

# CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS VOLUME 6



CHUCK TINGLE

CHUCK TINGLE



OPPRESSED IN THE BUTT BY MY INCLUSIVE HOLIDAY COFFEE CUPS



MONDAY POUNDS ME IN THE BUTT



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

OPPRESSED IN THE BUTT BY MY INCLUSIVE HOLIDAY COFFEE CUPS

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

# CHUCK'S LIVING OBJECT TINGLERS

## Volume 6

By Chuck Tingle

# OPPRESSED IN THE BUTT BY MY INCLUSIVE HOLIDAY COFFEE CUPS

1

If there is one thing that I love about the Christmas season, it's buying things. Not necessarily giving them away, either, because even though gifts are wonderful, they can't compare to the sensual pulse of a credit card swipe through a virgin machine. It's truly beautiful and, besides Santa Clause, the tree, and my boy J.C., it's what the season is all about.

Sometimes during Christmastime (which officially starts on the first of October as far as I'm concerned), I'll cruise out to the mall and just sit there in the food court, taking it all in. At first, there's not much to see, the usual comings and goings of a typical American town, but as the days drift further and further into November and then finally December, everything changes.

December, or as I like to call it, The Big Show, is when the string lighting starts making its first appearance, the trees start lifting high into the sky and the carolers begin to shout out from high on the rooftops, harkening down as I spend and spend and spend.

Last year, I spent so much time out there at the mall that my wife Susan had to take me in to the local hospital for severe dehydration and malnourishment. I swore that, from that day onward, I would make sure to break sometimes for eggnog and ginger bread houses, and my wife was satisfied with that.

This year, I've been good about taking care of myself, pounding eggnog until the cows come home.

To be honest, however, I'm about ready to switch over to my favorite treat, Christmas blend coffee from Starbutts.

I have a rule when it comes to holiday coffee; I refuse to buy it until they bring out the bright red cups.

You know the ones that I'm talking about, right? Those wonderfully festive little gems that depict the Christmas season in all of its glory, complete with decorative pines, mistletoe, reindeers and even St. Nick himself.

It gives me a rock hard erection just thinking about it.

The thing is, I just can't tolerate having my Christmas blend coffee in a plain cup, so I refuse to drink it until Starbutts, my favorite coffee shop, marches out the red cups on November first.

Now here I am on the eve of the big red reveal, camped outside of my local Starbutts. While other's like to celebrate this evening by dressing up in costumes, stealing candy and hailing the dark lord Satan with his heathen tradition known as Halloween, I have dedicated my time to making darn sure that I'm the first in line when that cup of hot Christmas blend comes out.

My name is gonna be on that cup.

One of the Starbutts employees spots me sitting outside and opens the front door, sticking her head out into the chilly evening air. "Oh, I'm sorry, sir," she says, "we're already closed tonight."

"Oh, I know," I inform her, "I'm just here for the cups."

The woman looks confused. "Excuse me?"

"The cups," I repeat, "I'm just here for the holiday cups tomorrow, I wanted to be the first in line."

Her look of confusion slowly turns to one of amusement.

"You know, I don't think we're going to run out of cups," the woman informs me, "there's plenty to go around."

I nod. "But I need to get there first, you know? Get into the Christmas spirit?"

"Sure," the woman says. She turns to head back inside and then stops herself, turning around and

poking her head out into the night air once again. “Are you sure you’re going to be okay out here? It’s supposed to drop below zero tonight, might even get some snow.”

“Even better,” I say, nodding to her as I wrap my blanket even tighter around myself, “even better.”

The young woman shrugs and then heads back inside, locking the door behind her as she finishes closing down shop for the evening.

I shut my eyes tight and settle in, ready to prove to the world that I am one with the Christmas spirit, a perfect solider of holiday glee who is ready to do battle in the name of Yuletide cheer.

Visions of sugarplums dance in my head as I try my best to snooze, the frosty air nipping at my nose until, finally, all of my senses seem to fade away into a big black nothingness.

The next thing I know, I’m floating through a vivid dream world, high above the city as I gaze down upon the houses below. I’m looking out over the edge of a sleigh several that is miles up in the sky, and sitting next to me are both Jesus and Santa Clause, each of them incredibly ripped and shirtless.

Nice.

“Where are we going?” I ask.

“To the place where all men reverse themselves,” the two of them tell me in unison.

I have no idea what this means, but I suddenly feel slightly unsettled. There is something about this that doesn’t seem quite right, the edges of my dream beginning to peel back and reveal a haunting nightmare underneath the polished exterior.

Suddenly, the sleigh dips sharply and we are plummeting down towards the earth below, the icy air whipping up across my face with a wild fury.

“Oh my god!” I cry out, gripping tightly onto the wood in front of me as I try my best not to fly out.

At this point I am certain that these are my final breaths, screaming at the top of my lungs until suddenly, at the very last minute, the sleigh pulls back and we land ever so softly outside of the very same Starbutts that I fell asleep at. Now, however, the business is absolutely packed with people, overflowing with customers as they scramble to claim decorative red cups of their own.

Jesus and Santa Clause climb out of the sleigh and then turn back to face me. “Follow us,” they command in unison.

I do as I’m told, climbing up off of my wooden bench and stepping out into the sprawling mass of frantic customers.

Jesus and Santa lead the way, parting the crowd as they hold up official Christmas lanyards, which are clearly labeled ‘all access.’

“I’m with them,” I offer the disappointed patrons who shoot me fierce glares of anger while I slink past the pack, pushing forward until finally the three of us find ourselves pressed up against the Starbutts counter.

“What can I get started for you?” a handsome, bearded employee asks me.

Before I have a chance to respond, Jesus and Santa Clause interject on my behalf. “Reindeer milk,” the two of them announce.

“Very good,” the man behind the counter says, turning away to begin my beverage.

“I was just hoping to get a cup of the Christmas blend,” I stammer, but Jesus and Santa Clause ignore me completely.

Moments later, the bearded man turns around and hands me a bright red Starbutts cup. I stare

down at it, my brain struggling to grapple with the absolutely horrific image that fills my field of vision. From afar this would appear to be your typical Starbutts Christmas goblet, but in some disgusting, nightmarish trick, all of the jolly, holiday imagery has been wiped away and removed completely.

“What is this?” I stammer, my heartbeat kicking into double time as cold sweat forms across my brow.

“Reindeer blood,” the bearded barista replies, his eyes now completely black.

The next thing I know, the entire building is melting around me in a mixture of hellish red, the nightmare finally revealing itself in all of its terrifying glory. Flames erupt from every side, and when I spin around I see that Santa Clause is now a giant, generic holiday snowflake while Jesus has transformed into an enormous Star of David.

“Noooooooo!” I scream out, tilting my head back and erupting with a howl of pure anguish.

Suddenly, I bolt upright, the surreal dream disappearing as reality returns and hits me hard in the chest. I take a deep breath, overwhelmed with gratitude that this horrible experience had been nothing more than a holiday dream.

I find myself sitting in exactly the same spot on the sidewalk, right outside of Starbutts, only now the first cracks of sunlight are creeping their way across the horizon of the distant, snow covered mountains.

There is a loud click as the door next to me unlocks, and I glance over to see the same young woman who spoke to me last night opening up for the early shift.

Immediately, I turn to look behind me, expecting to find the same massive swarms lining up behind me in a sea of chaos, just like in the dream. This prediction couldn’t be farther from the truth, however, as the only thing that has appeared behind me over night is a light layer of frost across the sidewalk.

I stand up, slightly confused but still grateful to call myself the first in line for this season’s incredibly important red Starbutts cups.

“Come on in,” says the young woman, “we’re open.”

I excitedly push past her, making my way through the door and then rushing up to the front of the counter so fast my backwards baseball cap nearly flies off of my head.

“Christmas blend!” I shout.

Moments later, the barista appears at the register, somewhat taken aback by my excitement and enthusiasm.

“That will be two dollars,” she tells me.

I pull out the crumbled bills and place them on the counter, my entire body trembling as I attempt to contain my excitement for this thrilling tradition to unfold.

My mind races with what kind of beautiful Christmas imagery could be depicted across the seasonal red cups, what kind of gorgeous Christian iconography is in store for my unprepared, moral mind to experience?

Personally, I have my fingers crossed for eleven lords a’ leaping, but only time will tell.

Soon enough, the young woman returns with my coffee, piping hot in its beautiful red cup. I take the beverage from her and look down, ready for anything but never expecting what lies before me.

My breath immediately catches in my throat as a cold jolt of panic surges through me. Am I still dreaming? Is this my nightmare?

The cup that I hold in my hands is certainly the traditional Starbutts red, but that is precisely

where the Christmas spirit ends.

The cup is a blank, matte crimson from top to bottom.

Without even thinking I drop the cup, which explodes in a flurry of hot black coffee across the floor. My heart is slamming hard in my chest, thundering through me with a rapid pound as I struggle to collect my senses. Everything is spinning, the entire room shifting as my knees buckle and give out below me.

Suddenly, I open my eyes to find that I'm strapped to a table with a bright light shining above me.

"Oh, thank god," I blurt, "it was just another dream."

"Afraid not," comes a voice from somewhere off to the side.

I try to glance over but immediately realize I am securely fastened to the table below.

"Where am I?" I question.

The next thing I know, a nurse is leaning over me, looking down with an expression of grave concern on her face. "You had a nasty fall in Starbutts," the woman explains. "You passed out and hit your head on the counter."

"I did?" I ask her, completely shocked by this revelation.

"You did," the nurse assures me with a nod. "I'm Nurse Keenankel, do you remember what your name is?"

I suddenly realize that I have no idea.

"Well, we called your wife because you had an ID in your pocket," the nurse informs me, "so you'll be happy to know that your name is Jabua Fogstein and you're a former preacher, does that ring any bells?"

"If I'm a former preacher what do I do now?" I ask.

"Your wife tells us that you spend most of the year making videos for the Internet and preparing for Starbutts Christmas cups," the nurse reveals.

Suddenly, I'm reminded of exactly how I ended up here, my entire body seizing as my heart kicks into double time at the thought of Starbutts cups turning plain matte red this season.

A loud beeping staccato erupts from the room around me, which I now realize is the inside of an ambulance. My entire body is shaking and convulsing wildly, threatening to break loose from the tight leather straps that wrap across me.

"He's going into cardiac arrest!" the nurse screams, prompting another one of the medical technicians to appear above me. "We're losing him!"

Keenankel grabs a set of paddles from the wall and rubs them together as a high pitched whine fills my ears, then she slams them down against my chest as a blinding jolt of electricity surges through me.

I shake in one powerful convulsion, then suddenly I find myself breathing normally once more, calm and collected as I settle back against my gurney.

"Mr. Fogstein," the nurse says, "you can't keep reacting like this every time you think about these Starbucks cups, it's not healthy."

She's right, and I know it, but I just can't help the way that I feel. I try my best to fight it, but soon a cascade of tears is welling up within my eyes and then spilling down over the edge of them, streaking my cheeks with their salty wetness.

"I know," I tell her, blubbering like a child. "I know, but I can't help it, these cups mean so much to me."

“But why?” the nurse begs to know, trying to understand the utter horror that I am going through.

“Because they’re trying to boycott Christmas!” I tell her. “Starbutts is trying to make this season for everyone instead of just for Christians. They’re oppressing me!”

“Well, I mean, does it really matter what the cup looks like?” Keenankel asks. “It’s just a cup.”

