

# Seasoning

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# A Dinosaur's Seasoning



Dark dreams pounded through immense thoughts, sluggishly washing against the shores of consciousness with the endless movements of a hidden sun. A sea of blood, dreams of prey, endlessly crashing against the tiny sands of his memories. His mind was ancient beyond a time too abstract for tiny dreams, to old and far too young at the same time. He knew that time passed, but could not understand anything beyond the Now. His world was filled with blood and prey. The squeal of meat and the feeling of flesh sliding down his throat. When he woke, the world shook in terror.

He loved it.

Waves of his dream shattered as the sound of something cut through his slumber. Groggy, he could only open one eye and peered around him. A thick blanket of darkness spread out over him, the colors lost in his world. Grays and blacks sparkled as he shifted slightly, lifting his massive head. Above him, the darkness pressed down on his head, pinning him into the embrace of the earth below.

Barely shrugging, he lifted his body. Plants and roots, some of them thicker than the trees above them, groaned then snapped from the force as he lifted his head slightly off the ground. Streamers of dirt and plants bounced off his scaled hide, but he was already looking around him.

One eye saw very little, a world of washed gray and tiny sparkles of light. The trembling of leaves and streamers rolling off his body were bright and clear, but the unmoving ground was the same washed gray as everything else. Slowly, he opened his other eye, peering out in the gray world.

Twisting slightly, he tilted his head and send the world exploding into brightness. Still objects flared into sharp edges and he mapped out the world around him even as his movements stopped and the world faded back to gray.

He was in a clearing, tiny trees sprouting around him. If he understood time, it would have been years since he last prowled the earth, but he never understood time. He only understood hunger.

And his hunger began to grow, growling in his stomach. Waves of birds, too far away to feed, exploded from the trees. Leaning back on his hind legs, he flexed his spine and lifted his body into the air. His head bowed down, scraping against the torn open earth to peer back at himself. Tiny arms, frail and slender compared to the rest of his incredible strength, stroked against his chin and throat, testing the thick hide and tiny scales before resting back against his chest. Deep inside, his heart pounded with the endless drumming of life.

He twisted his head, still inspecting himself. His legs, each one thicker than the oldest tree, barely strained to hold his body off the ground. Sharp claws dug into the rock and soil, balancing him with barely an effort. Between his legs, his tail, his beautiful tail, stretched out of the earth, holding him steady even as he stretched his spine. Cracks of bone rippled up his spine and he felt the soreness of his long slumber slipping away.

Twisting his head again, he looked up between his legs. His shaft was still buried inside the sheath, slumbering with dreams of its own. He tried to think of the last time he had a cow, a female of his own kind, but failed.

Memories were not for a predator.

His thoughts, sluggish attempts at self-awareness, were interrupted by the sounds of prey again. Lifting his head quickly, he stretched high into the trees and strained to listen.

It was prey. Soft squeals of something in pain, rapid panting of breath. He sniffed the air, filtering out the ruddy smells of the trees and earth. A faint smell of life vibrated through his nostrils. There is something out there, thick with scent and screaming for help.

His mouth opened slowly, letting the cool air rush in his mouth. He could taste the prey in the air. Swirling it with his tongue, he pressed the scents against his teeth, thousands of sharp points, before closing his mouth.

A rumble grew deep inside his stomach, hunger.

Hunger, he knew. And he remembered how to feed it.

Lifting one foot, he stepped out of the hole that grew around his sleep and lifted himself cleanly in one smooth movement. The world shook slightly as he pounded down, but he was already moving toward the prey.

Behind him, the hole started to settle back in. Trees, young when he slept, now towered over the immense gash that stretched out further their height. Of course, he didn't realize this. He didn't understand the time it took for the plants to grow.

Tila let out another fake scream of an orgasm and tried not to groan as her boyfriend, Isodor, thrust inside her. His cock, raging hard and barely longer than her finger, was thrusting in and out with hard pokes, none of them came even close to bringing her pleasure. Her eyes closed tightly, trying not to roll her eyes as she spread her legs, to give him more access.

Not that it mattered.

Her eyes cracked open as he pounded into her, slapping against her inner thighs with the grace of a hammer and none of the joy. Her gaze looked over his back, filled with sweat-matted hair, and to her hand. A ring sparkled in the sunlight, his latest present. For the first time since he rolled on her and yanked up her dress, Tila smiled.

