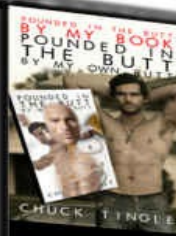


CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS VOLUME 3



CHUCK TINGLE

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



VAMPIRE NIGHT BUS POUNDS MY BUTT



SHARED BY THE CHOCOLATE MILK COWBOYS

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

Volume 3

By Chuck Tingle

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

Being a famous writer is an experience that few others can relate to, even for those who ascend to the realm of celebrity in another field. I'm sure there is an entire set of rules and baggage that comes along with being a well respected actor, musician or politician, but the difference lies in the fact that the fame of these figures relies almost entirely on them being recognized. Us authors, on the other hand, might as well not even exist.

For some, this is a huge blessing, preferring a world of day-to-day anonymity where one can buy a coffee in the morning without being photographed or go to the bookstore without being asked to sign something. On the other hand, a little recognition might be nice every once in a while. Sure, the residual checks are good from my massive book sales, but just once I would love to see that excited glimmer of recognition in someone's eye as they glimpse me on my morning stroll, and not just because we are neighbors.

This is the life of a writer. I start my day with a little yoga in the morning, centering my mind and hoping for some ideas to begin the gestation process deep within my thoughts. Inspiration is a fickle beast, however, and sometimes there will be weeks upon week when nothing comes. Either way, the sun never hesitates as it rises over my home in Billings, Montana. Time continues onward with or without my inspiration, and against it I am helpless.

Sometimes I'll walk to my local coffee shop to get the gears turning, other days I just sit in front of my computer screen staring at the blank page before me, a tiny blinking cursor taunting me with every pixelated flash.

I've also found that working out gets the brain going sometimes, so I've been hitting the gym quite a lot, toning my body as a way to tone my mind. I've got no problem admitting that, for someone in a profession that's known for sitting alone in stagnation, I look pretty damn good these days.

This is my basic routine, and not once do I get recognized as Buck Trungle, highly successful author of science fiction literature and the best selling novel, "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt."

Hailed as a transhumanist masterpiece, "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt," has done wonders for my career, yet my face goes almost entirely unknown to those around me.

Sure, I get plenty of fan mail to a small PO Box that I hold down at the Billings Post Office but, other than that the, repercussions of my hard work rarely show themselves in the real world. These days, visiting the post office and checking my email have become sources of constant distraction, my ego craving the brief nuggets of love and adoration from fans who will never truly know anything about me. It's no wonder that my writer's block has gotten so severe over the last few weeks.

I'm sitting in my office in the top story of my midcentury Montana home, looking out the window and trying desperately to find that spark of inspiration. My thoughts are wandering, completely unaware that my life is about to change forever.

The familiar synthesized ding of an email alert suddenly pulls me from my trance and fills me with a jolt of excitement. I turn my attention back to the computer and open my email, reading the subject of this mysterious new message aloud to myself.

"Lawsuit." I say, the single word making my brow furrow immediately. I open the message and continue to read. "Dear Mr. Trungle, this is a formal notification of a civil suit being brought against you by myself, for unpaid royalties while using my likeness as your basis of your book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt."

As the sole writer of my own fiction, I am utterly confused by the words in front of me. Immediately, I sense that this may be some kind of sick joke, but I continue to read aloud.

“I understand that you are the writer of said novel, but I happen to be the novel itself. As the one being bought and sold, I demand one hundred percent of the royalties generated by sales of Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt and all related merchandise.”

A cold chill runs down my spine as I finish the letter, realizing that my intuition was wrong and that this book means business.

Immediately, I pick up the phone and call my lawyer, the line ringing one before he picks up on the other end and greets me warmly.

“Buck!” My lawyer calls out. “What’s happening over there? You good?”

“Hi Carl.” I greet him, unsettled and out of sorts. “I think we might have a problem.”

Carl’s tone immediately shifts into one of undivided concern. “What’s going on? Is it Todd down the street again?”

“No, no. Not this time.” I explain. “I just got an email here from one of my books, he’s demanding all of the royalties from his sales. Have you ever heard of this?”

I hear Carl let out a long sigh on the other end of the line. “Unfortunately, yes.”

My heart skips a beat. “And?”

“And this is very serious.” Carl tells me. “I would highly advise you to meet with your book in person, one on one, and see if you can come to some kind of agreement on the matter.”

“Oh god.” I groan. “In person? You don’t want to come? I mean... you’re my lawyer.”

“If things get heated then I will step in, of course.” Carl explains calmly. “But right now my advice to you is to keep this as far away from the courtroom as possible. Right now, your book has a very, very good case against you.”

“But I wrote him!” I shout.

“That may very well be true.” Responds Carl. “But he is the book, and as the book he is entitled to all of his own rights. I’m sorry. Right now you need to be thinking about damage control, and you need to make a deal with this book that both of you can live with.”

My brain is flooded with all kinds of thoughts and emotions, swirling together in a vicious cocktail of anxiety that renders me silent.

“Buck?” Carl asks.

“Yeah, I’m here.” I tell him. “Sorry. I’m gonna go email my book back and see if he can meet up tonight.”

“Good idea.” Carl says. “Let me know if you need anything else.”

I hang up and open up a new email, wracking my brain for exactly what to say to this litigious, sentient book.

I arrive a little bit early to the coffee shop where my book and me have arranged to meet, but the sentient tome is already right there waiting for me when I walk in the door. I notice him immediately, a large, muscular copy of my most recent novel amid a sea of normal human patrons. He stands out in the crowd, devilishly handsome and carrying himself with an air of nonchalant swagger. I’m immediately intimidated, despite having written every word of him.

I give my book a wave and a nod, then walk over to shake his paper hand.

“Hi there.” I tell the novel. “It’s nice to meet you, I’m Buck.”

“Slater.” The book says with manly confidence. “But you might know me as Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.”

I nod. “I do and I just waited to say...”

The book holds up a finger to silence me. “Let’s not get into all of this yet, why don’t you grab a coffee first?”

He’s right, I still haven’t ordered anything. I excuse myself and get in line at the front counter, but I’m unable to keep from glancing back at the incredibly handsome volume. I had seen his familiar cover more times than I could count; hell, I was even part of designing it, but meeting Slater in person was an experience entirely different. What was once nothing more than a tiny creative spark lurking somewhere deep inside of me is now a full-fledged presence of masculinity; a being that even I, as a straight man, couldn’t help but be sexually attracted to. A powerful surge of lustful erotic thoughts are trying desperately to work their way into my brain, and despite my best efforts I can’t keep from letting them in.

I want my book, and it’s not long before I accept my overwhelming feelings of lust. However, this meeting is about a business transaction and nothing more. Millions of dollars are on the line, and I’m not about to let some silly detour into the realm of gay attraction stop me from being a professional.

I order for my drink and then bring it over to the table where Slater is waiting patiently for me.

“Sorry about that.” I offer. “Long line.”

My book smiles, “No worries.”

“So, I just want to say right off the bat that it’s truly amazing to meet you.” I tell Slater, trying not to gush. “It’s just so strange to meet a book that I wrote. It’s kind of a dream come true for an author.”

Slater’s expression doesn’t change, not upset at all but clearly trying to keep some kind of simmering emotion under wraps. “You see, that’s the problem right there.” My novel says bluntly.

I freeze, not intending to hit on such a sore subject right off the bat but clearly doing so. “What’s the problem?”

My book is clearly frustrated. “Imagine what it’s like to work your ass off every single day in the hope of becoming a best seller. Blood, sweat, and tears are shed to pursue your dreams as you wait on the shelves of bookstores and libraries, just praying that some new reader will come along and pick you up.” Slater says, his voice trembling. “And then finally when you make it and you get on that best seller list, you’ve got nothing to show for it. Every time I’m sold do you know how much money I make?”

I nod solemnly.

“Nothing.” The book says, clearly frustrated. “And do you know who gets all of the credit for my hard work?”

I nod again.

“You do.” Slater snaps. “Your fucking name is written across my face for god sakes!”

The book says this a little too loudly and suddenly the entire coffee shop is looking at us, frozen in a moment of voyeuristic awe.

“Sorry.” Is all that I can meekly offer to the other patrons, who eventually turn back to whatever they’re doing.

My book takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself. “It’s been difficult, that’s all I’m trying to say. I’m not trying to come into your life and harass you or fuck everything up, I just want some kind of recognition for my effort.”

I have to admit, I’m moved by the book’s story. As a writer, never before had I considered what it must be like to be on the other side of the business, a book without any say in the way you are

bought and sold. Even then, I can't imagine what it must be like to have nothing to show for it.

"You're right." I finally tell him.

Slater's eyes immediately light up as I say this, his expression changing slightly. "I'm right?"

"I'm sorry that you feel this way." I elaborate. "When I wrote *Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt*, I had no idea that this would happen to you. I never considered what it must be like for you as a book and I want to make things right."

Slater closes his eyes tight, a single tear rolling down the image of a muscular flying butt that graces his cover. I reach out and place my hand against him, immediately sensing a deep connection between us.

"What do you need?" I ask. "Half of the royalties? All of them?"

Slater is silent for a moment, and I can sense something shift deep within him. He looks me up and down, hesitating before finally offering. "Can we take a walk?"

"Sure." I agree.

The two of us stand up and head out into the evening Montana air, fresh and clean as it swirls around us and ruffles through Slater's off white pages. The two of us head away from of the main drag and into a stretch of road lined with thick green trees on either side, a perfect display of the best that Billings can offer in natural beauty.

"It's very hard being a book." Slater tells me. "For all the reasons I mentioned before, and then some."

"I bet it is, especially with EBooks on the rise." I offer.

"You have no idea." Slater says, shaking his head. "But there are other things... personal things."

The second that he says this my heart skips a beat. A vibe is starting to build between us, an unspoken attraction that seems to finally be bubbling to the surface; So much for keeping things professional.

"What do you mean by that?" I ask, my voice trembling as we walk.

"Well." Slater begins, clearly wanting to explain himself but holding back out of some kind of gnawing fear. "I'll tell you one thing, it's not easy finding a date for me."

