

Thank You, Mister Giggles

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Robert hates clowns. Then he meets Mister Giggles.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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I wore a pair of board shorts and flip-flops because I had planned to lay out by the pool out back of my parents' house all day. It was Saturday, and the first day of my summer vacation. I was home from college and planned to do a whole lot of nothing all summer.

I went to a good university in the nearby big city, far enough away that I didn't have to worry about the family "just dropping by" my dorm for a visit. The semester that just ended had been stressful. I planned to lay out by the pool and veg out, but my step-mom said I couldn't, on account of today was my kid brother's birthday party. Now, I'm legal age and in college, like I said, but my dad remarried a younger woman, so my kid brother's a lot younger than me--like four or five years old, some single-digit age. He was barely out of diapers when I moved off to college. Who the hell can be bothered to keep up with that little shit's birthday?

Yes, I got him a gift. I'm not a total asshole.

But I forgot today was his party. Naturally, my dad wasn't around. He probably was working overtime again, or playing golf while pretending to work overtime--anyway, some excuse to miss the party. Birthdays were never a big deal for him, but they were for my step-mom, who always insisted on a big party for her little demon-spawn. I wanted to lay out by the pool, maybe do some swimming, work on my tan, get high, and generally start getting rid of the stress of college life. But no, she wanted to have the party out back by the pool. And the real kick in the balls? Twenty screaming kids from my brother's day care or kindergarten or whatever were gonna be running around all day too, cranked up on sugar rushes from all the cake and ice cream. Yeah, just what I needed.

At least my step-mom had the good sense not to ask me to help ride herd on the little hellions. I'd have turned her down flat.

And on top of everything else? My step-mom hired a clown for the party. A fucking clown. I fucking hate clowns. Hate them, hate them, hate them. The thought of all those screaming kids running all over the house was bad enough, but to have some broken-down alcoholic in a clown suit making balloon animals and cracking corny old jokes? Ugh. What a fucked-up way to start my summer vacation.

My step-mom asked nicely, and even called me "Robert" like an adult, the way I wanted, instead of "Bobby" like she used to before I went off to college. So I helped her put up some decorations outside on the patio and set up the folding tables. My little brother was so excited about his party and upcoming presents he kept doing this little jumpy dance and getting underfoot, but at least the little pest didn't interfere too much. As soon as I could, I retreated upstairs to my bedroom, my only sanctuary in the house and officially off limits to the brat. If I couldn't hang out by the pool, I was going to light up a joint or two I got off this dealer back at college and get myself really, really stoned.

Yeah, like getting stoned alone wasn't the saddest thing ever.

The doorbell rang and rang as parents dumped their demonic monsters on us--well, on my step-mom technically, but I had to listen to their squealing and hollering. I wasn't nearly stoned enough yet and my ear-buds apparently weren't capable of volume enough to block out the battle cries of the invading horde.

My step-mom knocked on my door and yelled that Mister Giggles the Clown was here and needed a place to change into his costume. She was ensconcing him in the upstairs hall bathroom--*my* bathroom--because she didn't want the kids seeing him until he was completely in costume; it would ruin the surprise.

More like he needed a place to get his alcoholic courage on in private before facing the Mongol horde. I couldn't blame him for that--though maybe his decision on "birthday clown" as a career path was proof of a mental illness that needed professional treatment.

Mister Giggles. What a name. Clowns creep me out. I don't know why, and I really don't care. They always come on larger than life, and the bright makeup is always too gaudy, with an oversized red nose and painted red lips like an off-center vagina on someone's face. But really, they're adults, sexual beings, and there's something weird about adults who want to put on painted-faces, become costumed characters, and hang out with preschoolers.

But right then in my room I was too busy fuming over my bratty little brother's birthday party. The pot wasn't helping my bad mood, so I decided to nurse it. The little shit was always getting what he wanted, and now the first day of my summer vacation was ruined as a result. I couldn't even take a nap because

of all the loud clown-horn noises and the kiddie squeals.

A couple of hours later, my step-mother beat on my door and announced she and the other moms were taking the Mongol horde to the local pizza-slash-kiddie arcade place for more fun-fun-fun before carting them all home. And Mister Giggles? She said he was in the bathroom changing out of his costume and would be leaving in a few minutes.