She felt his cock beginning to pulse and squeezed down on it with her inner muscles. It was more of a strain to feel it than anything else, but soon he was wetting her with his cum. As soon as he finished, he slumped down on her, crushing her against the blanket stretched out across the ground.

Groaning, she frowned at him but his weight just settled down on her.

“Isodor... get off!”

Isodor ignored her as a faint snore rumbled out of his chest. His cock slipped out wetly, but she was too busy trying to push him off her to notice. After a few moments of trying, she slumped back down herself and sighed dramatically. With his weight on her hips, there was nothing Tila could do but stare at her ring and wait for him to wake up.

As much as she tried, the sparkles of the ring couldn't distract her when she felt the ground vibrate underneath her. Frowning, Tila tried to push Isodor aside, but his weight seemed to be centered on her, his hairy arms wrapped around her sides and her legs spread far apart.

"Isodor... Isodor!"

He continued to sleep, drooling on her breast. Snarling, she slapped at him. That finally broke his sleep enough to roll over, finally freeing her from his pin. Scrambling to her feet, she ignored the tiny dribble of cum slipping down her leg and peered around.

They were in the middle of a large plain, with trees bunched up in random clumps of green. The rest of the plains were filled with grass, waist-high and that gently waved in the breeze. Above her, the sun-filled sky didn't have a single cloud to mar the blue glass surface. Heat pounded down against her, soaking into her skin as she pulled up the straps of her dress and straightened it.

Beneath her, the ground vibrated again, a distinct double pound that was beginning to spark a tiny fear inside her. Each drum seemed to be stronger and louder, vibrating along her soles. Tila looked frantically around, trying to find the source, but there was nothing but long grasses and trees.

The continued drumming bothered her still and she padded over to Isodor's sleeping form while tugging down her dress back into position. Her eyes caught sight of her panties, but she ignored it. Her gaze slide over to her purse, and the tiny key chain clipped to one end. There was an emergency device on the end, that would take her home in a second, and she seriously considered using it. At the last moment, she turned back to Isodor and kicked him in the ribs.

"Isodor! Isodor! Wake up!"

He groaned and curled up for a moment, before looking up at her with a glare.

"What do you want?"

"There is something out there?"

He snorted, "So? There is always something out there. We are just inside the Luxember borders."

Tila's fear was growing and she couldn't fight it, "It could be barbarians. I don't want to.."



Her voice trailed off as she spied movement coming around one of the trees. The movements were blurred, but as she saw more and more, the fear began to pound in her heart.

It was a lizard of some sort, except it was almost as tall as the trees. An immense head, larger than most wagons, slowly swung toward her, the ridge of the forehead plunging whatever eyes in shadows. It was standing on two feet, each one tipped with claws that dug into the ground. A thick tail kept it balanced as it turned toward her.

“Iso... Iso... Isodor...”

“What!?” There was annoyance in his voice as he tried to curl up back to sleep. Tila couldn’t move, her heart pounding in her chest and her legs refusing to move. The giant lizard, a dinosaur she thinks they were called, paused for a second, then stretched up. To her terror, she saw the crown of its armored head brush up against the top of the trees before coming back down into a crouch. Even from the distance she was at, she saw two tiny arms clutching tightly to its chest; they were almost comical against the giant creature.

Then it roared.

Terrible and angry, the horrible sound ripped across the plains. Tila’s fear became blinding, as she strained to force her legs to move, to do anything besides stand there. In front of her, Isodor finally responded. His eyes snapped open with a gurgling sound, then he leaped to his feet. He stood in front of her, blocking off her vision of the terrible creature and breaking the frozen fear that rooted her.

Still blindly panicking, Tila screamed. She screamed louder than she ever screamed before. Then she ran. There was no direction except away from the dinosaur. The grasses ripped at her legs and dress, but she was sprinting toward the nearest copse of trees. Her scream trailed behind her as she threw everything into sprinting away.

He was hungrier than ever. The sounds of the prey had faded away by the time he had reached the area. The faint concept of emotions brimmed with hope that there was still something there and he began to prowl around, looking for it. His head swung back

and forth, to keep everything moving and the edges clear. His world was bright and shining and he was hunting.