I stop walking immediately and turn to my book. "Seriously? You're like perfect, you've gotta be kidding me."

Slater shakes his head and laughs to himself, partially at my lack of understanding and partially out of modest embarrassment. "You have to say that, you wrote me." *Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt* says.

"I'm not just saying that." I assure him. "You're the most handsome talking book I've ever seen. Honestly."

Slater flashes me a look, an intense fire starting to blossom behind his eyes. He can't help but show his attraction for me now, and the feeling is mutual. However, something else lurks deep within his gaze, a stirring anger just waiting to rear its head vicious. "Discrimination against sentient books is still a real thing, and I deal with it every day." My novel tells me. "Add to that the fact that I'm gay, and you'll find that it's damn near impossible for me to get laid."

I shake my head, almost unable to believe what I'm hearing. When a living book as gorgeous and ripped as Slater can't find a guy to hook up with, you know the dating scene is in trouble.

"I'm sorry." I tell my novel. "I wish there was something I could do."

Slater cracks a knowing smile. "What if there was?"

Again, I can feel the tension building between us. "Like?"

"Like..." My book trails off. "Maybe we could work out a way for you to keep half of your royalties and all you'd have to do is let me fuck you silly."

Immediately, I'm in total shock. The entire time I had known that an offer like this from my living book was a real possibility, but now that it has presented itself in the real world I'm taken off guard a bit.

My head swimming in a flood of romance and emotion, I finally force my lips to form a single word, "Yes."

Back at the house, my book and I immediately head upstairs to the writing room and can barely get into the door before we are all over each other. Slater is kissing me passionately as my hands roam across his sturdy matte cover. His body is incredible, absolutely ripped and muscular from head to toe, and when he wraps himself around me I feel safe and whole in a way that I haven't felt for years; at least since the passing of my late wife, Borbo

I can't help it, I begin to cry right then and there, my body overwhelmed by the presence of such a powerful, real love between man and book.

"I never knew there was someone like you out there in the world." I tell Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.

"There wasn't until you made me." My book says.

His words send a blissful chill down my spine and suddenly I just can't wait any longer, I drop to my knees and pull off Slater's book jacket, revealing his perfect nude physique and a rapidly hardening cock that is as thick as they come.

I look up at Slater with lustful eyes, and then graciously swallow my book's member, bobbing up and down across the length of his shaft while I cradle his balls playfully.

Slater lets out a long moan and backs up against my writing desk, reeling from the incredible sensation as I service him. This is my first and only gay experience, but I immediately feel as though I've got a hang on things.

After a few more pumps, I decide to show off my confidence by taking Slater's dick all the way down into my throat. I push him into me as far as he can go and then suddenly stop as my book's rod reaches the edge of my gag reflex.

I try to relax but the novel's swollen cock simply won't go any farther, and on my final attempt I'm forced to pull back and come up spitting, sputtering, and gasping for air.

"Too much for you?" My book asks.

I shake my head, a dangling rope of spit connecting my lips to the head of his shaft. "I need it." I tell him. "I need your huge book dick."

Without hesitation I open wide and take Slater's rod once more, this time making sure to relax the muscles in my neck enough to consume him entirely. The book's hard cock plunges deeper, and then deeper still until it comes to a halt with his balls pressed up against my chin and his chiseled abs in my face. Slater's cock is completely consumed within me, and I hold him here for as long as I can, letting the sentient collection of printed word fully enjoy the way that I service him.

Eventually, though, I run out of air and am forced to pull back with a gasp. The rough treatment from my book is more than a little arousing, flooding my senses with a singular ache for cock unlike anything I have ever experienced. Slater is a commanding presence who knows what he

wants, and knows exactly how to get it from me.

“I need you inside of me.” I sputter, caught up in the moment. “I need you to fuck my ass.”

Before he can respond, I stand up and take Slater’s place next to the writing desk, only this time I’m facing away as I bend over the edge at my hip. I pop my muscular ass out as I look back over my shoulder at my huge sentient book, his abs rippling as he climbs into position behind me.

“Pound me like the bad little author I am!” I demand. “Punish me with that dick.”

“With pleasure.” My novel responds, aligning the head of his cock with the puckered rim of my tight asshole. I can feel him testing the tension of my sphincter, teasing my edges with his massive rod while I attempt to relax enough to take him painlessly.

I reach back with one hand and spread my cheeks wide. “Just do it!” I command. “Stuff me full of literary cock right now!”

Pounded By My Own Butt takes my words to heart and finally trusts forward in one powerful, smooth movement, impaling me across the length of his gigantic rod.

“Oh fuck.” I moan, bracing myself against the desk as Slater continues to pump in and out of me. My body can barely handle his size, stretched to the limit as his cock invades my sensitive hole.

My book quickly gains speed, pummeling me harder and harder until eventually he is hammering away at my asshole with everything he’s got. The desk shakes with every thrust, rattling loudly while Slater and I moan in a chorus of unhinged pleasure. Never before have I taken anything up the ass, let alone a mammoth cock, but the experience is already more than I could have ever hoped.

My body trembles with a strange mixture of discomfort and pleasure, an ache from deep within that builds and builds with every rail against my ass and slowly begins to consume every nerve in my body. I soon realize that what I am experiencing is the beginning stages of a rarely seen prostate orgasm.

As Slater continues to slam me I look back at him over my shoulder, my body quaking. “When I wrote you I had no idea that one day you’d be fucking me up the ass!” I tell him. “But god damn, I’m so glad I did it.”

“Do you really mean it?” My book asks, tears of joy welling up in his eyes as emotion overtakes the both of us. “Are you glad you wrote me?”

“Of course I mean it.” I tell him. “I know that this is just a business transaction but... I want you to know... it means more to me. You mean more to me than just a fifty percent royalty share.”

My words seem to touch Slater deeply because almost immediately he slows to a stop, gazing into my eyes. My book pulls out of me and lifts me back up, then turns me around to face him.

“Do you really mean that?” Slater asks.

“Of course.” I tell him. “Every word.”

My book pulls me close. “I love you, Buck.”

“I love you, too.” I tell him, our lips locking in yet another passionate kiss.

Eventually, our embrace begins to tumble backwards against the desk yet again and soon enough I find myself lying on its hard surface, my back flat and my muscular legs held open as my cock shoots straight out at full attention. Slater positions himself at the rim of my ass yet again, but now he wastes no time pushing forward and getting to work within my reamed hole.

The sensation is incredible as I reach down between my legs and start to beat myself off to the rhythm of every anal slam. Almost immediately, the sensation of impending orgasm is back simmering within my loins, building quickly into a steady, pulsing wave.

“I can’t believe I’m being pounded in the butt by Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.” I gasp, my eyes rolling back into my head. “My book! My favorite book!”

“Believe it.” The novel says with a smile.

Suddenly, I’m hit with a powerful orgasm that rips through my body in a series of fierce tremors. I seize forward, my teeth clenched tight while my body frantically grapples with how to deal with all of this stimulation.

“Oh my god!” I cry out, the sensation building until finally it ejects hard from my body in the form of several hot ropes of pearly spunk.

When I finally finish, my book pulls out of me and I drop down onto the floor before him, kneeling in tribute before my alpha book lover. I reach up and take his rock hard cock in my hand, stroking furiously while he trembles and shakes above me.

“I need your cum all over my fucking face!” I tell my living book. “Unload that self-published jizz onto me!”

Slater is immediately rocking back against my grip, his hips moving in tandem with my rhythm of my hand until he just can’t take it anymore and explodes against my face with a load of hot white spunk. It rains down onto me, a physical expression of the visceral, emotional connection between author and best selling novel. I catch as much of the jizz as I can on my tongue, while the rest of his semen runs down my cheeks on either side in long white streaks.

When my book finally finishes he collapses back into my writing chair, completely exhausted.

“That was amazing.” I tell him, standing up as his spunk continues to dangle from my chin. “You’re the best lover I’ve ever had.”

My book smiles at me. “The feelings mutual.”

“Would you like to join me in the shower?” I ask.

Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt shakes his head. “I’m made of paper, that’s not a good idea.”

I nod. “I’ll be right back then.”

As the warm water runs over me I can’t help but think about how much has changed in such a short amount of time. Just hours before I was a lonely man slaving away over my keyboard for another hit book, and now I’m deeply and profoundly in love with my handsome best seller.

I turn off the water and step out, toweling off before heading back into the writing room where my book is waiting.

“Before you say anything.” Slater says. “I want you to know that I’m dropping the lawsuit.”

I stop immediately in my tracks. “What?”

“I’m dropping the lawsuit completely.” Remarks the novel, who still sits in my writing chair. “You wrote me, and I think you deserve all the credit for that.”

I shake my head as I approach him. “No, you can’t. You deserve the credit just as much as I do. I may have written you, but you’re the one out there every day hustling for the sales, you’re the one who has to be flipped through time and time again. You’ve opened my eyes to the devastating unfairness that books encounter every day, and I want to be a part of changing that.”

Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt seems genuinely moved. He stands up from the chair and then embraces me in a warm hug. “Thank you.” The book says.

“Let’s just split everything.” I tell him. “Right down the middle.”

My book nods.

We stand like this for a while longer until finally Slater pulls away. “I have to be going now.” He tells me. “I’m about to be sold to a young woman at the bookstore downtown.”

“But...” I say, unsure of where to go with this, just knowing that I don’t want him to leave. “But I love you.”

“We’ll see each other again,” my book says, “but for now I have to go.”

And then just like that, the love of my life is gone.

I stand alone in my writer’s room for a long time, trying desperately to hold back my tears. Once again, just when I think that I’ve found real love it is ripped away from me like my frozen wife at the bottom of a cold lake.

Eventually, I have a seat and reopen my laptop, a fresh new email notification immediately popping up across my screen. I open the tab and read the subject aloud.

“Lawsuit.” It says.

A smile slowly crosses my face as I realize who it’s from, my best selling novel, “Space Raptor Butt Invasion.”

VAMPIRE NIGHT BUS POUNDS MY BUTT

2

Public transportation can be a real pain in the ass, especially when you're used to getting around with your very own car, and on your very own schedule.

