

FROM HUGO NOMINATED AUTHOR
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SPACE RAPTOR BUTT TRILOGY

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By Chuck Tingle

SPACE RAPTOR BUTT INVASION

1

“It’s gonna be a long year for you up here.” My fellow astronaut, Officer Pike, says. “You think you’re ready for it?”

“Ready as I’ll ever be.” I tell him with a slight smile.

I lean back in my chair and watch as Pike continues to pack his bags, preparing for his launch home that looms just a few hours away. Lucky bastard.

Nothing can quite prepare you for the loneliness of space until you’re actually here, floating in orbit on a giant rock as it circles some distant star.

Pike knows this as well as I do, we were 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 not exactly in the position to argue.

“Just remember,” Pike says with complete sincerity, “You’re up here doing a lot of good for the folks back down there on earth. Try not to forget it.”

I let out a long sigh. “I know, I know.”

Pike stops. “I don’t think you do and I don’t blame you. It’s easy to get detached up here, Lance, but you’ve gotta focus on the positives. Without us, earth would have no hope of ever finding another home, I mean how many years do we have left down there, even with population control?”

“Ten, max.” I tell him. This was the current scientific concurrence on Earth’s lifespan, a dreadful thought. “I know you’re right, but what is it helping to have me just sit out here like this. We already know that there’s not enough oxygen on this rock to sustain life.”

Pike smiles. “But there could be! There is hope here and you know that.”

I shake my head. “I don’t know man, we’ve been terraforming this dust for five years and we’re no better off than when we started.” I wave an arm behind me, motioning towards the massive glass window of the space station.

The entire wall is translucent, showing off a truly breathtaking view of a hilly grey landscape beyond where two separate moons hang brilliantly in the dark sky. If I hadn’t seen this view every morning for far longer than I’d care to remember, I might even be moved to tears by the sight, a real manifestation of mankind’s commitment to science and space travel. Instead, I find myself bored, reminded that as Pike is taking off in his shuttle pod towards earth, I’m going to be trekking back across the massive grey dunes to gather data from the terraforming station.

“You know it could be much worse.” Pike offers. “In station sixteen on Kerlin they don’t even have a gravity drive.”

I’m in shock. “You mean they’ve just been... floating around in there?”

“Basically.” Pike says. “At least you get to pretend you’re on earth until you head outside.”

I suppose I’m looking for any assurance that I can get at this point, because somehow Pike’s words actually make me feel a little bit better. I guess it’s not that bad up here.

“You wanna play one last game of ping pong before you go?” I ask. “We can turn the gravity low just like you like it.”

Pike cracks a wry grin. “You’re on.”

I begin to stand when suddenly an announcement comes blaring over the space station’s loudspeakers in that same mechanical voice that I’ve come to know and love. “Shuttle Five Alpha has arrived. Officer Pike is now dismissed.”

Pike shrugs. “Guess I’ve gotta roll.”

As Pike puts on his space suit I join him, figuring that I’ll walk out to see him off and then continue on my way to the terraforming outpost. We suit up quicker than normal as, clearly, Pike can’t wait to get off of this fucking rock, and then open the hatch door and step out into the dark, alien landscape.

“Well, I’ll be seeing you soon I guess.” Officer Pike radios to me through his helmet, exchanging a hug in our bulky white space suits.

“Yeah you will.” I tell him. “In one year I’ll buy you a beer back on Earth.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Pike says.

The officer walks over to his shuttle pod and punches in a few numbers on the keypad, then steps back as the door lifts open. The dust is still settling from the ship’s recent landing in this low gravity air.

“Fly safe.” I offer through the static of our space suit headsets.

Pike nods and is about to close his shuttle door but then stops, looking at me with a deathly seriousness. “All joking aside,” he says. “Don’t think too hard out here, stay light.”

I give Pike a strange look, not quite fully understanding what he means.

“Space can get a little strange.” Pike tells me. “People can start seeing things...” He trails off. “Anyway, just take care of yourself.”

“I will.” I say with a nod.

Pike closes the shuttle door and then begins his countdown for launch, prompting me to step back away from the ship. Moments later the entire thing starts to lift up into the air, propelled by its minor gravity drive, and before I know it the shuttle is hurtling off through space so fast that I can barely see it.

Suddenly, I am completely alone.

Still haunted by Pike’s final words, I begin to make my usual walk across the hills of space dust, towards our perpetually worthless terraforming station.

As much as I’ve gotten used to the sight of these alien vistas, I will admit that it still makes me a little giddy every time that I go for a walk in such a low gravity environment. As I bound over the hills, I’ll admit that a smile slowly begins to cross my face.

It’s only when I reach the top of the mount and look down the other side that I freeze in shock and fear. There before me, some hundred yards away, is the terraforming station, just as it should be. Beyond the station, however, is a figure that’s clad in a space suit quite similar to mine.

The two of us seem to notice each other at almost exactly the same time, locked in a bizarre stand off before, suddenly, the other figure turns and climbs aboard its two wheeled vehicle. The next thing I know, the space suited figure is taking off into the distance, riding furiously down into an alien valley before disappearing from my sight.

It all happens so quickly that I don’t even have time to give chase, simply struck dumb as I reel with the significance of what just happened.

“Holy shit.” Is all that I can manage to say.

As I continue towards the terraforming station my head is swimming with kinds of confusing thoughts. Was I already space crazy? Was I so upset by the thought of my impending loneliness that I'd created a fellow astronaut in my head?

It's possible. Yet, as I arrive at the station and search the surrounding grounds, I find definite footprints and wheel tracks in the dust. Unfortunately, as the space winds begin to pick up, I quickly realize that I will not be able to follow them before they are swept away entirely.

I quickly fulfill my duties at the outpost and then immediately head back towards the main station, wasting no time at all as I head inside and tear off my space suit.

"Computer, has earth sent another astronaut to join me?" I ask aloud.

"No, you will spend the next year alone." The space station computer says, its mechanical voice echoing throughout the massive outpost.

"Are you sure, because I could have sworn that I just saw someone out there at the terraforming unit." I continue.

"I am sure." States the computer flatly. "There are no records of any new arrivals at this station."

I collapse onto the couch and look out at my tired and true view of the alien landscape, letting out a long sigh. "Then who the fuck was out there tonight?" I ask myself.

I awaken to the sound of a loud knocking on the hatch door, and then sit upright in a frantic moment of confusion.

"Pike?" I call out, glancing around as I try to get my bearings. I must have fallen asleep on the couch.

It only takes me a few seconds to remember that Pike is no longer here with me, and a stab of fear comes shooting through my heart. If not Pike knocking on the door, than who is it? Cautiously, I stand up and walk over to the hatch, wondering now if the sound was nothing more than my paranoid mind playing tricks on me.

The knocking comes again and I jump.

"Hello?" I call out.

Three more knocks.

My curiosity getting the best of me, I press a few buttons on the keypad to open the external hatch. Fortunately, there is a camera set up right inside the holding area and I gasp aloud as I see that same, spacesuit-wearing figure enter the chamber.

"Hello?" I say into the microphone next to me as the external door closes behind the astronaut. "Who are you."

"Who are *you*?" Comes a voice from beneath the helmet.

"Lance Tanner of the Earth Outpost Program." I offer.

"Earth?" Asks the voice from inside the space suit.

"Yes." I tell him.

The voice starts to laugh, quietly at first and then in a loud, jovial tone. "We should talk." Says the astronaut. "May I come in?"

I'm not exactly sure what the right call is here, but I can't just have this strange spaceman standing in my hatch all day and I'm more than a little anxious to get to the bottom of all this. I sigh and then reluctantly open the inside hatch door.

Suddenly, I'm standing face to face with the unknown spaceman.

"Lance, nice to meet you." I say, extending my hand.

The figure extends a gloved hand as well, which I immediately notice has only three fingers. "I'm Orion." The figure responds. "And likewise."

There's a loud hiss as the window of his helmet slides upwards and I gasp aloud, recoiling in shock. There beneath the tinted glass is the smiling face of a voracious velociraptor, one of the most feared dinosaurs to ever roam the earth.

"But you're... You're a..." I stammer.

"A dinosaur?" Asks the beast. "Yes."

I feel faint, suddenly completely convinced that I'm suffering from some kind of severe space delusion. "But, that makes no sense." I say.

"I agree," Says the raptor. "I was told that this planet was entirely uninhabited."

"Who told you that?" I ask, shocked.

"The raptor scientists back on Earth Two." The prehistoric beast responds flatly.

This is too much to take in all at once. My head throbbing with anxiety, I step backwards and then have a seat on the couch once again. "This can't be real." I start to repeat over and over again. "This can't be real. This can't be real."

"I can assure you that I'm very real." Says Orion.

"Then what the fuck are you talking about?!" I shout, finally losing it. "What is Earth Two?"

The raptor astronaut nods in understanding. "Ah yes, I can see where the confusion could come from. I'm assuming that back on Earth One you were taught that my people died in some kind of ice age? Something like that?"

I nod.

The dinosaur chuckles. "That's some revisionist history for you. No, there was no ice age. The real reason that the dinosaurs aren't around anymore is because we all left, in search of a larger and more forgiving planet than Earth One. We sailed the stars for many years until finding a suitable home on Earth Two, but we still like to keep tabs on all parts of the galaxy."

"Is that what you're doing here?" I ask.

The dinosaur nods. "Yep. All alone in an empty solar system."

As Orion says this I detect a deep sadness behind his eyes, something that I can relate with all too well.

"Well..." I start, not exactly sure where I'm headed. "I mean, we're both up here together, I can't see why we can't hang out a bit."

I see a faint glimmer of hope behind Orion's dinosaur expression. "Yeah?" He asks.

"Sure. You play ping pong?"

Over the next few days Orion continues to come by the station and hang out. The two of us are an incredible duo, talking for hours on end about our experiences in space or trading nostalgic stories about our home worlds. Despite being a bloodthirsty dinosaur carnivore, Orion is actually incredibly sweet and has a truly gentle soul. The longer that we spend together, the more I find myself drawn to him, attracted even. Our difference in species surely couldn't classify me as gay, could it?

As they days turn into weeks, and weeks into months, I begin to wonder if I'd even care.

Finally, after a long night of ping pong and chowing down on astronaut ice cream, me and Orion find ourselves lounging on the couch and looking out over the grey hills together.

"Can I ask you a personal question?" I start, watching the dinosaur from the corner of my eye.

