

THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF WASHING
MY HANDS GETS ME OFF

By Chuck Tingle

It's hard to take an objective look at your habits until someone else does it for you. Until then, you're just cruising along in your own little world, no idea how closely the patterns in your life resemble the reality that everyone else is currently living in.

For example, years ago I thought everyone popped open the gas tank on their cars by hand, walking around to the back and prying off the little lid with their fingernails. I always hated having to fill up because of this, and it wasn't until years later that I discovered there was a button under my car seat to take care of the job for me. Turns out most cars won't even allow you to pull the cap off by hand, and mine just happened to be broken.

It's embarrassing to think about now, and it's seems so obvious, but if nobody is there to tell you the right way of doing things how are you ever going to learn?

Another one of these lessons begins as my friend Jill and I are strolling out of the poker room one late Friday evening. We love to play cards together, and it's always a hell of a time watching the guys at the table react to us handing their asses to them. This particular evening we've done a great job, walking out of the room with more than twice what we arrived with.

Unfortunately, as I glance over at Jill I suddenly realize she's nowhere to be found.

I stop in my tracks, just a few feet from the poker room doors as I glance back and forth, wondering where the hell my friend disappeared to.

"Uh... Jill?" I call out.

Second's later, my friend returns to my field of vision, rounding the corner and approaching with a smile. "You ready, Kara?" she questions.

I stand and stare at her awkwardly, wondering if she's going to address what just happened.

"What?" Jill finally questions.

"Where did you go?" I retort.

My friend laughs. "To wash my hands! I do it every time we leave the poker room!"

"You do?" I question, shaking my head in confusion. "I guess I just... never noticed."

Jill shrugs. "I mean, it's your choice not to, but there's a lot of people handling those cards and it's the season to get sick."

I consider her words for a moment, weighing the odds as I see them. "You really do this *every* time we play?" I question.

Jill nods.

"And I just never noticed?" I continue.

Jill nods again.

Finally, I shrug it off and continue to walk out the door. “I’m sure I’ll be fine,” I offer. “I never get sick.”

My friend follows close behind. “You always get sick,” she reminds me. “Last week you were talking about how much your stomach hurt, and then you had a sore throat for two days the week before that.”

Now that Jill mentions it, she’s actually correct in this claim. Of course, I just powered through these symptoms and didn’t think much of it. “That wasn’t like... *sick sick*,” I reply.

“Your call,” my friend offers.

We get back to my car and climb in, still buzzing from how great the evening had gone. As I pull out of the parking lot the two of us continue chatting away about the best plays of the night, reliving some of the genius calls and courageous bluffs.

Before we get very far I notice a drive-thru burger joint up ahead, suddenly realizing just how hungry I am. Without thinking, I pull off the road and swing around to make an order, a decision that Jill is also very excited about.

My friend and I make our selections for a glowing neon menu and the next thing I know, we’re sitting in the parking lot with our food on our laps, the car filling up with the sweet scent of fried potatoes, grilled onions and savory, juicy meat.

I unwrap my burger completely, holding it tight in my hands as I lift the delicious creation to my mouth and take an enormous bite. The taste is absolutely incredible, the wonderful red and yellow sauces running down my hands in long streaks.

I close my eyes and let out a satisfied groan as I chew, slowly allowing the flavors to overwhelm my senses. I swallow deeply, then stick out my tongue, diving in to lick up the sauces as they continue to run down my arm in streaks.

A split second before I reach them, however, I hesitate. I glance over at my friend Jill, considering my options, her words of warning stick within my mind as I maintain this frozen position.

Finally, I crack a smile and just go for it, dragging my tongue across my hand and cleaning myself off.

After I’ve finished enjoying the taste I turn back to Jill with a wide grin. “See, I feel fine. Washing your hands isn’t that important.”

Suddenly, a massive blast of projectile vomit erupts from my mouth, splattering everywhere.

Two weeks after the events of that faithful evening and I'm finally feeling like myself again. It's been a long road to recovery, and over the last few days I've been struggling to get used to the new lifestyle that I've plotted out for myself.

When I was very, very ill, it had been easier to take it easy. After all, when you do nothing but lay in bed all day and down medicine, taking care of your body comes easy.

Now, however, I've returned to the world at large, and establishing healthy habits is proving to be much more difficult than I imagined. When you spend your whole life not washing your hands, it's not something that easily comes floating into your brain.

One thing's for sure, I don't want to feel sick like that ever again.

Today I'm meeting a friend of mine for a walk through the park, and I'm excited to be getting a little bit of fresh air. On the way out of the house I wash my hands, just for good measure, because it's still the season where folks are getting sick.