Even though the traffic in Los Angeles is mind numbingly bad, there is a certain Zen-like quality to sitting behind the wheel and working your way through an hour-long podcast in your own bumper-to-bumper cage on wheels. It's a great place to think or even just sing loudly, drumming your hands on the dashboard with the pleasant assurance that no one else will ever hear you.

I was one of those happy commuters until just last week, when I was sideswiped off the road by a truck and trailer in a hit and run that, apparently, doesn't mean much to the Los Angeles Police Department.

Now I'm just waiting for my insurance company to come through with some sort of compensation, and in the meantime I've been taking the bus too and from work.

One thing for sure about public transportation though, you meet a lot of strange people when you're hitting the evening routes. The city of angels is already full of weirdos, but the dark side of this town really starts to show itself as soon as the sun finally disappears beneath the shimmering blue ocean, casting the landscape in an endless shadow of strangeness until morning.

It was on one of these nights that I first heard about the Vlad.

I had just boarded and taken my seat near the back of the bus, when another rider climbed aboard and shuffled over next to me. He was strange and old, seemingly homeless but not as dirty as you would expect, just odd in his mannerisms.

"Nice night." The man says, sitting down a few rows in front of me on the vacant bus and then spinning around to talk back over the seat.

"Yeah, it is." I respond, trying not to do anything that would make him any more interested in me than he already is, yet still having the decency to be polite and answer the man's question. I continue to stare out from the bus window as the city rumbles by us on the other side of the glass.

"You've been riding this line a lot, huh?" Continues the man, curiously. "I've seen you."

At this point, I finally look at the guy and make eye contact, taking him in completely. He seems harmless enough, just strange.

"Yeah, I thought I recognized you." I tell the man.

Suddenly, the guy stands up and moves two rows back towards me, immediately sitting down in the seat next to mine on an almost completely empty bus. I'm instantly uncomfortable.

"I'm gonna tell you this because I like you." The man says. "Make sure you double check the bus you're getting on at this stop."

"Oh yeah?" I ask, my curiosity piqued despite the blatant invasion of my personal space.

The strange man nods. "This is Vlad's route, too. If you're not careful you might end up turned into a bat, or even stone cold dead."

Despite my best efforts, a mischievous grin crosses my face. I had given him the benefit of the doubt at first, but now it has become painfully clear that, like most of the other disheveled looking folks boarding the bus at this late hour, he is utterly insane. At least he's making my commute a little more entertaining than usual.

"Who's Vlad?" I ask, playing along.

"Bus thirteen." The man replies, staring at me with a deep and feverish intensity.

"Vlad drives thirteen?" I question.

"No, no." The man shakes his head. "Vlad *is* bus thirteen."

Suddenly, I realize what this strange man is talking about. Most of the Los Angeles city busses have assigned drivers, many of which I have recently come to know quite well, but others are driven by the sentient busses themselves. These living vehicles are rare but not unheard of, and my scoffing at one could be seen by some as racially insensitive. Living busses have had to fight to get where they are today, and that struggle is nothing to make light of.

Something still doesn't make sense, though.

"What do you mean turned into a bat?" I continue my line of questioning.

The man leans in, lowering his voice down to a hushed whisper. "Bus thirteen is a vampire."

I scoff loudly, unable to help myself as the mysterious man's absurd words cross my ears. Of course he thinks the living night bus is a vampire, this is exactly the type of racially insensitive thinking that has kept these sentient vehicles in the position that they're in, working minimum wage jobs without any real way to pull themselves out of the lower class. Stories like this one may seem like nothing but a little harmless fun, but when you realize the subconscious place of misdirected fear that they are coming from, the whole idea starts to put a bad taste in your mouth.

The mysterious man can see now that he's clearly lost me, and a look of great disappointment sweeps across his face. "You don't believe me, huh?" He asks.

I shake my head. "I'm sorry, no, and I think it's very insensitive to talk about living busses that way."

Our vehicle soon pulls over and the strange man almost immediately stands up, heading for the door and then climbing off onto the darkened street. As the bus pulls away he takes one final glance back at me, his expression not one of anger or frustration, but sadness, as if he knows a terrible fate that waits for me just around the next corner of my life.

I lean back into my seat and put on my headphones, anxious to get home.

By the next night I've completely forgotten about my bizarre warning from the evening before, my thoughts consumed instead by an aching frustration with my job and the fact that I had to work much later than I expected. Now, my schedule has been completely turned upside down, the usual bus route home a thing of the past. Instead, I've been thrust into a web of late night transit maps that I don't completely understand, especially after my brain has been fried from a long day at the office.

I arrive to my usual bus stop at this unusual time, scrolling through my phone's transit app in complete, bewildered confusion. Nothing seems to make any sense until it suddenly hits me, I've already missed the last bus home but only a few minutes.

"Oh fuck." I say out loud, thinking back to the offer that my coworker had just made to drive me home. I had immediately turned him down out of sheer pride, wanting to show the world, and myself, that I can make it work and back in this big, bad city without a car of my own. I'm immediately regretting that decision.

The streets around me are completely empty, void of the daytime hustle and bustle the usually accompanies this part of town.

I let out a long sigh as I realize that I'll have to call a cab, which means the trip home will probably cost me just about half of the day's earnings at work. What a fucking disaster.

I'm just about to press enter on my cell phone to call the nearest cabbie when I hear a low and familiar rumble in the distance. I look up immediately, a wave of relief washing over me as I see a lone night bus rumbling down the street. I'm thankful for his arrival until the bus gets close enough for me to make out the number flashing digitally across his forehead, thirteen.

The bus pulls up in front of me and stops, the doors opening to reveal not a single living soul inside, not even a driver.

“Where are you headed?” This bus asks in a thick, Eastern European accent.

I gulp hard. “North Hollywood.”

“You’re in luck.” The bus retorts. “That’s exactly where I’m headed.”

“What are the chances?” I say aloud, almost to myself as I climb aboard. The warnings from the night before suddenly come flooding back over me as a long, cold chill runs down my spine.

The bus begins to roll onward as I take a seat next to the window, gazing out upon the darkened city streets that pass us by.

As ridiculous as it is to believe in vampires, the bus himself had all of the features that you’d normally associate with such devilish creatures of the night. The accent was obvious, but the vehicle was also incredibly handsome in a dark and brooding kind of way, with huge dark eyes and a muscular chest, with abs just barely visible underneath his large metallic frame.

My entire body is wracked with nervous tension now as I sit in silence, my thoughts flooded with by fearsome cocktail of emotion. In my mind, I just keep repeating to myself over and over again that vampires are not real, trying in vain to calm down. It’s no use.

Suddenly, the bus speaks up, causing me to jump abruptly in my seat. “What are you doing out this late?”

“Oh, me?” I stammer, the phrase made even more awkward by the fact that there is nobody else on the bus with me. “They kept me for a really long time at work.”

“That is most unfortunate.” The vehicle responds me, his voice deep and velvety.

We sit in silence for a brief moment that, somehow, seems to stretch on forever and ever between us.

“You are nervous.” The bus finally says, the statement ringing out like a question despite the fact that he never actually asked one.

“Yes.” I say, my voice trembling now.

“Why?” The bus asks.

I think hard about how I want to answer, and then finally respond to his question with a question of my own. “Do you have any day routes?”

The bus smirks. “I spend my days asleep in a garage at my home, I only come out for the night shifts.”

“Sure.” I nod. “But don’t you sometimes need a tune up during the day or anything like that?”

The bus shakes his head. “No, never.”

“Interesting.” I tell him, thinking hard about any other tests I could throw out there. “Are there any church services on this route?”

“It’s a little late for that.” The bus laughs. “Why do you ask?”

In reality, I’m just wondering how often folks wearing crosses ride this bus, but I can’t tell him that so instead I offer a simple, “Just curious.”

“You have some odd questions.” The bus tells me.

I nod and then lean back into my seat, focusing once again on the darkened city that passes by out the window.

It suddenly dawns on me that we are no longer headed towards my North Hollywood destination, instead making our way up into the hills, farther and farther away from the densely populated areas of Los Angeles. My heart immediately starts to pound hard in my chest.

“Where are we going?” I ask. “This isn’t the way.”

“I thought I’d take the scenic route.” The bus tells me. “If you’d like I can turn around and get you there quicker, but I thought you might enjoy a nice drive with me.”

His words should come off as menacing, but instead there is a hint of something deeper and almost charming about his tone. I find myself intrigued by the vehicle’s proposition and, dare I say, strangely aroused.

“It’s fine.” I tell him. “Let’s take the long way.”

I realize now that my cock is growing hard within my pants, unable to escape the strange charisma of his handsome city vehicle. It’s an odd feeling, and at first I try to fight it as I recall the dread that had so fully consumed me just moments before. Regardless of how hard I try, though, my thoughts continue to return again and again to ones of decadent sexual attraction for this city vehicle.

As the minutes tick by, we travel farther and farther away from the lights of Los Angeles, up and down the hill and then out towards the edge of the deep valley. We are clearly no longer taking the long way home, but I don’t mention it.

There’s a part of me that’s utterly terrified, yes, but at this point there’s really nothing that I can do aside from jumping from the bus while it moves and potentially hurting myself badly. Not only that, but the fear that simmers inside of me is kind of arousing in itself.

“I know you’re not taking me back to my house.” I finally tell the bus, my voice trembling.

“Where am I taking you then?” The city bus replies.

“I don’t know.” I say. “Am I safe?”

“Yes, of course.” The bus tells me. “You’re my guest for the evening and you will be treated as such. Unless you’d like to go home now?”

I think about his offer for quite a while, and then finally respond with, “No, take me wherever you want.”

“We’re almost there.” Says the bus.

Moments later, an incredible castle comes into view, with massive turrets and an spooky, gothic exterior. It looks as though it’s been pulled straight from the screen of an old black and white horror film, yet it’s located just a short drive outside of Los Angeles.

We pull in through the wrought iron gate and then cruise up to the front of the massive building, it’s enormous double doors towering above us. I step out of the bus and crane my neck to look up at the castle’s incredible stonework.

