How to Tame a Raptor 101

by orphan_account

Summary

Australia has some fun with a dinosaur.

Notes

I give you my most sincere apologies that you clicked on this mess. Yes I know the plot is questionable. But that's not why you're here ;^(

Also if you're wondering what the hell an Achillobator is... https://bit.ly/2IkKefe (url shortened cuz it's too big)
And why I chose such an unpopular dinosaur... The size is nearly as big as a man, that way it's not super small or too large. https://i.redd.it/16wvkmxfirl21.png

See the end of the work for more notes

One, two, three…

Australia counted down the seconds, keeping his thumb on the stopwatch as it ticked.

Four, five, six…
He was out in the rainforest again, by himself, past midnight, with only his rifle, his stopwatch, his backpack, and a few ropes to accompany him. Ever since the rumours about dinosaurs in Oceania had spread, hundreds of people had come to his country, all equipped with loads of hunting equipment. Everyone was hoping for a shot at catching one of the prehistoric creatures, though no one knew for sure what kinds of dinosaurs they were looking for. Hell, nobody even knew if they'd catch any - those were just rumours after all. It was a gamble in and of itself. A wild goose chase, if you will.

Seven, eight, nine...

So far, all of Jett's traps had been a bust. Most of the time, they went off for no reason, and other times they would go off for something like a bird or a small mammal. Needless to say, Jett was getting tired of having to remove screaming avians or rodents from the ropes, but he was determined to find out if the rumours were true.

Though his hope was fading as each hour of the night passed, he hadn't given up yet, and it didn't seem like he'd give up any time soon.

Ten, eleven, twelve...

He'd been out here since early afternoon, same as every day that week, and had only brought along the necessities: a backpack filled with simple snacks, bottles of water, more ammo for his gun, and a first aid kit. He never intended to stay out here for so long, but the thrill and anticipation of waiting always got ahold of him and made him stay put for more than 10 hours at a time. Maybe he would actually catch something, and all of this time he spent waiting would be worth it. No matter what, he was going to prove or disprove these rumours.

And maybe, just maybe, if those rumours are true...

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen...

Though, now that he thought about it, he did feel a bit hungry. And he'd already eaten most of his snacks that he had brought along. A quick trip to Macca's would be nice. The thought of hot chips was making his stomach grumble as he waited.

Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen-
A loud shriek followed by the familiar snapping of the ropes shook Jett out of his thoughts, and he dropped the stopwatch. He quickly unstrapped his gun and turned the safety off. Something had triggered the trap again, and it didn't sound like another small animal. That scream was louder than anything a small forest creature could utter, and it also didn't sound human. He definitely had caught something big this time.

Bracing himself, Jett stepped out of the bushes slowly, abandoning his cover as he quietly made his way through the underbrush. He picked his footsteps carefully until he neared where the bushes broke off into the clearing. He kept a good hold of his rifle and tipped the brim of his hat down before forcing himself to take a deep breath, though it was hard to do so. His mind was a jumble of thoughts right now; and he didn't know what to expect or how he'd react if things suddenly took a turn for the worse.

Squeezing his eyes shut, he slowly trudged out of the bushes, stepping into the clearing and feeling the chill of the dim moonlight on his skin as it leaked through the tops of the trees. He hesitantly opened one eye, and…

Dropped his gun. Both of his eyes were wide open now as he stared at the trap in utter disbelief. He felt like his boots were suddenly superglued to the ground. All thoughts he had previously were gone now as he couldn't rip his gaze away from his makeshift trap.

Because in that trap, under the ropes, stuck struggling on the ground as it desperately made an attempt to get away…

… was a dinosaur.

A real, live dinosaur. Not a fake like in the movies, not an animatronic like in amusement parks... an actual living, breathing dinosaur. Right there in front of him. After all of these attempts, after hours of sitting in the bushes, his back up against a tree, waiting, watching, and counting... he finally caught something interesting, something worthwhile, and the exact thing he had been looking for. Now he knew: the rumours were true. There were dinosaurs in Oceania.

"Holy shit, what a beaut," he muttered under his breath as he watched the relatively small reptile wriggling violently. It couldn't have been taller than his shoulders, and if that terrible claw on its foot was any indication, this was a raptor, no doubt. The coat of feathers and the plumes along its neck, arms, and tail further cemented his guess.
Jett couldn't believe it. Not only did he just single-handedly confirm the rumours that had been spreading around his country, but he'd also found one of the more identifiable dinosaurs.