Orion smiles. "Sure thing, Lance. Shoot."

“You ever think about what it would be like to fuck a human.” I ask. My heart is now thumping ferociously in my chest, but I try to remain calm and even keeled.

“Yeah, I mean, who hasn’t?” Orion offers. “The thing is, I’m a pretty big dinosaur and human women are just so delicate. I would probably crush one if I tried.”

I let his words linger in the air for a moment, not sure if I should say what I so desperately want to. But it’s now or never, I think to myself, taking a deep breath.

“What about a human *man*?” I question.

I can see the raptor’s expression suddenly change as understanding washes over him. “Yeah, I think I might be into that actually.” Orion tells me.

“I mean, it’s not gay if it’s a dude raptor and a dude human, right?” I ask.

“Totally not gay.” Says the dinosaur. “The raptor would have to be in control though; dominating, even.”

“Yeah.” I sigh, my cock rock hard in my pants.

There’s a moment of silence.

“Get down on your knees.” The raptor suddenly commands.

Seizing the moment I follow his instructions, slipping off of the couch and crawling onto my hands and knees in front of him. I sit with my head at the level of Orion’s lap and look up with my big brown eyes.

“Unzip me.” Orion instructs.

I shaking as I slowly reach up and pull down the zipper of his space pants, where a massive red dino cock is just waiting to be unleashed from its fabric prison.

“Take it out.” Orion demands. “You need to be punished for being such a filthy little... human.”

“I am a filthy little human.” I repeat, coyly, then pull down the waistband of his space briefs and remove Orion’s enormous raptor rod. I grip it tightly and then start to pump my firm grip up and down over his length.

Orion leans back into his chair, reeling from the incredible sensation of my touch. I start slowly at first and then gain speed until I find a pleasant rhythm, using both hands to fully service his huge scaly cock.

“Do you like that?” I ask. “How does it feel to punish your astronaut human sex toy?”

“Oh my god, that’s so amazing.” Orion moans, placing his claws around the back of my head and pulling me closer to him. “Now let me punish that pretty gay mouth of yours.”

I open wide as Orion guides me over the end of his shaft, pushing deep into my mouth as I wrap my lips tightly around the girth of his dick. He keeps forcing me deeper and deeper until finally his swollen cock hits the back of my gag reflex and I retch loudly, pulling back and releasing his member from my throat. I cough and sputter a bit, trying to collect myself as salty tears stream down my face.

“You’re gonna take that dinosaur dick and you’re gonna like it.” Orion tells me, taking me by the head and thrusting me down again. “You should have known better than to test me. My people have been fucking for billions of years before you humans were even around.”

This time I’m ready for his length, however, and as the head of his cock hits my gag reflex I somehow manage to relax enough to let him pass. Now without a limit to his dominating deep throat, Orion pushes me down until my head is pressed deep into his lap, my eyes and nose forced up against his rock hard reptile abs. Orion holds me here for a moment, enjoying the sensation of being entirely consumed within my throat, and then finally pulls me back and begins to pump my head up and down

over his shaft.

When Orion finally lets me up for air I take a massive gasp and then climb up to kiss him deeply on the mouth. I reach down between my legs and grab his now slippery dick in my hand, beating it rapidly while using the leftover spit from my mouth as lube.

“Pound me like the homo spaceboy that I am.” I beg.

Orion smiles as I say this, then reaches up and pulls my shirt off over my head. My space pants and underwear come down over next, completely exposing myself to the raptor.

“Do you want to fuck me?” I ask.

Suddenly, Orion stands up from the couch and grabs me by the arms, spinning me around and tossing me down onto the cushion in his place.

“I’m the one that decides who gets fucked around here.” He says, slapping me hard on the ass.

I’m leaned over the couch now, facing away from him with my muscular gay butt popped out in the air as Orion saddles up behind me and begins to align his member with my puckered asshole. Seconds later, Orion is pushing forward into me, testing the limits of my aching tightness.

I let out a long moan of pleasure as he fills me up, gripping hard onto the back of the chair in front of me. “Oh fuck, you’re the best dinosaur bud a guy could ask for.” I whimper. “Discipline me, I need it.”

Orion starts to push in and out of me, slowly at first and then gaining speed with each successive swoop until finally he’s pounding into me at a steady pace, shaking the couch beneath me with every slam against my ass. I reach back with both hands and spread myself open for him, so that he can get a good look at the toned young body he’s railing.

“Do you like what you see?” I ask playfully, looking back over my shoulder at the strong, ancient beast as he rams me.

Orion reaches forward and grabs me by the base of my hair with his claw, pulling me back towards him as he continues to rail me from behind. “Take this dick and shut your mouth.” He commands. “The dinosaur is dishing out the punishment here, so the humans don’t get to ask questions.”

“Yes, sir.” I answer meekly.

“What the fuck was that?” Orion counters.

“Yes, sir!” I say a little louder.

“Good.” Orion tells me. He’s pounding me as hard as he can now, the force of our fucking literally scooting the couch across the space station floor.

I can feel the pleasant sensation of a prostate orgasm blossoming deep within me, simmering to a boil of pleasure that makes me tremble with anticipation. I reach down and play with my dick to help myself along, edging closer and closer until I’m just about ready to erupt when suddenly Orion pulls out and flips me over.

I’m laying on my back in the couch now with my legs spread wide, completely open and exposed like that filthy gay boy that I am.

Orion climbs forward towards me a bit, using the couch as leverage while he aligns his cock with my ass and then thrusts forward. I let out a long groan of pleasure as he pulses within my depths, holding my ripped legs back while I quake with wild passion.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.” I mumble, and then start to frantically repeat over and over again. “I can’t believe I’m doing this, I can’t believe I’m fucking doing this.”

The more the feelings of orgasm grow within me, the more I feel as though I’m moving

towards a state of real shock. The events of the evening are catching up with me and suddenly I find myself in a blissed out sexual trance. I start to frantically stroke my dick and moments later the powerful sensation of orgasm explodes within me.

I kick my legs out straight as my stomach clenches tight in a series of mighty spasms, gritting my teeth as the words “Oh fuck” force their way through them in a tense hiss. Moments later, A second wave of ecstasy hits me and suddenly I’m throwing my head back and howling with pleasure, unable to contain the sensations that explode through my body. My cum splatters everywhere.

Orion doesn’t let up for a second, pummeling my tight asshole with everything that he’s got while I cum hard. When the waves of pleasure finally subside he grabs me around the waist and lifts me up into the air, putting an arm under each leg so that he’s completely in control of my movements. He lowers me down and suddenly I find myself being pumped forcefully over Orion’s hard dinosaur shaft, my muscular frame brutally impaled onto his thickness as I cry out for more.

“Fuck me harder!” I scream. “Use that tight ass with your big raptor dick!”

Kick slams me as hard as he can onto his rod, the muscles in his scaled arms rippling with every movement.

“You’ve been a very bad astronaut.” Orion tells me, his raptor face pressed hard against mine as we pump together in sweaty unison. “So you’re gonna take my Jurassic load up your asshole and you’re gonna like it.”

“Yes, sir.” I tell him. “Fill me with that hot load.”

“Beg me!” Orion demands.

“Please fill me with your nasty dino load!” I cry out. “I want your jizz inside of me!”

“More!” He screams in my face. “Tell me to fucking cum!”

“Blow your load inside of me!” I answer back with equal fervor.

The pace quickens to an incredible speed, Orion slamming up into my butthole like a jackhammer as I hang in the air before him. Moments later, he leans back his head and lets out a powerful roar while pushing deep and holding.

“I’m cumming!” Orion yells, his thick dick erupting within me. I can feel his warm jizz spill up into my tightness in a series of commanding ejections, his cock twitching hard with every load until my entire asshole is filled. When there’s no room left his spunk comes spilling out from the edges and onto the space station floor in a splatter of pearly white.

The raptor holds me in the air like this for a minute while we both catch our breath and then slowly lowers me down to the ground, where I stand on woozy legs.

“Fuck, that was incredible.” Orion tells me, clearly just as exhausted as I am.

“I think that the next year up here is going to work out just fine.” I tell the dinosaur, unable to keep the smile from spreading out across my face as I lay back against the soft couch behind me.

SPACE RAPTOR BUTT REDEMPTION

2

You would think that my return home from over a year on Zorbus would be met with celebration, excitement, and a sense of victory. After all, we accomplished our mission, discovering the existence of yet another planet besides Earth that could sustain life.

Of course, this other planet (known as Earth 2) is far, far away from our own little blue rock in the solar system, but getting there is not out of the realm of possibility. It's going to take a lot of hard work and gumption to get it done, but I suppose that's true of all great things and, if there is one thing that I believe in, it's the power of human beings to band together and overcome any obstacle.

I chuckle aloud as I think this, realizing that I'll need to change the way I say things from now on. The term "human beings" just isn't going to cut it anymore, now that I've got Orion by my side.

I reach across the black leather of the car's back seat, taking Orion's large raptor claw in my hand and holding it tight. The dinosaur has been staring out the window as we wind through this Washington DC traffic, his head clearly just as clouded and full of anxiety as mine is.

I don't know what I would do without him right now which, in it's own strange way, makes things even harder.

"It's gonna be okay," Orion tells me in his deep raptor drawl, his yellow eyes flickering open and shut.

"I know," I tell him with a sigh, not believing it for a second but doing my best to put on a strong face.

As strange as it is that Orion and I are carrying out an interspecies relationship between dinosaur and human, that doesn't even hold a candle to the strangeness of our initial meeting.

I am world-renowned astronaut, Lance Tanner of the Earth Outpost Program, sanctioned with the unequivocally important role of searching out planets that could one day be inhabitable for human life as Earth becomes more and more toxic. I was stationed alone on a distant, desolate rock when Lance and I met. Lance had been assigned a mission of discovery from his home world, Earth 2, a beautiful, mirror-like planet for all creatures that left us during what we humans had been lead to believe was the ice age, and the extinction of all dinosaurs.

This extinction was, in fact, false. In reality the dinosaurs realized what we humans took so long to figure out on our own. Earth is dying, and it *has* been for a long, long time.

Of course, it doesn't help to have massive corporations mining away at Earth's core and speeding up the process, but we'll get to that later. What's important to understand now is that Lance and I came together in the most unusual of circumstances, and discoursed in one another the most incredible love in the entire galaxy.

"I don't want them to take you away from me," I tell my dinosaur companion, unbuckling my seatbelt and scooting over next to him. I rest my head on the massive creature's large, scaly body, shivering slightly at the pleasant chill of his cold blood.