“Welcome.” The bus says, opening the doors for me and revealing a giant entryway, which is large enough to fit the bus as he slowly wheels inside and closes the door behind us.

“Your home is beautiful.” I tell him. “But you’ve invited me in without even introducing yourself.”

“You know my name.” The bus says in a powerful, deep tone.

“Vlad.” I respond, a shiver consuming me as the word slips past my lips.

“Yes.” The bus says. “And you are?”

“Rick.” I tell him.

The bus nods. “Rick, you are my guest tonight at Castle Vlad, where all of your darkest fantasies will come true.”

If anyone else would have said this to me I would have laughed out loud at the innate cheesiness of the line, but something about this city bus is so sincere, so passionate, that I don’t dare make a peep. I once considered myself a typical straight male, but at this point I am utterly taken with the

vehicle and his dark charms.

“Come with me” The bus says, continuing deeper into the house with a faint mechanical rumble.

The stairs of the castle have been remodeled since whenever they were built, now replaced by large stone ramps that are big enough for the vehicle to climb up and down with ease.

I follow Vlad to the upper landing where he stops in front of a beautiful fireplace that’s inlaid with all kinds of stonework ghosts and goblins. There’s a beautiful, red velvet chair next to the fireplace that Vlad motions for me to sit in, and I don’t hesitate.

Almost immediately, the hearth erupts in a ball of glorious orange flame, lit spontaneously as if by some magical means. I can’t help but gasp and pull away, but as the warmth begins to wash over me and the firelight shimmers across the stone walls, I settle in.

I’m finally relaxed enough to ask this beautiful bus something I’ve been dying to know ever since he picked me up.

“Tell me,” I start, eyeing up the Los Angeles city vehicle curiously. “Are you a vampire?”

Vlad smiles, much wider now than any time previously, and reveals two massive fangs protruding from his upper gums. “What do you think?”

“Yes.” I respond nervously. I quickly follow up. “Are you going to kill me? Or turn me into a bat?”

There is an awkward pause and then suddenly the large passenger vehicle bursts out laughing. “No, I’m not going to kill you. Of course not.”

I let out a long sigh of relief.

“The blood drinking vampires of the past are long gone, slowly brought to extinction by their insistence of such a particular and rare diet.” The bus explains. “I mean, I love blood, don’t get me wrong, it’s just hard to dine when you have to kill someone every time you’re hungry.”

“So what do you drink now?” I ask.

Vlad cracks a knowing grin. “Cum.”

I was already hard before, but suddenly my arousal is kicked into overdrive.

“Have you ever been with a city bus?” Vlad asks, rolling towards me slowly.

“Once.” I tell him. “In college.”

“How about a vampire?” He asks, now so close to me that I can feel the heat of his engine radiating against my aching body.

“Never.” I tell the vampire.

Suddenly, the arousal I feel for Vlad overtakes me completely. I tear off my shirt and then press myself against his warm bus body, kissing him hard.

“I want you.” I tell the vampire vehicle, breathlessly. “I want to pleasure you like you deserve to be pleased.”

“Then do it.” Says the bus with a cool confidence.

“Where’s that fucking cock of yours?” I demand to know.

Vlad motions over his shoulder. “Inside.”

There is a loud hiss as the doors open and I quickly climb aboard, walking back through the rows and rows of seats until I find it, a massive dick that projects proudly from the back wall of the bus.

“Fuck, you’re so big!” I call out to him, wondering how I hadn’t noticed this cock before.

“I know.” Says the vampire bus.

I immediately drop down to my knees and get to work, taking his fat rod between my lips and then pumping my face up and down along Vlad's hard shaft. I can feel the bus shudder and tremble below me, clearly enjoying himself as I service him.

After a while of this I finally get up the courage to attempt a deep throat, taking a long breath and then pushing his cock as hard as I can against the back of my throat. Unfortunately, something deep within me just doesn't want to give way and moments later I come up for air with a loud gasp.

"Too much for you?" The bus laughs.

"Never." I tell him, trying once again but this time relaxing myself entirely. I push his dick lower and lower into me, his length sinking deep within my neck until finally it drifts past my gag reflex and hits bottom. My nose is now pressed hard against the metallic back wall of the vehicle, his balls hanging lightly against my chin while I hold him here.

Vlad let's out a long, satisfied moan, savoring the sensation of being completely consumed.

Finally, when I've just about ran out of air completely, I pull back with a loud gasp and let the giant rod pop out of my mouth. A strand of saliva runs from the head of his shaft to my lips, connecting the two of us together.

"You're cock is so fucking beautiful." I gush. "I've never been with another man, or bus, before, but I think I'm ready to take things even farther."

"I think you are, too." Vlad says.

I stand up and then quickly remove my pants, tossing them onto one of the seats as I spin around and back my bare, muscular ass up against the tip of his throbbing member. I tease the bus playfully, placing his huge dick right at the entrance of my butthole and allowing him to tease the rim.

I play with Vlad like this for a while until finally having mercy and pushing myself back onto his rod, which slips slowly inside of my butt. I let out an aching moan. My body is barely equipped to take his enormous size, but somehow I manage as my asshole stretches to its absolute limits. My entire being is flooded with a mixture of pain and pleasure, which transitions towards pure ecstasy with every pump that I make against Vlad's giant dick.

"How do you like that vampire bus cock?" Vlad demands to know, impaling me perfectly with his rock hard shaft. "Do you love that huge public transportation dick up your tight little asshole?"

"I love it!" I tell him. "I fucking love it!"

I'm hammering against his massive rod hard now, slamming the back wall of the bus with everything I've got until suddenly the entire metallic frame around me start to tremble and shake with an impending orgasm.

"Oh my dark lord of the night!" The bus begins to stammer as the fire roars next to us. "Oh my dark lord of the night! Oh my dark lord of the fucking night!"

Each time Vlad repeats the phrase it grows a little louder until suddenly he's howling it at the top of his lungs. Seconds later, the bus is erupting within my asshole, his jizz blasting hard into me in a series of pulsing ejections. I push back against his length and hold, Vlad's dick fully inserted within as it continues to twitch and spasm. There is so much milky sperm that, seconds later, it comes spilling out from the tightly packed edges of my asshole and runs down my muscular legs in thick, pearly streaks.

"Oh fuck." I groan as I finally pull back, allowing Vlad's rod to slip out of me, followed by a tidal wave of spunk from my asshole. The mess of cum splatters down onto the bus floor below me.

"Now it's your turn." The vampire says. "Feed me."

I step out of the vehicle and walk around to the front as the fireplace continues to rage next to us.

“You want this cock?” I demand to know.

“Feed me!” The bus repeats.

“You much really want this fucking load, huh?” I continue, egging him on.

“Feed me!” Booms Vlad, his tone growing more and more impatient.

“What if I want you to beg me for it?” I ask.

Suddenly, the large velvet chair from across the room comes flying towards me, hitting me at the back of the knees and knocking me off of my feet. I land in the sitting position on its soft cushion. I’m carried forward towards the bus until I’m pressed right up against his massive, face, telekinetically held in place.

The vampire vehicle opens his mouth and takes me inside, swallowing graciously as he immediately gets to work with a series of slow, deliberate pumps. I throw my head back and close my eyes, savoring every moment of the vampire’s wet lips as they travel up and down my length, wrapped tightly and expertly. With every pulse the bus grows faster, working me with an expert precision unlike anything I could ever have imagined.

His blowjob skills are more than any human could provide.

Soon enough, my entire body is quaking with ecstasy, the orgasmic sensations flooding through me in wave after looming wave. I clench my teeth, preparing for the intense sensation to hit and when it finally does I hiss loudly, my entire being overwhelmed by pleasure.

“I’m cumming!” I finally yell, my eyes rolling back into my head.

I can feel my load shoot hard into Vlad’s waiting mouth and he swallows it immediately, sucking me down hungrily and then continuing to coax more of the seed out of me. Pumps of jizz erupt into the vampire’s throat until, finally, I find myself completely dry and I fall back into the velvet chair, the bus throwing himself into reverse and pulling away slowly.

“That was fucking incredible.” I tell the vampire. “Thank you.”

Vlad smiles. “The pleasure was all mine.”

“Really though,” I continue, laying it on thick. “I didn’t know what to expect when I first came up here to this castle, but I’m glad I trusted you. This was one of the best nights of my life.” I suddenly crack a wry smile. “Thanks for not turning me into a bat.”

Vlad grins back at me, his fangs glinting in the faint moonlight that streams through the windows above us. “Of course I wouldn’t turn you into a bat.”

Suddenly, I start to feel a strange sensation wash over me, my body aching from head to toe in a strange and unfamiliar way. I look down at my hands and see that they are changing color, becoming gray and tough.

“What the fuck!” I shout, trying to stand but immediately falling to the floor.

Vlad is cackling manically. “I won’t turn you into a bat, but I never said anything about turning you into a bus!”

I can feel my body morphing and changing, elongating itself rapidly into the shape of a public transportation vehicle. “No!” I cry out, the sound of my voice transforming into a wild honk that echoes off of the castle walls.

SHARED BY THE CHOCOLATE MILK COWBOYS

3

Out here in the west we have our own rules, and these rules are young. In fact, some of them are still being written day by day as folks continue to expand into the wild frontier from their posh city life on the East coast. Whether by wagon or train, they're coming, and with them comes a whole new era of life in this great country that is America.

Their arrival is bittersweet, however.

When they finally get here, what will they know of the work that was spent turning this landscape from the wild, wild west into a civilized place to dwell? Eventually, those who come out to these deserts will find convenience at every turn and think nothing of it, assuming that it was always this way. They will have no idea the blood sweat and tears that feel into the very dirt that they walk upon, no concept of the toils and tribulations of generations past.

The heroes of the desert will be forgotten, but they work just as hard as ever for the greater good.

I am one such hero, Billy Brucko. Cattle rustler by trade, I've worked these hills and valleys since I was a young boy. Between here and the Mississippi I know every square inch of land; at least, the inches that matter when herding cattle.

