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*RICHIE AND CHIP'S EROTIC JOURNEY*

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*by Ryan North*

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Chipotle "Chip" Zdarsky (middle-aged, objectively attractive) stared at his computer screen and sighed. True, he had won multiple Eisner awards. True, he had years of newspaper experience and so was used to spinning gold on a deadline. And true, he was really good at sex. But somehow - SOMEHOW - he couldn't get this erotic story he was writing to work!

Chip pushed back from his chair and sighed. He turned to the mirror he kept by his desk - most artists had one, so that they could use their own faces as reference when trying to nail a facial expression, but Chip didn't need such crutches: he simply found his own face and body endlessly inspiring, especially when writing erotic fiction. He could, and had, lost himself in his own eyes for days.

"Come on Chip," he whispered to his own handsome face, who seemed to whisper it back just as urgently. "You can do this. Maybe the problem is you're not horny enough? You gotta get horny, Chippy-baby. More than your usual baseline. You gotta get EVEN HORNIER."

Chip closed his eyes and thought of Richie. Richie Davidson, his muse, his obsession, and the subject of his story. Richie was obviously perfect: 6 feet tall, 32 years young, black hair that framed that handsome face in ways he couldn't stop thinking about, and those dimples - those dimples! - that always appeared when he smiled. There were definitely no problems there. But Chip had already described Richie's body in great and loving detail in his story, and everyone knew he'd sketched it a thousand times. Richie was his go-to doodle, his convention sketch, his signature flourish, his character hidden somewhere in every single comic he drew. Chip knew that body inside and out, and he'd shared it with the world every day. But somehow it wasn't enough. He needed MORE.

He picked up the phone and dialed Richie<sup>1</sup>. The phone rang once, twice, three times. Chip knew he was breaking his rule, his promise not to bother Richie with more questions about "why are you so sexy" and "how are you so sexy", and "could you teach me how to be sexy like you if I promise not to tell anyone? Please please I'll do anything". But here he was, calling him again. And it was 4am. I should've mentioned that sooner. It was really really early in the morning and Chip had once again accidentally stayed up all night thinking of this one perfect man named Richie.

The line picked up. Chip was so nervous he almost hung up, but he didn't, and then he heard Richie's voice. "Chip," Richie said, "it's 4am."

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<sup>1</sup> Redialled, technically. It was practically the only number he called.

"I know," Chip said. "I'm sorry. Can you describe your body to me again?"

Richie sighed in a way Chip would remember as "heterosexually". "Chip, I like you and your work," Richie said, "but I remind you that I'm more-or-less all-the-way heterosexual most of the time."

"I know," Chip repeated. "I know." Could anything in the English language have ever sustained more hopes and dreams than Richie's word "most" did there for Chip? Could any word have ever been as turned over, dissected, discussed, and disassembled more than those four little letters had been by Chip, and his good friend Ryan? (They met once a month and discussed Richie over affordable noodles. It was a recurring date, something they looked forward to, and which gave both their lives structure.)

"I'm not opposed to some light flirting, and it's okay if you're obsessed with me like all the time, but I do have a life outside of this, Chip." Richie said.

"I know," Chip repeated again. "It's just - I was writing a sexy story about you, assuming, of course, I still have the consent you gave me earlier for such a project..."

"I remember," Richie said. "I continue to give enthusiastic and ongoing consent." It was a kindness, one he did for Chip.

"And I'm stuck," Chip said. "I don't know where to go with it. Ryan told me once - in confidence, but I know he wouldn't mind me telling you - how he felt like he could write any character in the world except Batman. I asked him why, and he told me that Batman was the one character he'd thought the most about. He'd spent basically his entire childhood reading Batman comics and imagining his own Batman stories. And once you've gone that deep - once you know so much about someone - it's paralyzing! Batman's so incredible, and he doesn't want to write anything but a perfect Batman story. And so he writes nothing."

"You think I'm Batman?" asked Richie. Chip chuckled: Richie could always make him laugh. "No, but it's the same idea. I've thought about you too much. And now when it's time to write a NEW Richie story, I'm hitting the same wall. I just don't want it to be bad."

Richie glanced over at the clock by his bed. 4:10 am. He was tired, and long since tucked in, but Chip needed him, and Richie was kind. He'd help out his friend.

"Listen," Richie said. "Forget about me. Forget about the jokes and the computer stuff and the logos I make for myself and my love of Star Trek and the Prime Directive and Dinosaur Comics (and Utahraptor in particular) and all the rest. When you scratch all that away from me, what's left?"

Chip only had to think for a moment.

"Kindness," he said.

"Then write a story about kindness", Richie said. "Make it as erotic as you want, in fact, make it hella erotic to the ultimate extreme, but keep that at its core, and my friend, I think you'll be just fine."

