the dark, brooding, and intellectual type. His white mane shimmers in the sunlight.

Clobe recognizes my expression and reacts accordingly, with unfazed dignity and grace. “You may scoff at our presence, but I am honored to serve you as a proud Unicorn Butt Cop, Billings Devision.”

I raise a hand. “It’s an honor to be served,” I tell him.

Clobe nods.

“Is Mayor Fancy not concerned about the demonic creatures that roam these hills?” I ask, curious. “With all of our *best butt cops* away, who will protect us?”

“How about yourself, office wizard?” Dasher jokes. “When the calls come to sell us new butt gear down at the station, how come you’re never on the phone? Too busy doing card tricks?”

The unicorns on horseback instantly erupt into a fit of laughter, clearly pleased with

themselves. Clobe, however, remains silent.

“Magic comes in handy,” I tell them.

“Ha!” Scoffs Dasher. “The last thing we need on a life or death Butt Cop operation is cheap parlor tricks. Is your little hunk Channing going to strut some criminal to death with his little legs?”

“So you’ve heard about my show?” I ask.

“I’ve heard,” retorts Dasher, “word around the office is that you need to update your act.”

Then unicorns burst into a fit of laughter once more and I find myself with just the slightest twinge of anger brewing deep within me. I may be an amateur in the world of charming man magic, but very few people in this land carry even the slightest spark of wizardry within them.

Still, I remain calm.

“Enough!” shouts Clobe, silencing his crew. “We are here to protect, serve, and pound, not harass.”

“Thank you.” I say, nodding to the handsome officer. “So what does old Fancy have you doing for her?”

“Fishbasil,” reveals Clobe.

My heart nearly stops as his words hit my ears, immediately sending me into a state of shock and wonder.

“Fishbasil?” I ask. “Here?”

“Indeed,” Clobe replies. “There’s a swamp out in Lockwood. We’ve heard tell that the Fishbasil is growing there by the bushel.”

Suddenly, everything about this conversation has changed, shifted into the favor of these rough and tumble men. I need to find a way to join them on their journey. I need to find a way to the Fishbasil.

“Not so funny now, are you?” asks Dasher. “Isn’t your dad sick with the plague that has slowed Billings to a crawl?”

“Enough!” shouts Clobe once again, clearly distressed by his companion’s lack of tact.

I shake my head, waving away the unicorn’s concerns. “No, it’s alright. I want to hear what he has to say.”

Dasher smirks. “Your father could probably use some Fishbasil in his spaghetti sauce, couldn’t he?”

I nod.

As far as anyone knows, the Fishbasil is the only way to immediately cure the sickness that has overtaken our small part of the world. If a bushel of the flower is smashed and ground into a fine powder, then administered via spaghetti and meatballs to a stricken man or women, the duration of there sickness goes instantly from years to days. Of course, Fishbasil is also nearly impossible to find.

“How do you know that it’s actually there in the swamp?” I ask.

“Mayor says it is,” Clobe interjects. “We are under her orders.”

“Doesn’t Fancy have more important things to do right now?” I question. “Like figure out whats happening with the city power, or why no cars have been starting anywhere in Montana? I mean, you’re on horseback for fuck’s sake!”

“Fancy want’s us out looking for Fishbasil,” Dasher says bluntly.

“And she’s going to sell it?” I continue.

Clobe is silent; clearly not wanting to think too deeply about the real answer.

“Maybe,” Dasher interjects. “She says she’s got a nephew who needs it. That’s not our

business though, we're paid to not ask questions."

I think about this for a moment and then finally offer them a concrete proposition.

"Take me with you." I say, bluntly.

Dasher rolls his eyes. "What, you think I was kidding?"

"I don't care what the mayor is paying you, I won't take a cut." I beg. "All that I ask is you let me join you. If something goes wrong I can fight by your side. There's devilmen everywhere, the lights are out, something is wrong and you know it. Make you a deputy and I'll go with you."

I look to Clobe for help, but quickly realize the officer's hooves are tied. On this assignment, Dasher has been deemed his superior.

"Fight?" Dasher scoffs. "Those tiny hunks are vicious, are they?"

"Then give me a gun," I demand.

Suddenly realizing how serious I am, the men grow silent.

"I'm sorry," Clobe tells me flatly.

"You're just going to get in the way," Dasher explains.

With that, the leader of this ragtag band kicks his horse into gear and the group of them begins to trot past me, heading down the road as I stand in sadness and disappointment.

My mind is flooded with all kinds of thoughts and emotions, but more than anything one message from my father sticks in the forefront of my brain.

"You need to live." I say to myself, repeating back Deupork's words for a second time. I'm well aware that this is not at all what he imagined he would be influencing when he opened himself up this morning, but the seed has already been planted. The northern swamp is less than a day away by car, but that's obviously not an option.

Luckily, this cowboy knows his way around a farm.

Without a second to lose, I begin sprinting back home where the stables await.

My father and I will bow our livelihood to this sickness no longer. I will return by nightfall with a bushel of Fishbasil, whether these men want me to come along with them or not.

It takes me a while to catch up with the group of Unicorn Butt Cops, but eventually I find them along the interstate and slow to a trot, as far back as I can without getting noticed. Out in the hills around Billings this would be quite a task in itself, but by now the scenery has grown a considerable amount more lush, the trees that spring up on either side of the dirt road growing more and more frequent until eventually I find myself in an ever thickening forest.

Although the distance only amounts to a handful of miles, I rarely get this far out from the city thanks to my plethora of duties around the farm. I'm capable enough to know that this area is still teeming with wildlife that can be less than friendly, so I try to keep my wits about me as I trot. Montana is a safe place but, with dark magic in the air, you can never be too careful.

My mindfulness pays off when the unicorns ahead of me break for a meal, and I somehow manage to notice them before they notice me, turning abruptly and then tying my steed to a nearby tree. Now on foot, I creep up through the thick forest and observe the gathering.

The Butt Cops are in good spirits, clearly happy to be out here on an errand for the mayor.

Hay appears to be the menu for the evening, and the unicorn's are quick to dive in as I watch with a rumbling stomach. In my hurry I had forgotten to pack snacks of any kind, but as a temporary fix I quietly cast Suppress Hunger on myself, which seems to do the trick.

As I watch from my hiding place, my mind begins to drift. I think back to my father and the way that his stern nature is slowly eroding away. It's strange to think of that as a bad thing, but I really

do miss the way that he was. Even at his most ruthlessly disciplinarian, there was never any question that Deupork loved me from the bottom of his heart.

My deep thoughts are suddenly penetrated by the familiar sound of my own name, which is so startling that, at first, I think that I must have been caught. I glance over at the circle of men with a jolt, my heart skipping a beat but then relaxing when I find their mention of me to be entirely coincidental.

“You have to admit, he’s pretty fucking cute,” Dasher says to the others. They all nod in agreement except for Clobe who remains completely stone faced and quite put off by this rowdy discussion.

“Those calves, too,” agrees Justin Tumerline, a rookie Butt Cop whose already been making a name for himself around the city “Dude comes in sometimes and tries to sell butt supplies face-to-face, never stays at the station too long but he seems like he’s got a real something to him when he’s not going on with those spells and what not.”

The whole group groans.

“What kind of guy in his right mind would be so consumed by the world of gay charming man magic?” asks Dasher.

“That’s what I’m saying,” nods Justin. “You’d never give him a second glance other than a chuckle at that damn hunk trick. But the second you see him on a day off, like today, now that’s something!”

Finally, Clobe speaks up. “You don’t like a man with hobbies?”

The others exchange glances, not exactly sure how to proceed.

“Hobbies like servicing his bud after a long day?” asks Dasher.

“There’s more to a good guy than that, I can assure you,” Clobe says.

“So you like the tricks?” Dasher continues prodding.

“I said that I like a man who can do more than just cook and clean and take me to bed,” Clobe continues.

“Sounds good enough for me!” Justin suddenly butts in, causing the handful of unicorns to erupt in a fit of uproarious laughter.

Meanwhile, I’m seething with anger, fighting every urge I have to march over there and give them a piece of my mind. In fact, in any other situation I would, but I know that as soon as their aware I’m tailing them, the men will immediately send me back home and be sure to not let it happen again. It’s abundantly clear that I am the last person any of them is willing to take seriously, other than Clobe, at least.

Suddenly, my thoughts are halted by the appearance of something long and low to the ground that’s winding it’s way through the underbrush. This particular part of the woods is absolutely overflowing with ferns, which makes any identification of the creature impossible, but from my vantage point its rustling can be vaguely seen with a keen enough eye.

From where the men sit and talk, however, the approaching movement is practically invisible.

Not wanting to give away my position, I hesitate before alerting the gang. There are plenty of creatures that call this forest their home, and the vast majority of them are perfectly harmless. Still, something doesn’t sit right about the strangeness of the approaching movement. The only thing that I could imagine being that long, lean, and low, is a Billings Rattler.

Meanwhile, the cops continue to joke and laugh at my expense, an ironic notation on this situation due to the fact that I could possibly hold their fate in my hands.

I am absolutely frozen, my breathing ceased and my eyes locked onto the ferns over which the movement last occurred.

I watch and wait for something, anything, to happen, for any shred of evidence as to whether or not I should offer up a warning, to my own personal detriment. Of course, if there really is a threat the unicorns might appreciate my help and allow me to join them, but if I come out yelling and the culprit happens to be row of harmless squirrels, then they'll have even more of a reason to not take me seriously.

Moments later, there is a very subtle shake in the underbrush directly next to Dasher. The mythical beast glances behind him but apparently sees nothing, because seconds later he turns back to rejoin the conversation.

More rustling commences shortly after, only this time it's headed away from Dasher and making it's way around the edge of the clearing to where Justin is seated.

"Is everything alright, friend?" Clobe suddenly asks, noticing the strangely vacant expression that begins to make it's way across the face of Dasher.

The dazed unicorn nods, somewhat unconvincingly. "I'm just very tired all of a sudden. The day has worn me thin."

Clobe laughs. "Well perk up! We have many hours of travel yet ahead."

Dasher just stares blankly forward, blinking a few times as if trying to correct his own failing vision.

From where I am positioned I can suddenly see the ferns trembling near, Justin, who also sits at the edge of the circle, only this time I get a glimpse of why. In a split second movement, something large and red projects itself from the ferns at lightning speed, apparently snapping a quick bite into Justin's lower back before disappearing into the shrubs once more.

I can't quite make out the creature's appearance, but whatever it's doing is not good.

Immediately, I make my choice. I stand up and sprint out towards the men, shouting as I go. "Behind you! There's something in the forest!" I cry.

The unicorns turn to me, startled as three of them stand and draw their guns while Dasher and Justin slump forward, Dasher keeling over entirely onto the dirt before him.

"There!" I shout, joining the group and pointing off into the ferns where the movement has become increasingly apparent.

"Show yourself!" yells Clobe, his weapon aimed at the bushes and ready to fire.

Sensing that it's secrecy has been compromised, a slender and utterly terrifying creature suddenly emerges from the ferns, while Dasher and Justin begin to convulse spastically on the ground.

The monster is unlike anything I have ever seen, but strangely similar to the devilman from last night in that it appears to be summoned from the deepest pits of hell.

However, this abomination is entirely more surreal in its makeup, a body of red scales like that of a massive constrictor snake, while the head of a human skull sits atop with four long, glistening fangs protruding from the creature's mouth. Based on my studies, I can clearly tell that this being is of dark magic origin but, other than that, I am at a loss regarding the details of its creation.

The demon snake rears back onto its long, arching neck and assumes a position of aggression, ready to strike.

Two gun blasts go off but the snake dodges easily.

Suddenly, the beast snaps forward towards Clobe as the officer maneuvers deftly to the side and narrowly avoids the grip of its razor sharp fangs.

Clobe takes another shot at the creature, then another, but misses thanks to the lightning fast

retraction of the hell serpent.

Meanwhile, Dasher and Justin are now frothing from the mouth as they seize and convulse in the dirt, clearly reacting to something devastatingly powerful in the monster's long fangs. I immediately sprint towards the unicorns, hoping to get a read on whether or not they can be helped, but as the demon snake rears up once more I skid to a halt, realizing now that I have entered the heat of battle without a weapon of my own, or a means of protecting myself.

"Get back!" Shouts another one of the cops, turning to face me and extending his hoof in warning. Unfortunately, the monster before us seizes this time to spring yet another attack, lashing out and clamping its jaws down onto the unicorn's muscular, maned neck with horrific quickness.

The moment is so fast that the Butt Cop himself barely seems to notice, reaching back and placing a single hoof on the wound as it trickles with the faintest hint of rainbow blood. The young officer pulls his hoof back and looks at his fingertips, now stained with a deep red.

"Am I poisoned?" he asks aloud, a look of overwhelming fear plastered across his face.

I don't know what to tell him, standing there in complete shock as this Billings Butt Cop grapples with the looming presence of his own death. He opens his mouth to speak yet again, but this time the words come out in a blended mess of syllables, desperately grappling for some kind of semblance.

"I don't know any healing spells," I tell him, utterly devastated by my own admission. "I'm sorry."

The young unicorn collapses onto the ground before me, the third casualty of this devastating surprise attack. Now only Clobe and me remain.

"Where is it?" I ask, realizing now that the strange serpent has disappeared once again into the thick underbrush.

Clobe holds up his hand for silence, his eyes remaining transfixed on the thick forestation that lies before us. In the heat of battle the Butt Cops appear to have all ran out of ammo and, as quickly as it arrived, our deadly visitor has disappeared once more, circling our small clearing like a patient shark with a thirst for blood.

Clobe tosses his handgun to the ground and, with his other hoof, pulls out a baton.

From the left comes a subtle rustling of leaves, but within seconds the sound seems to have switched sides and is now circling in on our right. The cool breeze that sweeps through the forest is not granting us any favors, either, offering ample distractions that could easily be a sign of the monster as it weaves its way along the edge of the clearing.

"Pupper," Clobe says in a soft tone, facing away from me with his body frozen still, steel blade at the ready. "Cast your hunk spell."

I glance at the guardsmen in confusion, not sure if he is joking at first and then realizing suddenly that the Unicorn Butt Cop is completely serious.

"The hunk?" I ask.

Clobe nods slowly, his eyes never ceasing their intense gaze upon the forest. "Send it strutting above the ferns, draw out the beast."

A smile crosses my face as I realize what Clobe has in mind, not because I'm sure it will work, but because I feel as though my talents are actually being respected for once.

Of course, knowing what I know of devilman creations, our attempt at distraction will not succeed.

The demonic exist as empty, magically driven vessels, only capable of carrying out their tasked mission by the wizard who manifested them. They do not see, hear, or smell, only sense in

some unexplainable way that we earthly creatures cannot quite fully comprehend.

Suffice to say; I doubt my little hunk, Channing, will give this horrific beast any pause. It's worth a try, though, and if there is one thing that could possibly catch hold of the serpents radar, it's magic.

Immediately, I get to work reciting the verbal incantation of my most frequently used spell. The words move across my lips in a quick, rhythmic flow that I have rehearsed thousands of times before, yet this time something seems different. I can't quite put my finger on it, but as I finish the incantation I suddenly realize that the jewel sitting innocently within my front pocket has grown sizzling hot to the touch, warming my skin through the fabric of my cloth skirt.

I finish the spell and open my hand, but what emerges is nothing like what I expect. Without warning, a massive, orange man bursts forth, blooming like a fountain of flame from my hand and then flexing his abs to illuminate the clearing around us in a radiant glow. He has somehow manifested itself at the size of a large, full-grown stud.

Although the hunk has no physical tangible force, the shock of producing such a handsome man causes me to stumble backwards in surprise. I watch as the magical entity struts his way confidently across the ferns, circling us lazily as dripping sparks of orange fall from his biceps and calves.

For the first time, Clobe glances away from the forest, looking back at me as an expression of impressed dismay now completely overwhelms him. I feel a flash of something powerful between us, a quick moment of attraction that is fleeting, but potent.

Our distracted nature doesn't last long, however, as the serpentine devilbeast takes the bait and suddenly rears it's terrifying head from the brush just a few feet behind us.

The demonic snake and the hunk begin to dance back and forth the air, poised and ready to strike as they circle back and forth with one another. Little does the serpent know, or even have the capability of understanding, that the hunk itself poses no threat at all.

Seizing the moment, Clobe suddenly makes his move and lunges at the bone serpent from the rear, throwing all of his energy into a powerful, two-handed blow with his heavy baton. The swing hits its target, cracking the demon's neck at the spine. The creature's lengthy base immediately collapses back into the ferns with a hollow clatter as my hunk struts back over to me and poses fiercely.

I look up at it in awe, and then pull the hot stone out of my pocket. Not only has the pink gem elevated in temperature, but it glows bright in my hands, shimmering with a magical energy that only now begins to fade as the massive hunk above me dissipates into the ether.

I stare at the small gem in utter fascination until it cools to the touch. When I finally look up, I see Clobe investigating the remains of the demonic monster, which he has drug forth from the bushes and lain out in the clearing before us.

Now that I can see it fully, the devilman serpent is even more strange and disturbing than I had initially thought.

"What is it?" Clobe asks me bluntly.

I shake my head. "I have no idea."

"But you know magic, do you not?" The Butt Cop continues.

"This is far beyond my talents," I tell the man, but then collect my courage and kneel down before the unmoving body of this strange creature.

"Dark magic?" Clobe asks.

I nod. "There are eight schools of magic; charming man, hot-to-trot, business, goofs,

decoration, buckaroo, snack and dark magic. Dark magic is the only school that could have brought forth a beast such as this.”

Clobe kneels down next to me, examining the fangs that protrude sharply from the skull. “This was summoned for assassination,” the unicorn observes keenly. He’s not the sharpest sword in the fire, but he certainly knows the ways of battle.

“Very likely,” I agree. “This is not the creation of any simple dark magic spell, it was built with specific purpose.”

“To hunt and kill,” Clobe says, his gaze drifting over to the three fallen comrades that lie next to use in the dirt.

A great sadness suddenly overwhelms Clobe, and as the anxiety and suspense of battle begins to settle it hits me, as well. Billings is rarely touched with bitter ends that are so violently carried out.

Clobe lets out a heavy sigh, his head lowered as he continues to process the death that lies before him. It’s terribly sad, but his reverence is strangely charming.

“We must return the bodies to their families,” the unicorn announces.

I don’t disagree, because I know that there will be no argument, even if I wanted to push onward to the swamp. In a city like Billings, there is an honor among Unicorn Butt Cops that cannot be superseded, and Clobe appears to be the most honorable of them all.

I help Clobe load up the deceased onto one of their horses and then we turn back towards the city.

3 – For The Honor Of Billings

I can tell that both Clobe and me are overflowing with questions, but for the first part of our journey back home neither of us says a word.

It's as though the potential unknowns are just too much to answer, yet the very thought of opening those floodgates of inquiry is simply too much to bear. Why was the demo serpent following them? Who summoned it? What is the relationship between my newfound gem and the advanced nature of the charming man hunk spell?

After a few hours of trotting on horseback, I finally begin to test my theory.

Making careful note of every ancient word that leaves my lips, I start my experiment by reciting the verbal incantation for Darkness, the reverse effect of the Alight spell that I cast last night.

Suddenly, a large haze of black appears off to the side of the road, my magic performing exactly as intended.

"Whoa there!" Clobe shouts, his horse rearing up as he places a hoof on his batton.

"Oh, no," I protest, waving my hands. "I'm sorry, that's nothing."

"It looks like a cloud of death!" Clobe shouts. "'Hardly nothing!"

"It's just a spell," I explain. "I was just trying something out."

Clobe stops and then turns his gaze to me, trying to get a better read on exactly what I am trying to tell him. He looks back and forth between me and the cube of darkness, then finally relaxes.

"You office wizards are a strange bunch," the Butt Cop says.

"I just needed to know if it was going to be more powerful than before, like the hunk spell." I explain.

Clobe nods. "Not just a parlor trick any longer, is it?"

I shake my head. "And I have no idea why."

I think for a moment about bringing forth the pink stone and showing it to the unicorn, of explaining my suspicion that something strange and powerful within this gem could be affecting my magic, but I stop myself. It's not that I don't trust the man, but at this moment there is no real reason to show all of my cards.

Clobe eyes me with suspicion, clearly noting that I've decided to hold something back, but he says nothing.

We continue down the path in silence, but it's not long before my companion speaks up again.

"There has been a rumbling about demons stalking across Montana," Clobe says, "stories spoken in hushed tones of a great darkness from the East."

"How far East?" I counter.

"Chicago," Clobe explains.

"Well why not just call them?"

Clobe shakes his head. "Have you tried calling anyone outside of Montana lately? Nothing goes through. It's like there's a curse on this entire state."

"Why hasn't Mayor Fancy done anything?" I question, suddenly struck with a blossoming seed of worry.

The unicorn shrugs. "Because she's in on it?"

His words send a tidal wave of unease pulsing through my body.

"You know, I saw a devilman walking the roads late last night," I admit.

"A devilman?" Clobe asks, shocked. "And you did not report it to the police?"

"I ran home," I tell him, "It was late."

“And this morning?” the Butt Cop continues.

“I needed to follow you,” I explain. “I didn’t want you turning back around before harvesting some Fishbasil of my own when we arrived.”

The unicorn says nothing, silent and stoic.

“I’ll just go back tomorrow,” I tell him, “I think that I can manage the rest of the way.”

“On your own?” asks Clobe. “The swamp is too dangerous, especially now with these things in hanging around. It is no place for a young man who cannot fire a gun or swing a baton,” Clobe says, glancing over at me. “No disrespect intended.”

I think back to the fight, suddenly realizing there was not a single moment that I thought to grab the gun of a fallen companion and come to their aid.

“I know nothing about guns,” I say, “only magic.”

“Isn’t there some kind of battle magic that you can practice?” offers Clobe. “The story books are rife with tales of thunder and lighting, fireballs and freezing arrows.”

I laugh, actually a little flattered that this man who, granted, knows nothing of spell craft and sorcery, could even consider me capable of such powerful spells. For the first time in as long as I can remember, I actually find myself blushing at the words of a handsome man.

“There are a few buckaroo spells that could do the trick, a few goof spells too... I’m just not that good,” I explain. “That takes years of practice.”

“Seems like that’s all that you ever do,” counters Clobe. “You practice and you perform for your coworkers and you work on the office farm. I have to say, and forgive me because I don’t intend to be rude, but I’ve never seen a guy as cute as you be so hard to find around Billings.”

Again, I blush, wishing that I had some minor illusory spell that could disguise my expression.

Clobe does have a point, I’m rarely out in the Billing’s nightlife without a place to be or my head buried deep within a tome of charming man or business magic, so I’m not at all accustomed to much attention from men or unicorns unless I’m giving a performance, during which the tricks themselves are usually the star of the show. Outside of that, I don’t make a point to be noticed.

Still, I am fleetingly aware that I’m an attractive guy by any sense of the word. My body has been kept fit and youthful from the long hours of hard office farm work, and my mother and father were kind enough to bless me with my pleasant features.

“I should get out more,” I finally admit. “You’re right.”

“Live how you’re gonna live, it’s only a thought,” Clobe offers.

It’s at that very moment that we cross over the final hill from which Billings can be viewed from afar, at least the tower of the Billings Public Library.

The sight is a welcome one after the horrific deaths of our companions and a full day of travel on horseback. By now the sun has just began to sit on the edge of the earth, the sky barely blossoming with color as it makes its gradual decent. Our shadows are long, stretching like sugar confectionery as it they grow outward across the rolling hills on either side of the interstate.

Our happiness only lasts a moment, however, as it slowly becomes apparent that something is amiss in our own little corner of the world.

“Is it just me, or is there a strange lack of travels out here on the road?” asks Clobe.

I think back and try to remember if we’d passed anyone, even a single soul, during our journey home. Granted, without cars you’re not likely to see man folks out here on the interstate, but horses have been increasingly popular, and the sight of absolutely no one is more than a little odd.

At first, I have to remind myself that it has grown late in the evening, and many of the office

farmers have already finished their tasks for the day; but the closer we get to the city, the stranger things become until finally we reach my house and I hurry inside.

I burst through the door of my home with Clobe following closely behind, his baton already drawn and ready should we encounter any more unsavory beasts.

What we find, however, is absolutely nothing, save for an overturned bowl that has shattered on the ground and a dining room table, which appears to have been pushed across the floor a ways. There has been a struggle here.

“Dad?” I call out, my voice cracking in desperation. “Deupork?”

No answer comes, and as I stand in the middle of my family’s small farmhouse, heart pounding and breathing heavy, I can’t help but start to cry. My entire body is overwhelmed with guilt, guilt that I wasn’t here to help him and guilt that I had even considered sneaking off in the first place. I knew that my father wouldn’t have approved and I did it anyway, using his own words against him and pretending that living well and being reckless were one in the same.

Should I have gone to the Butt Cops immediately when I saw the devilman on the road? Did the deaths of these men and, potentially, my own father rest their blame upon my own head like a crown of overbearing darkness?

I suddenly feel the warm presence of Clobe step up behind me, large and comforting as he wraps his muscular, unicorn arms around my body and pulls me closer towards him.