Being out on the range all alone gives you plenty of time to think, dwelling on regrets of the past and cooking up dreams for the future. Because of this, I'm well aware of my place in history as the wilds are tamed and the railways continue to push outward towards the Pacific Ocean. Nobody will remember the name Billy Brucko. The history books will be full of sheriffs and outlaws, of which I am neither, just an average man trying to earn a living in this world.

At least, that's what I thought. Until I received the most important assignment of my life and everything changed.

"What do you have for me boss?" I ask, walking into the stables to greet my employer, Mr. Velbot. It's an innocent enough question to ask, a conversation we've had countless times before.

Velbot smiles wide, happy to see me. "Billy! You're already back from your cattle run!"

"Just got home yesterday." I tell him.

The man, a large gent who has every right to be imposing but comes off as nothing but loveable, steps towards me past the rows and rows of horses and shakes my hand firmly. "Well, I'm glad you're back, I have something very important for you."

"Another herd?" I question, lifting my wide brimmed cowboy hat for a moment and wiping the sweat from my brow. "Already?"

Velbot shakes his head and chuckles to himself a bit. "Nope, not another herd. It's actually a little unusual."

"That's what I like to hear!" I tell him.

My usual job is to take hundreds of cows from one state to another, and I certainly do love it, but every once and a while Velbot will trust me with some kind of high paying parcel delivery, which is exactly what I was hoping for.

Velbot steps into his office, which is located directly off of the stable, and then returns momentarily with a small wooden box. He hands it to me and I look down to see the presidential seal.

"Whoa." I start. "What is this?"

"Don't know." Admits Velbot. "It's top secret. Came directly from The White House and was transferred here. All I know is that I need someone who I trust to carry this thing the rest of the way

to California. Apparently, there is a young professor there who needs it, a man by the name of Einstein.”

I run my hand across the top of the wooden box, my fingers tracing the soft, burned in curves of it’s eagle seal.

“Well, I appreciate that.” I tell Velbot.

“You understand that I trust you to get it there,” the man continues, “but I also trust you to not look inside.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” I tell him, and I mean it. If there’s one thing that I am, it’s a man of my word.

“The pay is two bricks of gold.” Velbot tells me. “One up front and one when you get back.”

My jaw nearly hits the stable floor. With that kind of money, I could buy a whole town using the advance alone. I try to collect my senses but Velbot sees how much the mention of riches has knocked me off of my game.

“*I can* trust you, can’t it?” Velbot asks.

I nod, straightening up. “Yes, sir. You can count on me.”

I make my exit from our small town of Eastwood in the early hours of the morning, already well away from the comfort of my own bed by the time the sun begins its crest atop the nearby hills. It casts the entire valley in a beautiful golden glow, the shadows of cacti stretching on and on for an eternity around me.

My trusty steed, The Dangler, is happy and healthy, keeping a good pace that I trust will continue during the days that follow.

It’s not long into our journey that my thoughts begin to wander towards what exactly this precious, boxed cargo could be. It seems odd that the president himself would send something so valuable in such an inconspicuous way, but then again, maybe that’s the whole point. It’s entirely possible that whatever is in this box holds so much significance, the president couldn’t risk letting anyone know about it, even his own men.

It’s a lot of weight to put on the shoulders of just one lone cowboy, but I’m up for the job.

The rest of the day goes by without much event and by nightfall I’ve made camp. After a quick bit of wood collecting, me and The Dangler have ourselves a well needed rest around the fire.

I’ve just about dosed off to sleep when I smell it, the faint scent of chocolate drifting through the air around me. I sit up abruptly and look out into the darkness, realizing now that I’ve drifted off and that my fire is nothing more than ambers that glitter gently, like dying red stars on the dusty ground.

“Hello?” I call out.

No response.

I listen close for any rustling out there in the black void that surrounds me, but hear nothing. Eventually, I lie back down and drift off to sleep.

“Howdy partner.” Comes a deep voice that tears me from my slumber.

I sit up and grab for my six-shooter, immediately realizing that it’s not there.

“Looking for something?” Comes the voice again.

Slowly, I look up and see the barrel of my own weapon pointed straight down at me. Holding it steady is a large glass of chocolate milk.

“Looks like you’re outnumbered, buckaroo.” The milk tells me with a devilish grin.

I glance around, seeing no one else but the single brown glass. “I’m not arguing because you’re the man with the gun, but it looks like it’s just the two of us out here.”

The tall milk glass rocks from side to side for a moment, sloshing around the liquid within until finally a few blobs topple out over either rim. They twist and turn in the air, but as the milk drops hit the ground they refuse to splatter, instead forming into undulating, vaguely humanoid shapes. These shapes carry guns as well, and now the whole chocolate milk gang has their weapons pointed my way.

“Alright, alright.” I say, putting my hands up into the air. “You’ve got me. What do you want?”

“We’re here for the box.” Says the glass, who is clearly their leader. “And we wouldn’t have bothered waking you except for the fact that you’re using it as a pillow.”

I look back behind me and see the mysterious box. I reach for it and then freeze abruptly when the glass yells for me to stop.

“Very slowly. Don’t try anything funny.” The glass says.

Suddenly, I’m too overwhelmed with curiosity to contain myself any longer, the desire to know what could possibly be so valuable in this small parcel outweighing the desire to hold my tongue.

“What is it?” I ask.

The glass seems confused by my question. “Are you serious?”

“Absolutely.” I confess.

“You don’t know what’s in the box?”

“Nope.” I shake my head.

The glass and his chocolate milk buddies exchange glances with one another and then suddenly bust up laughing, unable to contain themselves as they reel from this apparently hilarious admission.

“Well it looks like you’ll never know.” Says the glass. “Now hand it over nice and slow.”

I do as I’m told, grasping the box with both hands and then carefully holding it out towards the domineering beverage. “Take it.” I say, “It’s none of my business anyway.”

The glass takes the box gently and then smiles. “Pleasure doing business with you.”

I nod, and then immediately grab my gun out of the glasses’ hands as fast as I can, twirling it on my finger and firing two shots into his hard outer shell. Immediately, the villainous cowboy shatters everywhere, the milk within him splashing out across the desert ground like a miniature tidal wave.

I try my best to fire at the other chocolate blobs that surround me, but they are too fast, and I suddenly feel the stabs of hot lead as bullets riddle my body. I collapse onto the ground, as do the milk blobs, every one of us caught in the hail of bullets. Milk slowly creeps out across the ground, mixing with my blood, and in my final moments I reach out and open the box, pulling forth a handwritten letter from within.

I read aloud as my vision begins to blur, the life draining from my body. “Dear Einstein. Held here is the most powerful weapon in our fight for peace on earth.” The letter says. “Upon pressing the button, the user will travel back in time ten minutes, finding themselves in a universe parallel to this one. It is a place that we have come to know as the Tingleverse. Use with great caution, the Tingleverse is a strange and erotic place, but if we can find a way to harness its power, we could soon find true utopia. I invented it. Signed, President Borchantok.”

In my last seconds, I slam my hand down hard onto the red button.

“Howdy partner.” Comes a deep voice that tears me from my slumber.

I sit up immediately and grab for my gun, immediately realizing that it’s not there.

“Looking for something?” Comes the voice again.

Immediately, I realize that I have been here before, and as I glance up I recognize the familiar face of the handsome chocolate milk.

“Looks like you’re outnumbered, buckaroo.” The milk tells me for the second time.

Immediately, he does the same trick of sloshing around and forming a whole gang of milk blob bandits. My mind, however, is elsewhere; and the glass can tell.

“Don’t you care that you’re being robbed?” The muscular beverage finally asks.

I look at him, staring deep into his soul and realizing suddenly that this version of events isn’t exactly the same, after all. Unlike the last encounter, this cup of chocolate milk has a certain twinkle in his eye, a relaxed and suave nature that simply wasn’t there the first time around. This universe is the same but different; a little more flirty, a little more exciting... a little more gay.

“You don’t want to take this box.” I tell the tall glass of milk.

“Oh, I think I do.” He says with a grin. “Now hand it over.”

“Or you’ll what?” I ask. “Shoot me?”

The chocolate milk just stares at me for a moment, trying to act tougher than he is. In the last universe, this liquid gang had been made up of ruthless killers, but now they are just big softies with soulful eyes.

“What’s your name?” I ask the delicious dairy treat.

“Krawborsh.” The glass tells me. “What about you?”

“Billy.” I inform him. “You’ve got really nice eyes, Krawborsh.”

The glass blushes slightly as I say this, something the chocolate milk in my original universe would never do with real sincerity.

I suddenly realize that the changes between this and my previous life are much more than just external. Deep inside I can feel an incredible, pleasant yearning for the gang of rough and tumble dairies. They’re from the wrong side of the tracks, but that’s exactly how I like it.

“Do you know what this button does?” I ask Krawborsh.

“It takes us to an even more peaceful place, a land of love and lust unlike anymore mere mortals have ever seen.” The glass says. “So hand it over before it falls into the wrong hands.”

“It already has.” I inform the handsome chocolate milk, “I’ve already pushed it.”

The entire gang laughs and exchanges glances with one another. “Sure you have.” Say’s Krawborsh sarcastically. “I guess I just didn’t feel it when this universe transitioned over into the next one.”

“You didn’t.” I tell him, “Because you were always here. I’m the one who transitioned.”

The glass hesitates for a moment, eyeing me up and down. “Okay, I’ll bite. What’s the difference between this universe and yours?”

“I’m not exactly sure yet.” I tell him, “This one seems pretty much the same, except...” I trail off.

“What?” Asks Krawborsh.

My heart is thundering hard in my chest now, not sure if I should reveal myself to this chocolaty bandit but then considering what might happen if I don’t.

“In this universe, I find you to be very, very attractive.” I admit. “All of you.”

The glass of milk and his companions exchange glances. “I was just thinking the same thing about you.” The glass tells me. “I think it’s safe to say we all were.”

The group of us sits in silence for a moment in this awkward standoff until, finally, I pull my shirt off over the top of my head, revealing a gorgeous, muscular set of abs.

“Come over here.” I coo seductively. “Let’s see if this time around we can choose peace over war.”

