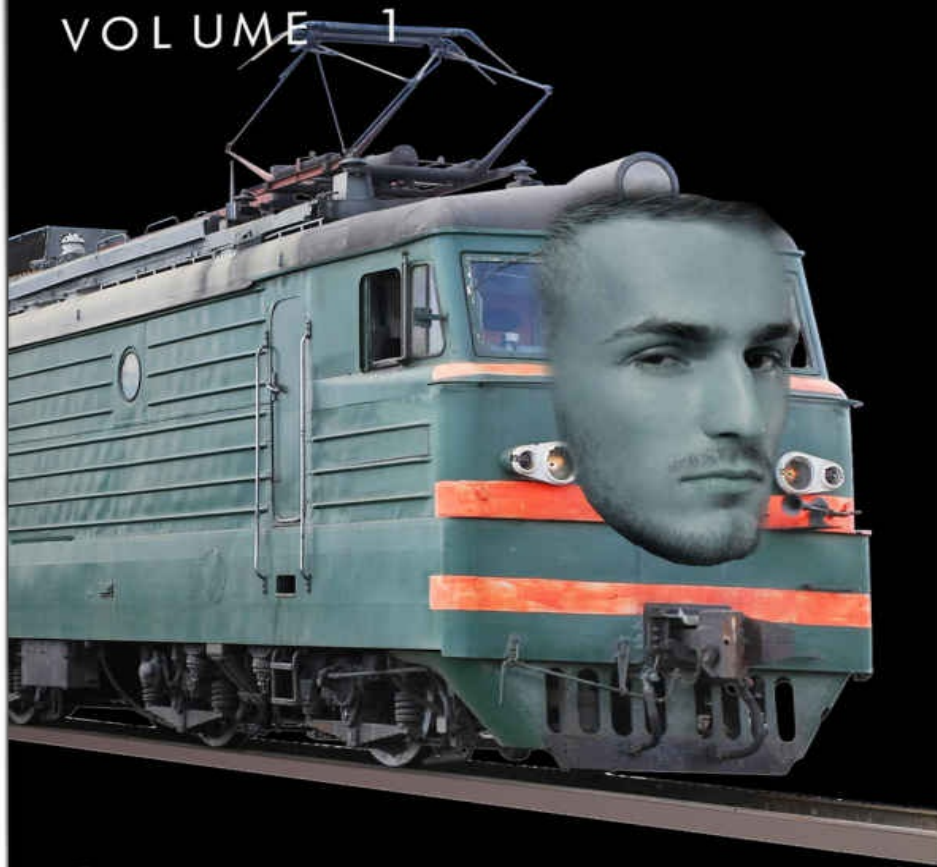


CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS VOLUME 1



CHUCK TINGLE

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I'M GAY FOR MY LIVING BILLIONAIRE JET PLANE



TRAINED BY THE LIVING BIKER TRAIN



POUNDED BY THE GAY COLOR CHANGING DRESS

100009

CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

Volume 1

By Chuck Tingle

I'M GAY FOR MY LIVING BILLIONAIRE JET PLANE

It's rare for our relationships to turn out how we expect them to. As we go through our lives, people come in and out seemingly at random, changing and shaping us as we travel along together in this crazy, mixed up world. Your best friend one day can, somehow, become your mortal enemy the next. Lovers drop off the map and fade into the past, co-workers show up years later and suddenly you find yourself married with two kids and a white picket fence.

The same goes for objects. There are plenty of things that I've dropped a lot of money on that, no more than a few months later, become worthless to me.

But what if there was an object that caused your interest to change in the opposite way? Instead of becoming old and boring, it became more valuable to you as time went on, until one day you found yourself falling deeply and uncontrollably in love.

It sounds crazy, I know. After all, love is for people, not things.

That's exactly what I thought, until I met Keith.

Keith is a large, passenger plane that can seat up to four hundred people, not including crew, and when he's at work he is doing exactly that.

In fact, when I first met Keith I was a passenger myself, flying the red eye flight from New York to Los Angeles for business, inside what would eventually become my gay lover. Of course, I had no idea at the time.

The flight was almost entirely empty, which would normally be fabulous but, thanks to the extreme turbulence, made me a little uneasy. I don't believe in a god myself, but the more people on a plane with me, the crueller I imagine it would be for god to knock it out of the sky. Right now, I don't think many people would miss a plane filled with just me.

The flight attendant keeps coming by and giving me miniature bottles of vodka, which are helping a lot, but I'm still anxious. I grip the seat in front of me tightly, my fingers pressed hard into the cushion as if, somehow, my tightening grip can help settle these unruly air currents.

Another massive bump and I can feel my heart skip a beat, just about ready to break into full on panic mode. This can't be normal, can it?

But just before I'm about to snap completely, white knuckling as the plane around me shimmy's and shakes, a warm, reassuring voice sounds throughout the cabin.

"Hey man, it's gonna be alright." The voice tells me.

I look up, trying to discern where exactly the voice is coming from. It's too clear to be the pilot over a loudspeaker, but there's nobody else nearby who could have said it.

"Hello?" I ask. "Who's there?"

"Keith." Says that voice, warmly. "It's nice to meet you."

I nod. "I'm Alex, but I still don't know where you are."

Keith laughs. "I'm all around you."

I look up and down, then back over the seat behind me. Nobody is there. "I'm not quite sure what you mean." I tell the voice.

"I'm the plane, you goof!" Keith says.

Suddenly, I completely understand, kicking myself for not figuring it out sooner. "Of course!" I say, trying to hide my embarrassment. "I'm such an idiot sometimes."

"Whatever, bud." Keith tells me. "People get confused. Is it the pilot or is it the plane, you know? I get that all the time."

"Yeah?" I ask.

“Sure.” Affirms Keith. “I totally get it, you don’t have to be embarrassed.”

His words are reassuring, and a nice break from all of the tension that has been suffocating me ever since the rough air currents started picking up.

“Is this normal?” I ask the plane.

“That’s actually why I wanted to say something.” Keith explains. “You look really scared and I can assure you, everything is going to be just fine. This is all pretty usual stuff.”

“Really?” I ask, still seeking comfort in the plane’s words. “You mean all this bumping around is normal?”

“Sure! I mean, bumping around isn’t *normal* really but, it’s not uncommon.” Keith tells me. “And it’s absolutely nothing to worry about.”

I lay back into my seat and close my eyes tight, hoping that the alcohol will start to kick in even harder soon. I need to relax, and even though my new friend Keith is doing the best that he can to reassure me, it’s just not entirely working.

I can sense that Keith is still worried about me, and moments later I can feel him turn on the air vent above, letting out a steady, cool stream of fresh air onto my face. It feels nice.

“Here.” Keith says. “Get some air. Let me see if I can even this thing out for you, okay?”

The turbulence continues for a bit, but then moments later the vibrating of the plane starts to grow quieter and quieter, eventually disappearing completely.

“How’s that?” The plane asks.

“Amazing.” I tell him, truly thankful. “That was so fucking scary.”

Keith laughs. “Trust me, it’s really not that bad up here. You’re way more likely to die in a car crash on the way to an airport than up in the air. If that wasn’t the case then I’d be out of a job! Hell, I’d be dead!”

The talking plane has a point.

Finally, I let out a long sigh and clear my head completely. The worst is over.

“I’m sorry.” I finally say. “I should be more appreciative. Thanks for doing that for me.”

“Not a problem, buddy.” Responds Keith.

I’m silent for a moment, not exactly sure what to say next. “So how long have you flown commercial?” I ask the plane.

“Oh, you know, off and on for about four years. I don’t need the money but I like to meet people, so this is what I do.”

“You’re crazy!” I tell him, rolling my eyes. “There are a lot of places I’d rather be than here on the way to a business trip.”

The plane goes silent for a moment and suddenly I realize that I’ve struck a chord.

“Are you alright?” I ask with genuine concern.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Says Keith.

“What is it?” I prod.

“Without you, this flight would be completely empty.” The plane tells me. “Having a full flight is great, but it can get so lonely out here in the sky at night. I guess what I’m trying to say is that... I understand why you’re bummed about having to travel for work, but I’m personally very glad that you’re here with me right now.”

There is a deep sincerity to Keith’s voice and it strikes me right at the core of my being. Almost immediately I begin to sense a magic between us that seems very real and very important.

“So this is how you spend most of your time?” I ask, trying to make small talk. “Flying passengers back and forth for fun?”

The plane chuckles a bit. “Yeah, but it’s not my only job.”

“Oh yeah?” I wonder aloud. “What else?”

“I’m also a card counter... Blackjack.” Keith reveals.

I scoff. “For real? I’ve always heard that didn’t really work.”

“Just keep thinking that.” Keith tells me. “Less competition for me out there on the tables.”

Suddenly, the pilot’s voice comes cutting through the cabin on Keith’s intercom, interrupting our conversation with the news that our flight is moments from landing in Los Angeles.

I reach down and buckle up my seatbelt, the nervous anxiety welling up within me once again.

“Don’t worry.” Says Keith. “I’ll make this nice and easy for you.”

Thankfully, Keith follows through with his promise and we land without much turbulence at all. It’s not long before we’re peacefully cruising down the runway towards our gate, and then moments later the fasten seatbelt sign is off and I’m pulling my luggage out from the overhead compartment above.

I start to make my way down the aisle towards the front of the plane when Keith stops me with a question.

“Hey, I was thinking...” Keith says. “I don’t know how busy you are while you’re here in LA, but if you’d like I could show you how to count cards.”

“Oh yeah?” I ask. The thought of spending more time with this beautiful plane sounds more than a little intriguing, and my heart immediately skips a beat. “I think I could make some time. How’s later this afternoon?”

“Great! I’ll have the pilot give you my address.” Keith tells me.

I smile, excited about my new jet plane friend, but even more excited about where our friendship could lead next.

My first thought as I drive up the long, winding canyons of Beverly Hills, is that I’ve been accidentally given the wrong address. There must be some kind of mistake because there is no way that such a mild mannered plane could be living in such a luxurious neighborhood. Either that, or this whole card counting thing works a lot better than I thought.

Eventually, I pull up to a large metal gate with a call box out front.

I press the button. “Hello? Is this Keith the jet plane’s house?”

There is a moment of silence before Keith’s familiar voice comes back to me over the intercom. “Hey! I’m glad you made it!” The plane says. “Come on up!”