I don't want to overdo it, and it's not like I'm gonna scrub until my fingers bleed, but I might as well get myself cleaned up with some soap and water to get into the habit of it.

Honestly, it's not that hard to do, and I've even been practicing a little trick that Jill taught me: just recite the title of Chuck Tingle's classic *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'" and by then you'll know you've washed long enough.

I head out the door and make my way to the park, where I eventually meet up with my friend. We have a great afternoon together: petting dogs, eating ice cream, meeting up with some other pals and then eventually heading out for a night on the town.

It's a whirlwind of a day, and after being cooped up in the house for so long it's hard to describe the joy I experience from things returning to normal. Soon enough, I've forgotten all about my fourteen-day lockdown, as well as the self imposed rules I'd created to keep it from ever happening again.

We've just finished up at dinner and I'm about to head home when I turn around to find that my collection of friends has completely disappeared. I'm standing near our table with a look of dumbstruck confusion, struggling to figure out what the hell is going on.

"Uh... hello?" I call out, causing a few patrons at the nearby tables to turn and look at me in confusion.

Suddenly, Jill appears behind me. "What's up?" she questions.

“Where did everyone go?” I ask, noticing now that a few more of our companions are returning from the dark corners of the restaurant.

“We all went to use the bathroom and then wash our hands,” Jill replies. Moment’s later a look of deep concern begins to make its way across her face. “When is the last time you washed your hands?”

Her question hits me like a truck, nearly knocking me off my feet right then and there. I’d been trying so hard to keep these new habits at the forefront of my mind, but now here we are just a few hours later and I’ve completely forgotten.

“Oh my god,” I stammer. “I don’t... I don’t know.”

Jill shakes her head with a deep and powerful disappointment. “Kara, you’ve gotta wash your hands. A lot of people are getting sick lately and you need to take care of yourself. Not only that, you risk passing a virus on to someone else if you don’t practice good hygiene.”

“I know, I know,” I reply with a nod. “I fucked up.”

“It’s fine,” she counters soothingly. “We just need to figure out a way to make you remember.”

I take a long breath and then let it out, searching my brain for potential solutions.

I come up completely empty.

Jill, on the other hand, smiles knowingly as a light bulb clicks on within her mind.

“You know... there is *one* way to not forget about washing your hands,” Jill offers, a slightly mischievous tone in her voice. “Have you ever actually *seen* the sentient physical manifestation of washing your hands?”

I shake my head. “No, why?”

“She’s... hard to forget,” Jill replies.

I’m not entirely sure what this means, but if it’s going to help me develop some healthy habits then I’ll be glad to give it a shot.

“How do I meet her?” I question.

My friend nods over my shoulder, back towards the restrooms.

I slowly turn and make my way through the restaurant, approaching as though I’m about to enter a cave of magic and wonder. Closer and closer I creep, my heart pounding within my chest as I push through the doors and find myself standing in the middle of a beautiful, dimly lit restroom.

The place is immaculately clean, with a glorious tile pattern across the floor and an enormous framed mirror lining the distant wall.

I step up to the sink and turn on the water, allowing it a moment to heat up as I pump out some soap onto my hands. I rub them together for a good while and then plunge them under the water, scrubbing away as I gaze at myself in the mirror.

“Hey,” comes a voice from behind me.

In my reflection I see two enormous floating hands emerge from the space I’d been visually blocking with my body, the entity somehow manifesting out of thin air.

“Oh, hi,” I reply, instantly hit with a potent wave of nervous awkwardness.

I can’t help but let my eyes linger across the physical manifestation of washing my hands, her beautiful body dripping wet with a continuous supply of warm, soapy water.

I turn around to face her. “I just thought I should meet you,” I explain. “I’ve never been very good at washing my hands, and I figured you might be able to help me with that.”

The living concept laughs. “I might,” she retorts. “What’s your name?”

“Kara,” I reply.

“Well, I’m Barlow,” she informs me, reaching out and offering a firm handshake with one of the enormous floating paws that make up her body.

The touch of her wet skin immediately sends a powerful shiver of arousal down my spine. Now I understand completely what Jill had been talking about. The sentient manifestation of washing my hands is incredibly sexy, cool and confident in a way that is honestly difficult to describe. While others seem to project this kind of attitude as a front, wearing it as though it was a set of clothing, Barlow’s self-assured swagger appears to come from somewhere deep within her.

She knows exactly how important she is, and how much her existence means to people who are trying their best to maintain a healthy lifestyle.

“So how do I remember to wash my hands?” I question, cutting right to the chase.

