

The Gluteus Maximus

Chapter I

The most exciting and libidinous thing happened in Chicago on July 10. A package was delivered to a doorstep around eight in the summer morning. Opening the door was, Anthony Anola, in his excited glee, he grabbed the package and brought it inside its new home. His manager, Favola Furencious, walked into the room with his steaming hot coffee in his hands.

“Is that another new sex toy?” he said tiredly but still manages to add a hint of judgment to his question. “You don’t have to keep wasting your money on that shit, or are you not satisfied during your work?”

“Haha, very funny Mr. Flirtatious.” Anthony responded in a sarcastic matter, his hands already inside the open box.

“Not my name!” Favola remarked as if on autopilot. The both of them bantered at each other as often as they breathe.

“This is my new bongo drum. I have other skills you know.” Anthony returned with a sly twist of his head towards Favola, while he pulled out his bongo drums, and immediately plays a little tune while they rested atop his black and purple striped thighs.

“Yeah, right.” Favola said in great disbelief, keeping his gaze on Anthony, while he took another slow and savory sip of his black coffee. Anthony took another look in the box and his eyes opened wide again.

“Oh man! I got a two for one sale!”

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“What the hell? Where did you get this from again?” Favola spoke through the confusion that temporarily broke through his slow process of drinking. Anthony proceeded to pull out the next object from the box. Although, this was not another bongo drum, it was a butt. Anthony’s face contorted in confusion. “Oh right, I almost forgot who I was talking to. So, you did get a new sex toy?” Favola acted as if shocked, but his ego was only reinforced through this seemingly ‘obvious’ revelation.

“But I didn’t?” Anthony said still confused, but also very surprised as to how real this feels. A little too real.

“Come here. At least let me get a feel so I know you’re not wasting your money on crappy products.”

“Oh wait...” before Anthony could finish, Favola had already got ahold of it.

“Oh damn! Where’d you find this?” while, Favola finally woke up through arousal, Anthony was finally able to figure out why the butt was so real. It’s size, a little over an inch and a half in plumpness. The paleness, slowly broken apart by a few black freckles in the form of a semi-circle across the left peach. The smoothness, as if it was always left hydrated. Not even a single hair, it could have definitely passed as a sex toy if it wasn’t for the fact that, Anthony was finally able to connect the dots, and not the ones on the cheek. Anthony found out that these beautiful pair can only belong to the owner of the *Lascivious Life Hotel*, Edgar Capp. “Hey man! You got to tell me where to get one of these!” Favola said, now groping the butt with both hands. “A sex icon like you has to share some info for the rest of us.”

“No! This is wrong.” Anthony reached out to retrieve the butt.

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“Hey!” Favola wailed, his hands still outstretched as if there was something invisible, he couldn’t stop groping at.

“I am, uhm, going to return this.” Anthony improv quite mediocre as his profession doesn’t really desire for perfection.

“Really? I thought a whore like you would gladly welcome free stuff. Or does everything need to be paid for it to be enjoyed?” Favola stood back up, Coffee back in hand.

“I have to return this.” Anthony put it back in the box and got ready to go out. “This probably belongs to someone else you know?”

“Yeah, yeah. Just don’t take too long. You got another shoot later today.” Favola said before taking another sip of his coffee. Prior to leaving, Anthony decided to leave Favola with a few words as he didn’t want him to continue running on his high for too long.

“Oh, and by the way,” he said with a sly smile on his face. “that’s a man’s ass.” He grinned right before leaving through the door.

“Fuck!” Favola suddenly realizing Anthony’s sexual orientation, dropped his coffee on the floor. “FUCK!” He cursed out to the heavens now that he knew he groped a man’s ass, and he just now dropped his coffee all over his pants.

Anthony walked out into the summer streets of Chicago. His black windbreaker covering the vibrant purple undershirt, and his favorite black fedora shielding him from the sun. Luckily for him, no one cares enough to ask why he’s walking around with such a large box. At first, he thought of returning the butt back to Edgar. The problem for him was that he didn’t know where Edgar lived. His next best option, although he didn’t like it, was to dump it in the river. There

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was no way, Anthony was going to keep a real person's butt for any longer than he needed to. Luckily, Favola wasn't going to expose him since, Anthony was a great source of income for him.