“Yes, it matters,” I retort, “I didn’t expect you to understand. These are my Christmas cups! Don’t you understand that? Christmas is the only time that us Christians are not an oppressed minority and now they’re trying to take that away from us, too!”

“I don’t know about that,” the nurse says skeptically.

“It’s true!” I tell her. “You’ll never understand until you’ve lived it, but it’s absolutely true and it’s not fair!”

“Well alright, sir,” Keenankel offers, “let’s just try not to get so worked up about the cups, though, okay? We don’t want you to hurt yourself.”

After my episode, I spend the next two days in the hospital under heavy observation. Everyone is gravely concerned, family, friends and fans, especially when I make a viral video to express my displeasure with the new Starbutts changes.

Suddenly, supporters are coming out of the woodwork, telling me that they to are disappointed with the Starbutts decided to make their business a place of inclusion and harmony.

I feels great to have this much of a passionate team behind me, but as I lay here in the hospital bed, I can’t help thinking back to the powerful blank surface of those red holiday cups. They represent everything that I despise in this world, and yet somehow I find myself drawn to that beautiful matte finish, the chic, modern plainness of their spotless exterior.

The longer that I dwell on the shape of the new cups, the harder it is to refrain from touching myself, to keep from reaching down between my legs and pumping my fist across my long, hard erection.

I know that I shouldn’t be thinking these thoughts, but that’s exactly why they are so arousing. The taboo nature of the new cups is exotic and forbidden, seasonally naughty for a hardcore Christian like myself.

I wonder what it would feel like to let me cock slip deep into one of those beautiful red chalices, the warm coffee enveloping my shaft and then covering my balls in its dark, holiday roasted goodness. I can just smell it now, the scent of fresh coffee beans as I get myself off with this handsome beverage.

Suddenly, there is a knock on the door of my hospital room, breaking my concentration. My wife won’t be coming by until tomorrow afternoon, and most of my friends have already paid their visits, so I have no idea who this could possibly be.

“Hello?” I call out. “Come on in!”

The door cracks open a bit and then suddenly a handful of massive, red holiday cups come shuffling inside.

I gasp when I see them, completely shocked by the sudden appearance of these incredibly hunky cups.

“What’s going on?” I stammer. “What is this?”

One of the cups steps forward, a rugged masculine thing with a sexy white rim and perfectly circular shape. “We heard about your accident, wanted to come by and make sure everything was going okay,” the holiday container admits.



“Seriously?” I question. “That’s so... sweet.”

The cup smiles. “Don’t mention it.”

I realize now just how incredibly attractive this new cup design is, completely slick and streamlined in a way that truly turns me on. I find myself glancing down at their enormous cocks, which hang down in front of them, at first wondering why these cups are nude and then immediately remember that cups don’t wear clothes, obviously.

I’m completely straight, but I’d be lying if I didn’t admit I am very impressed with the size of their hulking cup wangs. These shafts are absolutely enormous, and as I watch they begin to slowly grow in size, lifting and extending out towards me.

The lead cup notices, too, glancing around with a smile.

“I’m sorry,” he says, “when we came here to make peace I had no idea just how handsome you would be.”

“Me either,” I admit. “Honestly, I’m not so sure I dislike the new look anymore, it’s kind of sleek.”

“Thanks,” the cup says with a flirtatious smile.

Suddenly, all of that fighting and panicking and arguing just seems utterly silly, a relic of some other me that I barely even know any longer. Who was that angry bearded man yelling into his phone about his Starbutts coffee oppression? Honestly, I have no idea.

“Can I be honest,” I finally say.

“Of course,” the lead cup says.

“I’ve always been really turned on by the holiday cups, not in a gay way or anything because I’m totally straight and I know that all cups are dudes,” I admit. “I’ve always been able to keep it under wraps, though, until now.”

“I’m listening,” the lead holiday cup says, seductively.

“This new design is just so nice, so sensual... so forbidden.”

I sit up and throw my legs over the side of the bed, my erotic attraction to these incredible cups blessing me with the power to walk once again for the first time in two days.

I approach the can of holiday beverage containers and suddenly find myself completely surrounded from every side.

“I don’t know about this,” I whisper, pressing up against one of the cups, “it feels so wrong.”

“It’s so right, though,” he tells me.

Suddenly, my homosexual attraction is just too much to bear. Overwhelmed with lust, I drop down to my knees between them and gaze up with an erotic fire in my eyes.

“Come on,” I beg, “I want you guys to show me what the holiday spirit is all about!”

The cups immediately surround me, vying for position as they aggressively push their cocks into my face from every angle.

“Holy shit.” I cry out, slightly overwhelmed. I collect myself as best I can and, the next thing I know, I have a beverage container dick in each hand, pumping my tight grip up and down the length of their rock hard shafts. I quickly begin to alternate through the horny coffee vessels, moving from one to the next with incredible efficiency. The beverage containers begin to moan loudly, clearly enjoying the way that I’m servicing them.

“Do you like that?” I ask from down below. “Do you like the way that I beat those thick, gay, non-denominational holiday cocks?”

The red containers in each hand are bucking against my movements, enjoying themselves

immensely as I kick the pace of my strokes into double time.

Suddenly overwhelmed with lust, I open my mouth wide and take one of the coffee cups deep down into my throat. I can feel his cock traveling farther and farther within me until suddenly it stops against the limits of my gag reflex. I retch slightly, pulling the cup out of me with a gasp and then wiping the saliva from my lips.

“Let’s try that again.” I say, looking up at the holiday cup with confidence.

I open wide and take the beverage container deep into my throat again, only this time I’m ready. As the rod drops deeper and deeper I do everything that I can to relax and I suddenly find myself servicing the coffee cup in an expertly performed deep throat.

The beverage container places his red hands on the back of my head and I let him hold me here from a while, clearly enjoying the powerful sensation of filling me with his papery manhood.

Eventually, the gay goblet lets me up and I come away from him with a large gasp, having just enough time to collect myself before suddenly another one of the cups is grabbing me by the head and shoving his cock down my throat, as well.

This container’s dick is even larger than the first and he wastes no time between my wet lips, fucking my face in a series of profound and powerful strokes. I reach up and play with his balls while he uses me, then eventually find my way over to two other dicks, which I begin to stroke in tandem with the holiday blowjob.

It’s not long until this container passes me off to another coffee cup, and then another, and another until finally all of the seasonal chalices have had a chance at taking me in the mouth. The entire process had gotten me much more excited than I ever expected, and right now there is nothing I want more than for one of these handsome cups to pound my tight gay asshole as hard as he can.

“I want you to fuck me.” I suddenly say, pulling the dick out of my mouth and looking up at the gang in a belligerent state of cock drunk lust. “Slam me full of your promotional holiday spirit!”

I fall forward onto my hands and knees, pulling my hospital gown off and then reaching back to expose my puckered ass to the hunky beverage containers.

Almost immediately, one of the hung cups scoots into position behind me, aligning his girth with my tightness.

“Do it!” I command. “Shove that fat Christmas dick up inside me right now! Show me how gay I really am!”

“You mean fat holiday dick,” the cup corrects me.

“That’s exactly what I mean!” I scream. “Now do it!”

The cup pushes forward, stretching me to the brink as he slides into my butt. The coffee container lets out a long moan and I quickly join him, the two of us filling the hospital room with our howls of pleasure as he begins to thrust in and out of me with a series of slow and deliberate swoops. I brace myself on the tile floor before me, pushing back against the goblet in perfect harmony with his pumps inward.

“Fuck.” I cry out. “That fucking dick feels so good inside of me.”

The profanity continues to spill out of my mouth until suddenly one of the beverage containers climbs down in front of me and shoves his massive dick down my throat, cutting me off and rendering my words into a series of strange gargles.

Now pounded from either end, I can feel the warm sensation of prostate orgasm slowly begin to build up from somewhere within me. I reach down and stroke my cock, helping myself along as the sensations build and build until I’m just about ready to explode, when suddenly the cup behind me

pulls out and breaks my concentration.

The beverage container gives me a hard slap on the rear and then slides away, allowing another one of the muscular goblets to take his place. Seconds later, this new cup is plowing into me, railing me hard from behind while I moan and groan, my body still trapped between two huge, hard, beverage container dicks.

Eventually, the cups begin to trade places within me just like they did before, each and every one of them taking a turn to plow away at my asshole while my body trembles and shakes with pleasure. The sensation is incredible, a feeling of being both completely used and carnally worshipped. I'm loving every second of it.

"Come." One of the coffee containers orders in his deep, sexy voice.

"I'm trying!" I tell him.

"No, come." The coffee container repeats, pulling me forward so that I'm now straddling his tipped over body. The thick paper cup reaches down and positions his cock at the entrance of my butt, then guides me down slowly onto his length. I close my eyes and bite my lip, impaled completely onto his shaft while the rest of the coffee containers watch and beat themselves off.

The second that this cup is fully inserted I begin to grind against him, riding with a firm pulse that steadily grows faster and faster with every rotation.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" I'm screaming now, my voice echoing throughout the building, echoing up and down the halls of the busy hospital. "Fuck this tight gay ass!"

One of the other cups has snuck up behind me, and I don't even realize he's there until suddenly I can feel the hard touch of his massive rod against the rim of my already filled back door. I look back at him as a sly smile crawls across my face.

"Two at a time?" I laugh. "Why not? Let's make it a double shot, boys!"

The beverage container whose been knocking at my asshole thrusts forward, successful double stuffing my body and causing me to cry out loud. My fingers dig into the cup below me as I try desperately to adjust to the overwhelming sensation of two cocks deep within.

The sensation is utterly incredible, unlike anything I have ever felt, and it's not long before that same orgasmic seed begins to blossom.

Immediately, I reach down and start to beat my cock, helping myself along. I can feel the prostate orgasm building and building in beautiful waves of pleasure, each one of them expanding farther and farther across my body until suddenly it explodes within me. I throw my head back and scream with guttural intensity, shaking hard as my body struggles to contain all of this beautiful sensation while cum ejects hard from the head of my cock. It feels as though the feeling will never end until suddenly, it simply disappears and I collapse onto the beverage container in front of me.

Moments later, I roll off onto the floor and find myself surrounded by the entire handsome collection of coffee cups. I look up at them with a steady satisfaction in my eyes, watching as they rapidly approach their own powerful orgasms.

"Cover me in your fucking cum." I beg. "Plaster this face with all of your hot holiday loads."

Almost immediately, the coffee containers begin to explode, ejecting their pearly jizz across my manly body as I lie sprawled out on the hospital floor below them. It rains down onto me and covers me from head to toe, creating a thick glaze across my skin by the time they are all entirely finished.

I close my eyes and smile warmly, finally understanding the true meaning of the holiday spirit. It's not about who can spend the most money at the mall, or who can get the most upset by someone saying "Happy Holidays" instead of "Merry Christmas."

No, what the holidays are really about is who can get pounded in the butt by a cup that represents not just one holiday, but every holiday. It's about having an open heart, and an open butt.

MONDAY POUNDS ME IN THE BUTT

2

If there's one thing that I know how to do like a pro, it's party. Honestly, it doesn't matter where or when; whether we're talking about a seductive dinner soiree or a wild warehouse party downtown, I go hard.

So hard, in fact, that lately I've been having trouble pulling it together when Monday finally rolls around.