The gate immediately begins to swing inward and I pull my car through, revealing the immaculate grounds of one of the most incredible homes I have ever seen. The garden is lush and healthy, reaching out as I make my way up the driveway to a large circular round about, complete with a gushing centerpiece fountain in the shape of a plane.

Meanwhile, the home itself looms tall with gorgeous, modern architecture; large windows, minimalist design, and a slick new paint job.

A gardener looks up from his work as I step out of my car.

“Is Keith here?” I ask.

The gardener nods. “He’s around back, by the pool.”

There is a path around the side of the mansion, and with the blessing of the gardener I begin to

make my way through the beautiful greenery. Moments later, I emerge at the rear of the house, where an incredible blue infinity pool stretches out before me and disappears over the edge of the back patio. The view is absolutely incredible, a perfect vision of the Los Angeles skyline with the clear blue sky hanging above.

“Welcome!” Says Keith, who’s lounging on his back by the side of the pool.

The second that I lay eyes on the incredible silver plane it’s hard not to stare. He’s shirtless, revealing an incredible set of abs unlike anything that I’ve ever seen on a mere human man. This plane definitely knows how to take care of himself.

“Hey man!” I say, trying not to stare as I walk over to the edge of the pool and take a seat next to Keith in a white lounge chair.

“Can I get you a drink?” Keith offers. “A beer, maybe?”

I consider his offer a moment. “Yeah, a beer would be great.” I finally say.

Keith reaches over with his broad metallic wing and pulls a beer out of the cooler next to him, popping the tab with a loud hiss and then handing it to me. The can feels cool and nice against my skin, which radiates under the hot California sun.

I take a long pull of the beer and, as I do, I notice that Keith is giving me the eye, as well. I had only picked up a slight vibe when we first met the other night, but now my gaydar is fully pinned. This plane is definitely into me, and the feeling is mutual.

“So all of this is from Blackjack?” I ask, looking up at the manor before us.

Keith nods. “Yeah, crazy right? Once you understand the system of counting cards, though, anything’s possible.”

I try not to read too much into his words, but it’s hard not to. When anything is possible, strangers on a plane can meet one day and fall in love the next, even when one of those strangers happens to be the plane itself.

“It’s a beautiful home.” I tell Keith.

Keith smiles. “Yeah, sure looks like it. I’d love to take you inside and show you around, but I can’t fit through the doors.”

“You mean, you just sit out here by the pool all day?” I ask.

“Sure.” Says Keith with a shrug of his massive wings. “It’s not so bad, there are plenty of planes who would kill for the life that I have, being a self made Blackjack billionaire and all.”

“I bet.” I say, nodding in agreement and taking another sip of my beer as I attempt to gracefully ignore the fact that he just said billionaire.

Keith sighs. “I’ll admit, it does get kind of lonely not being able to go to restaurants or see a movie outside of a drive-in.” There is a pain in Keith’s voice, a desperate longing for love and affection.

The two of us sit in silence for a moment. Neither of us knows how to make the next move, especially due to our differences in anatomy.

Finally, I speak up. “You look like you could use some sunscreen.” I tell the plane.

“Oh yeah? You want to help me out?” Keith says, grabbing a bottle of lotion and tossing it over to me. I pop open the cap and pour out as much as I can fit into my hand, quickly realizing that it still probably won’t be enough to cover the entire plane.

I walk over to Keith and then, after rubbing my hands together, get to work smearing the sunscreen across his silver, metallic surface.

“Awesome, bro. Thanks a lot.” Says Keith.

I continue to slip and slide my hands across his muscular plane body, growing more and more aroused by the minute. Soon, my cock is fully engorged and pushing hard against my jeans, aching to be unleashed.

As my hands drift lower and lower I can hear Keith start to moan quietly, clearly enjoying the sensation of my human touch.

“Do you like that?” I ask, my breathing heavy and my mind tense with gay lust.

“Yeah.” Keith says. “Keep going. Lower.”

I rub down even farther across Keith’s oblong body, suddenly noticing a rather large protrusion from his otherwise smooth hull. Now that I’m up this close, I can plainly see that it’s a massive cock and balls. I freeze.

“Something wrong?” Keith asks, a slight tremble in his voice.

“No.” I tell the plane, then try my best to collect myself. This is the moment, right here and now, that my life could change forever. I take a deep breath and then wrap my lotion-covered hand around the jet plane’s gigantic cock. Keith lets out a long groan as I begin to stroke him off.

“Fuck yeah.” The plane tells me. “Stroke that fucking dick.”

I do as I’m told, getting to work with the best hand job of my life as I rapidly beat off my gay lover’s rod. I’d never even considered hooking up with a plane before, but now that we’re deep in it, I know that this was the right choice. I’m hornier than I’ve ever been; my body literally quaking with desire as a service this massive living machine.

It’s not long before I’ve completely lost control of myself, the simmering gay lust boiling over within me as I open my mouth wide and engulf Keith’s fat cock. I bob my head up and down across his shaft for a moment and then pull him out again, licking his dick slowly from the balls to the tip before shoving it back down my throat.

Keith is pumping back against me as he places his wings on the back of my head, guiding me up and down his massive length. There is something vaguely alarming about the way that this massive machine controls me, but my submission to the powerful plane is too arousing for me to not enjoy it. I want to be his gay human play toy, a hot piece of ass meant for nothing other than sexually servicing a giant, ripped plane.

Soon enough, I find myself taking Keith’s cock so deep into my throat that he’s pressing the limits of my gag reflex. I’m not ready for the plane’s sheer size, and moments later I come up sputtering and gasping for air.

“Do you like that cock?” Keith asks.

“I fucking love it.” I tell him, cradling the aircraft’s balls while I try to collect my senses.

Once again, I dive down and take Keith’s massive rod as deep as I can. His width stretches my lips as I slide lower and lower until finally I reach my gag reflex once more, only this time I’m relaxed and ready. Somehow, I manage to let the plane’s beast of a cock slip past my previous limits, and suddenly I find my face pushed hard against Keith’s incredible abs.

Keith holds me here for a while, keeping my face firmly stuffed with his giant dick until I’m almost completely out of air. Right when my time is just about expired, though, the plane let’s me up abruptly. I gasp aloud, reeling from strange cocktail of emotions that swims through my veins.

I’m out of control at this point, left with nothing more than my most basic sexual instincts. I don’t care about the consequences; all that I care about is this massive jet plane fucking the hell out of my gay asshole.

I jump to my feet and quickly begin to tear off my clothes as Keith looks on with bemused excitement. My shirt comes off first, revealing my impeccable physique, followed by my shoes, pants and underwear. The next thing I know, I'm standing completely nude before the handsome gay machine, exposed and ready for anything.

"Looking good." Keith tells me. "Looking real good."

He slaps my ass with a wing as I turn around and lean forward, then reach backwards with both hands and spread my gay buttohole for him to get a good look at the twink he's about to fuck silly.

"How'd you like to shove that swollen plane cock up this tight little ass of mine?" I ask, seductively.

"Get on." Keith demands.

"Yes sir!" I respond, climbing up onto the hull of his shiny plane body. I somehow manage to position my feet so that I can squat down onto Keith's cock and, moments later, that's exactly what I do, letting out a loud sigh while I bite my lip and push downward.

I've been aware from the start that Keith's rod is enormous but, now that it's making it's way slowly up my asshole, I can truly appreciate the girth of this plane's sizable manhood. My rectum stretches around his shaft like a tight rubber band around a rolled newspaper, but somehow I manage to take him completely to the hilt.

Now, with my butt cheeks resting firmly against the bottom of the plane and my body fully impaled, I begin to slide back and forth along Keith's smooth surface. The sensation is incredible, and for a plane he knows how to hit the inside of my asshole just right. I can feel my prostate aching with pleasure as I begin to tremble atop the massive machine.

"God fucking dammit." I cry out. "That jet plane dick is so fucking good up my tight little ass!"

I reach down and start to beat my dick frantically, desperately wanting to cum right then and there. My eyes roll back into my head as the impending orgasm looms closer and closer until, suddenly, Keith recognizes my movements and stops me.

"Wait!" The plane commands. "Not yet. I want you to cum inside me."

"Where?" I pant, more than ready to blow my load.

Keith reaches down with his powerful plane arms and scoops me into them, then sets me on the grass before rolling over and turning himself right side up. Seconds later, his door opens.

"Cum inside of me." Keith repeats.

I walk over to Keith's doorway and then climb into the empty airplane, looking up and down the long row of seats. "How about I cum on one of these chairs?" I ask.

Keith trembles around me. "Oh god, that's so fucking hot."

"You want me to shoot my load all over your nice, new, first class chairs?" I ask, stroking my cock frantically.

"God damn! I want you to cum all over the captain's chair!" Keith demands. "Go to the cockpit!"

I do as I'm told, stumbling naked into the front of the plane where a massive assortment of buttons and levers wait for me. There are two chairs in the cockpit, but I immediately notice that left one has a tiny little hole in the side. I kneel down to inspect the chair and quickly recognize it as Keith's tight, puckered asshole.

"Fuck me!" Keith commands. "Plow me in my gay plane ass!"

Already on my knees, I take my cock and align it with Keith's tightness, testing the tension at the rim of the plane's gay buttohole. Moments later, I thrust forward, grunting passionately as his sphincter

expands around me. For such a massive aircraft, Keith is incredibly tight, and as I begin to plow him I almost immediately find myself near climax.

“Oh fuck!” I scream, repeating the words over and over again. “Oh fuck! Oh fuck!”

“Do it!” Keith tells me. “Blow your hot load up inside of me right now!”

The pleasure is simply too much to take and suddenly all of that building sensation is exploding throughout my body. I fall forward onto the seat and clench my teeth tight as hot ropes of jizz begin to eject from the head of my shaft, filling Keith with my pearly spunk.

My blissful pleasure is simply too much to contain as the jizz keeps coming, pumping out of me like a never-ending hose of semen. I’m so pent up that I somehow manage to pull out of Keith and stagger to my feet, blasting the last few drops of my bountiful load onto the cockpit control panel that lies before me.

Finally finished, I fall back into the co-pilot’s chair and watch as my seed drips down the buttons in a splattered mess.

“Now it’s my turn.” Keith says.

A smile crosses my face as I stand once again and climb out of the plane in a cock drunk haze. I cross back over the yard as Keith stands, lifting end over end until he’s towering above me like a giant silver dildo, blocking out the sun.

Keith reaches down with one of his wings and starts to furiously beat his dick.