"We've already talked about this. You need to follow your astronaut dreams, Lance," Orion insists, "I promise, everything's going to be okay, and I promise that one day I'll see you again." His comments are very kind, despite the fact that I know he has no say in the matter.

"That's not up to you," I tell him. "It's up to the courts to decide."

The dinosaur doesn't respond, just breathes deep and turns to look out the window.

"We're here," the driver says over his shoulder as our vehicle suddenly lurches to a stop.

I kiss Orion deeply, one last time. "Are you sure you don't want to come in with me?" I ask.

"I don't think it's going to help your case," the raptor replies. "I mean, some people just

don't understand that love is real. You've gotta put yourself in there position. They're so used to everything working a certain way, women kissing men, men kissing men... not men kissing dinosaurs."

I want to protest but I know that he's right. Even the most liberal of juries is going to have a hard time with this muscular dinosaur sitting there in the courtroom while I argue my case. It's better if we part ways here.

"I'll see you soon." I tell him, my voice quaking. We both know that's not going to happen, but we're trying our best to pretend.

"I love you," Orion says to me one last time.

"I love you, too" I assure him.

We kiss again and then I finally muster up the discipline to pull away and push out through the car's door. I stand up on the sidewalk before the courthouse as flash bulbs burst with blinding luminescence. I shield my eyes, stunned for a moment as I struggle to collect my bearings.

"Mr. Tanner!" someone interjects, shoving a microphone in my face. "Is it true you hate unicorns?"

"What?" I stammer.

"We understand that your mission was funded off the profits of illegally traded unicorn tears, do you have anything to say to that?"

"I mean..." I'm still trying to collect my bearings, struggling to sort through her words. "No, wait, yeah I do. That's really bad, I didn't know anything about it."

The reporter nods and repeats my words back to me. "Really bad... so you're saying it's not awful? Is that what you're saying?"

"No, I just..." I start.

"Because it sounds like you're not really coming out against the illegal trade of unicorn tears," the reporter continues.

"I literally heard about it five seconds ago," I counter. "That sounds terrible, I don't really know anything about it but it sounds really bad and I don't support that."

The reporter nods. "Okay it's really hard to understand you when you speak in code like this. Can you just answer the question? Do you or don't you support bad guys doing bad things? Because you haven't really come out against them."

"I don't support bad guys," I try to say as clearly as I possibly can.

The reporter just stares at me blankly. "So you're not going to come out against them?"

Suddenly, someone from the mob pushes me from behind and I stumble forward. The entire gang of hungry journalists and newscasters has reached a tipping point and I realize now that if I don't continue onward there is going to be a problem.

I hurry up the front steps of the courthouse amid calls for my resignation and questions about my sexuality, then finally push forward into the foyer where, thankfully, press are not allowed.

If this was some Hollywood movie or fantastical short story then right about now a young hotshot lawyer would be rushing up to greet me, but unfortunately reality has a slightly more bitter taste. While I'm on trial, the World Government has frozen my accounts, and I had more than a few issues with their public defender that was assigned to me. Because of this, I have been representing myself, for better or worst.

I'll be the first to admit, I'm not the most eloquent person, and as far as legal jargon goes I'm completely out of touch. It takes a long night of working with helpful friends to translate my words into something that sounds even the slightest bit like a speech fit for a courtroom.

For the most part, this has actually ended up just fine. However, today, the final day of the case, my limited abilities of speaking off-the-cuff will be put to the test.

I stop for a moment, looking up at a massive statue representing the scales of justice before me. It's a woman with a blindfold, with a heart in one hand and a disembodied butt in the other. She appears to be testing their weight, trying to determine which side is more important.

I let out a long sigh and then walk across the foyer to the courtroom.

The second that I walk inside the entire room turns around in their seats to look at me, glazing with a sizzling sense of hatred in their eyes. I remind myself to smile and then walk down the center isle, pushing through the gate and heading right up to the witness stand, where I will be sworn in.

I clerk walks over as I take my seat and turns around, bending down to reveal his toned muscular ass.

"Place your hand on the butt," the judge, a rather large and imposing man, says to me.

I do as I'm told, taking hold of the handsome clerk's firm rear before me.

"Repeat after me," the judge instructs. "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so pound my butt."

I repeat the words and then the clerk immediately straightens up and buckles his belt. As the clerk walks away the opposing lawyer approaches me, his hair slicked back and a pair of thick-rimmed glasses sitting at the end of his nose. I can tell just from looking at him that he's totally ripped under that suit.

"Do you know why you're here?" the lawyer asks. "Can you tell me, in your own words, why you're here in this courtroom today?"

"Because I won't break up with my dinosaur boyfriend from space." I announce.

I can hear a ripple of uncomfortable murmurs make their way through the jury box, the crowd exchanging awkward glances with one another.

The lawyer chuckles to himself. "You see, I thought you would say that, and it paints a... weird... but pretty picture. In reality though, you're here because you broke space code number four. Can you tell me, out loud, what astronaut space code number four is?"

"I will not be weird in space." I tell him, directly from my astronaut rule book.

The lawyer raps his knuckles hard on the wooden railing next to him, nearly boiling over with energy now. "Exactly! Now, I don't know about you, but I would call a man and a raptor making love in space a little strange... a little odd... a little *weird*. Don't you agree?"

I swallow hard, all eyes on me.

"Well... I mean..." I start. "I know that what me and Orion have is different from what you're used to, but I'm a good astronaut, and so is he. Just because we go about it in an unusual way doesn't mean that it's wrong."

The lawyer shakes his head and then walks over to a desk where a large gray projector sits. He flips a switch to turn the machine on and it whirs to life, casting a brilliant square image on the wall across from us. The picture on the wall depicts a man and a raptor in space suits, holding one another in a warm embrace as their lips meet. Behind them, four alien moons hang in the black, starry sky.

"You think this is any way for the general public to see astronauts?" the lawyer questions.

"It looks like they're in love," I counter.

The lawyer scoffs "Weird love! It's not anything that *I'm* comfortable with and hey, that's coming from a very liberal person, you know. I'm very accepting, but I know a joke when I see one!"

“I don’t see what the joke is,” I tell him, “and even if it *was* a joke, what’s wrong with jokes in space?”

“Space is very fucking serious!” the lawyer screams, grabbing a stack of papers off of his desk and throwing them across the courtroom. The pages flutter and fall through the air, spiraling this way and that as everyone looks on in collective shock and amazement.

Once the pages finally settle, the whole room drops into silence. The lawyer takes a deep breath and then steps towards me menacingly. “Listen here, Lance, you’re just too fucking weird for space. Space has a rich history and we can’t have you going up there and ruining it for everyone. You remember Neil Armstrong? You remember Buzz Aldren? You going up there and making out with raptors and shit is just spitting it their faces.”

I thought I could handle this, thought that I could withstand all of this anger and rage coming at me from every side, but in this moment I suddenly have my doubts. Even the strongest astronauts have their times of weakness.

I can feel the tears welling up in my eyes at the hands of this ferocious legal bully, but suddenly I remember the smiling face of Orion, his big beautiful raptor grin as he kissed me one last time.

Suddenly, my heart surges with an inner strength and I collect myself, straightening up in my chair.

“Okay, but what about all of the normal people out there who are talking about space now?” I question. “It’s all over the news! Before any of this, we couldn’t even get enough funding to keep two astronauts on Zorbus at the same time! Do you realize that? The world is literally ending and nobody cares enough about space to pay for it!”

This seems to make a lot of sense to the jury, who I can see chatting amongst themselves.

The lawyer is not buying it though. “We *all* want funding for the space program, but not like this,” he says, motioning up to the image of raptor and man embracing onscreen. “This is just dumb.”

“Who says it’s dumb?” I question.

The lawyer thinks for a minute. “Well, *I* do.”

“And you know better than everyone else... because?” I continue.

The lawyer rolls his eyes. “Listen I’ve been working in space trials for years, I’m a big part of the space community. I know what’s dumb and what’s not.”

“Okay,” I counter, “but did you ever think that something could be dumb... and good?”

There is more chatter from the jury box again.

The lawyer laughs. “Ha! In *space* stuff? Not a chance, space is for smart people.”

“Maybe that’s why nobody likes it enough to get a rocket off the ground,” I offer. “You know Chuck Buckarooski once said ‘An intellectual says a simple thing in a hard way, an artist says a hard thing in a simple way.’”

The lawyer is silent for a moment and for the first time I can sense that he truly feels he is losing a bit of ground.

“Have you ever heard of Andy Kaufm—” I start but the lawyer interjects.

“Who is the space lawyer here? You or me?” the man yells. “Forget about how *weird* you are for a minute. There’s a much more important part of this case and that’s the fact that your rocket was funded by Scoundrels Inc.”

The lawyer presses a button on his slide machine and flips the projected image to a brand new one. In this photo, a group of shirtless men in tight pink briefs are harassing a tied down unicorn, poking it with sticks as tears stream down from the unicorns eyes. Meanwhile, one of the men is

collecting the tears in a glass vial.

The lawyer says nothing, waiting for me to speak first.

“And... you don’t think *that’s* weird?” I question. “Like, you don’t think that’s the slightest bit... gay?”

The lawyer is shocked, scoffing loudly. “Scoundrels Inc. are the manliest men around.”

I narrow my eyes but decide to say nothing regarding this collection of posturing, homoerotic figures.

“What do you say to the charges that your entire flight to and from Zorbus was funded by Scoundrels Inc?” asks the lawyer. “They have destroyed the core of the earth with their drilling, and now they’re torturing our unicorns!”

“Well, I just found out about it a second ago, but *clearly* they’re not very nice guys. I mean they’re hurting that unicorn and they seem like pretty bad folks.” I tell the lawyer. “It’s horrible, it really is, but I was up in space for the last few years. I don’t really have anything to do with that.”

“Well, you could accept your charges and let someone else fly to space in your place,” suggests the lawyer. “A *real* astronaut who deserves to be there, not some raptor loving dummy.”

I consider this a moment and then finally, reluctantly ask, “who?”

“Oh we’ve got plenty of astronauts lined up!” the lawyer says triumphantly. “We’ve got Steves Kingy and Neels Gaban, two very famous and successful astronauts.”

I can’t help but realize that I’ve heard these names before and suddenly my brain is off and running, turning over a mile a minute as I search through the memory banks until, finally, I find what I was looking for.