His feet brought him around a block of trees and he spotted something. Bracing against the ground, he slowly stretched up into the air to peer at it. It was alive and prey. The smell of his dinner was stronger and fresher. He could see the pounding of its heart, throbbing in its chest as it froze in fear. Faint whispers of scents drifted around him after a few seconds, of fear and terror. They sent his stomach into a gurgling frenzy.

His hunger would not let it pause. Taking a deep breath, it roared and charged. A second prey, bigger and filled with meat, stood up in front of the first, but he was already charging. Ground ground against his feet as he dug into it with his claws, his head lowering to increase his speed. Grasses, barely noticed through his hide, whipped past him as the fear burst out from both of his prey. The smaller one, the first one, tried to run. Its sprinting form exploded with brilliance as its movement gave it light. The second prey was fading from his vision, but he was centered on it.

And it wasn't going to get away.

Faint screams drifted through his hearing, but he could barely hear anyways. His mouth stretched open, tasting the air as it rushed past his sharp teeth. His tongue swirled around as he roared again, lowering his head to swoop up. The second prey, froze like most of his meals, finally broke free when he was only a few steps away. It barely had time to turn before he chomped down on its flesh.

The first taste of blood is always the sweetest. The texture, the flavor as it explodes in your mouth. Flesh and bone crunching in half always sent a shiver, almost pleasurable, through its body. He braced himself to stop and skidded to the ground as he flopped the top remains of his prey in his mouth, savoring the taste.

It was gone too fast and he sniffed deeply. Finding the savory smells of blood, he slurped up the last of his prey and chewed on it, tearing it in half and feeling it slide down his throat. His stomach gurgled happily as he felt it splash inside, filling him up.

It only took a few gulps to end his meal, but it drove away the biting hunger in his stomach. Slowly, his head swung around, looking for the other meal. It was still there, burning brightly as it

ran toward a block of trees. He peered at it for a moment, as strange thoughts, arcane thoughts, drifted through his mind.

Let it go.

He shook his head, trying to clear the twisting sensations that burned inside his head. In front of him, the burning prey was getting further away. As he watched, it turned slightly, heading toward the edge of trees. One foot lifted to chase it, but the abstract thoughts slashed through the ponderous fields of his mind.

Let it go.

Shaking his head again, he tried to realize that he understood the words, the abstract thoughts that hinted at something just out of reach. His clawed foot began to lower, but a spike of primal hunger cut through the thoughts, ripping them apart. Painful abstract words were torn apart and only hunger remained.

As did his prey.

He charged.

Tila was still screaming as she ran through the plain grasses. Sharp edges cut at her legs, leaving them feeling sore and burning, but she couldn't stop. Not with that following after her. The sounds of Isodor being eaten, the wet crunching and choked off scream, were still rolling in her head. Rocks slashed against her feet, leaving them wet, but the fear drove her faster until her lungs would explode.

Something caught on her ankle and she felt it twist painful. A blade of pain shot up her leg as she was thrown forward, slamming her face into the ground. Gasping from her exertions, she tried to scramble back to her feet. She tried to put weight on her ankle, but it collapsed underneath her and she fell to the ground. Fear and pain surged through her as she tried to stand again. Her body tried to collapse, but she managed to sway to her feet.

Then the dinosaur roared.

Tila screamed, something deep inside her blindly panicking with that horrible growling noise that blew hot humid air against her. Eyes wide, she slowly turned as she felt her heart pounding against her ribs, painful and rapid. Seeing the blood-streaked mouth charging toward her stole the breath away from her.

Trying to gasp, she threw herself toward the trees. The smaller ones whipped her face, leaving streaks of blood and tearing at her

dress. When one branch caught on it, she yanked it frantically, ripping it in half and exposing her skin to the air. She stumbled and limped into the woods, passing thicker trees in hope they would stop the creature. She managed to make it past almost ten rows of thick logs before her leg folded underneath her.

Sobbing, she peered behind her at the dinosaur that had finally stopped. Two brown eyes, each one larger than her head, were peering through the branches. Slowly, it tilted its head, still looking at her. Gasping hard, Tila clutched to the nearest tree. Finding a branch, she used to pull herself around and away from the creature's sight. Every part of her was trembling and her leg was bleeding from too many cuts to count.

Too close, she heard the dinosaur start to walk around her, around the trees. Tears soaking her cheeks, Tila looked around frantically for some place to hide. Finding none, she scanned up into the trees around her. Above her, she saw a thick bole between two branches, each one as thick as the creature's legs. A large pile of leaves filled the bole.

