

BISEXUAL UNICORN VAMPIRES TEACH ME THE IMPORTANCE OF THE VAMPIRE COUGH

By Chuck Tingle

As a health care professional, I can't remember a time when I was more exhausted than this. There've been plenty of moments when my ability to stay focused and alert was tested, late nights at the hospital where I held myself together for hours or even days longer than I expected, but nothing compares to what it's been like dealing with the trotting plague.

The trotting plague is a strange illness that has come on quickly, causing anyone infected to begin a sudden and playful prance, their knees high and their hands out as though they were pretending to be a pony. These trotters feel the compulsion to prance around in this way for an entire day, at which point they tucker out and the symptoms subside. By that time, however, they've already infected a countless number of others who will soon begin a similar trot.

"But *why* does it matter?" some might ask. "They're just trotting playfully around."

It's true, there are worse things than trotting that an illness could compel you to do, but that's exactly the point. Trotting is a pure and playful activity, something that should never be done through the force of a foreign influence.

In the name of all that is good in this world, Buck Tangle will stand up and fight for the sanctity of a wholesome, decent trot.

It's that kind of commitment to helping others that drove me to being a doctor in the first place. I'm not just *any* doctor either, I'm one of the hard working medical practitioners who has specifically positioned themselves to help out in an outbreak such as this.

Half my time is spent on the ground floor of it all, treating patients and making sure they're getting the proper care they deserve, and the other half is dedicated to finding ways of stopping these illnesses at their source. I've been staying after hours in the lab, trying to come up with any solution that I can while the world spins on in chaos around me. When I find even the slightest shred of an answer, I pass it along and let this information flow out into the world, hopefully creating policies that could make others just a little bit safer.

Washing your hands? That was me.

Staying inside and social distancing? I came up with that, too.

Now, however, I'm at a loss. It appears I've given all the advice that I possibly can, and now there's nothing else I can do to help slow this exponential outbreak.

Of course, self-quarantining and social distancing is the best thing people can do right now, but what if they absolutely *have* to leave the house to see a doctor? How should they behave in the waiting room? Or what if they share a house with someone who isn't sick yet, and there's simply not enough space to keep the two people safely apart?

There *must* be more strategies left, some untapped resource that can be scoured for helpful information.

“Hey Dr. Tangle, what are you still doing here?” a voice cuts through the darkness behind me.

I turn around in the dim light of my lab to see my friend and co-worker, Bossica Tream, standing in the doorway.

“Just doing a little more research,” I inform her, turning away from my microscope. “There’s still a few avenues to test. I think if I separate the protein from the trotting plague virus, I can probably isolate some of the factors that drive the high kicks. It’s not the whole prance, but it’s something.”

Dr. Tream just stares at me blankly, trying to choose her expression with care. I can tell there’s something on her mind, something she’s dying to get out.

“You should go home,” my friend finally says, cracking. “You’ve been here twice as long as anyone else. You’re exhausted.”

“I know,” I counter, then shake my head, “but I can’t. We’ve gotta get to the bottom of this, people are out there trotting for hours.”

Dr. Tream nods with understanding, then tries another approach. “Listen, I know you really want to help, and so far you’ve done an amazing job. At a certain point, though, you’re gonna be too tired to be productive here. You’ve technically been off the clock for a while now, and that means it’s time to get some rest. Take care of yourself.”

“They need me,” I reply, stubbornly.

“Hank, they need you thinking clear and awake,” Jessica reminds me.

She’s right, and I know it. Sometimes it can feel like the best course of action is just plowing forward, regardless of the internal cost, but it’s rarely the correct move in the long run. If we’re gonna make it through this thing they we need to stay focused, and sometimes staying focused means giving yourself a break.

“Take the night off,” Dr. Tream says directly. “Get some rest.”

I nod in begrudging acceptance. “You’re right.”

Bossica smiles and then leaves, letting the door drift closed behind her.