I can deal with the hangovers, sure, because I'm used to them by now, but that hard earned experience seems like it's just the thing that's been dragging me down lately. I'm only human, and there is only so much alcohol that my body can take. After years of late nights and long weekends, I've finally started to feel it all catch up with me.

While I was once able to force myself awake on Monday morning, pushing past the throbbing in my head and powering out the door, lately I haven't even been given the chance as I simply sleep through it.

I'm thinking all of this as a constant throbbing pulse pushes its way through the vast darkness of my sleepy brain. I've been dreaming, my thoughts a strange blanket of hazy unknown that is slowly taking shape. What is that terrible tone that seems to drill itself over and over again through my body, a terrible, aching slam that stays relentless no matter how much I toss and turn.

Finally, all of this abstraction begins to take shape as I recognize this constant whine as the familiar, piercing tone of my alarm clock. I slowly force myself to open my eyes, darting them back and forth across the room as I struggle to understand my surroundings.

I know that this is my own room, but how I ended up here is something that eludes me. I certainly don't remember going to bed last night.

Today is Monday, I suddenly think.

I glance over at the squealing alarm clock, trying to adjust my vision enough to make out the bright red digital letters before me. They float in the air like strange blurry clouds and then gradually come together, eventually creating the sign of a waking nightmare.

The numbers read eleven thirty, meaning that I'm already three hours late for work.

Immediately, I sit upright and turn off the blaring alarm, then grab my phone to find six missed calls from work.

"Fuck," I say aloud, trying my best to jump out of bed and then immediately tangling in the sheets. I slam hard onto my bedroom floor, a sharp pain in my face as I stagger to my feet and then throw open the door of my closet. I desperately begin to cobble together a suit and tie.

Skipping my shower and breakfast, I run my hair under the faucet for a bit and then grab an energy bar while running out the door.

Once in my car, I consider calling in to tell them that I'm on my way in but then realize, in an office as ruthless as mine, this is not the best idea. Like I said, my hard partying ways have been catching up with me and my boss has just about had enough of it. I would not be surprised if this particular fuck up is the one that finally gets me sacked, and I figure I have a much better chance of talking myself out of this unfortunate outcome if I'm actually there in person.

Thankfully, I've already missed the morning traffic so I make it to the office incredibly quickly, screeching into the parking lot and throwing open the door just seconds before the vehicle has stopped moving. I'm straightening my tie as I march up to the front door and throw it open, passing through the lobby before our receptionist can even acknowledge my presence.

I continue down the hallway past a series of rooms, rounding the corner and then literally

slamming into my boss, Mr. Perper.

Fortunately, it's not hard enough to seriously injure either of us, but the look on Mr. Perper's face is enough to nearly stop my heart cold. He is utterly furious, absolutely red in the face with so much anger that he can hardly get out the words when he tells me to step into his office.

I follow Mr. Perper like a dog en route to punishment, head down and tail between his legs. While we walk I can see my friends peering out from their desks, appropriately worried for me and the impending doom that awaits.

Finally, we reach Mr. Perper's lair and step inside, the man slamming his door loudly and then taking a seat at his desk. I begin to head for the chair across from him but my boss stops me.

"No," Mr. Perper shouts, "don't sit, you're not going to be here long."

"Please let me explain," I stammer, trying my best to hold myself at some level of dignity, despite the fact that I probably still reek of booze from the night before, "there was an accident on the freeway, you should have seen it, traffic backed up for miles."

"Jesus Christ!" Perper exclaims. "You're really going to just lie about it? Be a man, Wimbs."

"I'm telling the truth," I counter.

"Did you know that we take the same freeway to get there in the morning?" asks Perper with a sigh.

I freeze. "No, I didn't know that."

"There was no wreck," Mr. Perper says, shaking his head. "You know that you had a very important client meeting this morning with Starbutts. That's a massive account, Wimbs, one of the biggest that we have."

"I know," I assure him, "I'm sorry."

"Well, you should be," Mr. Perper says, "because they left us, they're taking their advertising budget elsewhere."

My heart skips a beat. "What?"

"That's a twenty million dollar account," Mr. Perper informs me.

"You're kidding," I stammer, "they left?"

"Well, *their project manager* missed his meeting for the third time," Mr. Perper offers.

"Holy shit," I exclaim, "I'm so sorry."

Mr. Perper just stares at me, a seething anger in his expression unlike anything I have ever seen.

Suddenly, though, it breaks. A smile carefully begins to spread across my boss's face until finally he is beaming with a wide, goofy grin.

"No, I'm just fucking with you, they didn't leave," Mr. Perper reveals.

"They didn't?" I gasp. "So I'm not fired?"

"Oh you're still fired," my boss explains, "I just wanted to mess with you before you go. You know that feeling of horror you just experienced? That's what it was like for me explaining to our largest client that their project manager was a complete and utter fuck up. Fortunately, they understand that you are not a representative for our entire company, and they have decided not to leave... yet."

I am equal parts relieved and disappointed, sad that I've been thrust into the harsh world of unemployment but ultimately glad that I didn't take the whole ship down with me.

"I'm sorry," I apologize, hanging my head and accepting my fate, "Monday really fucks me up the ass."

"What was that?" my boss questions, his eyebrows raised.

I said "Monday really fucks me up the ass."

“You’re dating Monday?” Mr. Perper questions.

I suddenly realize the mistake that has been made. My boss thinks I’m referring to a personification of the first day in our workweek, where I had simply been using a common expression.

In the split second that I have to react, however, I recognize how much this changes his attitude and suddenly instinct takes over.

“Oh yeah,” I lie, “I’m with Monday, we were really going at it this morning and that’s actually why I’m late.”

Mr. Perper seems confused. “I had no idea you were gay.”

I’m not, but he doesn’t need to know this. “I sure am,” I profess.

My boss leans back into his chair, clearly thinking hard about something.

Finally he speaks. “Listen, maybe I was being a little harsh earlier,” Mr. Perper says, a tense caution in his voice. “I honestly had no idea that you were so close with such an important day of the week.”

I nod, trying to figure out where he is going with this but not exactly sure. I’m just thankful that my lie appears to have worked, for now.

“Have you ever thought about how much business we could do if we were to implement your boyfriend within this company?” Mr. Perper asks. “I’m sorry to be so blunt about it but, come on, Monday is a huge deal. I mean he’s been coming around every seven days for as long as I can remember.”

“I’ve thought about it,” I offer, lying through my teeth, “but you know, it just seems kind of weird to ask my boyfriend to do something for my work like that.”

“What if your job depended on it?” Mr. Perper questions flatly.

I suddenly understand where he is going with this and I desperately want to agree, if not for the fact that I have no personal connection to Monday whatsoever.

Finally, I’m forced to answer. “I’m sure I could figure something out, what did you have in mind?”

“The launch party for our new Starbutts campaign is this weekend,” explains my boss. “I want you to be there with your boyfriend, Monday. Just show him off a bit, let everyone at Starbutts know that we have an entire day of the week in our back pocket.”

“I don’t know,” I start, but Mr. Perper is having none of it.

“Alright, I’ll see you then,” my boss says, standing up from his desk.

Not knowing what else to do, I turn to leave, then stop and look back at my boss. “Does this mean I get my job back?” I question.

“Job? If you deliver on this, you’ll become a partner,” Perper gushes.

Thankfully, getting in touch with Monday is not as difficult as one might imagine for being an eternal, physically manifested day-of-the-week. His assistant is very nice and shockingly receptive when I explain my situation to her. She runs the whole plan by Monday and, somehow, he agrees to go along with it for the sum of thirty thousand dollars.

It sounds like a lot, I know, but it pales in comparison to losing my salary at the office. I need this job, and if spending a little bit of cash is going to help me keep it, then so be it.

As luck may have it, Monday lives in Los Angeles just like I do, and I have no problem driving



to his place for a pick up in Griffith Park before the party.

The day is out front waiting for me when I pull up, manifesting himself as a radiating ball of quantified time with a cute smile and incredibly thick biceps.

As I said before, I don't have a gay bone in my body, but I have to admit there is something about this particular day that I can't help but get a little turned on by.

Maybe it's the fact that he seems so rugged and dominating, someone who is not afraid to show up at the top of every workweek, kick open the door and shout, "here I am."

"Hey," I say, reaching out and shaking the day's warm glowing hand as he climbs into the passenger seat, "it's great to meet you."

Monday smiles. "We've met before, you don't remember?"

It suddenly occurs to me that I've known this handsome day of the week my entire life, our paths crossing like clockwork between Sunday and Tuesday ever since I was born.

"Oh yeah," I stammer, I guess you're right.

"It's good to see you again, though," Monday says and then glances at his phone, "I few days earlier than normal this time. Feels weird, right?"

"I suppose it is," I say, then throw the car into drive, pulling out into the street and making my way towards the luxury hotel ballroom where our business shindig is already well under way.

"You want to listen to anything?" I ask the day, flipping on the radio.

"I'm cool with just talking," Monday shrugs, "it's not that often that I get someone taking me out like this. It's really nice, actually."

A smile slowly creeps out across my face, realizing now just how much this whole thing actually means to the handsome day.

"I figured you'd have people all over you," I offer, "I mean, you're a fucking day-of-the-week. That is so far beyond and kind of normal celebrity."

"Yeah, but I'm the day-of-the-week that everyone hates," Monday says, chuckling to himself despite the deep, aching pain I can sense in his voice.

I want to console him, but in this moment I realize that the day is actually right.

"I'm sorry," I finally offer.

Monday shrugs. "It's all good, been that way forever, you know?"

Eventually, we pull up to the hotel and climb out.

The valet takes my car and, the next thing I know, Monday and me are walking into the building side by side, heads turning as they see me coming with this notorious selection of time.

According to the plan, Monday and me only need to spend our time here in close proximity to sell the image of our relationship, but the day takes things a step further by slipping his arm around my waist.

I jump slightly as his ethereal yellow skin touches me, not expecting the warm embrace but immediately drawn deeper into his presence. There is a very real energy between us that I did not expect, mostly because we are both male and completely straight, as far as I can tell.

Still, there is no denying that this energy is erotic in nature, a deep sexual craving that defies the boundaries of everyday classifications like gay or straight.

We head through the lobby and immediately emerge into a large, well decorated ballroom full of people. Businessmen mill about in their suits, chatting casually with horderves in their hands while thundering music blares all around us.

The second that we enter, Mr. Perper appears out of nowhere with the Starbutts executives in

tow.

“Oh Wimbs, great to see you!” my boss says, shaking my hand.

I greet him and the other executives, who are clearly still upset about the meeting that I missed until they notice the beautiful man I’m standing next to.

Suddenly, everything changes. The men from Starbutts begin falling all over themselves as they make introductions to Monday, stammering like belligerent fanboys as they bask in his presence.

Eventually, one of the executives turns to me. “We had no idea that you and Monday were an item,” the man exclaims. “How come you never mentioned him before?”

“He’s my boyfriend, you know, its not something that I think about all the time,” I struggle to explain. “When you’re in love you aren’t really thinking about how famous your partner is.”

The executive nods and then slowly cracks a grin. “I hope that doesn’t mean you’d be adverse to calling in a few favors.”

I lean in towards the executive and lower my voice. “Whatever you need, sir. If we can count on your business, then you can count on the best that Monday has to offer.”

The executive nods and we quietly shake hands, happy to have come to a mutual understanding. Of course, it’s going to be quite awkward when my company can’t always deliver on our Monday promise, but for now everything seems to have been pleasantly smoothed over.