He gently took a step towards the panicking creature, triggering even more frantic thrashing from it as it tried to free itself from its nylon prison. Jett lowered himself to about the height of its head and made his way towards it more slowly. Maybe if he appeared to be smaller than the dinosaur, it wouldn't be so afraid. He'd have to be very careful though - the poor thing already seemed to be frightened out of its mind.

As he neared the raptor, he very slowly reached out a hand, gently placing it on the back of the dinosaur's neck and earning another earsplitting screech from it as it threw its head back suddenly.

"Woah! Shh, it's okay, it's okay! I won't hurt ya..." Jett cooed as quietly as he could, trying to soothe the reptile to some extent.

His words seemed to do the trick, though, and the raptor lowered its head onto the ground, growling in response to Jett beginning to stroke its neck as if it were a mere housecat. Its feathers felt just like they looked - soft, silky, and light. They were a spectacular brownish-grey colour, with dark gold spots speckling it down to its tail, where large plumes fanned out in a spade-like shape. Its arms also sported these plumes, giving it mock wings. The raptor's bright, sharp eyes were a glowing amber colour with streaks of black stretching from the pupil out to the rest of the eye... and Jett found himself spending way too much time admiring the beautiful creature.

It was for good reason, though. He may be the only one in his entire country - no, the entire world - to see something like this, ever. Maybe it'd be a good idea to record his find.

Unfortunately, he hadn't brought along his phone, since he'd wanted to have zero distractions while out in the remote rainforest. But fortunately enough, he did bring along a notepad and a pen, so he figured that would have to suffice. He dug around in his pockets for a bit before producing the small pad of paper and the pen, then scooted back far enough from the dinosaur so that he had a full view.

He began by writing down its appearance, followed by a small rough sketch of the animal as well as a close-up of its foot with the claw in view. It reminded him of a cassowary, that claw, and he chuckled to himself. So maybe birds really were dinosaurs. Not that he had ever doubted it, though. He'd read and researched plenty on the topic, and always poked fun at birds for being much less intimidating than their ferocious ancestors.

After finishing the quick drawing of the dinosaur, Jett realized he may have just run into a barrier:
identifying the actual species the raptor belonged to would be difficult. Especially since he didn't have the help of the Internet with him. He decided he'd just take an educated guess, based off what he already knew. Judging by the size of it, he thought it might be a *Utahraptor* - no, too big. *Deinonychus*? No, too small. *Velociraptor* was out of the question, considering this raptor was definitely not chicken-sized. *Murusraptor* was out of the field of question too. He shook his head, wracking his brain for any other raptors that might have been taller than a person's hip. Then it struck him - *Achillobator*, possibly, most likely. This raptor matched up to the estimated size of the shoulder-tall feathered dinosaur. He quickly scribbled the name at the top of the page. He’d check to confirm it once he made it home.

After a few minutes of writing down observations and as much information as he could think to, he gave a quick scan over his existing notes. Everything seemed to be in order and included plenty of details, except... oh right, he hadn't identified the sex of the specimen yet. Jett looked up at the Achillobator, which had now settled on the ground and accepted the fact it couldn't escape. He kept an eye on its movements and made his way over to the posterior end of the dinosaur.

With some difficulty, he managed to heave up the hefty tail of the trapped theropod, and scooted close enough to place two fingers beside its exposed cloaca. He'd done this plenty of times with birds and reptiles, so it was definitely nothing new, but he couldn't deny that he was a bit curious if the process would be exactly the same with a dinosaur. He rubbed at the scales besides the raptor's cloaca gently for a few seconds, and, when it was clear that nothing had emerged from it, stopped. The Achillobator was a female. Keeping the tail on his shoulder, Jett jotted down a quick Venus symbol next to the dinosaur's name, and clicked his pen.

Slipping his writing utensils back into his pocket, he let his mind wander off into thought. Here in front of him was a 65 million year old creature. Here in front of him was a creature that was so different yet so alike many of the existent creatures of the world today.

He began to question. Do dinosaurs breed like reptiles, or like birds? Do they have courting dances? Are they oviparous or ovoviviparous? Is their reproductive anatomy the exact same? He hadn't noticed his gaze had drifted back over to the Achillobator's exposed sex organ, and he cocked his head a bit to the side, squinting as he continued to think. However, his thoughts were soon interrupted as his eyes subconsciously decided to focus on how puffy the raptor's cloaca had grown. Was it...?

"Oh."