Moments later I’m left in the dark silence of my lab once again, meditating on my next course of action. After a while, I force myself to tear away from the equipment, grabbing my coat and pulling it on.

I’m about to head out the door when something stops me in my tracks: a faint glowing light from the back room. Of course, this glow isn’t unusual, but as a man of science I rarely pay it much attention.

Here at the hospital, we have many tools that we use in our daily quest for knowledge. It’s important that all of them adhere to a scientific guideline in order

to produce the best possible results, leaving some mysterious, otherworldly things that go untouched.

I have one such item here in my lab, and ancient tome of knowledge that sits on a dusty shelf next to my medical journals. It's been said that gazing upon the words within can bend the mind of any who seek their cosmic knowledge, but I think that's a bit of an exaggeration.

The book is not *evil*, it's just old and magic. It also kind of scares me.

Still, if there was any time to take a look inside, it would be now. After all, I've tried everything I can manage to get the trotting plague under control. Maybe there's some untapped resource still waiting for me in this ancient book.

I turn and creep back through my lab, heading into the other room and allowing my eyes to look upon the strange glowing volume that sits on my shelf. I pull it off slowly, then open it up, my pupils shifting from the luminous glow.

The language is old and strange, but I can make out the basic points. As I hold the book in my hand, it begins to flip from page to page as though blown by some mystical wind.

Eventually, the book lands on a page with a drawing of an ancient castle, the terrifying building spiraling up towards the sky above in a mass of twisting stone towers.

"Vampire," I read aloud.

Unfortunately, it's too difficult for me to translate the rest.

I close the book, realizing exactly what I have to do. There's a vampire castle about an hour north from here, and while I'd always driven by the place with a healthy dose of fear and caution, I know now that it's exactly where I need to go for the answers I'm looking for.

An excitement in my step, I turn and head out of the lab, grabbing a few trotting plague tests as I go. I've been doing everything I can to not venture out into this harsh new world, but at least I'll be able to test myself and not drag anyone else into this mess should I happen to be infected.

I'm thankful to find that the results of my trotting plague test are negative, but any good will and glee immediately melts away as I pull up to the front gates of this enormous castle. I gaze at the massive structure perched atop this hillside, noting that there seems to be a permanent assortment of storm clouds clustered around it. Lightening flashes twice in the distance, and moments later a pair of cacophonous, thundering booms erupt in my ears.

The gate itself is made of iron and hanging haphazardly from its rusty hinge, swaying back and forth in the wind. There's plenty of room for me to drive past, and that's exactly what I do as my heart continues to slam hard within my

chest. It suddenly hits me that this is probably an incredibly bad idea, that just because some ancient glowing book told me I might find health tips at the vampire castle, I probably shouldn't be headed up here without telling anywhere where I'm going.

In this moment, a powerful wave of caution and regret washes over me. Maybe I should turn around and head back home.

The next thing I know, however, I've already arrived, pulling up to the front of this ancient castle and putting my car in park. The rain is pouring down hard, but the front door features an enormous overhang that will keep me dry should I decide to go through with this.

I take a deep breath and let it out slowly, then finally make my choice. Without another moment of hesitation, I throw open my car door and run up the castle steps, continuing to barrel onward until I find myself somewhere dry.

I wipe the rain away and then rap on the enormous entryway of this castle three times, the iron knocker ringing out with endless hollow booms within.

I wait, then wait some more, eventually considering that the vampiric rumors could be nothing more than gossip and lies. For all I know, this castle could've been abandoned for years.

I begin to turn and walk away, but suddenly stop. The door cracks open and gradually swings wide with a long, loud creak.

"Why, hello there!" comes the a deep and confident Transylvanian accent.

The next thing I know, two figures are standing before me. One is a unicorn with a dark black mane and a flowing cloak of shadows around him. He is tall and breathtakingly handsome, with eyes like coals that scare out at me from his shadowy surroundings.