Gasping as she realized she could hide there, she strained as she reached up for a thick branch, fear giving her strength to pull herself up. After a few seconds, she managed to curl up on the branch. Her eyes scanned around her, but the dinosaur was pacing around the far end of the trees, far away from her.

Moving as quickly as she could, she slowly pulled herself up branch after branch. Her leg hung uselessly, the ankle unable to support any weight. Already, a black bruise was forming, but she didn't have the time to pay attention to it.

She almost made it.

Tila was only two branches away from her hiding spot when she realized that she'd stopped paying attention to the prowling creature. Holding her breath, she slowly turned away from the tree trunk and peered behind her.

It was watching her. Dark eyes only a few meters away. In her desire to get to her hiding spot, she didn't realize that the trees shielding her had not grown as high or tall. She was exposed, with only a few saplings and leaves barely blurring her form.

Her breath caught in her chest again, her hands trembling against the rough bark of the tree. She froze, unable to move against

the tree as the dinosaur leaned closer. Leaves and saplings bent aside until she was staring at its head, larger than her horse and wider than a wagon. A wide line of sharp teeth peeked out from lips as it leaned even closer, until she was forced to press her back against the branch to avoid being touched.

Its breath was hot, hot and sticky. Blood dripped down its jaw and she could see a tuft of Isodor's hair hanging from one back tooth. Tears began to dribble down her face as she shook her head slowly.

"No... please don't."

His prey was making noise, a whimpering sound that all prey make. He could feel her blood pounding in her veins, the gasping of breath in its chest. There was no fur on this prey, except on the head. But, the noises were more varied than normal.

But, it was still hungry.

Slowly, it opened its mouth, enjoying the scents of fear and blood in the air. They swirled around his tongue, teasing his senses and sending large globs of drool to splash onto the branch his prey was quivering on. It whimpered again, then screamed, but he ignored it. He drank in the smell.

But, there was a new scent in the air. Sweet and tangy, it was different from fear and from blood. It was... a memory. He paused, his mouth still opened, and sniffed again. The scent hung in the air, a taste of something a distant memory tried to revive.

His hunger confused, he reached out with his dripping tongue and tasted his prey. Vibrations of fear and terror rolled through its body as he ran his tongue across its face, chest, and legs. The taste was stronger down there, between those tasty limbs. With a growing curiosity, he tried to remember something, but couldn't. Pressing his tongue harder against his prey, he lapped at it. Its whimper was choked off and it began to choke, but he continued to taste at the strange skin, plant-tasting that almost peeled off his prey.

Pressing even more forward, he pinned his prey against the tree and lapped harder, ripping the outer layer of skin off and tasting the sweat-soaked inner layer. There was the smell again, this one stronger than ever.

He lapped at it, finding the source of the smell. The tip of his tongue, which was large than his prey's leg, found the source, a tiny

opening between its longer limbs. It was screaming down, its mouth thrashing back and forth as his drool splattered off with every movement.

Ignoring the noise, he thrust harder against the tiny source of pleasure. It was soft and hot and wet. The tastes were stronger, but the memory of the scent was dangling just beyond his ability to remember. As he strained to remember, past the concepts of past and present, he twisted and jammed his tongue even harder into the tiny opening, forcing it open to drink in the taste that it contained.

Tila screamed as the teeth grew closer. But, instead of ripping her from the branch and eating her, an immense tongue pushed out and pressed up against her. It was slick with thick drool that splattered against her face. As she tried to avoid it, it lapped at her chest and body, soaking her dress against her skin. Then it managed to catch part of the fabric and tore it off, using nothing but its tongue.

Her breasts felt horribly exposed to the sharp teeth as the creature lapped at her again, swirling around her breasts and arms and legs. A faint glimmer of hope grew inside her as she closed her eyes tightly against the sensations. The tongue was powerful and immense, slick and strong. It caught against her body, teasing her nipples and legs with endless strokes until it began to lower itself to the juncture between her legs.

To her surprise, the tip, which was as large as her two fists put together, began to press up against her clitoris and sex. It was insistent as it began to lap at her length, easily shoving her lips aside as it tried to bury itself into her body. Gasping from the intensity, she fought against the probing member, but it easily yanked her legs apart, just by the force that it was driving up against her poor opening.