A noticeable fleshy bulb poked out of the top of the cloaca, indicating that the raptor was... well... ready to breed. Except... this wasn't a breeding session. There was no male Achillobator present. Jett shifted a bit from where he was kneeling, a blank expression on his face as the sudden discovery settled into his mind. An animal in heat was never a good thing - reptiles and birds alike both got aggressive when they're ready to mate. This dinosaur was aroused for no reason except that he had
decided to identify its sex.

*Maybe you can fix that.* A thought came whizzing through his mind, and he quickly pushed it away out of shock. No, that was disgusting. He'd never do something like that.

*Or would he?* Of course he wouldn't, that would be inhumane.

*But technically, you're not a human, you're a country.*

He couldn't argue with that logic.

But there were many other factors that had a part in this, er, decision. Would he get an infection from the dinosaur? What if it managed to break out of the ropes? Would someone walk by and see them? All of these questions were swirling around in his mind, but were abruptly stopped when Jett felt the all-too-familiar sensation of something stiffening in his shorts.

*Welp, looks like he can't back down now.*

Swallowing the saliva that had collected in his mouth, he stood up and slid his backpack off of his shoulder, letting it hit the ground with an audible *thump*. His hands flew to his belt, and fumbled around before managing to unbuckle it. After quickly unzipping his uniform's shorts, Jett reached a hand down into his boxers, and it wasn't long before his hardening cock made its appearance through the front of his khakis.

He turned his attention back to the dinosaur in front of him and noticed that it- *she* - seemed more alert than before. Her eyes were scanning over the rainforest around them, attentively taking in every sight, smell, and sound. *Checking for predators,* Jett thought. A behaviour most birds and reptiles practiced before engaging in copulation.

He lifted the Achillobator's tail up and over his shoulder once more, and lowered himself down until he was face-to-face with its cloaca. He'd seen plenty of these before, but for some reason, the raptor's was more... appealing to look at. Though the light grey feathers of its underbelly would conceal it under normal circumstances, now the organ was exposed to the world.. and to Jett. It was strangely enticing in a way. The raptor had already started to self-lubricate, and the puffy pink flesh was now coated in a thin layer of its juices. Jett's eyebrows quivered as he licked his lips, grateful that they were both alone, away from civilization by hours. No one would know. This would just be between him and the dinosaur... and as far as he knew, dinosaurs couldn't talk.
He pushed his Akubra off his head until it rested against his back by its strings. Inching a little closer to the raptor's rear end, he closed his eyes and let his tongue flick out, lightly swiping over the cloaca's exterior before retreating into his mouth. He took a moment to register the taste. It definitely didn't taste sweet, like eating out human girls did. But it didn't taste vile either. He could describe the flavor as metallic in a way, with an earthy tang. Definitely not appetizing. But it was enough to push him to continue.

He cleared his throat before letting his eyes open, staring at what was essentially the Achillobator's pussy and trying to figure out how he'd go about this. Should he just eat the raptor out like he would with a human? Or should he just explore the limits? He decided on the former, and raised his hands up to the dinosaur's haunches, holding its legs in place. He managed to pull the large creature back just a few inches so it was closer to him. He let his eyes flutter shut once more as he flicked his tongue out again. That same taste was still there, and now that he'd gotten somewhat used to it, it was easier to go on with the act.

He let his tongue swipe over the cloaca's exterior a few more times, earning a curious thrum from the Achillobator in front. Interpreting that as a positive sign, Jett put his mouth against the raptor's pussy directly, shoving his tongue straight into the warm and wet interior. The taste invaded his mouth, but he pressed on, thrusting his tongue in and out of the raptor's cloaca rapidly. The resulting yip from the dinosaur brought another thought crashing into his mind: he's a human, err, country with the body of a human, and he was about to breed a dinosaur himself. The reality of the situation made his cock jump excitedly, and suddenly Jett was very aware of how rock hard he had grown.

Breaking contact with the Achillobator's pussy, he glanced down and took notice of just how much precum had been leaking from the covered head of his cock. He gave a mere shrug and figured it wouldn't hurt to pleasure himself during this. It wouldn't be fair to ignore his own needs, right? He let his a hand slide off the raptor's hip and down to his aching length. Taking a firm hold, he pulled the foreskin back with his thumb, exposing the sensitive head as he began to pump himself slowly.