Next to this unicorn is a second horned creature, ravishing and beautiful in a cloak of her own. Her fabric is red, however, and it matches the stark crimson of her lips.

"Hi," I stammer, trying to regain my composure in the presence of these gorgeous gothic unicorns.

We stand in silence for a moment, and at first I can't tell why until, suddenly, I'm hit with the realization that it's my job to explain my reason for arriving on their doorstep unannounced.

"Oh, sorry," I continue, struggling to collect my thoughts. "I'm Dr. Buck Tangle, and I'm wondering if you could help me with something very important."

The two unicorns exchange glances knowingly, although I can't quite get the meaning of their expression.

"I'm Count Rimple," the unicorn in black replies, finally turning back to face me.

“And I’m Countess Gorba,” offers the woman with a sly grin. “You may continue.”

“I have this ancient tome of knowledge,” I explain, stumbling over my words. “It’s this big spooky book, I should’ve brought it with me but I left it in my car... anyway, this book glows green and it talks to me sometimes. I think it might be twisting my dreams. I don’t know... it said I should come see you.”

“See us?” Count Rimple questions, “but why?”

“Because it told me to find some vampires,” I continue, awkwardly quieting down as I reach the end of my sentence. By the time I’ve arrived at the final, and most important, word, I’m barely audible.

“What was that?” Count Rimple questions, leaning in a bit.

“Oh,” I blurt, awkwardly scratching the back of my neck. “It said I needed to find some vampires.”

The unicorns suddenly erupt in a fit of laughter, rolling their eyes at the grand silliness of it all. Eventually, I start to laugh, too, a wave of relief washing over me. Talking to a couple of beautiful unicorns is *much* less frightening than talking to a couple of beautiful unicorn vampires.

“Crazy, right?” I chuckle. “I knew it was silly. There’s no such thing as vampires.”

“Oh no, we’re vampires,” Countess Gorba counters. “We were just laughing because you *found our book*. We must’ve left that at the hospital ages ago!”

“I probably dropped it back when I had my five century physical,” Count Rimple adds.

“Wait, so you *are* vampires?” I question, immediately frightened again.

“Yes, but you’ve got nothing to worry about,” Count Rimple continues. “Don’t worry, we don’t suck blood. Only cock.”

The unicorn vampires erupt in another fit of laughter.

“Do you want to come in?” Countess Gorba questions, stepping to the side and waving me onward.

“I... don’t know,” I stammer.

“The sucking off is up to you, obviously, but I think we can help you with that health tip you’re looking for,” she offers.

It’s now or never, and this is exactly the advice I was hoping to receive. Being around vampires is a little stressful, but they seem kind enough, and if they can help me curb the spread of the trotting plague in even the slightest amount, it will all be worth it.

“Before I come in,” I suddenly blurt. “You haven’t been exposed to the trotting plague, have you? I just tested myself on the way up here and I’m fine, but I should probably make sure we keep our distance.”

“Trotting plague?” Count Rimble asks with a chuckle. “We’ve been in self-quarantine since the *plague* plague. We never leave!”

With that out of the way, I step inside. The door closes behind me and seconds later the entire living room erupts in a cascade of candlelight. There are melted wax stumps everywhere, lining the shelves and clustered upon the chandelier above. Each and every one of them flickers to life at the same time, as though through the use of some magic spell. A fireplace also roars to life, surrounded by an assortment of red velvet chairs.

“So let’s get this health technique out of the way,” Countess Gorba offers, then motions towards a nearby seat.

I follow her lead, taking my place in one of the soft chairs and watching as her and her husband stand before me.

“This is called the vampire cough,” Countess Gorba begins. “It’s an ancient technique, passed down from generation to generation. It will help fight the spread of many diseases, not just the trotting plague. I’ll demonstrate.”

The countess pulls her arm back, wrapping her cloak around her face in a traditional vampire pose, then coughs loudly into her arm.

“See,” the countess continues after pulling away. “Instead of just coughing without covering your mouth, you put your arm in front of it, like a vampire.”