“I’m ready for you!” I yell up to my gay jet plane lover. “Cover me with your jizz!”

“I’m... I’m...” Keith stammers, his entire body quaking. “I’m gonna cum!”

Suddenly, a massive blast of semen splatters down onto me, covering my face completely with Keith’s milky load. It runs down my body in thick white streaks, glazing me with warmth as I smile up at my love.

Keith lowers himself back down onto the grass, panting with exhaustion. “That was so fucking good.” He tells me.

I give the plane a coy wink. “The best I’ve ever had.”

After heading inside to wash up, the rest of the evening is spent hanging out by the pool and playing blackjack. Keith is a fantastic teacher and, as the night progresses, I’m happy to discover that our connection is more than just a sexual one. There’s electricity between us, and now that all the awkward sexual tension is out of the way, my billionaire plane and me are completely enraptured with one another.

“I wish I didn’t have to leave.” I finally say. “But, it’s getting late and I have that meeting in the morning.”

Keith smiles his charming jet plane smile that I’ve already grown to love. “Stay.” He tells me.

“I can’t!” I protest. “I’ll get fired. We can’t all be billionaire card counters like yourself.”

“Who says?” Keith asks.

His words strike me deep. Keith’s right, who says I can’t turn this crazy blackjack thing into a living? With the right training from my gay plane, I could easily start making just as much playing blackjack as I do slaving away at my nine to five day job.

“You’re a natural.” Keith reaffirms. “You could be just as successful as I am.”

I let Keith’s words hang in the air as I stare out across the glittering city lights for a moment, taking it all in.

“Okay.” I finally say. “Let’s do it.”

“Then pack your bags!” Keith shouts happily, clapping his wings together. “We’re going to Vegas!”

“Are we driving or flying?” I joke, leaning over and kissing Keith on his nearest jet turbine.

“First class from now on.” Says Keith. “First class from now on.”

TRAINED BY THE LIVING BIKER TRAIN

2

Sometimes inspiration can be hard to find, but when inspiration is the way that you make your living, that search for excitement can mean the difference between keeping yourself healthy and happy, or living out on the street without a roof over your head. It's hard out here for a writer, especially one whose publishing house is breathing down their neck, calling every other day for an update on the next great American novel.

I suppose there are worse places to be than the position I'm in, much worse, and after a very successful debut book about the inner workings of the motorcycle industry, I've had it easy coasting off of my advance over the last year.

Now, however, the men in suits want me to repeat myself, to make lightning strike twice, and that kind of power is not something that every author can just wield at will. I had my whole life to write my first novel, and now suddenly I've got a year to write the second.

Based on the advice of a few of my other published friends, I decide to get out of town for a bit in an attempt to drum up inspiration. My first book was seen as a love letter to American innovation, written from the back of a rumbling motor bike that crisscrossed over state lines leaving trails of blood, sweat and tears. It's a good book, but the critics are being generous, especially because much of what I wrote in that massive tome I have still never actually seen for myself. Instead, the scenes that feature amber waves of grain and soaring bald eagles were crafted entirely from the depths of my own imagination, and I was lucky enough to get them right.

But, like I said, lightning doesn't strike twice, and I need a way to recharge my perception of this great country.

My first thought, obviously, was to take a road trip from coast to coast, starting in my hometown of San Francisco, California and riding the pavement all the way to New York City, chronicling my adventures in between. The problem, however, is that I have a deadline to meet, and writing while driving is just not something I am all that comfortable with.

It's not long before a solution hits me in a stroke of brilliance, however, and soon enough I'm buying a solo cross country train ticket for the journey of a lifetime.

Traveling by rails is perfect. From the window of my cabin on board, I'll have an upfront view of an entire gamut of American landscapes, from the coast to the lonesome deserts of the Midwest, to the towering city skylines of Chicago.

"All aboard!" I hear a conductor call as I arrange my things; my laptop positioned squarely on my cabin desk and facing to look out from my small, but incredibly useful, picture window.

I boot up the computer and lean back into my chair, trying my best to clear my thoughts and prepare my brain for the onslaught of new adventure that is sure to be headed its way. I'm positioned in exactly the right place to receive all the inspiration I need, I just need to make sure that I'm open to it when it actually arrives.

Right then and there, I make a promise to myself. Whatever happens on this trip; no matter how strange and unexpected, no matter how much it pushes my boundaries, I'm going to answer with a resounding 'yes'.

The train begins to pull away from the station slowly, the skyline of San Francisco creeping away from me gradually until it disappears into a wall of trees and lush forest, my first few steps into the great outdoors.

Eventually, the trip becomes something of a blur, not because it's an incredible whirlwind of

new and exciting experience, but because the entire thing is so god damn monotonous that I can't tell anything apart.

That's one thing they don't tell you when you set out by rail to write the great American novel; you're gonna be stopping along the way, a lot.

I swear, the second I begin to get into any sort of flow, zoning out peacefully while my fingers fly across the keyboard and the beautiful scenery whips by, the train stops. As a writer, it's more than a little frustrating but, I'll also admit, as a smoker it's a bit of a relief.

With every stop, I climb out onto the streets of the city and light up for a few minutes, looking around at the people loading and unloading from our strange little community on wheels. Usually, the train station has been built in a part of town that doesn't quite present the best version of whatever city we're stopping in, so I concentrate on the little things; the way that people greet each other when returning home, the similarities between coffee shops from one town to the next, the aggressiveness of the local rodents searching for food scraps on the station floor.

Being a writer has given me a keen eye for observation, and it's that eye that eventually brings me to notice the fact that the motorcycle riders of each and every city seem to be riding exactly the same bikes no matter where we go.

An untrained observer would probably end things there, assuming that whatever brand is parked right outside the train station must be the most popular thing on the road right now, but after working on my first novel I know the differences between bikes like I know the faces of my own mother and father.

These are not any generic motorcycles that you'd just buy from the shop, these are highly customized choppers and they would make any collector salivate. After careful inspection over the last two stops, I've become slowly aware that, despite all logic and reason, these cycles appear to be the exact same bikes, following us from train station to train station along our journey.

Sure, it's possible that whatever biker gang these glorious machines belong to could just happen to be on the same transamerican route as us, but what are the chances that they've also decided to check out the local train station in every single city.

Determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, I eventually spot the train conductor himself, seated outside of a quant coffee shop as we wait to depart for our next destination.

I approach the man with a smile and an extended hand.

"Nice job up there." I tell him.

The conductor looks at me with surprise; happy to be recognized for his service, then shakes my hand. "Thank you." The man says with a nod. "I appreciate it. Would you like to have a seat?"

"Absolutely." I say, suddenly realizing how excited I am to have a conversation with another human being after a full day alone in my tiny mobile cabin. I sit down in the chair across from the conductor. "I'm Jeff." I say.

"Manny." The conductor offers. "I've seen you coming and going, you enjoying the trip so far?"

"Oh yeah." I nod. "It's fantastic. Listen, I know you've gotta get back in there soon, so I won't take up too much of your time. I was just curious about something."

Manny takes a long sip of his coffee, a twinkle in his eye, and then finally gives me the go ahead. "Shoot."

"Have you seen these motorcycles at every station?" I ask him. "What's the deal with that? They're the exact same bikes everywhere we go. Are we shipping custom cargo or something?"

The conductor shakes his head. “Oh no, this train is passenger only, no cargo. We *are* carrying those bikes, though.”

I stare back at Manny with confusion, not exactly sure how all of this is supposed to add up. “What does that mean?” I ask. “The bikes belong to a passenger?”

Manny laugh. “Those bikes belong to the train, he’s a big time rider and collector, won’t leave home without them.”

“Oh!” I nod, finally understanding. “The train itself?”

“Yes. His name’s Dylan, really nice guy.” The conductor tells me. “If you’ve got any questions about his motorcycles just ask him, I’m sure he’d love to talk your ear off about them.”

“Oh yeah?” I ask, excited at the prospect of a little company to break up to brutal monotony of my journey.

“Sure.” Confirms Manny. “Frankly, I’m sick of hearing about those bikes. Just ask Dylan, he’ll tell you everything that you need to know.”

I smile, having finally gotten to the bottom of the mystery.

“Oh shit.” Manny says, looking down at his watch. “Time to roll.”

Back in my cabin, I wrack my brain for exactly the right way to open my conversation with Dylan the living train. I’ve been riding inside of him for several hundred miles, but I still feel like I hardly know the guy.

“Those were pretty nice bikes outside.” I finally announce loudly to my empty cabin.

There’s a long pause, the only sound in my cabin coming from the loud rattling of the rails that pass rhythmically beneath us. Finally, Dylan the living train speaks. “Thanks man, you ride?”

I grin, charmed by the machines casual nature. “Yeah, a little. I wrote a book about it, actually.”

“Oh yeah?” Asks Dylan, curious.

“It’s called ‘The Long Year, The Longer Road.’” I continue.

“Hold up!” Dylan starts. “Are you Jeff Harrington?”

I nod.

“Holy shit, man!” Dylan the train laughs excitedly. “This is crazy, I love your book. I must have read that thing like four times by now.”

“Whoa, thank you.” I gush. “Well, I guess we’re mutual fans now because I love your bikes, they’re gorgeous.”

“Fuck.” Says Dylan, clearly touched. “That mean’s a lot coming from you.”

“So you just take your cycles around with you from city to city?” I ask him. “Do you ever get a chance to ride?”

“Well, I’m a train.” Dylan says, stating the obvious. “So I can’t really ride them very often, my schedule is crazy, you know? I just like to take them along with me in case I get a little time off, which never seems to happen.”

“That’s rough, man.” I offer.

“Tell me about it.” Says Dylan.

Our conversation stops again, and for a moment the two of us just sit and enjoy each other’s company as the picturesque landscapes drift by. I notice now that we’ve started to enter the suburbs of a large city, the wide-open Midwest falling away as it’s replaced by homes and businesses.

“Well, I’d really love to talk about bikes with you more, but I’m afraid this is the end of the line

for us.” Says the train.

My heart sinks. Within the first few minutes of us speaking I had immediately sensed a spark of some kind, a strange, electrifying buzz that was already beginning to draw this charming train and me together. I wanted to know more, and seconds later it suddenly strikes me that I’ve found exactly what I was looking for out here: inspiration.

“Actually…” Dylan starts, the train’s single word making my heart skip a beat within my chest. “I have a day off tomorrow before heading back to San Francisco, would you like to go for a ride?”