My first instinct is to flinch and pull away, not used to any form of physical comfort, no matter how well meaning, but the second that I allow myself to settle in I am completely at ease. I close my eyes tight and let out a long sigh, lost in a moment of calm within this horrific storm of uncertainty that rages around me.

Now that I am this close to him, I can finally get a sense of just how muscular and powerful this unicorn truly is. I should have given him more credit before, because regardless of the size of our fair city, Clobe could obviously compete in battle with any Butt Cop across the nation.

“Maybe he’s just gone into town,” Clobe whispers in my ear, trying his best to comfort me. I shake my head, knowing that something is gravely wrong.

“Let’s go find out,” Clobe continues.

The unicorn releases me from his warm embrace and I find myself immediately craving a return, but I force myself to continue onward in the search for more information.

We exit the cottage and quickly decide to leave the bodies, as well as the extra horses, here at my stables for now. There’s no use for them slowing us down while we gather information.

The next thing I know, we are galloping towards Billings as fast as we can on horseback, tearing across the dusty dirt road without a soul in sight. We quickly arrive in downtown Billings, normally a hustling and bustling collection of businesses and their patrons, but find the place entirely empty.

“Hello?” I call out. “Is anyone there?”

Clobe jumps down off of his horse and inspects the ground beneath us.

“There’s been a lot of movement,” he says. “The pavement has been overturned and trampled.

“How can you tell?” I ask. “It just looks like regular old cement to me.”

“I was a US mummy tracker for years in Afghanistan and Egypt,” explains the unicorn.

I hop off of my horse but, instead of joining Clobe, I head straight towards the my nearby office building, hoping to find my old friend Burk somewhere inside.

I push open the door and step into the darkened building. “Burk? HR?” I call out. “You

here?"

There's no response. As my eyes scan the lobby I'm struck immediately with just how bare the walls are. What was once a place absolutely overflowing with furniture and office equipment, is utterly empty. Whoever was here left nothing behind, other than a large stain of blood that remains dried in an auburn splatter across the ground. I pray that is it not Burk's.

After taking a moment to collect myself, I turn around and head back outside, alerting Clobe. "There's blood in here," I tell him. "The whole place has been ransacked."

"Blood out here, too," Clobe tells me. "No bodies anywhere, though. That's a good sign."

"Why is that a good sign?" I ask, slightly upset but not exactly sure why.

"Because it means that everyone is probably still alive," the handsome Butt Cop informs me. "If someone took the time to move the bodies, they need them for a reason, and the best way to move a lot of bodies is to keep them alive, at least for now."

"How do you know they were moved?" I counter.

Clobe kneels down. "This."

I walk over to the unicorn and see that he has placed his hand atop the unmistakable track of a semi truck as it peeled out, the initials 'T' and 'C' etched into the burned rubber marking. The second that I see it, I immediately start to notice more and more of the tracks, revealing what looks to be the presence of ten to twenty large trucks.

As my eyes scan the pavement, however, something else catches my attention, something that causes my breath to halt in my throat and my heart to skip a beat within my chest. There before me is the singular bloody print of a demon foot, clear as day and staring up at me in all of its tragic glory.

I'm instantly hit with another wave of guilt, an emotion so strong that it literally brings me too my knees as I fall to the ground.

"Pupper!" Clobe shouts, running over to me and helping me back up to my feet.

Immediately, I dry my eyes, trying desperately to collect myself. I have always been a strong man, but rarely has my fierce independence been put to the test like this.

The tracks are fresh, and there is no time for tears.

"We must follow them!" I announce.

"Agreed," says Clobe, immediately mounting his horse once again as I quickly follow suit. We are just about ready to take off to the East, where the truck tracks appear to be headed, when Clobe turns his steed towards my farmhouse.

"Wait!" I cry out. "Where are you going?"

Clobe looks at me in mild confusion, not exactly sure what the problem is. "I'm going to bury the bodies of our fallen Butt Cops, so that we may continue on our way."

I'm utterly dumbfounded. "There's no time."

Clobe's expression slowly becomes very stern. "These men deserve to be buried with honor, they are Unicorn Butt Cops."

The two of us are now at a stand still, neither willing to budge on the plan of action until Clobe finally cracks a wry smile. "The guy who won't lift a weapon is going to head off on his own and take on the devilman horde?"

I let out a long sigh.

"It won't take long," says Clobe, returning to his usual solemn demeanor, "but it's the least we could do. Nothing comes before honor."

His dedication is somehow both frustrating and incredibly charming, and eventually I give in. Seconds later we are riding as fast as we can back towards the farm.

Once there, Clobe begins the process of honoring his fallen companions while I take the opportunity to head inside and gather a small bag of clothes and supplies. I have no idea how long I'll be gone, and unlike Clobe I was not prepared for a trip into the wilds on outer Montana. As quickly as I can, I prepare some clothes, as well as an assortment of rations.

The last thing that I do is find a Puka shell necklace which, long ago, once belonged to my mother. When times at the farm grew dark, my father had the original central stone removed and sold it to the Billings pawn shop in an effort to make ends meet. While the band of the necklace remains good as new, there is still a gaping hole in the centerpiece just waiting to be filled.

Knowing that I'd like to keep the pink stone somewhere consistently within my thoughts, I pull out the gem from my pocket and test it's size against the hole in the necklace, then gasp aloud when it's a nearly perfect fit. I double check to make sure that everything is secure and then, once I am finished, I immediately clasp the beautiful piece of jewelry around my neck.

When I finally exit the cottage, Clobe is waiting.

"It is done," the unicorn says.

I nod, climbing atop my steed. "Then what are we waiting for?"

4 – Interstate

The flurry of semi truck tracks directs us dead East, over the hills and towards the icy cold mountains of Chicago that loom large and imposing in the distance.

It's not long before we are back on the interstate within the deep woods as before, only this time around the forestation is cut haphazardly by rivers and marshes that flood the ground on either side of our slightly elevated dirt path. Clobe seems to know his way around but, for me, this is uncharted territory.

Without a moment to lose, we left Billings in complete darkness, guided only by the light of the headlamp that Clobe wears attached to his horned head.

For as little as I find my attraction swayed by a brutish, unicorn type, there is something absolutely stunning about the heroic nature of this small town Butt Cop. In Clobe's pursuit of honor, he is utterly unswayed by circumstance, plowing ahead into the darkness before us without fear or apprehension.

I, on the other hand, am absolutely terrified by the thought of what could be lurking out in the swampland around us. The marsh is teeming with nightlife, a cacophony of insects and reptiles that call out with a thousand lonely songs; somehow in unison but completely apart from one another.

"You're scared," Clobe says, glancing back at me with a slight smirk. By the way he phrases it, it is hard to tell if he's asking a question or simply making an observation.

"No," is all that I respond.

Just then a large creature leaps from a nearby log into the water below it, causing me to jump slightly at the abrupt sound of the splash.

"You're scared," Clobe repeats, only this time I know that it's not a question. "Here, take this."

The unicorn slows the pace of his steed so that he's now traveling along right beside me. He removes a secondary baton from his belt, then hands it to me.

Carefully, I take his offering, the nightstick feeling strangely heavy in my hand as I look it over. Never before have I had a weapon to call my own and, although I don't know the first thing about using it, the gesture from Clobe is greatly appreciated. Once more, I am blown away by the man's kindness and generosity. Under the gruff exterior, he is just the kind of unicorn that this world needs more of.

"Do you know how to use that?" Clobe asks.

I shake my head.

"It's pretty simple, really," the Butt Cop begins. "You just aim at something and then swing as hard as you can."

"A devilman?" I ask.

"Sure, even a devilman snake," laughs Clobe. "Wouldn't that be something?"

I shake my head, slightly disturbed. "I don't know if I could stop ever hit someone."

"You understand, regardless of how long it takes to find the people of our village, you're eventually going to need to use that, right?" questions Clobe.

By now this fact should be obvious, but it suddenly hits me out of nowhere like an invisible fist, nearly knocking me back off of my horse as I grip the reins even tighter. Everything has been happening so fast that I've barely had a moment to truly accept what's going on. My home, my family, my life; all have been changed forever in a way that I cannot yet even begin to comprehend. There will be no magic show in the office tomorrow evening; I will not fall asleep in my bed.

Early this morning I was nothing but a simple farm boy with a few childish tricks up my sleeve, but now that it is nightfall I have transformed entirely. I am a man, the last of Billings and a searcher for the truth. I have already witnessed real death first hand, and have been instrumental in the destruction of a magical devilman hunter unlike anything I have ever seen.

“Do you think it’s odd that the precise moment your squad left town, the entire city was suddenly under attack?” I ask.

Clobe nods. “I’ve been thinking about it all night.”

“The four most powerful Butt Cops we have, all of them sent out on the same assignment at the same time,” I continue. “I know that we live in a safe part of Montana, but that whole scenario is quite reckless, don’t you think? The city was left utterly defenseless.”

“Mayor Fancy?” Clobe asks, finally catching up with my train of thought.

“Possibly,” I tell him. “I don’t want to jump to any conclusions.”

“He wanted the Fishbasil for his nephew,” starts Clobe, “but I had never heard him mention a nephew before that. Not once, ever. Apparently, the young boy had just arrived in town, but I never saw his face.”

“He just wanted you gone,” I say, speaking aloud the accusations that we are both thinking. “There is no swamp, the whole place is simply the stuff of legends. There is no patch of Fishbasil waiting to be picked.”

As I say this, my heart drops. It’s strange, because regardless of whether or not the Fishbasil truly existed out there in the woods, it certainly wouldn’t matter anymore, but the layers of cosmic unfairness in this situation are starting to become suffocating.

Somehow sensing my discomfort, Clobe places his large hoof upon my shoulder, gifting me with a small token of reassurance.

“We’ll find them,” Clobe says, “even if it takes us to all fifty states, we’ll find them.”

As if in direct response to his heroic vow, we suddenly arrive at our first fork in the highway, a four way split that leads off in every cardinal direction. Thus far, the tracks have been quite apparent and easy to follow, but now something has changed completely.

I hop down off of my steed to inspect the ground, finding that my initial assumptions were correct, as incredible as it may seem. The path has been entirely wiped clean of any discernable vehicle tracks, covered instead by a fresh layer of asphalt that appears to be an inch or so thick.

Clobe joins me, walking to each of the three remaining exits and looking for any signs of the demonic caravan. There is absolutely nothing to be found.

“How can this be?” Clobe asks aloud, clearly frustrated.

I shake my head in amazement. “Magic.”

Never before have I heard of a spell such as this, a blanket of blacktop that seems to have suddenly appeared across several miles of pavement, or more, in every direction. It has rendered any hope of tracking their semi-truck caravan obsolete.

From the outset, I had always been well aware that whoever was behind this was an incredibly powerful dark wizard, but the appearance of yet another magical effect that I had never even heard of adds even more fuel to the fire. Whoever is doing this is not just an expert in dark magic casting; they are a spell crafter themselves.

“Someone does not want to be followed,” Clobe states plainly. “Is there any way to reverse the effect?”

“I have no idea,” I say. “I’ve never seen anything like this.”

“Can you try?” Clobe continues, clearly not understanding a thing about spell craft and

wizardry, but trying his best.

I have to admit, there is something very sweet about his ignorance to the limits of my powers. It's quite flattering; really, despite the fact that I deeply wish he was correct in his assumptions.

"I'm not nearly powerful enough for something like this," I explain. "I do simple tricks, I'm an amateur."

"That hunk you manifested was not a simple trick," Clobe counters. "It saved our lives."

"I have no idea how I did that," I tell him. "It wasn't supposed to happen that way."

Clobe smiles reassuringly. "Maybe you're more powerful than you think, Pupper."

"Maybe," I tell him, "but in this case I have no idea where to even begin."

Clobe looks down the road to the left and for a moment he is silent, a myriad of different thoughts flowing through his head. Before today, I had never really thought of the Butt Cop as much of a deep thinker, but the longer we spend together the more that I'm beginning to pick up on something quite cerebral lurking just beneath the surface of his detective work; maybe.

"I've been this way before," says Clobe. "To the left is nothing but a boat launch near the Billings River, but the man who runs it is a friend of mine. If he saw anything strange he is sure to tell us."

"Or something strange caught up with him already," I counter, solemnly.

Without another word, we remount our steeds and make haste towards the riverside.

It's not long before we arrive, but as we slow to a trot it becomes quite apparent that something is amiss. The hour is quite late, yet according to Clobe the man in charge keeps his boathouse lights on at all hours of the evening, until the morning light begins to first creep its way along the tree tops.

Tonight, lights are off.

Despite its eerie nature, however, the scene itself is quite beautiful. The stars and moon that hang above us glisten in white as they reflect upon the slowly rumbling water ahead. The river massive, but lazy and calm, surrounded by a thick, swampy forest on either side. The trees creep out deeper and deeper into its cool embrace, as if testing the water. Several of these towering, wooden monuments protrude many meters out from the river's edge, making the separation between water and land something of a blur.

Clobe and I tie up our horses along the path and draw our weapons, a sensation that feels entirely unfamiliar and strange to me.

There is a small building next to the dock that serves as a boathouse and living quarters for the owner, but there is no sign of life to be found. We approach carefully, silently; and finally reach the window where Clobe peers inside.

"I don't see anything," the Butt Cop says to me in a whisper, glancing back over his shoulder.

Suddenly, a man steps out from the shadows at the edge of the building, a shotgun lifted and aimed directly at Clobe's horned unicorn head. "State your business," the man says.

Clobe turns and meets the man's gaze. "Oh I've got a few choice words," he says, a smile suddenly blossoming across his face.

The man immediately lowers his gun and grins in recognition. "Well, if it isn't the fisherman himself?"

"Fisherman?" I ask, glancing over at Clobe. Never could I have imagined such a brutish unicorn to have the patience for fishing.

The men greet one another with warm hugs and then Clobe opens his arm towards me. "This

is my friend, Pupper,” the Butt Cop says. “Pupper, this is Blipo Garrows.”

“A pleasure,” says Blipo, taking my hand in his. The man is old and graying, but charmingly spry for his considerable age. He carries himself with a youthful exuberance that seems to defy all reason, an uncanny twinkle in his eye.

“It’s nice to meet you,” I tell him.

Blipo nods. “It’s nice to meet any young man as strapping as yourself, I’m just happy your skins on red and there’s no horns on your head,” the old man glances at Clobe, “no offense.”

“The demonic, you’ve seen them?” the unicorn interjects.

Suddenly, the look on Blipo’s face changes to one of painful sadness, as if he’s been suddenly yanked back into reality from an imagined paradise far, far away. “I’ve seen horrible things,” Blipo says. “Things that will haunt me until the end of my days.”

“So the caravan of trucks was here?” I ask.

“I saw them out by the highway earlier this evening,” explains Blipo, “but they didn’t see me. I came back here and shut the lights down, been standing guard since then.”

“How many?” Clobe asks.

“Hard to say,” replies Blipo. “The truck train was long, must have been more a hundred devilmen, demons, I don’t even know what to call them. It was terrifying.”

“And they had captives?” Clobe continues.

Blipo nods. “A few of the trucks were slatted so you could see inside. Some of them had supplies, others were full of people though; men, woman, children.”

“They ransacked a whole city,” I inform Blipo, solemnly.

“Oh my,” the man states, suddenly understanding what I’m getting at. “Oh no.”

A look of absolute horror overwhelms Blipo’s face. The old man makes a valiant attempt to stay strong but his emotions can’t help showing through, his eyes now filling with tears.

“Is everyone gone?” Blipo asks.

I nod.

“Your families?”

I nod again.

Blipo shakes his head. “I don’t know what I would do if I lost Yumi. I’m so sorry to hear that.”

Suddenly, Clobe steps forward and breaks up the tears. “They are not lost yet!” the unicorn announces. “We are here to find them.”

It’s hard not to admire Clobe’s blind courage in the face of such overwhelming odds, an amateur office wizard and a small town Butt Cop taking on an entire devilman army. I glance over at the unicorn and smile.

“Blipo, is everything alright out there?” I woman’s voice suddenly comes drifting out from within the cottage.

“Yes, Yumi. It’s just some friends,” says the old man, reassuringly.

“Alright,” come’s the shaking voice. “Would they like some chocolate milk?”

Blipo turns back to us. “You look like you could use some rest for the evening.”

Clobe shakes his head and flowing mane. “We must carry on, there’s not enough time.”

Blipo smiles and repeats himself. “You need rest.”

Clobe is about to refuse again when I place a reassuring hand upon his shoulder. “We will leave at dawn,” I say. “The horses are tired.”

Clobe looks at me and I can see in his eyes that he disagrees vehemently. Instead of arguing,

however, the unicorn nods slightly. "Yes, Pupper."

The man never ceases to surprise me, but something about this gesture is even more touching than I could have ever imagined. Clobe's respect for me is growing, and with every moment that we spend together, my attraction to him grows even stronger.

This may be the first time I've been able to truly admit it to myself, but at this point the feeling is simply undeniable, I want him to pound my butt.

"Well, come on then," Yumi says, opening the door to reveal the face of a smiling old woman. "Get inside and have some chocolate milk with us."

The boathouse is surprisingly quaint and well decorated within, clearly the work of Yumi's warmth and attention to detail. There is something about the love between her and Blipo that is bitter sweet, however, a tragic reminder of my own family held captive.

The old couple has offered us their bed but we refused. I have taken a small cot while Clobe insisted on nothing more than a small blanket and a space on the floor.

It's not time to sleep yet, however. As we sip milk from our mugs under the cool blue light of the moon that streams delicately through the window, Clobe begins collecting information.

"Did you see where the trucks were headed?" the unicorn asks.

Blipo sips from his cup slowly, and then nods. "I did. They were traveling due East, continuing towards Chicago.

"And was there a leader?" Clobe continues. "Anything you noticed that wasn't just part of the devilman horde?"

"A caster perhaps?" I ask. "A dark wizard?"

"There was a figure driving in front of the caravan," explains Blipo. "I only saw him briefly, but based on the long black robes and various bumper stickers I figured him for a wizard of sorts."

Clobe considers this for a moment and then looks to me, as if I have anything to add based on my limited knowledge of the magical arts. I have nothing.

"Are you interested in magic?" Yumi interjects.

"I am," I tell her, with a smile. "I dabble. I'm the designated wizard at my office."

"And farmer," Clobe adds warmly.

"Oh, well that is just so exciting. It's not very often that we get wizards coming through this way," Yumi admits.

"I can't imagine so," I tell her.

"We did have one just a few days ago, though," Yumi continues. "He didn't look like a wizard, aside from the robes, but he has spells unlike anything I've ever seen, protective spheres and strange blessings. He created a barrier around this house when he left, a ward from evil!"

"Looks like it's worked so far," says Clobe.

"That *is* powerful," I tell Yumi, suddenly intrigued. "And this was just a few days ago?"

"Yes, he was looking for someone, a friend who needed help," Yumi explains. "He told us to leave, that everyone was in danger."

"So why didn't you leave?" Clobe asks.

Blipo smiles at the young Butt Cop, as if making peace with a simple fact that the unicorn just isn't capable of understanding. "Because this is our home."

"What was the wizard's name?" I ask.

"Zakeff the something," Blipo says, trying his best to remember.

"The hot trotter?" I ask, curiously.

Blipto snaps his old fingers in excited affirmation. "That's the one!"

Clobe shoots me a glance but says nothing, clearly hoping that I'll explain my knowledge of this powerful wizard to him later.

The truth is, there are very few wizards one could name that I would have any knowledge of, but Zakeff is definitely one of them. A member of the Magical Friends Network, Zakeff is one of the eight most powerful wizards in all of the United States, a representative of his school of magic among seven other sorcerers, making eight total. This collective was created as a way for these schools to keep watch over any magical anomalies across the nation, practicing and expanding upon their magical arts while tucked away in their tower to the north, in Michigan. It is the stuff of legends.

"Did he find his friend?" I ask, utterly fascinated now.

"I don't know," says Blipto. "I hope so."

The four of us sip on our chocolate milk in silence for a moment longer, until finally Clobe speaks up. "Well, if rest is what we need then rest we shall get. I think it's time to turn in."

"Of course," agrees Blipto.

"Tomorrow morning we shall make haste to Chicago," announces the unicorn. "If the demonic caravan has followed the road then that is where they have ended up. I can only pray that the forces of Chicago were ready for them."

Clobe's words are meant to be reassuring, but unfortunately they end up chilling me to the core. I had been so focused on the tragedy that had befallen our tiny village that I had not even considered what other cities might lay in the path of this demon horde. I have never been to Chicago myself, but I know enough about the city to realize that any defenses they have are limited, and they stand just as much of a chance battling against the onslaught of devilmen as we did.

As the cottage quiets down into silence, I lay back and close my eyes, trying not to think of the seemingly endless barrage of anxious questions that swim through my mind. Luckily, the weight of my exhaustion is enough to crush these gnawing concerns and within minutes I find myself drifting off into sleep.

5 – River Hunks And Devilmen

When I awaken an ever-growing shaft of light illuminates the room, long and golden and shining directly into my eyes through the boathouse window. The sliver has only just touched me thanks to the position of my cot, while everyone else, even the ever-watchful Clobe, lies in peaceful slumber.

I lay her in silence for a moment, staring lazily at the ceiling as I wait for the rest of the world to catch up with me. As we were leaving Billings yesterday, I found myself convinced that I may never experience another moment like this, another brief passage of time in which I was completely at peace, comfortable and protected.

I glance over at Clobe, his unicorn eyes closed tight as he rests on his back with his nightstick at the ready. The baton remains on his belt, but Clobe clutches it tightly, ready to spring into action should his service be needed.

I can't help but smile. This unicorn is absolutely nothing like me, but I crave so badly be close to him, to feel protected by him. I'm smart enough to know that much of this attraction could be the product of our dire circumstance, but that doesn't make the feelings that I have for him go away. My brain is fighting against my heart as hard as it can, but it is clearly losing the battle.

As quietly as I can, I reach into my bag and remove my small, tattered notebook of spells, sinking back into the cot and going over the pages for the thousandth time. This is my daily routine, refreshing my memory every morning with the enchantments that I so vividly know by heart. As a lover of magic, I will continue to do this until the day I die.

This is the way of the wizard, a life of study and patience and artistry. Every spell has instructions so specific that even the slightest error could cause an absolutely epic misfire. In most cases the spell simply fizzles and dies, coming out like a puff of smoke from a dying ember, but sometimes a mistake in the wording can have shockingly harsh results, inflicting pain or even death upon the caster or those around them. The magical arts are nothing to casually play around with.

As I read, I instinctively reach up and grab ahold of the pink stone around my neck, letting my fingers run back and forth across its smooth surface. The movement is instinctual, thoughtless, until suddenly I come across my instructions for a simple Turkey Talk spell that I have been working on and the rock begins to heat up once again.

I stop reading, glancing down at the little rock around my neck.

Carefully, I remove the necklace and hold it out before me, my eyes entranced by it's glittering surface that seems to swirl and move before my very eyes.

I start reading the Turkey Talk spell again, noticing that the gem almost immediately starts to glow. How strange.

The jewel remains cool to the touch when I read any other spells, yet this particular one seems to have a truly peculiar effect. I think back to the first time that I noticed a change in the stone; to the massively improved hunk spell I had cast yesterday in the heat of battle. Like Turkey Talk, my hunk spell was from the school of charming man magic.

I quickly flip through my messy pages of magical script and find the hunk spell, then read, watching as the stone begins to glow as expected, a strange gayness pulsing through it.

Suddenly, it strikes me, an answer to all of this.

On the final page of my notebook I have the instructions for the Take A Peek spell, an incantation that allows me not only to sense any magical essence within the area, but to gain knowledge of the particular school from which it is derived.

Take A Peek is a spell that is difficult for most beginners, but I have had moderate success the few times I have tried. Besides, I rarely feel this well rested these days, if there's a time to try it out, that time is now.

Holding the stone out directly in front of me, I carefully begin to read the Take A Peek incantation, letting the words escape my lips in a soft, rhythmic fashion. Moments later, a wave of sensation washes over me, a strange and specific knowledge that fills my brain with a cocktail of information. In my mind's eye, I see the stone before me glowing bright pink with radiant charming man magic, just as I thought.

The amount of magical essence, however, is quite shocking, much more than I could have ever expected or even thought possible. The illumination is so powerful that it's actually quite difficult to sense anything beyond it, but when I do my breath catches in my throat. Twenty or more sources of potent dark magic have gathered several meters out from where I lay, creating a strangely organized ring around the perimeter of the boathouse.

I sit up abruptly. "Oh my god, they're here!" I shout.

Before I am even finished with the sentence Clobe has grabbed his baton and rushed to the cottage window, looking out into the swampland that surrounds us. I quickly join him, gazing out across the morning fog.

Never before have I been so thankful for a spell. While we were sleeping, a gang of devilmen has been hacking away at a strange, ethereal barrier that surrounds the boathouse in a massive sphere. The demonic minions appear to be unable to cross beyond it, but their very presence seems to have made it visible to the naked eye. With every slash of their demon claws against the magical blue barrier, the devilmen appear to be weakening the sphere of protection.