It’s so simple, yet so elegant. I’ve been in the medical practice for years and never once considered such a thing.

“You... cover your mouth when you cough?” I question.

“That’s right,” Countess Gorba and Count Rimble reply in unison.

“What an incredible trick,” I continue, then try it myself. I pull my arm back in a vampire pose and then cough into it, amazed at how much I’ve blocked the spread of tiny particles that would otherwise erupt from my mouth after such a thing.

“Now, this is *only one part* of the process,” Countess Gorba continues. “If there’s a plague and you’re coughing then *you shouldn’t be leaving the house*. At all. However, there are a few rare times that you might need to leave, maybe to go to the hospital for treatment, or if you happen to share your home with other people who you don’t want to get sick. To be clear: the best option during a plague is to *stay home*. The vampire cough is a little something extra. Also, wash your hands.”

“Understood,” I reply, nodding in a state of thankful happiness regarding this important new information. “I’m the doctor who came up with that, believe it or not.”

“I don’t believe it,” Countess Gorba replies flatly.

The three of us sit in silence for a moment as the fire flickers and dances, casting brilliant moving shadows across our faces and the nearby stone walls.

There's a heavy weight to this moment, something we're all thinking but nobody wants to say out loud.

I have to admit, these unicorn vampires are incredibly sexy. I find myself equally attracted to them in a way that simply can't be denied.

"Would you like to leave now?" Count Rible finally offers, motioning toward the door.

I shake my head. "You two have been cooped up here for a while," I stammer, my voice trembling a bit. "After giving me such good treatment advice, I feel like there's something I should be giving you in return."

"We are rather hungry," the count continues, "for cock."

The two unicorn vampires approach slowly, every step they take causing my heart to race even faster. Soon enough, they drop down to the floor, crawling their way towards me.

When Count Rible and Countess Gorba arrive, the two of them reach up and begin to unbuckle my belt. They gaze at me with eyes that overflow with an ancient, aching hunger.

Soon enough, the vampire unicorns are pulling forth my swollen cock from its fabric prison, gasping loudly when confronted by my impressive size.

"What a meal," Countess Gorba offers playfully.

"Ladies first," Count Rible replies.

The next thing I know, Countess Gorba is opening wide and taking my rock hard dick between her lips. She begins to pump her head up and down across my length, taking her time with me as her husband cradles my balls with his cool vampire hands.

I begin to rock my hips in time with Countess Gorba's movements, the two of us quickly falling into sync with one another as a long, satisfied groan slips out from between my lips. She definitely knows what she's doing, and although the scrape of her long fangs across my shaft gives me pause, she's careful not to stick me with them.

After a good while of this, Countess Gorba finally pulls back with a gasp, allowing her husband to have a turn. Count Rible quickly takes his position in front of me, opening wide and then swallowing my dick. His technique, however, is quite a bit different than the unicorn countess who came before him.

Instead of bobbing up and down, Count Rible takes me deeper and deeper within his throat, my rod sliding much further into his gullet than I'd ever expect. The vampire somehow relaxes his gag reflex and allows me passage beyond, my dick plummeting into his absolute depths in a stunningly performed deep throat.

The vampire unicorn holds me here for what seems like forever, allowing me time to savor this feeling of being full consumed. The sensation is incredible,

but eventually Count Rible is forced to pull back with a gasp, spit dangling in a long translucent thread that connects his lips to the head of my shaft.

“Fuck me,” I demand. “Pound me right now.”

Without another word, I stand up and strip away the rest of my clothing, tossing it to the side. Once I’m completely nude, I climb drop down onto the rug below me, the warmth of the fireplace feeling incredible as it radiates across my bare body. I pop my ass out towards the vampire unicorns behind me, wiggling my rump from side to side and then reacting back to give myself a playful slap.

“What are you waiting for? I coo.

Without hesitation, Count Rible climbs down into position behind me. “I want to pound your butt!” he exclaims in his thick accent.