“Of course.” I respond, trying to stifle my enthusiasm slightly but having a very hard time with it. “I’m staying at the Great Chicago Hotel for a few days before heading to New York.”

“I’ll pick you up there at seven.” Says the train.

The next night I’m more than a little nervous for my date with the handsome and charismatic train. There is no doubt in my mind that the vibe I’ve been picking up between us is highly sexual, but at this point in my life I’m not entirely sure that I’m ready to take on something as daunting as a train/human relationship. Being gay can be tough enough in today’s society, let alone loving a gay train, but as soon as I start to get too disparaging I think back to what I told myself at the beginning of this trip. No matter what happens, I need to at least be open to Dylan, to accept the hand that life has chosen to deal me and see where my path leads.

I head down to the lobby of the hotel at precisely seven o’clock, and quickly discover that Dylan is parked out front, waiting for me on his bike.

“You look nice tonight.” Dylan offers as I emerge from the lobby’s double doors to greet him in my sharp blazer and tie.

“Thanks.” I say with a smile. “You too.”

It’s not a lie either; the train looks absolutely dashing atop his incredible, shiny motorcycle. His black hair is combed back neatly like an old fashioned greaser with a modern twist and, now that we’ve finally come face to face, I’m taken aback by the disarming glint of Dylan’s soulful train eyes.

“Ready to roll?” The train asks.

I nod.

“Then hop on the front.” He instructs with a laugh. “Obviously, there’s no room to sit behind me.”

I look back at the rest of the chiseled train, which stretches for hundreds of feet down the block behind him and then snakes around the corner, disappearing behind a building. “No, I guess not.” I say, climbing onto the front of the bike.

The face of this handsome train feels warm and safe pressed up against my back, and I try not to react to the slight tingle of excitement that runs down my spine when Dylan revs his motorcycle’s engine. “Hold on.” The machine says.

The next thing I know, we are flying up and down the city streets of Chicago, having the time of our lives as the cool night air whips past our smiling faces. By the time we pull up to the restaurant I feel completely at ease with Dylan, comfortable in his presence as the feelings of gay romance flow back and forth between us.

The train has called ahead and reserved us a table outside on the patio, where he is free to stretch his entire length down the block behind us. Apparently, this would normally cause an issue for the city of Chicago, but Dylan casually informs me that it’s only two hundred dollars to purchase a street closure downtown, and this time of night on a Sunday it’s usually not much of a hassle to have

the length of a passenger train lying around.

I immediately find myself impressed with Dylan's resourcefulness. It's not often that you find yourself in the presence of a gay train who is this charming to begin with, but Dylan appears to be particularly well put together. I've certainly never had a man close the entire street down on a first date before.

The two of us order quickly from a selection of fancy, delicious looking Italian food, then immediately fall into it, chatting like old friends from way back.

"So what are you looking for?" Dylan asks me at one point, his words vague but loaded with all kinds of simmering subtext.

"Like... for my book?" I ask.

"No, what are you looking for?" Dylan asks me again, his eyes intensely burning into mine.

The heat between us has become almost unbearable, a tension so thick that I can barely do anything but think about just how badly I want this train to fuck me. I want us to exchange pleasure in every way possible, to make him understand the way that his presence has transformed me from a mild mannered writer into a depraved, gay, trainfucker.

"Someone like you." I finally say, my heart pounding within my chest. "I've been looking for someone like you."

Dylan smiles. "Do you want to get out of here? Head back to the train yard for a bit?"

I nod, and before I know it we are back atop the train's motorcycle, on our way to the empty train yard on the edge of the city. As we ride, my thoughts are flooded with all kinds of passionate cravings, explicit desires that have been hiding just beneath the surface and are now aching to be set free. I'm on fire, blazing with lust for this incredible living train.

The train yard is just as empty as Dylan said that it would be, a vast stretch of desolate rails and run down, unused boxcars. There isn't a soul in sight, save for the lone coyote that I spot as I climb off of the parked motorcycle.

"So here we are." I say, my breathing heavy as I awkwardly stand before the powerful locomotive.

"Here we are." Dylan repeats. Somehow he's positioned himself on a short set of tracks, and slowly but surely the train begins to move towards me until his massive face is pressed right up against my body. It feels incredible being so close to him, and before I know it I'm kissing Dylan hard, running my hands up and down across the front of his black, metallic face.

I can feel the handsome train slowly beginning to heat up, a powerful gay passion brewing inside of him as we explore each other's bodies.

"Let me suck you off." Dylan finally demands. His confidence is more than a little arousing, and I abruptly unzip myself to expose my rock hard cock. "That looks so good." Dylan tells me.

I place my dick at the edge of the train's lips and then groan loudly as he takes me into his mouth. I'm instantly reeling from the machine's incredible skills, my eyes closed as he works my shaft.

Dylan pumps up and down confidently across my length, each change in direction causing me to tremble with satisfaction. For a massive, gay passenger train, the guy sure knows how to pleasure a human.

"Fuck, you're so great at sucking me off!" I can't help but tell Dylan, encouraging his efforts.

With this, Dylan pushes forward as far as he can and takes my entire cock down in a stunning deep throat. I find myself entirely consumed by the train, my balls resting tight against his metallic

chin as Dylan holds in place, letting me savor the depths of his throat.

I just can't take it any longer. I need this train to fuck me.

"Where's your cock?" I ask desperately, pulling my rod out of Dylan's mouth. "I need you to pound me, right fucking now."

"It's on the last car." Dylan tells me, his voice trembling. "Hurry!"

Immediately, I take off running down the length of Dylan, who stretches on and on for longer than I could have ever expected. By the time I reach the caboose I'm entirely out of breath, but still rock hard and aching for the powerful machine to ram me.

I climb down onto my hands and knees and look under the train, then gasp in shock when my eyes fall upon Dylan's gigantic rod. The train's cock is absolutely enormous, hanging down under the caboose in all of its fleshy glory.

Carefully, I climb between the wheels and position myself beneath this beautiful cock, then playfully lick Dylan from balls to tip.

"Oh shit." I can hear the train's voice echo down towards me through the train cars.

"You like that?" I ask playfully, then do it again as a metallic trembles rattles across the powerful machine.

I cradle his hanging train balls with one hand and then take Dylan's rod into my mouth, swallowing him down as far as I can before pulling back with a gasp. I bob up and down across the train's shaft a few times, making sure to cover his length with as much slick saliva as I possibly can, then finally release him and crawl forward, into position.

Beneath the train on my hands and knees, I pop my ass back towards his enormous hanging cock, letting the head of his shaft playfully tease the rim of my tightly puckered asshole.

Dylan's size is terrifying, but I make sure to remind myself that I'm out here looking for new experiences, not running away from them. With my newfound confidence, I take a deep breath and then push back slowly, but firmly, onto Dylan's massive rod.

"God damn." I let out a long, powerful groan as the train stretches my limits, my sphincter just barely able to expand around the size of his glorious trainhood. I brace myself against the gravel before me, my entire body quaking with ecstasy.

Dylan begins to roll back and forth on the tracks, pumping me slowly while I adjust to his size, and then faster and faster until the train is absolutely throttling my asshole with every bit of his force. I can't even imagine how much horsepower his engine equates to, but within my asshole it's unlike anything that I've ever felt.

"Oh my god, oh my god!" I start repeating as a blissed out manta. "Oh my fucking god!"

I continue to brace myself with one hand and then reach back with the other, spreading my asshole and giving all of myself to this incredible train. My head and my heart are swimming in a sea of lust, but at this very moment I find myself accepting both Dylan's train-cock and his train-love fully within me. The connection between us is more real than anything I've ever felt, and despite the obvious complications that come with the sexual partnership of a man and a train, I now believe that I'm ready to take the plunge. I want to give all of myself to him.

"Cum inside of me!" I demand. "I want it so badly."

I can feel the entire train starting to quake above me, heaving with erotic tension as he pushes further and further towards the edge of orgasm. Dylan's rhythm is like a jackhammer, moving at a blur-like pace within my reamed asshole.

"Do it!" I command. "I want your train load and I want it now!"

Seconds later, Dylan let's out an animalistic cry of satisfaction, his massive cock exploding within me. I can feel his shaft pulsing with every ejection of hot spunk, filling my ass to the brim until there is just no room left and the jizz begins to spill out of me. It runs down my back and my legs in pearly streaks of white as the train pulls out, utterly satisfied.

"Now it's your turn." Dylan says. "Have you ever cum at one hundred miles per hour?"

I shake my head, climbing out from under the train's carriage. "I can't say that I have."

"Come back to the front and I'll show you how it's done." Dylan offers with a devilish laugh.

Once again I find myself running the entire length of the train, only this time I pay no mind at all to how utterly exhausted I am. I need to cum, and my train lover's erotic proposition has my mind racing with just how that's going to be accomplished.

When I arrive at Dylan's front end I find that the train has managed to switch himself onto a new track, which appears to run a circular route around the train yard in a never ending loop.

"Get on." Dylan nods.

I do as I'm told, climbing onto the front of the train with my bare ass against Dylan's handsome face. He reaches around with his powerful arms and holds me in place with one hand, then grabs onto my cock with the other.

"What is this?" I ask as we start to pull out onto the track, rapidly gaining speed.

"The worlds fastest reach around rim job." Responds the train.

The next thing I know, we are flying around the circular railway at lightning speed. I have no way of measuring, but Dylan's hundred miles an hour estimate feels pretty spot on to me.

In any other setting, the sheer speed that I'm traveling at would be incredibly unpleasant, but as the train simultaneously beats off my cock and licks my asshole with his powerful train tongue, the thrill is absolutely incredible. It's not long before I find myself speeding towards an orgasm of my own.

"I'm gonna cum!" I warn with my eyes closed tight. "I'm gonna cum!"

Seconds later, I explode, my jizz blasting from the head of my cock and then splattering across the side of the train behind me. The sensation is unlike anything I've ever felt, a full body orgasm mixed with the wonder and excitement of a roller coaster.

Dylan slows down, eventually coming to a stop and allowing me to hop off of the front of him in a delirious, post orgasm haze. My heart still pounding hard within my chest but I'm overwhelmed with exhaustion. I sit down onto the gravel, struggling to catch my breath.

"Did you like that?" Dylan asks.

"I loved it." I tell him.

I lie back onto the ground and stare up at the stars above, my entire body feeling as though it's still doing laps around the train yard.

