

MY HANDSOME SENTIENT FACE MASK  
PROTECTS ME DESPITE THE RIDICULOUS  
CONSPIRACY THEORIES THAT HE WON'T ALSO  
HE POUNDS MY BUTT

By Chuck Tingle

I'm sitting at the cafe enjoying my tall, cold glass of chocolate milk when I see Mark enter, a huge obnoxious grin plastered across his face. There are plenty of reasons why this sets me on edge, but the most obvious one is the fact that I shouldn't be able to see my friends grin at all right now. He should be wearing a mask.

"Oh god," I blurt, shaking my head from side to side and then lowering my gaze in embarrassment as Mark approaches.

My friend sits down across from me. "What did you get? Chocolate milk?" he questions rhetorically, observing my beverage and then considering his own.

I notice a few other patrons glancing over at us, concerned looks on their faces. Eventually, they go back to their own business, but I'm still mortified to my core. Fortunately, now that we're sitting at the table eating and drinking, it's reasonable to remove our masks, but I'm still reeling from Mark's walk over.

"You okay?" my friend continues.

I narrow my eyes, suddenly realizing that he doesn't even have a mask *with him*. "Yeah, I'm fine," I finally blurt. "Do you not have a face mask?"

Mark leans back and rolls his eyes, slumping down in his chair as he assumes some kind of position of cocky defiance. "Of course not!" he replies. "You know they can *track you* with those things right?"

I just stare at him blankly, utterly confused. Ever since the trotting plague started, there have been a variety of different public health messages sent out in an effort to keep the world safe. Plenty of these messages have gradually evolved, and some restrictions have been tightened or loosened. One thing we know for sure, though: wearing a mask cuts down on transmission of the trotting plague.

Most restaurants require face masks if you'd like to be served, and as private establishments, that is obviously within their right. Hell, they could require masks even *without* a worldwide global pandemic. But more important than the technical request of masking up, is the kind message that it sends to everyone else, the visual display that says, *I'm caring enough not only to protect myself, but to protect the people I come in contact with.*

At this point, it's just common courtesy.

Apparently, Mark doesn't think so.

"What do you mean *they can track you*?" I question, not quite sure what my friend is trying to say. "Who is *they*?"

"The powers that be!" Mark continues. "The government!"

"You mean like President Tromp?" I question, still not getting it.

"Oh no, Tromp isn't part of the government," my friend clarifies.

"*The president* is not part of the government?" I repeat back, growing more and more perplexed with every answer that comes my way. These questions are having the opposite effect on my understanding, and with every passing moment the illogical web begins to tangle even more.

"I mean, like the *secret government*," Mark offers. "The shadow state, the deep group, the ones pulling all the strings. They want us to wear masks because they've got microchips in the fabric. That way they can track you."

"Why do they want to track me?" I question.

Mark laughs, shaking his head from side to side as though he's amazed I'm not already existing on the same level of conspiracy theory madness that he is. "Because they're trying to steal your blood, man."

I can't help myself, letting out a long, exasperated sigh and then taking a heavy sip of my chocolate milk.

Mark notices my body language and suddenly realizes just how opposed to his ranting and raving I really am. "You think this mask is actually going to protect you?" he offers, pointing at the cloth face mask of mine that sits folded nearly on the table between us.

"Yes," I reply quite simply.

"That's a sheeple mentality, my guy," Mark continues. "You know that you breathe out CO2, right? When you wear that mask you're just breathing in *your own* CO2, a natural sedative. It's making your brain weaker so Bill Grates can herd the masses wherever he wants."

"Oh god," I offer in return, an expression of shock at how far gone my friend is rather than an agreement with his absurd statement. Of course, Mark takes it as a confirmation.

"Right?" he offers, nodding his head. "You get it now!"

I gaze out the window of the coffee shop, watching as the sun begins to set on the horizon and the sky blooms with a glorious display of purples and oranges. It's a brief moment of mental peace after trying to deal with Mark's inane ideas, but this is not a vacation that's built to last.

After all, I'm still sitting across from him as he spouts these ridiculous theories.

Which brings me to my final realization: why is Mark even my friend? He's gotten worse and worse about this stuff over time, and I feel like the dam of my patience is just a few moments from breaking.

"Wanna talk about something else?" I finally suggest.

"Cool, cool," Mark replies. "Let me get my drink first."

My friend stands up and strolls over to the coffee shop counter to make his order.

Meanwhile, my gaze is still locked tight onto the beautiful display of light and color before me, watching as the day transitions into night and then chuckling a defeated laugh about just how crazy the world has become. Not only do I have the threat of the trotting plague to contend with, but another victim of the Billings Butcher was reported just hours ago.