"What is it?" asks Blipo.

Clobe immediately heads for the door of the boathouse heroically, his nightstick at the ready. "Get your shotgun," the unicorn says.

Seconds later, Blipo, Clobe and I burst from the boathouse. The old man immediately begins to fire shells at the demon creatures, blowing away several of the beastly targets. When he runs out of ammo, the man drops his shotgun and pulls out a hammer, joining him on the edge of the protective sphere and wacking away at the monsters.

Try as they might, the devilmen simply cannot pass through the protective barrier around the cottage, but the weaker it gets, the more frantically Clobe and Blipo attempt to hack them apart.

Meanwhile, I try my best to take a few swipes at the demonic creatures with my nightstick, but the weapon is too short to allow me access without breaking through the sphere. After a few failed attempts, Clobe takes notice.

"Head down to the dock!" the unicorn shouts. "Get the boat ready!"

"I can fight!" I tell him.

"Fighting's not going to do us any good when this barrier gives way," Clobe retorts. "There's just too many of them."

"What about the horses?" I ask, then realize that they were tied up just outside the protection of the sphere.

"There's nothing left of them," Clobe tells me.

Suddenly, there is a sharp crackle that hisses through the air as the sphere gives way, dissipating almost instantly and allowing the horde of demons to stumble through. Two of them are upon me almost instantly, raising their clawed hands high then swiping them down with a terrifying, supernatural strength.

I let out a shout and fall backwards, throwing my hands up to protect myself in vain when suddenly Clobe comes out of nowhere and parry's their swings with a swipe of his heavy nightstick. Before the devilmen have a chance to collect themselves, Clobe has kicked one of them in the spine, cracking it down the middle with a sickening snap as he smashes the other in the face.

"Run!" Clobe commands, reaching down and grabbing me by the hand as we sprint towards the dock. Blipo and Yumi are right behind us, fighting off the demonic horde as they continue to close in. More and more devilmen begin to emerge from the woods in wave after wave.

We reach the dock and continue down it, but the devilmen follow close behind.

I take the lead, running ahead and frantically beginning to untie the largest rowboat of the bunch, while Yumi helps me and the men try their best to keep the devilmen at bay. One or two of the demonic monsters get hit hard and topple over into the water, but no amount of Butt Cop brawling can hold back the swarm indefinitely.

By the time that I've finally finished untying the boat, we've been pushed all the way back to the very end of the wooden dock.

"Get in!" I scream, grabbing the oars and preparing myself to get as far away from the shore as possible.

As devilman fire spitters begin to dot the shore, flaming spikes begin splashing into the water all around us.

The whole group is in the boat now, and we push away from the dock as I row as hard and fast as I possibly can.

Suddenly, there is a scream of absolute horror that erupts from the old man sitting right next to us. I look over to see Blipo clutching Yumi tightly against him, a demon spike stuck directly into the woman's stomach.

"Oh my god," is all that I can say.

"Do you know any healing spells?" Blipo cries out to me, his words frantic and rushed as a spot of blood begins to seep out across Yumi's clothes.

I shake my head, still rowing hard and putting as much distance between us and the devilmen as I possibly can.

"I don't know much hot-to-trot magic!" I tell the frantic man.

"Well, what kind of spells do you know?" Blipo cries out, his eyes spilling over with tears.

"I'm sorry," I tell him.

Blipo pulls his wife tightly against him and holds her there, whispering something into her ear with a commitment and intent unlike anything I have ever seen.

Thankfully, it's not long until we find ourselves out in the middle of the wide-open river and a bit downstream. We are far from the range of the devilmen spitter's deadly spikes.

Yumi is still hanging in there, but she is badly wounded, and Blipo is absolutely petrified at the thought of losing the love of his life.

"May I take a look?" Clobe asks.

Blipo nods affirmative.

I watch as the Butt Cop carefully inspects the spike wound, making sure to move with a mechanical stillness as Yumi does her best not to cry out in pain. The old woman winces at every turn, but manages to keep it together.

I'm shocked by the skilled confidence that Clobe appears to be displaying, wondering at which point during his training as a Unicorn Butt Cop he began to dabble in medicine, until it suddenly dawns on me that his deliberate nature is nothing more than an act. Clobe does not have the

skills of a healer, but he does know the importance of reassurance and a good bedside manner.

"It's going to be just fine," Clobe says. "You're going to be okay."

"Really?" I ask, wondering if the unicorn is taking his good doctor act a little too far.

"Look for yourself," Clobe says.

I look over his shoulder and see now that the spike has penetrated deep, but the wound is far, far from centered on Yumi's body. In fact, it appears that the long hellish shaft has gone clean through her, missing any of the vital organs as it pierced the old woman's side.

"This will need to be removed," Clobe says. "There will be blood. I would suggest leaving it in until we reach Chicago, where someone can help you."

"We have bandages back at the house," Yumi says.

Clobe shakes his head. "I'm sorry, but you can't go back there."

"They've overtaken us," explains Blipo. "We can't go back."

Yumi smiles. "I'm hurting. I'm in pain. All that I want right now is to be back in my home."

"It's too dangerous," insists Blipo.

"It's our home," Yumi counters with a strange, insistent warmth.

Blipo hesitates for a moment, and then seems to relax. "The devilmen will leave the shore soon and then we'll return home." The old man looks to Clobe and I. "You may keep the boat and use it to travel down river to Chicago."

"If you return to your home, the horde may eventually return," protests Clobe. "Chicago will be much safer."

Blipo smiles a solemn smile, several layers of tragic acceptance resting behind his eyes. "If Chicago is even still there."

Neither Clobe, nor I, have any response for this. As dangerous as it is for the couple to return to their cottage, it is ultimately their choice, and in the name of romance I can see their point. There is something incredibly sweet about their wishes, even honorable in a way that I'm certain Clobe has already picked up on.

"Thank you for the vessel," the unicorn finally says. "We shall wait out here on the water and then return when possible."

"Not too long," says Blipo, glancing down at his wife.

We drift for a while out here on the river, finding a pool on the outer bank where the flow is barely noticeable. Yumi seems to have stabilized and is breathing normally, calm and collected as she leans back against Blipo and stares up unto the clear blue sky of the afternoon above.

Eventually, Yumi reaches out and takes my hand. "You don't have any spells to defend yourself," she observes.

I shake my head. "No, not really."

"I once dabbled in buckaroo magic," the old woman continues. "I dabbled in a lot of things, traveling the wild west with stories and songs. That's how I met Blipo."

"She was a cowgirl," Blipo adds. "With an absolutely beautiful voice, like a song bird."

Yumi smiles. "I've seen much of this great nation, had many adventures. I always loved magic but I could never quite get the hang of it, don't quite have the memorization down."

"It's a lot to keep track of," I tell her.

"Remind me to fetch you something from the boat house," Yumi tells me, closing her eyes peacefully. "I have a gift that could keep you safe while you watch out for that brutish gay lover of yours."

My face flushes red with embarrassment. "Clobe? No, we are far from lovers."

“Alright,” Yumi says with a slight smirk. “If you say so.”

After waiting it out a while longer, we eventually row back to the dock where there is no longer any sign of danger. The men help Yumi out of the boat and then guide her up to the cabin while I keep watch. As far as I can tell, the coast is clear.

Moment’s later, Clobe returns carrying a small, tightly wrapped parchment. “We removed the arrow,” he states matter-of-factly. “She’s doing fine. She wanted you to have this.” Clobe hands me the bound scroll.

“What is it?” I ask, curiously.

Clobe shrugs and begins to untie the boat. “I don’t know, but let’s find out on the way. We’ve lost our horses and wasted several hours, we must make haste to Chicago.”

Back in the boat, Clobe takes the position of rower while I lean back and relax for a moment. The rugged, muscular fighter seems somehow pleased about this, as if the opportunity to put his physical strength to the test is a true blessing. The unicorn removes his police uniform to allow better movement, and in this moment I find my breath catching in my throat. His physique is absolutely impeccable, a perfect specimen of masculine fitness that I scold myself for ogling, but absolutely cannot help sneaking glances at.

Forcefully willing myself to look away from Clobe’s massive unicorn arms, I unfurl the scroll and begin to look over its contents. I immediately recognize the scribblings as spell instructions, and suddenly gasp aloud when I realize what they are for.

“What is it?” Clobe asks.

I hear his words but I am too distracted to answer, pulling out the raggedy collection of notes that I call my spell book and getting to work at copying the scroll’s instructions over.

“This is fantastic,” I say to myself, my eyes darting back and forth across the pages in excitement.

“What is?” Clobe continues his line of questioning.

I study for just a moment longer until, suddenly, the fact that the unicorn is talking to me registers and I glance up at him. “Oh,” I say, trying to shift focus momentarily. “A spell. A very common spell, actually, but a useful one; Buckaroo Tumbleweed.”

“What does it do?” the unicorn questions.

I smile. “You’ll like this; it creates a magical tumbleweed of energy that is quite destructive on impact.”

Clobe laughs. “A fighting spell!”

“Exactly,” I say, and then turn my attention back to copying the instructions from one manuscript to the other.

“What are you doing that for?” Clobe asks, interrupting me again.

“Magical incantations are very complex, very difficult to learn,” I explain. “The best way to understand what is says is the copy it over into your own spell book; like this,” I show Clobe the two pages. “Once I learn this spell completely I will disappear from the scroll.”

“Really?” Clobe asks, genuinely fascinated.

“Yes,” I tell him, nodding. “You can see that the edge of this scroll is slightly faded over here. Yumi tried learning this but she couldn’t figure it out.”

“Fascinating,” replies the Unicorn Butt Cop.

I almost start copying yet again but stop myself, glancing back up at the handsome and rugged beast before me. “Why are you so curious all of a sudden?”

“I’m curious about you,” Clobe says with a slight smirk.

“There’s not much to be curious about,” I tell him. “I’m a simple farm boy from Billings.”

“Could a simple farm boy make a life size hunk appear out of thin air?” asks Clobe.

“I heard you guys talking about my spells,” I inform him with a laugh. “I know what you really think.”

“When did you hear that?” he asks.

“When I was following you,” I explain, “just before you were attacked by the devilsnake.”

The unicorn lets this information settle for a moment and then begins rowing again, looking out across the water in a state of regret and embarrassment. “I’m very sorry if I said anything dishonorable,” Clobe says, “As a Unicorn Butt Cop it is my duty to protect and pound butts, not harass citizens. I was wrong.”

“Yes you were,” I confirm with a nod, a reaction that seems to both surprise and amuse Clobe, “but it was mostly your friends.”

We sit in silence, enjoying a rare moment of peace as we continue down the river towards Chicago. The massive trees cruise past us on either side, twisted and knobby as they reach out from the water to the sky like desperate hands. The wilderness can be dangerous, but it can also be refreshing.

“Do the hunk spell,” Clobe says.

I laugh. “Really?”

“I’d like to see it,” the unicorn tells me, “if its not too much trouble.”

I shake my head, then put down my studies for a moment and sit up straight in the boat. Immediately, I begin to focus all of the energy that I can towards centering myself, slowly repeating the rhythmic words of this familiar incantation. As I speak, the gem around my neck sizzles to life once more, glowing warm and rosy as a myriad of swirling homosexual currents seem to pass through me.

I hold out my hands over the water and suddenly the massive, orange hunk bursts forth, strutting with manly confidence across the cool surface of the river. The manifestation follows along next to our boat, its fiery body just barely touching the water as it drips with strange magical sparks that sizzle and disintegrate within the coolness below.

It’s quite beautiful to watch and, now that we are no longer in the heat of battle, I finally get a chance to take in the brilliance of this mysteriously enhanced spell. I reach up and hold my necklace with one hand, rubbing my fingers along its warm surface as my eyes follow the handiwork that teases us elegantly. I can’t help but pop a slight chub.

Eventually, the hunk dissipates completely, collapsing into itself and drifting into the ether.

“That was beautiful,” Clobe says. “You are very talented.”

I can tell by his eyes that the unicorn wants to say even more, but he has caught himself, refusing to reveal the entirety of these covert gay feelings lurking within him.

I accept this, and then settle back into my resting position, returning to my studies.

6 – Getting Hard With My Bud

Chicago is at least another full day's travel away by the time we stop to rest, but Clobe seems happy with the progress that we've made. I'm worried about the state of his arms after all of that rowing, although there were several parts of the river where the current was strong enough to carry us on its own. We made up extra time by skipping dinner with the use of my Suppress Hunger spell, but now that the effects have worn off, Clobe and I find ourselves absolutely starving for something to eat.

As the unicorn sets up two canvas tents some ten meters up from the river bank, I make my way back into the forest and forage for berries which, thanks to the relatively untamed wilds of this area, are easy to come by even though we are trapped within three walls at the bottom of a sheer cliff side. Along with my cured meats, this will make a wonderful meal, but when I return I find that Clobe has something else in mind.

Upon arriving back at the campsite, I notice that the tents have been pitched and a fire pit has been dug. Meanwhile, Clobe stands atop a large boulder with a stick and some twine extending out into the water; a fisherman's kit.

"Where did you find that?" I ask.

"I brought it," Clobe informs me. "I always bring some hooks and twine with me, bait is pretty easy to come by. You never know when you're going to get a chance to fish."

I smile, continually impressed with the unexpected hobbies of this Butt Cop who had once seemed so bland to me. I climb up onto the large boulder next to him, looking out across the incredible rocky canyon in which we've decided to stop for the evening.

Gone are the acres of boggy marsh extending in every direction. Instead, the landscape has slowly given way to a beautiful flowing river that winds its way through heaps of massive boulders, hulking stone formations that protrude from the water, as well as tower high on either side of the river.

The spot that we've found to camp in is actually one of the few wide-open banks that I've seen for miles, and we are lucky to have noticed it because it's secluded enough to enjoy a cooking fire without catching attention from demon minions.

Of course, there's always wildlife to worry about, but that's a problem with no real solution when traveling this far out into the wilderness.

I can tell that the sun has just begun to set, but from where we are it cannot be seen. Instead, the drawing of dusk is apparent in the purple hue from the long crack of sky that exists between the rocky cliffs above us, and in the swarms of insects that begin their exotic mating dance across the surface of the water.

"Are you catching our dinner?" I ask, playfully.

Clobe nods.

I take a deep breath, one part of me enjoying the peaceful nature of this moment while the other becomes increasingly more frustrated. I am so achingly attracted to Clobe at this point that I don't know what to do with myself, but making the first move is out of the question.

I can tell you the most intimate details of many spells, but I don't know the first thing about deep social interaction with attractive unicorns.

Of course, in most situations the confident Butt Cop would make the first move, especially when the tension in the air is running this thick, but despite my preconceived notions about him, Clobe is just not that kind of guy. Somewhere along the way he appears to have become my sworn protector,

and as thankful as I am for that, it also precludes him being my lover, apparently. For Clobe, it's all about honor, and there is no honor in taking advantage of the citizen you have pledged to serve.

If you ask *me*, that's all nonsense; but I'm also beginning to understand the way the Clobe thinks. Honor is paramount. I have not committed a crime, and therefore my butt cannot be pounded. This is the Unicorn Butt Cop way.

Testing the waters, I reach out and place my hand on the unicorn's large, muscular forearm while he holds the fishing staff straight out over the water. The unicorn makes note of me entering his personal space, but does not push me away. It feels nice.

Suddenly, there is a sharp tug on the pole, the line drawing taut as it enters the water. I jump with excitement and the next thing I know, Clobe is spinning his stick in the air before him, wrapping the twine tighter and tighter around the shaft as he retracts the line from the river.

Moments later, a rather large trout emerges from the water, more than enough to feed the two of us along with the berries and cured meat.

"Dinner is served," Clobe says with a smile.

Sitting around the fire with Clobe feels like home, and not in any kind of sad, fleeting way. Being with him feels like the kind of home that will always be there. Of course, the more I think about this, the more I realize that our journey is proof that this kind of comfort never truly exists. Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that the farm would be torn away from me, that my father would be locked away somewhere by devilmen or, worse, dead.

But while we happily devour our trout and berries, I find myself in a moment that goes beyond any of that. Sure, time passes all around us, but every once in a while you find yourself in a place where you realize, even while it's happening, that the memory is sure to stick with you. It's timeless.

"Why did you become a Butt Cop?" I ask Clobe.

The unicorn flat out ignores my question at first and then, when he realizes that my curiosity is not just going to drift away he finally answers with, "I don't know."

"Just the money?" I continue. "Just another job?"

Clobe shakes his head. "No, I've always just loved to pound ass."

His statement is viscerally uncouth to me, but I suppose it's my own fault for asking it. By now my attraction to him outweighs any of this and I am actually beginning to find the mysterious history of the man quite fascinating.

"Because you enjoy it?" I question.

Clobe shakes his head again. "Because, I had to."

Clobe's vagueness about this is frustrating in its cryptic intoxication, just begging me to dig a little deeper and uncover even more about the unique, if not frustrating, soul.

For now, however, I decide to let it be.

"Did you have a guy back in Billings?" I ask, changing the subject but doubling down on my forwardness.

The unicorn laughs. "My dedication is to protecting the people of Billings, Montana. There is no time for love, only honor."

"And what now?" I ask him. "Will you look for love now that there is no city left to care for?"

Clobe seems slightly offended by this question, though I am not exactly sure why. "Billings can still be saved. That's what we are doing here, is it not?"

“Of course.” I tell him, realizing now the subtle yet toxic nature of my own pessimism, as if I had already given up somewhere deep within my own heart.

“I should have never left,” Clobe says, “and it is my duty to make up for the mistakes that I’ve made. I am dedicated to my service of Billings and I am dedicated to my service of you.”

I let out a long sigh. I am both thankful and saddened by the handsome police officer’s response, wondering now if he will ever be able to relate to me on the level that I so desperately crave. I can see the gay sensuality in him, feel it whenever we are close, but his discipline is uncanny. Beneath the surface is a wild animal just waiting to roam free, a bear in a cage who has been starving for it’s fill of carnal satisfaction. It’s been there for years, just waiting for the right moment to explode.

Or has Chole been so obsessed with pounding ass for honor, that he’s forgotten how to pound ass for love?

“I’m going to get some rest,” I finally announce, standing up from the log and making my way over to the tent.

“Goodnight,” Clobe says. “I’ll be here.”

I stop. “You’re just not going to sleep tonight?”

Clobe shakes his head. “Not until we are somewhere safe.”

I know that there is no use in even trying to reason with him, so I don’t. Instead, I climb under my canvas tent and lay back against the ground below me. I have a meager bedroll separating the ground from my back, which is horribly uncomfortable, but the view is great.

From here I can see out across the river, a rippling black mirror that reflects the light of the fire across its dark surface. My own little slice of scenic Montana.

I close my eyes, trying to sleep but having a hard time adjusting to the hard earth below me. I can feel a large root protruding into my back, causing me to roll from side to side without any hope of relief.

I open my eyes again, trying my best to relax and just focus in on the natural beauty around me, the sound of the river washing up against the shore and the crackle of the fire as it pops and hisses softly in the dark. I let my gaze linger on the water yet again, following the dance of the firelight’s reflection until my vision becomes fixed upon something far off on the opposite bank of the river.

I’m squinting now, trying to adjust my vision and make sense of what I am seeing. Surely, my eyes must be mistaking me, but as I realize they are not I gasp aloud and then cry out for Clobe.

I can hear him stand abruptly and then approach my tent.

“What is it?” the unicorn asks.

“Come down here, slowly,” I say.

Clobe does as he’s told, crouching down next to me under the canvas and then following my gaze out across the water.

“Is that what I think it is?” I ask.

Clobe’s eyes slowly adjust to the darkness, but when he finally catches the outline for himself his reaction is just as startled. He does his best not to show it, though.

Across the river and halfway submerged within the water is an absolutely enormous butt, which I immediately identify as a failed experiment from the nearby Rubble Science Labs. After the notorious experiments on Huntertuck Island, these scientists began taking their biological splicing further and further, creating several hybrids between butt and animal. While the first few were friendly and, often, quite romantic, eventually the experiments were taken over by the United States military who tried to weaponize the butts. Eventually, the entire project was shut down, but not

before many of the strange anal creatures were released into the wilderness.

The size of this beast, however, is more than anything I had ever known possible. Based on the huge brown eye that hovers just above the waterline, reflecting back the light of the fire towards us, I would guess that this beast is at least twelve meters long, cheek to cheek.

In any other situation I would immediately retreat from the waters edge, but Clobe and I have found ourselves closed in tight by the surrounding cliffs. There is nowhere to go but out into the water and down the river by boat.

“We can’t leave,” I whisper in desperation.

“It’ll alright,” Clobe says, sitting down in the tent next to me. “I’ll watch the butt, you rest.”

“I can’t sleep like this,” I tell the unicorn, “are you kidding me?”

“I’ll watch him,” Clobe repeats. “I’ll be here with you.”

I reach out in the darkness very slowly and find Clobe’s hoof, which I then immediately grasp tight. The feeling of his fur upon my skin brings an incredible reassurance, that familiar timeless safety I’ve learned to appreciate in only a matter of days.

Slowly but surely, I pull Clobe’s arm over my body so that I eventually find myself wrapped in his muscular embrace. This is one of the rare occasions when the brute is not wearing his uniform, and the sensation of his warm unicorn flesh against mine is otherworldly.

The closer we move together in the darkness, the more hesitant I can feel him get, however, almost sensing the internal struggle between the moral codes that viciously battle it out within his mind. I reach back with one hand and place it onto the unicorn’s leg, which seems to ease him a bit, helping him make up his mind.

“Don’t take your eyes off of the butthole,” I whisper to Clobe. “Keep me safe.”

“I’ll always keep you safe,” he says in return.

My back now pressed hard against Clobe’s muscular chest, I turn my head slightly and look up at him, smiling as I see that his gaze is still utterly transfixed upon the beast across the river; Clobe truly is my protector.

Carefully, I pull myself up and push my lips against his. The unicorn does not resist at all, meeting me halfway in a glorious kiss that kicks my heart into double time. We stay like this for a moment and then finally pull away.

“Sleep now,” Clobe says.

“But I want to be with you,” I tell him.

“You are with me,” Clobe responds, knowing full well what I mean but not yet willing to address it. Behind me, I can feel his manhood becoming slowly engorged against the small of my back, causing me to flush with red embarrassment. I slowly begin to walk my hand up his leg, but seconds later Clobe reaches over to stop me.

“It’s not safe,” he says.

I’m not sure if he is referring to the butt or to our blossoming attraction to one another, but either way I respect the man’s wishes and stop myself. Eventually, Clobe’s body calms itself down and his manhood returns to its usual, resting position.

There are so many things that I want to say to my handsome unicorn right now, so many things that I want to do, but I stop myself. Now is not the time to reveal my heart entirely, I suppose, but the longer we wait the stronger this tension gets. Clobe is an honorable beast, but the strength of his will doesn’t stand a chance against the building avalanche of gay passion that continues to grow between us.

I close my eyes once more, forgetting all about the dangerous and terrifying butt across the

river, forgetting about the root that jabs hard into my back, forgetting about the long day of travel ahead of us. For now, I am protected.

7 – The Butt Below

When I open my eyes, the canyon has been flooded with daylight and the giant mutant butt across the river is now gone. I roll over to see Clobe sitting next to me, his eyes still transfixed upon the rumbling water before us.

“Did you sleep?” I ask, already knowing the answer.

Clobe shakes his horned head. “I’ll be fine.”

We make haste packing up our things and then head out into the river once again, this time within a days travel of Chicago. Clobe seems strangely cold today, not in any blatant sense, but in an attitude that exists between the spaces where we speak. He is more reserved, more stoic, and more steadfast in his position of honor before all. I don’t mention our kiss from the night before, and neither does he.

We’ve only traveled a few miles down the river when Clobe slows his rowing, looking out at a massive carcass that sits half eaten on the bank. It is a buffalo or some other large, cattle like beast, nearly torn in half. Scavengers and carrion surround the body, battling for scraps.

“What is it?” I ask.

“Leftovers,” Clobe replies. “That vicious butt is around here somewhere.”

I sit up fast in the boat, spinning my head around and scanning the entire river. I halfway expect Clobe to calm me, soothing my panic with some reassuring words about how I have nothing to worry about, but the unicorn does no such thing. Clobe looks just as concerned, his eyes darting across the surface of the water in search of any clues that could give away the behemoth lurking below.

Seeing nothing, the unicorn starts to row once again, his strokes now much more deliberate as they pull us farther and farther away from the creature’s half finished meal.

Meanwhile, I continue to keep watch, my heart pumping hard in my chest. I notice now that all of the scavengers nearby have stopped their consumption, frozen in silence as they watch us drift farther and farther away. The birds have ceased chirping as well, so that the only sound remaining is the soft whisper of the river as it pushes it’s way along.

“This is eerie,” I state, hoping that by commenting on it I can somehow defuse the situation. It doesn’t work.

“I feel it, too,” says Clobe. He stops rowing for a moment and places one hand on his police baton, ready to swing it within a split second’s notice.