"I don't ever want to leave you." I tell the train. "This is the best thing that's ever happened to me."

"You don't have to leave me." Dylan says.

I try to respond but exhaustion has caught up with me, and moments later I've fallen fast asleep.

I jolt awake, unsure of my surroundings but pleasantly surprised when I find myself aboard a moving passenger train. Outside the windows, beautiful and unfamiliar scenery whips past in a rapid blur.

"Where am I?" I ask myself aloud, standing up and stumbling over to the door of my cabin.

I throw the door open and step out into the hallway. “Hello?” I call out. I make my way up and down the length of the car, searching for any other signs of life.

“You’re the only one here.” Comes a booming voice.

“Dylan?” I smile. “What’s happening?”

The train laughs. “I know that you were headed to New York, so I thought I’d join you. I took some time off of work, figured I could show you the scenic route and maybe we could find some inspiration together.”

I that moment I’m completely flooded with love and admiration for my gay train lover. “This is incredible.” I tell him.

“You’re incredible.” Dylan responds. “I love you.”

POUNDED BY THE GAY COLOR CHANGING DRESS

3

I've always been the type of gay guy who enjoys life when it's a little rough around the edges. Nothing can be too perfect, too clean, too shiny. I prefer beer to wine, rock and roll over pop, and there's something about a guy with a little scruff gets me going like you wouldn't believe. I'm attracted to the idea of someone whose never quite what they seem, a personality that seems both dark, and light, depending on how you look at it.

It's been that way since I was a young man, first embarking into the world of dating while my parents watched in worried confusion from the sidelines. They witnessed a series of bad boy boyfriends that came and went, each one teaching me a valuable lesson in how not to pick a guy. My parents were fine with me being gay as long as I found a good man, and they obviously saw my boyfriends much differently than I did. I guess perspective is everything.

Eventually, I pretty much gave up entirely on dating. The attraction to these rough and tumble men is still there, burning deep within me for some strange reason that I can't quite understand, but it's a desire that I've now discovered needs to be repressed. These men are bad news, and I need to move on from it.

Now in my early twenties, I've managed to snag more than a few dates with suit and tie guys who seem to have their shit together; responsible, good jobs, and comfortable with their homosexuality. Of course, it never lasts, and I find myself back here at The Chameleon Tavern.

This place has become like a second home to me, an old school gay biker bar with divey charm that refuses to replace their jukebox with a new, digital contraption. Instead, we get southern rock pumped in from a series of records that have been in there for decades, despite the tavern itself being nowhere near the southern states. We may live all the way up in Washington, but the tunes that drift throughout this rugged bar and billiards room make one dream of hitting the road and driving through the night until they reach Texas.

This place brings out exactly the type of patrons you'd expect; bears, bikers and a few down and out losers looking down the barrel of an empty pint of beer, then begging the bartender for one more. He usually obliges.

"How you doing tonight?" I ask Sam, the bartender in question who I am close friends with at this point. "You look a little preoccupied."

Sam smiles. "I am." He says, but doesn't elaborate. "How's school?"

I roll my eyes. "I'm about to start finals." I tell him. "God damn, I'm so sick of college tying me down. I can't wait to graduate so I can just... live, you know? I want to take a road trip or something."

"The life of adventure, huh?" Sam says with a slight smirk. "You know, it's not as exciting out there as you think it is. You've got the college boy thing going for you right now, you can get a nice job and go live up on the cliffs."

"You know I couldn't do that." I laugh. "What comes next, marry a hot gay doctor? Adopt two kids? I need both worlds in my life, a little love and a little danger. I need someone who makes a lot of gold, but isn't afraid to get black and blue when push comes to shove."

Sam shakes his head with a causal disappointment, as if he's simply given up trying to change my opinion on the matter. "Trust me." He says. "These biker bears might seem like a lot of fun, but none of them have anything going for them at all. At least not the ones that come in here."

As if hired to perfectly illustrate his point, I'm suddenly joined at the bar by an older gentleman who reeks of booze. The guy posts up next to me and immediately starts talking, edging just close

enough to be pushing the limits of my personal space. Like I said before, I don't mind a hot biker bear or I wouldn't be hanging out in this bar, but his wiry grey mess of hair is out of control, and his eyes are red like he's been rubbing them all night, trying to keep himself awake.

"Hey there buddy." The bearded man says. "You're looking mighty handsome this evening. What's a city boy doing all the way out here?"

I just stare back at him, unsure of how to react at this point. Most of the time I can ignore the guys who take things a little too far, but this one seems like he's not going to let up anytime soon.

"Can I buy you a drink?" He asks, and then moments later informs me, "I'm buying you a drink."

"I've got one already." I tell him, with a patronizing smile.

"What? You're too good for me?" He asks.

I can't help it, immediately busting up with laughter. "Yes."

Suddenly, the guy looks legitimately hurt, his entire posture evolving into that of a sad clown. "Fuck you." The guy finally says, then immediately turns and walks away from the bar.

Sam rolls his eyes. "Do you want me to kick him out?"

I shake my head. "Nah, but I'll tell you if I have any more problems."

"This is what I'm talking about." Sam continues. "Most of the guys who come in here are all the same. The ones that are more handsome than him are just as much of an asshole. Why do you do it to yourself? Go find a pretty boy bar back in the city and meet a nice guy whose gonna treat you right."

I smirk. "I'm holding out for someone who walks the line; rugged and together, arrogant and loving, lowbrow and highbrow at the same time."

"That doesn't exist." Sam tells me. "Every man is either one thing or the other, you can't have both."

We have this conversation every time I come in here, and it all ends the same way. I usually argue with Sam about my gay prince charming whose also rugged until closing time, but tonight I just don't have it in me for some reason. I don't want to admit it, but deep down I'm actually starting to think that he's right.

I look back over my shoulder at the man with the grey beard, who is now drunkenly kicking the pinball machine. I can't help but let out a long, disappointed sigh. Maybe this is it.

"Well, I think I'm gonna call it a night." I say, turning back to Sam. "Close me out."

Sam laughs. "Don't worry about it, Kent, your drinks are on the house."

"Come on." I protest.

Sam hands me back my credit card. "No way, not tonight. You need me to call you a cab?" He asks.

"That would be amazing." I tell him. "And thank you."

Sam winks. "Don't mention it. Eventually you'll find a guy who's worthy."

If he weren't straight as an arrow, I would totally go for Sam. Isn't that always the case, though?

I stand up and grab my jacket. "I'm gonna go wait outside." I tell him.

The night air is cool and feels nice against my skin. I open up a pack of cigarette's and pull out a smoke, then light it up and take a long drag. It's a filthy habit, I know, but I'm trying to cure my addictions one at a time and right now kicking loser dudes is the main focus of my mental efforts.

The tavern is positioned along a long, winding road that curves through the thick Washington forest, a lone outpost for gay bikers and renegades. Without another business or home for miles you'd think the vicinity would be pitch black, but a full moon hangs high in the sky and, helped along by the flashing neon sign behind me, illuminates the scene.

I take in a deep breath, and then seriously considering texting my asshole of an ex. The bad boy who's also good doesn't exist, so maybe I'll just go straight bad for a night.

I take out my phone, look at it, and then put it away. No.

Suddenly, the door opens behind me and the man with the gray beard comes stumbling out. Since I'm the only one around, he immediately comes at me like a moth to a flame, his eyes following the glowing tip of my cigarette in the dim light.

"Here he is." The man says, slurring his words. "The city boy that was too good to take a drink from me."

"Yep." I offer, really not in the mood to start anything but thoroughly annoyed by the guy at this point.

"You're not all that special." The bearded man tells me. "You're nothing."

"Okay." I tell him, still looking off into the night sky.

The tavern door opens again behind us and I glance back to see a living, floating dress exit. For some reason, I didn't notice him inside, the homosexual piece of women's apparel blending into the sea of bikers and the clamor of bar banter, but out here he immediately catches my eye. The dress is stunning, with a chiseled face and ripped abs across his blue and black front, and the confident manner of his float gives him a manly aggression. He's like a shark as he enters the sea of darkness that swirls around my drunken aggressor and me.

"Look over here." The bearded man suddenly interrupts, angered that he has momentarily lost my attention.

"What do you want?" I finally ask him, beyond frustrated.

The floating black and blue dress is nearby now, getting ready to roll away on his motorcycle, but stops abruptly when he hears the irritation in my voice.

Meanwhile, the bearded man is growing more and more upset with me, the alcohol in his blood filling him with a desperate rage. His eyes are wild and angry as he lashes out. "I want you to stop being such a stupid motherfucker and suck my cock!" The man yells.

Suddenly, something quick and powerful flies through the darkness and wraps around bearded man's face. He's falling, collapsing onto the pavement in a crumbled heap. I look down to see the living dress tightening its constriction around the drunk man's head, choking him as he struggles for air.

"Have you had enough?" The dress asks.

"Yes." The man gasps.

The blue and black dress finally unravels and floats up next to me, a stern look on his face as he gazes down at the asshole on the ground. "I think it's time for you to head home."

The bearded man wearily tries to climb to his feet, failing a few times before finally pulling himself up. His neck is red from where he was choked.

"Fuck you!" The bearded man shouts drunkenly.

"That's fine." Says my new heroic apparel defender. "You can say anything that you want to me, just don't talk to my friend that way."

The bearded man immediately turns his attention to me and begins to open his mouth, then

immediately stops as he sees the living dress's eyebrows rise.

Then something truly unusual happens.

Without warning, the drunk's expression suddenly changes to one of shock and amazement.

"Hey, we're you just black and blue?" The bearded man asks. "I could have sworn you were just a blue and black dress."

"What am I now?" My dress defender says with a smirk.

"White and gold!" The bearded man exclaims.

I glance over at the living dress, who is clearly still black and blue. I'm utterly confused about what is happening.

"Maybe I'm both." The dress replies.

"You can't be two things at the same time." Scoffs the drunk.

"Don't you use the internet?" My defender replies.

The drunk immediately bursts out laughing. "Oh yeah, so you're the famous dress that some people see blue and black and other people see white and gold? *Right.*"

"I am." My defender replies with confidence.

The drunk continues to laugh until he notices the seriousness in the floating dresses voice, then peers at him in a strange, confused way. Almost immediately his eyes go wide. "Oh my god, you're black and blue again!"

The dress nods. "Or am I?"

"It *is* you! I'm so sorry man." The bearded drunk grovels. "I've seen you everywhere online."