This maniac has been stalking the streets of Billings for months now, and the police still have no leads. Of course, that still hasn't stopped rumors from spreading about this monstrous slasher. Witnesses have offered a variety of descriptions, but the one image that has stuck portrays him as a tall, bulky figure in tattered clothing and a hockey mask covering his face. In his hand he wields a rusty old machete, which he uses to hack apart his prey.

I shudder just thinking about it, reminding myself that I should probably start walking home before it gets too dark. Once Mark finishes his drink, I'm getting out of here.

"What do you mean you won't serve me?" a familiar voice cries out, pulling me back into reality and causing my heart to skip a beat.

I glance over to see Mark standing at the counter of this small, quiet cafe, his eyes wide as he shakes his fist in anger.

"I'm sorry, sir," a bright pink unicorn behind the counter states firmly. "This is a private business and you'll need to leave if you don't put on a face mask."

Clearly prepared for this, Mark reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded piece of paper. It appears he's printed something off of the internet, which he begins to read.

"This is directly from the Center For Breathing Humans Of The United States!" he announces. "No business shall prohibit one from entering if they have the following conditions: tooth spines, blood bumps, moon throat."

“I’m gonna have to stop you right there,” the unicorn interrupts. “The Center For Breathing Humans Of The United States isn’t a real organization, and none of those are real illnesses.”

This drives Mark into a rage, my friend slamming his fists down onto the counter before him, nearly shattering the glass. “I will not be tracked by Bill Grates!”

I realize in this exact moment that Mark is no longer my friend.

“Get out,” the unicorn state firmly, pointing toward the door.

“Fine!” Mark replies. “I just have one last thing to say!”

My former friend turns to the rest of the cafe, addressing this group of strangers from all walks of life who have been brought together as witnesses to this impromptu display of madness and arrogance.

“Your mask will not protect you!” Mark cries out. “Your mask will not be there when you need it the most! Your mask is not your friend!”

Mark then turns to me. “Let’s get out of here, Tyler.”

I cringe as he says this, the rest of the cafe suddenly realizing that I have a connection to this maniac.

“Uh... no,” I finally reply. “I think you should go.”

“Then fuck you, too!” Mark screams.

As my former friend marches toward the door I can’t help yelling out after him. “And by the way, why would Bill Grates need masks to track you? *We already have phones!*”

The second Mark leaves the whole cafe erupts in applause. Honestly, I don’t feel bad about losing him as a friend, which I kind of expected. Instead, I feel a great wave of relief wash over me.

I finish my drink and clean my table before putting on my mask and heading toward the door myself. I also make sure to drop off another tip to the unicorn behind the counter, because after an outburst like that, they deserve it.

Soon enough, I’m strolling the streets of Billings, enjoying the crisp fall air as it tickles my skin. Of course, it would be a little more enjoyable if I didn’t have to keep my eyes trained for the Billings Butcher, but all and all I’m enjoying the evening walk.

“You okay?” my face mask questions.

“That was crazy, huh?” I reply, speaking directly into the sentient piece of health and safety gear.

“You didn’t answer my question,” my face mask reminds me. “Are you okay?”

I let out a long sigh, so thankful for Trimble, my living mask. While Mark has shown his true colors as a complete asshole, Trimble is really making up for it on the protective front.

“I’m good,” I assure him. “I thought I’d be a little more upset about losing a friend, but what are you gonna do? I didn’t like when he said ‘masks won’t protect you.’ I know that’s not true.”

“Thanks,” Trimble replies, clearly touched that I’d stick up for him like that.

Suddenly, I stop in my tracks, gazing down the dimly lit suburban street before me. The sight is so darkly absurd that at first I think it must be Mark coming back to play a prank on me, but the longer I stand here and gaze at the figure, the more I begin to realize that he’s much too large to be my former friend.

At the end of the block I’m walking down stands an enormous man, his form a vague silhouette under the streetlight that beams down from above. Despite the awkward lighting I can still make out the hockey mask covering his face and the giant blade hanging down by his side.

“Uh... are you seeing this?” I ask Trimble, my heart slamming hard within my chest as I stand frozen in fear.

“Yeah, I do,” my sentient face mask replies. “Let’s get out of here.”

I back away slowly, keeping my eyes firmly locked on the man I’ve now identified as the Billings Butcher. The figure doesn’t move a muscle as I creep around the corner from which I came, disappearing from sight.

I immediately turn and break out in a sprint, running the opposite direction and making my way deeper into the neighborhood. Part of me considers running up and knocking on the door of some random house for help, but in the back of my mind I’m still not entirely convinced this isn’t some kind of awful prank.

I reach the end of the block and make a sharp left turn, but the second I do this I squeal to yet another stop.

Somehow the Billings Butcher is here waiting for me, standing under yet another streetlight as though he’s been lingering there the whole time. He’s much closer now than he was before, and after a few seconds of remaining perfectly still, the crazed killer abruptly breaks out in a brisk walk toward me.