The vampire unicorn teases my backdoor for a moment with his enormous undead cock, testing the limits of my anal tightness and then finally plunging into me with a deep and powerful thrust. I let out a started gasp as he impales my body, not entirely prepared for his girth. My hands grip tight against the rug below, bracing for the vampire unicorn’s weight.

Count Rible is utterly enormous, but he’s a patient lover, taking his time with me. The vampire unicorn starts slowly at first, gradually gaining speed as my body relaxes and we fall into a rhythm together. It’s not long before we’re perfect sync, the sensations of carnal bliss passing back and forth between us.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” I start to repeat over and over again, the words falling out of my mouth in a hazy mantra as Count Rible continues to massage my prostate from within. Every passing round the words grows louder and louder until, eventually, I’m crying out at the top of my lungs, completely lost in the moment. “Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!”

I’m in such a potent trance that I don’t even notice the beautiful countess climbing down into position before me. Suddenly, however, I discover that the gorgeous vampire unicorn has dropped into the doggystyle position as well, her ass backed up against me as she waits for an insertion of her own.

Count Rible and I slow down for a moment, hungrily eyeing up the beautiful unicorn.

“Come on,” Countess Gorba coos seductively, offering up a wink. “Don’t leave me out of this.”

I smile wide as she backs all the way up against me, the three of us now creating a long chain of sensuality. The beautiful vampire unicorn reaches back and takes my cock into her hand, aligning my shaft with her pussy and then sighing loudly as she slams back against me.

I slip deep inside her, appreciating the pleasant tightness as all three of our bodies begin to rock together. It takes a little longer than before to find a rhythm,

as there is now one more cog in the machine, but eventually we fall into a pulse that works.

The next thing I know, we're all hammering against one another, our moans and groans filling the room and bouncing off the high stone ceilings above. The sensations are passing back and forth between us now with such potent efficiency that I'm not sure where I end and they begin. All that I can feel is a radiant ball of pleasure completely overwhelming me from the inside out.

"I'm gonna fucking cum," the unicorn vampire behind me cries out, elevating the speed of his hammering cock even more. He's giving it to me with everything he's got now, slamming into my asshole with the grace of a unicorn and the strength of a vampire.

Suddenly, Count Rimple thrusts deep within me and holds. I can feel his enormous rod blasting payload after payload of hot white jizz into my rectum, filling me up to the brim until his seed comes squirting out from the edges of my tightly plugged asshole. The cum runs down the back of my legs in long thick streaks, spilling everywhere.

It appears Countess Gorba is on a similar timeline, because the next thing I know she's cumming hard as well. The beautiful vampire unicorn throws her head back and lets out a frantic scream as powerful orgasmic spasms erupt through her body, the pleasure almost too much for her to bear. She's lost in the moment, the muscles across her body tensing and releasing in unison until she finally collapses onto the rug in exhaustion.

"Feed us," the two unicorn vampires begin to groan, pushing me back up to my feet while they remain sprawled out on the floor below.

The two of them are beating me off in tandem, their hands working my shaft and balls with expert precision as the erotic tension builds. Soon enough, the pressure is simply too much for me to maintain, and the next thing I know I'm blasting forth with pump after pump of hot cum. My jizz splatters down across the vampire unicorns, who gobble it up hungrily.

The three of us eventually find ourselves sitting around by the fire, freshly cleaned off from one of the glorious castle showers, and wrapped in warm robes. I don't have time to stay long, however, I need to return to my duties as a doctor.

"I just don't know how I'm going to do it," I explain. "There's a limited amount of patients that I can see in a single day, and I have to get this information out there. Social distancing, self-quarantining, hand washing, the vampire cough: these are ideas that need to be spread."

"Maybe you could write some books about them?" Count Rimple suggests. "That's a good way of getting information out into the world."

I literally gasp when I hear this elegant solution. He's right, I've been thinking way too small. If I want to deliver this information to the masses then I can't just tell them one by one, I've gotta write a book.