The rest of the night goes off without a hitch, and as the hours draw later and later I find myself being drawn closer and closer to this incredible day of the week. There is something about him that is absolutely intoxicating, a homosexual attraction that builds and builds within me until it is absolutely overflowing.

As we leave the party, Monday and I find ourselves holding hands, not because it is expected of us, but simply because we want to.

We stop in front of my car for a moment, neither of us wanting this night to end but too nervous to say a word. Instead, we stare deeply into one another’s eyes, the tension just waiting for an opportunity to break.

“Can I be honest with you?” I finally ask.

“Of course,” Monday confirms.

“I had a really good time tonight, and I…” my voice trails off, unable to fully express the taboo desires that swirl and simmer within me.

“What is it?” Monday urges.

“I really want you to pound me hard,” I tell him.

The day grins knowingly, placing his warm yellow hand on my shoulder. “Oh Wimbs,” he sighs, “don’t know see? I’ve been pounding you for years, every morning when you wake up and dread going to work, every time your head aches when the alarm sounds. I’ve always been with you, pounding your heart’s butt.”

This revelation hits me hard, nearly buckling my knees and dropping me right then and there in the parking lot. I can’t believe that I have been in the presence of such an incredible man and never even noticed, never even given it a second thought.

“I don’t think I can wait until next Monday,” I finally admit, “I want you to pound me now.”

Without another word, the muscular day sweeps me up into his arms and begins to carry me across the parking lot, away from the cars and the curious gaze of other revealers. We quickly reach the edge of the cement and then continue off into the nearby woods, the forest growing ever thicker around us.

My heart is pounding out of my chest now, fully consumed by this moment of gay lust and still aching for more.

Eventually, Monday lowers me down onto a patch of beautiful green grass, illuminated by a shaft of moonlight that shimmers across the soft surface of the blades. I look up at the handsome day of the week, rampant arousal filling my eyes as I scramble to undo the fly of his pants.

Eventually, I throw the fabric open and pull out the day's massive cock, the hardening member springing forth in brilliant glowing yellow as it extends outward towards my face.

"Oh fuck," the day groans as I slowly begin to pump my hand across the length of his rod.

Monday eventually begins to rock his hips along with my strokes, pumping faster and faster until eventually I am beating him off with a furious enthusiasm. In this moment, giving him pleasure means everything to me, and soon I can't help but open my mouth wide and swallowing the day's giant rod.

I pulse my lips across the length of his shaft, savoring the unusually sweet taste of Monday's dick as it moves across my tongue. I pull him out and lick him from balls to tip, and then take his shaft once again, this time pushing down as far as I can. The day's cock slips deeper and deeper down my throat until eventually it hits my gag reflex and I retch slightly, not entirely prepared for this enormous unit.

I come back up sputtering and gasping for air, a long strand of saliva hanging between my lips and Monday's member.

"I'm sorry," I stammer, bravely trying to collect my senses. "One more try."

Monday places his hands on my head and guides it back down across his shaft, lower and lower until he meets my gag reflex once again. This time, however, I'm ready, relaxed enough to let his enormity slip down past my previous limits.

Soon enough, the day's shaft is fully consumed within me, my lips pressed hard against his chiseled abs and his balls hanging tight across my chin. I gaze up at Monday with a look of cock drunk lust, giving him a playful wink and fighting the urge to come up for air until finally I just can't take it anymore and pull back with a gasp.

"You're so fucking big," I profess.

"A whole twenty four hours is a lot to take," Monday says with a smile, and then pushes me back onto the grass.

The day climbs down onto his knees in front of me, holding back my legs with his powerful arms and aligning the head of his massive cock with my puckered asshole. I can feel him teasing my rim, playing with the edge as he inches slowly past its elastic border and then pulls back. Monday continues like this for a while, toying with me until I finally just can't take it anymore.

"Shove that fat cock inside of me right now!" I demand. "I need that fucking day-of-the-week dick!"

Monday smiles and lets out a hearty chuckle. "Oh yeah? You want it?"

"Badly," I moan. "Please fuck my ass!"

Without a second thought, Monday thrusts forward and plunges deep into my tight asshole, causing me to throw my head back and let out a wild howl of pain and pleasure.

The beginning of the work we slowly begins fucking my ass, just like he's fucked it a million times before. The sensation is fantastic and so strangely familiar.

"God dammit! I love the way that you fuck me, Monday!" I scream.

My words give the day a surge of encouragement and soon enough he is picking up speed, slamming my asshole harder and harder until eventually he is throttling me with everything that he's

got, hammering away at my tight sphincter with reckless abandon. My eyes roll back into my head and I grip my legs even tighter, spreading myself out for Monday so that he can plow me in a perfectly angled swoop. Every thump of his hips against my asscheeks cause my rock hard dick to bounce and bob, playfully dancing in the air and aching to be pleased.

Without another thought, I reach down and grab ahold of my rod, beating myself off in time with the slams that ream my butthole.

As a straight man, the sensation is almost indiscernible, the nerves within my anus treating me to something wholly unique. I had no idea that tickling the prostate could be so strange, so sensitive, so sensual.

I can feel that pulsing waves of orgasm beginning to build within me, coming in short, staccato bursts and then growing as they move across my body. Soon every muscle is clenched tight, ready to explode as I push closer and closer to the edge of a powerful orgasmic cliff.

I'm almost there when suddenly Monday pulls out of my ass, abruptly breaking my concentration.

"What the fuck?" I cry out, yearning to blow my load.

"Not yet," says the handsome day. "You're going to have to work for it."

"Work for it?" I question.

"Monday is a day of work," he says to me, confidently. "That's the point."

I watch as the glowing yellow manifestation lies down onto the grass next to me, his massive cock extending out from his body in a proud tower of shimmering gold. He looks incredible stretched out like this, the absolute pinnacle of fitness thanks to years of all that hard work he's so fond of.

"Get on," Monday commands.

I crawl over to him and then climb aboard, squatting down over the muscular being and aligning his massive shaft with my butthole. This time there is no teasing the rim as I roughly impale myself onto his rod, my entire body skewered as I sink deeper and deeper.

"Work for it," Monday commands again.

I start to pump my entire body up and down across his length, groaning as I accept his thickness within my stretched out asshole.

"I've got a case of the Mondays in my ass," I murmur, repeating the words over and over again until I am shouting them out at the top of my lungs. "I've got a case of the Mondays in my ass! I've got a case of the Mondays in my ass!"

My cock is hard as ever, bouncing along with my frantic slams until I grab it tight and begin to beat off once more, picking up right where I last left off.

I'm quickly hit with the same looming sense of orgasm, trembling wildly as I jackhammer down onto Monday and then finally letting out a loud, satisfied roar when I explode all over him with my massive jizz load.

My spunk flies everywhere, splattering in a thick white mess across Monday's hard chest in a beautiful display of gay passion.

"Fuck!" I yell, falling backwards onto the grass.

I look up to see Monday climbing over the top of me, furiously beating his member while I lay sprawled on the grass below.

The day cries out and then buckles forward, his eyes shut tight and his teeth barred as hot ropes of spunk eject from the head of his shaft.

I open my mouth and catch as much as I can, the rest of his cum painting my lips and running

down either side of my face.

Finally, the day falls back onto the grass next to me, completely spent after the hardcore, day-of-the-week fuckfest.

“That was amazing,” I tell him, licking my lips.

I slide over to the muscular day.

Monday puts his arm around me and holds me close, filling my soul with a comforting warmth. When I first hatched this plan, I would have never guessed that it could lead me somewhere so unexpected, but now that I’m here I wouldn’t have it any other way. I understand now that, as harsh as Monday can be, his intentions are pure.

Every workweek has a beginning and an end, and Monday is strong enough to pound ass when it needs to be pounded the most. Without Monday we would all hate Tuesday instead, a never-ending cycle of hungover wakeups that simply cannot be avoided.

No longer will I shoot the messenger, I think to myself. From this day forward I will see Monday for what he really is: A necessary day of the week, and a truly phenomenal lover.

“I think I love you,” I finally say, the words spilling out of my mouth without warning.

The day looks at me with a deep intensity in his eyes, a single tear cresting over the edge and running down his glowing yellow face in a slippery wet streak. “I love you, too,” says Monday.

“I don’t ever want to leave your side,” I confess.

Monday’s smile fades slightly. “I’m sorry, Wimbs, I can’t stay with you forever. Eventually Sunday’s going to roll back around, and then I’ll need to get back to work.”

“But can’t you just stop?” I question.

“And let Tuesday handle it?” the day attempts to clarify.

I nod.

“I can’t,” he says, shaking his golden head, “everything would fall apart.”

“Without you *I* will fall apart!” I shout in protest.

My words hit the day hard, like an arrow to the heart. He is thinking now, a solemn look on his face. “You’re right,” Monday finally says, “our love is more important than any of that. I’m not going in to work this week.”

I gaze out across Los Angeles, trembling with anxiety in the late night darkness. Monday sees me shaking and puts his hand in mine, offering a sliver of comfort in this otherwise terrifying situation.

After an eternity of coming directly after Sunday, my new gay lover and I have no idea what will happen when he decides not to show up.

I check my watch.

“How much time?” Monday asks.

“One minute,” I tell him.

I squeeze his hand tighter, looking out over the city lights and wondering what the future holds. Will we automatically jump to Tuesday as if nothing even happened? Or will the very fabric of time and space collapse around us?

Suddenly, I can feel a strange rush of wind from behind, though something about it feels completely distinct and new.

“This is it,” I say.

The wind behind us continues to pick up, howling in my ears as a bright red glow appears along

the distant horizon line. It's only then that I realize the wind is not wind at all, but the sensation of time and space being ripped apart.

"Oh my god!" I cry out, but the words immediately dissolve into nothingness.

I look over and see that Monday's face has begun to melt, drifting away from him in a strange swirling line that eventually consumes his entire body. Soon enough the two of us are merging together in a sickening mutation of random matter, consumed by our own place in space and time.

I should be terrified right now, but I'm not. Regardless of our impending metamorphosis within the space-time continuum, I am just glad to be here with Monday, the love of my life.

Moments later, we are ripped into a billion tiny pieces, melding with the universe as it collapses around us.

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

In all of my years as an investigative reporter, it was never once this tense, and I certainly never expected it to be once I transitioned into the world of blogging.

Shouldn't this new era of journalism be defined by lazy click-bait articles and top-ten lists? At least, that's what I was told when I was hired, but now here I am on the edge of my seat in Billings, Montana, sitting in a bustling coffee shop while I stare daggers at the door and sip from my warm cup of blonde roast.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. This kind of on the spot and off the cuff investigating is exactly what I dreamed of when I was a young man working my way through college. But, as the newspapers died and social media began to rise up into the information titan that it is, I was well aware that my dreams of running around with my tape recorder in some strange part of the world were over.

Granted, I never thought that strange part of the world would be Billings, but I'm happy to be here. Nervous, but happy.

I'm not sure if my anxiety is from the prospect of actually meeting my subject, or simply the fact that my boss at the blog was willing to put actual money towards this trip and if I don't come back with something amazing then I've proven the naysayers right. In this day and age, this type of in-the-field reporting is rare to come by.

I suppose that says a lot about my subject, the elusive Dr. Chuck Tingle.