“Wait a minute,” I shout. “Those guys were funded by Scoundrels Inc. too!”

The entire jury box gasps.

“Wait, wait, wait,” the lawyer says, trying to calm everyone down. “Okay, *maybe* they we’re funded by Scoundrels Inc, but these are two very serious astronauts, not weird and *gay* like the defendant here.”

“Weird according to you,” I interject.

“Listen, there are *plenty* of other astronauts that we can find,” protests the lawyer, “ones that don’t quite fit in. Something leftfield and overlooked.”

“So... I’m weird but not overlooked enough?” I question.

“Leftfield and *serious*,” the lawyer counters. “How many times to I have to say it, space is not a fucking joke.”

“Okay, listen.” I offer, taking the reigns. “How many of these astronauts were funded by Scoundrels Inc?”

The lawyer hesitates. “Pretty much all of them.”

I let this sink in.

“So, you’re telling me that you would rather just *not* go into space at all?” I ask, suddenly much more upset then I expected to be and in an entirely different way. “The core of the earth is dying because of these guys, right? The fate of the planet is up to astronauts exploring new worlds and *inspiring* others to do the same, and your answer is to just burn it all to the ground because my version of space is *not serious* enough for you?”

“It was funded by Scoundrels Inc,” the lawyer repeats like a skipping record. “You wouldn’t have been up there in the first place if it wasn’t for Scoundrels Inc.”

Finally, I lose my cool. “Who *wasn’t* funded by their own Scoundrels Inc. in some way?! This entire courtroom was built on the backs of terrible crimes, should we just burn it all to the

ground? Should we let all the diabetics die because insulin was tested on animals? I understand that they're bad, horrible people but, oh my god, you're more committed to destroying the earth than they are! Do you really think I am *that bad* of an astronaut? Is there really absolutely *nothing* redeeming about a man and a raptor falling in love in space? Maybe space law should start to consider that the earth we stand on is *part* of space too, and maybe the whole experience of this event bringing the world together to talk about space raptors is, in itself, a beautiful work of fucking art that is larger than just rocket ships and these god damn scoundrels! Maybe the fact that you're standing right here listening to me in this very moment talking about fucking space has been the point from the very beginning!"

With that, I fall back into my chair, exhausted and shaken up by my outburst but feeling strangely at ease. I am a changed man, finally driven to the point of shedding my discomfort for public speaking in this passionate outburst.

The entire courtroom is silent for a very, very long time until finally the judge speaks up. "I've just received word from the jury... You make a very good case Mr. Tanner. The court has decided to leave it up to you, either you can denounce your dinosaur lover and be free to return to your mission as an astronaut, committed to providing a very *normal* face for the Earth Outpost Program, or you can stay with your raptor and accept that you are just too different for space, and not in the right kind of way that *we* like. You will then relinquish your position to someone less dumb, as selected by this lawyer who claims to know better."

All of my work preparing for the trial suddenly seems meaningless. I know exactly what I've been fighting for, but I also know that the consequences mean I'll never be able to see my true love again. I look out across the courtroom, locking eyes with the lawyer, then the jury, then the observers on crowded benches. My gaze drifts on and on to the back until, suddenly, I see something that I never could have prepared for. Sitting in the corner as inconspicuously as possible is Orion, my space raptor lover.

The dinosaur told me that he was waiting in the car, knowing full well that we would probably never see each other again and trying his best to help my case. At the end of the day, though, he just couldn't say no to love, and I realize then and there that neither can I.

"No," I say, standing up proudly in the witness box. "I don't care if it's weird to get pounded by raptors in space. Just because you all think it's strange doesn't mean that it's not fun, or exciting, or good, or real, and it certainly doesn't mean that our love doesn't deserve to be recognized. I'm gay and I want to get pounded by this dinosaur. I don't care if Scoundrels Inc. is why we met. When assholes are assholes you don't react by shutting it all down and doing half their work for them, you react by finding joy in the darkness! Fuck 'em; stop letting them fund rockets for the next mission if that's what you want to do! In the meantime, I'm here to make sweet, sweet love to this raptor and show the world that, even in space, love and positivity and hope and openness conquer all. If you all want to shut down the space program because of this then so be it, I'll still be in my back yard trying to build rockets and getting pounded up the ass by my raptor."

With that, the entire courtroom bursts into a wild applause; judge, jury and lawyer included. I hop over the railing of the witness box and run across the room to greet Orion in the middle, the two of us immediately locking in a beautiful embrace.

We kiss each other deeply as the crowd's cheering rises to a deafening volume.

"Love, is, real! Love, is, real!" they all start to chant rhythmically.

Tears of joy filling my eyes, I suddenly find myself overwhelmed by gay arousal and drop down to my knees. I reach up and unbutton Orion's pants, letting his utterly enormous raptor cock

spring out towards my face in all of it's prehistoric glory.

Without hesitation, I open wide and swallow his cock, bobbing my head up and down along the length of his shaft and a series of slow pumps that become faster and faster over time. Eventually, I am pumping myself over him at incredible speeds, my enthusiasm matched only by the crowd that surrounds us until, finally, I push down all the way and hold him here in a stunning deep throat.

Orion lets out a deep dinosaur groan, placing his claws against the back my head and holding me here, controlling my movements in a way that sends a sharp tingle down my spine. I look up at him with eyes full of love and appreciation, proud to find myself in such a beautifully venerable position before all these onlookers.

Orion keeps me down here for as long as I can manage and then finally lets me up.

I erupt away from the handsome beast with a wild gasp of air, struggling to collect myself as a long strand of saliva hangs between my lips and the head of his rock hard dinosaur cock.

"I love you," I tell the handsome raptor. "I don't care what anyone else thinks about what we have."

I stand up and unbuckle my belt, pulling off my pants and underwear, then sauntering over to my desk. I bend over it, popping my bare ass out towards the sexy dinosaur before reaching back with one hand to hold my butt open for him.

"You like what you see?" I ask Orion.

"Fuck yeah," the raptor confirms, stepping up behind me and teasing the rim of my puckered asshole with his mammoth dick.

"Do it!" I command. "Shove that space raptor cock right up into my tight little asshole!"

The raptor thrusts forward with all of his weight, plowing into me in one long, firm thrust that causes me to toss my head back and let out a yelp of surprise. My butthole struggles to come to terms with his enormous size, still not completely used to the sheer girth of my lover after the past year.

I brace myself on the desk as this incredible dinosaur pumps in and out of me. Luckily, Orion is an especially competent lover, hitting the depths of my butt in just the right way with even his hardest and most brutal pounds. As he gains speed, the sensations of pleasure begin to blossom deep within me, a slight simmer at first that eventually boils over into every aspect of my being. Soon enough, I can feel the surges of erotic sensation shooting up and down my arms and legs, building and building with every thrust again my backside.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!" I start to mumble to myself, repeating the words in a loop as my eyes roll back into my head. "Oh my god, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard!"

My dinosaur lover leans forward so that his entire body is over me now, whispering into my ear with his sweet raptor lips. "Not yet," the majestic Jurassic creature says. "I want to savor this moment a bit longer."

As intoxicating as the idea of blowing my load right here and now may be, I follow Orion's instructions, allowing him to back off with the pummeling of my asshole. I collect my senses and somehow return to the edge of this orgasmic cliff, saving myself for the inevitable high dive into pleasure that is yet to come.

Orion pulls out of me and then lifts me to my feet so that my back is against his ripped, muscular chest. He places a fearsome raptor claw beneath each of my legs and then hoists me into the air, spreading me open and aligning his cock with my already reamed butthole.

I am completely at Orion's whim now, and out on display for the crowd before us. I feel utterly exposed as who I *really* am, my deepest desires now publically outed in a beautiful, freeing

way.

Moments later, my space raptor lover slams me down across the length of his cock, impaling my body completely on his length until I come to rest at the hilt. Orion wastes no time getting to work as he pumps me over his dick, using the force of gravity to provide his slams with even more force.

Every successive pound causes my body to tremble even harder than before, a long groan escaping limply from my mouth as I come to terms with the way that this enormous prehistoric monster is using me. It's not long before I can feel the sensation of prostate orgasm building within me once again, only this time I reach down in front of me and begin to help myself along, beating my cock to the rhythm of the powerful slams up my ass.

"I'm ready," I tell him, my voice quaking. "I'm ready to show the world what our love means!"

Faster and faster we go until it feels as though a flesh jackhammer has gone rouge on my butthole. I clench my teeth, bracing for the impact and then suddenly the orgasm hits me like a truck, tearing through my body in wave after wave of overwhelming pleasure. I'm shaking hard, ropes of milky jizz exploding from the head of my shaft in a fountain of glorious pearly cum.

This display of raw, powerful gayness pushes the cheers of the court into an even louder roar, the entire building shaking around us now.

Immediately, Orion pushes me down and holds me deep, letting out a ferocious velociraptor screech as he blows his load up my rectum. I can feel his seed filling me to the brim until there is just not enough room left, and his spunk comes squirting out from its tightly packed rim. It spills onto the courtroom floor in beautiful patterns of our love.

Eventually, the cheering dies down and Orion lowers me onto the floor once again, the two of us panting, exhausted, and covered in sweat. We turn to face the judge, whose cheeks are streaked with tears of joy.

"That was... beautiful," the judge says. He glances over at the lawyer who is also weeping now, overwhelmed by a powerful and supreme sense of real love. "I think I speak for everyone when I say," the judge continues, "that you've shown us love can overcome the odds, no matter what they may be. I think the best way to show these tricksters at Scoundrels Inc. is to implement a new system of funding for future missions, but right now you're the only hope we've got and, god damn it, I'm okay with space getting a little weird sometimes."

"Thank you, your honor." I reply with a nod.

"I'd like to propose that we send you and your space raptor lover back up there on a mission of love, to show the whole galaxy that *all* love is real when it brings joy and laughter. I now declare you Interstellar Ambassadors of Pounding. Do you accept?"

"We accept," Orion and I reply in unison.

"Then get in that rocket and go find some alien butts!" the judge announces, banging his gavel loudly.

SPACE RAPTOR BUTT ASCENSION

3

Nothing puts things into perspective like looking back over your shoulder and watching planet earth fade away into the distance, a little blue dot in an otherwise empty sea of jet black nothing sprinkled with twinkling stars. Soon enough, my beautiful home planet has disappeared completely.