"You know what else you should do," Countess Gorba offers. "Throw some sex in. Sex sells. People will come for the fucking, but they'll take away a very important message."

"I love it," I reply, nodding excitedly. "I'll call one of them *Bisexual Unicorn Vampires Teach Me The Importance Of The Vampire Cough.*"

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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"
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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
Pounded By My Handsome Ghost Boats
Pounded By The Pound: Turned Gay By The Socioeconomic Implications Of Britain
Leaving The European Union
Slammed By The Substantial Amount Of Press Generated By My Book "Pounded By The
Pound: Turned Gay By The Socioeconomic Implications Of Britain Leaving The European
Union"
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Removing All Facts Of Concrete Plans From His Republican National Convention Speech
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Pounded In The Butt By My Constantly Changing Thoughts On The Ongoing Mystery Of
Chuck Tingle's Real Identity
Slammed In The Butt By The Handsome Sentient Manifestation Of Election Day
Hard For Hardwick: Pounded In The Butt By The Physical Manifestation Of My Own
Handsome Late Night Comedy Show
Pounded In The Butt By The Sentient Physical Manifestation Of The Year 2016
Redacted In The Butt By Redacted Under The Tromp Administration
Pounded By The Sentient Manifestation Of My Incorrectly Announced Best Picture
Winner
Domald Tromp Pounded In The Butt By His Fabricated Wiretapping Scandal Made Up To
Redirect Focus Away From His Seemingly Endless Unethical Connections To Russia
The Handsome Pretendo Swap Joysicks And Portable Screen Slam My Butt While Also
Allowing Me To Control My Game
Pounded In The Butt By The Sentient Manifestation Of My Own Ignorant Climate Change
Denial
Pounded In The Butt By My Second Hugo Award Nomination
Domald Tromp's Ass Is Haunted By The Handsome Ghost Of His Incriminating Tax
Returns
Pounded In The Wallet And The Butt By The Failed Fyber Music Festival
I'm In Love With The Handsome Mummy Racecar In My Butt
Living Corn James Corny Fired In The Butt
Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt
By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book
"Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"'"'"'"
Slammed By My Handsome Fidget Spinner
Pounded In The Butt By Covfefe
There's A Bitcoin In My Butt And He Is Handsome
Domald Tromp Jr. Slammed In The Butt By His Secret Russian Meetings And The Grossly
Incompetent Cover Up Shortly Thereafter
Pounded In The Butt By The Fact That It Took Less Time For This Book To Be Written And
Published Than The Entire Length Of Tony Scarymoochy's Term As White House
Communications Director
My Butt Is Comforted By The Realization That I'm Okay And Everything Will Be Alright
Billionaire Elons Mugg Takes The Handsome Planet Mars In His Butt
The Handsome Physical Manifestation Of Autumn Turns Me Gay
Pounded By The Handsome Zombie Elevator Who Is Also A Lawyer