Chuck has been an enigma to me ever since discovering his book, *Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt*, a masterpiece of erotic literature that is both ridiculous and revolutionary. While some might be turned off by the idea of "sentient butt love," I was fascinated by the story, but even more fascinated by the twisted mind that wrote it.

This is where my journey down the rabbit hole began.

Soon enough, I was researching Chuck Tingle late into the night, trying to set up an interview but growing ever more confused by the elusive nature of the man. While there were many photos of the doctor, and his voice had been recorded several times, he seemed incredibly adverse to any interaction other than an email interview, even when I offered to fly out to Billings.

Unfortunately for Chuck, this denial only made my thirst for the truth even stronger. I became so fascinated with Chuck's world; his son, the villainous neighbor, and his deceased wife. It all seemed too outrageous to be true, but there was only one way to find out for sure.

Suddenly, my thoughts are broken by a ringing bell as the door to the coffee shop opens and the man himself steps inside, followed shortly after by his adult son. Chuck looks exactly how I would expect him too, a middle-aged man clad in a white gi.

I immediately try to look away, so as not to give away my interest, but somehow Chuck and his son have spotted me and are immediately walking over to the small table at which I sit. This is strange for a number of reasons, most importantly; they should have no idea what I look like.

I try to act nonchalant, glancing away until I hear two wooden chairs pull out and then realize that they are sitting down next to me. My cover has officially been blown.

"How did you know it was me?" I ask, turning back to face Chuck.

"Because we're the same person," he states bluntly.

I realize now that this person is clearly more mentally disturbed than I could have ever known, a very confused man who is just barely holding onto his sanity.

"I'm afraid not," I offer with a laugh.



Chuck smiles. "Then what's your name?"

I try to brush his question off, but then suddenly realize I have no idea how to answer it. "My name is..." I stammer, not exactly sure how to finish the sentence.

"Exactly," Chuck tells me.

"What is going on?" I question, suddenly feeling sick to my stomach. I realize now that I have no idea how I actually traveled here to this coffee shop, how my past was somehow able to weave its way up to this present moment of confusion.

I'm utterly terrified.

"Calm down," explains Chuck, "I understand that this is going to be a lot for you to take in but I need you to stay incredibly relaxed, otherwise this dream will end and I'll need to start all over again."

"Dream?" I question.

Chuck nods.

"Who are you?" I continue, my heart pounding in my chest.

"I'm your subconscious, the part of your brain that knows you're asleep and remembers why we're here," the author reveals. "I can tell you more, but you need to stay calm. Believe it or not, this is the two-hundred and fifteenth time I've tried to wake you."

"Well, why doesn't it work?" I question.

"You get too freaked out," Chuck explains, "and you escape into another dream setting which starts the whole process over again."

"How long have I been asleep?" I ask him.

"Two years," Chuck informs me, "and you were supposed to sleep for another eight more, but plans have changed."

Chuck glances over at his adult son Jon, who nods in approval, officially sanctioning whatever is about to come next. When Chuck looks back at me there is an intensity in his eyes unlike anything I have ever seen.

"You seem like you might be able to handle the knowledge this time," Dr. Tingle begins, "so here goes. You've been in hypersleep for two years, traveling through space towards the planet Kibbs Porp-9. You are Earth's only hope to intercept a brigade of hostile alien lifeforms that are headed towards Earth."

I shake my head, unable to accept this ridiculous concept, but the second that I do I begin to feel the entire coffee shop trembling around me, shaking violently as if it is made of film that is coming unwound from its spool.

"Calm down!" Chuck shouts, desperately trying to get me to pull it together. "Breathe!"

I do as I'm told, focusing on the internal sensations of my body until finally the world around me returns to its original state.

"Your name is Chuck Tingle," the author explains, "years ago you wrote a book called Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt, do you remember that?"

"You wrote that book," I protest.

"We're one in the same," Chuck informs me, "you wrote the book and eventually it became a worldwide hit, it was such a massive cultural phenomenon, in fact, that the book was launched out into space as part of our effort to contact extraterrestrial life. It was used as an example of humanity's sense of romance."

I can't help but feel a surge of pride as he tells me this, pleased with the knowledge that, after

all of this time struggling as a journalist, I've finally been recognized for my writing. It's only moments later that I remember I'm not really a journalist at all, and any history that I've imagined in this career has been completely manufactured by my brain during hypersleep.

"The books landed on an uncharted planet deep in the farthest corners of our solar system, only to begin a rapid evolution. Unbeknownst to all of us back here on Earth, the books had become sentient, blossoming into an entire civilization of horny gay books named Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt," Chuck explains. "We had no idea it was happening until it was too late. We've now picked up signals from the planet and discovered their rapid evolution, but it's too late. There is already a convoy of heavily armed space craft headed towards Earth."

"And that's why you sent me," I offer, and then correct myself, "I mean us."

Chuck nods. "It was decided by a vote of the world leaders to send the author of the book out into space, hoping that he could intercept the hostile ships and either reason with them or, if need be, destroy them."

"How close are they?" I question frantically.

"Very close, you were intended to wake up years from now but the book's are much faster than we anticipated. As your subconscious mind I only know this because, while we sleep, I've been picking up a distinct lack of shaking from our own vessel. I believe that we have been stopped by the enemy ships," Chuck informs me.

"And they haven't destroyed us?" I question, the coffee shop continuing to hum with excited chatter around us.

"Not yet."

"Well, how do I wake up?" I ask the author, terrified.

Chuck smiles, clearly having never made it this far during his previous attempts. "You have a password that will end the hyper sleep program once spoken aloud," he informs me. "We just need to remember what it is."

"You don't know?" I question.

Chuck shakes his head. "The answer was supposed to come to you naturally at the end of your hypersleep. This early, you shouldn't even be aware that the trip is taking place."

Immediately I start to think back over my fictional life, looking for any kind of clue that could possibly reveal itself. Everything is a blur, but now that I've been reminded of my reality outside of hypersleep, little bits and pieces of that life begin slipping through the cracks. I focus on the deepest parts of my subconscious mind, filtering through the swirling information that just barely makes any sense.

I see a man in a military uniform pointing to a screen, I see a test rocket flying through the air, I see myself in the mirror; nothing there points to any kind of clue regarding the password.

"Anything?" questions Chuck.

I shake my head. "Nothing yet."

Deeper and deeper I travel through my thoughts, desperate to find the answer when suddenly I begin to notice a pattern, a familiar thought that seems to appear again and again. Eventually, it becomes overwhelming, growing in a beautiful blossom that consumes my mind. Now I am completely surrounded by the cute butts of men, hard and muscular as they invade my brain.

My eyes fly open again. "Cute butts," I say out loud, the words feeling familiar as they flow off of my tongue.

"Password accepted," comes a strange, mechanical voice through the coffee shop's overhead

speakers.

Suddenly, I sit upright, coughing and sputtering as a mechanical lid slides away from me. I'm in a tub of cool silver liquid that sloshes back and forth, disturbed by my sudden movement. There are all kinds of tubes running back and forth across the machine, and moments later I realize that one of them has been inserted into my rectum.

All of my real memories come flooding back in a matter of seconds: my mission to stop the renegade books, my life as a famous author from Billings.

I grab onto the edges of the tub and pull myself out, groaning loudly as the massive tube slips away of my butthole and splashes back down into the silver liquid. Everything aches, my joints throbbing from their lack of use over these years of self-induced dreaming.

I stand here for a moment, letting my eyes adjust to the light until I can finally make out the rest of my surroundings. This is my spacecraft, this is my home.

My subconscious was right, the ship isn't moving.

Immediately, I stumble out into the main corridor of the spacecraft, completely nude as I make my way towards the helm. At this point, I can hear the faint pulse of a communications alert, meaning that someone nearby is trying to open up a channel to talk.

I reach the end of the hall and slam my hand hard against the button that opens the bridge doors, gasping as they fly wide and reveal an entire armada of ships on the video screen before me. They have me completely surrounded, absolutely terrifying vessels that are covered in bizarre weaponry.

I make my way into the room and use my verbal command to open a line of communication between the ships and me.

A familiar book appears on screen.

"Greetings, this is Captain Mimmer Tops of the..." the book begins to say and then suddenly trails off. He looks absolutely stunned.

"This is Captain Chuck Tingle," I announce, standing proudly before him, "greetings."

The book shakes his head and collects himself. "I'm sorry, but I'm sure you must recognize how strange this is for me and my people. For thousands of years you were seen as a god."

I can't help but chuckle at this. "No, just an author from Billings."

The book, Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt, looks confused, glancing around at the other paperback who stand at attention around him. "You appear to be much less warlike than we anticipated," Captain Mimmer informs me.

"You appear pretty warlike yourself," I counter. "I can see quite a few weapons mounted on your ship there."

The books exchange glances once again.

"Why have you stopped my vessel?" I question.

"To protect ourselves," explains my highly evolved, sentient book. "Throughout the course of our history, many things terrible things have been carried out in your name; war, genocide. Many people see you as a vengeful god and thusly, we came prepared. While you were asleep we disarmed your ship and dismantled your thrusters."

"I am not a god," I repeat, just a writer and Tae Kwon Do grandmaster from Billings.

The book nods. "We understand that now, but it took many, many millennia for our people to stop killing one another in your name. We had to be cautious."

I shake my hand, chuckling to myself as I hear this. "You know, believe it or not, my people thought the same thing about you. We thought you were coming to destroy us."

All of the copies of my book, Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt, start laughing, amused by the absurdity of the situation.

“Would you like to come aboard and meet face to face?” I ask.

The Captain Mimmer nods.

It only takes ten minutes with my book in the ships conference room for me to be fully convinced that these charismatic sentient paperbacks are perfectly harmless, despite their overtly weaponized ships.

“I’m just going to tell you right now, if you want to make a good impression you cannot show up to Earth in vehicles looking like that,” I explain to the books. “Trust me on this.”

“But *how* can I trust you?” questions Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounding In The Butt By My Own Butt. “In our lore, you are a crafty god. Granted, we have evolved beyond those stories, but it is hard to ignore these doubts.”

I think about this for a moment, a little bit stumped.

“Well,” I finally answer, “I can’t speak for the people of Earth as a whole, but if you can’t trust in me then trust in them. We’ve had our ups and downs, and sometimes it can feel like everything is falling apart, but when you look at the bigger picture everything is getting better. Every day more and more people have the right to vote, to marry, to live free, and sure there are places that have a long way to go, but they are moving in the right direction. Thousands of years ago we used to have gladiator battles, torture each other, the life expectancy what a third of what it was today,” I explain, “we’re not perfect, but at least we’re trying.”

“But you’re still murdering each other in the name of different gods,” the book offers, “are you not?”

I nod and let out a long sigh.

“We developed past that long ago,” explains the book. “What you describe sounds like the pages of our ancient history books.”

“So is there no faith on your planet?” I question.

“Of course there is,” Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt says with a laugh, “if we didn’t have faith then we wouldn’t have tried to come contact Earth in the first place. We’re just trying to be cautious.”

“Like I said, I can’t speak for all of Earth,” I tell him, “but as the author who created you long, long ago. More weapons is not the answer. Love is the answer.”

As I say this, I suddenly feel a strange spark of attraction course between us, completely unspoken but definitely there. It lurks in the subtle glance of an eye, the slightly elevated breathing of this handsome book captain.

“What kind of love?” Mimmer asks, turning up the heat a bit.