“Oh shit!” I cry, backing away yet again.

This time, however, I’m so taken off guard that I stumble and fall, tripping over my own feet as I land on the sidewalk with a thud. The Billings Butcher only quickens his pace, marching toward me and lifting his machete high over his head.

I let out a frantic scream, turning away and raising my hands to protect myself when suddenly Trimble takes action, leaping off of my face and rushing toward the killer.

“Trimble, wait!” I cry out, but there’s no stopping him. My mask is singularly focused on protecting me at all cost.

Apparently, the Billings Butcher wasn’t quite expecting this. Before the killer has a chance to react, Trimble is taking a massive swing with his fist and connecting hard with the jaw of his target.

The Billings Butcher stumbles back, dropping his machete and grabbing his face in pain. He’s reeling now, completely taken off guard by my living face mask defender. The killer roars and then rushes at Trimble, grabbing him and throwing him against a nearby hedge.

My first instinct is to rush in and help, but my face mask throws up a hand to stop me. “No!” he cries. “Run! Just get out of here!”

I appreciate his protective nature, but I can’t just leave Trimble here if he’s in trouble.

Moments later, my face mask throws another solid right hook, and then another. Now the Billings Butcher is stumbling back again, weary and confused as my sentient protective face mask continues to lay into him.

“Go!” Trimble yells again, pushing me to run away and find safety. “Get home!”

This time I heed my friend’s words, realizing now that he’s got the situation under control. The Billings Butcher may look big and tough, but he’s clearly no match for the safety provided by my living face mask.

I turn around and begin running down the street, sprinting all the way until I reach my apartment. I hurry up the front steps, pulling out my keys as I go and then immediately unlocking the door to my second story unit. I dive inside and draw the blinds.

My breathing heavy, I peer out through the thin slats at my dark street below, gazing into every shadow as I search for a sign the Billings Butcher has followed me home.

But no sign comes.

About ten minutes later, I watch another familiar figure emerge from the darkness. It's Trimble, my protective face mask, and although he's sporting a slight limp he seems otherwise unphased by the encounter.

I immediately climb to my feet and rush over to my apartment door, undoing the locks and helping my dear friend inside.

"Oh my god, are you okay?" I blurt. "What happened?"

The sentient mask immediately makes his way into the kitchen and pours himself a glass of chocolate milk from the faucet, taking a long, satisfying drink of the cool and refreshing liquid. When he finally finishes, he sets his cup down firmly on the counter, then breaks out in a smile. "I guess the Billings Butcher won't be hurting anyone anymore."

"Wait, really?" I ask.

Trimble nods. "I got him down on the ground and held him there until an arrest was made," he explains. "It'll be all over the papers tomorrow."

My eyes go wide with excitement. I can't help myself, I rush into the kitchen and hug my friend tight, overwhelmed with happiness and gratitude. We stay like this for a while, locked in a loving embrace and both declining to pull away.

In this moment, a whole slew of emotions flood through my body. I've always been attracted to my living face mask, but our relationship seemed too utilitarian for that to matter. We're friends, and I enjoy his company when I mask up to leave the house, but I figured that was the extent of it.

Now I'm beginning to realize these boundaries where all in my head, and Trimble is capable of so much more. I also get the distinct feeling that my living face mask feels exactly the same.

"I won't ever let someone say masks don't work," I finally whisper in Trimble's ear.

The handsome face mask turns to me, and without a moment's hesitation he kisses me deeply on the lips.

After having him so close to my face for so long, I never realized just how much I wanted this. As soon as the tension breaks we're all over each other, making out passionately as our hands begin to explore one another's bodies.

I begin to push Trimble back into the living room, making our way through the apartment until he finally collapses into the soft cushions of the couch. I climb up on top of the sentient face mask and continue to kiss him, making my way from his lips, to his neck, to his collar bone.

With one hand I reach down and begin to tease the limits of his waist, noticing the growth and hardness as his cock begins to swell, but refusing to touch it just yet. Instead, I tease him for a while, playfully tracing his hip bones with my finger as he pushes his hips back against me.

"You like that?" I question in a soft whisper.

The living mask nods.

"You want more?" I coo.

The sentient face mask nods again.

"Like this?" I ask, then finally relent, reaching down and wrapping my fingers tightly around his cloth face mask's cock.

Trimble lets out a long, satisfied groan as I begin to stroke him, pumping my grip slowly up and down along his length. I can tell that he likes this, not just from the audible tones escaping from between his lips, but because of the way that he rocks his hips against me. The two of us quickly fall into sync with one another, locked in as the pleasure begins to build.

Still, I want more, and while the handjob is plenty of fun, I find myself yearning to feel this handsome face mask's cock between my lips. Soon enough, I'm slipping down the length of Trimble's body, kissing along his cloth chest and abs and then eventually arriving at his massive, face mask dick.