I let out a long sigh, trying desperately to come to terms with all of the powerful emotions that are now swimming through my body. I know full well that it is very likely I'll never see my friends again, never walk down the street outside of my home and never visit my favorite restaurant. It's not that Earth 2 is all that far away, we just don't have the resources to get back and who knows what will happen once we arrive. I don't expect a return trip.

Fortunately, the most important thing in my life I didn't have to leave back at home, it's sitting right here in the co-pilot's chair next to me. I smile and glance over at Orion, the raptor astronaut that has stuck by my side through so much; from our chance meeting on the desolate planet Zorbus, to the lengthy court battle that eventually determined my fate as an astronaut, and the fate of the world.

It's not easy getting a rocket this big into the air, and the politics involved in such a task are breathtakingly depressing. After learning that my original missions had been funded by the notorious corporation, Scoundrels Inc, it seemed that all hope was lost in the future of gay dinosaur and human space exploration.

Fortunately, love concurs all, and after the trial it was decided that Orion and me would still be allowed to ascend to the stars, despite the way that we got there. Sometimes you can't choose your heroes, because they don't even choose themselves.

With the fate of all humanity on the line, however, it's the only choice that we've got. The Earth is dying, and right now refuge on Earth 2 is our only hope.

"Did you hear?" Orion asks me as the shaking of our rocket finally settles down to a soft, smooth hum, our ship finally entering the hollowness of deep space.

I shake my head, not exactly sure what my handsome dinosaur companion is talking about.

"Vam Dox is out of prison," Orion informs me.

The notorious leader of international corporation Soundrels Inc, Vam Dox took most of the heat after our trial. When it was revealed to the court, and the general public, that most of their profits had been attained through the illegal sale of unicorn tears. Scoundrels Inc was closed and Vam Dox was sent to prison for life. At least, that's what they thought.

"What do you mean he's out of prison?" I question. "He's the most hated man on the planet!"

"He broke out," explains Orion. "It was all over the news a few weeks ago. I wasn't sure if you'd seen it or if you were too deep into your space training to pay attention."

I hadn't seen the news, but the thought sends a chill down my spine. We'll probably never head back to Earth 1 during this lifetime, but I'd like to think that my people were at peace, not having to deal with this madman anymore than they had to.

"This is exactly why I wasn't sure if I should mention it," offers Orion, noticing the sharp change in my mood.

"I know, I'm sorry," I tell him.

My dinosaur lover sweeps his clawed arm across the view screen before us, gesturing to the cosmic beauty in this ever expanding field of stars. "Look at all this," offers Orion. "This is wonder, this is beauty. There's no reason to get bogged down in all of that garbage. We're here to save humanity, that's what you need to remember."

He's right. It's silly to get off track like this. Right now my mind should be on the mission at hand: finding Orion's home planet and diplomatically securing a safe haven for the population of Earth 1 before it is completely destroyed thanks to scoundrel's like Vam Dox.

Eventually, our vessel stops shaking completely, leaving Orion and me in a state of welcome calm. Everything is completely silent and still, despite the fact that our ship is still hurtling forward at an unbelievable rate.

"Well, I guess we better get used to this," offers my dinosaur companion. "If my calculations are correct, we should be arriving at Earth 2 in exactly one week."

Nobody wants to mention what would happen if his calculations are incorrect. If Orion's memory of his home planet is just the slightest bit off then our vessel could miss it completely, hurtling into space forever and ever, then running out of fuel and continuing to drift until we die of starvation and cold.

Suddenly, my thoughts are interrupted by a loud metallic bang from somewhere deep within the spacecraft. Orion and I both jump, then exchange worried glances, ready for the entire ship to be torn apart by the harsh elements of space that surround us.

Instead, nothing happens. Quiet.

Without a word, my dinosaur companion and I stand up from our seats and carefully creep back into the vessel, out of the cockpit and into the main living quarters.

This new room is metallic silver, designed to be comfortable but still not exactly cozy. The inner walls and piping are still exposed, snaking up and down to the ceiling above where several large vents run. Nothing seems to be damaged, though.

"Hello?" I call out.

There is a faint creaking sound, which gives me and Orion even more pause, then a sudden bang as a large figure comes tumbling through one of the vents above, slamming hard onto the floor before us.

I grab a nearby pipe and brandish it wildly, ready for anything as the mysterious figure rolls back and forth, moaning and holding his back.

It takes a minute, but when I finally recognize the man I gasp out loud.

"Vam Dox?" I question.

"Yeah, it's me," he groans.

Orion and me exchange glances.

"But, you're supposed to be in prison," I continue.

"He escaped," Orion reminds me.

I suddenly realize that this truly evil man could only have one motivation for sneaking onto our spacecraft: Sabotage.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I question. "Tell us or we're throwing you out of the hatch and letting you freeze in space."

Vam Dox sits up abruptly and waves his hands in front of him, backing away from us on the silver floor. "No, no, wait! I can explain."

I let out a long sigh. "You're the *worst* person in the world. This excuse better be good."

"I just... I just..." Vam starts to stutter.

"Out with it," Orion demands.

"I just wanted people to pay attention to me," he finally blurts.

There are a number of things I expected to hear from this blubbing stow away, but this was not one of them.

“Didn’t you get enough attention when you were the head of Scoundrels Inc?” I ask him.

“Harassing innocent people like it was a business?”

“Literally,” Orion adds. “That was *literally* his business.”

“It was fine for a while,” Vam admits, “but I’ve changed. To tell you the truth, when I was younger I was... a loser. Nobody ever paid attention to me growing up. All the other kids were faster or stronger or...” he trails off.

“Smarter,” Orion chimes in.

Vam shakes his head, dismissing this, but I can tell that it hits home more than he wants to let on.

“I just never felt special,” Vam says, “but when you make yourself into a villain, at least you’re *something*. People were paying attention to me, people actually cared.”

“Even though they all hate you?” I scoff.

“At least it’s something,” Vam admits. “It’s better than being a nobody.”

There is a moment of silence as we sit here in the cool belly of this giant mechanical ship, trying to empathize with one another and clearly having a hard time. Honestly, I don’t trust Vam Dox for a second, but at this point our options are limited.

“So what’s your big plan?” I question. “You want to fly to Earth 2 on our coat tails just to prove that you’re not as terrible as everyone thinks?”

Vam nods.

I turn to Orion, not exactly sure what to do at this point. “Is there enough food for him?” I question, lowering my voice slightly as we step away from the stow away.

Orion shrugs. “I mean, it’s only a week long trip. We can make it work. You don’t actually trust him do you?”

“Of course not. Vam Dox is as rotten as they come, but I don’t know what else to do,” I explain. “He’s honestly just kind of... sad.”

“Don’t feel bad for that monster,” Orion reminds me. “He’s racist, homophobic, annoying as hell and is whole reason that Earth 1 needs to be saved in the first place.”

“You think he’s up to something?” I question.

“I don’t know,” Orion says, glancing back at Vam, “but I’m not taking any chances.”

My handsome dinosaur lover walks over to a nearby cabinet and opens it up, pulling out a large metallic maintenance tie and walking over to Vam.

“What the hell is that?” questions the stow away.

“Put out your hands,” Orion demands, ignoring the question.

Vam tries to pull away but the space raptor is too quick, grabbing Vam’s hands and quickly placing the metal tie around them. Orion then tugs Vam over to a nearby pole that stretches from floor to ceiling and cranks the tie shut, securing our prisoner.

“Hey! What the hell is this?” Vam Dox starts yelling.

“We don’t trust you,” I explain.

The captive looks as though he’s about to retort but stops himself, hesitating and then settling back against the pole behind him. “Fair enough,” Vam says.

Orion let’s out a long sigh. “I already can’t wait for this week to be over.”

Watching the tiny blue globe of Earth 2 come into view is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and it couldn’t come a day sooner. The week has been brutal, not because of the tight quarters

with our new, third passenger, but because, despite all of my initial expectations, Vam has been shockingly pleasant to be around.

Orion, on the other hand, doesn't share my fascination. He continues to be cold as ever to our castaway, which I completely understand.

When we finally land on Earth 2 and our ships doors open, Vam remains tightly restrained against the pole. I may have more faith in the sad, strange little man than Orion does, but bringing him anywhere near the dinosaur leadership that inhabit Earth 2 is just not worth the risk.

Orion and I are greeted by a pair of handsome stegosaurus, who bow in unison before shaking our hands warmly. "Welcome to Earth 2," says the leader of the two. "We always knew that this day would come, but now that it's finally here I can't believe this is really happening. Our people have been celebrating. The prophecy is coming to pass."

"What prophecy?" I question. "Orion never mentioned a prophecy."

"It's nothing," interjects my Raptor lover, "an old tall tale of my people, nothing more."

The stegosaurus ignores him. "The prophecy states that, after a time of great turmoil, someone will arrive to bring joy and love to our people. We are very serious here on Earth 2, and the prophecy states that this new arrival will show us that even strange things can have great meaning."

"Interesting," I offer. "What was the time of great turmoil?"

The stegosaurus shrugs. "Not sure, everything's been great here."

I look past him now, my vision extending out off of the landing platform and across the great city before us. The landscape is absolutely breathtaking, perfectly manicured vegetation living in harmony with the brilliant dinosaur architecture. The city has both form and function, an environmental utopia that meshes perfectly well with the creatures who inhabit it.

"I understand you've requested an audience with our president?" the stegosaurus asks. "To discuss refuge for the people of Earth 1?"

I nod.

"Right this way," replies the dinosaur.

Soon enough me and Orion are making our way through the streets of this glorious city, which I have now learned is named Hugona. It is a well-maintained land, polished and perfected to the point that I actually feel a little strange being here, like I'm a blemish on the otherwise perfect metropolis. The citizens make every effort to be inviting, welcoming me warmly into their paradise.

"This is incredible," I tell the stegosaurus after we've traveled a ways.

"Thank you," the prehistoric beast says. "It's taken a lot of work to get us here, but now we couldn't be happier. There is history in these buildings, and there is heart."

Eventually we find ourselves at the base of a large staircase, a massive white building towering above us like some massive, graceful bird.

"This is where we leave you," says the stegosaurus. "It's been a pleasure."

Soon enough, Orion and I are alone once more.

"I can't believe this is where you grew up," I tell my raptor lover. "It's so beautiful!"

The dinosaur nods. "That's because everything runs on love."

I laugh. "That's very poetic."