Her gasps softened as the creature finally managed to get the tip buried inside her labia, stretching them painfully apart. It began to twist and jam inside it, not unlike Isodor's... feeble attempt previously. But this time, the creature was far too strong for her to resist. Its tongue pinned her against the bark, digging short branches and ridges against her back. She tried to push at it, but her fingers slid helplessly along the slick surface.

The tip continued to force itself, pulling her painfully apart. She could feel the heated member burying itself even further into her,

and she felt a tiny spark of pleasure exploding as it ripped even deeper. Her opening was being torn open, but it felt good. A surge of pleasure and pain exploded from her body as her legs spread even further apart, this time by an almost subconscious need. The tongue twisted hard, almost tearing apart her hips as it thrust even more deep inside her depths. Heated and hot and too powerful to resist, the dinosaur drove its tongue hard in her, ripping her labia apart as it went.

Tila screamed, unable to do anything other than brace against the tongue. Her hands pressed against the bark, trying to keep her balance as the dinosaur raped her, twisting it hard before yanking it out. She saw a flash of blood, but couldn't tell if it was her or Isodor's. Her entire body throbbed with pain from her vagina as the creature plowed even more into her body. To her growing fear, she saw her stomach bulging out, from the amount crammed into her body. Her eyes trailed down the tongue, where it widened even further until it was almost twice her width.

The thought of that tongue crammed inside her, tearing her apart from the inside was enough to push her into one of the strongest, and most terrifying, orgasms of her life. Her arms and legs flailed around helplessly as explosions of white and colors burst in her mind. Her body arched up against the tree, holding her up against the tree as she screamed from endless pleasures that exploded. Every powerful twisting sent her even higher into the skies of pleasure.

Just as fast as the orgasm ripped through her body, it faded, leaving her panting against the tree. Her body trembled with the intensity of the afterglow and she was tempted to remain there. She felt the prick of teeth against her knees.

Slowly, she opened her eyes to look at the mouth of the rapist. Her legs, in her orgasm, were resting against its teeth, her ankles pressed against the base of the creature's tongue, with the red member slithering between her legs and bury itself into her torn-open vagina. Her lower stomach, the area between her hips, bulged up obscenely from the length of tongue that was forced into her.

Fear was prickling back through her, cutting through the afterglow. She watched as a ripple of movement ran up the length of the tongue, exploding in a vibration of pleasure and pain deep

inside. Then, the dinosaur drew its tongue back into its mouth. Tila whimpered as she felt herself being drawn along the branch, her feet slipping further into the creature's mouth. Her fingers clutched at branches and leaves, trying to pull herself out. The tongue twisted inside her, then began to pull out with an angry slither of liquid sensations. It left behind a voice, but she stopped sliding into the creature's mouth.

Tila looked at the creature, at the gaping darkness. Her feet were almost completely pulled into its mouth, the back of her thighs balancing on the thick points of its teeth. Her body was trembling and heaving, straining to breath as she tried to figure a way out. Shaking hands slowly drifted down to her sex, exploring the tore opening. Her fingers were coated with blood, her blood.

Then it bit down.

She could do nothing as she watched the jaw, larger than everything she had ever seen, close around her. The teeth dripped blood and drool as they came down on her thighs, slicing through her flesh like butter. Everything exploded into white-hot flame of agony as it shattered through her leg bones. There was a violent ripping sound as Tila was yanked off the tree, thrown high into the air as her legs were torn off.

She screamed all the way down, into the grass until it slammed into her. As she impacted the ground, the air was driven out of her lungs, but she quickly recovered. Her eyes locked on the remains of her legs, sheared off about mid-thigh. The ragged white of bone told her more than she could formulate with words.

Her hands were already trying to pull herself away when the shadow of the dinosaur loomed over her.

It remembered that scent. Sex. It was the scent of a female, but much softer than the females of its own kind. Too small for him. But the thoughts were enough to waken another hunger, a primal hunger for something he had not enjoyed for a very long time.

Slowly, he drew his tongue out of her. The feeling of her, it was a her now, sliding into his mouth was pleasurable, but his tongue finally slipped out as her ass was pressed up against his lips. He could taste her, her excitement.

The strange thought cut through his head: Let her go.



He tried to puzzle why, with the delicious legs trembling on his tongue. He try to think in thoughts that were beyond his limits. He got back strange concepts of letting things go, of not eating everything. Even as his hunger fought against the abstract thoughts that hurt, he couldn't decide.