He made his way down to the river, making sure there was no one in sight that would see him dump the butt. Anthony opened the box to get one last look at those cheeks. To him, they were a great pair and brought back fond memories. Too bad he'll never get to see them again. As he closed the box once more, he dropped it into the river.

“Bye-bye, sweet cheeks.” Anthony whispered while waving his fingers at the box.

“Halt! Criminal!” a nasally voice exclaimed from behind. “You have broken the law!” it repeated trying to sound as imposing as it can.

Anthony jumped in surprise. He got lost in thought and didn't recognize someone else was nearby. But he wasn't a cop or anything like that. This man was dressed in a white shirt with an image of a twenty-sided die. His ripped jeans exposing how thin this man was, and his thin black glasses increasing the size of his eyes to about double their original. This man was definitely a weirdo to the eyes of Anthony, but he also wielded a cardboard cut-out of a trident.

“I am the guardian of the river, and I will not allow scum like you to taint it with your expendables! I will have to report this incident to the police.”

“No! You can't!” Anthony said in exasperation. Who even is this, he thought. This guy clearly looked like he was roleplaying, and not in the kind, Anthony prefers.

“Oh yeah? And why shouldn't I?” The river guardian responded.

At that moment, Anthony began to promise him discounts of his new videos and exclusive works, all in hopes of getting this guy to not report it to the police, and with that I fear the rest of the day was forgotten in the rays of that bright sunny day.

Chapter II

Edgar Capp awoke the same way he does every morning. The bright rays of the sun gleam through the window of his penthouse and shine upon his face. He stretched out his limbs, the sounds of his bones reverberating throughout the room. He moved over to sit up upon the edge of his bed. As Edgar looked up, clearly for the first time today, he was met with his own reflection from his strategically placed mirror. It was a great way for him to recognize his own body every day. There is a thing as self-love, but Edgar might be one of those who take it a little too far. He flexes his muscles in the mirror and poses to himself, leaving a big bright smile upon his face. He finally stood up to also reveal the strength of his legs, and the rest of his body hidden within the bed sheets, for Edgar was a nude sleeper.

As he turned around to flex his precious back and ass muscles, that is when Edgar had seen the impossible. His preciously toned gluteus maximus was gone, vanished, missing from his person! “How could this be!” Edgar thought. This was truly a turn for the worst. How else would he be able to promote the new love beds installed in his hotel without his self-proclaimed perfect body to model. He went to grip his luscious cheeks just to make sure they were still there, but alas his soft cushion was replaced with the stiff flatness of his back. “It’s true.” He said to himself as he continued to slap his nonexistent behind, “They’re really gone!”

Now Edgar was put in a dilemma. He would have to find a way to retrieve his missing butt before his ad shoot by the end of the week. Where to start? He wondered. Of course, the

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security cameras! His precious ass wouldn't have magically disappeared on their own. It had to have been someone else that stole them over the night. Edgar always believed he had jealous enemies out there. Those who wanted to topple his success in the hotel business. Once he catches them red-handed through the cameras, Edgar would be prepared to rain hell upon them.

Edgar dressed himself before departing, though he still feels somewhat naked without his ass completing him. As he stepped out of the elevator to the lobby floor, he went up to his security desk. Today, Anora was the one behind the desk. "Anora! I need your help!"

"Good morning, sir! What do you need?"

"I need to see the camera footage from the elevator leading up to my house from overnight." Anora didn't question it and began to pull up the recording on the screen. They stood there for a few minutes fast forwarding through the recording, until Anora broke the silence.

"Have you seen the new hotel that just opened up down the block?"

"Excuse me?" Edgar attention had immediately shifted over to this new hotel.

"Yeah. It blew up basically overnight at that empty building. Strange how that happened." Edgar couldn't believe what he was hearing. He left the security desk and exited the building. He began running down the block until he encountered the new hotel that wasn't there before. But how? Edgar had his eye on this building for a while, but now someone else had snatch the place from under his rear, but who could do this.