Good. Mom and the brat would be gone for a couple more hours. The sooner I got Mister Creepy Clown out of there, the sooner I'd have the place to myself. I could still get in a couple of hours by the pool, and maybe I could jack off too.

I celebrated by lighting up a second joint. Meanwhile, I heard the brats swarming out the front door and into the vehicles waiting to ferry them to the arcade for more birthday frolicking. Good riddance. The vehicles drove off, and immediately peace and quiet descended on the house. In fact, there was absolutely no sound except for the music in my ear-buds and the occasional noise from the bathroom that must be Mister Giggles changing back into whatever alcoholic office drone or middle-aged Joe Pedophile he probably was on his personal time.

Speaking of time, it was time for me to leap into action and get Mister Gross-Face out of the house. What better way to make him depart than to get all up in his face?

So I burst into the bathroom where he was changing and stormed over to the toilet. I still had my shirt off, just that pair of board shorts and flip-flops on, and I figured what's more up in his face than having a half-naked guy burst in on him? It was, after all, my bathroom, and I could do what I wanted.

"Sorry, Mister Guffaws or whatever your name is. Gotta take a leak," I announced like the lord of the manor as I commandeered the toilet. I planted my feet, popped the snap and unzipped my board shorts, and shoved them down to mid-thigh. I didn't have any underwear on, so I was naked down to my thighs--'cause having a half-naked guy showing his ass to you in a small space like that ought to give him even more reason to pack it up and haul ass outta there.

I had my back to him as I faced the toilet and unleashed my piss. While my bladder was unloading, I registered what I'd seen when I burst in. After one joint and most of another, my head was moving kind of slow, but it did catch up eventually.

Aside from the mildly surprised expression and a raised eyebrow, Mister Giggles didn't seem too put off. He stood at the sink wiping away his remaining makeup. He had his big clown shoes off and stood barefooted. He wore his clown pants but had his clown shirt and wig off--most of his makeup off too. He wasn't an old guy like I expected. He was in his mid-twenties, so not that much older than me. He was good-looking. Fit too, with a body that looked like he worked out regularly.

"You must be the other son. Your mother told me--"

"*Step-mother*," I emphasized firmly. Then for some reason, I added, "Sorry. There's kind of a lot of baggage there. And I wasn't looking forward to a house full of bratty kids all day."

He laughed, "Hey, welcome to my world, pal. This wasn't how I wanted to spend my day either."

A clown who didn't like children? Maybe it was the pot, but I couldn't figure that out.

My bladder finished the task at hand. I gave my dick a couple of shakes, pulled up my shorts, dropped the last of my joint into the toilet, and flushed.

"I'm Chris," he said, stepping aside so I could rinse my hands at the sink. He dropped the disposable towelette he used to wipe away makeup into the trash can.

"Uhm." I wasn't ready for this sudden tension. I wasn't prepared for the half-naked stranger in clown pants standing in my bathroom to be nice to me. I guess I hadn't thought past expecting him to grab his shit and run for the door.

"My name," he said, "it's Chris, not 'Mister Guffaws.'"

"Oh. Sorry about that. I can be kind of an asshole sometimes."

He chuckled. He stood there looking at me while I dried my hands on one of those otherwise useless little hand towels my step-mom insists on keeping near every sink in the house.

"And your name is?" Mister--er, Chris--prompted me.

"Robert. I'm, uhm, Robert."

He offered his hand, and I shook it. *No*, I told myself, *his fingertips did not brush mine when our hands parted*. I felt myself blush too, and not from the pot, though pot always made me horny and had my cock already looking for any excuse to throw a boner. Chris was cute and he was looking right at me, and that made me nervous. I guess the shirtless dudes confronting shirtless dudes in confided spaces worked both ways.

"How had you planned spending your day before the house full of--what did you call them--'bratty kids' moved in?"

I shrugged. "Not doing shit. Mostly laying out by the pool where the party was, I guess."

I tried to regain control of the conversation, but Chris beat me to it by asking, "Home from college, huh? First day of summer vacation?"

"Yeah." It seemed my step-mom had a big mouth. Okay, my turn: "So, you like being a clown?"