Suddenly, I can feel a great surging movement from the water below me, as if an absolutely massive amount of the river had been somehow displaced. The surface swells and rocks the boat from one side to the other in a terrifyingly powerful movement.

I look over the edge and see the mounds of a large peachy ass passing beneath us.

“Hang on!” Clobe cries out, but before he can alert me it’s already too late. The boat rocks once again but this time it is upended almost entirely, the water under us giving way to the body of a massive carnivorous butt as it rises up from the depths. I’m thrown forward and find myself toppling end over end out of the boat with a loud splash.

There is a boisterous crack as the boat splinters apart, crashing back down with a huge hole through the middle that immediately begins to submerge and causes the nearby carrion to take flight in fear.

Clobe stands on the sinking vessel in water that is already knee deep, clopping over to the edge and reaching out his hand in a futile attempt to pull me back aboard.

From down in the river I can see something massive begin to swim towards me, cruising through the water at lighting speed. Clobe sees it too, and without a second thought the brave unicorn whips out his nightstick and leaps from the boat, swinging downward at the voracious ass.

The blow from Clobe's rod is not enough to stop the powerful butt, but it is certainly enough to draw its attention. The butt whips around and winks it's massive hole at the unicorn.

The giant aquatic ass fails in its first attempt to bite Clobe with a butthole that could literally swallow him whole. It misses, giving the unicorn a chance to grab one of the broken oars as it floats nearby.

On the ass's second attempt it envelops Clobe entirely, but cannot consume him thanks to the oar that now remains lodged within the creature's massive butthole.

I can hear a gargling cry as Clobe is tugged forcefully below the surface by the ass, his unicorn arms disappearing from sight.

"No!" I cry out, unsure of what to do. I have no weapons, no means of defending myself nor saving Clobe from certain death as he lies trapped in the depths of the riverbed, his body clenched tight in this monster's vicious jaws.

In my desperation I'm struck with an idea, one that will probably never work but is screaming for my attention none-the-less.

Immediately, I swim over to the capsizing boat and grab my completely submerged backpack. My spell notebook is inside, but it is waterlogged and almost entirely destroyed.

The loss of this volume is utterly devastating to me, but for the moment I have no time to mourn. With only seconds to spare I hold the book above water and flip through to my newest spell, Buckaroo Tumbleweed.

I had only barely just learned the spell, and the idea of piecing it together from this mess of runny ink is ridiculous at best, but I have to try. The only thing that I have going for me is that fact that my recent time with the incantation has left it fresh in my memory.

From where I sit in the submerged boat I can see the butt rolling around in the murky depths of the river with Clobe clenched tightly between its cheeks.

I begin to recite the incantation, doing my best to fill in the blanks as I stumble my way through the cascade of arcane buckaroo words.

When I finish, there is a surge of magical energy that swells within me. I extend my hand down into the water towards the butt and hope for the best until there is a soft fizzle of green light, nothing more. The spell has misfired.

I'm suddenly hit with a wave of exhaustion so powerful that I almost collapse right then and there. With nothing left to lose, I try again. Once more the rhythmic incantation begins to move across my lips, the same feeling of magical energy swelling up from within.

I extend my hand down into the depths and suddenly a massive green tumbleweed erupts from my fingertips. It rolls down into the water like a rocket, illuminating the entire riverbed with a powerful green glow until it collides hard with the giant butt.

The enormous beast releases Clobe from its hole and flips around in the water, immediately identifying me as the culprit and then lunging through the depths towards me.

In this split second, I fully realize my own death. Although the fate of my heroic Unicorn Butt Cop remains unknown, at least he had the oar to protect him. I have nothing to stop these buns from swallowing me whole.

I shut my eyes tight, bracing myself for the immeasurable pain, but it never comes.

When I open my eyes again I see that the massive butt is frozen in place, a series of blue,

glowing hoops wrapped tightly around him as he hovers, half submerged in the water. From the look on the face of this massive ass, he is just as confused as I am.

“I’d get to the shore if I was you,” comes a deep and powerful voice.

I turn abruptly to see a triceratops on the shore in long blue robes, which I immediately identify as belonging to a very powerful wizard.

The wizard himself, however, doesn’t seem very wizardly at all. While I had previously imagined masters of the arcane to be old, bearded and gray, this dinosaur is strikingly handsome, with a chiseled face and brilliant turquoise eye that shine like a wolf’s. His three horns are healthy and majestic, shimmering in the sunlight.

“You’ve got about an hour, so if you want to take your time that’s fine, too,” the prehistoric wizard mocks.

I’m still in shock, but with as much focus I can muster I grab my backpack, and Clobe’s, then begin the short swim to the riverbank. It’s a difficult task but somehow I manage, my body still pumping with adrenalin.

The dinosaur bad boy on the shore does not offer to help, seemingly amused by all of this until I finally arrive and stand before him, soaking wet.

Suddenly, everything changes.

Before I know what’s happening the same blue rings that appeared around the butt have appeared around me, sizzling and crackling with their strange magical warmth. I try my best to move but it’s absolutely no use, and when I look up at the triceratops wizard in the blue robes his casual and friendly demeanor has turned to a look of blind rage.

“Where did you get that necklace?” the dinosaur asks, the wind picking up around us as he speaks.

“I found it,” I tell him.

“That stone does not belong to you,” he announces. “It belongs to Franklin The World’s Most Charming Man!”

My eyes light up as he says this, immediately recognizing the name as yet another from the Magical Friends Network.

“I found it,” I repeat.

The furious three-horned mage shakes his head from side to side. “The Friendship Stone can only be taken from the dead,” he tells me. “So either you murdered my friend in cold blood and you’re a pilfering thief who picked the wrong person to mess with, or you’re Ted Cobbler with a clever Lookin’ New spell. Either way, I’ve been looking for you for quiet long time, and I’m going to enjoy this very, very much.”

The wizard raises his clawed hands towards me, a blue electricity beginning to dance at the tips of his dinosaur fingers.

“No, wait!” I cry out, my words falling of deaf ears.

8 – One Horn Vs. Three Horns

Suddenly, everything stops. A sharp unicorn horn pressed tightly against the wizard's scaly throat. Behind him stands Clobe, soaking wet, and with bruises across his entire body but very much alive.

"Release the buckaroo," says Clobe, his head down and ready to trust forward if need be.

"Do you have any idea the things I could do to you with three magic words?" asks the dinosaur wizard.

Clobe smiles. "Try getting one magic word out with my horn through your neck."

The wizard gives a long sigh and then suddenly my body is free again, the blue hoops dissipating back into the magical ether. There is a loud splash as the butt falls back into the water behind me, but at this point it seems much more interested in returning to the depths than bothering with the potential meal that has already caused too much trouble.

"You're clearly not, Ted Cobbler," the wizard observes, "or this place would be swarming with devilmen. That just makes you a couple of low life thieves."

"You should know better than to accuse the man of such things," says Clobe.

"That stone belongs to Franklin. It belongs to the Magical Friends Network," the mage spits, still furious.

Upon hearing this, my attitude suddenly makes a hard shift to one of fascination and wonderment. I've studied the Magical Friends Network for years, never before thinking that I would ever come this close to one of the eight members. Realizing now that the stone around my neck belonged to such a powerful charming man wizard, I can't help but reach up instinctively and hold it within my hand.

"Really?" I ask. "This belonged to Franklin The World's Most Charming Man?"

"It did," the dinosaur wizard answers solemnly.

Without a second thought, I unclasp the necklace and carefully pool it in the palm of my hands. I walk over to the triceratops and hold it out to him.

"Take the stone," I say, "it's yours."

The scaly green wizard shakes his head, chuckling to himself. "You don't understand, do you?"

"But it's not mine," I protest.

The wizard seems genuinely moved by my profession of innocence, something inside of him changing drastically when he realizes that I am simply an innocent caught in the crossfire of a forces that I truly cannot understand.

"Once you've received the stone, it is bound to you through a powerful magic. This was done to protect the Magical Friends Network from theft," explains the dinosaur in the blue robes. "If I take the stone from you, my life force will drain almost immediately. I'll drop dead."

"What if I leave it here?" I ask. "What if I drop it into the sand and leave it here for someone to come along and find later?"

"Then someone will eventually find it and the blood of an innocent will be on your hands," explains the triceratops. "The Friendship Stone is bound to you from life until death."

"Which means that *your* friend is no longer with us," I say, solemnly.

The mage says nothing, but the pain in his eyes tells me everything that I need to know.

"I found this stone in the hands of a devilman," I inform the wizard. "I swear to you."

Suddenly, the wizard's eyes flare up again. "Ted Cobbler."

Clobe interrupts. "Is he the one in black robes that we've been following?"

"He is," says the wizard, still seething. "It looks as though we are all looking for the same person."

Clobe and me exchange glances.

"Where is he headed?" asks the dinosaur in the blue robes. "I will help you."

"We don't need your help," retorts Clobe proudly.

The prehistoric wizard can't help but smirk, even with a sharp horn pressed tightly against his throat. "It certainly looked like you did when that butt was trying to gobble you up."

"Don't test me," Clobe says. "You might have three horns, but I can do plenty with just one."

"Boys!" I finally cry out. "Enough!"

The two beasts look at me as though they've been caught doing something naughty, a vague embarrassment simmering beneath both of their expressions.

"I'm apologize for my crudeness," says Clobe.

"I don't," remarks the dinosaur wizard.

I roll my eyes. "If we help you find Ted Cobbler, will you help us save our people?"

"You have my word," says the triceratops.

"And what is that worth?" asks Clobe. "What is the word of an honorless dinosaur?"

"In the name of Franklin The World's Most Charming Man, you have my word," says the wizard.

I nod to Clobe and he removes his horn from the dinosaur wizard's throat.

"What is your name?" I ask.

"Zakeff Ron... The Hot Trotter," he states plainly.

I'm in shock, though by this point I suppose I probably should have seen it coming. It's an incredible gift to be in the presence of such a powerful and respected mage.

If only he wasn't such a prick.

"I'm Pupper and this is Clobe," I say.

"Yes, yes. Let's exchange pleasantries later," says the dinosaur. "Where are we headed?"

I scoff a little at his rudeness, but follow along with the beast's line of questioning.

"Chicago," I inform him.

With our boat in pieces and our horses long gone, the remainder of our journey to Chicago is traveled by foot. Once back on the main freeway, it becomes quite apparent that we are headed in the right direction because the truck tracks have reappeared, that same mess of rubber tires and bloody demon footprints crisscrossing over the pavement.

Having this new traveler by our side has definitely made me appreciate Clobe even more, the steadfast nature of his honor and morality a polar opposite to Zakeff's aloof and arrogant attitude. After all of the stories I've read about this prominent magical dinosaur, I would have fully expected him to be a stoic creature of discipline, but he is nothing of the sort; loud, brash and sometimes downright disrespectful, a real bad boy.

I'm not quite sure which is more unexpected, though, his attitude or his appearance.

"Hey, can I ask you a question?" I posit to the robed triceratops as we walk side by side down the wide, multilane freeway, not a car in sight.

"Depends on what it is," retorts Zakeff. "I don't answer personal questions, and I don't answer stupid questions." When the wizard mentions stupid questions he makes a hard glance over at Clobe, but says nothing more.

“For such a powerful wizard, why do you look so young,” I ask.

Clobe smiles. “You’re skirting the edges, but I’ll tell you because I feel like chatting. Do you know what being hot-to-trot is?”

“Of course,” I tell him.

“Pupper is a wizard himself,” My unicorn protector announces.

“Well, no. I dabble,” I say.

Zakeff eyes me suspiciously, but lets it go. “I am the keeper of all hot-to-trot magic at the Magical Friends Network, meaning that my skills of looking slick, feeling good and luck are very honed. I can mend broken bones and undo curses, even reverse aging.”

“How old are you?” I ask, my curiosity getting the best of me. “I mean, really.”

“Now that is what we call too personal,” laughs the dinosaur wizard. “Tell me, how much do you dabble in magic, Pupper?”

I shrug. “It’s my passion, I just don’t have the resources,” I explain. “I had a small spell notebook with ten or so pages, but that’s gone now.”

“Gone?” Zakeff asks.

I reach into my bag and pull out the spell book, a once tattered and torn collection of pages now completely disintegrated by the river water. There is nothing left. “I’d find more spells on the internet but its been down ever since Ted Cobbler started using his dark magic.”

“Aw, now that’s a shame,” says Zakeff. “May I see it?”

I hand the mess of matted parchment and runny ink to Zakeff, who looks it over, inspecting the damage.

“I remember my first spell book,” says the wizard as he runs his fingers along the cover of my haphazardly bound volume.

Suddenly, the wizard begins to recite a few magical phrases that I can’t quite recognize. Clobe places his hoof on his baton, ready to draw, but before anyone has a chance to react, a shimmering blue light swirls across my spell notebook like dust in the wind. The next thing I know, all of the pages have been restored to a state even better than their original.

Casually, the wizard hands me back my spell book. “Looks fine to me,” he says.

As I inspect the full refurbished pages a wave of intense gratitude washes over me. I have learned in my studies as an office wizard that magic can accomplish any number of incredible things, but when it occurs as unexpectedly as this, there is no way to prepare yourself for the shock and amazement that is bound to occur. I find myself speechless, which is probably for the better. Zakeff Ron doesn’t seem like the type who readily accepts thanks.

“I appreciate it,” I finally tell the triceratops wizard.

Zakeff ignores me completely, not so much as a smile as we continue onward.

“May I ask,” Clobe starts, suddenly interjecting, “how do you know this Ted Cobbler?”

Zakeff continues with his silence.

“So you will travel with us to find him, but not help us kick his cute bad boy butt?” continues Clobe. “What is this?”

Zakeff chuckles aloud to himself. “You will not defeat, Ted Cobbler.”

“Do you doubt my skills as a Unicorn Butt Cop?” Clobe scoffs.

“Yes,” says Zakeff, bluntly. “More importantly, I understand Ted Cobbler’s skills as a dark wizard. We sat together on the Magical Friends Network for many years, I have seen what he is capable of.”

“You weren’t capable of much with my horn against your neck,” retorts Clobe, clearly tired

of this wizard's sour attitude.

Zakeff sighs, ignoring the unicorn. "You will need my help to defeat him, which I am glad to offer under one condition."

"What's that?" I ask.

"That afterwards you return with me to the Magical Friends Network. There, we can preform a curse removal and transition the gem onto a new representative of The World's Most Charming Man."

"I thought you said the only way to transfer the jewel is through death," I respond, skeptically.

"I simplified," Zakeff says, "You'd be amazed what you can accomplish with eight of the greatest minds in sorcery locked away in a tower. We we're the ones who created the curse, we can take it away."

I think about his response for a moment. "What does the stone do?" I ask.

The dinosaur laughs. "You're a dabbler, right? I'm sure you've figured it out by now."

"Spell amplification," I state, matter-of-factly.

Zakeff smiles, "You know your stuff."

The wizard reaches into his robe and pulls out a long, beautifully crafted wand of shimmering gold, atop which a blue stone is affixed. The jewel is almost identical to mine, save for the difference in color.

"This is my Friendship Stone," he says. "Any spell that I cast this is hot-to-trot is greatly multiplied in its power, as I'm sure you've already noticed. Around *your* neck is the stone of charming man."

I reach up and feel the stone.

"It once belonged to a great sorcerer and gay lover, Franklin," Zakeff states, a surge of emotion suddenly spilling over throughout his voice. "He had left the Friendship Network on business, flew across the land and then suddenly lost contact after the dark magic attack."

"The attack?" I ask.

"Ted Cobbler turned on us, pretended to be a real buddy and then took as many of the Friendship Stones as possible. Luckily, he failed to overwhelm the tower completely," Zakeff explains.

"I thought anyone trying to take a stone was met with a slow and painful death," Clobe interjects.

Zakeff ignores him.

"I thought anyone trying to take a stone was met with a slow and painful death," I repeat.

The dinosaur wizard smiles, though his eyes seem to be welling up with emotion now. "That's why he uses the devilmen to take and carry the stones. As long as the gems remain in demon hands, Ted Cobbler has found a loophole in the system. Demons are not alive, nor dead. What he needs that kind of spell amplification for, I cannot say, but it would be best to stop him before finding out."

"Well where are the others from the Magical Friends Network?" I ask, gravely concerned. "Why aren't they helping to stop him?"

Zakeff shakes his big scaly head. "They're aren't many of us left," he says before a sudden shift in attitude, "and that's why I don't talk about personal matters."

With that, the wizard pulls up his blue robe over his three horns and continues to walk in silence.

9 – The Great Chicago Pounding

As was the case when approaching Billings, the hints that Chicago may have already been compromised are apparent well before arriving. Like our fair city in Montana, the freeways surrounding the town are completely empty, void of any travelers beside ourselves along the way. Back in Billings, this could have at least been possible, but Chicago is substantially larger, making the lack of traffic even more unusual.

Finally, around dusk, we round a bend in the road and find ourselves face to face with the wide-open Chicago city gate.

Unlike Billings, this city is completely surrounded by a small wall, known as the Great Wall of Chicago, which I have heard is routinely patrolled by police officers and, although I have never seen this for myself, it only takes one look to notice that something is gravely amiss.

The large gate, which is held in place by massive chains and a pulley system, sits half open. There is no sign of life anywhere.

Without thinking, I mumble a few words under my breath and cast Take A Peek, immediately projecting my senses out into the first portion of the town. Like before, I get a powerful magical reading from the stone around my neck, as well as the dinosaur wizard standing next to me, but other than that I find nothing other than a strange dark magic residue, which seems to drift through the air around us.

“He was here,” I announce, “but not anymore.”

Zakeff glances at me, impressed.

“I’ll take the lead,” Clobe remarks heroically, gripping his baton and stepping out towards the massive gate. Zakeff and me follow closely behind.

“Greetings!” Zakeff Ron calls out. “We come to bring word from Billings! We request an audience with the mayor of Chicago!”

There is no response; just the lone call of a crow that sits perched upon the gate above us.

Our group continues onward and suddenly we find ourselves in the heart of the city.

It becomes immediately apparent that there is nobody else here besides us. The streets are completely empty, with the same signs of struggle that were apparent in Billings. Doors of nearby businesses hang open on their hinges.

I watch as Zakeff begins to walk towards the empty shell of a local bar.

“Where are you going?” I call out to him, “are there survivors?”

“I’m getting a drink,” the dinosaur wizard calls back.

By the time Clobe and me arrive at the bar Zakeff has already made himself at home, pouring a glass of clear, chocolate milk vodka and keeping the bottle nearby for more.

“The cash is gone,” the dinosaur wizard announces. “In case you were wondering.”

“We weren’t,” Clobe states proudly.

The wizard smiles. “I guess you’re really not thieves, are you?”

“And you?” Clobe asks, nodding his horned head towards the glass of chocolate milk vodka that rests in front of Zakeff. “Have you no honor?”

“I’m borrowing this,” says Zakeff with a smirk, hoisting his glass to the two of us and then downing it in one large gulp.

The wizard starts to pour another.

From the corner of my eye I can see Clobe watching the wizard with a focused intensity, following the movement of the smooth liquid as it travels from bottle to glass. He wants so badly to

have a drink, but his Unicorn Butt Cop code of conduct will not permit him to steal.

Zakeff notices, too. "You want me to pour you one?" he asks, flipping a few quarters onto the counter. "There you go, all paid for."

Clobe says nothing, just stews quietly.

"Where to now?" I ask.

"New York City is very close to here," Zakeff says. "The capital of America. If there is one city that could put up a fight against the demonic horde, it's them. We shall leave tomorrow morning and head there, see if we can get any answers."

"And who put you in charge?" asks Clobe gruffly.

Zakeff shrugs. "I suppose I did when I saved your life."

"You didn't save my life," the unicorn retorts. "Pupper did."

The dinosaur wizard rolls his eyes. "Do you actually have anything useful to add, or are you just going to stand there grunting all evening?"

Clobe looks as though he's ready to punch the wizard's teeth in, but instead he just turns and walks out the door into the cool evening air.

My first instinct is to follow him, but I still find myself utterly fascinated by this Zakeff Ron character. The Unicorn Butt Cop can take care of himself for a while, I decide. It might be good for him to blow off a little steam.

I walk over to the bar and sit down next to Zakeff. "Can I ask you something?" I question him for the second time today.

"You know I don't like personal questions," says the wizard.

"If Ted Cobbler is after the Friendship Stones, then why not send me far, far away?" I ask. "Why let me chase after him with you?"

Zakeff takes a long sip of chocolate milk vodka. "Because you wouldn't listen if I told you to go. Your family is on the line, your friends. And besides, if the devilmen caught up to Franklin, they can catch up to you."

"He meant a lot to you, didn't he?" I ask.

The wizard says nothing.

I reach over and grab a glass, then pour myself a drink from his bottle. I take a deep breath and then throw it back.

"What the hell is this?" I ask in complete confusion, almost spitting the liquid out.

"Water," Zakeff says. "I don't drink, I just filled an empty bottle from the tap."

"But why?" I continue.

"Just to mess with the Butt Cop." Zakeff says with a smirk. "Unicorns try to act all disaffected, but it sure is easy to get them all riled up."

I shake my head, realizing what a bastard this dinosaur truly is. In all of my studies as an office wizard, I had always looked up to the Magical Friends Network. They seemed so epic, so powerful, so perfect. I'm now beginning to realize that high intelligence does not always equate to high empathy and certainly not decent social skills. I may admire Zakeff's talent, but his personality is utterly appalling.

"I'm not a bad dinosaur," Zakeff says, noticing the way that I'm looking at him.

"I don't think you are," I respond, not sure if I really mean it.

"If I was a bad dinosaur, I would have just eaten you and taken the jewel," Zakeff explains. "That's what an evil dino would do. A smart dinosaur, however, would let you fight along side him and then, should your life end prematurely, I could simply take the stone back."

Finally, I've had enough of this prehistoric wizard's abrasive nature. Without another word, I stand up from the bar and head out into the night, searching for Clobe.

"See you right here in the morning," Zakeff calls out after me, "bright and early!"

When I find Clobe he is in the Chicago square, trying his best to upright a handful of stone statues that appear to have been toppled during the attack. The unicorn looks gravely concerned and deep in thought, but his expression quickly changes to a smile when he sees me approaching.

"Everything okay?" I ask.

"I don't trust that bad boy dinosaur," Clobe says. "He's hiding something."

"Or he's all too honest," I add. "One of the two. Do you think we should separate from him?"

Clobe shakes his head, his mane feathering out beautifully behind him. "Zakeff Ron is the best chance that we have to take on Ted Cobbler and rescue our people."

"Looks like a little more than just *our* people now," I counter.

"Exactly why we need Zakeff," the unicorn replies, "we've gotten in over our heads, we need him now."

Clobe continues to lift the statues up into position, doing his best to replace the cracked pieces that have broken off onto the ground around us. His honor and drive to do good is astounding, a sight that warms my soul to the very core.

Of course, innocent warmth is not the only thing that begins to blossom within me while I watch this unicorn do his heavy lifting.

Without a uniform hide his incredible physique, I can finally get a real look at the handsome beast and I am not at all disappointed. He is the peak of physical perfection; every muscle from his broad shoulders down to his tree trunk legs is toned and hardened through years of intense discipline and service as a Butt Cop.

"I'm going to find a hotel for us to crash in," I tell Clobe. "I'd like to do some studying before tomorrow and have my spells in order."

Clobe hesitates for a moment. "I'm glad that Zakeff was able to repair your spell notebook," he says, the words absolutely bathed in an awkward subtext.

"Yeah," I say, as cool and collected as I can muster. "Hey, maybe you should get some rest, too."

"I'm going to stay out here and see if there's anything else around town for me to clean up," the unicorn announces.

I let out a long sigh. "Come up with me," I command him.

"There's work to be done."

"I'm scared," I lie. "I need a little company, a little *gay* company."

I know that it is a low blow playing on Clobe's sense of protection and honor like this, but somebody needs to save him from himself.

The next thing I know, Clobe is leading the way over to a hotel that overlooks the square, opening the door for me and then placing more than enough of his own hundred dollar bills on the counter to cover our stay; at least double.

We take the elevator to the fifth floor and make our way down the long hallway, eventually arriving at the two finest suites in the whole building.

"Enjoy your studies," says Clobe, "I'll be in here if you need me."

"You said you'd make me feel safe," I tell the muscular unicorn cop, stopping him in his tracks.

"I'll be right across the hall," explains Clobe. "I'm here to protect you."

“But whose going to protect you?” I coo, stepping foreword so that our bodies are pressed up against each other. “All of this discipline can only hold you back for so long. You told me yourself that you’re a fighter, but where’s the fighter now?”

Clobe says nothing.

“Are going to fight for me?” I ask him, breathlessly whispering the words into Clobe’s ears.

“I have pledged to do so,” responds Clobe.

“Then do it,” I say. “Fight for my handsome body, let yourself go.”

Suddenly, all of the tension that has been building between us explodes in a visceral wave of homosexual passion. Clobe is pushing back against me, our lips meeting as the man picks me up in his powerful hooved arms and carries me through the door of my room. I am trembling as he pushes me back onto the bed and continues to kiss me deeply, his hulking unicorn body climbing up over the top of mine as he controls the situation.