“That’s not up to me, it’s up to you” she offers in return, then looks me up and down for a moment. “I can think of a few ways to make this a memorable night, though.”

“Really?” I question, not entirely sure what she’s getting at yet.

The sentient physical manifestation of washing my hands nods, then motions towards the door.

The two of us leave the restroom as Barlow escorts me onward. My friends notice the two of us walking past them and begin to chatter excitedly, sneaking gossipy glances. Meanwhile, Jill waves subtly and offers a little wink.

I think I know what all of this means, what the situation is suggesting, but it also seems too wild and crazy to comprehend.

“Is this really happening?” I ask Barlow as we walk, unable to help myself.

“Is *what* really happening? Am I really taking you back to my place so we can fuck each other silly and you’ll never forget about washing your hands again?” the living concept questions with a chuckle.

“Yes,” I reply with a nod.

Barlow gives me a playful wink. “Do you *want* it to really be happening?” she questions.

I feel a mighty warmth flush across my entire body, my heart quickening into a flutter of excitement.

I open my mouth to respond when suddenly an eruption of projectile vomit blasts forth from deep within me, splattering everywhere.

“Listen, you really need to start washing your hands,” the doctor informs me, standing next to the hospital bed. “You’re constantly getting sick, and this is just basic hygiene.”

“I know,” I reply, still disappointed in myself.

“I’ve got some hand sanitizer that the hospital has been willing to donate, it’s tucked away in your bag,” my doctor explains. “It’s been a pleasure treating you over the last week, but lets try to not let this happen again, okay?”

I nod. “I understand.”

My doctor smiles, but I’m not quite sure he believes me. To be honest, I’m not entirely sure that I believe myself right now. Getting laid up in bed for a second two-week stint has not exactly been a relaxing vacation, but it *has* given me some time to think even more about the healthy changes I should be implementing into my lifestyle.

“Now that you’re being discharged, you’ve got a friend here to pick you up,” the doctor informs me.

A confused look crosses my face. “What do you mean? I didn’t tell anyone I was better today.”

The doctor shrugs, then leaves me with a supportive nod.

The second he exits the room, I notice a familiar set of giant hands hovering in the doorway. Immediately, a huge smile breaks out across my face. “I didn’t think I’d ever see you again.”

“I’d hope that’s not the case,” Barlow replies, sauntering over to my bedside. “If there’s one thing you need more of in your life, it’s hand washing.”

“I know,” I counter. “I just meant... that date went really bad.”

The sentient physical manifestation of washing my hands laughs. “Yeah, it was pretty bad, but... I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since then.”

Once again, my heart beings to flutter in my chest. It takes every ounce of mental strength I can muster to push away the concerns that this is yet another illness. I’ve been fully checked out by the hard-working doctors and nurses here, and I’m currently in a state of very good health.

No, this excitement is something much more erotic.

“Are you saying you’re up for another dinner?” I question.

Barlow laughs, strolling back over to the door of my hospital room, then closing and locking it so that the two of us have the space completely to ourselves.

“Can you do that?” I question.

“I’m the physical manifestation of washing your hands,” Barlow retorts. “I’m royalty around a hospital. It’s fine.”

As the giant pair of soaking wet hands floats towards me, I find myself compelled to climb out of the hospital bed. The two of us meet in a passionate embrace, kissing each other deeply. I let out a long sigh as the beautiful, enormous hands begin to explore my body, stripping me down and exposing my skin to the warm afternoon air.

“Oh my god,” I groan, “I can’t believe this is happening.”

I begin to massage her in return, running my fingers up and down her beautifully sculpted form as my attention drifts lower and lower. Soon enough, I’m teasing the edges of her pussy, which happens to be located directly in the center of her left wrist.

The tension continues to build between us, and I can feel her body rocking hard against mine, yearning for my touch. Finally, I give in, slipping a digit across the hood of her aching clit.

Barlow lets out a long groan of satisfaction as I start to rub her in small circles, finding a rhythm that matches the sway of her body. It’s not long before the two of us find a groove together, and the next thing I know I can feel one of her enormous fingers slipping across my crotch in return. The appendage is so large that it fills the space between my legs and I begin to ride it, rubbing myself across her gorgeous form in unison with the movements of my own hand.

This goes on for quite a while, the blossoming sensations of pleasure pulsing back and forth between us. The sound of our sighs and moans are getting louder by the second, but before it gets any farther I find myself compelled to take things to the next level.

Without warning, I drop down to my knees before the beautiful physical manifestation of washing my hands. I gaze up at her with a flirtatious, knowing look and then dive in, gently dragging my tongue across her clit.