"It's the truth!" exclaims Orion. "Didn't you notice that nobody here has a care in the world? We just landed with a ship from another planet, and without a second thought these people have now brought us to meet the president. They left us here unsupervised! Can you imagine that on Earth 1?"

"Maybe they're too trusting," I reply. "I mean, what if someone tried to game the system? It would only take a small group to declare war on these peaceful dinosaurs and there's not much they

could do to stop it.”

“Love conquers all,” quips Orion. “They’d figure something out.”

We start walking up the long stairs of the white, birdlike building, chatting about the ins and outs of Earth 2 culture. It turns out my Raptor lover wasn’t exaggerating; everything on Earth 2 is literally running on the power of love, which is how they keep it so environmentally friendly.

When we reach the top of the steps the president is there to greet us on the landing, a handsome pterodactyl in a light grey suit.

“I’m President Lerb,” the dinosaur introduces himself, “it’s nice to meet you.”

“I’m Lance,” I tell him, shaking his wing, “and this is one of your citizens, Orion.”

President Lerb smiles and nods. “This is just fantastic, I can’t believe we finally have a visitor from Earth 1. The prophecy said that this day would come but I never thought it was possible.”

Suddenly, the sound of a crackling radio cuts through our conversation. The president jumps and then grabs a walkie-talkie off of the side of his belt, holding it up to his ear.

“Sir!” shouts a voice on the other end. “There’s been an attack down here at the docks! They all came out of the ship at once, it was an ambush!”

My eyes go wide, immediately knowing who is behind all of the chaos. We should have never let Vam Dox out of our sight for a second.

“What is the meaning of this?” President Lerb demands to know, stepping back with alarm. “Guards!” he shouts. “These men are part of the ambush!”

“No!” I try to explain. “We had no idea!”

From all around us I see armed dinosaurs springing into action, sprinting forward with their guns drawn.

“We had no idea! Vam Dox is not with us!” I struggle to explain.

Meanwhile, the sound on the other end of the walkie-talkie has become even more frantic. “There’s dogs everywhere!” cries the man. “They were hidden on the ship, under the floor, sir! Not sure how many there are, but they appear to be infected with some kind of virus! They’re rabid, Mr. President!”

The dinosaur guards finally reach us and point their weapons from every angle, their guns charging up with some strange purple energy unlike anything I’ve ever seen.

“We’re not part of this!” I shout. “It’s the CEO of Scoundrels Inc!”

“You have already betrayed our trust!” replies the pterodactyl angrily. “Why should we believe you now?”

Suddenly, I notice something strange about the dinosaur weapons. The purple glow has started to crackle and fade.

The prehistoric creatures notice this as well, exchanging glances with one another as they try in vain to understand what could possibly be going wrong at this incredibly inopportune moment.

The radio crackles to life once again, the voice on the other end calling out even more frantically than ever. “Mr. President! Our weapons are failing, something’s wrong. The dogs are everywhere and we’ve got no way to defend ourselves! Oh no! Oh god no!” Suddenly, there is a loud crunching sound followed by complete silence.

“I know exactly what’s going on,” Orion chimes in.

Clearly, the authorities of Earth 2 are weary to trust us, but now that everything is falling apart and their weapons have powered down, they have very few other options.

“The city runs on the power of love, correct?” continues Orion. “I’m assuming those weapons do as well?”

The guards nod.

“Well then, you need to fight back with love!” exclaims my handsome dinosaur lover. “You can’t fight anger and fear with more anger and fear, you need to fight it with the power of love that you’ve already harnessed so well. That *we* have already harnessed so well.”

Suddenly, overwhelmed with passion, I grab Orion and kiss him passionately on his Jurassic lips. My handsome dinosaur kisses me back, and in our embrace I can already hear the futuristic weapons around us crackling back to life. If this doesn’t prove we’re not a part of Scoundrels Inc, I don’t know what will.

“Yes!” exclaims President Lerb. “It’s working!”

The kissing between Orion and me becomes more feverish and passionate with every mounting second, but before it can boil over completely I find myself pulling back with discomfort.

“I’m sorry,” I finally admit. “I just... I feel weird powering your guns with our love. It’s seems wrong.”

The guards laugh. “Guns? These aren’t guns, these are teleporters.”

I’m shocked by this revelation. “What? Where do they teleport to?”

The guards hesitate for a moment. “The Void,” they finally say.

Fair enough, I think to myself.

The next thing I know, Orion and me are tearing each other’s clothes off, kissing passionately as we roam with our hands. Lower and lower my fingers drift until they find their way around my raptor lover’s enormous dick, which has grown into a beautiful throbbing shaft of reptilian sex below his full body space suit. I quickly unzip Orion from top to bottom.

Orion lets out a long, satisfied moan as I take his cock within my grip, throwing his head back while I begin to pump my hand up and down his shaft.

“You like that?” I coo. “You like getting stroked off in front of the dinosaur president of this parallel Earth so that we can power their city in an attempt to thwart a horde of rapid dogs through the energy of love?”

“Yes,” Orion admits. “I fucking love it.”

“Then you’ll love this,” I tell him with a smile. I open wide and take the reptilian beast’s shaft between my lips, pumping my head slowly up and down the scaly length of his rod. I begin to move faster and faster until, finally, the speed is just too much to handle and I thrust down as far as I can go, swallowing him completely.

My deep throat is a success, taking my lover to the hilt of his shaft so that my face is pressed up against his chiseled dinosaur abs. I let him hold me here for as long as I can bear and then finally pull back with a gasp, a long thread of saliva hanging between my pink lips and the head of his beautiful rod.

“There’s not much time to spare,” I tell Orion. “Maybe we should cut right to the chase.”

Immediately, I fall back and quickly strip out of my space suit, throwing it to the side before turning around to position myself on my hands and knees. I wiggle my ass playfully at my dinosaur lover, as well as the guards who surround us.

“Pound this tight gay ass!” I demand.

Orion approaches confidently with his prehistoric alpha male swagger, then climbs down onto his knees directly behind me. I can feel his claws on my ass, playfully exploring my toned rump before aligning his shaft with the taut rim of my butthole. Orion teases the edge, pushing his cock right up against the limits of my ass but pulling away before his enormous member can slide in completely.

He's teasing me.

"Just do it!" I demand, my frustration finally boiling over. "Fuck me in front of all these handsome space dinosaurs."

Suddenly, Orion slams forward, causing me to let out a startled yelp. I reel as my body struggles to adjust to his enormous size, my asshole stretched to the limits as his mammoth rod begins to slowly pump in and out of me. I brace myself against the stone tiles below, trembling with an ache that lies somewhere between pleasure and pain.

"Fuck me!" I demand, overwhelmed with lust for my gay dinosaur lover. "Fuck me harder!"

Orion begins to slowly speed up, every progressive slam against my backside quickening until he is hammering away at me full tilt. By now my asshole has loosened up slightly, allowing the discomfort to slip away and revealing the warmth underneath.

The sensation is incredible. As I look back over my shoulder at my handsome Raptor lover, I know for certain that this is exactly where I belong. Whether it's stationed on planet Zorbus, defending our rights in the courtroom, or halfway across the galaxy on Earth 2, next to Orion is where I am meant to be.

Love is the most powerful thing in the universe. This is something that I have known for a long time and have preached from the rooftops until my throat was hoarse, but seeing and experiencing this power for myself is a realization that is almost indescribable. Love is not just strong in some strange, intangible way; it's a literal force to be reckoned with.

Seized with lust, Orion pulls out of me suddenly and then slaps me hard on the ass with his tiny claw. The raptor turns me around and lays me out on my back, my legs spread wide in the air as he aligns his massive dick once again with the rim of my now reamed out asshole. Without hesitation the prehistoric beast pushes forward, stretching my internal limits once again as he gets to work pounding away at me.

"Oh my god," I start to moan, repeating the words over and over again. "Oh my god, oh my god."

I reach down between my legs and grab ahold of my cock, stroking myself off to the rhythm of Orion's powerful thrusts up my rear. Every successive ram fills my body with a wave of blissful pleasure, cresting larger and larger across my being until suddenly it's threatening to overflow.

"I'm gonna cum!" I cry out, just as the first powerful spasm hits my body. Suddenly I'm utterly consumed with sensation, my physical being trying desperately to comprehend all of the erotic joy that flows through it. Rope after rope of hot milky jizz erupts from the head of my cock, splattering across my chest in a beautiful pattern of pearl.

Orion suddenly pulls out of me and stands up over my trembling body, blowing a load of his own. The dinosaur lets out a terrifying roar as his cock unloads, covering my face, chest and abs as it mixes like a luscious sex cocktail with the spunk that came before it.

The president and his guards burst into shouts of joy and celebration, but there's something about this whole situation that seems off. Something that I can't quite put my finger on.

"Can I see that walkie-talkie," I suddenly ask.

The president nods and I take the small device, holding it up to my ear. "Hello, can I ask about the status of Vam Dox?"

"Vam Dox is missing," exclaims the voice. "Have you banished his companions to The Void yet?"

I hesitate for a moment. "How did you know the one responsible was named Vam Dox?" I question.

“Oh... I... Uh...” the man on the other end starts to stammer, immediately dropping his dinosaur accent and becoming recognizable as Vam himself.

I let out a long sigh and then turn to the president. “You should get down there and arrest him before he takes off. There was no battle, there were no dogs... it was all a ruse.”

“But why?” questions the president.

I shrug. “Some people really want to prove love isn’t real. Unfortunately for Vam, he messed with the wrong astronauts.”

I knock twice on the glass of the jail cell, watching as Vam rolls over on his cot to gaze at me. His eyes are red, like he’s been crying all morning.

Seeing the strange little man like this is fitting. While he likes to posture himself as some kind of epic super villain, when it comes right down to it Vam is really just a lonely, sad dude; bald, skinny and pale.

“I guess you’re the most hated man on Earth 1 *and* Earth 2 now,” I offer.

Vam Dox sits up in his cell. “Are they talking about me?”

“What?” I question.

“Are they talking about how much they hate me?” Vam asks, a strange delight in his voice.

I let out a long sigh. “I mean, sure, for a while. I wrote a whole trilogy about it, actually. A lot of it is a metaphor but it’s pretty easy to tell what I’m talking about.”

“And people read it?” asks Vam. “Do they hate me more than ever now?”

I roll my eyes in frustration. “Oh my god, is that really all that you care about?”

“So they *do* hate me!” Vam laughs.