“Clobe,” I moan, the words escaping my soft wet lips and sizzling the air between us.

In this moment, I feel more wanted than I have ever felt, more beautiful, and more desired. I am the spark to his beastly gay fire.

I arch my back, pushing into the pillows below as the unicorn explores my body with his large hands, learning my toned abs as I learn the topography of his powerful muscles.

As our eyes meet I laugh unexpectedly, enjoying this perfect moment that has been in the works for far, far too long.

“Don’t hold back,” I groan, pulling off my shirt and throwing it to the side as I reveal my incredible muscles. My skin feels electric in the cool night air from the room’s open window.

The wild unicorn stallion beneath Clobe’s collected exterior begins to shine through even more as the beast controls me, taking my arms in one of his large hooves and holding them back above my head. He makes his way down my body in a series of kisses, starting on my neck and then moving lower and lower until he reaches my toned stomach.

I let out a sharp gasp as Clobe plays with the edge of my skirt, teasing me as he wraps his teeth under the threshold. I want so badly to reveal myself entirely, to exist without any barriers between us. I want to feel every square inch of his skin against mine.

Finally, with one powerful tug Clobe rips my skirt away, leaving me completely naked and exposed. Part of me thinks that I should feel awkward or embarrassed to be so bare before this incredible unicorn, but his protective presence has evolved into a strange, supportive freedom. Even at my most vulnerable, I am safe with Clobe, and I have no problem with him gazing upon my massive erect cock.

I sit up in the bed and wrap my arms around the man’s powerful frame, hoisting myself up so that I’m now clinging to his chest as I kiss him. Clobe makes me feel small in the most pleasant of ways, and the tighter I cling to him the more beautiful the sensation becomes. By now my legs are wrapped tightly around his body, as well, making it easy to find a new position when the unicorn whips me around and lies back into the sheets of the bed.

I find myself riding him as the powerful beast lays back before me, every part of his muscular chest stretching and shifting in an incredible, anatomical display. I can’t help but run my slender hands up and down his chest, exploring the shape and admiring the incredible discipline that it must have taken to create this chiseled form.

“You’re perfect,” I gush.

“I’m not,” Clobe assures me.

At this point, our skin-to-skin warmth is no longer enough. I need to feel him inside of me

and I need it right now. Without another word, I reach down and unbutton the unicorn's jeans, pulling them off just enough to release the creature's ferocious manhood.

Clobe is rock hard, and just as enormous as I had expected after feeling him against me on the riverbank. The unicorn let's out a long, aching moan as I wrap my hands around his shaft, satisfied with my touch and yearning for more.

I carefully align Clobe with the edges of my puckered asshole and then push back onto him, biting my lip as he slides up into me and stretches my insides to the brink. His member is absolutely enormous, unlike anything I have ever experienced in my previous sexual adventures.

There is a heat against my chest. I notice now that the stone around my neck has started to glow and sizzle with the same magical energy it would if I we're casting a spell. My swagger as a charming man is fueling it, the ethereal slickness floating through the air around us and charging the gem in ways that I might never quite understand.

I instinctively begin to rock my body against the unicorn in slow, firm, swoops, trembling slightly with every movement as Clobe pushes into my butt. The unicorn guides me with his muscular arms, helping me find the perfect position as swivel my hips to the rhythm of his slow, deliberate pulse.

"I told you not to hold back," I moan, realizing now that Clobe's protective nature has started to kick in once again. For as much of a gentleman as he is, I want him to take me like the beast that lurks somewhere deep down inside, hidden away. "Pound this tight gay ass even harder!"

Clobe does as he's told, speeding up ever so slightly with every pump until he is pulling me across his length at an incredible speed. His movements are far from frantic, however, retaining an expert precision no matter how fast the anal pounding becomes.

Soon enough, I can feel the first pangs of prostate orgasm starting to blossom from somewhere deep inside me. The sensation is incredible yet somehow unsatisfied, a yearning for something that hovers just barely out of reach.

Still, the connection between Clobe and I has never been stronger, linked together by some otherworldly gay force that goes well beyond the magic that I so diligently study. Whether or not this feeling is love, I'm not entirely sure, but there is no doubt in my mind that whatever it is looms powerful over us in this moment.

I notice a sudden shift in Clobe below me, something finally breaking away that has been chained to a wall in the dungeon of his subconscious mind. The fire in the unicorn's eyes goes from a passionate flame to an overpowering blaze, a heat that even the most disciplined of Unicorn Butt Cops cannot entirely control.

Suddenly, Clobe is pushing me up off of him and taking complete control. With one swift and mighty movement the hulking unicorn spins me around so that I'm facing away from him on my hands and knees. I look back in shock and amazement, thrilled to be the object of his commanding desires as the man positions his girthy member at the edge of my reamed out butthole.

Seconds later, the unicorn pushes into me, causing me to cry out with aching enthusiasm while my hands grip tightly onto the blankets before me. Clobe begins to pump into my muscular ass from behind while I brace myself against his slams.

It's not long before we find a rhythm together, pulsing with one another in the heat of gay passion like a strange, singular being. We are reading each other's bodies, learning one another in a way that is so intimate, only the two of us will ever share it; a secret, sexual ritual.

As Clobe continues to take me ruthlessly the orgasmic prostate sensations begin to simmer and boil over within, spreading in a tidal wave of heat across my body. The quiet trembling that has

been coursing through my frame has now grown into a spastic quake, my muscles clenching tight against the tremors of pleasure.

Immediately, I reach down and begin to beat myself off, furiously stroking my tight grip across the length of my own giant hanging cock. The feeling is unreal.

I can't help myself, starting to scream out in an animalistic cry of pleasure when the building pressure simply becomes too much to bear. After three more slams of Clobe against my backside, I am suddenly exploding with sensation, the orgasm finally released from its cage and tearing me apart from the inside out. I clench my eyes tight and let out a guttural shriek from the blinding pleasure, every one of my senses overwhelmed as Clobe pushes into me and holds. A massive blast of hot white jizz ejects from the head of my shaft, splattering onto the sheets and blankets below us.

The unicorn is orgasming now, as well; his massive hands gripped tightly around my waist as he holds me in place and unleashes a blast of hot, manly liquid within my buttohole.

Clobe and me immediately collapse onto the bed with one another, aching and covered in glistening sweat but utterly satisfied. I close my eyes and let out a long sigh, feeling the weight on the bed next to me shift as the unicorn stands and walks across the room.

He locks the door and then crawls back into bed next to me.

10 – Teach Me Gayness

As usual, I awaken to find that Clobe has gotten an early start. He looks happy and refreshed with a clean mane and bright eyes. The unicorn is sitting at the window of our suite and gazing out across the desolate city. Regardless of where we end up, he always seems to be watching over me.

“How long have you been awake?” I ask, shielding my eyes against the rising sun as its light filters into our room in long, golden lances of yellow.

“Not long,” Clobe tells me.

I sit up in bed, prompting the unicorn to leave his post by the window and come take a seat next to me. The two of us exchange no words; simply a pleasant look of appreciation, and then with an unexpected movement Clobe leans in and kisses me deeply. Our lips feel welcome as they touch, as if reminding one another of their own little secret.

“I’m going to go do some more repairs on the square,” states the unicorn, standing up again. “When you’re ready, come down and we’ll head over to meet him.”

“I’ll be there in a moment,” I tell the unicorn, prompting Clobe to make his exit.

I hesitate for a minute and then climb out of bed, dress, and collect my things. When I pick up to my spell book however, I stop for a moment, opening it and looking over the repairs that Zakeff had done for me just the evening before.

I run my hands across the bone dry notebook paper, not only mended but cleaned and refurbished. The pages have somehow been centered and tidied up, the binding tightened and reinforced by some unknown material. The once scattered collection of pages is, by no means, a real book now, but it’s about as close as it can get.

A smile slowly creeps across my face. I’m not sure what to think of Zakeff yet, but I’m certain he’s not quite the arrogant bad boy creep that he projects himself to be.

Not entirely, at least.

When I arrive in the town square, Clobe has just finished his reconstruction and, I have to admit, it does look much better. What was once a desolate scene of struggle and despair has, at least, become something of a symbol for resilience. Regardless of what has happened here, there is always the possibility of someone coming along and making things right. There is always hope to be found.

“Ready?” I ask the unicorn.

Clobe nods and together we walk back to the tavern, quickly finding that Zakeff Ron is seated outside on the front stoop.

“I have something to show you,” remarks the dinosaur wizard as we approach. “I think you’ll find it quite interesting, Pupper.”

Without another word, Zakeff stands and then strides back into the bar, expecting us to follow.

Clobe and I exchange glances, not so much concerned by the caster’s strange behavior, as we are mildly amused. We follow him inside.

“Last night, I went for a stroll around Chicago, took a walk around the edge of the city as well,” the wizard says, making his way across the main floor of the bar. “It’s eerie out there. The birds have all left, the animals far removed, even the air itself seems to be filled with... darkness.”

Zakeff stops walking and turns around to face us, standing now before a pantry at the back of the room.

“Ted Cobbler has amassed quite an army of devils,” the wizard states. “So many that, even

with all of his power, he can't quite keep track of every single one."

There is suddenly a loud crash from the pantry, which causes me and Clobe to jump while Zakeff smirks gleefully.

"Every once in a while, a dark wizard will overstep his bounds. A devilman or two will get lost in the shuffle," Zakeff explains. "Look what I found wandering around the northern wall."

The wizard turns and opens the door, revealing a devilman who wanders aimlessly back and forth within the pantry, seemingly unaware of his surroundings. The second that I see this demonic servant, I recognize his haphazard demeanor as exactly what I experienced on the road in Billings.

"Isn't magic fascinating?" Zakeff asks me.

I nod. "When I found the Friendship Stone, this is exactly how the devilman was acting."

"I'm sure that Ted Cobbler was more than a little upset about that," the dinosaur wizard observes.

As we are talking, the demon begins to wander aimlessly towards the pantry entrance, but before it can make its escape Zakeff slams the door in its frightening, red face. There is another loud crash from within the pantry, followed by more shuffling.

"So Ted Cobbler is weak?" I ask, trying to understand what Zakeff Ron is getting at.

"Quite the contrary," the Jurassic wizard explains. "It means that he is pushing the limits of his powers. He has summoned more devilmen than I can even imagine, more than simply enough to capture a small town like Billings."

"A whole army," I say.

Zakeff nods. "He has enough soldiers that an attack on New York is not out of the question."

"But New York has one of the finest battalions of Butt Cops that there is!" Clobe interjects.

"Sometimes that's not enough," remarks Zakeff coldly. "Rescuing your people may not be an option, things have already gotten too far out of control. Our objective needs to be stopping Ted Cobbler first, saving the captives second."

"My allegiance is to the people of Billings," states Clobe. "They are my first priority."

"I thought protecting Pupper here was your first priority," remarks the triceratops, an observation that seems to make Clobe strangely uncomfortable.

The unicorn is silent for a moment. "He is a citizen of Billings," he finally says. "It is my duty to protect them both."

"The best way to protect them is to kill Ted Cobbler," Zakeff explains. "The second that he goes down, his devilmen go with him."

I can tell that Clobe does not want to agree with Zakeff on anything, but this plan makes the most sense and, to be fair, is probably the only chance that we have against this potentially massive army of demonic soldiers.

"Agreed" the unicorn cop finally says. "Your strategy is sound."

"Good," replies Zakeff with a smile. "Then off we go to our certain doom."

The city of New York City can be seen for miles, an enormous metropolis of winding boulevards towering skyscrapers that seems to stretch on forever. The entire thing is surrounded by a great body of water, which is the first thing that we see when we crest over the nearby hillside. The second thing, however, is a massive, glowing portal that appears to be hovering somewhere near Central Park. Its glow is ominous, a radiant oval that shimmers like a weird and watery mirror.

"Where does the portal lead?" I ask.

"I have no idea," Zakeff tells me, "but you can tell by the edges that it's growing unstable,

it's about to close and I'm assuming that when it does, finding Ted Cobbler and your people will be nearly impossible."

"Then what are we waiting for?" Clobe asks, beginning to stand up and gallop over the hillside towards a bridge that leads directly into the city.

Abruptly, I put my hand out to stop him. "Wait," I instruct.

I can hear Zakeff murmuring a few words to himself and then suddenly there is a subtle blue shimmer that emits from his eyes like a puff of smoke.

"They've taken the city," the wizard says. "I can see the devilman guards all over the bridge."

"You can see them all the way from here?" Clobe asks.

"Magic, my friend," chuckles Zakeff, snapping his fingers towards the unicorn and causing a cloud of tiny weiners to float up and dissipate in a cloud of blue energy. "How far can you see with that baton of yours? Was it worth the hours of training you spent?"

"You wouldn't be so cocky if I still had bullets for my handgun," the Unicorn Butt Cop counters.

"Leash your guard dog," the dinosaur wizard tells me flatly. "After last night, I would hope you have his ear."

My blood runs cold as Zakeff says this, not because he appears to have some knowledge of our carnal gay pounding the night before, but fearful of how exactly this powerful mage was able to figure it out.

"How do you mean?" I ask.

The triceratops, who has been staring out towards the New York skyline this entire time, finally turns his attention to me. "Because you are gay lovers, are you not? You certainly act like it."

I'm not exactly sure what to say to this, knowing that Clobe holds some strange, moral guilt about the entire situation. The two of us have not had the opportunity to discuss the consequences of our actions, let alone a label for one another.

I open my mouth, not exactly sure what to say and faltering on my words as Zakeff Ron stares at me quizzically. He's greatly enjoying this.

Before I can say anything, though, Clobe interjects. "Yes, we are together," he says confidently.

I glance back at the unicorn and blush as the powerful beast puts his hoof on my shoulder.

Zakeff shrugs and then turns back to the great wall, as if Clobe's answer was of entirely no consequence.

Meanwhile, Clobe and me continue to stare warmly into each other's eyes. Without thinking, I lean upwards and kiss him gently on the lips, immediately noticing the complete lack of nervousness or apprehension.

"I can see grates just below the edge of the bridge," observes Zakeff. "One of them appears to be damaged enough to crawl through. That should lead us into the sewer system and below the water. If we play our cards right, we could take the sewer all the way to Central Park."

I turn back to the wizard. "But the bridge is lined with spitting demons."

Zakeff nods. "Which means that we'll need a distraction."

"Pupper's Hot And Spicy Hunk spell," suggests Clobe.

The wizard just stares at him blankly, utterly unimpressed.

"It's worked before," I tell Zakeff.

"Is it an illusion or a manifestation?" the wizard asks.

I shake my head. "I'm not sure."

"Does it create magical energy, or simply project a vision?" asks Zakeff, growing impatient. "Devilmen don't react to illusions."

"It creates energy," I say, remembering the demon snake, "it works."

Zakeff Ron considers this for a moment and then finally gives in. "Is it a spell of charming man?"

I nod.

"Let's see it," Zakeff offers, turning and pointing down the hill behind us so that our magical trial run will remain out of view from the demonic New York bridge guards.

I immediately start in with my incantation, and moments later the familiar hunk erupts from my hands, strutting his stuff down the hillside in all of his chiseled, orange glory. He dances around seductively for a moment and then finally takes a place on the branch of a nearby tree, perched like an eagle as it waits for my next command.

The stone around my neck sizzles and swirls with enchanted gay energy.

"Not enough," says Zakeff, shaking his head. "Not even close."

A simple office wizard, I'm somewhat modest with my magic. I can accept a bad review yet, for some reason, this one hurts. Maybe it hurts because I look up to this notorious dinosaur wizard, or maybe it's the fact that this trick is now, thanks to the necklace, the best of my magical arsenal. Either way, I instantly feel like a disappointment.

Zakeff notices, and doesn't care in the slightest.

"Ah ha!" the triceratops suddenly snaps his claws. "I don't have many spells of charming man, but do you know this one?"

The wizard says a few particularly rhythmic words and then suddenly a ghostly orgy of three gay lovers appear before us, slamming into each other's holes with everything that they've got. The group begins to moan and groan loudly as they form an ever changing collective of human pretzels.

Zakeff pulls out his spell book and flips quickly to a page near the back, running down it with his dinosaur claw until he finds the selection that he's looking for. "There is it, Handsome Orgy," the wizard says, and then hands his spell book to me. "Get copying, we don't have much time."

"Won't copying it over erase your spell?" I ask.

"Only with a scroll," Zakeff Ron snaps. "Now get started."

The unicorn still seems unimpressed. "An orgy?" Clobe scoffs.

"Do you doubt the talent of your new bottom when it comes to spells of the charming man school?" the wizard asks.

Realizing his mistake, Clobe collects himself and nods at me. "Understood."

I take a deep breath and open Zakeff's spell book, studying the strange and intricate symbols on the page before me.

"I can help you," the triceratops wizard says, handing me a pen, "but we need at least an hour with no distractions."

There is an awkward silence as it slowly dawns on me what he is saying. Eventually, I turn to look at Clobe, who still doesn't seem to get it.

"Can you excuse us for a while?" I finally ask, watching as the unicorn's expression flickers ever so quickly with sadness and then immediately back to his stoic, honorable, Butt Cop appearance.

Without a word, the unicorn nods and then stands and begins to make his way down the hill. He draws his baton along the way, then finds a patch of grass in the distance where he can properly rehearse his police technique.

Zakeff and I watch him go and then return to our studies.

“Alright,” begins the dinosaur, pointing at the page in his spell book while I ready a pen in mine. “This is the first part of the phrase, verbally, and this over here is the beginning of the phrase mentally.”

I nod as I listen, beginning to copy the diagram across the blank canvas of my fresh page. Within me, there is a strange pang of yearning, something that I can barely even admit to myself, and push away as quickly as it arrives.

I enjoy relating to another spell caster on this level; it’s something that I’ve never ever had before.

“Pupper,” the wizard says. “You’re not focusing.”

I nod, beginning to copy the next part of the diagram. “I’m sorry.”

We watch from the edge of some nearby woods as demon guards patrol the bridge above us, marching back and forth atop the massive structure that would normally be providing thousands of New Yorkers access to the city. The top of the bridge itself is two or three times taller than the trees we hide behind, a feat of engineering that I never thought I would be able to see with my own eyes.

For a simple office wizard and farm boy from Billings, I've witnessed an awful lot over the last few days.

Our position gives us a clear view of the sewer grate.

Now that we've made our way up close, it appears that Zakeff was correct, the nearest sewer grate had been damaged at some point and never repaired, leaving it wide open for anyone brave or stupid enough to make an attempt at sneaking inside.

Thanks to restrictions in physical stamina and endurance, there is a rather limited amount of spells that can be cast per day. For someone like me, that number is very low, and it varies depending on the degree of mental difficulty required to get the spell out without a misfire.

Because of this, and the fact that we don't know what kind of dangers await us deep beneath the city of New York, I have yet to attempt casting my brand new Handsome Orgy spell.

However, according to Zakeff this should work and, with the help of my Friendship Stone, I'm inclined to believe him.

Trust is a difficult thing to come by in this world; why I've chosen to give mine away to a dinosaur so blatantly untrustworthy is beyond the realm my conscious mind.

"Are you ready?" I ask, looking over at the dinosaur and the unicorn who stand prepared on my left.

Clobe nods, while Zakeff just seems to ignore me, focused entirely on the grate the sits embedded in the base of the structure before us.

My breathing heavy, I turn my attention back the multilane bridge freeway that leads into the city, holding my spell book out before me as I recite the incantation that me and Zakeff had worked so diligently to perfect just hours before.

While some spells could take days, weeks, or even months to learn, this one is quite easy, thanks partially to the fact that, ever since I found the Friendship Stone, my perception of passion magic has felt vastly improved. It's as if an entirely new channel of thought has been opened up somewhere within my mind.

The stone burns warm and pleasant against my skin.

As the final word of the spell leaves my lips, a horde of gay men shimmer into existence at the head of the bridge before me. While Zakeff's version of the spell had created a simple three man rendezvous, my particular manifestation is vastly exaggerated and with thrilling results.

We watch in awe as the bridge is stormed by a ghostly orgy of handsome men that seems to stretch on endlessly. The ethereal blue fuckfest immediately begin to plow into each other's holes with a ruthless fervor unlike anything I have ever seen, crying out with in an endless sea of gay passion.

Immediately, the devilmons all the way across the wall begin to run towards the sexual disruption, spitting out a barrage of flaming spikes without question into the hypnotic, erotic visage. Of course, their projectiles sail clean through the energy of these magical figures, clattering across the pavement below like a sharp rain.

Of course, the second that the demonic watchmen above leave their posts we make our

move, running across the grassy expanse between us and the bridge and then making a mad dash down the embankment.

Without a moment to spare the group of us ducks down and slips into the large pipe, past the broken grate and deep into the depths of the seemingly never ending tunnel that lies before us.

I cast Alight on myself, which causes the magical illumination to move along with me as I walk; a human lantern. It's a way of using the spell that I'd never even considered, until I started going over my spell book with Zakeff just hours earlier.

His creativity almost makes up for his callousness.

Eventually, the small tube attaches to a much larger tunnel, one that runs as far as I can see in either direction while a river of water and waste runs down the middle.

"Where to now?" I ask the men.

"The decision's yours," Zakeff Ron tells me. "To Central Park, that's where the portal is."

I've never been that great with direction to begin with, but after our frantic rush to get inside, I've completely lost track of my position in relation to the city center.

"I have no idea," I admit. "I don't even know if we're under NYC right now or still somewhere out beneath the ocean."

The group of us stands in silence for a moment, unsure of what to do. We spent an incredible amount of time deciding how we were going to get below the city, but no time at all figuring out how we'd find our way around once we got here.

Now the plan has hit a standstill, with no clear vision of moving forward.

"We go left," Clobe suddenly announces, stepping forward and taking charge of the situation.

"How do you know?" I ask him.

"We go left," Clobe repeats. "It's better than going nowhere at all."

A smile slowly crosses my face, admiring the skillful way that my handsome unicorn protector has taken charge of the situation. As hard as it is for Zakeff to understand, every group needs someone to take charge in the way that Clobe can. Someone needs to be the compass.

"Left it is," I say, following now as Clobe takes the lead down the long stone sewer tunnel.

It's not long before the tunnel leads us to an iron door, heavy and rusted but not entirely unmovable. Clobe manages to pry it open, and as he does huge wave of warm steam rushes past us, continuing to leak out of the room from the top of the door as we make our way inside.

Now the three of us find ourselves standing before a long catwalk that travels from one end of this wide open space to the other, positioned above what appears to be a network of massive rotating gears unlike anything I have ever seen.

This particular part of the New York underground network appears to be fully functioning, but gravely uncared for years and years after its initial construction.

On the wall next to us is a poster, pinned into place and covered by dust and mold. Upon closer inspection, we discover that the paper is a maintenance map that covers the entire New York City sewer system.

"This is it!" I announce excitedly, removing the poster from the wall. "This will tell us exactly how to get to Central Park, where the portal is located."

I do my best to quickly scan the map, trying desperately to piece our location together based on what little information I have. It's not long before I connect the dots and discover that a vast amount of the city's automated functions are powered by a complex system of steam vents.

I realize now that my illumination spell is no longer necessary, the vast room lit by some flickering fluorescent radiance from above. In other words, the power's coming back on.

“Can we talk about this after we find Ted Cobbler?” asks Clobe, clearly bothered by more than just our wasting of time.

I’m beginning to notice that the unicorn’s protection of me has slowly started to evolve into a simmering jealousy, one that is triggered in direct proportion to my interactions with Zakeff Ron.

I suppose it’s understandable, though. After all, my growing love for Clobe is a classic situation of opposites attracting, but Zakeff and me belong to the same world. Despite the fact that I find the dinosaur’s attitude to be utterly appalling much of the time, we can still relate to one another in a way that Clobe will never even being to understand; through magic.

I finish reading the map and quickly realize that we are already very, very close to the Central Park, just through this room and up what appears to be a very large steam vent.

“We keep going forward,” I inform the group, “straight across the catwalk.”

Because of the overwhelming steam it’s nearly impossible to see more than two meters in front of you, making our movements slow and deliberate. There’s no reason to risk toppling over the iron walkway and being crushed into pancakes by the slowly rolling gears below. There are no railings on either side, just open air and certain death.

Zakeff goes first, disappears into the blinding fog ahead of us. I’m about to follow when suddenly I feel Clobe’s large hoof on my shoulder. I spin around to face the unicorn.

“What is it?” I ask.

Without a word, Clobe pulls me against him and kisses me deeply on the lips.

“I may not know magic, but I know how to treat you,” says Clobe.

Feeling this Butt Cop’s incredible, muscular body sends a warm chill down my spine and a lustful electric current directly into my brain. I want him, and I want him badly.

Unfortunately, we have a lot of work to do.

“When we get out of here, I’ll show you something that he could never, ever do for you,” Clobe says, his brawny arms bulging as they hold me tight.

“Please, you know it’s not like that,” I protest.

“I know what it’s like,” Clobe tells me.

The unicorn kisses me one more time and then releases my body from his grip.

“We better get going,” I tell him.