The dress doesn't seem at all amused. "I think you owe this nice young man an apology." He says.

The bearded drunk immediately turns to me. "I'm so sorry, I had no idea that you knew the famous color changing dress."

"I didn't either." I tell him.

The bearded man looks like he's about to cry, thoroughly disappointed with himself at this point.

"I think you better take off." The dress tells him. "You're pretty drunk, so it's either a long walk or an expensive cab."

Almost immediately, the taxi that Sam had called for me earlier comes cruising around the bend and pulls up in front of us. The living dress looks to me.

"Is this for you?" He asks.

I nod. "Just let him take it."

The dress warps around the handle and opens the taxi door, then helps the bearded man inside. He says a few words to the driver and hands him some cash. Moments later, the dress closes the door and the taxi takes off into the night. The dress turns back to face me. "I guess I'll be giving you a ride home then." He says with a smile.

"I'm Kent." I tell him, extending my hand.

"Channing." He says. "Nice to meet you."

As I whip down the winding road on the back of Channing's motorcycle, I can't help but feel like something special is in the air tonight. I'm not a particularly spiritual person, but if this dress is anything like he appears to be (or doesn't depending on who you ask), then this could be the guy of my dreams appearing right when I needed him the most. The dress is the best of both worlds; rugged blue and black, regal white and gold.

Realistically though, it almost seems too good to be true, and I can still only manage to see him as black and blue despite what anyone says.

“Are you really that dress from the internet?” I yell to him over the hum of the engine below us. “You don’t seem white and gold to me.”

“I’m the dress from the internet.” Channing shouts back with a smile. “But I’m only white and gold to certain people, in a certain light.”

“What are you doing hanging out at a dive bar in the middle of the woods?” I ask, clutching tightly to his back. “Aren’t you like, a millionaire? You’re internet famous!”

“Billionaire.” Channing tells me. “But who’s counting? I actually live out here up on the cliffs now, I like to stop into The Chameleon whenever I’m out riding.

My heart is suddenly beating out of my chest. I can’t remember the last time I found myself this turned on by a man, let alone a dress. It wasn’t just his fame, wealth, or confident attitude that got me, it was the fact that he seemingly didn’t need me. He wasn’t desperate, and any action of chivalry on his part was not an attempt to impress, it was because he knows exactly what he wants.

“Your house is on the cliffs?” I ask into Channing’s ear. “Can I see it?”

The mysterious article of clothing is silent for a moment, and then finally he responds. “Sure, but under one condition.”

“What’s that?” I question.

“I know you want to fuck me.” He says, bluntly. “So no games. I don’t want to go breaking hearts. We can fuck, but only as long as we both know that this is what it’s all about.”

I’m shocked by Channing’s bluntness, but he’s absolutely right. Again, his confidence in the matter makes my cock hard, aching to be touched.

“Okay.” I agree.

Almost immediately, Channing veers hard to the right into a long switchback driveway that heads up the cliffside. Back and forth we cut until finally the road evens out and one of the largest mansions I have ever seen comes rising up into view. A gasp escapes my lips as we approach, in utter shock at this place’s incredible size and seemingly endless luxury. Everything is sleek and modern, and as we pull up and park in the driveway roundabout, the front door automatically opens to greet us. The color changing dress and I climb off of the bike, and then head inside.

I’m standing in the middle of Channing’s giant living room wearing nothing but my tight black boxer briefs as he floats around me, eyeing my muscular body with intense gay lust. To my left is a set of floor to ceiling windows that look out onto the water far, far below us, the light of the moon shimmering across it’s ever moving waves.

The dress still looks blue and black to me, but suddenly as he floats into a bright shaft of moonlight I see his colors change, if only for a split second. I gasp as my vision is filled with beautiful white and gold, then just as soon as they arrive the colors are gone again.

“I saw it.” I tell Channing. “I saw your colors change.”

The dress smiles. “Well, now that you’ve seen me, maybe I should see you.”

Slowly, I drop my boxers down to the floor, revealing my massive, rock hard cock. Channing seems impressed as he floats over to me and rubs up against my abs with his soft fabric, covering my body with his incredible cotton form.

I let out a low moan as the two of us embrace each other passionately, our lips meeting as we kiss before the massive bay windows. The dress feels incredible, everything that I could have

wanted from such a strange, but powerful figure.

Suddenly, I'm overwhelmed with a gay, lustful urge. I immediately drop to my knees and reach up into the floating dress, pulling out his huge cock from beneath the black and blue fabric. I look up at Channing hungrily, then give a playful wink before taking his fleshy dick into my mouth.

The floating dress closes his eyes and immediately begins to rock back and forth against my movements, clearly enjoying the sensation of his member's pulse between my lips.

I reach up to help him along, cradling the living dress's balls as I service him. I continue to bob my head up and down on his lengthy, majestic shaft, gaining speed until suddenly I push down as far as I can and take Channing in an expertly performed deep throat.

"Oh, fuck." The article of clothing lets out a long groan, buckling forward a bit as I lap my tongue across this length of his shaft from inside my mouth. "That feels so fucking good."

I hold Channing deep within me for a good while, letting him savor the depths of my neck, then eventually pull back when I'm just about entirely out of air. I let out a frantic gasp, a long string of saliva hanging between my lips and the dress's cock.

"Do you want to pound me up my tight gay asshole?" I ask coyly.

"Yes." The dress pleads.

"Then do it." I tell him, standing up and walking over to his living room couch. I bend over the edge and look back at Channing as he floats over to me.

I suddenly realize with utter amazement that the dress is now gold and white. I watch as the sentient piece of fabric mounts my muscular ass from behind, and no matter how hard I try, I can no longer see him as blue and black.

"You're incredible." I tell him, my eyes brimming with not only lust, but and intense gay love for Channing the living dress.

The dress stops, his cock hovering just inches from the puckered entrance of my asshole. "I think..." The dress stammers. "I think that I love you."

His words fill my heart with warmth, which then washes over me in a blissful wave. "I love you, too." I tell the dress. "You're everything I've ever wanted; blue, gold, black, white, it's all there."

"It's all here, and it's all for you." The living dress tells me, then places the head of his cock against my asshole and pushes forward.

I let out a long moan as the girth of Channing's member stretches my inner limits, the elasticity of my butthole struggling to stretch around his enormous size.

"Fuck, you're so big." I tell him. "Holy shit!"

Channing continues to push forward, sliding into me as my body struggles to contain his cock. Deeper and deeper his rod slides, impaling me, until finally it comes to rest with his hard dress abs pressed tightly against my rear. Now fully inserted, Channing immediately gets to work pumping slowly in and out of my body as I brace against the back of the couch.

He is somehow both an incredibly powerful, yet soothingly gentle lover, hitting me from the inside in just the right way. Each thrust into my tight asshole travels deep enough to massage my prostate, causing a mysterious orgasmic sensation to simmer within me.

I reach back with one hand and spread myself open for the dress, giving myself to him completely as he pounds my ass faster and faster. Eventually, Channing his absolutely throttling me with everything that he's got, slamming into me like a color changing jackhammer, sometimes a blur of gold while other times clearly blue.

“Do you like this floating, color changing dress cock?” Channing demands to know.

“Yes!” I cry.

I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my hard, hanging dick, beating myself off ferociously as I edge closer and closer to an explosive orgasm. I’m almost there when suddenly the dress stops and pulls out of me.

“Get up.” The living dress demands.

I stand, noticing now that the dress is blue and black once again. His duality is beautiful, almost breathtaking.

“Climb onto me.” The dress commands.

“Can you hold my weight?” I ask. I have no doubt that Channing is a powerful dress, but at the end of the day he is still made of fabric while I am a large muscular man. The thought of him holding me up in the air is almost laughable.

“Climb onto me.” The dress repeats with confident, alpha male swagger, a casual smirk on his face.

I do as I’m told, wrapping my legs around the dress as Channing lifts me up into the air. Soon enough, we are floating together in the middle of the living room, my ass hovering directly above his giant dick.

Channing maneuvers his cock directly against the rim of my asshole and then lowers me down onto him, the force of gravity helping to fill me completely with his rod. The second that we are positioned correctly, Channing gets to work, lifting me up and down onto his shaft while we float around the room.

The sensation is incredible, that strange feeling of prostate orgasm almost immediately bubbling up again and this time with even more urgency than before.

Eventually, I find myself slammed up against the massive bay windows, Channing plowing into my reamed gay asshole with everything that he’s got. The dress is absolutely lost in a fit of ecstasy, and soon enough he begins to yell wildly, ready to cum.

“Do it!” I command. “Fill my asshole with your gay color changing dress load!”

Channing gives me three more ferocious pounds and then holds tight within, my back pressed hard against the glass as he unloads a massive blast of jizz up my asshole. I can feel it filling me with pump after pump of pearly, hot milk, until finally there is just not enough room left and his spunk comes running out from the corners of my tightly plugged butt.

When the dress eventually pulls out, his seed comes spilling forth, splattering down onto the living room floor in a beautiful Pollock pattern. Channing lowers me down to the ground and then stumbles back, still reeling from his powerful orgasm.

“Now it’s your turn.” The dress tells me.

Channing floats down until he’s laying flat on the floor, gazing up at me with his beautiful blue eyes, which seem to flicker with gold in just the right lighting.

“Come inside me.” The dress instructs.

“Where?” I ask, stroking my cock furiously. “How?”

“My neck!” Channing demands. “Shoot your load inside of me right now!”

Driven by his erotic commands, the orgasm hits me almost immediately. I grab the dress and insert my aching rod into the neck hole, and then suddenly I’m exploding within him, buckling over from the overwhelming sensation. I eject several payloads into the living dress before eventually fall back onto the ground, completely satisfied.

“That was incredible.” I tell Channing, who quietly floats over and lays next to me. I roll over and look at him, his fabric body now clearly white and gold.

“I love you.” I tell the dress again.

“I love you, too.” Channing replies.

“Now that we’re this close.” I start. “What color are you, really?”

“You sure you want to know?” The dress asks.

I consider this a moment. “You know, maybe not.”

“I’ll tell you.” Channing continues. “I’ll let you know my secret.”

I sigh, my curiosity getting the best of me. “Okay. What’s your secret?”

“My secret is that I’m not even a dress at all.” Says Channing. “I’m an XXL shirt.”