I still haven’t covered up with any clothes, preferring the cool, oxygenized space air against my bare skin. Of course, this also means that the book Captain has a full view of my cock as it begins to twitch, growing harder and harder with every passing second.

“Looks like somebody’s excited,” coos Mimmer, standing up from his chair and sauntering over to me.

“It’s nothing, just part of the decompression after my hypersleep,” I stammer.

This gorgeous copy of Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt shakes his square head as a wry smile crosses his face. “I don’t know if I believe that,” the book says.

“I thought we were going to be honest with each other, Chuck.”

“We are,” I say, my voice trembling as the book slinks closer and closer until he is pressed right up against me.

“You know, if we wanted the first interaction between Earth and Kibbs Porp-9 to be peaceful, we could just get that out of the way right now,” the book coos.

I try to protest but my lips resist, instead drawing tight as I watch the incredibly handsome alien book slide lower and lower before me. Eventually, the book is on his knees, his mouth hovering right over my cock while he gazes up and smiles.

“Do it,” I finally sigh, “just do it.”

Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt opens his mouth wide and takes me in, slowly bobbing his head up and down the length of my shaft. The sensation is incredible, causing me to let out a long, satisfied moan while the book pleasures me.

“Oh my god,” I groan, the words falling limping from my lips. Years ago, when I first wrote Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt, I could have never imagined that my book would be launched into space and then evolve into a highly advanced civilization whose leader would suck my cock so well, but here I am.

Captain Mimmer pulls out all the stops, working my balls with his hands and then eventually pushing down as far as he can for an incredible deep throat. The sensation of him fully consuming my rod within his thick, paper body is so incredible that I gasp aloud, reeling from the overwhelming pleasure as it courses through me like sensual electricity.

The book holds me here for a while, keeping his face buried in my lap as he gazes up with excited, cock drunk eyes.

Suddenly, though, I realize that a diplomatic meeting of this magnitude is all about give and take. While I certainly enjoy the way that he has addressed my throbbing shaft, I would much rather be the one who was giving out the pleasure here.

“I want you to pound me,” I suddenly blurt, causing the book to release my dick from his mouth and fall back a bit. “I want to be pounded in the butt by my book Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.”

The captain smiles, watching with hungry eyes and I sit up and then spin around in my chair. I pop my ass out towards him and wiggle it playfully, smiling as the book stands up and positions himself behind me.

The copy of Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt’s cock slowly begins to extending from his matte paper cover, growing larger and larger until it juts out towards my rear like a beautiful fleshy spear. He is absolutely enormous.

Shaking with anticipation, I reach back with one hand and spread my ass cheeks open for the hunky living object, showing off my tightly puckered butthole as the alien book aligns himself with my tightness. I can feel him teasing my rim, testing the limits of my sphincter as he pushes his tip in and out.

“Just fucking do it,” I beg, “slam that huge book dick up my tight gay human asshole!”

Without another moment of hesitation, the book pushes forward, brutally stretching the limits of my tightness. I let out a loud yelp, gripping firmly onto the chair before me and moaning as my body struggles to become accustomed to the size of this edition of Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt.

The captain pulses within me slowly at first, pacing himself with a series of deep, powerful

thrusts that send a chill down my spine with every plunge into my anal depths. It's not long before his moments begin to gain speed however and, the next thing I know, the book is pounding me with everything that he's got.

It's around this time that I begin to notice the first aching pangs of prostate orgasm as the course through me, starting deep within my ass and then moving outward in a beautiful, soothing warmth. While that anal pounding had once been an even mixture of both pain and pleasure, I now find myself consumed with nothing but aching bliss, transported by the hard paper dick of this handsome book that I wrote so long ago.

I reach down between my legs and begin to stroke my aching cock along to the movement of his hammering anal slams, quaking wilding on the chair as I inch closer and closer to a brain melting orgasm.

"I'm so close!" I cry out, my eyes rolling back into my head. "I'm gonna cum!"

Immediately, the book pulls out of me, slapping me hard on the ass and then lifting me up in his large, muscular arms. "I'm not finished with you yet," Captain Mimmer says, hoisting me onto the conference room table and then pushing me over.

I'm lying on my back now, my legs held wide and my reamed asshole completely exposed to the muscular alien book.

"We're going to cum together, a sign of peace between our people," announces the sentient form of literary entertainment.

I nod in agreement, and the next thing I know Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt is pushing into my body, stretching my asshole once again with the immense thickness of his swollen member.

"Oh fuck!" I cry out, my frame still not accustomed to his girth. "That evolved paperback dick feels so good in my butthole!"

The book quickly gets to work slamming me, his hips slapping loudly against my rear as we begin once again.

"For peace between man and book!" yells the captain.

"Peace between man and book!" I repeat, the words staggering wildly with every slam up my rear.

Captain Mimmer is giving me everything that he's got, clearly taking his roll as a representative for his species quite seriously. It's not long before I can feel the familiar orgasmic sensations blossoming up within me once again, flooding my body with a powerful aching desire that is just waiting to be unleashed.

I reach down and grab ahold of my bobbing dick, helping myself along as the two of us edge deep into the troughs of passion, completely in sync with one another.

"Harder!" I scream, "Slam me harder!"

The esteemed copy of Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt is jackhammering me as hard as he can when suddenly he slams deep within my asshole and lets out a wild scream, unloading a massive blast of jizz up into my rectum. It keeps coming and coming, filling me with spunk until there is just not enough room left and his seed comes spilling out from the edges of my tightly packed rim.

My orgasm follows right behind, perfectly timed to erupt throughout my body at the exact same moment that I feel his pearly liquid hits my sphincter. I can sense the muscles of my stomach clench tight, my entire being bracing against the edge of bliss and then tumbling over.

Suddenly, I am completely overwhelmed with ecstasy, shaking wildly as a massive payload of jizz ejects hard from the head of my cock in a series of sensual waves. It splatters across the cover of the book before me, glazing his muscular abs with my hot white spunk.

When our orgasms finally pass my book collapses onto the table next to me, curling up as we lie together in our own cum covered aftermath. I am completely out of it, fucked silly by this powerful book and utterly satisfied to my very core.

“I think we’ve started things off on the right foot,” the copy of *Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt* tells me.

“You can say that again, I just hope that the rest of our species feel the same way,” I offer.

My living book pulls me closer to him, kissing me on the forehead. “We can lead by example,” he tells me.

There is something very meaningful about the way that Captain Mimmer says this, causing me to pull back abruptly and look the book in his beautiful blue eyes. “What do you mean?” I ask, my heart racing.

“I mean...” the captain begins, sliding off of the table and kneeling before me, “will you marry me?”

At this point I’m too shocked to even speak, simply gasping aloud as the living paperback pulls out a ring from within his pages.

“How did you know we’d fall in love so fast?” I ask him.

The book shakes his head. “I didn’t, but I keep a ring between my pages just in case, it is the way of our kind.”

I gaze down at him in silence, my mind racing as I reel from just how much has happened over the last few hours. Just moments ago I was a mild mannered blogger looking to write an article about the elusive Chuck Tingle, and now I am the author himself, falling in love with my own highly evolved book in outer space.

It sounds crazy, I know, but something about all of this just feels right.

“Yes,” I finally say with a nod. “I do.”

As this handsome copy of *Pounded In The Butt By My Book Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt* climbs to his feet and wraps his arms around me, I can’t help but think about how bright the future looks, not just for me and my new husband, but for all of humanity.

At one point it seemed like we were inevitably headed to war, two opposing sides who simply couldn’t understand what the other one was trying to say. Now everything has changed.

“I wish everyone else back on Earth could feel this kind of gay love,” I tell the book. “It might solve a lot of problems.”

“Just you wait,” Mimmer says with a smile. “Just you wait.”

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:

**DINOSAUR MAGICIANS PINN AND TUCKER MAKE  
THEIR WIENERS DISAPPEAR IN MY BUTT**



I've been to Vegas plenty of times in my life and, I have to say, there's something about this city that touches me at my very core. Maybe it's the rich history of suit and tie crooners and seductive showgirls, or maybe it's simply my body's natural reaction to the barrage of flashing lights and ringing bells. Maybe it's the fact that, at any moment, I could walk over to a slot machine, drop in a dollar, and suddenly my life could change forever.

Of course, I'm smarter than that. I know what the odds are and I know that the entire system here is rigged in favor of the house. But I'm a human being, and we are all built to be fascinated by the magic of the unknown; the improbable, the amazing, the miraculous. Even if I don't throw another dollar into the massive profit pit that these casinos continue to amass, I love the option of knowing that I could.

And this, at the heart of it, is what Vegas is all about, the mystery and magic of what *could* happen if you just get lucky enough to play your cards right.

Something about this trip into Sin City feels even more magical than usual, though, and as we cruise closer and closer to our destination across the vast desert landscape, I suddenly realize that I have never arrived in Vegas by car before. Sure, the city looks beautiful as you swoop down over its sprawling metropolis of lights, but this moment is fleeting. By car, however, the city seems to loom large out of the nothingness, starting as a glowing spec in the distance and then becoming bigger and bigger until you're surrounded by its loving embrace. It's beautiful.

"What a fucking view," I stammer, gazing out through the windshield from my place in the passenger seat, taking in all the billboards and scrolling marquees.

My friend, Shibs Bark, says nothing as he nods in agreement, his eyes just as transfixed as mine on the luminous scenery that unfolds before us.

Shibs is a good guy, a real bud who has been nothing but adventurous so far during our cross-country road trip. He's definitely the type who knows how to have fun, a reliable wingman that enjoys getting wasted and picking up chicks just as much as I do.

Vegas is our last stop before we turn around and head back East, and we plan on making the most of our weekend here.

"So what do you think?" I question. "If we get check in right away, get changed, and then head down to the casino floor, I bet we could start in with some blackjack before midnight."

Shibs nods. "Yeah, man, let's do it. You ever tried craps, though?"

I shake my head. "It looks fun but I don't really know the rules."

"Oh, it's so easy," Shibs gushes, "basically, you're trying to get seven, at least that's how it starts."

My friend continues explaining the rules of craps to me but, the second that he starts in, something catches my eye and completely disconnects me from the conversation.

Above us, in beautiful shades of black, white and red, is a billboard unlike anything I have ever seen. It shows two ravishingly handsome dinosaur magicians, one large T-rex and a short velociraptor, standing in well tailored suits while cards fly from their hands. Their names are Pinn and Tucker.

For some reason, I just can't get over how devastatingly good looking these prehistoric entertainers are, their muscular frames and beautiful scaly skin making my heart skip a beat. There is something absolutely breathtaking about their confidence as they stand there, displayed in massive

proportions like kings of this fair city.

But as soon as the image has arrived it's gone again, swept past us as the freeway flies by underneath.

"Does that make sense?" Shibs asks, finishing off his lengthy diatribe on the rules of craps.

"Yeah," I lie, nodding as I tune back in to his story, "totally."

Shibs eyes me skeptically, immediately picking up that something is amiss.

"What?" he asks, glancing over from the driver's seat.

I hesitate, not exactly sure how to deal with the powerful feelings that have suddenly just coursed through me. I feel as though I'm coming down off of an intense high, a changed man.

"What do you think about seeing a show while we're here?" I stammer.

"A show?" Shibs questions. "What do you mean a show? Like go to a strip club?"

"No, no," I counter, shaking my head, "like a magic show."