Suddenly, a massive green blast erupts from somewhere deep within the thick steam before us. The distance is hard to gauge, but based on the sounds of a struggle upon the iron catwalk, it must be nearby.

“Zakeff!” I call out.

I start to run forward and then remember where I am, wobbling slightly before catching myself and teetering on the edge. Below me, certain death awaits by way of crushed bones under powerful gears.

Finding my balance, I continue forward yet again, only this time much more carefully.

There’s suddenly a loud screech in the fog before us and another powerful green blast.

“Assrats!” Zakeff calls out from the steam. “Assrats everywhere!”

Clobe laughs aloud. “Ha! The big bad wizard is afraid of a few rodents.”

As if summoned by his nonchalant dismissal, I suddenly spot a massive, wolf-sized buttcreature scampering down the catwalk from behind us, barreling directly towards Clobe.

“Look out!” I shout at the unicorn, who immediately recognizes the expression of sheer panic on my face and whirls around, unsheathing his police baton as he goes.

The next thing I know, a massive, rodent-like ass is tumbling end-over-end off of the

catwalk, smashed into oblivion by the monstrous gears.

Just as soon as the first creature has been dispatched, however, four more arrive, scampering down the walkway towards us with a bloodlust in their large brown eyes.

Immediately and instinctually, Clobe finds a defensive position, taking up as much space as possible in his attempt to shield me from the oncoming wave of animalist butts; abominations brought to us courtesy of Rubble Laboratories.

I stagger backwards, shocked and disoriented by the lack of vision and the sudden onslaught of ravenous anal creatures.

“Get to the other side!” shouts Clobe, smashing his baton into the face of a giant assrat as it lunges at him. A second creature uses this as an opportunity for attack, snapping at Clobe with its terrifyingly tight asshole.

I hear the unicorn cry out in pain as the rodents cheeks wrap around his arm, stopping in my tracks almost immediately and turning to see if I can help in any way, but Clobe quickly tosses aside the ass and regains his balance, urging me to continue foreword and protect myself.

Finally accepting the unicorn’s wishes, I turn and make my way across the narrow catwalk, carefully finding my way through the overwhelming steam as sweat runs down my face and arms. What little vision I have is locked steadily onto the thin walkway before me, and the churning gears below.

Deeper and deeper into the steam I go, until the sound of the vicious battle behind me has disappeared completely, drowned out by the crunching ironworks the churn hypnotically throughout the large chamber. I feel as though I should have already reached the other side by now, but somehow this walkway seems to continue stretching on and on.

“Zakeff?” I call out into the white haze before me.

I can barely make out something moving in the steam, but it could easily be nothing more than my imagination.

I raise my hand into the air and begin the first few phrases of Buckaroo Tumbleweed, ready for anything. The last word of the incantation hangs on the edge of my lips, waiting to fall out with so much as a heavy sigh.

Suddenly, from out of the steam leaps another massive assrat. I immediately finish the spell, a powerful green tumbleweed of energy surging through my hands and meeting the disembodied butt mid flight, tearing through the creature and blowing it apart in a brilliant flash.

Despite the fact that I was ready for him, the shock is still enough to cause me to stumble backwards a bit, taking two awkward steps that land painfully close to the edge of the catwalk while I struggle to catch my balance. Thankfully, however, I don’t topple over the side completely, managing to upright myself after a brief scare. I breathe out a sigh of relief.

Unexpectedly, however, the rusted catwalk gives way below me, bending inward after years and years of neglect and decay. Without any footing left to keep me standing, I end up toppling sideway, throwing my arms out in a frantic attempt to catch myself. I’m tumbling through the air, hurtling downward towards the massive grinding gear works below as I lash out at anything that could possibly break my fall.

Thankfully, I somehow manage to grab the bent edge of the walkway with a single hand, my body causing the already mangled iron to pull away from its structure even more with a loud creak.

Somehow my backpack has stayed wrapped tightly around my shoulder, but the extra weight isn’t doing me any favors. With my free hand I reach back and unstrap the bag, throwing it up onto the catwalk in front of me. Unfortunately, my movement does more harm then good, as the catwalk bends

even more and causes my hanging feet to dip dangerously close to the grinding machinery below.

“Help!” I cry out, the sound of my voice disappearing almost immediately in the thundering sound of the NYC gears.

I feel a powerful jolt as the catwalk bends even more, the twisted bar that I grip now pointed almost completely downward.

Suddenly, from out of the steam above comes a familiar, robed arm and hand, reaching out for me to grab ahold, which I promptly do.

Seconds later, I’m being hoisted up to safety by Zakeff Ron who, once again, astonishes me with his incredible strength. No wizard that I have ever heard of is capable of this kind of physical prowess, dinosaur or otherwise, yet Zakeff lifts me with seemingly no effort at all, a residual side effect of his time spent commanding the hot-to-trot lifestyle.

It suddenly hits me that, I too, may begin to exhibit heightened traits of my Friendship Stone; charm. Maybe, I already have.

“Come,” demands Zakeff, “we don’t have much time.”

I glance back into the haze behind me, no sign of the Unicorn Butt Cop to be found.

“He’ll be fine,” Zakeff assures me. “More rats are on their way, we need to get out of here.”

I reluctantly follow the triceratops wizard down the remainder of the catwalk until we reach another large iron door, this one sitting wide open. We barrel through it.

Zakeff and I suddenly find ourselves in a large, cylindrical chamber with walls of cement and a long ladder descending down the middle of the room from floor to ceiling. Without a word, Clobe starts climbing upwards.

I hesitate briefly, but follow.

At the top of the ladder is a grate, which is pushed out of the way to reveal a desolate alley somewhere deep within New York City.

“Here we are!” exclaims Clobe, showing a rare moment of real excitement. The wizard stands and takes a look around as I climb up out of the hole next to him. We are somewhere deep within the thriving metropolis of the United States’ capital, a narrow lane that appears to twist and turn in either direction. The whole place is empty, just as the cities we’d encountered before, only this time we have clearly arrived while the action is still in play. Towering up over one of the buildings next to us is the edge of a massive portal, still shimmering and mirror-like but even more majestic up close.

I can also now see, though my vision from down here in the alley is greatly obscured, that the portal appears to be weakening, and fast. The ring that makes up its flat, outer layer appears to tremble and shake with strange vibrations, phasing in and out of reality while it the magical energy valiantly tries to maintain itself.

“The portal’s about to collapse,” the triceratops wizard announces, noticing the same thing that I do.

I glance down into the hole below me, searching desperately for any sign of Clobe. My ferocious protector is still nowhere to be found, lost in the steam as the assrats continue to flood the sewer in the hopes of a fresh meal.

“The only reason for a spell that size is that Ted Cobbler is taking your people somewhere, and when the door closes it’s closed for good. We’ll have no way of knowing where they went,” Zakeff says, reading into my forlorn look. “We need to move.”

“We can’t just leave him!” I protest.

“Your choice is simple,” Zakeff tells me. “Would you rather see your father again? Or would

you rather see Clobe?"

As the wizard's words nearly tear my heart in half, I'm honestly a little surprised that the decision is this difficult. I have spent my entire life with my father and love him from the depths of my soul, yet after only a few days the hold that this Unicorn Butt Cop has on me is stronger than ever. I've known that the fire growing between us was important but, without actually stopping to really consider it in a logical way, I hadn't realized just how potent our love had actually become.

There is, however, one thing that pushes me over the edge towards my father and, ironically, one of the most lovable traits that Clobe possesses for himself. I know that, without a doubt, my unicorn lover would want me to find my father and save the people of Billings. If Clobe were here he would be begging me to push on without him, shouting it from the rooftops as we tragically parted ways. My love finds honor in protecting me, but the honor always comes first.

"Okay," I finally say to Zakeff. "Let's go."

We creep down the alleyway as quickly and quietly as possible, reaching the end of the street and then peering out around the corner towards Central Park.

Before us, rests more semi trucks than I can count, the same whose tracks we've been following for days now. Unfortunately, all of them sit open and empty, completely void of any passengers or their guards.

Behind the abandoned caravan looms the portal, large and luminous as it shudders uneasily. There is a handful of armed devilmen securing the portal, standing at attention while, before them, a figure clad in dark robes stands.

"Ted Cobbler," Zakeff murmurs under his breath.

I scan the empty square with frantic disappointment. "Where is everyone?"

"The other side of the portal," replies Zakeff, bluntly.

Before us, the dark wizard is surrounded by five men dressed to the nines in designer suits and ties. I immediately recognize one of them as the Mayor Fancy from Billings, my breath catching in my throat as her familiar face swamps my brain with memories of that day back in Montana when this all started. I picture the demonic serpent weaving silently through the grass, tracking our cities best Butt Cops as they remained woefully unaware of their fool's errand for a corrupt mayor.

Next to me, I see a strange puff of blue smoke eject from Zakeff's eyes, floating upwards into the air in a plume of sparkling dust.

"He's paying them," the triceratops wizard says. "He's handing over briefcases of money."

"Blood money," I murmur.

"There's more coming, I'd assume," explains the wizard. "Most of the valuables had already been rounded up from these towns when we arrived. They're probably being hoarded somewhere for payment."

"I'm surprised," I counter. "Your dark wizard friend doesn't seem to be one for pleasantries. There's no reason for the gift baskets."

"He's not," agrees Zakeff. "Something is up."

Right on cue, the aristocrats around Ted Cobbler begin to collapse and crumble, their bodies literally falling apart as they drop their cursed briefcases onto the pavement. The collection of corrupt city mayors cry out in agony as Ted Cobbler stands before their quickly disintegrating bodies. He seems to take great pleasure in watching the death that consumes the men and women before him, not flinching for even a second as their bodies completely turn to dust and blow away in the swirling wind.

Zakeff says a few quick words over me and suddenly I feel a strange electric tingle consume

my entire body. “Get ready,” the wizard says.

Second later, Ted Cobbler turns around and start heading towards the portal.

“Now!” shouts Zakeff.

The two of us burst forth from our hiding spot in blaze of glory, Zakeff waving his hands at the devilmen on the left side and lifting them off into the air, while I blast the two demonic unicorns on the right with Buckaroo Tumbleweeds that blow them into pieces.

Ted Cobbler spins around.

Zakeff’s mouth is moving a mile a minute, casting yet another spell and throwing his hands out towards the dark wizard as blue rings begin to form around him. Unfortunately, Ted Cobbler’s skills are much too formidable for this attack and, seconds later, the blue rings are disintegrating with an electric sizzle.

Ted Cobbler throws both hands into the air, summoning forth a strange entity that swirls and shifts like a butt made of smoke, a figure that immediately sprints towards me at full spell while the dark wizard spins and runs away, directly towards the portal.

“Look out!” Zakeff yells. The wizard points to one of the empty trucks and, with no more than a simple magic word, he flings it towards the smoky ass to block its path.

Seconds later, however, the dark smoky butt bursts through the other side of the semi truck as if it was never even there at all, still heading towards me at full speed.

Not knowing what else to do, I raise my hands and cast another Buckaroo Tumbleweed towards the smoke butt, hitting him squarely in the hole and blowing him backwards several meters into Central Park. The smoky creature is alive, but seems to be dazed as it collects itself and begins to stand again.

Without another word, Zakeff starts running towards the portal, and as I watch him go I realize that there are only seconds left before the magical door closes for good. Only a few moments after Ted Cobbler reaches the other side he is bound to shut it, and even if he didn’t the entire thing has become so unstable that its barely safe enough to travel through as it is.

There is a loud crackle as the dark wizard disappears into the shimmering blue mirror, leaving us behind.

“Come on!” Zakeff cries out to me, not slowing down for a second as he races towards the portal, his blue robe flowing out behind him like some elegant cape.

I hesitate, looking back for any signs of Clobe but finding nothing.

“Now!” the dinosaur screams, diving through the portal.

Finally I break into a sprint and start to follow him, seeing now that the smoky manifestation has collected itself and is trying to cut me off at the pass. I attempt to duck under the butt but its just too fast, opening its black cheeks and wrapping them around me.

The second that they touch my skin, however, the strange electricity that flows across me halts immediately, expelling itself outward towards the creature with a loud crack. Suddenly the ethereal beast is flying backwards once again thanks to the help of Zakeff’s hot-to-trot blessing.

Two more steps and I’m through the portal, but as I cross the threshold I hear my own name being called out from behind. I turn my head just in time to see Clobe running after me, skidding to a stop as the mysterious butt smoke steps in front of him.

12 – Tropics Of Love

Suddenly, everything around me shifts; the sound, the air, the sensation of my body. I feel as though down is up, and up is down, completely at a loss as I momentarily leave the physical plane. I'm everywhere and nowhere all at once, and then suddenly here I am again, sitting on my knees in ankle deep water on an empty beach.

I look around behind me, expecting to see the backside of the portal but finding nothing, just a vast ocean that extends for mile and miles until it reaches the horizon line. There are a few nearby islands, small and covered in thick tropical trees, but other than that the view is like a flat, empty mirror of blue.

I turn back around and scan the beach for any sign of life. Before me there is a few meters of sand and then an abrupt tree line covered completely in bountiful greenery. Beyond them is a massive mountain that pushes upward into the wide-open sky, an enormous plume of smoke billowing up out of its peak.

There are tracks in the sand, both human and devilman, making their way from the waters edge up into the lush jungle.

My heart pounding in my chest, I sit like this for a moment, the tide drifting in and out across my partially submerged body with it's cool, salty waves. The air here seems heavier than it was before, fresher and yet, somehow, less pleasant. Immediately, a strange sense of foreboding washes over me.

"Hello?" I call out. "Clobe? Zakeff Ron?"

My voice echoes across the trees, drifting away into nothing as a flock of birds rustle through the branches nearby, disturbed by my presence.

My thoughts turn to Clobe, struck with the sudden realization that he is, in all likelihood, on the other side of the world without any way of knowing where I've traveled. For the time being, I don't even know.

With nothing else to do, I immediately break down and start to cry, trembling in the sand as the tears fall from my face and mix into the ocean waters below. With every wave that pulls out to sea I can feel a piece of myself drifting away, a piece that I never knew I was there until Clobe came into my life.

At this point, my will to continue onward has been crushed. I am cold, alone, and scared.

Suddenly, from the corner of my eye, I notice something rustling about in the forest just a few meters down the beach from me. I sit up abruptly, staring at the edge of the tree line with a deep intensity as my heart flutters back to life.

When Zakeff emerges, I try not to be completely devastated, but I can't help it.

The triceratops wizard crosses the sand and meets me at the verge of the waves as they move slowly across me.

"I'm sorry," Zakeff says, solemnly.

"Clobe was right there," I tell him, my eyes wet and red, "he was right there."

"Ted Cobbler must have closed the portal right after he got through it," the wizard explains. "There just wasn't enough time. I didn't even know if *you* were going to make it."

I turn my head and look back behind me at the vast ocean. "It all happened so fast."

"That's why I ended up in the jungle and you're out here on the beach," Zakeff explains. "The portal had become unstable. Ted Cobbler must have come through somewhere nearby but he's probably long gone by now."

“Where are we?” I ask, looking up at the wizard.

“I have no idea,” he says.

A wave of sadness swells and recedes throughout my entire being. “I feel so alone,” I admit.

Zakeff hesitates for a moment and then extends his clawed dinosaur hand downward towards me. I look up at him, thankful to at least have one familiar face by my side through all of this.

“Thanks,” I finally say, reaching out and taking the wizard’s hand as he helps me to my feet.

“Back in the city, what was that smoky black butt?” I ask him.

“The ghost of a very lonely ass,” Zakeff tells me. “A life eater.”

With an uncontrollable surge of emotion I wrap my arms around Zakeff and pull him close, craving his comfort. “You saved me,” I tell him. “Your blessing saved my life.”

It feels so good to hold this handsome creature close, his arms wrapped around me in a way that I thought I might never feel again. Zakeff may be abrasive at times, but right now he’s all that I’ve got. I’d also be flat out lying if I said that, in some way, I wasn’t attracted to him.

Yes, he’s arrogant, but his incredible intelligence and wisdom is almost enough to give the triceratops a license for his bad behavior. He’s raw, unfiltered, and brutally honest.

Being held here in his muscular arms however, is giving me the slightest taste of something equally as intoxicating; Zakeff is just as physically maintained as Clobe. The wizard is a specimen of perfect health from head to toe, a walking manifestation of youthful dinosaur vigor with the mind of a prehistoric soul.

My tears stop falling for a brief moment and I look up at the hot-to-trot wizard, our gaze meeting in powerful, silent communication that nearly takes my breath away. Our lips begin to move towards one another, closer and closer despite the part of me buried deep down within that’s screaming for us to stop.

Suddenly, I listen. I freeze just centimeters from meeting Zakeff’s scaly triceratops touch, and then pull away.

“He’s a brute,” Zakeff says. “Forget about him.”

I stare at the wizard blankly, my mind struggling to process the words that just spewed forth from his infuriating yet, admittedly, beautiful mouth.

“Forget about him?” I repeat, still in shock.

The bad boy triceratops says nothing.

Suddenly seized with uncontrollable anger, I pull away from the wizard and head off down the beach in the other direction.

“Where are you going?” calls the wizard.

“For a walk,” I say, shaking my head as the rage continues to boil within me.

The wizard doesn’t even attempt to follow, disappearing into the distance as I make my way around the bend of the shore and follow the waterline, lost in my own thoughts.

Going all the way back to the death of mother, love has always been a fleeting thing for me. Whether it’s through tragic fate or terrible choices, I have always ended up falling in and out of the grips of this powerful force whether I like it or not.

Now I realize that, if there’s one thing I truly want nothing to do with anymore, it’s being a charming man.

In a moment of rage, I unclasp the Friendship Stone that hangs around my neck and make my way down to the water’s edge. Alone on this beach without another soul in sight, I want to turn my back on everything in this world. I want to disappear into myself and never love again. It’s just not worth it.

I take a deep breath and pull back my arm, ready to fling the necklace, stone and all, into the great wide ocean.

"I'd hang onto that if I were you. You might need it," comes a familiar voice from behind me.

I freeze, turning around slowly to see Clobe standing in the sand with a look of pure elation across his face. He made it.

My tears of sadness immediately transform into tears of joy, rushing down my face in a stream of salty relief. I shake my head in disbelief, not sure what to believe until all of the emotion hits me at once and suddenly I am running towards the unicorn, sprinting across the tropical sand and jumping into Clobe's huge, muscular arms. I wrap myself around his large frame, kissing him deeply as he holds me up in the air, laughing.

Our faces pressed together, I stare deep into his eyes, more thankful than I have ever been to see someone else staring back at me.

"I thought I'd lost you," I tell him. "I thought I'd never see you again."

Clobe smiles. "Well, I took an oath to protect you, remember? You're not going to get rid of me that easily."

"But the portal closed," I gush.

"Not quick enough, apparently," says the unicorn, "and thanks to you after slowing down the butt smoke."

"Shut up about the butt smoke and just kiss me," I say, planting another one firmly on my unicorn lover's lip.

Now locked into a moment of passion, Clobe and I being to make out furiously. The hulking figure turns and lowers me down onto the sand right then and there, running his hands across my toned, supple body as he begins to kiss his way down from my neck, to my chest, to my stomach.

"I love you," I tell him, the words feeling so perfect as they fall out of my mouth.

"I love you, too," the unicorn tells me. "And nothing's going to keep us apart."

Suddenly, Clobe is tearing my shirt off over my head, exposing my skin to the cool beach air and sending a pleasant chill down the length of my spine. The muscular unicorn removes his shirt as well, tearing it over the top of his massive frame and throwing it to the side, then leaning down and kissing me passionately with my back against the sand.

I want nothing more than to feel him against me, on top of me, inside me. I want the two of us to connect in a way that is visceral and raw, to share with each other our deepest darkest secrets and make them one, singular, story.

Soon, Clobe is pulling off my jeans and boxer briefs, sliding them down across my legs and leaving me completely naked and exposed. The fresh ocean breeze fills me with a sensation of erotic relaxation and gay freedom to just let myself go, the stress and anxiety of our adventure falling away.

Clobe immediately leans down and tenderly pushes my legs apart, sliding his horn into my asshole as I gasp aloud. His touch is both careful and firm as he pumps inside of me and then retracts from my puckered anal entrance.

I'm quaking with desire now, my entire body wrought with tension as I yearn for him.

Clobe smiles. He is pleased with the lustful power that he has over me, and he shows it by leaning down and beginning to lick gently across the length of my dick. I whimper slightly as he begins, slowly falling into the rhythm of his tongue as I push back against the unicorn with my towering cock. My hips are grinding now, pulsing up and down while I take the handsome unicorn by the mane and push his lips down over the length of my shaft.

Eventually, the soft whimpers turn into aching desperate moans that echo off down the beach. We have no idea where we are, or what may be lurking in the jungle nearby, but at this very moment neither of us care in the slightest. This moment is about the two of us and nothing more.

Soon, I begin to feel the familiar ache of orgasm blossoming inside of my balls. It starts same, the tiny crack of a seed that splits open somewhere deep within, but with every bob of his unicorn head across my shaft the flower begins to grow and blossom, spreading out across me until my entire body feels like a beautiful garden in of dick plants just aching to cum.

The trembling quakes have become a single, ferocious tremor that rocks through my body, spasming hard as the pleasure builds and then finally breaking into a blissed out wall of sensation that I slam into, hard. I tilt my head back, screaming out with an intense cry of pleasure while my arms and legs lock tight. My appendages kick out as wide as they can go and Clobe holds them in place with his barrel-like arms. I release my warm milky semen into his unicorn mouth and cry out as Clobe takes it all graciously.

When the sensation finally passes I collapse back onto the sand, my heart pounding a mile a minute. In any other situation I would be entirely finished, exhausted from the battle, exhausted from the emotions, exhausted from the sex; but as soon as Clobe finishes with me I'm ready to go again, my cock immediately twitching back to life.

"Take me," I groan, sitting up and pushing the unicorn back onto his knees. "I need you inside of my body."

I unbutton the Butt Cop's pants as quickly as I can and pull out his enormous rod, a shaft so beautifully thick that I don't think I'll ever get used to seeing it. With one hand I grip Clobe's beautiful member and with the other I pull myself up onto him, wrapping my legs around the man's chiseled body and then carefully aligning his manhood with the entrance of my tight asshole.

With the help of Clobe's massive arms I slowly lower myself down onto him, letting out a long, passionate groan as the shaft impales me to the hilt. I feel completely full in more ways than one, gayly, emotionally and spiritually. There is not a single piece missing from this moment, the two of us fitting together in perfect harmony like part of an anal puzzle that was feared missing and long forgotten, but found once again.

The unicorn begins to pump me up and down his length as I hold onto him tightly, my arms wrapped around his broad, beastly shoulders and my fingers digging into his neck with an ecstasy is almost too much to bear. The pace of our movements quickens with every pump, faster and faster until eventually I am bouncing up and down on Clobe's rod as furiously as I can.

I reach down in front of me and grab onto my cock, beating myself off with an insatiable mania.

My eyes roll back into my head. I start to yell out as I'm hit with my second orgasm of the night, a blinding tidal wave of sensation that rolls through me and consumes my senses in a way that literally brings tears to my eyes. I'm convulsing against the powerful unicorn, my body trying desperately to contain all of the feelings within its simple mortal shell and failing miserably as jizz erupts once again from the head of my cock.

Almost immediately, Clobe is orgasming as well, pulling me tight against him and then thrusting upward in one final pound. His muscles pulled taut, Clobe groans loudly and releases all of his pent up emotions within me, flowing out of him in a series of intense, repetitive pumps that fill my asshole with his powerful unicorn seed.

For this moment we are in perfect harmony, collapsing into the sand together when it finally passes and leaves us exhausted and satisfied.

I'm lying on top of the unicorn, running my fingers along his impeccable muscles as I catch my breath and listening to the soft hiss of the waves on the nearby shore.

"I thought that I'd lost you," I tell him.

"I've given you my word of protection," says the Unicorn Butt Cop, "and that's an oath that I will not break."

We lay in silence a while longer, taking in the presence of our bodies as they hold them against one another.

"Where do you think we are?" I finally ask.

"Somewhere far, far away from home," replies Clobe. "I can sense it in the air."

"How will we ever get back?" I continue.

The unicorn chuckles to himself. "You're the one with the spells right? You tell me."

"I'm afraid we'll probably need someone else's spells to get out of this one," I admit.

Clobe sighs. "We should probably go find him then, and then find the people of Billings."

We stand and brush away as much of the sand as we can, then get dressed and head back across the beach towards where I last saw Zakeff. We round the corner and find the dinosaur wizard sitting on a small boulder, a long stick in his hand as he draws figures in the wet sand before him.

Zakeff looks up as we approach. "Oh good, he's alive," the dinosaur wizard says, completely deadpan and void of any emotion.

"Don't look so happy to see me," replies Clobe.

"The more the merrier, we'll need someone to draw fire," Zakeff retorts.

"Alright, alright," I interrupt. "Enough."

I look down at the wizard's sand art curiously, trying to piece together what exactly I'm looking at. "Is that?" I ask, trailing off.

"An island," Zakeff finishes my sentence for me. "I wasn't sure when we first arrived, but once I saw that smoke rising up from the crater it all started to make sense."