He shrugged, and I tried not to notice the way his nipples moved. "Not really. My father was a clown. He taught me the ropes. But mostly, the 'Mister Giggles' bit belongs to my older brother. He's the real Mister Giggles. I just help out sometimes for some spare cash when I'm around and he's overbooked or needs a day off. Can I tell you a secret?" He made a big production of looking both ways for unseen eavesdroppers in a way that probably went over big with the toddler set. "I'm really a college student too. Well, graduate school. Today's the first day of my summer break too."

"Really? Where do you go to school?"

He told me, and my jaw dropped.

"No way!" I gaped. "That's where I go too. You're shitting me!"

"It's the truth," he nodded.

"What're you studying?"

"I'm getting my PhD in psychology. You?"

"Dunno yet. Probably gonna major in business or something." I wasn't sure what to say, both afraid he would propose meeting up sometime in the fall after we went back to the university, and yet somehow I was hoping he would do exactly that. Naked from the waist up, he was a good-looking guy, and I found myself attracted to him, and that wasn't just the pot talking. The air seemed charged with a tension, definitely sexual, that had me wondering if he was attracted to me too. I puffed up my bare chest a little, just in case. I secretly hoped he'd pick up on how aroused I was, and I was afraid of him picking up on it at the same time. I could always blame the pot.

We chatted about school. Places we liked to hang out. Where we lived--I lived in one of the dorms, and he shared an off-campus apartment with three roommates. I wasn't mad anymore. In fact, I felt like being a good host. "Listen, you wanna get high? I got some primo weed in my room."

"No, I'm good, thanks. Besides, my brother will kill me if I bring back the costume smelling like smoke. Smells like you've already been indulging some."

I guess I carried the scent of the cannabis smoke on me. My step-mom would be pissed at me for smoking in the house if she got back before the smell dissipated, but I didn't care. But to Chris, I explained, "Yeah, uhm, this semester was hell. I needed to unwind after finals."

"I hear ya. Pot makes you mellow, huh?"

"Uh huh."

"You smoke a lot?"

I shrugged. "Only sometimes." I didn't want Chris to think I was a total stoner.

"Lots of other things can make you feel mellow too."

"Yeah? Like what?"

I thought he was trying to change the subject. He said, "Hey, look at this. It's a little trick I learned. If you look closely, I bet you can figure it out--but you'll have to pay really close attention. Watch this."

He held up a coin, just an ordinary silver coin. He rolled it quickly between his fingers, moving it down from his index finger to his pinky, then back up, which took a lot of dexterity. But when it popped up between his index finger and thumb, it wasn't silver at all--it was blue. It rolled, silver again, down to his pinky again, then back up. This time when it popped up, it was red.

"Pretty neat, huh? The kids love it. They can never figure it out, but it's an easy trick. They think it's magic because they don't have the patience to figure it out. But I bet you do. If you watch really, really closely, you can figure out the trick."

He did it again, slower. I swear it looked like an ordinary silver coin going down, but this time it popped

up blue.

"I don't get it," I said.

"I'll do it again. Take your time. I'll keep doing it until you figure it out--no problem. It's easy. Just watch carefully. Pay close attention. Shut out all distractions. You can figure it out if you pay really close attention."

It rolled down, ordinary and silver, and then back up and popped up red.

"Keep your eyes fixed on the coin. Just keep watching it closely. It's easy. Focus. Pay close attention. Take a deep breath. That's it. The oxygen helps your mind pay attention. Take another deep breath. Exhale slowly. See how easy? You're getting it--I can tell you're just about to figure it out. Just keep focusing on the coin. Are your eyes getting tired? Maybe just a little? That's okay. It won't be long now. Don't worry if you start feeling tiredness spread around your eyes."

I stifled a yawn. I did feel kind of tired, but pot always makes me mellow and sleepy.

"That's okay," Chris assured me. "Blink when you need to. Just breathe deep and easy; stay focused; exhale slowly. If your eyelids get tired, if they have to close, that's all right. You can still picture the coin in your mind's eye. You can still focus on it even if your eyelids close. That's right. Just like that. Let them close. So tired. So very tired. Let your eyes close now. Close them. Good. You can still picture the coin in your imagination if you like. So focused now. No distractions. Let your muscles grow limp and lazy. So relaxed. Just as limp as a handful of string. As your muscles relax, just let your mind relax, too. Let your mind drift. Let your mind drift off pleasantly. All your tensions fade away. You're relaxing more with each easy breath that you take. Begin breathing more deeply just as you breathe each night, when you are deeply, soundly asleep. Each and every time that you exhale, you are freeing yourself of tension, and going deeper. Feeling good and going deeper into drowsy relaxation. Deeper into sleep. Letting go. Feels so good. Loose and letting go. Relaxing, going deeper into relaxation, deeper into drowsy slumber. Let all of your muscles go loose and limp, and go deeper into sleep."