The hunger won, after a few seconds, the sensations of the shapely legs quivering in his mouth were too much to resist. So, he bit down. The explosion of lust and blood was almost too much, and he snapped his head to enjoy it. The world exploded in light as he watched his prey slide through the air, to land in the grasses beyond the trees. He savored the taste before crunching down again and swallowing.

When he turned back toward his prey, he was hungry for something else. His cock, hard and throbbing, had slipped lose while he ate. Almost longer than her, it stood there, pressed against his stomach while rumbling with a different sound.

Drumming over to his prey, he looked down at the tiny form. The need for mating flared across his thoughts, drowning out the hunger and the abstract pain with the intensity of the sun. Reaching down, he grabbed her with his tiny arms, holding her writhing form tightly. She was screaming, bucking back and forth, but even his puny arms were enough to hold her.

He could almost feel the juncture where his tongue had explored, the gaping opening. With a hungry snarl, he brought her down against it. It slid up against her stomach, slamming against her head and throwing it back. Her struggling slowed, but he was already trying again. Jamming his cock up again and again toward the meat in his hand, he tried to bury it into the wet heat that tasted so sweet.

When Tila felt the tiny arms, each one like steel-hard clamps, grab her waist, she tried to scream. One arm was caught in the iron grip, but the other managed to slip free. She beat the creature, her body already dizzy with blood loss. Her words came out in a jumble, filled with fear and terror.

But, it wasn't until the dinosaur's cock slammed up against her stomach and punched against her chin that she realized his true goal. It was hot and thick, a trunk of flesh that stunk of musk. At the tip, in the few moments that she saw it, it had a tip, like a dog's. But, it grew too thick too fast. As she shook to clear her head, she saw

the length of it. Dripping with precum, it would tear her in half if he managed to force it all the way into her. Less than a few hand-spans below the tip, it was already thicker than her thigh. Three-quarters down, it was thicker than her waist. And below, the lips of the sheath clutched to the base, right above three balls the size of a calf or full-grown sheep. It was huge and powerful and trying to thrust into her.

Tila screamed.

There was nothing else she could do. The creature had her caught tightly and despite her best efforts, it was not letting her go. She wanted to kick at it, but her sheared-off legs only throbbed with pain. Instead, she was forced to watch him thrust again, this time ramming the burning length up her back before drawing back for another thrust.

The creature was missing every time until one fateful thrust managed to slam the slick, heated tip into the gaping hole of her sex. Stretched and torn open by his tongue, there was very little to prevent the wide head from slamming up into her, ripping her open even more and slamming the head hard against the back of her depths.

It yanked out as the dinosaur tried to thrust again. It missed. It missed three more times, just enough for Tila to inhale enough breath when she felt the heated hardness rip back up into her, tearing her labia apart as it forced more of the steel hardness into her. She felt it pounding at the entrance to her womb, hard and fast and powerful. Each thrust when it struck, buried more into her and yanked her hips even further apart. As the creature's aim grew better, she felt herself being torn from the inside. Her hips screamed with every thrust, as they were yanked apart by the powerful thrusts. The heated member would drive deep inside her, plunging into her very organs before being yanked out with a shower of precum and blood.

She could see as it managed to bury itself, the bulge stretching high up into her body. In one thrust, she felt it surging with heat and power, and then an incredible sharp pain exploding from her ass. To her terror, she felt the tiny bridge of flesh between her sex and ass tear to accommodate the dinosaur rapist.

Even with the waves of agony, she felt her body growing hotter and more tense. Every thrust jammed up into her organs, but it left behind an aching void as it ripped out. She could feel precum dripping down the remains of her legs, but there was nothing she could do as the creature pounded into her.

She felt her internal organs being crushed, felt the spear of heated flesh plunge deep inside her before yanking out with a surge. Every thrust seemed to scrape against her senses, sending a confusing mixture of pain, agony, and even pleasure through her. She felt it with every thrust, and soon she was almost anticipating the delicious senses that were storming through her, surging up her spine until she screamed.

As the creature punched his cock in and out of her ruined body, Tila began to orgasm again. White hot flames of explosions ripped through her body as she writhed helplessly. Her mind begged for more, to feel his entire length plunge into her until it burst out of her mouth. She begged for it, lost in the world of orgasms, begging for him to break her, to thrust into her until he orgasmed. She could almost feel his cock exploding, filling her up, but it never came. Only the brutal thrusts that plunged almost half-way through her body, slamming against her lungs before ripping out.