At first it seems as though my friend is quite receptive to this idea, but when our eyes meet I suddenly realize that he is completely joking, sarcastically mocking my excitement as if it is some kind of childish flight of fancy. Suddenly, Shibs bursts out laughing, unable to control himself any longer. "Wait, are you serious, Larb?" he asks.

Immediately retreating the notion, I nod. "Yeah, I was just fucking with you. Magic is for kids."

"Yeah bro, we're here to gamble and bang chicks!" yells Shibs, drumming his hands on the steering wheel wildly and then throwing his head back to howl like a wolf.

I smile, trying to join in with my friend's excitement and, for the most part, succeeding. Still, there is something that now gnaws away in the back of my mind, and aching desire to be close to these incredible dinosaurs, and to experience the magic of Sin City for real.

After a few hours at the craps table I'm finally ready to return to my usual blackjack routine. It's not that craps is all that difficult to understand and, to be honest, it's a really fun game, but luck does not appear to be with my dice rolls tonight. I'm better off with the cards, I finally decide.

By now, even Las Vegas has calmed down a little bit, although there is still an impressive number of drunk revelers wandering through the casino for three in the morning.

I find myself at an empty blackjack table and sit down, handing the dealer a hundred dollar bill and then receiving my chips. He smiles and nods, then deals out the cards.

The dealer shows a two, and I have a pair of queens that totals twenty. Things are already starting to look up.

"I'll stand," I announce.

The dealer turns his card to reveal a nine, then deals another, a king, which makes twenty-one. The house wins.

I have no other option but to shake my head and let out a long sigh as the dealer pulls half of my chips away. "What are the chances," I murmur to myself.

Someone sits down in the chair next to me, and at first I pay them no attention until I spot a large, green T-rex claw placing another hundred on the table from the corner of my eye. I glance up to find the familiar face of Pinn, the Jurassic magician from the billboards on the way into town.

The dinosaur gestures to me.

"Hey," I stammer, "you're Pinn."

"I sure am," the dinosaur replies with a smile, showing off his long, dagger-like teeth. "How's the table treating you tonight?"

“Not good,” I admit, shaking my head. “I’ve played one hand and I’ve already lost half of my chips.”

The handsome T-rex nods in understanding. “I have a feeling things are going to turn around for you,” he offers, then winks.

Suddenly, the dealer interrupts us. “Would you like to make a bet sir?”

I turn back to him and then push the rest of my chips forward. “Yes.”

A new set of cards are dealt, and I immediately win with a blackjack of my own.

I gasp aloud. “How did you know?” I ask Pinn, who also won big.

“Magic,” the dinosaur tells me with a charismatic smirk. “As part of our deal with the casinos, me and my partner Tucker get to use magic while playing any game. We don’t get an official salary, but this little loophole has kept us very, very wealthy.”

“Whoa,” I gush, shaking my head in amazement, “so cool.”

“Do you like magic?” the dinosaur asks.

I shrug. “I don’t know, I mean, I’ve never been to a magic show before.”

Pinn reaches into the breast pocket of his suit and then pulls out a card. It’s a VIP ticket to the Pinn and Tucker Magic Show tomorrow night. “I’d like you to have this,” says the handsome T-rex. “Come to the show and you’ll see what magic is all about, just show up at the time listed on this ticket.”

I reach out from the card but Pinn withdraws his hand and places it back into his pocket.

“Don’t I need that to get in?” I question.

The dinosaur laughs. “You’ve already got it.”

I’m confused at first, but then slowly, cautiously, I open my jacket and search within my own breast pocket. I find the VIP ticket tucked away safely inside.

When I look back up to thank the gracious dinosaur he has disappeared completely, nothing left of the handsome prehistoric creature but a puff of smoke that wafts away through the cool casino air above.

The next night I go all out, dressing up in my finest suit and checking myself in the mirror more times than I can count.

“You look fine, holy shit,” Shibs yells at me, rolling his eyes, “you’re acting like this is a fucking date.”

The second that my friend says this I freeze, not wanting to reveal my true feelings about this important night. It was hard enough to tell my bro that I was going to a magic show, something that he continues to think is utterly childish. Now that Shibs has come to terms with the fact that he’ll be cruising Vegas on his own this evening, I don’t want to give him anything else to be upset with me about.

Granted, even *I’m* not exactly sure what these feelings are that blossom and grow inside of me. All of my life I have been nothing but a perfectly straight bro, a man’s man who loves nothing more than drinking beer, watching football, and banging babes. Suddenly, however, everything has changed. What I once found incredibly attractive has fallen away, crumbling to dust while, in its place, an image of Pinn and Tucker stand proud and muscular.

Not only are they dinosaurs, but they are male dinosaurs, something that makes absolutely no sense to my conscious brain but continues to feed a strange, deep compulsion.

“I have something to admit,” I finally say, starting to tremble as my eyes lock with Shibs in the

mirror. He's sitting on the bed behind me, watching as the emotions begin to dance across my face.

"What's up?" Shibs finally offers when he realizes that something is actually wrong.

"I... I don't know how to say this," I stammer, "but I think I want to fuck these magical dinosaurs. Is there something wrong with me? Am I gay?"

There is a moment of silence between us and, during this time, I'm overwhelmed with vicious nightmares that feature every possible outcome of this revelation. I imagine my friend leaving without a word and never speaking to me again, furious that his bud has become some horrible dinosexual monster.

Instead, Shibs stands up from the bed and then slowly walks over to me. He opens his arms wide and wraps me tightly within them, pulling me close in a warm embrace of unconditional friendship.

"Whatever man," says Shibs, "you'll always be my bud."

"You mean that?" I question, the tears of joy welling up in my eyes.

"Of course, bro," replies Shibs. "Now get out there and get your butt pounded by those magical dinos."

I thank him for his understanding and wipe the tears from my eyes, realizing now that I'm on the verge of being late. Without another thought, I grab my ticket from the nearby table and run out the door, my heart pounding hard within my chest.

Minutes later, I'm crossing through the hotel lobby and hailing a cab, throwing open the door and jumping into the back seat. "To the Pinn And Tucker Theater," I tell the driver.

The man glances at me in his rearview mirror, but doesn't pull away from the curb. "You sure about that?" the man questions.

"Uh, yeah," I confirm, "and I'm a little late already, so let's get out of here quick."

"The theater's closed tonight," my driver informs me, "I do that route a lot and I can promise you that they are dark on Thursdays."

"What?" I question, suddenly feeling like a deflated balloon. Of course this whole thing was too good to be true.

"Let me see your ticket," offers the driver.

I pull the card out of my pocket and hand it to men, watching as his eyes light up with a knowing expression. He hands the ticket back to me.

"Nevermind," my driver says with a smile, "looks like you're in for a treat tonight."

We pull out into the brilliant Las Vegas evening, lightings flicking above us and tourists stumbling this way and that across the sidewalks. It's a lot to take in but, to be honest, I've tuned out most of the Sin City festivities at this point, looking inward instead.

What is going on here? What did my driver know that I didn't?

I pull out my ticket and look it over, noticing nothing out of the ordinary in its glossy black design. The time and date are definitely printed correctly.

Eventually, we arrive at the Pinn And Tucker Theater. I climb out of my cab and tip the driver generously, who then cruises away with a knowing smile.

It suddenly strikes me that this might not even be the right place. Despite the fact that the marquee in front clearly has Pinn and Tucker emblazoned in massive red letters, there is not a single other person around.

I walk up to the front door of the theater and am utterly shocked to find a ticket taker there to greet me.

“Hello, and welcome to the Pinn And Tucker Theater,” she says warmly.

I hand her my ticket and the woman tears off the stub, giving the rest back to me.

“I’m sorry, but what is going on?” I finally ask.

“You’re at the VIP show,” explains the woman.

“Is anyone else here?” I question.

The ticket taker shakes her head. “Nope, just you. Head on in, the performance is about to start.”

I do as I’m told, crossing through the lobby and then opening up the large double doors to the theater’s main floor. The room is absolutely massive, stretching out before me with rows and rows of velvety red seats, not a single one of them taken. The lights are up and from somewhere behind the stage’s curtain soft jazz emanates.

Not knowing what else to do, I silently make my way down the isle and take a seat front and center, a perfect view of the stage before me. As if waiting for my cue, the house lights immediately dim and the curtain slides open, allowing for the two dinosaur magicians to step forth and introduce themselves.

“Hi, I’m Pinn and this is my partner Tucker,” the large T-rex begins, his loud voice booming out across the vacant expanse of theater before him. “We’re honored to be here tonight, presenting you with some illusions that are designed to shock and amaze. You know, I speak for both Tucker and myself when I say that the best magic touches you deep down inside, living in a place of wonder that many of us tend to forget about while going about our daily lives. With your permission, we’d like to touch you there tonight.”

A strange silence befalls the room and I suddenly realize that a spotlight has been trained onto me from above, illuminating my face in a beautiful, serene glow. “Um... yes,” I finally respond. “That sounds good.”

The spotlight turns off.

“Great!” replies Pinn, clapping his claws together loudly. “For our first trick, we are going to stimulate that sensation in an audience member, selected at random.” The dinosaur places his claw above his eyes and scans the entire room before eventually selecting me. “You there,” Pinn says with a grin, “what’s your name?”

“Larb,” I tell him.

“Good,” Pinn replies, “is there anything in your butt right now, Larb?”

I’m completely taken off guard by his question, but eventually manage to shake my head.

“Are you sure about that?” the T-rex magician continues.

“Pretty sure,” I confirm.

Suddenly, I can feel an intense pressure against the rim of my asshole, teasing the edge momentarily and then suddenly sliding deep inside of me. I let out a loud yelp, jumping slightly in my chair as I struggle to readjust to the strange sensation.

“Oh my fuck,” I cry, grabbing onto the seats in front of me and bracing myself against this incredible fullness. Never before have I experienced anything even remotely similar to this, but as the pressure and tension finally reached the depths of my ass, I can’t help but find myself incredibly aroused.

“You now have a magic dinosaur dick inside of you,” Pinn informs me.

“I love it,” I groan, my voice echoing out across the room.

The magic dick presses gently against my prostate, causing a sharp chill of orgasmic sensation to pulse across my body. I am completely maxed out, overwhelmed from the inside out.

Second later, the pressure releases within, disappearing into the ether from which it came. I fall back into my chair, completely exhausted yet craving more.

“That was amazing,” I tell the dinosaur duo.

“And we’ve only just begun,” announces Pinn. “For our next trick we are going to need a volunteer from the audience. I must warn you, however, that this is a very intense bit of magic. We are going to make our cocks disappear within your buttocks.”

Immediately, my hand shoots up into the air.

“Come on up, Larb,” the handsome T-rex says, beckoning me onto the stage.

I stand slowly, realizing now just how nervous I truly am. My body is quaking with both anxiety and unbridled desire for these hunky reptiles. However, with every step that I make towards the bright lights of the stage, I find myself even more taken by one sensation that completely overwhelms the rest, desire.

Soon enough, I find myself standing with these muscular dinosaurs before the empty theater, my heart nearly pounding out of my chest.

The curtains behind us finally open up all of the way to reveal a large black mat, perfectly square and with just enough give to make it comfortable.

“Are you ready for the trick to begin?” Pinn inquires, taking my hand in his large claw and leading me over to the middle of the stage.

I start to say yes but then stop myself, too consumed by gay attraction to be passive in this situation. “Are *you* ready?” I finally respond.