Chip smiled, but didn't say anything. He listened to the silence on the line, listening to Richie there out in the darkness listening for him, and he knew that he'd always remember how this moment felt.

"Thank you," he said.

"You're welcome." Richie said.

"And I really think you're right," Chip said. "I'm going to write some really kind erotica. Everyone's going to be really nice, and they're going to have some really supportive and imaginative and fulfilling and generous sex, and when they climax they're going to say 'Ahh... ahhhh.... I- I-- I FEEL SO KIND!!'".

"Sounds great. Good night, Chip." Richie said.

"Night buddy," Chip said, and he hung up the phone.

He turned back to his computer and started to write a new story, a different story. It was not good, but it was kind, and it made Chip happy and aroused.

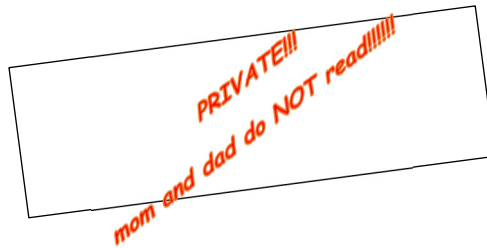
THE END.

POSTSCRIPT:

CHIPELLA'S  
EROTIC JOURNEY  
WITH  
RICHIE DAVIDSON

BY CHIP

ZDARSKY



Richie was perfect, and if you looked at him you'd say "Wow I am DEFINITELY thinking *SEXUAL* thoughts right now!!". In fact, those thoughts were currently being thought by Chipella, who was a woman who looked a little like me but EVEN SEXIER and WAY more female, which was good because Richie was heterosexual most of the time. And one of those times was right now!!

They were on his private yacht named the PRIME DIRECTIVE, which was from Star Trek, but which was also the name of Richie's boat. Fascinatingly, the boat also OBEYED the Prime Directive: Boat Edition. It was a boat that was forbidden from interfering with boats less advanced than itself, which sometimes got it into some tricky moral quandaries. Chipella wanted to ask Richie if she could kiss him, but thought that was too forward, so instead went with her classic opening move: talking about Star Trek.

"Isn't the Boat Prime Directive hard to defend sometimes?" she asked. "Because if you applied it universally than NO boats could ever interfere with any other boats, because there'd always be one boat that was at least slightly more advanced than the other. Also, can I kiss you?"

"You can kiss me," Richie said, kindly. "And I think you may be misunderstanding the Boat Prime Directive. It's not that my boat can't interfere with ANY less-developed boat, it's that boats must have reached a certain level of technological development in order for such interference to be allowable and ethical."

"I get it," said Chipella - "it's like an - an *AGE OF CONSENT* law! But for boats!! And also civilizations!"

Chipella was being wrong and gross, but Richie didn't want to hurt her feelings about that wrong and gross analogy. "Maybe," he said, "but probably not." Chipella kissed him some more (they were kissing this whole time).

"Can we do foreplay now?" asked Chipella, and Richie kindly said they could. He did some excellent foreplay with *and to* Chipella! By the time he was done she was DEFINITELY ready to have some more sexual encounters. Richie was a kind and imaginative lover. She'd never been foreplayed in quite the same way before. Wow! So now it was time to ask the question she'd longed to ask ever since she'd met Richie.

"Can we do sex now?" asked Chipella, seductively and erotically. "Nothing would make me happier," said Richie, and they started doing it. Chipella could not believe it - she was having sex with Richie, AND she'd learned about how her analogy for the Prime Directive earlier was gross and distracting! She was becoming a better person by learning more about Star Trek, AND she was getting fucked!

"Sorry for swearing," confessed Chipella, "I did it in my head."

"It's okay," said Richie. "We're two consenting adults in private, and I don't mind if you speak a little dirty."

"Fuck," said Chipella, "that's so hot. Fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck fuck fuck."

Pretty soon the sex was getting to the point of mutual orgasm, which it always did with Richie. "I'm gonna go zoinky-bloolie soon," breathed Chipella, which was her word for achieving orgasm. It was a really cool thing to say, and it only excited Richie more. He encouraged her to do it.

"Ahh... ahhhh.... I- I-- I FEEL SO KIND!!!" Chip I mean Chipella shouted, pleasure washing over her like a blanket made of good feelings that was also somehow her crotch. Richie also climaxed, and it was really cool, and oh crap, it was so sexy that Chipella went zoinky-bloolie again! Whew! And then again!!

Afterwards they cuddled and talked more about the Prime Directive (the boat, not Starfleet General Order One, though sometimes the same arguments DID apply to both). Later on they had sex again too, on top of the "deck" of the boat, where spy satellites could see them, which in turn got them embroiled in an international intrigue of high-stakes thrills!

But that, dear reader of erotic fiction, is a story for another time...

P.S.: I hope you came kindly when reading my story, bye!! Love, Chip!!

THE END