I gasp aloud, my vision suddenly consumed by a color unlike anything I’ve ever seen. It’s indescribable, a shade so brilliant and strange that it cannot possibly be from this dimension. The shade occupies a color scale beyond my comprehension, and as I drift into its beauty I can feel my body ascending into some strange plane of higher existence.

My soul explodes.

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:

MY BILLIONAIRE TRICERATOPS CRAVES GAY ASS

I hadn't seen Oliver, my pet triceratops, in years, but what I remember about him wasn't great. While my other pets were easy going and free spirited, he was the voice of discipline and reason. A large creature with broad shoulders and a deep, bellowing voice, I eventually become more than a little scared of him, and eventually thankful when he finally moved to the deep south to become a dancer at an all male cabaret. I couldn't discipline him either, as he had become a billion due to string of impeccably well-placed Super Bowl bets.

All the while, though, I kept a secret regarding Oliver bottled up deep inside, pushed deep into the darkest corners of my brain and only brought out sparingly in my weakest, lustful gay moments. It was dark, forbidden fantasy I wouldn't dare tell a soul and had trouble even admitting to myself.

For as much of an overbearing pain in the ass that my gay billionaire triceratops was, I always thought he was kind of hot. Incredibly hot, actually, if we're going to be honest.

Of course, those days I was still buried deep within the closet, anyway, and as far as I knew triceratops and human relationship rarely ever worked. He hasn't been a part of my life for a long time, showing up on my doorstep without a penny to his name just four years back, so it's nothing I have to worry about.

These day's I'm living on the East Coast, after falling in love with New York during my college years away from home. My family is still in Los Angeles but I see them frequently, sometimes making the flight back for the holidays and other times hosting them on trips to the big apple. I love my family, but enjoy living far away and having the space to grow and make my own choices, my own mistakes, without the ever-present eye of my mother, siblings, or gay triceratops.

I'm sitting up on the roof of my apartment building, watching the sunset through the towering skyscrapers that consume the purple and orange skyline. It's one of those gorgeous New York evenings that has to be experienced first hand to completely understand; the way the cool air tickles your skin from over the ocean, the electric hum of the people below and the lives intersecting in any number of ways. It's as if anything could happen at any moment, the calm before the storm. I've been drinking and feel sufficiently relaxed after a long day at work, but my mellow silence is broken unexpectedly by the phone vibrating in my pocket.

I pull it out and immediately notice that it's an unknown number, which is almost as weird as someone calling instead of texting. I'd usually just ignore the call, but I'm feeling particularly adventurous today and decide to pick up.

"Hello?" I ask, putting the phone up to my ear and leaning back into my chair.

"Jeremy?"

I recognize the voice immediate and sit straight up. It's been years, but it'd know that deep dinosaur tone anywhere.

"Holy shit." I laugh, still in shock. "Is this Oliver?"

"I've missed you a lot, Jeremy." Oliver says, a deep pain in his voice.

"I know." I tell him as a single tear wells up and rolls down my cheek. I wasn't prepared for this just of conversation tonight. "I've missed you too."

The conversation almost immediately goes silent, neither of us knowing exactly what to say next. Suddenly, the ever-present sound of traffic and car horns from the streets below seems lonely and homesick. I used to hate this dinosaur nuisance, breathing a sight of relief when he first left, but for some reason I'm incredibly glad that he called.

"Everything okay?" Oliver's voice asks from the other end of the line, knocking me back into reality. "Sorry, it's kinda hard to hold the phone up with my claws."

“Oh, yeah.” I stammer, “Everything’s great.”

“Good, good.” He says, awkwardly. “So anyway, I know it’s been a while but I’m in town dancing and your mom said that you were in the city now.”

I laugh. “You talked to my mom?”

“Well, you know.” Oliver admits. “It was probably right when you moved here but I figured I’d look you up on the off chance you were still around.”

“Yep.” I say, “I’m still here trying to make it work.”

“Yeah, I hear you.” Oliver says. “It’s hard right now, the cabaret isn’t looking good at all but luckily I still have all my Super Bowl winnings.”

I scoff. “I figured as much. You’ve got no room to complain, rich ass dinosaur.”

As I take another long swig of beer I feel something strange and dangerous brewing within me, an anxious ache that I can’t quite put my finger on but is certainly there, and more than a little terrifying. I immediately push it away and pretend that the feeling never occurred, but I can’t deny that for a brief moment it was there in the pit of my stomach.

“I’ve got tomorrow night off.” Oliver says. “I was thinking maybe I could take you out to dinner and we could catch up.”

I sigh. “I don’t know, I’m pretty busy these days.”

Oliver has been around long enough not to growl or roar when someone turns him down, even his former owner. He’s a triceratops who’s aged to perfection and has all of the confidence and charm that comes with it. He doesn’t need me. “Alright,” Oliver says without a second thought. “No worries.”

Almost immediately I regret my reaction. “Wait.”

“Yes?”

“I think I can make something work,” I tell him. “There’s a nice restaurant a few blocks from my place that I’ve been hoping to try. It’s called The Chow Lounge. Want to meet me there?”

“How’s eight?” Oliver asks.

“I can do that.” I tell him. “I’ll see you then.”

“See you then, buddy.” Oliver says before hanging up, leaving me alone once again on the rooftop. A strange current runs through my blood, an excitement that I don’t want to admit to myself.

I close my eyes as the sun finally dips completely behind the edge of the earth.

I show up at the restaurant a little bit late but immediately spot Oliver, who’s sitting quietly at a table in a dark corner of the room. The place is beautiful and much more expensive than anywhere I’d go on my own, but I’m more than certain Oliver is paying so why not spring on something nice. He stands up to greet me as I walk over to him, giving me a big hug with his tiny triceratops arm and then pulling out my chair as I sit down in the across from him; Old school Jurassic chivalry.

The dim, romantic lighting is enough to make anyone look sexy, but Oliver has clearly aged beautifully. He was always a good-looking dinosaur, but the specks of grey that now dot his scales have added an air of self-assured beastliness. Oliver’s also dressed way better than he ever did when he was my pet, the cutthroat world of male burlesque doing a complete one-eighty on his previously tired fashion sense.

He sits down and smiles wide with a mouthful of sharp teeth. “Whoa. Look at you, Jeremy.”

“Here I am.” I laugh with an uncomfortable shrug.

“You look handsome.” Oliver offers. “I can’t believe this. When’s the last time I saw you?”

I think for a moment, trying to count the years. “four years, maybe?”

Oliver nods. “That sounds about right.”

We sit in silence for a moment as my mind races. Oliver doesn’t seem uncomfortable at all, however, completely in control of the situation, which unfortunately makes him seem even sexier. I know I’m not supposed to think these taboo gay thoughts about my own dinosaur pet, but I can’t deny the attraction that so blatantly bubbles right below the surface. It’s so wrong, and I’d never act on it, but I know that it’s there.

“Where are you working?” Oliver asks.

“I’m at a production house.” I tell him. “Editing commercials.”

A huge smile crosses his triceratops face. “Really? Oh that’s great. Remember those movies you used to make and show everybody?”

I laugh at this reminder of my former hobby. “How could I forget?”

“Those were great.” Oliver tells me. “You were a natural, I guess it makes a lot of sense for you to be doing that stuff now.”

I nod. A waiter comes by to ask us if we’d like anything to drink, and I start to decline but Oliver immediately swings into action, ordering us a remarkably nice bottle of wine. The waiter nods at me and the dinosaur and leaves.

“Whoa! What are we celebrating?” I ask, jokingly.

“This! I haven’t seen my owner in seven years!” Oliver exclaims. “Bring on the wine! This is a big night for a former pet!”

I laugh and shake my head in amusement. It’s weird to be here as a peer with someone who had always been just a dinosaur companion to me. I would have never dreamed that one day we would be sharing a glass of wine at a fancy restaurant like two grown adults.

“You didn’t tell your mom you were meeting up with me, did you?” He asks, a hint of something pensive and weird in his voice.

“Ha! No.” I tell him. “Are you kidding me? She was never happy about taking you in when we were back home. I don’t think she’d be happy with me still talking to a dinosaur... no offence.”

Oliver shakes his head. “None taken, I understand. It’s hard to get people to see past the scales, especially when raptors and t-rexes are out there messing it up for the rest of us.”

The wine comes and Oliver tries a sip with his large mouth, then approves. The waiter pours us each a glass and takes our order, which amounts to a salad for me and a steak for Oliver.

“You have a girlfriend?” Oliver asks as the waiter leaves.

“No.” I tell him.

He eyes me for a moment. “Boyfriend?”

I laugh. “No, but you’re getting warmer now.”

Oliver shakes his head and smiles. “That’s hard to believe.” He confesses. “Look at you! My god, you’re a good looking guy. Fucking sexy and finally out of the closet.”

“Oliver!” I shout. “You can’t say that!”

He bursts out laughing. “What? I’m not your pet anymore! I can say these things if I want to, and besides it’s the truth.” He leans in closer. “You know, half the people in here probably think we’re on a date, anyway. Some rich old triceratops with a hot piece of human arm candy.”

I glance around the restaurant and suddenly realize that he’s probably right. As taboo as dinosaur human relationships are, they’re still not entirely unheard of, especially here in the big city.

I take a deep breath. “Do you want me to be your arm candy?” I ask him.

The second that the words leave my lips I can’t believe I actually asked them. My face immediately flushes as I wait for his response, and I can’t help but glance down at my half finished glass of wine.

Suddenly, his claw crosses the table and covers my own. A sensual chill immediately runs down my spine as my eyes look back up to meet his.

“I’d like that.” Oliver says.

I wait before speaking again, my heart racing in my chest.

“This is trouble.” I tell him.

“Is it?” Oliver says. “Sometimes trouble can be a lot of fun.”

I hesitate for a moment, my eyes lingering on the shape of his large manly horns. “Would you like to see my place after dinner?” I ask.

He smiles. “How about right now? Suddenly, I’m not so hungry.”

“We just ordered.” I protest.

Oliver stands up and heads over to the hostess. They chat for a moment and then he walks back to the table and confidently offers a claw. “It’s all taken care of.”

The next thing I know, the triceratops and I are briskly strolling the streets of Manhattan back towards my apartment. Neither of us speaks a word, but our own thoughts are more than busy enough to keep us occupied. I know exactly what’s going to happen when we get upstairs, and my body is literally trembling with anticipation. Everything about this is so wrong, but it feels so right.

I reach the front door of my building and fumble while punching in the number, my hands literally shaking too much to function properly. I try again and screw up a second time, pressing pound before the code instead of after.