As if some outside force went ahead to answer Edgar, a limo pulled up in front of the building. Exiting the obsidian vehicle, two strangely shaped men appeared. Edgar immediately recognized these men as his own ass cheeks. His right cheek wore a white tailcoat suit, while his

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left cheek wore a beige ranger uniform with a sombrero. Edgar couldn't believe what he was seeing. Those were indeed his cheeks, but they are also their own person. The two went up to the front of their hotel to cut the ribbon closing their doors, thus having a grand opening for their new hotel. The crowd both went inside into their new rooms, and reporters were interested in getting a word from the two men. Edgar didn't know how to approach them in this crowd, so he decided to wait by their limo since it was still there. As the crowd died down, the two cheeks finally made it to their limo, thus confronting Edgar. "You're not our driver, are you?" Said the left cheek with a strong southern accent.

"Maybe he's another reporter?" The right cheek responded with a very stern and sophisticated voice.

"Oh, um no, I'm not any of that. I just wanted to know how you guys are here and not where you're supposed to be?" Edgar asked with some hesitation in his voice.

"Well, we have legs and bought this building to be our hotel. It's only proper that we came to its grand opening. Good for business." The right cheek said as if it was completely normal.

"Well, um, how do I put this? You two are my butt cheeks and are supposed to be right here." Edgar was very awkwardly patting his behind with both hands where his cheeks were supposed to be.

"Whaaaaaaaaat?" The left cheek had spoken for both of them from the confused look on their faces. "Man, you are the weirdest reporter we have ever met. Maybe find someone else who can entertain your story."

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“But I’m not a repor-” Edgar’s words were immediately broken when other reporters appeared in front of him this time. He was bombarded with words, why was he here? Was he worried about the competition? Was he greeting the new neighbors? Edgar didn’t have time for any of this. But once he got his bearings and looked behind him for the limo, it was already gone. As his morale faded away, so did the reporters around him. Except for one. Noah Banderhob. A reporter that has been following Edgar’s growth throughout the years and grew quite the bond because of it too.

“What’s wrong, Edgar? You look like you got something on your mind.” As Edgar looked up to Noah, he realized that he could have Noah create a story about his missing ass.

“Noah, I got something that you need to write about right away!”

“Ok, shoot.”

“My ass was stolen! The people that you just saw go into the limo are them. I need anyone who finds them to bring it back to me as soon as possible.” As he spoke, Noah just froze and stared at him with dead eyes. “You got to believe me, Noah! I really don’t have my ass anymore.”

“How do you lose your ass?” Noah finally broke out from his freeze. Edgar moved them towards the alley next to the building. He took a quick glance around his surroundings before facing the wall. “What are you doing?”

“See for yourself. Pull my pants back a little and you will see what went missing.” Noah’s face turned a little red. This may have been a bit unprofessional, but he wanted to know what the

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situation really was. He cautiously pulled back the pants with his index and middle finger and took a quick peak inside. He was truly awestruck. His cheeks were really missing.

“Why aren’t you wearing underwear?”

“That doesn’t matter!” Edgar turned back around to face Noah. “Can you help me out?”

“I’m so sorry, Edgar. But I can’t publish a story about this. It’s too indecent and it would look bad on my record. I just can’t risk it. But hey, I’m sure you’ll figure this out. You do so most of the time.” Noah said as he walked out of the alley to catch his cab. Rejected, Edgar felt defeated and hopeless. He dragged his feet back to his penthouse; assless.

Edgar slumped onto his bed; face absorbed into the fluffy mattress. He laid there in acceptance of the mountain of nothingness left up in the air. His sulking disturbed by the intrusion of his hotel phone.

“Mr. Capp! Someone is here to see you.” The phone mimic, Anora’s voice.

“I don’t want to see anyone today. Send them back.” Edgar grumbled.

“They really insist on meeting you sir, they say that they have something that belongs to you.” These words lingered in Edgar’s head for a while before deciding what he wanted to do.

“Well then, let them come up.” Edgar slowly pushed himself back to a seating position on the edge of his bed. What could someone possibly have for him that isn’t his own arse, he thought. For a moment he had a rejuvenating feeling inside, but it immediately quelched upon the thought that there was no way in hell someone would be able to return his own butt cheeks.

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The elevator ding echoed throughout the house. His signal. Edgar walked towards his living room, and to his surprise found a weird looking man examining his place with awe with a cardboard trident on his back and a box in his hands.

“Mhm-mhm.” Edgar announced. “Is that box for me?”