This is it, it’s now or never.

Suddenly, I drop down to my knees between the two dinosaurs, frantically trying to get at their enormous Jurassic rods. The prehistoric beasts have removed their shafts from the cloth prisons of their suits, pushing them towards my face from either angle.

I take one in each hand, beating them off furiously.

“You like that?” I ask, frantically stroking the dinosaurs.

Tucker remains silent, staying in character the whole time, while Pinn lets out a long, deep moan. The T-rex begins to pump his hips along with the movement of my hand, pushing faster and faster to match the rhythm of my strokes.

Finally, I just can’t take it anymore, opening wide and swallowing the T-rex’s ancient shaft down into my throat. I pump my across his length with skillful enthusiasm, taking a break from beating off Tucker to cradle Pinn’s hanging green balls.

After pulsing across Pinn’s rod for a while I finally push down as far as I can, my lips drifting lower and lower until finally the dinosaur’s enormous shaft is fully consumed in an incredible deep throat. My face is now pressed hard against Pinn’s incredible scaly abs, but I somehow manage to glance up at him and provide a playful wink.

“Fuck yeah,” the T-rex groans, placing his claws against the back of my head until finally I just can’t take it any more and pull away with a gasp.

“Now it’s your turn,” I tell the silent raptor next to me. I grab Tucker’s substantial member and swallow it in turn, taking his entire length down to the hilt.

Never could I have imagined that I would one day find myself in this situation, furiously sucking off two of the greatest dinosaur magicians on earth and loving every second of it. I’m hard as a rock, aching to be touched but, surprisingly, aching even more to be pounded up the asshole.

I remove the raptor cock from my mouth and fall forward onto my hands and knees, glancing

back at the magicians with a fire in my eyes.

“Do it!” I demand. “Show me that fucking trick and make those dinosaur dicks disappear in my asshole!”

Pinn saunters up behind me and crouches down, aligning his cock with the puckered entrance of my back door. “Patience,” the T-rex says, “you can’t rush the magic, Larb. How about just one for now?”

“Yes please,” I beg, “I need your fat prehistory rod up inside of me.”

I can feel the head of his dick teasing my entrance, hovering right at the edge until suddenly the massive reptilian beast is pushing forward, impaling me across his incredible shaft. I let out a loud yelp, my body struggling to accommodate his enormous dinosaur size while I brace myself on the mat below me.

Soon enough, Pinn is riding me with a series of firm, powerful thrusts, slowly at first and then eventually gaining speed as my body becomes accustomed to his girth. Eventually, any pain or discomfort has completely fallen away, replaced by a warm, throbbing pleasure that shakes me to my very foundation.

I open my mouth to scream, the blissful sensations having nowhere else to go but out through my throat, when suddenly the sound is cut off by the fleshy thickness of Tucker’s rod. The raptor has positioned himself in front of me, kneeling down and shoving his giant cock into my mouth.

Now I’m being plowed at either end but these incredible prehistoric beasts, skewered like a gay shishkabob between two hunky reptiles as they use my holes. When one of them pushes forward, the other pulls back, using the inertia from one another to pummel me more furiously than one of them ever could on their own.

The sensation of being used by these creatures has gotten my dick as hard as a rock, and I reach down between my legs to grab ahold of my own aching manhood. I begin to stroke myself off, pulsing my tight fingers faster and faster along my length and moving with the speed of their dinosaur slams. Soon enough, the first hints of orgasm begin to blossom deep within my loins, growing more and more powerful with each passing second until I am absolutely quaking with ecstasy and ready to explode.

I’m just about ready to cum when suddenly Pinn pulls out of my asshole, breaking my concentration as my rectum snaps shut once more. I let Tucker’s cock fall from my lips and then glance back at Pinn in frustration, “I was almost there.”

“The trick’s not over yet,” the T-rex tells me with a grin, slapping my ass playfully with his claw and then laying down on the mat next to me. “In fact, it hasn’t even started yet!”

The handsome dinosaur beckons for me to climb up onto him and I follow his instructions, throwing my legs around his muscular green body and then reaching down to align his shaft with my blown out asshole. I quickly find the spot and then lower myself, letting out a long, aching groan as the beast impales me.

Pinn grabs my waist with his claws and helps to guide me in a series of slow, deliberate swoops that cause his cock to tickle my prostate in just the right way. The sensation is incredible, and it’s not long before I find that same orgasmic sensation bubbling up inside of me once again.

“Oh fuck, that feels so good,” I start to mumble, my eyes rolling back into my head. “You feel so good in my ass, you feel so fucking good in my ass!”

Faster and faster I ride, pumping myself against the massive retille with everything that I’ve got.

“And for our next trick!” the T-rex announces below me, “we will make two cocks disappear within Larb’s tight gay asshole. As you can see, one of our rods has already vanished completely, and

with a little help from my partner Tucker, you are sure to be astounded.”

I glance back over my shoulder and see that the raptor is now approaching us, his thick dick hard and at the ready. I’m equally terrified and aroused, not sure if I can handle both of their massive members at once but willing and ready to give it my best shot.

Second later, I can feel the head of Tucker’s rod pressing hard against the tightness of my rear, trying desperately to find a way in to this incredibly tight and already filled hole.

“Abracadabra!” Pinn shouts, and suddenly Tucker plunges forward, my anal passageway somehow relaxing just enough to accommodate both of their massive dinosaur cocks at the same time.

The creatures waste no time getting to work within my stretched hole, slamming up my ass like dual piston of scaly green dick. I’m honestly shocked at how incredibly pleasant it feels, their movements somehow complimenting each other perfectly inside the snugly contained walls of my flesh. I grip hard to the T-rex below me, holding on for dear life as their dicks pummel me like jackhammers, slamming my prostate in a rapid-fire torrent of cock that has me spasming wildly.

I reach down for a second time and begin to beat off my cock with an unprecedented fury, yearning to explode and getting there swiftly. I throw my head back and let out a guttural howl, my entire body flooded with blissful intensity.

Suddenly, rope after rope of hot, sticky jizz erupts from the head of my shaft and splatters across the muscular body of the dinosaur below me, covering him in a milky display of pearl spunk.

Now the dinosaurs are cumming as well, the two of them holding deep within me and letting loose with simultaneous payloads that fill my rectum to the brim. The jizz keeps coming and coming, though, and it’s no surprise when it finally spills over, squirting out from the tightly packed rim of my butt and running down my legs in thick streaks.

After everyone has completely finished with their powerful orgasms, the three of us collapse into a pile in the middle of the stage.

“That was amazing,” I moan, “I never knew magic could be so... hot.”

The dinosaurs pull out of me gently, spilling cum everywhere, and then stand up and take a bow to the non-existent audience. The curtain drifts closed and Pinn walks over to help me up, extending a friendly claw.

“You did fantastic,” the dinosaur offers, “I mean really, really great.”

“Oh thank you,” I tell him with a nod.

Tucker approaches from somewhere off in the wings and hands me a large towel so that I can clean myself up.

“That was an audition,” Pinn informs me.

Immediately, I stop what I’m doing, completely taken off guard by this unexpected revelation. “Seriously?” I ask.

“Seriously,” the T-rex explains. “We’re looking for a new assistant, someone that can help us make dicks disappear in front of a crowd five nights a week.”

“I don’t even know what to say,” I stammer, blushing a bit.

“Say you’ll join us,” urges Pinn.

I don’t even think twice. “Of course I’ll do it,” I tell the handsome dinosaur magicians, “but how about another run through, first?”



## Also by Chuck Tingle...

### *Dinosaur Tingle*

[\*My Billionaire Triceratops Craves Gay Ass\*](#)

[\*Gay T-Rex Law Firm: Executive Boner\*](#)

[\*Space Raptor Butt Invasion\*](#)

[\*Gaygent Brontosaurus: The Butt Is Not Enough\*](#)

[\*Professor T-Rex Teaches Me Gayness\*](#)

[\*Lonely Author Pounded By Dinosaur Social Media Followers\*](#)

[\*President Domald Loch Ness Tromp Pounds America's Butt\*](#)

[\*Pharma Bro Pounded In The Butt By T-Rex Comedian Bill Murky And A Clan Of Triceratops Rappers Trying To Get Their Album Back\*](#)

[\*Dinosaur Magicians Pinn And Tucker Make Their Wieners Disappear In My Butt\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Dinosaur Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 1\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Dinosaur Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 2\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Dinosaur Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 3\*](#)

### *Unicorn Tingle*

[\*Taken By The Gay Unicorn Biker\*](#)

[\*My Ass Is Haunted By The Gay Unicorn Colonel\*](#)

[\*Pounded By The Gay Unicorn Football Squad\*](#)

[\*Unicorn Butt Cops: Beach Patrol\*](#)

[\*Anally Yours, The Unicorn Sailor\*](#)

[\*Top Horn: Turned Gay By The Unicorn Pilots\*](#)

[\*Hunter Dentist Pounded In The Butt By Cecil The Handsome Unicorn\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Unicorn Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 1\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Unicorn Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 2\*](#)

### *Bigfoot Tingle*

[\*Pounded By President Bigfoot\*](#)

[\*Bigfoot Sommelier Butt Tasting\*](#)

[\*Seduced By Doctor Bigfoot: Attorney At Large\*](#)

[\*Bigfoot Pirates Haunt My Balls\*](#)

[\*The Curse Of Bigfoot Butt Camp\*](#)

[\*Bigfoot Settler's Claim My Butthole\*](#)

[\*Dan Bigfootzerian Parties In My Butthole With His Billionaire Lifestyle\*](#)

[\*Eight Bigfoot Buckaroos Hate My Butt And Pound It\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Bigfoot Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 1\*](#)

[\*Chuck's Bigfoot Tingle\*](#) [\*Volume 2\*](#)

### *Living Object Tingle*

[\*I'm Gay For My Living Billionaire Jet Plane\*](#)

[\*Trained By The Living Biker Train\*](#)

[\*Pounded By The Gay Color Changing Dress\*](#)

[\*Turned Gay By The Living Alpha Diner\*](#)

[\*Glazed By The Gay Living Donuts\*](#)

[\*Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt\*](#)

[\*Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"\*](#)

[Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt'"](#)

[Buttception: A Butt Within A Butt Within A Butt](#)

[Vampire Night Bus Pounds My Butt](#)

[Shared By The Chocolate Milk Cowboys](#)

[Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book](#)

[Angry Man Pounded By The Fear Of His Latent Gayness Over A Dinosaur Transitioning Into A Unicorn](#)

[Slammed Up The Butt By My Hot Coffee Boss](#)

[The State Of California Stalks My Butthole](#)

[Pounded In The Butt By My Leaked Mashly Addison Data](#)

[Happy Birthday Frankenstein, Now Pound My Butt](#)

[Oppressed In The Butt By My Inclusive Holiday Coffee Cups](#)

[Monday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)

[Creamed In The Butt By My Handsome Living Corn](#)

[Slammed In The Butthole By My Concept Of Linear Time](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 1](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 2](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 3](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 4](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 5](#)

[Living Objects Pound My Butt: 12 Gay Stories With Abs And Smiles](#)

### *Self Help*

[Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance](#)

### *Novels/Other*

[Helicopter Man Pounds Dinosaur Billionaire Ass \(A Novel\)](#)

[Buttageddon: The Final Days Of Pounding Ass](#)

[Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror](#)

## 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](mailto:ChuckTheTingler@gmail.com)