[Sentient Fort Pauls Manofort Is Charged In The Butt While Tromp's Foreign Policy Advisor Georgie Papadop Admits He Lied About Hiding Inside](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Handsome Physical Manifestation Of Holiday Shopping](#)
[Sentient Phantom Tow Truck Pounds My Butt](#)
[Slammed In The Butt By My Handsome Laundry Detergent Pod](#)
[Taken Hotly By My Handsome Physically Manifested Hot Take](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Sentient Physical Manifestation Of Valentine's Day](#)
[My Handsome Mountain Bike Is A Doctor And He Pounds My Butt](#)
[Rammed In The Butt By The Handsome Sentient Manifestation Of Traffic Who Is A Bad Boy](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By My Podcast "Night Vale Presents Pounded In The Butt By My Podcast With Chuck Tingle"](#)
[News Commentator Sam Hannity Pounded In The Butt By The Fact That He Didn't Disclose He Has The Same Lawyer As The President](#)
[Seduced By The Handsome Physically Manifested Sound That Some People Hear As Yanny And Others Hear As Laurel](#)
[Tuesday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[Wednesday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[Thursday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[Friday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[Saturday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[Sunday Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[A Pound A Day Keeps The Butt OK: 7 Hardcore Tales Of Physically Manifested Days Of The Week](#)
[The Banana In My Butt Is A Handsome Lifeguard](#)
[Veep Throat: Mike Bence Pounded In The Butt By The Word Lodestar](#)
[Wereplane Butt Party](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Blue Wave](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Unexpectedly Early Arrival Of Christmas Decorations](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Physical Manifestation Of Awkward Political Dinner Discussion Over The Thanksgiving Holiday](#)
[The Federal Government Shuts Down My Butt](#)
[Slammed In The Butt By My Sentient Plant Based Vegetarian Cheeseburger](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Handsome Sentient Manifestation Of My Twitch Stream](#)
[There's A Polar Vortex In My Butt And He Is Handsome](#)
[The Analboros: A Collection Of Recursive Butt Pounding Tales](#)
[Canada Pounds My Butt And Covers My Pancakes With Real Maple Syrup In An Erotic Way Also It Is Delicious](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Crushing Existential Weight Of Sentient Self-Awareness](#)
[Quietly Pounded In The Butt By ASMR](#)

[Brexit Pounds My Butt Then Thankfully Decides Not To Exit It](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By Fan Fiction Hosting Website Archive Of Our Own's Hugo Award](#)
[Nomination](#)

[The Entire Continent Of Australia Pounds Me In The Butt](#)
[Pounded In The Butt By The Physical Manifestation Of Chuck Tingle's Science Fiction And](#)
[Comic Book Convention Appearance](#)

[Pounded In The Butt By The Sun After Declining To Use Sunscreen](#)
[The Tell-Tale Butt](#)

[Pounded In The Butt By Area 51 While Attempting To Storm It](#)
[Donald Trump's Anal Impeachment](#)

[My Ass Is Haunted By The Handsome Ghost Of My Unsaved Data After A Computer](#)
[Crash](#)

[Pounded In The Butt By This Hangover Oh My God I'm Never Drinking Again Except For](#)
[Maybe On Rick's Birthday And Then On That Trip This Weekend But Other Than That I'm](#)
[Probably Never Drinking Again](#)

[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](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 6](#)

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[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 23](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tingle's: Volume 24](#)

[Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 25](#)
[Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 26](#)
[Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 27](#)
[Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 28](#)
[Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 29](#)
[Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 30](#)

No Sex Tinglers

[Not Pounded In The Butt By Anything And That's Okay](#)
[Not Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Not Pounded In The Butt By Anything And That's Okay" And That's Okay](#)
[Not Pounded At The Last Second Because Consent Can Be Given And Revoked At Any Moment And This Is A Wonderful Thing That's Important To Understand](#)
[Not Pounded By The Physical Manifestation Of My Need To Please Everyone Because Sometimes It's Okay To Give Back To Yourself](#)
[Nice Guy Dinosaur Doesn't Pound Me In The Butt Because I'm Not Interested And He's Not Actually Nice He's Just Annoying And Creepy And Doesn't Respect My Boundaries When I Tell Him We're Not On A Date](#)
[Dressed Up Handsome And Not Pounded Because Cosplay Is Not Consent](#)
[Not Pounded By Self-Doubt Because I Can Do Anything I Set My Mind To](#)
[Not Pounded By My Soul-Crushing Job Because I Quit](#)
[Not Pounded By Anything: Six Platonic Tales Of Non-Sexual Encounters](#)
[Hi Megalodons, My Name Is Crimbo Tooms And I'm Seeking One Million Dollars In Exchange For Twenty Percent Of My Butt](#)
[Not Pounded By Romance Wranglers Of America Because Their New Leadership Is From The Depths Of The Endless Cosmic Void](#)