I breathe deep, trying to come to terms with this rather frustrating situation. On one hand, it’s important to express myself artistically, and part of that means writing about what I know and feel. At the same time, this seems to be doing nothing but feeding into the pit of despair that’s trying to pass himself off as a man.

“Are you going to write another?” questions Vam, his eyes wide with anticipation.

“I don’t think so,” I tell him. “Not about this.”

Vam’s eyes lower and he starts to tremble, the fact that he might not continue to be relevant suddenly hitting him hard. “But, people still read the old one’s right?” he questions.

I shrug. “More or less. Honestly though, my books don’t really matter that much in the great scheme of things, there are bigger issues happening in the world than you harassing the citizens of Hugona. You’re not a super villain; you’re just... a sad, self-hating man who likes to bother people. I understand that you like to act as though being a bad guy is some kind of thoughtful counter argument to happiness and inclusion, but it’s not. Unless you’re a five-year-old playground bully it’s not that edgy, it’s not that cool, it’s just...”

Vam watches intently, hanging on every word.

“It’s nothing,” I finally say. “You’re just kind of nothing.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Vam questions.

“Because it’s the last time that I’m going to think about you,” I explain. “I wrote about it, it’s done now.”

“Well I’m just going to keep saying terrible things then!” announces Vam. “They have wi-fi here in jail you know! I can tweet!”

“Knock yourself out,” I tell him. “I don’t think I’ll be reading them. In fact, you won’t even

cross my mind at all anymore.”

“But I... I’m the dark lord!” Vam cries, standing up and rushing towards the glass.

I stand as well, turning away and heading for the door. “Sure thing,” I tell him.

“Pay attention to me!” Vam Dox continues to scream, pounding on the glass. “I’m so evil!

Look how evil I am!”

I don’t turn around, just continue to walk onward until his cries have faded away completely.

Some say that love is the soul of books, and what better way to show a little love then with a free gift? Here to tingle you to the core is a bonus story for your reading pleasure:

PROFESSOR T-REX TEACHES ME GAYNESS

It's been said that there are two types of people in life; the ones who we're born into their good fortune, and the one's who have to earn it. The thing is, though, whoever came up with this saying didn't realize there was a rather depressing third option.

The third kind of person wasn't born into anything, and regardless of how hard they try, earning it is still out of the question because, at the end of the day, life is just not that fair. That third person is me.

Fortunately, I've grown to accept this. I know that no matter how hard I work at my low paying, manual labor job, I will never save enough money to change my life in any truly significant way. It's just not in the cards.

The acceptance of this is freeing, in a way, just one less thing I have to worry about as I go through my routine daily struggle. It would be a lot easier if my brain was slower and weaker, but it's not, regardless of how hard I try. I am in the strange situation of wishing that I wasn't so damn smart, simply because it just makes all of these tragic realizations about the life of the average, American male that much more disappointing.

Today, like every other day that stretches behind me, begins with scrubbing down the first floor bathrooms here at Burtorp University. I make my rounds slowly and methodically, cleaning the facilities to the best of my ability. I move on to the second floor, then the third. Eventually, the final bathroom is cleaned, sparkling and new as I look back at it from the doorway with a strange pride.

It's finally time to go home.

I collect my things and start to make my way back towards the janitor's closet, pushing my mop and bucket across the long tile hallway of this otherwise empty building. Row upon row of classroom doors pass me by, a series of reminders of the college life that I could never afford to have.

I get to the final door before my janitors closet and stop suddenly, noticing something strange about the blackboard inside. I take a few steps, peering into the empty classroom and reveling in the incredible, giant math problem that stretches upward in chalk before me.

I've seen calculations like this before while reading in my spare time and, despite it's size, I think that I have a pretty good idea where to start, so I leave my bucket and mop then enter the classroom. I step out into the middle of the room and look up at the board, taking it all in, then get to work.

Hour's later, I find myself picking up a small piece of chalk and scribbling the solution to this equation at the bottom, then step away once more. It looks perfect.

The classroom around me is completely desolate, however, and there is nobody here to share my victory or check my work. Instead, I walk back out into the hallway, all alone, and continue to push my mop and bucket to the janitor's closet.

The next day I'm sitting alone in the massive brick courtyard when I'm suddenly approached by a handsome professor. He's a T-Rex, with dashing good looks and a sharp-toothed, yet attractive, smile.

"Are you James Gort?" Asks the dinosaur professor.

I nod, looking up at him from my place on the bench.

"Can you come with me?" He continues.

I'm a little shocked by his request, seeing as this is the first time any staff or student here has

truly acknowledged my presence since I started working on campus two years ago.

“Is something wrong?” I ask.

“It’s about the math problem on my board.” The professor continues.

I suddenly remember the night before and immediately kick myself for not covering my tracks. I should have never gone into that classroom in the first place.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I tell him.

The T-Rex professor eyes me skeptically. “One of my students says that she saw you in there working on the equation last night, is that true?”

I shake my head. “No, sir.”

The dinosaur sits down on the bench next to me. “That equation has been around for a very, very long time. It’s never been solved. Until yesterday.”

I glance over at him, trying to determine whether or not he’s attempting to trap me.

“Wasn’t me.” I answer.

The professor T-Rex looks deep into my eyes, searching for something, and in this moment my perception of him suddenly shifts. I find myself strangely attracted to this handsome, prehistoric creature, unable to undo this slanted new way of looking at him.

The T-Rex stands abruptly. “Sorry to bother you.” He says, “My mistake.”

The dinosaur turns and begins to walk away, but he gets no more than five steps before I shout out and stop him. “Wait!”

The T-Rex halts and looks back at me.

“I’ve gotta get back to work now.” I explain. “But I’m off at eight tonight.”

“Come by my classroom.” The professor tells me.

I nod as he leaves.

The rest of the day it’s hard to focus on the job at hand. Even though most of my duties here involve straight manual labor with no brain power required, I often find myself staring out from the window at the students who walk past. I wonder what it was that brought them to this very moment, why they are here and what they want to do with their lives? I start to consider the same thing about myself.

When eight o’clock finally arrives I head over to the classroom and find the dinosaur professor waiting for me, sitting alone at one of his students desks while the massive blackboard is scrawled with yet another complex math problem.

“Hey.” Is all that I offer, coming inside.

The T-Rex stands and walks over to me, extending his stubby little dinosaur arm in a much more formal greeting than the one I received before. “Professor Robber Downy.”

“Nice to meet you.” I say, shaking his claw.

The T-Rex turns to the board. “I wanted to see if you could help me with this problem. It’s a little more difficult than the last one.”

My eyes are immediately scanning the equation top to bottom, taking it all in. Immediately, I start to notice a pattern, and before I know it I’ve stepped up to the board and grabbed a small white piece of chalk, getting to work.

The professor watches for a moment and then suddenly picks up on the angle that I’m taking, getting to work next to me with a few equations of his own.

Eventually, the board is absolutely covered with our notes, numbers and letters piling up into lengthy patterns of chalk. When the two of us finally finish we step back and gaze upwards, smiles plastered across our faces.

“This problem has never been solved before.” Robber says. “Did you know that?”

I shake my head.

“You’ve made history.” The professor continues.

I suddenly feel the cold touch of his scaly claw on my shoulder. At first I flinch, not expecting this powerful dinosaur to get so close to me. I’m immediately picking up a vibe from him, lustful electricity flowing between us as we stand alone in his classroom. Unfortunately for Robber, I’m completely straight.

I pull away. “I should go.”

“Wait!” The dinosaur says, stopping me in my tracks. I turn back around to face him.

“You’re brilliant, did you know that?” Robber asks, a deep sincerity in his eyes.

“What does it matter?” I retort.

“Do you realize that you’ve just accomplished something in the course of an hour that some people have dedicate their entire lives too?”

I shrug.

“Why do you insist on denying your own intelligence?” The dinosaur finally demands to know, cutting straight to the point.

I sigh. “Because I know where I come from. I may be smart, but that also means I’m smart enough to know that it doesn’t matter for a guy like me. I can’t afford to go to school here.”

Robber nods in understanding. “What if I taught you for free?”

“Really?” I ask, suddenly interested.

“Yes.” The dinosaur confirms. “Not just math, though.”

“What else do you want to teach me?” I question, slightly confused.

The dinosaur cracks a smile with rows of powerful, sharp teeth. “Gayness.”

My heart skips a beat as the professor says this. I have always been completely in tune with my own sexuality, never questioned the fact that I was attracted to women and only women, but now I’m not so sure. There is no denying that this dinosaur is incredibly sexy, charming and sophisticated yet rough around the edges. Could it be that the lesson has already begun?

“You would teach me gayness... for free?” I stammer, my voice trembling.

“I would.” Says the T-Rex. “Are you interested?”

I nod.

“Good.” Robber tells me. “Be here at ten tomorrow night and we’ll have our first lesson.”

The following day is just as difficult to get through as the first, distracted by my excitement for what the professor could possibly have in store. The longer that my mind is allowed to wander, the hornier I get for his incredible prehistoric body. There is no question about it any longer, I’m turning gay for my dinosaur professor.

When I finally arrive at the classroom, the professor is nowhere to be found. A lone desk sits in front of the blackboard with a stack of index cards placed neatly on top of it. I look around, slightly confused, then approach the desk. I pick up the first card, which is labeled, *Lesson One*.

Flipping the card over, I read aloud. “If gay equals X and straight equals Y, what is bi?”

I think about this a moment, not even knowing where to begin with my answer.

“Having trouble?” A voice suddenly echoes through the room.

I turn to see Robber standing in the doorway with a smirk on his face. “You see, gayness isn’t quite as easy to learn as you’d think. I’ve been gay my entire life and I still don’t fully understand it.”

"I've been straight my whole life." I tell the dinosaur. "And now I'm not so sure."

The T-Rex professor sits down in one of his student's desks. "Try the next card."

I read the next card, which is labeled, *Lesson Two*. "Is it gay if it's between a man and a dinosaur?"

"Well?" The professor asks. "What do you think?"

"I've heard this one before." I tell him. "I'm thinking."

Robber stands up from the desk and begins walking slowly towards me. "You know, sometimes the best way to teach someone is to just show them." The dinosaur reveals. "Maybe we should leave the flashcards for the beginners."

"I don't know." I counter, my voice quaking in my throat. "I'm scared."

"Of what?" My dinosaur professor asks, pushing himself up against me.

"This." I admit.

Our lips grow closer and closer until we are just inches away from one another, anxious to touch as our tension fills the air and swirls around us like a tornado. It's like standing at the edge of a cliff and looking down over the side.