“Oh, fuck yes,” Barlow moans, reaching down and placing one of her giant fingers against the back of my head. She’s guiding me now, helping me understand the way her body craves to be touched and satisfied.

It’s not long before my careful licks transform into long, powerful laps of oral satisfaction. I’m going at it with all of my enthusiasm, and Barlow seems to be enjoying my technique very much. I can see her hands quaking wildly above me as she braces for the inevitable orgasm that looms in her not so distant future.

“Just like that, just like that,” the living concept begins to repeat over and over again, the words falling out of her mouth in a blissful erotic mantra. The phrase grows louder and louder with every passing round, until finally she’s screaming out at the top of her lungs, completely lost in the moment. “Just like that! Just like that!”

I take my hand I slip a single finger deep within her, continuing to work the beautiful floating hands. This simple addition is all that it takes to immediately push Barlow over the edge, and the next thing I know she’s erupting in a fit of passion, letting out a frantic scream of pleasure as her body spasms wildly.

“Oh my fucking god!” Barlow shrieks, utterly lost in the moment.

I don’t let up for a second, continuing to eat her out until she finally stumbles away, struggling to collect herself.

With an orgasm that powerful, I wouldn’t be surprised if Barlow needed a break, but the next thing I know she’s floating back towards me with a fire in her eyes. She’s hungry for more.

When the sentient manifestation of washing my hands reaches me she pushes me back towards the hospital bed. Soon enough, I end up sitting on the edge of the cot with my legs spread wide, fully exposed to the ravenous living concept.

Immediately, Barlow gets to work. She starts by kissing my face, then slowly floats lower and lower across my frame. The beautiful sentient hands nibble across my breasts and then make their way onto my stomach, teasing me for a moment before she takes things any farther.

“Please,” I beg, recalling just moments earlier when I’d done something similarly devious to her.

Barlow smiles, then finally relents, dropping down and diving into my pussy. She begins to lick me with an exact precision, working my body in ways that I didn’t even know I needed. She’s an acrobat with her tongue, treating me to a routine unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

Now it’s my turn to reach down and place my hands on the back of Barlow, pushing her harder and harder against me. The two of us quickly fall into a rhythm together, my hips rocking in time with Barlow’s lapping as she pushes me closer and closer to the edge of a powerful orgasm.

I close my eyes tight and try to relax, the pulses of tension within me now coming on fast and hard. She’s got me on the right path, and the only ingredient left is time.

“I’m so close,” I groan.

Barlow stops for just a moment, long enough to gaze up at me tenderly. “You know how long it takes,” she says with a smile, then dives back in.

I consider singing happy birthday as she works my clit, but finally decide on another method of tracking the time. I take a deep breath, preparing myself.

“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’””””” I announce loudly, reciting the title to its full completion.

As the last word leave my mouth a tidal wave of pleasure sweeps through me, exploding across my body with a carnal ferocity. I throw my head back and shriek wildly, cumming hard as the giant hands between my legs passionately eat me out. The orgasm seems to go on and on for what seems like forever, and for a split second it feels as though I’ve actually left my body, floating high above myself and gazing down in complete awe.

Finally, I slam back into my physical form, utterly exhausted but feeling amazing. At first, I’m not entirely sure what this mystery sensation is, but it’s not long before the answer becomes more than apparent. After a hand washing like that, what I really feel is healthy.

“That was amazing,” I gush.

Barlow smiles. “I agree.”

I stand up and start to pull on my clothes, still reeling from the erotic power of what just happened between me and the sentient physical manifestation of washing my hands.

“I don’t think I’m ever going to forget to wash my hands, that’s for sure,” I offer.

The living concept laughs. “Good,” she replies.

Soon enough, the giant sentient hands are floating towards the door, making her exit after an incredibly satisfying encounter.

“Wait!” I cry out, stopping her in my tracks.

Barlow turns to face me.

“Do you have to go?” I question. “That was really, really nice and you make me feel amazing. I don’t want this to end.”

“That’s very sweet,” The physical manifestation offers, “but washing your hands is something that *everyone* should be able to enjoy.”

She’s right, and I know it, but that still doesn’t make this goodbye any easier. I’d resisted this healthy habit for so long, and now that she’s finally here I realize just how great she is.

“Will I ever see you again?” I question.

The sentient physical manifestation of washing my hand smiles and nods. “I’ll be running into you after you use the restroom and before every meal,” she offers. “So yeah, I think you’ll be seeing plenty of me.”

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Redacted In The Butt By Redacted Under The Tromp Administration
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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
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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
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There's A Bitcoin In My Butt And He Is Handsome
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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](#)
[Domald Tromp'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](#)

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[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.](#)