There was more, but I kept getting lost. My thoughts kept drifting out of reach before I could fully think them.

"Open your eyes, Robert. Yes, that's it. You've figured it out, haven't you? You figured out how to open your eyes and yet stay so deeply relaxed and deeply asleep. Yes. Tell me how you feel."

I thought about it a moment, as much as I could think. My head felt fuzzy, like being high on pot and half-asleep at the same time. What seemed like the right answer came to me, so I said it: "Relaxed."

"Good. Relaxed and comfortable and mellow, right?"

"Right ..."

"Good. Say 'thank you.'"

"Thank you ..."

"Excellent."

"There's something else we can do to help you relax and feel more comfortable, if you'll let me. It's easy. Just us guys here, all alone in the house. Everything stays private. It'll help you feel relaxed, comfortable, and maybe just a little bit naughty. I bet a naughty guy like you will enjoy it. If you want me to do the thing that will help you feel more comfortable, just say 'thank you.'"

The answer took a second to float into my head, and then I said it: "Thank you ..."

Chris moved in closer to me. I could feel the heat from his body, smell the traces of greasepaint and a little sweat. He smelled good. My cock tingled and started to swell a little more. I wanted to smell him some more, but it was too hard to think, too much effort to push my head forward for a better sniff.

His hands down below distracted me. Chris unsnapped my shorts and unzipped them. My baggy board shorts whisper-slipped to my knees, then to my ankles. The breeze on my semi-hard cock felt really, really good.

"There," Chris said. "Doesn't that feel better? Freer, less confined, more relaxed, more comfortable, and just a little bit naughty, right?"

"Yes ..."

"Good. Then say 'thank you,' and feel yourself relax into that deep, focused, eyes-open sleep, sinking even deeper."

My voice said, "Thank you ..." and I did feel myself relax still further. Everything seemed to be draining away.

"Why don't you step out of your shorts, Robert? Just us guys here, all alone in the house. Your flip-flops too. Get completely comfortable and relaxed for me."

I lifted my right foot. My flip-flop slipped off beneath the weight of my shorts, and my foot pulled free of them.

"Good. Now the other foot. Good. That's exactly right. Feels so good, doesn't it, Robert? So good and relaxed and comfortable and naughty, right? Say 'thank you' and feel yourself slip a little deeper into that calm, relaxed state."

"Thank you ...," my voice murmured, and my head felt a little more vague.

"Robert, would you like me to feel comfortable too? Would you like me to be naughty with you?"

"Yes ..."

"Thank you, Robert."

Chris undid the snaps on his clown pants, which was good because my arms felt so limp I couldn't have done it. He slid his pants down--no underwear--and off, and then he was as naked as I was. *Just as comfortable and naughty*, I told myself.

His dick was more fully erect than mine. Nearly fully hard and sticking directly out in front of him. It was a big one. I stood and swayed a little and stared at it, focusing my attention on it. A real man's cock,

fully hard now, and throbbing as his heartbeat tried to force more blood into it.

Chris smirked at me. "You like what you see, don't you, Robert? You like seeing me all comfortable and naughty, just like you. Don't you? Say 'thank you,' and feel yourself become ready to be even more naughty, Robert."

I whispered, "Thank you ..." My woody throbbed, now fully stiff.

"I thought you might like cock," he growled. "Something told me you might." He watched me watch his cock. He reached down and gave his rod a few strokes.

"Mmm, feels so good," he sighed. "you're a pretty boy, Robert. Why don't you get down on your knees and take a good look at my cock? Say 'thank you' and kneel down and get a good look."

"Thank you ..."

As if dreaming, I took one step forward in the bathroom, then knelt in front of him. My gaze stayed locked on that dick before me, taking in the color of it, darker than the rest of him, the musky masculine smell of it, the way his pulse made it bob just a little.

"Open your mouth, Robert. Open wide."