"You're smart." The dinosaur tells me. "But sometimes it's okay to ask for a little help; a little push. Would you like me to push you, Mr. Gort?"

"Yes." I sigh, the word falling out of my mouth in limp surrender.

Suddenly, Robber is kissing me, pushing hard against my body with his massive dinosaur frame. I stumble backwards a bit but he stays with me, maneuvering myself backwards until I finally reach the blackboard and stop against it. The two of us are making out now, passion blossoming between us as we enjoy the presence of one another's body.

"Teach me." I moan. "Teach me to be gay."

The dinosaur begins to run his claws up and down my muscular chest and stomach, exploring me while I explore him. I quickly tear away his jacket and undo his tie, throwing it to the side. The dinosaur's dress shirt comes next and, soon enough, he is completely shirtless, revealing an incredible, muscular set of toned, green abs.

"You look incredible." I tell Robber.

"So do you." The T-Rex gushes. With his tiny claws he quickly undresses me and before I know it the two of us are pressed back against the blackboard, completely naked.

The professor wastes no time, reaching down and grabbing a hold of my now rock hard cock. I let out a soft whimper as the prehistoric beast begins to stroke gracefully along the length of my shaft, sending wave after wave of pleasure across my trembling body.

I immediately begin to do the same for him, grabbing ahold of his massive scaly rod and getting to work. I beat the professor off slowly at first, pumping my hand across his length in firm, even strokes until eventually my aching lust gets the best of me and I begin to speed up. Faster and faster I go until I am throttling his beastly rod with everything that I've got.

"You like that you dirty old dinosaur?" I ask. "You like the way my warm human hand feels across that cold dino-dick of yours?"

"Yes!" Groans Robber. "I love it."

"What's my next lesson?" I coo.

"Blowjobs." The dinosaur tells me, suddenly pushing me down onto my knees.

I look up at the majestic green creature playfully, his cock hovering just inches from my face as I stroke his length. I stick out my tongue and lick him sensually from balls to tip, cradling his hanging scrotum as I go.

“Like this?” I ask.

“Just like that.” The dinosaur professor says.

“How about this?” I continue, then open my mouth wide and take him as deep as I can into my throat.

Due to the fact that this is my first ever blowjob, I don’t make it very far, stopping immediately when the creature’s giant dick reaches the edge of my sensitive gag reflex. I struggle against him and then finally pull back with a loud gasp and a retch, my body rejecting Robber’s advances.

“I don’t understand.” I say, coughing.

“That’s why I’m here.” The dinosaur professor explains. “To teach you.”

The creature places both clawed hands on the back of my head, but doesn’t pull me towards him yet.

“This time, I want you to relax.” Robber explains. “Just let yourself accept the cock. You are open and free.”

“I’m open and free.” I repeat back to him.

“Good.” Robber smiles. “Now suck this T-Rex dick.”

Robber pulls me towards him and once again I accept the prehistoric beast’s rod into my mouth. This time, however, I’m ready for him, and when the dino-cock hits my gag reflex I somehow manage to let him pass, accepting his size fully within my throat. Farther and farther his scaly rod travels down until finally he reaches the hilt, my face pressed firmly up against the professor’s rock hard dinosaur abs.

I look up at him with a lustful hunger in my eyes, wishing that there was somehow even more of him to consume. Even though this is my first homosexual experience, I’ve jumped in fully, yearning to take this dinosaur in every way possible. Not only that, but I realize now how my blooming feelings for this incredible creature may actually extend farther than just aching gay lust; I think I love him.

Just when I’m almost completely out of air, the dinosaur finally pulls me back and releases me from his grasp. I gasp loudly, beating him off for a moment and then going back in for more. This time I get to work bobbing my head up and down across the length of his hard dick, pleasuring the professor skillfully.

The dinosaur moans and groans above me, clearly enjoying himself as he begins to rock his hips back and forth to the rhythm of my movements. We are completely in sync with one another.

Eventually, my desire for Robber is simply too much to bear. I stand abruptly and turn around, marching across the classroom and then pushing the stack of notecards off of the desk. I lean down over the edge and pop my ass out at the dinosaur behind me, displaying my puckered hole for him.

“Here you go.” I purr.

I reach with one hand and spread my ass cheeks open, then look back over my shoulder.

“I’ve been a bad, bad student coming in here and solving all the problems.” I tell him. “You need to teach me a lesson, a lesson in gayness.”

“I think I can do that.” Says the dinosaur as he approaches my muscular rear, brandishing a massive scaly rod in his claw.

The next thing I know, I can feel the head of Robber’s shaft testing the rim of my asshole’s tightness, pushing gently against my sealed butt.

“Do it!” I command. “Just shove it in there.”

The dinosaur professor does as he's told, thrusting forward hard and causing me to let out a loud yelp that's a mixture of both pleasure and pain. I grip tightly onto the edge of the desk as the enormous creature begins to slam into me, pounding me in a series of firm, even thrusts that rock my entire body.

As the dinosaur speeds up he begins to push us across the floor, the desk no match for his Jurassic strength.

"Oh shit! Oh shit!" I cry out, repeating the words over and over again, louder still with every pump. "Oh shit, my tight gay asshole!"

Professor Robber is throttling me with everything that he's got now, absolutely pummeling my buttocks with his thickness. I reach down between my legs with one hand and grab ahold of my firm, hanging cock, then immediately get to work beating myself off. I close my eyes and bite my lip as the powerful sensation of impending orgasm begins to flood my senses.

The dinosaur is hitting my prostate just right, massaging me from deep within. It's a strange sensation of fullness, but incredibly pleasant in a way that consumes my entire being, body and soul.

"I'm gonna blow!" I tell him, my body quaking with ecstasy.

"Not yet you aren't." Says Professor Robber. "What kind of lesson in gayness would that be?"

The dinosaur pulls out of me and slaps my ass hard. "Get up."

I stand, and turn to face him, awaiting the next instruction.

"Climb on." Robber says. He holds out his tiny T-Rex claws and I hoist myself up onto him wrapping my muscular legs around his torso. The dinosaur reaches down and positions his dick at the entrance of my now reamed backdoor, aligning himself as he holds me upright. Seconds later, the creature drops me suddenly onto his shaft.

"Oh my god!" I yell, my fingers gripping tightly into him as my body is impaled upon the dinosaur's massive rod. "That's do fucking deep."

Robber immediately starts to pump me up and down across his length, using the power of gravity to slam his cock into me with even more brutal ferocity than before.

The sensation is so incredible that my eyes immediately roll back into my head, my body barely able to contain all of the strange new pleasures that course through it. I'm spasming uncontrollably now, my legs kicked out straight as I reach down and grab ahold of my throbbing cock for a second time.

I begin to beat myself off in tandem with Robber's thrusts from below, rapidly stroking my dick. "Teach me gayness!" I beg. "I'm ready!"

"You're already gay." Robber yells. "Just go for it, you can do it!"

With no more room left inside my body, I suddenly explode in a powerful orgasm, throwing my head back and letting out a scream of pleasure. My entire being pulses with blissful sensation, traveling across me from head to toe in a series of incredible waves. Hot, white jizz eject from the head of my cock in a handful of forceful blasts, splattering the dinosaur's chest with a pearly liquid.

Immediately after the sensation passes, Robber lowers me down onto the ground. I sprawl out on my back before him, looking up with cum hungry eyes as I coax him along. "I need your spunk all over me." I moan. "Cover this hot gay human with your Jurassic jizz bomb. Blast your load all over my fucking face."

The dinosaur is beating himself off furiously with a tiny claw, and then seconds later he explodes across me in a massive splatter of cum.

I open my mouth and catch as much as I can on my tongue, while the rest of it ends up

painting me with a liquid smile from cheek to cheek.

“Thank you professor.” I say with a coy smile. “That’s exactly what I needed.”

Over the next month me and Robber grow closer and closer while we delve into the deep, unknown secrets of gayness. Just when we think we’ve found the bottom of the mysterious well, we discover there is even more to go. Soon we are publishing papers of our findings in all of the major science journals across the globe, as well as various gay and lesbian blogs. I couldn’t be happier.

With every passing day, our interspecies love becomes even more apparent, as well. Not only is the sex good, but the connection that we feel for one another is unlike anything I have ever experienced. I realize now that what I once thought of as straight love was nothing more than childish infatuation.

Eventually, Robber and I are married in a beautiful private ceremony on the beach in Santa Barbara. We kiss, sealing our vows, and then decide to go take a walk along the shore with one another, enjoying our first moments of gay matrimony.

We find a spot on the sand just as the sunset begins and take a seat, looking out across the water at the billowing swaths of purple and gold that caress the sky.

“It’s incredible.” I tell him.

“It is.” Robber responds, but he doesn’t smile.

“What is it?” I ask my newlywed dinosaur husband. “Aren’t you happy?”

“Of course, I am.” He says, putting his claw around me and pulling me close. “I just...” The creature trails off.

“What is it?” I question again. “You know that you can tell me anything.”

“Do you ever stop and think about what we’re doing?” Begins Robber the dinosaur. “The fact that we are just carelessly answering these timeless questions, opening them up without a thought in the world.”

I don’t quite follow him, and Robber can see it on my face.

“Maybe these problems that we’re solving should remain unsolved.” The dinosaur says, bluntly. “Maybe we’re playing god.”

“By understanding gayness?” I ask.

The dinosaur nods. “Gayness is the most powerful force in the universe.” Robber explains. “We might be working for good, but what if our work was to fall into the wrong hands? There’s no telling what could happen.”

I laugh. “You can’t be serious.”

I turn to Robber, expecting a smile in response but he is completely stone faced.

“With the knowledge that we’ve gained, you could create a blast ten times more powerful than an atom bomb.” The dinosaur says. “You could literally unravel the entire universe with our gayness.”

“And without the universe, what would take its place?” I ask.

“An even gayer universe.” The dinosaur explains. “With our formulas, you could literally build a button that, when pressed, rebuilds the universe instantly, just gayer.”

“That sounds great.” I joke.

“I don’t know.” Says the dinosaur. “With great power comes great responsibility.” My new husband and professor reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a sheet over paper, handing it over to me.

“What is this?” I ask, unfolding it.

“The blueprints for that button.” Robber says. “An order straight from the president himself.”

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Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt

Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"

Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own 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 Own Butt"'"

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Oppressed In The Butt By My Inclusive Holiday Coffee Cups

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Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror

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