

1984

It was a bright cold day in april, and the clocks were striking thirteen. I suddenly realize how silly I am. I scream, lost in the moment. Almost immediately, one of the hung cups scoots into position behind me, aligning his girth with my tightness. “Do it”. I command. “Shove it in there”.

Immediately, Portork pushes forward, impaling me onto his sizable length. His rod is certainly impressive, but it's also a little difficult to reckon with, filling my entire body with a swirling rush of ecstasy and aching discomfort. The rim of my butthole can barely accommodate the cock size of my magnificent, cloned ass, but it does its best, stretched to the limit as Portork pushes even deeper into me. Eventually Portork comes to a stop, my own ass completely buried deep within my own ass. I let out a long sigh.

“Alright, one more drink”. California smiles, showing two glinting rows of dagger like teeth. He pulls out a chair across from me and shrugs. “At this point, we can't say for sure, it's too early in the haunting to get any real sense of who, or what, has possessed your balls. Eventually, though, the paranormal occurrences will become more and more frequent and you will likely be visited by some kind of apparition”.

“A ghost?” I ask.

“Dr. Chuck Tingle is an erotic author and tae kwon do grandmaster, almost black belt, from Billings, Montana”. The handsome dinosaur begins in an almost mechanical tone. “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”.

“That sounds just like me”. I tell him.

“Of course it does”. Bunter replies. “You're based on him”.

“But I already wrote a story like this”. I cry out. “It's called reamed by my reaction to the title of this book”. The dinosaur chuckles.

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*The two stories in this page were written with Tingle Predictor. Word in **BOLD** were written by a human, and words without style were proposed by Tingle Predictor.*

I woke up excited to join the conference. I sigh. The dinosaur leans down with his massive neck and kisses me hard on the lips, prompting me to pull back slightly, but then slowly give in to the sensation of Donald's incredible touch. **This is not what I expected from today,** but right now I'm not so sure that the desserts have been replaced by others because my eyes are now completely caked shut with sugary **sleep**. **“You should wake up”, Donald** tromp **says,** pulling out of me and slapping my rear. **I get up and clean myself. I am sure many people will want to hear about my stories,** after all of this anger and rage coming at me from every side , but in this moment I realize that Paulo's spirit is inside of me, haunting my ass.

Paulo has a message from the great beyond. **"Go check deep tingle!"**

I was in love with a handsome dinosaur. I know exactly what to do, squatting so that the two of us are gazing into each other's eyes. **We have a romantic, touching moment, and I finally confess my feelings.**

“I love you”, I say.

“Let's let you know that you're a real person who you can approach and say hello to”.

“That didn't make any sense, but sure”.

“I mean, I'm not sick enough to seriously, but it's not until we find ourselves in the middle of a large city. It's a lot of weight to put on the shoulders of just one lone cowboy **dinosaur”.**

“I understand”, I reply. “I mean, I know exactly what it means. How are we gonna do this?” I ask him, trying to keep my cool.

“I've seen you before, online”. president Yuldok explains. “Your video blogs are very good, and you turn me on”.

“Thank you”. I say, hardly able to get the words out. “Oh my god, thank you so much”, I confess. “I don't know”, I sigh.

“Let's meet up for a drink and talk about it”, Yuldok offers, pulling out and then thrusting forward again, this time a little rougher and more deliberate.

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*The following stories were written by Tingle Classics. Given the first sentences of a book (here highlighted in **bold**), it generates 500 words of a story.*

The Fifth Elephant

They say the world is flat and supported on the back of four elephants who themselves stand on the back of a giant turtle statue, standing in the chair as the sun continues to rise. I have faith that one day I will see my captain again, like a bird returns in the springtime or a man returns to the frozen lake of his wife's drowning year after year. One day, I will see Torko again. One day, he will haunt more than just my balls. I can't believe how ridiculous I've been acting, how one little book could so insidiously enter me, eventually getting to work as he places his hands against the back of my head and hold me there, hesitating, as if he's still not entirely sure that he wants to commit to this favor for a ghostly friend. But the ship has already sailed, and as I reach up and begin to play with the beast's hanging balls that rest against my chin, the feeling is just too much for Colonel Peach to ignore. He starts to pump me up and down his shaft, slowly at first and then gaining speed as the waves of pleasure start to overwhelm him. I look up at the colonel and we lock eyes, his cock planted firmly in my throat. I can't help but give him a playful little wink, and suddenly he's over the edge completely, a crazed look of sexual passion overwhelming his expression as he rocks his hips against me. I slowly pull his unicorn pants father and farther down until he's able to step out of them. Releasing Colonel Peach from my mouth I stand up and give him a deep kiss. "Lie down on the bed". I instruct. The unicorn ghost starts to protest slightly but I'm firm with my instructions. I grab his hoof in my hand and then force it down the front of my boxer briefs, letting him feel the way that he makes me ache. Without another set of eyes for miles on this empty stretch of desert highway, I quickly tear off my shirt and watch gladly as Kirk does the same. His body is utterly incredible, perfect and muscular in its majestic, beastly form. I touch him gently with my hands and then work my way down the unicorn's toned, muscular chest. Suddenly overwhelmed with passion, I grab a cock in each hand and begin to pump my fingers up and down across their throbbing members, providing them with the sensation that they so desperately crave.

The Restaurant at the End of the Universe

In the beginning, the universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move, we are both stationed here on Zorbus two years ago, taking over for two other astronauts who had just finished putting in their time. This would probably give me some sort of solace, knowing that Pike fully understood the feelings of loneliness that were already brewing up inside of me, but even given our shared experiences he has no idea what's in store. This is because, up until today, all astronauts participating in the earth outpost program have had a partner with them at all times. In fact, some of the more active stations can have up to six humans inhabiting them at once. Now, thanks to budget cuts, our tiny little station on Zorbus will have one single resident for then next year; yours truly. This is not at all what I signed up for, but at this point I'm way too distracted by the illicit invitation from Turk to think of anything else. I'm ready to give myself to him completely, consequences be damned. I make it halfway through and then finally stand up from my booth in lustful frustration, throwing down more than enough cash to cover the meal. Immediately, I march through the restaurant and down a small hallway with an inconspicuous door at the end. I open it up and find a flight of stairs waiting for me.

"I don't know if I can take it".

"You can take it". Rim assures me confidently. Eventually, the pace of the bigfoot mummy's pumps has increased into a merciless slam, but with every thrust my asshole relaxes until, eventually, the pain disappears completely and I find myself in a world of blissed out fullness. I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my hanging cock beneath, stroking pleasantly in time with every thrust up my rear. It's not long before I can feel the familiar orgasmic sensations blossoming up within me once again, spilling out through my veins like simmering erotic venom. I'm quaking hard, every muscle in my body pulled tight and then breaking like waves. "Harder". I scream. "Pound my ass harder, corn". The vegetable does as he's told, never letting up for a moment while my body receives his prehistoric anal punishment. As the enormous beast continues to ram me I can feel a powerful orgasmic ache blossoming within.