There was no love, no passion, not even a ring. Only primal need.

Tila rode the hunger in her body.

Finally, after endless thrusting that felt like it lasted for hours, the dinosaur came. Tiny arms clutched her as he buried so much of his cock deep inside her body. Tila could feel it swelling inside her, cracking her hips from the girth as heat, magma in intensity, exploded. A hard jet exploded inside her and she felt herself coughing. Another jet burst inside her, swelling up her stomach and chest as a pressure began to build up. To her surprise, she began to cough up the thick liquid that filled her lungs and stomach. It was powerfully strong, but still cum.

He continued to pump inside her, filling her from the inside as the cock plunged her ruined hole. Her breasts and stomach swelled as she felt ripples of heated magma pouring through her body. She coughed again, tasting the creature's flavor.

It screamed, a roar that cut off. She felt the pressure building, then the tiny arms slipped. Building up inside, her entire body was

rocketed off the cock and thrown to the ground. She screamed, choking on the thick liquid that threaten to drown her. Tila hit the ground hard, but it took her a few seconds to regain her bearings.

Hot rain was splattering against her. She looked up to see the dinosaur still pumping into the air, which splattered down and soaked the leaves and grasses around her. She could only watch as her body ached, her eyes caught on the sensation of the immense cock jetting cloud after cloud of bitter hot cum.

When it finished, the dinosaur finally slumped down on its back legs. It gave her barely a look before it began to lick itself clean. Tila stared at it for a long moment and realized it was ignoring her.

Trembling, she reached down to her legs, to finger the immense hole that bore itself into her. It was hot and wet, soaked with blood and cum. It was also a single hole, the creature had tore her open and used her as nothing but a fuck toy.

Her eyes scanned around and she spotted her picnic. Frantically, she reached out with a trembling hand, grabbed a bunch of cum-slicked grasses and pulled herself closer. Gasping, she search for her purse, and the key ring. It was there, on the far side. Feeling hope, she threw all of her strength into dragging herself toward freedom.

He was happy. Sated in both hungers, he was willing to stop. The abstract thoughts were hurting less in his head. As he worked his tongue against his shaft, cleaning it before it slipped away, his mind warred with itself.

Let her go.

His stomach growled for more, to taste her sweet flesh against his tongue. His other hunger was sated, already going back to slumber and leaving him alone to fight with his primal nature.

As he thought, he watched her crawling toward something. Hands reaching out. The sounds of her sobs filled the air as he stared down at her legs. The oozing blood from the wounds brightened in his vision, and he remembered.

He finally remembered. The taste of her legs, the feel of her skin against his tongue. Even the honey of her body, that he lapped from inside. Even the sensations of his cock inside her tight, wet body. Ripping a new length because she wasn't large enough. His prey filled two hungers, one that was centuries unsated.

Centuries.

Deep in his mind, a new star was born. He began to understand what time was. Not the same measurements as others, but he remembered the years passing, both in slumber and in hunting. He was older than her, older than the plains. His eyes scanned out over the plains and he remembered.

His prey was almost to her goal, her gasps and sobs turning frantic. He realized what she was doing, trying to escape.

But, she was tasty.

The abstract thoughts, their sharpness muted with understanding, merged with the thoughts of his hunger. Slowly, he lifted his body off the ground and padded over. As he stood over his prey, she turned around, fear radiating from her body. There were tears, wetness on her cheeks, and he knew that she had almost escaped.

Hunger spiked inside him and his mouth opened as he plunged down. There was one brief scream and he caught her. He buried his snout into the dirt, picking her completely off the ground. Only one hand was left behind, severed by his teeth and clutching a tiny rod of something.

There was a flash of heat and it was gone, leaving behind a small crater. The dinosaur's mind remembered it, then returned to his meal. With a snap of his head, he threw her high into the air. She screamed again, her sole arm flapping as if she could fly. Then he opened his mouth and caught her.

With his throat.

She slid down with the delicious taste of sex, blood, and fear. The dinosaur paused to savor the final taste, the last struggles of her body, then he swallowed again.

His mind, whole once again, agreed on the flavor.

Seasoned.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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# About the Publisher

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