"You've been here before?" I continue.

"No, very few have and lived to tell about it," explains Zakeff. He points with his stick, tapping the largest crooked shape in the sand. "We are here, on the big island."

"What's the butt?" I ask, referencing a near by part of his sand sketch.

"You'll see," offers Zakeff. "Huntertuck Island has a long and strange history."

"Sounds very welcoming," jokes Clobe.

"So welcoming that all who make gay love here die sudden and painful deaths within minutes," the wizard explains.

Clobe and I freeze, an icy cold bolt of fear striking deep within my heart. "What did you say?" I ask, frantically hoping that I misheard him.

"I'm kidding," replies the triceratops.

"Not funny," I retort, shaking my head.

"Long ago, a unicorn and a man came here to create clones of themselves that would express their love for all eternity. They built an entire civilization made of just the two of them, but eventually they became restless and started to experiment. They created all kinds of strange, buttlke creatures and eventually their technology was used by Rubble Labs to create a weaponized army of super butts," the dinosaur explains.

"And we all know how that turned out," I reply.

"You think that's bad," Clobe scoffs, "wait until you hear what happened on the island. Eventually, the clones here became completely cut off from civilization and, some would say, reality."

They developed a craving for endless pounding far beyond the realm of mere scientific discovery. They wanted deeper butts to pound, more handsome butts to pound, tighter butts to pound; they wanted it all. Unsatisfied with the limits of this reality, the clones eventually started to worship a powerful god of dark magic known as Sorpos. They built monuments to him, praised him in their temples, and sacrificed to him in the very volcano that formed these islands in the first place.”

“That smoke in the distance,” I murmur.

“Exactly,” nods Zakeff. “What they didn’t realize is that Sorpos is a very dangerous god to summon; not exactly keen to respect human life or honor the ones who provided for him. According to legend, the clones of this island eventually summoned forth Sorpos, but the god’s chaotic nature was unpredictable. Sorpos immediately struck down the entire population of this island with a powerful spell known as No More Butt Pounding, the absolute worst thing they could ever imagine.”

“No more butt pounding?” I question. “*Ever?*”

“After that the clones left the island in a state of complete hell on earth, never capable of pounding another butt for as long as they lived,” replies Zakeff.

The group of us all stand in silence, letting the rather macabre story settle. As the pieces begin to fall into place my heart skips a beat, suddenly realizing that the citizens of Billings, Chicago and New York may be in more trouble than we first thought.

“Why did Ted Cobbler bring everyone here?” I ask, already dreading the answer.

“While once a place of great scientific discovery, Huntertuck Island is now known throughout the magic community as a place of highly concentrated dark magic energy,” explains the wizard. “Though there’s been no sign of Sorpos for decades now, many believe that his spirit still flows through these islands from the otherworld. After gathering as many Friendship Stones as he could from the Magical Friends Network, and then bringing all of these captives to the island, I believe that Ted Cobbler is attempting to cast his own version of the No More Butt Pounding spell.”

“But why?” I ask.

“Control,” answers Zakeff. “Power, insanity. Ted Cobbler is not one who is easily understood.”

I shake my head in astonishment, all of the information being presented to me is almost too much to handle. “So we get everyone off the island,” I announce. “Out of range from the No More Butt Pounding incantation.”

The dinosaur wizard chuckles, “I’m afraid you’re not seeing the big picture yet, we have far more to worry about than just getting out of the way.”

“He’s going to sacrifice them to Sorpos all for an even more enhanced No More Butt Pounding spell,” Clobe suddenly interjects. “He’s going to eliminate butt pounding across the entire world.”

Zakeff and I stop in astonishment, slowly turning back to look at the unicorn in amazement, Clobe shrugs. “I’ve learned a lot about magic over the last few days.”

“Is he correct?” I ask the triceratops wizard.

“I think so,” Zakeff nods, “and with this many lives presented to Sorpos, a butt may never be pounded again in our known universe.”

Immediately, Clobe grabs his backpack. “Then what are we waiting for?”

“We need a plan,” explains Zakeff. “If Ted Cobbler is making this mass sacrifice, which I’m inclined to believe is the case, then we can rightly assume that he will perform it in the way that Sorpos intended, by throwing people into the volcano.”

Zakeff circles the giant butt on his stick drawn map in the sand.

“There are two ways up to the top of the mountain; a main trail,” the dinosaur wizard continues, tracing a winding line that leads directly from where we are to the ass, “or the temple.”

“The temple?” I ask.

“According to magical lore, there is a temple somewhere along the base of these cliffs where the clones here performed rituals to Sorpos, back when they thought that he was a benevolent god of gayness. Within this temple, there should be a carved staircase the leads up to the top of the mountain from the inside.”

“Isn’t there lava in there?” I ask.

“I don’t know,” admits the dinosaur. “I don’t even know if the temple actually exists, but if it does then it was built long ago and, at this point, it could be quite treacherous. Regardless, it’s going to make that steam room in New York feel like a cool breeze.”

“And what do we do once we’re up top?” I ask, “It’s the three of us against a whole army of Devilmen.”

Zakeff does not have an answer for this, the wizard at a loss for words as we come face to face with the cold reality of our journey. We were doomed to begin with.

“It’s not an army against three,” Clobe suddenly chimes in. “It’s an army against three whole cities.”

His words send a tiny spark of encouragement into my heart, settling in and slowing beginning to smolder across the coals.

“They’ve been beaten and caged,” Clobe continues, “but they still have the desire to survive. What they need is a leader!”

The spark of hope within me catches fire suddenly, a tiny flame flickering in the darkness.

“We shall climb to the top of this mountain and turn the captives against their captors. We will fight in the name of all that is good in this world and we shall win!” the unicorn yells pulling out his black baton and pointing it valiantly up towards the mountaintops.

I can sense Zakeff glancing my way but I don’t turn to meet his eyes, instead focused squarely on the handsome Unicorn Butt Cop in front of me. I stand up and, without a word, I wrap my arms around Clobe’s massive frame, lifting myself and kissing him passionately on the lips.

For a brief moment, the two of us are lost in our own world again, drifting together out of space and time until our lips finally separate and we are transported back down into reality.

“Lead the way, Clobe,” I tell him.

13 – Hot And Sweaty

The forest of the island is much thicker than the ones I am used to, the ferns and trees around us grown to absolutely gargantuan proportions without the interference of humans, bigfeet or unicorns to hinder them. We have yet to encounter any of the genetically engineered wildlife, but the butt songs that ring out through the woods around us are haunting and unfamiliar.

It's not long upon our journey that I find the trees opening up above us for a brief glimpse at the volcano from a closer angle, at which point I gasp in astonishment. Carved into the top of the mountain is a massive ass, it's asshole running with streaks of molten lava that cascades down the cliff side and scorches the rocky face below in long black lines.

"I said you'd figure out what the butt meant soon enough," laughs Zakeff.

"They must have really thought highly of pounding ass," I remark, "such incredible people. I can't believe that Sorpos turned on them like that."

"The moral of this story; never mess with dark magic," Zakeff tells me. "No matter how many more butts that you think you're gonna pound."

"I've been thinking," begins Zakeff Ron, handing me his spell book as we walk, his thumb marking a specific page. "It's time you learned your first true spell of *real* charming man, we might need it."

I carefully take the book from Zakeff and open the page for myself, scanning across the text. It's a very difficult spell, but as I read it my necklace begins to glow and I find myself blessed with a seemingly supernatural understanding of its inner workings.

"Love Is Real," I read the spell's title aloud.

"Just incase Clobe needs a little help with the crowd," replies Zakeff. "It might be a good idea to learn this while you can."

"This is much too complex to learn as we travel," I protest. "This spell would take weeks to copy down."

Zakeff smirks and hands me a pen, taking his book back and holding it open before me with one hand as we hike. "Better get started."

Admittedly amused by the dinosaur wizard's pluck, I pull out my own spell book and begin to copy, the stone around my neck now simmering with heat against my skin.

Before long, I find myself completely engrossed in my work, the diagrams and tables all flooding together and connecting in one giant equation that I actually might have a vague grasp on. My thoughts are so consumed by the magical instructions that I completely lose track of how much time has passed until suddenly the group stops walking and I almost knock Zakeff's spell book right out of his claws.

"Where are we?" I ask, looking upwards.

The incredible vision before me answers my own question, however, as I gaze upon the vast cliff side that runs along the edge of the volcanic mountain. We are close enough now to make out the intricacies of the rocky surface, the gnarly branches the jut out sideways from the sheer face, as well as the utterly enormous winged dicks that sit perched upon them.

"Cockbirds," explains Zakeff, pointing up at the flock as it sits and watches us intently from above.

It's hard to get an exact read on the size of these creatures from a distance, but if I had to guess I would say that they appear to be about the size of an average human male, standing at attention in the form of a massive erect penis.

“Are they dangerous?” I ask.

Zakeff nods. “Another one of the cloning experiments gone wrong. Cockbirds are known to rain super heated sperm down on anyone unfortunate enough to get too close.”

“Are we too close?” I ask.

“We will be soon,” Zakeff nods. “Let’s put the spell book away for the time being. Heads up.”

Now that we’ve reached the cliff, the goal has become a trip around the edge, looking to see if we can find anything that resembles an ancient place of worship while staying far enough away to not draw any unwanted attention from the mutant cockbirds.

It doesn’t take long, however, before we find what we are looking for.

“There!” shouts Clobe, pointing through the trees.

I follow his lead with my gaze and eventually find myself staring at a surprisingly small doorway that has been carved into the base of the cliff. Around it, an ornate border of skulls has been etched into the stone.

Clobe begins to confidently march forward through the underbrush but Zakeff reaches out and grabs him by the shoulder, which causes the unicorn to freeze.

“Wait, the cockbirds,” Zakeff warns. “They’re not evil creatures, but they are very, very territorial.”

I watch as the heads of the dicks on the cliff side swivel and shift towards us, rotating on their bodies as a collective of strange, instinctual penises.

“They’re watching,” the dinosaur wizard continues.

“How fast are they?” asks Clobe.

“Quite,” replies the triceratops. “But I don’t see any other option besides running for it.”

“Can you protect us?” I ask.

I can see that my choice of words seems to bother Clobe, but there’s nothing I can do about it now.

Zakeff nods. “But I’d like to save my energy for Ted Cobbler. I’ll give us a minor hot-to-trot shield from above, but it will only last so long with the boiling cum raining down.”

The three of us exchange glances, signifying our mutual approval of the slightly reckless, but necessary, plan.

“Ready?” Zakeff asks. “Head for the door in as straight a line as you possibly can.

We nod.

The wizard turns to face the cliff yet again and says a few words, a strange enchantment that flows and dances across his tongue and then stops abruptly. Nothing appears to have happened.

“Did you do it?” I question.

Zakeff nods. “It’s there.”

Clobe, who stands at the lead of us, hesitates for a moment, clearly considering the fact that Zakeff may very well be lying and sending him into battle to die. The Unicorn Butt Cop takes a few steps forward and then halts awkwardly. He looks back at Zakeff.

The bad boy triceratops says nothing.

There is a strange anger and resentment when their eyes meet, an emotional exchange even more powerful than I would have ever expected.

Suddenly, Clobe opens his mouth to speak. “I trust you,” the unicorn pledges, then turns and runs out from the undergrowth, sprinting towards the temple door.

Immediately, the birds screech loudly and begin to swoop down over the top of Clobe,

spitting a scalding hot rain of semen like a waterfall of searing pain.

“Go!” cries Zakeff, causing me to suddenly realize that I’ve been standing here frozen like a statue the entire time.

As I run towards the temple door, a cascade of hot jizz begins to fall down and then splatter away from me. Its as though a shimmering blue roof has been erected just a meter above our heads, keeping us save as we dash below it. I look up as I run to see the hot ropes of sperm glancing off of the magical shield this way and that, the safeguard hovering in a long direct line to the entrance before us.

The buffer quickly begins to dissolve and shimmer, however, losing its physical manifestation as it continues to take a beating. One or two drops begin to make it through the barrier and then eventually entire splatters.

Thankfully, we’re almost to the safety of the doorway.

Clobe enters first, followed by myself and then Zakeff in the back, who just barely makes it in before the entire thing collapses and drops an avalanche of burning cockbird jizz onto the dirt behind us.

Completely out of breath, I lean up against the nearby wall and steady myself while Clobe looks onward into the darkness of the long, ancient hallway that we’ve suddenly found ourselves in.

Zakeff holds his arm and winces, a collection of sizzling burns in his robe that reveal charred scales and flesh beneath.

“Oh no,” I say, standing and approaching the wizard, “you’re hurt.”

Zakeff shakes his head emphatically. “It’s nothing, it’s nothing.”

The dinosaur wizard takes his opposite hand and hovers it above the wound, saying a few magic words in a way that makes me think he’s probably said them several thousand times before. When Zakeff finishes speaking he pulls his hand away, revealing a perfectly healed wound without so much as a scar to be found.

I shake my head in astonishment. “Incredible.”

“You could easily learn a simple hot-to-trot healing spell,” says Zakeff. “You’re already much more powerful than you know.”

As Zakeff says this I find myself blushing slightly, trying hard not to read more into his compliment than I probably should. I feel as though I’ve covered for myself well enough, however, until I realize that the stone around my neck is glowing slightly, a dead giveaway of my blossoming gay feelings for the bad boy.

Clobe notices, but says nothing.

“Onward and upward,” Zakeff Ron finally declares, climbing to his feet.

The walls of the stone temple are lit with torches, many of which are still quite usable after all of this time in the dark. Clobe removes a flashlight from his backpack and places it in his mouth, shining outward, then leads.

“As we make our way forward keep this in mind,” Zakeff begins, “the temple may have been abandoned long ago, but traps and magic have no age. There may still be plenty to worry about within these passages.”

Clobe nods, and then continues bravely down the darkened passageway that stretches out before us.

Carved into the walls on either side of the ancient ruins are incredibly intricate works of art, giant murals that stretch on for the entire length of the passage. In stunning detail they depict an origin story of unicorns and men, first the two of them arriving at the island by boat and then eventually

cloning themselves by the hundreds and the thousands. Soon the murals morph into a massive gay orgy, pounds being pounding from every direction.

Eventually, the pathway breaks off into a larger, circular room that appears to be a place of prayer. Around the room, in a circle, are six large stone statues that watch with imposing eyes as we scan our surroundings. There doesn't appear to be any way out.

By now the air has grown even hotter than I had first expected, almost stinging my lungs as the sweat begins to form on my brow. I wipe it away, trying to focus but having a hard time under the oppressive sensation of this intense heat.

"Let's get out of here as soon as possible," I say breathlessly. "This heat is killing me."

I look up at Zakeff and stop abruptly, my gaze frozen on the incredible shirtless triceratops that stands before me. He has removed his robe, opting to cool off by carrying it over his shoulder instead.

"I think..." I stammer, "maybe... we..."

Zakeff glances back, amused, but says nothing as he begins to inspect the statues, his perfect, scaly body rippling with sweet muscular excellence.

Clobe seems displeased by my preoccupation with the wizard's body and, not to be outdone, removes his shirt, as well, so that the two of them are exposed and glistening in the torch light. Clobe begins to inspect the room, too, albeit not as thoroughly as Zakeff because the unicorn has no idea what to look for.

Zakeff eventually stops when he reaches a massive stone slab, directly across from the entrance of the room. He raps his claw on it hard, listening back to the tone that echoes throughout the chamber around us.

"You hear that?" the wizard asks. "This slab is much thinner than the rest of them. I suspect there is a secret passageway behind this door."

The dinosaur wizard walks back to the center of the room and I try my best not to stare at the subtle movements of his chest and abs, but it's impossible not to. The stone around my neck starts to glow even brighter and I grab it with one hand, covering the light.

"Each one of these six statues represents an elder god of dark magic, but it also corresponds to a constellation in the sky," Zakeff infers. "Now, maybe if we push them backwards a bit in corresponding order with the star cycle, we can trigger the secret passage to open up."

The hot, prehistoric wizard walks up to one of the statues and tries to move it. It won't budge.

"Or maybe," Zakeff continues, "maybe if we point the arms of each statue towards their corresponding position in the sky, that will unlock the secret door. Very clever."

The triceratops climbs up onto one of the stone figures and attempts to bend its arm, which remains completely steadfast in its attachment to the sculpted body.

"Or what if..." Zakeff starts to say, but is suddenly cut off by a loud crash.

The wizard and I turn to see that Clobe has kicked a hole through the stone tablet door with his front hooves, the entire thing collapsing to the ground and shattering as it gives way to the hidden passageway behind.

"Or maybe we could just break it open," Clobe says with a smile.

I can't help but chuckle to myself as the muscular Unicorn Butt Cop steps over the rubble and continues onward.

The room that we now find ourselves in is even bigger than the last one, with high ceilings and an ornately tiled floor featuring various patterns of stone crisscrossing its length. Each wall is

covered floor to ceiling with what appears to be shelves of ancient butt plugs and mysterious idols.

Unlike the other chambers, however, this one appears to have seen some encroachment from the volcano over time, pools of lava and hot black rock forming in the corner as it spills down from cracks in the walls.

At the other side of the large room there is a doorway that immediately transforms into a spiral staircase, spinning upward towards the peak of the mountain.

“There!” I shout pointing to the other side of the chamber and sprinting across the room towards it.

“Wait!” shouts Clobe, watching as my footstep causes one of the tiles to sink down into the floor below it. I stop abruptly, freezing in place out of fear and confusion as my brain struggles to catch up with my body.

The Butt Cop is suddenly diving towards me, his body flying through the air in a flash as something large and powerful swings down from the ceiling. I barely have time to understand what is happening before the muscular unicorn barrels into my body and knocks me over, a massive pendulum blade slicing by just inches away from me.

We land with a thud, the flashlight flying from Clobe’s mouth and sliding across the floor as it casts the room in an ominous, uplit glow. I feel wetness on my hands and hold them out in front of me, screaming as I find them covered in rainbow colored blood that is certainly not mine.

“What happened?” Zakeff asks, dodging past the pendulum as it continues its ever softening swings.

Clobe is sitting up now, looking down at his shoulder and chest, which are deeply wounded, but not critically so.

“I’m fine, I’m fine.” Clobe insists, unable to accept anyone’s pity as he tries his best to ignore the pain.

The unicorn had finally learned not to rush into things, but still ended up getting hurt regardless.

“Can you fight?” asks Zakeff Ron.

Clobe nods.

“Good, let’s go,” replies the dinosaur wizard, taking note of tile pattern and continuing onward as he avoids the kind that I stepped on.

“Wait!” I shout. “Are you kidding me?”

Zakeff stops and turns around. “He’s fine.”

“He’s not fine,” I yell, “and you know it.”

The wizard sighs. “I already asked if you can fight,” he complains. “That’s what I need you for; nothing more, nothing less.”

I shake my head in disappointment, seriously wondering if this prehistoric jerk spends his time simply dreaming up new ways to shock and appall me.

“Enough. We don’t have time for this,” I say, climbing to my feet and pointing a finger squarely at Zakeff. “You healed your arm earlier like it was nothing. In fact, you told me yourself about what an easy spell it is. We are a team here whether you like it or not, and your teammate needs help, so you better help him or I will take that pretty little wand of yours and dip it into lava.”

“We’ll, my Friendship Stone is on it, so you’d drop dead first,” Zakeff scoffs.

I throw my hands into the air and turn abruptly to Clobe. “And you,” I snarl. “I know you want to put on the heroic protector act like you never get tired, or get hurt, or feel depressed. I’ll even admit, I quite like it, but right now you’re hurt very, very badly, and if you’re going to defend my

honor then you're going to need to hold a sword without wincing."

Clobe nods with understanding, taking my words to heart.

"Both of you are going to need to pull it together," I yell. "Right now."

There is a moment of silence wherein the swinging pendulum finally creaks to a stop, a blade on a rope that now hangs down at the dead center of the room. Without a word, Zakeff walks over to Clobe and lays his claws on the unicorn's chest, murmuring a quick blessing.

Clobe doesn't protest.

Seconds later, Zakeff pulls his hands away and reveals a perfectly healed body. The only indication that there was ever something wrong is the now drying rainbow blood that is smeared haphazardly across Clobe's muscular abs.

"Play nice," I scold, "and watch out for the dark tiles."

We make our way across the remainder of the burial chamber, Clobe retrieving his torch along the way as we arrive at the bottom of the spiral staircase.

"When we reach the top, Ted Cobbler will be waiting," the triceratops wizard reminds us. "Be ready."

The climb that follows is absolutely brutal, a painfully hot trek up so many flights of stairs that at one point I'm actually convinced we've stumbled across a magical loop, a never ending spiral of volcanic heat that seems to permeate everything.

At least during the climb I have two beautifully handsome creatures to look at, but even that thought is more than a little concerning.

At first, I find myself disturbed by my attraction to Zakeff who is, without a doubt, one of the most arrogant, headache inducing dinosaurs I have ever known. But, the deeper I dig into my own thoughts and feelings, the more I realize that something supernatural may be at work here.

Like the wizard said, eventually those who take the Friendship Stones begin to slowly imbue the features of their magical school. While Zakeff's enhancement gem has given him seemingly everlasting hot-to-trot swagger, has my stone started to turn me into The World's Most Charming Man?

Thinking back to that encounter on the beach with Clobe, my behavior may have been raw and exciting, but it was also quite reckless. It is definitely something that a very slick and charming guy would do.

Was it out of my own character? I'm not exactly sure, thanks especially to the fact that I've genuinely changed a lot in the last few days, regardless of any magical Friendship Stone.

Either that, or I should just stop over thinking things and enjoy the muscular physique of my handsome, traveling companions.

14 – Number One Scoundrel Ted Cobbler

Eventually, the air around us becomes cooler and lighter, every step that we take seemingly relieving an aching weight from our shoulders until suddenly the dim light of an open door from above can be seen. It spirals down to us along with the frantic screams of trapped citizens.

Clobe immediately turns off his flashlight and brandishes his nightstick, but does not rush into battle this time around. “We need a plan,” the unicorn police officer says.

“Let’s start by putting the uniform back on,” remarks Zakeff.

Clobe looks down at himself, nods, and then begins to dress.

Zakeff wraps himself yet again in his blue robe, drawing his wand forth and handing me his spell book.

“Would you like to take another look at Love Is Real?” the triceratops wizard asks.

I shake my head. “I think I’ve got it.”

“Fair enough,” says the dinosaur, who then waves a hand over Clobe, himself and me, casting a protective hot-to-trot blessing.

As soon as we are ready, the three of us creep up to the top of the steps and then peer out over the edge.

What I see makes me gasp aloud. The top of the mountain levels off into a great rocky plateau, framed by endless blue sky that would be stunningly beautiful if it weren’t for the hundreds upon hundreds of caged men and women that are smashed together below it. A massive pen has been constructed from both wood and steel to hold them, and an army of demon guards stand around the captives with giant, menacing claws, forcing them into position. The entire populace of Billings, New York, and Chicago all pushed together within the cage.

To the right, the plateau drops off over the edge of the volcano into a fiery molten pit, and even further still I can see that we have found ourselves at the back of the massive stonework butt, the ass carved in such a way so that the hollow butthole is just barely bubbling over with lava.

On the left, a path can be seen leading down the mountain, up which devilmen are currently leading the captives before pushing them roughly into their strange enclosure. The only open edge of the cage leads directly into the boiling crater below.

Standing over by the massive carved butt is Ted Cobbler, who appears to be drawing a series of strange, magical symbols in the dirt with his staff, his black robes fluttering around him in the ferocious mountain wind.

I’m boiling with anger.

“Zakeff, the second we get out there you cast a hot-to-trot shield on the captives, the last thing we want is for them to start getting slashed up by demons when the uprising begins. They need *at least* enough time for them feel like they could actually break out of there before things get dark,” I tell the dinosaur wizard. “After that, you go straight for Ted Cobbler. You’re the only one here who stands any chance against him.”

I turn to Clobe, whose eyes are filled with intensity unlike anything I have ever seen. “You and me will take on the devilmen,” I tell him. “I need you out there busting up the guards and inspiring the captives, getting them riled up enough to break down the fence and start fighting on their own. I’ll help your chances with my Love Is Real spell, but only if I can pull it off. Even with the necklace, I suspect it will be far too advanced to perform without a misfire, and then I will have very little energy left to cast anything else.”

The unicorn officer nods, clearly thrilled to see me in this position of leadership.

"I'll help you with the guards but my main focus will be the demons coming up the path," I say.

My heart is pounding out of my chest, the adrenalin almost too much for my body to handle.

"Is everyone ready?" I shout.

Clobe and Zakeff yell in approval.

"Then let's go!" I tell them.

Suddenly, the three of us are bursting up out of the stairwell and flying across the rocky plateau. Before anyone has a chance to react, Zakeff has created a protective hot-to-trot shield around the captives and is now turning and sprinting towards Ted Cobbler at full speed.

Clobe batters his way through two wandering devilmen and is now barreling towards the mass of guards who have been taken completely by surprise.