I opened my mouth, and he eased his thick, satiny-skinned manhood inside my lips. He sighed and started to thrust his cock in. I had tried to suck off a couple of men at my college, just a couple of times, but it was awkward, nothing but quick experimentation. Chris was taking his time. He explored my mouth with his cock, an inch at a time, until he had it nearly poked down my throat.

"Stroke yourself, Robert. Stroke your hard cock. Make yourself feel good, but don't cum. Don't cum until I tell you."

My hand found and circled my dick and rubbed it slowly, as Chris set up a steady in-and-out rhythm with my mouth.

"I like blowjobs from pretty, relaxed boys like you, Robert," Chris said. "I wanted to fuck your mouth the moment I saw you."

He tasted and smelled of sex, and my relaxed jaw let his dick slide nearly all the way down my throat. He fucked my mouth gently a while. As soon as he knew I was used to his giant prick down my throat, Chris began thrusting with his hips too. I choked a little on him because he was just too big.

Chris pulled his dick out of my mouth. "Stand up, Robert, and say 'thank you.' Feel yourself float in that deeply relaxed, eyes-open sleep you're coming to enjoy so much."

"Thank you ..."

He looked across the hallway. "Which bedroom is yours? Lead me to it. So easy to put one foot in front of the other and lead me to your bedroom, isn't it?"

I sleep-walked to my bedroom. He followed, his dick bobbing in front of him. He had my shorts and flip-flops in his hand, and he dropped them on the floor by the foot of my mattress.

"Get on the bed, Robert," he directed. "Get on your hands and knees. I'm going to fuck you, but first ..."

I climbed on the bed, on my hands and knees. He crawled up behind me, pushed my legs farther apart. His strong hands clamped my melon ass cheeks and parted them, and I felt his tongue slide down my ass crack.

"Like that?" he said. "Say 'thank you' and feel yourself relax even more, you naughty boy."

"Thank you ..."

His tongue tickled, then tingled, and suddenly I was awash with jolts of pleasure as it swabbed around my asshole and flicked across it. My sleepy voice moaned.

After a few minutes, Chris announced, "Now I want to fuck you. Feel yourself want me to fuck you. Say 'thank you,' and feel yourself wanting me to fuck you more than you've ever wanted anything before."

His tongue found my asshole again as I murmured, "Thank you ..." I felt his spit-wet finger enter my ass and I felt like fireworks were going off in my ass and head--all bottle rockets and multicolor flashes and sensations exploding in my brain. Never had I felt like this, so horny, so needing to get fucked. I'd never had a cock up my ass before but, suddenly, all I wanted was for him to fuck me.

He had a condom and packet of lube. He rolled onto his back beside me on the mattress and unfurled the condom onto his big erection and lube-slathered it. Then he crawled back between my spread legs.

"Are you a virgin back here?" he asked.

"Yes ..."

"I'll go slow. You're going to love it. Just relax and push back with your ass and feel everything I do turn to pleasure in your head. Feel it relax you still deeper into that comfortable, naughty eyes-open sleep you're enjoying so very much. Relax."

I wanted the blissful feelings to intensify. Chris twisted his finger slowly into my ass, which ran a shiver of pleasure up my spine. After he finger-fucked me enough to loosen my hole, he panted one hand on my hip and eased his cockhead up and down across my anus. The crown of his cock pressed tight against my hole, then began to push inside. It felt weird at first, a fullness where my body said there shouldn't be one, then a moment of pain from the entry. Just like he said, something in me turned the pain into pleasure.

"Relax," he said, bending forward and kissing the nape of my neck. I loved the way my whole body felt relaxed, the naughtiness of it, but physically my body was unprepared for being fucked by such a big dick. Chris thrust again, a little harder this time, and I felt his manhood push deeper inside me. My throat made a moaning sound as the pain-pleasure friction made me tingle.

Chris held still for a few seconds. "Relax, Robert. Good man. Just like that," he coaxed against the back of my neck. He gave me a chance to accommodate his thick inches. More lube helped, and he gradually filled me up with the full length of his big cock.

Fully impaled, I crouched there on my hands and knees and enjoyed the sensations bursting through me as his dick, big but feeling even more massive up my ass, stretched my butt-ring and slid back and forth

over nerves I never knew I had--and never knew could feel so fucking great!