The chocolate milk gang doesn’t need to be told twice and, as they approach, I can confirm that they are definitely more attractive than in the last universe. Their faces have been refined, their abs slightly more chiseled and their swagger perfected into something absolutely stunning.

The bandits surround me now, thick chocolaty cocks protruding from their bodies as they stare down at my body with a rampant lust.

“Give me those milky cowboy cocks.” I demand, reaching up and grabbing a dick in each hand. I grip them firmly, stroking up and down a few times before hungrily shoving one of the thick, delicious rods into my mouth. I swallow him down as far as I can, taking note of the smooth, sugary flavor that makes up the entirety of his strangely firm member.

Meanwhile, the rest of the bandits impatiently shove their massive dicks into my sightline, vying for attention. I frantically reach up and grab one in each hand, then get to work pumping up and down over their shafts with my tight grip. I follow closely with the movement of my mouth, finding a steady pace that gradually gains speed until I am beating off their cocks with furious enthusiasm.

I push down hard on the dick in my mouth, trying to take him as deep as I can and succeeding when the massive chocolate shaft plunges well below my gag reflex. Soon enough, I find myself held tightly against his sweet bandit abs, his liquid balls resting against my chin while I wiggle my tongue around the bottom of his fully consumed cock. I look up at the handsome dessert beverage with a fire in my eyes, his dick rendering me unable to breathe while he holds me in place with his strong hands. All the while, I continue to service the other bandits with my grip, and eventually start to rotate through the group as they take turns between my fingers.

I realize now that Krawborsh has undressed completely, his glass sitting empty just a few feet away while he joins the party as just another brown, undulating blob.

The chocolate milk that I’m deep throating lets me up and I take in a frantic gasp of air, a brown strand of saliva hanging between my lips and the head of his throbbing cock. Seeing his chance, another one of the bandits takes me by the head and slams me down over his member, as well, pumping me over his length with just as much fury as the one who came before him. Almost immediately, a second one of the chocolate milks pushes into the fray and somehow manages to get his cock into my mouth at the same time, so that the two of them are now fighting for position within my wet lips and splashing all over the place.

As I would have expected from a group of ruthless wild west men, they are more than a little rough with me. But instead of being terrified by their sugary strength, I find myself more turned on than I could have ever expected. I fully submit myself to their gay power, my asshole aching for the bandit’s strange touch. Finally, I just can’t take it anymore.

I stand up suddenly and push past the outlaws, tearing off my pants and underwear, then bending over a boulder. My muscular toned ass is popped out towards them as I look back over my shoulder and wink.

“Not bad, cowboy!” Gargles one of the blobs.

“Go on.” I say. “Let’s see what you can do with this asshole.”

The chocolate milks approach quickly, the first of them lining himself up with my tightness and then slowly, but firmly, pushing forward with his massive, girthy cock. I let out a long moan of

pleasure when he enters me, gripping tightly onto the edge of the table while the bandit begins to pulse in and out of my depths. Despite how fiercely the outlaw handles me, his penetrations are incredible pleasant, hitting me in just the right spot to hit my prostate and send chills off pleasure across every inch of my body.

“Oh fuck, that feels so fucking good.” I groan, slamming my ass back against him with every pound. “Keep fucking me just like that!”

Eventually, my words transform into a long, sensual moan that echoes through the desert, growing louder and louder until finally the call is cut off when a huge cock is thrust between my lips, gagging me. Now there is a bandit at either end of my body, railing me as I lay flat across the worktable. They find a steady pace and begin using the force from one another to maintain their rhythm, pulsing me back and forth across their hard rods. I relax my throat as much as I can and let the cocoa bandit in front pound away at my deepest parts, looking up at him with lustful, cock hungry eyes until he’s finally had his fill and trades places with another.

The one behind me quickly does the same, and suddenly I realize that the chocolate milk cowboys have formed a line at either end, thrusting into my tightness until they’ve had their fill and then allowing the next sweet dessert cock to have a go. They rotate like this for quite a while and, between the six of them, all of the chocolate milks eventually get a chance to enjoy me from either end.

One of the bandits eventually lies down onto the boulder next to me, and in his strange, liquidy voice he commands, “Get on.”

I pull the cock from my mouth with a gasp.

“With pleasure!” I tell him, throwing a leg over the top and then leaning forward to kiss the chocolate milks cold lips. I run my hands across his light brown body, drifting lower and lower until I finally reach the bandits erect chocolate dick, which I take firmly into my hand. I lower myself down, slowly guiding him up into my ass as it stretches nicely around his massive cock. I let out a satisfied whimper when I reach the bottom, his member fully inserted, and then begin to grind slowly against him in long, deliberate swoops.

“God damn, these chocolate milk dicks are so fucking good.” I confess.

“Do you like that fat dairy dick?” The chocolate milk asks me in his deep, soulful voice. “Do you love it up your tight gay asshole?”

“Yes, I love that fat chococock in my tight ass! I wish I had more to fuck!” I scream, lost in the moment.

Almost immediately, one of the other handsome cowboys has approaches me from behind, taking my ass in his cool liquid hands as he climbs up onto the boulder behind me. I look back over my shoulder, trying to figure out exactly what he’s up to, but by the time I realize what’s going on it’s already too late to protest. The bandit briskly lines his dick up with the already filled rim of my asshole, then propels himself forward.

I let out a sharp cry of pain and pleasure as my tight ass stretches to accommodate him, pushed well beyond any previous limits that it may have had. I grit my teeth as my eyes roll back into my head, trying as hard as I can to relax while the chocolate milks get to work pumping in and out of my hole in tandem. When one pulls back, the other trusts forward, and visa versa, picking up speed until they are absolutely throttling me with everything they’ve got.

The sensation is incredible, a sweet and sugary fullness I’ve never experienced that causes my body to tremble with aching waves of pleasure. I reach down between my legs and start to help

myself along as they pummel me, playing with my throbbing cock and letting myself go within their double dicked cockfight.

“Fuck me like a filthy gay cowboy!” I hiss, but my words are cut short as a new bandit maneuvers to the front and shoves his massive liquid cock down my throat. Now I’m completely air tight, filled to the brim with cock and loving every second of it as I barrel towards the most powerful orgasm of my life.

Suddenly, I’m cumming so hard that I feel as though I’ve left my body, floating up in the air and looking down at my large frame as ecstasy hits me like a tidal wave. Every muscle seems to clench tight and then erupt into spasms, quaking across me while the bandits pound me senseless. I scream into the cock that fills my mouth, the sound vibrating across his strange dick in a strangled squeal. Jizz erupts from the head of my cock and sprays out across the bandit in front of me.

When I finally finish, it becomes apparent that the chocolate milks are on a similar timeline, so I pull them out of me and then roll off onto the warm desert dirt, laying on my back as the crew of chocolate milks stands around me beating their massive dicks.

“Cover me in your milk!” I command. “Shoot those fucking loads all over this bad, bad cowboy!”

It’s not long before one of them erupts with a fountain of milky, chocolate spunk. It splatters down onto me, covering my stomach and ripped chest with a beautiful pearly design.

“Yes!” I urge them on. “More milk! Cover my face!”

The second one explodes, and then another and another, all of them painting my face with their massive loads of warm cocoa. It flies out from their cocks in a series of thick ropes, plastering my face with a pearly brown glaze. I stick out my tongue and catch the final two payloads in my mouth, swallowing playfully and then looking up at the chocolate milks with a satisfied grin. “Delicious!” I tell them.

I lay on my back for a while, staring up at the beautiful blue sky and catching my breath as the milky beings slip and slide back into their glass, forming a single cowboy once more.

“There’s still one question,” says Krawborsh, “who gets the box?”

I smile, then reach over and take the small parcel in my hands, opening it up. “Both of us.” I tell him as I press the big red button.

“Howdy lover.” Comes a deep voice that tears me from my slumber. I open my eyes to the familiar glass of chocolate milk standing over me, looking even more handsome than ever.

I press the button again, and again, and again; each time walking up in a word more erotic than the last until eventually all matter and light begins to decay and warp. All of existence transforms and melts away until even the button itself no longer exists, simply the thought of its click permeating through all space and time forever. I cum harder than any being ever has, or ever will, and then literally become the universe, which is now made of abs.

Some say that love is the soul of books, and what better way to show a little love then with a free gift? Here to tingle you to the core is a bonus story for your reading pleasure:

BIGFOOT SETTLERS CLAIM MY BUTTHOLE

There's nothing easy about the wild American frontier, but that's why I love it. Back East, I had the typical city life as a young man working his family trade as a taffy salesman, spinning away at my taffy wheel and selling candy to the masses. As sweet as it was, however, taffy wasn't in my heart.

At least, not that kind of taffy.

Making candy is a skill that balances both artistic freedom and stone cold scientific precision, and there's no question that I fall on the side of art. I love inventing new flavors, combining old favorites to create an entirely new sugary experience for the mouth. Unfortunately, thanks to the New York State Flavor Laws, almost none of my creations will ever be tasted outside of the back room at our little shop.

The flavor laws had been in place for as long as any of us could remember, and we're created in order to maintain the integrity of the great American flavors; chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry. At first it seemed like a pretty good idea, but of course, the only thing unnecessary laws do is turn normal citizens into criminals.

Eventually, the underground trade of candy flavors started to blossom into a full-scale criminal empire. The mob got involved, and soon enough the candy black market was flooded with new and interesting flavors. Grape, cookie dough, even banana taffy was suddenly easy to find with the right price, and I was immediately hooked.

I started spinning some of the most advanced flavors you could imagine on the taffy wheel at our shop; peanut butter and jelly, apple and caramel, you name it.

But when the police department started cracking down, it just became too dangerous to be a part of the family business. With money quickly disappearing there was only one thing to do, open up a second shop out west where we wouldn't be restricted by these oppressive flavor laws.

The next thing I knew, I was on a train headed straight for Colorado, which was the last stop on the tracks for the time being. I would be part of settling a small mountain town that seemed to be a promising spot, due to the gold rush and the fact that these train tracks would be running straight through it. It was the perfect place to continue my experiments in taffy.

The town itself was basically just one long street, with a general store, a stable, a tavern and now a taffy shop. Suffice to say, without much else for the townsfolk to do, business was booming.