Lesbian Tinglers

[Sentient Lesbian Jet Ski Gets Me Off](#)
[My T-Rex Barber Is A Lesbian And She Eats Me Right](#)
[A Butt In The Mist: Stirred To The Core Of My Bodice By The Duchess Triceratops Of Helena](#)
[My Librarian Is A Beautiful Lesbian Ice Cream Cone And She Tastes Amazing Moby Butt](#)
[Eaten Right By The Mysterious S Symbol Everyone Used To Draw](#)
[Lightly Flavored Zero Calorie Carbonated Water Gets Me Off](#)
[The Sentient Physical Manifestation Of Halloween Eats Me Out](#)
[Dang, That's A Pretty Sweet Car That Just Ate My Butt](#)

[High Roller Lesbian Unicorn Goes All In On My Butt](#)
[The Sentient Lesbian Dreidel Eats Gimel Of My Butt For Hanukkah](#)
[Eaten Right By A Sabertooth Cat At The Premiere Of The Bizarre And Frightening Film](#)
[Adaption Of Sabertooth Cats The Musical](#)
[Our Special Tonight Is A Salt-Crusted Shepard's Pie Deconstruction Served Over Slow-Roasted Turnips With Green Olive Aioli And A Side Of Your Butthole](#)
[The Houseplant That I Never Water Gets Me Off](#)
[Anal Lesbian Pterodactyl Rodeo](#)
[New York City Is A Lesbian And She Eats Me Right](#)
[Ladybuck On Ladybuck: Seven Lesbian Tales Of The Tingleverse](#)
[Ladybuck On Ladybuck: Seven Lesbian Tales Of The Tingleverse Volume 2](#)

Trans Tingleers

[Pounded By My Handsome Bigfoot Pilot: A Trans Buckaroo Tale](#)
[Pounded By The Handsome Living Song That's Been Stuck In My Head: A Trans Buckaroo Tale](#)

Bisexual Group Tingleers

[Bisexually Sandwiched By My Sentient Peanut Butter Husband And Our New Living Jelly Girlfriend](#)
[My Husband And I Find Our Unicorn And She's A Bigfoot Also My Husband Is A Dinosaur](#)
[We Are Loving Bisexuals And They Are Living Bicycles](#)
[She's A Sentient Shampoo And He's A Living Conditioner Who Wants To Pound My Butt](#)
[Bisexual Polyhedral Role-Playing Dice Orgy](#)
[Sentient Bisexual Ketchup And Mustard Get Me Off](#)
[Bisexually Banged By My Living Left And Right Wireless Headphones](#)
[The Sun And The Moon Bang Me Bisexually](#)
[Bisexual Buckaroos: Seven Bi Group Encounters In The Tingleverse](#)

Self Help

[Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance](#)
[Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Sport](#)
[Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To The Void](#)
[Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Film](#)
[Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Time](#)

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*](#)
[*Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror Vol. 2*](#)
[*Pounded By Politics: Nine Tales Of Civic Butthole Diplomacy*](#)
[*Pounded By Politics Again: Nine More Tales Of Civic Butthole Diplomacy*](#)
[*Breaking The Fourth Butt: Eight Hot-To-Trot Meta Tingle*](#)
[*Breaking The Fourth Butt Volume 2: Eight More Hot-To-Trot Meta Tingle*](#)
[*Handsome Sentient Food Pounds My Butt And Turns Me Gay: Eight Tales Of Hot Food
And Beverage Love*](#)
[*Oh, The Places You'll Blow! An Adults Only Collection Of Sentient Location Erotica*](#)

The Tingleverse Role-Playing Game

[*The Tingleverse: The Official Chuck Tingle Role-Playing Game*](#)
[*The Tingleverse: Monster Guide*](#)
[*The Tingleverse: Living Object Handbook*](#)

About Dr. Tingle...

Dr. Chuck Tingle is a Hugo Nominated 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

[Sign up for Chuck's mailing list here.](#)