“Oh, yes sir.” The man said startled, but slowly worked towards putting up an authoritarian presence to his voice. “I believed these belong to you?” With that notion, he took one knee and bowed, while raising the box over his head toward Edgar for him to grab it. Edgar was definitely taken aback at the act currently in show for him, but he didn’t feel like telling him to stop. With this scene, Edgar approached to retrieve the box. As his hands went to unravel the mystery, the man in front of him noticed his reaction to the contents. “I found these two right before they were about to drive out of the city. I almost didn’t recognize them in their uniform, but their stealth was no match for these eyes! For I knew that they were buttocks, and your buttocks it might seem. I think a man by the name of, Anthony Anola, might have been the cause of all of this. He tried to silence me with his lustful videos, but I would not be seduced by sin.”

“Anthony Anola...” Edgar repeated under his voice as he continued to stare at his cheeks now returned and in his grasp. He thought for a moment where that name might have come from, and finally remembered an almost forgotten memory of a time the both of them met each other in, Chicago for one night.

“If you ever require my services again, I am known as the Guardian of the River.” He stood up in a salute. Right before he left.

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“Thank you!” Edgar said urgently, bowing as well to return the favor until the river guardian vanished behind the elevator doors. Now that he has his parts again, all he thought about doing was reattaching them.

Without much thought, Edgar dropped his pants and with a cheek in each hand, placed them upon his rear. After a moment, he let go in hopes that they would stay on, only to find them bounce on the floor the moment after. Maybe they needed some way to stick, he thought to himself.

Edgar located his hot glue gun that he uses to solve very minimal tasks around the hotel. He applied a layer on the flat side of each cheek. After a while, he sat on them for a few seconds, waiting until he felt enough time had passed for the cheeks to stick. He jumped up ready to feel whole again, only for once again the cheeks slide off him and lay back on the floor. Edgar stared dumbfounded. He now had his whole body back, but now they don't want to stick. He sat on the couch, gazing at the rested cheeks on the floor. How in the world would he be able to reattach his luscious cheeks?

It wasn't long before news outlet started to report the incident. The new hotel that just opened had started to fall apart after its grand opening, due to the owners secretly being apart of Edgar himself. Other hotel owners believed it was some sort of scheme for Edgar to get publicity and gain customers to choose his hotel over others. But in time, the interest of the butt twins started to dissipate, and Edgar became another no name to the eyes of many.

Chapter III

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Edgar Capp awoke in a sitting position in the morning. He felt something strange yet familiar. He looked at himself in his mirror and contemplated for a moment. While maintaining eye contact to his mirror self, he stood up in the room, slowly turning himself to reveal his rear side. His eyes jolted open when he found his butt, whole again, cheeks attached.

Edgar stepped out into the lobby, with his best set of white cowboy designer clothing. He walked up to the desk, Anora diligently set on work.

“Oh, Anora.” Edgar gleed while pivoting himself on his left foot in a sort of half bow. “Notice anything different?” He asked while spinning around to give, Anora a 360-degree view. Surprisingly, Anora took the time to check.

“No. You seem perfectly fine; you are dressed rather nice though. Are you going out to another event?”

“A self-celebration! Although I do plan on making something big later for the hotel!” With this wonderful news he energetically skipped out the doors. Nothing was different, nothing out of the ordinary. He had his butt back whole and all.

Edgar strolled out towards Millenium Park. He enjoyed the new day and took every step with enough finesse to feel the jiggle of his glutes. He continued this trail of joy right next to Lake Michigan. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath of the cool air around him while clasping his behind with both hands. For the first time in his life, Edgar was happy not about the success of his business, but about just being himself, whole and all.

This occurrence was definitely anything but ordinary, but in this strange couple of days, the unordinary had introduced itself. How in the world would Edgar’s cheeks separate from his

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body and find itself elsewhere. Even this elsewhere ended up being the delivery package of, Anthony Anola's recently purchased bongos. How did Anthony, a one-night stand, end up being framed for Edgar's missing glutes. It could have been anyone, but the unordinary chose him. He tried to dispose of it but, yet again the unordinary chose the Guardian of the River to be the one to stop him. Was it because he didn't know of Anthony's work? The perfect counter? Perhaps. But at the end of the day, these events did truly unfold, and Edgar reclaimed his gluteus maximus. How does something magically reattach itself, well there's no point in trying to figure that out if the topic of how it detached itself is still a mystery.