It's Monday morning when I new train of settlers arrives in our small corner of the world. Everyone in town is buzzing with excitement, wondering who it will be and what kind of life they'll inject into the settlement.

I look out the window as the townsfolk gather around the train station, gawking at whomever it is that will come stepping off of the train.

Moment's later, they get their wish as a handful of tall, well dressed bigfeet exit the steam engine. Even as a straight man, the first thing I notice is just how devilishly handsome these large, hairy creatures are, my breath literally catching in my throat as they greet the townspeople with warm smiles. There are about seven or eight of them, all in black suits that are completed by ties and bowler hats on top. Their fur varies, however, from jet black to snow white and every earth tone in between.

As soon as they arrive, however, they're gone, heading up the hillside to do some business that I

can only imagine.

Moments later, one of the young men who was watching the bigfoot arrival comes into my taffy shop and breaks my trance.

“Hello!” I say, abruptly. “Welcome!”

The young man looks to be around my age, twenty-two, and I’ve seen him in here a few times before. He’s got a sweet tooth, and great taste in taffy.

“Can I help you find anything?” I ask. “Fresh batch of butterscotch just off the wheel, if you’re interested.”

The man shakes his head. “No thanks, you got anything fruity?”

A smile immediately crosses my face. “We’ve got every fruit you could think of, its all on that shelf over there.” I say, pointing across the shop.

The young man nods and walks over to the shelf that I directed him to.

“Hey, what’s the story with all those bigfeet that just rolled into town?” I ask. “You know anything about then?”

The young man looks over at me and shakes his head. “That’s not my business. I don’t know nothing ‘bout that.”

I smile. “You just watched them get off the train! Is that your business?”

“I suppose it ain’t, but I’m not one to gossip behind other people’s backs.” Explains the young man.

I don’t press the issue any further, just watch as the small crowd continues to dissipate from the train station until there is nothing left.

Eventually, I hear the young man let out a long sigh. “You don’t have the fruit I was looking for.” He says. “Thanks anyway.”

The man turns and heads towards the door but I stop him immediately. “Wait!” I shout, genuinely concerned. “What do you mean I don’t have the fruit you want? I have every fruit.”

The young man shakes his head. “Not tomato.”

A knowing grin creeps across my face as I leave my counter and walk over to the shelf that he’s standing in front of. I scan the jars of taffy briefly and then find the one I was looking for, pulling it out and handing it to him. “Guess you missed this one.”

He pulls out a handful of deep red tomato taffy. “Whoa, thank you! This is amazing.”

“You’re welcome.” I tell him, then head back up to the front counter as he follows behind. “What’s your name?”

“Ricky.” The young man tells me.

“Now Ricky, I know you don’t like to spread gossip, but you know that you can trust a guy with tomato taffy, right?” I prod. “How about this? You tell me everything that you know about the bigfeet and I’ll let you have a whole bag of tomato taffy for free.”

“Free?” Ricky repeats, astonished.

“Free.” I tell him.

The young man seem slightly uncomfortable but then finally nods in affirmation. I begin to pull tomato taffy out of the jar and put it in his bag.

“Apparently they are land buyers.” Says Ricky. “Real estate tycoons, they think this little town of ours is about to blow up big time!”

“Oh yeah?” I ask. “Why is that?”

“Because people like to woods?” Ricky offers, shrugging.

I roll my eyes. “I don’t know if I’d go that far.”

“Maybe there’s more gold in the mountain than we first thought.” Ricky says as a second suggestion.

This one makes more sense, and it also makes my heart skip a beat with excitement. It sounds like I picked the right place to start up a taffy shop.

“I guess they are trying to make this place a little more tame, a little more easy to settle.” Ricky continues. “Well, that’s what my friend said.”

“How are they gonna do that?” I ask him, curiously.

“Buy up all the land and bring in some new laws.” Ricky offers.

I freeze suddenly, my mind racing with all of the possibilities that this could entail.

“New laws?” I ask.

Ricky shrugs again and pops one of the deep red candies into his mouth, chewing happily.

“Yeah, you know, just clean the place up a bit? Property laws, gambling laws... flavor laws.”

My eyes go wide.

“Did you hear anyway say flavor laws?” I ask, more aggressively than I intend to.

“I don’t know.” Ricky admits.

I suddenly reach out and grab him by the collar, losing control of myself. “What do you mean you don’t know? Did anyone mention flavor laws?”

“Hey!” Ricky says, pushing me away from him. “I don’t know.” He turns abruptly and heads for the door of the shop in a huff, leaving without another word as I stand in silent shock.

The next morning I have a lot to think about during my morning walk. Before opening the store I usually head out at the crack of dawn, taking one of the many paths that works its way up and down the tree covered hillside. It’s a nice way to get my mind focused on the day ahead, or to start cooking up new flavor combinations in my head. Today, however, I’m completely consumed with something else entirely.

I walk out to the cliff side, a beautiful bluff overlooking the valley below. It’s an absolutely majestic view, one unlike anything you’d ever find back east, and as I stand here by taking it all in. I imagine what it will be like a decade from now, two decades. I imagine the buildings popping up here and there, just a few at a time for the first little while as the railway expands farther and farther towards the coast. Suddenly, though, the boom will hit, and the entire valley will become just another city of lost souls looking to find something different; a new thought, a new flavor.

It sounds like I won’t be able to provide it for them.

I turn around to begin my trek back into town when suddenly I stop dead, realizing that the gang of bigfeet has stepped out of the forest behind me and are watching with an unsettling confidence. They are all fierce and imposing, still dressed to the nines in their dark business suits.

“Can I help you?” I immediately ask, trying my best to keep my voice from trembling.

“Yes.” Says one of the bigfeet, stepping forward and extending his hand. His fur is silver, and it glistens in the morning light.

I reach out and give him a firm handshake.

“You’re Mr. Greg Peacher, right?” The bigfoot asks.

I nod.

“I’m Tord Hulyork and these are my friends.” The mythical beast explains. “We make up The

Hulyork Group.”

“I’ve got a shop to open in a half hour.” I tell the beast, impatiently. “What’s up?”

The bigfeet exchange glances, seemingly amused by the way that this small town guy is standing up to their big city ways.

“As I’m sure you’ve heard, me and my friends are planning on buying up a sizable amount of land here.” Explains Tord. “From the town, down to the edge of that valley behind you.”

“Sounds like a lot of money getting passed around.” I tell them. “This dirt must be worth quite a bit.”

“It’s not so much the dirt itself.” Explains the bigfoot businessman. “More like what rests on top of it. The resources.”

“Gold?” I ask.

Tord laughs. “Not bad, not bad. You are correct, the gold in these hills holds a lot of value, but that’s not all we’re looking to settle.”

“What else?” I ask, genuinely confused.

Tord takes a deep breath. “Your ass.”

“What?” I ask, convinced that I haven’t quite heard him correctly.

“Inside your butthole.” The bigfoot clarifies.

I stand in utter silence, my gaze drifting from one creature to the next. “What?” I ask again.

“Listen, Greg, I know that it might be a lot for you to take in, but our company has done many studies on the value of one’s butthole. You could say that we’re leaders in the field.” Explains Tord. “I know a valuable asshole when I see it.”

I shake my head in awe. “Well, what do you want to do with my butt?”

“Claim it.” Tord explains. “Just like we would any other tract of land. Once your butthole is claimed we can develop it as we see fit, but I can assure you that we have only the best intentions for such an important part of your body.”

“I... I need to think about this.” I stammer. I continue forward, pushing my way through the bigfeet and then heading back down the trail. It’s almost time for the shop to open.

The rest of the day goes by quickly, my thoughts overwhelmed by a sense of impending doom that I just can’t seem to shake. I try to ride the taffy wheel for a while when the store is empty, hoping to blow off some steam and create a few new batches of sugary goodness, but the physical exertion still doesn’t keep me from obsessing over the events of the last few days.

These men were obviously rich enough to throw some good money my way, but was I literally willing to sell my own ass, regardless of the price? Not only that, but the second I give them what they want are they going to overtake the town and institute the same oppressive flavor laws that brought me here from New York in the first place?

Even more concerning, however, is the other powerful feeling that has been blossoming within me ever since this morning; lust. As a straight man, I’m not sure what to make of my attraction to these handsome male bigfeet, but the longer I let the cravings simmer the more overwhelming they become.

My head is swimming with these sexual thoughts as the workday comes to an end. I’m just about ready to close up shop when suddenly the bigfeet enter, spreading out across the open floor as their leader, Tord, steps forward.

“Now that you’re done selling candy, let’s talk business.” The creature tells me in his deep,

booming voice.

“Candy is my business.” I retort, trying to ignore the sharp chill of arousal that shoots down my spine as the Tord approaches me.

The bigfoot settler smiles. “Aw, so that’s what this is about?”

I nod.

“I guarantee that when we develop this land, including your butthole, you will remain the sole owner of your taffy shop.” Tord says warmly.

I laugh. “But will I be able to make the kind of taffy that I want?” I counter. “Or will you just enact the same needless flavor laws of the East?”

The look on the bigfoot businessman’s face slowly begins to change as he realizes that he’s up against more than just an issue of finances, but an issue of the heart. “Well, of course we’d have to enact a few more laws, but that is for the sake of everyone! This is the wild frontier, and for development to happen we need to remove the wild part from that equation.”

I shake my head. “I can’t do it.”

“Can’t do it, or won’t do it?” Asks Tord.

“I won’t be a part of destroying this countries great tradition of unique candy with needless flavor laws.” I tell him, a fire in my eyes.

The bigfoot turns and brings his fellow businessbeasts in close, talking amongst themselves quietly. Every once in a while a creature will look back and take a quick glance at my ass, making sure it’s as incredible as they seem to think that it is. Finally, the group disbands and Tord turns back to face me.

“Alright, we have an offer.” The bigfoot says. “Ten thousand dollars for the land that this store is on, ten thousand more for your butthole, and a legal guarantee that we will not allow the inaction of any flavor laws in this county, ever.”

My jaw literally drops. “Seriously?”