I open my mouth wide and take Trimble's mammoth rod between my lips, slowly pumping my face up and down across his length. I use the same pace that I was stroking with my hand just moments before, then gradually gain speed as I work him. I reach up and cradle his balls, adding to the sensations.

"Oh fuck, that feels so good," Trimble groans, reaching down and placing his hands against the back of my head. He guides me along, clearly enjoying the way that I'm picking up speed as he gives in to the carnal pleasures that flood his body.

Eventually, however, I'm simply pumping too fast to maintain. I pull back with a loud gasp, struggling to collect myself as a long thread of saliva hangs between my lips and the head of Trimble's enormous dick. I take a moment, then dive back in, but this time I take a different approach.

When I slip Trimble's rod into my mouth I don't bob my head up and down. Instead, I swallow the sentient mask's cock deeper and deeper into my gullet, somehow relaxing my throat enough to take the living object's member completely. Soon enough, I find my face pressed up hard against Trimble's glorious abs, held in a perfectly performed deep throat.

I stay like this for as long as I can possibly manage, then finally pull back with a fire in my eyes and an erotic ache in my heart. I want even more.

"I need that dick," I snarl, frantically stripping out of my clothing and tossing it to the side.

Trimble helps me along, tearing away any restrictive fabric until my body is entirely bare. I turn around and fall forward, popping my ass out toward the handsome living mask behind me. I let him have a good look, crawling across the ground and rocking my hips from side to side as I go.

I can feel the sentient mask's eyes watching me, and this knowledge sends a sharp chill of arousal down my spine.

"You like the way that healthy body looks?" I coo. "That's all thanks to you. You keep me feeling great."

I reach back and slap my ass, then grab a cheek and spread it wide so that Trimble can get an even better look at my puckered hole.

"What are you waiting for?" I continue. "Fuck me."

The living face mask doesn't need to be told twice, floating down into position behind me and aligning his enormous rod with the tightness of my waiting butthole. Still, he takes his time, teasing me with his giant member as he tests the limits of my anal rim. Now it's Trimble who has control as I beg for his touch.

"Please," I moan. "I need that dick!"

Finally, Trimble has mercy and thrusts forward, impaling me across his sturdy cock with one deep and powerful swoop. I let out a startled cry as he enters me, believing that I'd be prepared for his girth but clearly not expecting to be stretched quite like this.

While taking the living face mask's cock in my mouth had been one thing, my butthole is an entirely different story. I'm filled completely, and unfortunately the first sensations that flood through me are ones of aching discomfort.

However, Trimble is a kind and patient lover, taking his time with me as he pauses in this position for what seems like forever. He waits just like this, allowing my body to adjust to his penetration and then slowly beginning to pump his hips against my frame. Soon enough, the living object's body is rocking deep against me, transforming the unpleasant sensations into a blissful warmth.

"Oh fuck, just like that," I groan, bracing myself against the floor as the living face mask starts to hammer me from behind.

Soon enough, the two of us find ourselves in a steady rhythm, Trimble and I reading each other's body language as we fall into sync with one another. It's not long before I start to tremble and quake, the first hints of a prostate orgasm bubbling up from deep within. It begins at the pit of my stomach and then carries out down my arms and legs, tickling each and every nerve ending as it sets about overwhelming my senses.

"That dick feels so good, that dick feels so good," I repeat over and over again, the blissed out mantra starting as a whisper and then escalating into a belligerent roar. "That dick feels so good! That dick feels so *fucking good!*"

By now Trimble is hammering away at me with everything he's got, slamming my asshole with that enormous face mask cock of his. I reach down and grab ahold of my dick, beating myself off in time with his pumps from behind.

The dual sources of pleasure begin to twist and swirl together, becoming so much more than the sum of their parts. My body is quaking hard with tremors of erotic tension, the specter of a powerful orgasm looming larger and larger until I finally just can't take it anymore.

I throw my head back and let out a wild, unbridled scream, lost in the moment as I cum hard. Hot white jizz erupts from the head of my rod, splattering across the ground below in glorious patterns of pearly white.

Trimble carries me through my entire orgasm like a perfect gentleman, never letting up for a second while my body reels. When I'm finally finished, however, he thrusts deep into my butt and unleashes a payload of his own, filling me up with more cum than I can handle. Soon enough, the sentient face mask's seed is squirting out from the edges of my tightly packed rim and running down the back of my legs in long, thick streaks.

When the mask has reached a satisfactory ending he withdraws his cock, then climbs down onto the floor next to me, wrapping his arms around my body.

"Thank you for keeping me safe," I offer.

"It's my job," he replies. "It's why I'm here."

"I know," I reply. "but still, thanks."

We stay like this for a long while, just enjoying each other's presence and appreciating the moment.

I feel nothing but safe in his arms.