“Everything okay there?” Oliver asks. “This is your place right? You’re not just trying to break in?”

I laugh nervously. Luckily, someone exits the building while I’m making my third attempt and we slip inside, then we head straight for the elevator.

“I’m excited to see your place.” Oliver tells me coolly as the elevator doors close and it shoots upward, his massive dinosaur body taking up most of the space inside.

I give Oliver a smile, not sure how to respond.

Finally, the lift stops and the doors open. I lead the way down the hall and then stop at my apartment, feeling Oliver’s looming presence behind me as I insert my key and push open the door. We step inside and immediately he is upon me, turning me around and pushing me hard up against the wall of the entryway.

His claws roam my body freely as he kisses me hard, smelling a familiar dinosaur scent I haven’t thought of in years. Oliver’s scales feel rough but pleasant against my face, a reminder of his beastly dominance as he takes my hands and pushes them back above my head. I whimper softly, trying to hold onto a shred of protest but I simply can’t do it. This is exactly what I want, exactly what I’ve always wanted but been too afraid to admit it.

Oliver feverishly starts to unbutton my shirt but it’s taking too long so he eventually tears it off in a spray of tiny white buttons, revealing my toned young chest underneath.

My hands have taken on a mind of their own at this point, running up and down his body and pulling his shirt from his large dinosaur pants. I rub my fingers across Oliver’s toned abs, even more

impressive than the last time I saw them on our family vacation to Greece.

“You’ve been working out.” I manage to say through the flurry of kisses.

“Dancing.” He responds. “It’s good for a dinosaur’s bod.”

I immediately start to unbutton his pants and thrust my hand inside, grabbing hold of his rock hard dick. Oliver is fully engorged and his cock is absolutely massive, taunting me as I pull it from its cloth sheath. I grasp his dick firmly and stroke with slow, deliberate movements. He starts to push back against me, finding a rhythm within my fingers.

“You’ve been a bad boy, haven’t you?” Oliver asks me between frantic kisses.

“Yeah.” I moan. “I need to be taught a lesson.”

The next thing I know, Oliver is pushing me down towards the floor. I drop to my knees and suddenly I’m faced with his enormous cock, which I promptly take into my mouth. He stretches my lips tight with the girth of his giant dino member, pushing me up and down on his length while I struggle to consume him.

Eventually, Oliver drives down hard and forces his dick up against the limits of my gag reflex. I try my best to take him but fumble, retching as the mammoth cock chokes me. I pull him out with a gasp, coughing and sputtering.

“You need to do as I tell you.” The billionaire dinosaur demands, standing above me in towering authority. “And I’m telling you to swallow my fucking cock.”

“I’m sorry, sir.” I say, looking up at him through watery eyes.

I open my mouth wide and try again, relaxing as much as I can as Oliver slides his cock back down into my depths. This time I’m ready for him, and as his dick plunges deeper I somehow manage to accommodate his size, allowing him to plummet well below my gag reflex. Oliver lets out a loud roar of pleasure as he reaches the bottom, his green balls resting tightly against my chin and holding there.

Just as I’m about the run out of air Oliver lets me up again, but only long enough to survive because seconds later he’s pushing me back down onto his cock. This time the movements are rapid and powerful, forcing me up and down on his length with brutal strength. He’s completely dinohandling me and I love every second of it, the domination filling my body with a strange lustful desire. I’m rock hard, and as he pummels my throat with his massive dick I reach down and slide my hand into my pants. My cock is swollen and sensitive to my own firm touch, aching as I rub it in time with the movements between my lips.

Finally, I’m just too horny to take it any longer. I pull Oliver out of my mouth and the desperately command. “Fuck me right now. I need you in my asshole with that triceratops dick!”

Oliver smiles and lifts me to my feet. “With pleasure.”

“Punish me.” I beg. “I’ve been a bad, bad boy.”

The next thing I know we are stumbling through my apartment, finally landing on the couch that sits directly in the center of my living room. I climb up onto it on all fours as Oliver tears down my pants and the tight black briefs beneath.

As the cool air hits my skin I shiver with excitement. I had no idea things would ever go this far, and now that they have I feel like I’m on a rollercoaster with no breaks. This moment has been building for years and now that it’s finally here I don’t know how to react, completely overwhelmed by my homosexual taboo attraction to this ferocious dinosaur.

I look back over my shoulder at Oliver, who has stripped naked and stands confidently behind me, aligning his massive cock with my tightness.

“Tell me I’m a nasty human manslut.” I beg.

Oliver shakes his head in mock disappointment. “What are we going to do with you? Such a nasty little human twink, you need a real dinosaur to show you how to fuck.”

“I’m sorry.” I say, biting my lip coyly.

“Sorry isn’t good enough this time you fucking human slutboy.” My triceratops roars. “You’re going to take this dick until you can’t even walk straight.”

“I deserve it.” I tell him. “I deserve to be punished.”

“Yes you do.” Oliver agrees.

With that, he thrusts forward into my asshole and stretches me out brutally. I let out a yelp of unexpected pleasure as he filled me up, reeling from the sensation as Oliver starts to push in and out of me.

“Oh fuck.” I moan. “You’re so fucking big.”

Oliver slaps my ass hard. “Say it again.”

“Your dinosaur cock is so fucking big!” I scream, gripping the couch tightly in front of me. I’m not lying either. Everything about Oliver is huge, from the size of his dick to the width of his powerful legs as he grabs me by the waist and propels me back and forth on his cock.

Eventually, he starts to pick up the pace, his movements slowly evolving into a rapid-fire slam against my ass. He feels incredible inside of me, now a seasoned gay lover who knows exactly where to thrust within a man. I can feel a prostate orgasm slowly creeping its way across my body, pulsing inside of me with more and more power until finally it explodes across me in a sensual wave. My quiet trembling instantly becomes a violent quake as my muscles contract wildly, jizz ejecting from the head of my cock. I throw my head back and let out a frantic howl of pleasure.

All the while, Oliver doesn’t let up for a second, absolutely pummeling me from behind with all of his monstrous strength. When the orgasm finally passes he immediately grabs me and lifts me up, carrying my small body across the apartment and kicking open the door to my bedroom. There, he throws me onto the bed, where I lay on my back and lift my legs up into the air.

Oliver climbs into position and then pushes his swollen dino dick back inside of me with a low groan, immediate getting back to work. From this angle I can see his incredible body, toned and muscular due to a rigid dance routine that could only be accomplished by the most disciplined of prehistoric creatures. I reach down and run my hands across his impeccable abs, my cock already starting to stiffen again.

“You’re not used to getting fucked by a real dinosaur are you?” Oliver asks. “The human guys just can’t keep up with this.”

I shake my head in agreement. “They don’t ever fuck me like this.” I tell him. “They don’t have your massive triceracock!”

Oliver takes one of my muscular legs in each hand and spreads them wide, testing the limits of my flexibility. My twice-weekly yoga classes have clearly been paying off and I handle it with no problem, giving him a little wink as he pummels my asshole without mercy.

Eventually, Oliver pulls out of me and pauses for a moment, catching his breath.

“What is it?” I ask.

“It’s time for your real punishment.” Oliver says.

“Oh no.” I say with a smile. “What are you going to do with me?”

I can see Oliver reach over and grab something off of my dresser, a large black dildo that I like to keep handy for those lonely nights in. Oliver slips the dildo casually into my ass, but suddenly I

feel the head of his cock pressed firmly against the door of my asshole as well. I gasp.

“Double penetration? I’ve never done that before.” I admit.

“Well then who better to teach you than your favorite billionaire pet?” Oliver offers.

The words sizzle against my skin, so hot and so wrong. I can’t believe how depraved I’ve become as the night continues on, because at this point I’ll do anything that he wants me to.

“Double fuck my ass with your cock and that dildo.” I beg. “Teach me how it’s done.”

“Well, first you relax.” Oliver tells me. He pushes forward even more, the pressure building but the tight rim of my hole still maintaining its integrity. “Relax, Jeremy.”

I close my eyes and reach down with one hand to play with my cock, focusing on the deep, primal sound of Oliver’s voice.

Suddenly, I feel the limits of my asshole give way as the enormous dildo slides in next to Oliver’s member, stretching me out with its incredible thickness.

“Fuck!” I shout in a mixture of pleasure and pain. I quickly gain speed with the rapid strokes across my dick, trying to somehow balance out all of the peculiar sensations at work within my body. Oliver pumps slowly at first, driving his cock up into me with a deliberate, sensual movement, but as we continue he grows faster and faster until eventually he’s pounding me up the ass with all of his force.

I can feel myself edging towards a second orgasm now as a familiar warmth begins to grow inside of me. I clench my teeth tight and brace for the powerful surge that I know is coming right around the corner, but no amount of anticipation can prepare me for the explosion of pleasure when it hits. My eyes roll back into my head and I scream a blood-curling scream, my back arching like a demon mid-exorcism. I immediately lose grasp on where I am and what I’m doing, becoming nothing more than a ball of hot white bliss. Cum shoots out of my cock in a series of thick milky ropes.

Oliver is still pounding away ruthlessly, but my shrieking troughs of passion must have sent him over the edge because suddenly he is lifting me up in the air once again. The dildo pops out. My legs spread wide, the triceratops impales my tiny frame onto his towering rod of a cock, using gravity to force me down even harder than before over his dino dick.

I’m completely maxed out and blathering like a mindless gay sex friend when Oliver starts to cum as well. I can feel the muscles in his arms contract as he pushes and holds deep within my asshole, ejecting a series of hot white payloads up my butt.

“Oh my fucking god!” Oliver yells. I can feel every pulse of his cock as his jizz shoots up inside of me, filling me to the brim and then squirting out from the corners of my plugged asshole. It drips onto the floor below in warm, pearly splatters as I hang there in his arms.

When all of the semen has finally been drained from Oliver’s giant cock, he carefully removes himself from me and places me back on the bed, where the two of us stare blankly at each other’s nude and fucked senseless bodies. A few seconds pass in silence until a smile slowly creeps across my face and I burst out laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Oliver asks.

“Nothing.” I say. “How did we end up here?”

Oliver leans back against my dresser and rests, his chest still heaving from the ferocious sexual workout.

“Chemistry is chemistry.” He tells me. “Dinosaur, human, whatever.”

I laugh. “You’re right about that.”

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Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance

About Dr. Tingle...

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

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