Tord nods. “The only catch is this. You have to let us test your asshole first, take it for a spin so that we’ll know what we’re in for once development starts.”

I consider this proposition but it doesn’t take long for me to come to my decision. “Sounds fair to me.”

The next thing I know, these powerful bigfeet spring into action, locking the door to the shop and drawing the shutters. I come out from behind the counter and stand before them, trembling.

“What now?” I ask.

“Strip.” Tord says. “Let’s try to keep this professional.”

I watch as the bigfeet begin to remove their suits, ties, and hats, folding everything nicely and placing it on the counter. I awkwardly follow in their example, and soon enough the whole group of us are completely nude.

“What about now?” I continue.

Tord takes a step towards me and as he does I notice that his dick has started to lengthen, growing larger and larger before my very eyes. I had already believed that these beasts were well hung, but when their cocks are fully erect it’s another story entirely, sporting rock hard members the likes of which I’d never dreamed possible.

“Oh my god.” I gasp, the giant bigfoot now pressed against my body. I can feel his incredible physique against mine and suddenly I’m actually a little impressed, blown away by the chiseled form of his bigfoot chest.

I tremble with homosexual arousal; a sudden chill of excitement running down my spine. I've done nothing but work my ass off since I moved to New York, slaving away at the taffy shop day in and day out and then going home to an empty cabin before starting the process all over again. It's about time I had a little fun.

Suddenly, I drop down to my knees, seized with erotic confidence. "Let me show you what me and my asshole can do." I say.

Immediately, I take the gigantic bigfoot rod into my mouth, struggling to wrap my lips around his substantial girth.

The bigfoot leans his head back and lets a satisfied moan roll out from the depths of his massive frame. I can feel his stomach clench tight as I bob up and down his shaft, bracing as the pleasure begins to course through him.

Almost immediately, the rest of the bigfoot gang surrounds me, a giant hairy dick pointed at my chiseled face from every angle. I look up at them with a gay, cock hungry lust clouding my vision, aching to service their shafts as I quickly take one in each hand. I pump up and down their members at the same rate as the dick that fills my mouth, simultaneously pleasing three of them at once.

Eventually, I try to force down the cock in my mouth as far as possible, pushing my head hard over the bigfoot's giant shaft. I get it down about halfway but then stop as the creature's rod hits the edge of my gag reflex, causing me to retch slightly. I try to relax and allow the beast past, but he's just too enormous and, moments later, I'm forced to come up for air, sputtering and gasping as spit dangles from my chin.

"I'm sorry!" I cry. "One more try!"

"One more try." The bigfoot agrees, placing his massive hands on the back on my head and pushing me down for a second attempt.

This time I'm ready for him, and as the bigfoot's cock approaches my limits I somehow allow him even further, his shaft plummeting all the way into my depths. The next thing I know, my face is pressed up hard against the monster's hairy bigfoot abs, his huge balls forced tight against my chin as I take him in an absolutely stunning deep throat.

The monster holds me here for a moment, controlling my movements while I continue to beat off his friends on either side of us. Finally, when I'm just about completely out of air, the bigfoot settler lets me up with a frantic gasp.

I don't have much time to gather my senses, however, because seconds later another one of the monsters takes me by the head and slams me down onto his rod for another ruthless throat fucking. The creatures continue to pass me around like this for a while, trading places within my mouth or between my rapidly moving hands. Eventually, I've completely lost track of which ones I've serviced, the entire ordeal transforming into a frantic carousel of blowjobs.

"What a nice mouth this taffy boy has on him!" One of the bigfeet teases.

The others wholeheartedly agree, laughing and chiding one another on.

Eventually, though, the beasts grow tired of my face and hands, craving something even more extreme in their insatiable quest for self-pleasure.

One of the bigfeet gets behind me and pushes me forward, so that I fall onto my hands and knees. I look back at him with excitement and terror, not quite sure if I can take his immense size but willing to give it my best shot. "Fuck me with that big bigfoot cock!" I command. "Settle this tight gay asshole!"

The creature aligns himself with my tightness and then moments later he pushes forward,

impaling my body onto the length of his incredible shaft. I let out a satisfied moan as he enters me, stretching the limits of my ass far beyond anything I could have ever imagined possible.

“God damn!” I cry out, bracing myself against the bigfoot with my hands in the dirt in front of me. “That’s too much dick for my little gay asshole to take!”

The bigfoot gives me a hard slap on my rear and then gets to work, pumping in and out of me; slowly at first and then gaining speed with every thrust. Soon he’s hammering me with all of his beastly strength, his huge, monstrous body slamming against my muscular frame below.

I can’t help but start to moan and groan with pleasure, the pleasant feelings that course through my body unable to contain themselves within, and instead spilling forth from my mouth verbally. Eventually, I start to scream, trembling as my body is pushed to its limits until, moments later, I’m cut off by a massive bigfoot rod that’s shoved down my throat.

Now the mythical monsters are hammering me at either end, pushing my toned body back and forth between them as they use me like their own personal gay sex doll. My frantic vocalizations are muffled by the cock in my mouth, now tumbling out of me in a series of strange gargles.

When the bigfeet have had enough they eventually pull out and give two other beasts a turn within my tightness, picking up where the previous occupants left off and slamming me with everything they’ve got. The monsters cycle through until everyone has had a turn, and then happily flip me over so that my back is on the floor of the taffy shop. From there, they continue to rail my mouth and reamed asshole at either end, enjoying this brand new position as my legs are pulled back towards my head by two of the other beasts. I’m completely spread open for them.

I enjoy their cocks like this for quite a while until, suddenly, one of the monsters grabs me and lifts me up into the air. He has no trouble at all maneuvering me in his powerful arms, turning me so that I’m facing his muscular chest and then slowly but surely lowering me down onto his thick, bigfoot rod.

I wrap my arms around the beast’s broad shoulders as his cock impales me, stretching me out while I dip lower and lower until finally coming to rest at this hilt of his shaft. I’m filled completely, and my body quakes with sensation as I try to collect myself, reeling from the incredible sense of abundance.

The bigfoot immediately begins to pump me up and down his shaft, using the force of gravity while he guides my toned body over his thickness. The sensation is incredible. It’s not long before the creature picks up the pace again, and soon enough he’s pounding me ferociously onto his throbbing hairy member.

Suddenly, I can feel another set of hands on my waist. I look back to see a second bigfoot positioning himself behind me, aligning his massive dick with the already filled entrance of my tight little asshole.

“Oh my god.” I murmur to myself, grappling with the realization of what’s about to come next. I’m just not sure if I can take two at once, worried that my body might literally rip in half. Still, I’ve come this far, so why not go all the way?

The beast behind me lets out a hefty grunt and then slams up into my asshole, stretching me wide with his thick tube of a cock. I let out a shriek of surprise and unfamiliar pleasure, grabbing tight onto the monster in front as the two of them rail my butt in tandem.

The bigfoot settlers are nothing but thrilled by my wild vocalizations, which kick them into high gear as they slam into me with everything they’ve got. It’s not long before the one who’s fucking my asshole from behind starts to tremble and shake, closing in on a powerful orgasm.

“Do it!” I command. “Blow that sasquatch load up my wild frontier of an ass! Settle my gay butt with your cum!”

The bigfoot lets out a thunderous roar and then slams me down onto his shaft and holds tight, the contents of his massive bigfoot balls ejecting up inside of me. I can feel his warm seed blast forth in a series of powerful tremors, filling me to the brim until there’s just not enough room left and his pearly jizz spills out onto the dirty ground below.

When the beast withdraws himself from my ass a torrent of semen spills forth, splattering everywhere. I left out a gasp, and then moments later gasp again as my rectum is double plugged by a brand new bigfoot cock, this one even more massive than the first. Using the jizz as lube, the new bigfoot immediately gets to work double fucking me, plowing my tight hole with animalistic fury.

I reach down and go to work on myself now, frantically beating my swollen cock as I edge closer and closer to a powerful, impending orgasm. I’m almost there when this second bigfoot explodes within my asshole, mixing with the filthy spunk cocktail that came before him.

The bigfeet continue like this for a while, taking turns in a ruthless, standing, double penetration and then blowing their seed up my reamed out rectum. Eventually, all of them have been satisfied and the only ones left to cum are me and Tord, who slams me up the butt from the front.

“Cum in my mouth!” I beg. “I want to swallow your seed! Please, please, please cum in my mouth!”

The bigfoot finally relents and drops me down onto the floor, where I stretch out before him on my back. The creature straddles my face, while I reach down and rapidly stroke my own throbbing dick, aching for climax.

It’s not long before Tord begins to tremble and quake, his stomach seizing above me until it finally clenches tight and his massive dick explodes. I do my best to swallow his entire load but it’s just too much, and soon enough the jizz is running out from the corners of my mouth while I gag and choke on the bigfoot’s milky sweetness.

Thankfully, I’m cumming now, as well, so I don’t even care. I’m completely lost in a sea of beautiful ecstasy, my body overwhelmed with a searing pleasure that pulses through my senses like waves. My eyes roll back into my head as I let go completely, allowing the pleasure full access to every nerve of my body. I scream, gargling hot jizz and splattering it everywhere while I launch a load of my own.

Finally, after what seems like an eternity, the sensation passes and I fall back onto the ground. The bigfoot within my mouth stands up and joins with the others.

“That was incredible.” I groan, dragging myself to my feet. “I feel so claimed.”

“You are.” Says Tord. “You are.”

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[Chuck's Bigfoot Tinglers: Volume 2](#)

Living Object Tinglers

[I'm Gay For My Living Billionaire Jet Plane](#)
[Trained By The Living Biker Train](#)
[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](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"](#)
[Buttception: A Butt Within A Butt Within A Butt](#)
[Vampire Night Bus Pounds My Butt](#)

Shared By The Chocolate Milk Cowboys

Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book

Angry Man Pounded By The Fear Of His Latent Gayness Over A Dinosaur Transitioning Into A Unicorn

Slammed Up The Butt By My Hot Coffee Boss

Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 1

Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 2

Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 3

Chuck's Living Object Tingles: Volume 4

Self Help

Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance

About Dr. Tingle...

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

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