After several minutes of gentle thrusting, he began to fuck me harder--not hard, but harder than before. Every resistance in me gave way to relaxed pliability. I'd never had a sexual experience like this before. The sensation of being penetrated in my ass was totally different from jacking off or the few furtive attempts at blowjobs I'd given and gotten back at the university. I was used to feeling the pleasure of sex only in my dick, but now Chris was demonstrating a whole new erogenous zone in me--one I'd been sitting on and wasting all these years. Before long, he had my ass bouncing back and forth along his dick like a slut, as my own hard-on wagged in the air underneath me, sometimes swinging enough to smack up against my flat abs and sent a whole different kind of pleasure jolting through me.

As Chris repeatedly rammed into me, he anchored himself with one hand clamped on my shoulder. His other hand reached under me and grasped my rigid length and stroked it. He was making my body respond in ways I'd never imagined possible.

Chris came first. One moment his rock-hard cock kept slamming deep inside my ass, and the next I felt his muscular body tense. His hand on my shoulder clutched me tighter as he groaned and jizzed into the condom deep inside my ass.

Chris rolled to one side of me. His hand clutched my dick again and stroked. "Cum for me, Robert. Feel yourself getting ready and cum."

The rough rocking motion of his hand made my dick glow with sensation. My balls answered with a tingling. "Cum for me," Chris repeated, and my orgasm burst through me. My dick began to shoot, and the first creamy jet of spunk landed on one of those otherwise useless hand towels from the bathroom that Chris pushed underneath me, followed by a second, and third, and more. Fucking intense!

"Good, Robert. Say 'thank you' and know you did an excellent job."

"Thank you ..." I murmured, basking in his praise and the afterglow of my orgasm.

"Good," he said as he wadded the little towel that soaked up my spunk. "Understand that nothing can ever beat this, the feeling you get from shooting while getting fucked by my big dick, right?"

I said, "Yes ...," because it was true.

"Good," Chris said. "Now close your eyes. Close your sleepy, sleepy eyes and sink deeply into sleep, Robert. You deserve a little nap after that work-out. Sleep now."

My eyes closed. His hand pushed my body down onto my bed, and I sank willingly, happily, into blackness.

I awoke some time later when I heard my step-mom and kid brother slam the car doors outside. I was alone. Chris had slipped away while I slept. I sat up and yawned, feeling de-stressed and mellow. I was still naked but he had covered me with a sheet, which struck me as unexpectedly thoughtful. If anybody had walked in on me, they'd have thought I was taking a nap, not sleeping off a hypnotic trance or the best sex of my life so far.

I swung my legs over the side of the bed and reached for my board shorts. I remembered everything. A weird soreness in my ass testified that I hadn't dreamed it. Maybe my summer vacation wasn't off to

such a bad start after all. A weird start, maybe, but a pretty damned good one.

I stood up and pulled up my shorts and fastened them. Downstairs, the front door opened and closed as my step-mom and brother came inside. I decided I should probably go help my step-mother clean up after the party, just to show I wasn't a total ass-hat like her little brat. She would probably be wondering what I'd been doing all this time instead of starting the clean-up anyway. If she asked, I'd just tell her it was none of her business.

But first, I checked to make sure nothing was amiss. No sign of the condom or the hand towel that caught my cum. Chris must have taken those with him. There was no sign Chris was ever there at all-- except, in the bathroom trash can, the towelettes he used to remove his clown makeup. I pulled one out. He had used it to wipe makeup from around his mouth because it bore the smudgy imprint of his lips. It smelled of greasepaint, just like Chris had. I folded it carefully and carried back to my bedside table, planning to stash it in the drawer as a keepsake and jack off again with it later, remembering Chris.

I still hated clowns, but I could see how someone could come to like the smell of greasepaint. If nothing else, Chris had given me a *how I lost my virginity* tale that would trump everyone else's: *My first time?-- Funny story, I was hypnotized and butt-fucked by a birthday clown at my parents' house.*

I saw something on my bedside table: a business card advertising, "Mister Giggles, Clown Extraordinaire. Birthday parties a specialty." One corner was smudged with a little clown makeup, or maybe dried cum.

Why had Chris left this? I flipped it over and understood. On the back, he had written, "Thank you, Mister Giggles," followed by a phone number, probably his personal number.

"No," I said to myself, "thank *you*, Mister Giggles," and grinned as I dropped the towelette and card into the drawer. I would definitely be calling that number, and very soon.