Meanwhile, I throw out four Buckaroo Tumbleweeds which fly through the air in luminous green balls and tear apart a handful of demonic soldiers.

"Rise up!" cries Clobe. "The time is now! We have come all the way from Billings to save you!"

Immediately, the people in the cage begin to hoot and holler, smashing up against the wall of their enclosure in a genuine, yet entirely unorganized, attempt to escape.

I arrive at the edge of the hillside and find myself face to face with a staggering devilman, who I kick in the chest as hard as I can and send rolling down the cliff. The two captives who he was leading immediately turn around and begin fighting alongside me, kicking and punching at the wave of demons who now struggle to reach the peak. With every devilman that heads into battle against us, another captive is set free mid transport, many of the immediately turning on their oppressors.

There is suddenly a large flash of lighting that cracks through the air behind me and strikes the ground nearby. I look back to see that Ted Cobbler has summoned some kind of powerful electrical dark magic attack on Zakeff, but my companion's protective blessing holds strong, only phasing out slightly from the damage.

Unfortunately, the incredible display of power has caused the captives to rethink their chance of escape. While the men and women I was saving had once been turning to fight along side me, every single one of them has now taken off and started sprinting down the path, far out of reach from the devastating magical forces and elemental feats that are blasting across the volcano's peak.

The devilmen that were guarding them, however, have no fear as they continue to march upwards, hell bent on crushing the three heroes that dare defy them and their master, Ted.

"I might need some help over here!" I shout, glancing over at Clobe.

The Unicorn Butt Cop breaks away from the slashing demons before him and maneuvers over to me, following my gaze down the hill to where the other side's reinforcements are swiftly approaching.

"There's too many of them," Clobe says, the heat of battle finally too much for him to retain a face of honor and positivity. "There's just too many of them to hold back."

While Ted Cobbler and Zakeff throw magical tumbleweeds at one another, I point past them towards the giant, lava spewing butthole. "There!" I say. "Break the edge."

Clobe immediately knows what I'm thinking but also immediately realizes that he can't do it on his own.

Without a moment to lose, the unicorn charged towards Ted Cobbler, leaping through the air and tackling the black robed mage to the ground. As Clobe flies past Zakeff he offers one simple instruction. "Blow out the cheek!"

Zakeff glances over at me, then at Clobe, and then at the ass's massive buns; finally piecing the puzzle together and realizing what needs to be done.

The handsome dinosaur wizard closes his eyes and recites a magical script, then thrusts his hand out towards the edge of the structure. From Zakeff's body I can see a long, semi translucent erection emerge and take off towards the thick wall of stone, blasting through the air at an incredible speed until it hits the lower corner of the butt's cheek and tears clean through it.

Immediately, the carved structure begins to crumble in on itself, half of the thing falling back into the lava while the rest plummets downward onto the rocks below in a massive plume of dust. The most important thing that happens, however, is the diversion of lava that now, without the aid of a massive asshole directing it, swerves off into a different direction entirely.

There is a split second before the devilmen making their way up the path can even realize what is happening, but by then it is already too late.

An avalanche of molten lava comes bubbling and cascading down towards the road, splattering over the edge like a tidal wave and taking the horde of demonic minions caught in its path with it.

The demonic soldiers that happen be farther down the path when the lava flow strikes simply turn and retreat, unable to cross the superheated liquid that blocks their path. A few others attempt to scale the nearby cliff side, but the face is simply too sheer for any of the hellish creatures to reckon with.

Meanwhile, Clobe has actually managed to get in a few good blows on Ted Cobbler, but the dark wizard was smart enough to cast a protective shield of his own and remains relatively unharmed.

The two tussle on the ground for a while, Ted Cobbler unable to get enough words out to form a spell until finally he manages to create a blast of dark, crackling energy that blows Clobe backwards into the air in flurry of strange, sad frowns. The unicorn flies upwards, overturning several times in the air as he goes and then landing and skidding across the dirt towards the open crater.

Clobe disappears over the side of the volcano.

"No!" I cry out, attempting to run back towards the inner edge until a horde of demons block my path. I come skidding to a stop, suddenly realizing that the guards have successfully quelled the uprising captives and, with Zakeff Ron and Ted Cobbler locked in the heat of battle, there is nobody left to come to my aid.

If I attempt to cast Love Is Real and I fail, I will be too weak to try again, likely too weak to even defend myself against the devilmen before me. Still, I see no other option.

Backing away slowly, I begin to murmur the complex incantation that I had only just learned some hours before, the rhythmic tones piecing together like a puzzle as they escape from my lips. Eventually, my grave concern of spell failure gives way to a trancelike concentration, hitting every verbal and mental mark as the stone around my neck begins to heat into a sizzling warmth that flows through my entire body. As my confidence grows I become louder and louder until I am yelling at the demons with all of my might.

Suddenly, a spiraling bouquet of pink energy erupts from my chest and swirls across the battlefield like a hundred ethereal snakes, sizzling and crackling as it spreads over the plateau and off the edge of the cliff side.

Almost immediately the captives begin to react, overwhelmed by the desire to be free that I have helped remind them of. There is no longer any doubt within them that love is real.

"Let's go!" I scream, throwing my hands out and beckoning the crowd forth from their cage.

“It’s time to fight!”

The demons that we’re once advancing upon me now turn their attention back to the captives who rock the wall of their enclosure back and forth in a terrifyingly unstable sway. It looks as though the massive cage could collapse at any second.

The hundreds of demon guards around the enclosure immediately begin to attack the men and women of Billings, Chicago and New York as they rock the fence, but the protective hot-to-trot shield remains steady until finally, when it’s just about to give, the fence around the captives crashes forward onto the demonic guards themselves.

Now people are pouring out onto the mountaintop battlefield, beating down the devilmen soldiers as a pink mist of real love swirls around their feet.

Immediately, I run over to the edge of the crater and stare down, my heart slamming in my chest as I consider the fact that I may never see Clobe again. Of course, when I arrive I am greeted by the unicorn’s smiling face staring up at me, his hooves gripped tightly onto the rocky ledge as he dangles precariously over the bubbling lava below.

“Can I get a hand?” The Unicorn Butt Cop asks.

I reach down and try to pull him up, but I’m simply too weak from the recent flurry of spells. Fortunately, two of the captives are quick to join us and manage to hoist Clobe’s muscular unicorn body back up.

It’s not long before the captives have entirely overtaken their guards, the tide of battle quickly turning in our favor as demons are beat and broken.

Suddenly, there is a second massive crack as lighting flashes through the sky in a fearsome bolt and strikes the ground once more. I turn just in time to see Zakeff Ron flying through the air, his robe torn and tattered as he lands next to me. The triceratops wizard is bruised and broken, just barely conscious as I roll him over and look upon the pained expression of his face.

“Ted Cobbler,” Zakeff moans, “stop him.”

I glance up just in time to see the dark wizard sprinting towards the edge of the cliff and then leaping off, gliding outward as he drifts away on the cool ocean breeze with his black robe fluttering out behind him.

Gathering all of the force that I can muster, I run to the edge of the cliff as I murmur the mysterious words of Buckaroo Tumbleweed under my breath, then extend my hands outward towards the dark wizard.

There is a faint sizzle at my fingertips but nothing more, I am simply too drained to produce another magical effect.

I watch in agony as Ted Cobbler floats away, furious that, for all of our success there is still one massive thread that remains unfinished, a thread that may very well come back to haunt us.

Suddenly, however, I notice a swarm of large shapes erupt from the cliff side. To my amazement, I watch as a flock of cockbirds descend upon the gliding wizard, splattering him with their searing hot cum and causing his flight to take an unexpected turn. Already weakened, the wizard tries in vain to keep the cockbirds at a distance but he’s simply too worn down from the vicious battle with Zakeff.

Finally, one of the massive dicks swoops in and slaps the dark wizard hard across his face with the length of its shaft.

The direction of Ted Cobbler’s decent immediately changes and suddenly the wizard is plummeting straight downward in a mass of blank robes that trail out behind him like a comet.

Around me, the few devilmen that are left immediately collapse into red dust, and the point

is even further driven home with a sickening crack as Ted Cobbler's body slams into the rocks down below.

The crowd around us immediately bursts into an uproarious cheer as tears of joy begin to well up in my eyes. I look back and see Clobe helping Zakeff to his feet, the triceratops wizard then magically healing the unicorn and himself with what little energy he has left.

As my eyes drift across the triumphant scene they eventually settle upon the familiar face of my father, who stands among the revelers and stares at me with a look of pride and shock plastered across his face. We remain here, facing one another for a moment until my body is suddenly overwhelmed with emotion and I take off running towards him.

The two of us meet in the middle and throw our arms around one another, holding tight within a warm embrace that we were both fully prepared to never feel again.

"I can't believe you're here," Deupork says.

"I can't believe it either!" I laugh.

"When I saw you fighting and casting those spells, I thought that it couldn't possibly be you, but now here you are," the proud man gushes, "not just an office wizard, but a hero."

The word strikes me hard, a strange and unfamiliar title that actually seems to fit despite my initial apprehension. Am I truly a hero?

As I look around me and see the crying families embracing one another, celebrating their release, I come to terms with this new position; for now, at least.

Clobe and Zakeff approach us with warm smiles.

"There are some people I'd like you to meet," I tell my father, placing my hand on Zakeff's shoulder. "This is Zakeff of the Magical Friends Network." I explain.

"Is that some kind of social club?" My father asks, shaking his head as Clobe cracks an amused grin nearby.

"It's actually quite an esteemed group of wizards," Zakeff struggles to explain before I cut him off.

"And this is my love," I say, taking Clobe by the hoof.

Deupork's eyes go wide and I fully expected his protective nature to start kicking in, but the man somehow manages to hold back and shakes the unicorn's other hoof firmly. I suppose I've finally found something to appreciate about the kinder, laid back version of my father.

"It's an honor to meet you, sir," says the Unicorn Butt Cop, "and an honor to have grown so close to your handsome son along our journey."

My father starts to say something in response but as he opens his mouth a loud cough comes bursting out, immediately reminding me of why I began this quest in the first place. My father staggers back a bit, clutching his chest as he wheezes painfully and struggling to catch his breath.

All of this adventure and still I find myself without a single pinch of Fishbasil.

Immediately, Zakeff steps forward. "May I?" the dinosaur wizard asks.

My father is terribly confused but still nods in approval, prompting Zakeff to place a hand on his shoulder and begin to recite a string of magical words. Moments later, a blue light radiates from the wizard's hand and permeates down into my father's body, flooding him with a strange relief.

Suddenly, Deupork gasps loudly, sitting up straight as the air completely fills his lungs for the first time in over a year. He looks at Clobe in astonishment.

"Thank you," my father says.

"There are many sick people here," I inform Zakeff. "Sick people from the village who could use your help."

The triceratops just stares at me.

“You have to help them,” I say.

“I don’t have the energy,” Zakeff proclaims, “and it’s imperative that we return to the Magical Friends Network as soon as possible.”

I suddenly remember the agreement I had made regarding the stone around my neck, and then let out a long sigh.

“We stay until everyone has been healed,” I demand, “or I’m not coming with you.”

It’s an empty threat, my fascination with the Magical Friends Network is far too great to miss out on this once in a lifetime opportunity, but I’m not sure if Zakeff knows this.

The prehistoric wizard thinks for a moment, clearly annoyed by the position that he’s unexpectedly found himself in until he suddenly notices a light tugging at the bottom of his robe. Zakeff looks down to find a freckle faced young girl staring up at him, her big beautiful eyes shimmering with wonder and excitement.

“Um, I just wanted to say thank you,” the girl says awkwardly, swaying from side to side as she speaks. “Thank you for saving us, dinosaur wizard with three horns.”

Before Zakeff can even respond the little girl turns and takes off running back towards her parents, who are waiting nearby. The triceratops turns back to me and lets out a long sigh. “Fine, we can rest up for the day and I will try my best to heal anyone who needs it later this evening.”

I glance over at Clobe. “Looks like he’s not completely heartless after all.”

“I still have my doubts,” the unicorn retorts with a smile.

Zakeff shakes his head, dismissing our banter. “I need to figure out a way to get us off of this damn island, anyway,” he says. “It’s going to be a long night.”

15 – Hunk On The Water

Later that evening, the group of us finds ourselves back on the beach, the sun beginning to set over a distant horizon. Around us are three large cities worth of people, talking and laughing with one another as massive bonfires burn up and down the beach.

It is a time to relax and enjoy the fruits of freedom, reveling under the slowly darkening sky that blooms with a pallet of orange and purple hues. It's a strange feeling to be this far from home, yet surrounded by so many familiar faces, but I can't say that I don't enjoy it.

On the sand behind me sits Zakeff on a large rock, conserving as much energy as he possibly can while a line of former captives extends down the beach before him. The triceratops wizard spends a brief moment with each person, talking for a while and then placing his claw over them to heal their ailments. The wizard will work for as long as he can, then take a break and come back for more.

We'll be here all night.

As I watch the heartwarming and somewhat humorous scene unfold, Clobe approaches me with an earnest smile across his chiseled unicorn face.

"We found a boat on the other side of the island," he reveals. "It's a shipwreck, no telling how long it's been there but, from the looks of it, we can fix the thing up and get it sailing again in about a week."

"Should I tell Zakeff Ron we're going to be here longer than one night?" I ask, glancing over at the exhausted mage. "Let him pace it out?"

Clobe chuckles and shakes his head. "Let's let him enjoy himself just a little while longer."

"He can probably help with the boat," I say, wrapping my hands around the unicorn officer "I like it when the two of you play nice. You're going to have to if we're out at sea together for a month."

"Or longer," the unicorn counters, "who knows?"

I look around at the people rejoicing around us. "They're happy, for now, but what's it going to be like in a month while they're still here waiting for us to send help?"

"There's plenty of food on the island, fruit on the trees and fish in the sea," says Clobe, "there are a few small time office wizards like yourself who can help out, a few officer farmers like your dad, as well."

"Small time?" I joke in mock anger.

"Formerly small time," Clobe adds. "Anyway, it won't take as long getting back thanks to someone at the Magical Friends Network that Zakeff knows."

The Unicorn Butt Cop puts his arm around me and pulls me close as we look out across the beautiful, shimmering water that stretches endlessly before us. Even after all of the danger and destruction that we've been through together, I still feel that same sense of comfort, warmth and protection when we're close.

I lean my head into the beast's muscular shoulder and breathe deep, appreciating the smell of the fresh, salty air at swirls around us. That heavy sense of darkness that once saturated the island is no longer.

"You know, right around that bend is where we made love on the beach this afternoon," I say, "maybe we should see how it looks at night."

“It would be an honor,” the unicorn cop says, taking me by the hand and leading me off around the cove.

From the corner of my eye, I briefly catch Zakeff watching us as we go, a hint of longing that disappears just as quickly as it arrived.

Collecting himself, the dinosaur wizard smiles at me before turning back to his winding and seemingly endless line of patients.

The stone around my neck throbs with a dull, simmering heat.

Clobe and I make love that night in a slow and powerful way, our bodies tangling in the sand like trees that have grown slowly together over time. We lose ourselves in the heat of the moment, splashing in and out of the waves as I allow the hulking unicorn to take me in every position.

At one point Clobe picks me up in his thick arms and carries me back into the jungle a ways, finding a fallen tree where he sits me down and immediately gets to work at pleasuring me with his eager mouth.

The unicorn has learned my body even more than before now; pumping his lips across the length of my shaft at just the right speed.

I finally realize that, for as quiet as Clobe can sometimes be, he always listens. Not only is the unicorn a protector by way of honor, he is a protector because; deep down beneath it all, he truly cares.

It's not long before the warm orgasmic sensations begin to blossom within me, coming in a series of waves that crash upon the shore of my soul in larger and larger heaves until finally I'm enveloped entirely within the ocean of my passion.

I lean my head back and groan loudly, my voice echoing throughout the thick forest in a way that would be unmistakably lustful from the nearby shore, but is drowned out thanks to the sounds of celebration all around us. Plumes of pink magical energy begin to erupt from my aura, falling in gentle layers across the nearby leaves like beautiful, sparkling dust.

It's not long before the pleasant sensation consumes me entirely, sending my body into a fit of spasms as it contracts and expands in a way that is entirely out of my control. I am beside myself with pleasure, my eyes rolling up into my head as I lean back on the log and wrap my legs tightly around Clobe's shoulders, holding him here as I release my warm, milky load into the Butt Cop's mouth.

“That was amazing,” I groan.

I release my hulking lover, giving him a sly grin as he climbs to his feet. “You give me everything,” I tell him in amazement, “let me give something back to you.”

Clobe says nothing, simply watches me as I slide down off of the log and onto my knees in front of him. I slowly reach up and caress his massive unicorn cock, which has grown long and engorged as it points directly towards my smiling face.

“It would be an honor,” I say, then open my mouth wide and take his gigantic shaft deep within. I push Clobe's incredible size down as far as he can go, stopping only when he reaches the limits of my gag reflex before pulling back up again.

I take a deep breath and center myself, more excited to provide a unicorn with the pleasure of my touch than I have ever been. I take Clobe deep into my throat once more, pushing down as far as I can but this time, relaxing enough to take his enormous member all the way to the hilt. I hold my handsome unicorn here for as long as I can, letting him enjoy the sensation of being completely consumed before finally releasing him from my depths and coming up for air.

Soon enough, I am bobbing my head up and down the length of his shaft at an incredible speed, taking note of the way the Clobe's toned abs begin to seize and tighten as they prepare

themselves for a grand finale. The beast above me starts to moan loudly, his pleasure having nowhere to go other than escaping his throat as an audible call of ecstasy. He is pumping his hips to the rhythm of my movement, pushing himself closer and closer to the edge until finally Clobe just can't take it anymore and let's out a profound, bellowing whinny that cascades through the forest around us.

I can feel the unicorn release just spunk within my mouth, filling my throat with a warm cascade that I swallow happily. I keep Clobe between my lips until he is finally finished and then grin with complete love and adoration as he retracts himself from me.

I finish swallowing and then stand up, wrapping my arms around Clobe and kissing him deeply on the mouth. Neither of us needs to say anything, completely aware and at peace with the love that flows perfectly between us in mutual harmony.

Eventually, we get dressed and head back out onto the beach, trying our best to make it appear that nothing out of the ordinary has occurred.

Zakeff's line appears to be just as long as ever, but the dinosaur wizard seems to be enjoying his job a little more by now, joking happily with the men and women that approach him looking for help.

"I'm going to go start hunting around for a potential crew," Clobe tells me. "We'll need one or two sailors to help get us where we're going."

I nod, then give the unicorn a soft kiss on the cheek. "Sounds good."

As soon as Clobe leaves I see another familiar face approaching me across the sand. Though the sun has now disappeared below the horizon I can still instantly make out the figure's identity from the flickering bonfire light.

"Burk," I say, warmly greeting my office HR manager with open arms.

"Your father told me you were over here somewhere," the man says, hugging me tightly and then pulling away.

I laugh. "It's so good to see you!"

"Some of the captives found out that I knew *Pupper the great office wizard* and asked if I could talk to you about performing a few tricks," the man explains.

I smile, glancing over at Zakeff who is still more than a little busy. "I think I've got a little something that you might remember," I tell Burk.

I turn and face the dark water, repeating one of my favorite and most familiar incantations as the stone around my neck begins to sparkle and sizzle against my skin.

Seconds later, a gorgeous hunk bursts forth from my hands, strutting out across the black mirror of the ocean and then turning to make his way along the length of the shore.

Everyone celebrating stops for a moment, their conversations quieting down as they watch in silence. The handsome manifestation stops and flexes in the air before them, it's dripping orange calves just barley skirting the surface of the water. Even Zakeff has halted his healing process, watching with both rapt attention and deep appreciation.

We may be far from home, but we are here with the ones that matter, a collective of men, women and children who were brought together by darkness but ended in the light. At this point, I'm not sure whether the warmth that I feel is from the jewel around my neck or the love within my heart.

When the magic hunk finally dissipates into a faint orange sparks, the entire beach immediately bursts into an incredible applause. It takes me by surprise as I'm struck by the realization that I've just performed the best show of my life.

I didn't really expect anyone to notice.

Bonus Story One

ANALLY YOURS, THE UNICORN SAILOR

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 think 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 butthole 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.”

Bonus Story Two

UNICORN BUTT COPS
Beach Patrol

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 me 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 its 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. 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, I 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?”

Exclusive Real Spells

Here is a small collection of exclusive real spells that you can perform with little previous magical experience. All spells are level 3 or below, unless noted, perfect for any amateur wizards looking to add some originality to their arsenal.

Cold Center

School: Food/Snack

Cold Center is an offensive spell that, when cast on a target microwave or other heating apparatus, will cause the food being prepared to retain an ice cold middle. The amount of food in a targeted microwave is left %10 unthawed for every level of the caster, up to %50. Anyone unfortunate enough to bite into the cold food will automatically be disgusted, with a chance of rage based on the percentage of food left unthawed.

Instructions: The caster need only to visualize the targeted microwave in their mind while chanting eight times, "That's a cold spaghetti." After their chant is completed, turn around twice completely, either direction.

Talkin' Turkey

School: Hot-to-trot

This spell gives the caster the ability to blend into a group conversation seamlessly, regardless of how nervous the caster is. The user does not add anything particular to the conversation, simply gobbling along like a turkey would. Once Talkin' Turkey is cast the user can blend without drawing any attention to themselves for five minutes per level of the caster.

Instructions: To cast this spell, the user must simply enter a circle of conversation and clap three times loudly, then shuffle their feet and whisper, "Gobble."

Lesser Summon Birds

School: Charming man

When this spell is cast, the user summons five to ten birds who will listen to the casters feelings for one minute per level of the caster. The birds can nod or flutter with agreement, but cannot otherwise communicate with the caster as with the the Greater Summon Birds. The summoned birds will remain attentive to the caster and give there support for the full duration of the spell, at which point they will then flutter away to continue their lives as birds. This spell can only be cast outdoors.

Instructions: Place your hands over your ears and with a high pitched voice repeat, "Thank you, thank you. I'm the bird man" three times. Next, wink twice with your left eye.

Greater Summon Birds

School: Charming man (Level 5)

This spell works in exactly the same way as Lesser Summon Birds, only with this spell the caster is allowed to communicate simple messages back and forth with the summoned birds. The summoned birds are medium intelligence animals with a generally favorable attitude towards the user, answering questions to the best of their ability for the duration of the spell. Greater Summon Birds is particularly useful in gathering information from around the neighborhood.

Instructions: With arms wide, proclaim loudly, "Chirp, birds on a wire." Wait for ten seconds and then shake your head rapidly from side to side and moan in a low tone.

Lemon Drop

School: Food/Snack

Lemon Drop can be used as both a supplementary spell or an offensive spell. In its supplementary form, the caster creates a slight lemon zest in any prepared food at any time, thusly enhancing it with lemony flavor. The effect is permanent. In the offensive version of the spell, Lemon Drop is cast on a target food and causes it to immediately imbue a terrible and intense, sour flavor. Anyone consuming the targeted food will gag with displeasure for ten seconds per level of caster.

Instructions: In either version of this spell, the user is required to drop to one knee and then blink three times with each eye in an alternating pattern.

Saddle Walk

School: Buckaroo

When this spell is cast, the user is magically imbued with the power to walk in a way that is unmistakable for that of a true buckaroo. Now moving with a wide-stanced march, the user is treated as a real buckaroo for the duration of the spell, and can only be seen as a non-buckaroo through the use of a Detect Buckaroo spell. The spell lasts for ten minutes per level of the caster.

Instructions: Begin with a loud horse's neigh, stamping the ground eight times with your right foot. Finish with a single three hundred and sixty degree twirl.

Detect Buckaroo

School: Buckaroo

When cast, the user can detect the true nature of all claiming to be buckaroos, including those using a Saddle Walk spell. Detect Buckaroo also allows the caster to see the true buckaroo nature of normals who wish to hide their identity. This spell affects all humans and creatures within a fifty foot radius and lasts for 10 minutes per level of the caster.

Instructions: Cover your left eye and lick your lips in a counterclockwise motion. Once finished, say "I see you, buckaroo."

Also By Chuck Tingle...

Dinosaur Tingle

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Unicorn Tingle

[*Taken By The Gay Unicorn Biker*](#)
[*My Ass Is Haunted By The Gay Unicorn Colonel*](#)
[*Pounded By The Gay Unicorn Football Squad*](#)
[*Unicorn Butt Cops: Beach Patrol*](#)
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[*Bigfoot Pirates Haunt My Balls*](#)
[*The Curse Of Bigfoot Butt Camp*](#)
[*Bigfoot Settler's Claim My Butthole*](#)
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[*Pounded By The Gay Color Changing Dress*](#)
[*Turned Gay By The Living Alpha Diner*](#)
[*Glazed By The Gay Living Donuts*](#)

[*Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt*](#)
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[*Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 4*](#)
[*Living Objects Pound My Butt: 12 Gay Stories With Abs And Smiles*](#)

Self Help

[*Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance*](#)

Novels/Other

[*Helicopter Man Pounds Dinosaur Billionaire Ass \(A Novel\)*](#)
[*Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror*](#)

About The Author

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