He returned his mouth to the waiting raptor and resumed with tonguefucking the large reptile as he jerked himself off, precum making his cock slicker and easier to work with. Taking notice of the fleshy bulb at the top of the dino's pussy, he bit at it gently, earning a squeal from the creature that spurred him on to jerk himself faster. He decided to take things a bit further and stuck his tongue back into its pussy, licking at the walls of its cloaca as he grazed his teeth over the soft tissue. The raptor began to growl at this, and Jett's cock swelled from excitement as he began to suck greedily at the juicy flesh. Giving oral had truly never been so fun. He was literally going to town on a dinosaur - and he loved it.

After a few more minutes of eating the large theropod out, Jett had grown too impatient to continue, and gave a quick kiss to the outside of its cloaca before standing up. Though he remembered for a brief moment how vile the act he was about to commit truly was, he brushed it away. To be quite honest, it was safe to say he was too caught up in the moment to give a damn.
He adjusted the tail that was laying over his shoulder before he replaced himself at the Achillobator's entrance, except this time with his eager cock instead of his face. Swallowing another mouthful of saliva, he began to rub against the exterior of its cloaca, biting his lower lip at how warm it was. He was unable to withstand any further stalling as he gently slid just the tip of his length into the raptor. He lifted his head to watch the dinosaur closely, and noticed she didn't seem too interested in him. That was fine. She'd be interested soon enough.

Placing his hands on either side of its hips, he slowly slid inch after inch of his thick cock into the Achillobator's pussy, triggering a series of squeaks that turned into shrieks once he was hilted inside her. Wincing from the sudden loud noises, he began to gently pet at the raptor's rump, attempting to calm the dinosaur down. "Shhhhh, shhh, s'alright, my sweet lady, just keep quiet..." he cooed, watching as the reptile's screeches eventually died down into low thrumming. There was no way he was going to stop now. The prehistoric creature's pussy felt amazing around him, and he was not going to let that go. Dragging himself out of the raptor, he took a moment to regroup before tightening his grip on its hips and shoving his cock back inside, perhaps a bit rougher than he intended. Another squeal came out of the reptile, but Jett paid it no mind. "Goddamn, so f-fuckin' tight..." He couldn't hold back on expressing his thoughts out loud, but it was true. The walls of the Achillobator's cloaca were hugging his length snugly, making for a tight fit among its warm wetness. If this was how it was going to feel the entire time, then he definitely wouldn't last long.

He began to thrust at a leisurely pace, and bit at his lip hard as the raptor's pussy squeezed him tighter each time he entered. "H-holy shit... Oh my god, that feels so fuckin' good..." he growled under his breath as he gave a sharp buck of his hips. Slamming his hips against the raptor's underside forced a loud whine from the creature that drove Jett to repeat the action several times. His instincts eventually got the best of him, and he leaned over the reptile, hugging the base of its tail as he began to fuck it more roughly. He showed no mercy as his hips jerked faster, forcing his cock in and out of the Achillobator at a quick pace as it gave doglike whimpers. He squeezed his eyes shut as he started panting, unable to push back his animalistic sexual behaviours. The only other sounds that could be heard in that area of the rainforest was the slapping of skin on scale, as well as Jett's frequent grunts and groans as the raptor's tight and wet core sent waves of pleasure up his spine.

He paused to push himself deeper into the reptile, giving a throaty groan as he began to hump at the Achillobator's ass. He hadn't even realized how long it'd been since he last had sex, or at least jacked himself off. It seemed like weeks, now that he was briefly looking back on it. This, however, was relieving all of that built-up tension, and in the best way possible. Perfect tightness, wetness, and warmth - the trifecta of sexual enjoyment. Jett continued to bunnyfuck the raptor as it gave more whines, clearly unhappy with being stretched out by his cock like this.

He adjusted his footing on the ground before beginning to move at a much faster pace, trying to push himself further inside the raptor. He huffed in satisfaction as he was practically hugging its rear end by now. The further in he was, the warmer. He didn't even notice he had begun to drool, growling as strands of saliva fell from his lolled out tongue onto the raptor's feathery coat. He leaned down to bite on its tail for some kind of hold, but spat when he received only a mouthful of feathers. Guess marking it was out of the question, then.
The Achillobator had given up on any signs of discomfort by now, instead choosing to rest its head on the ground as the Australian behind it preoccupied himself with fucking its aroused lower regions. The sight was truly something bizarre - a trapped dinosaur, seeming unamused with life as a man thrusted his hips against its rear end, a light red blush dusting his cheeks as he frantically worked towards reaching his orgasm.

His efforts were paying off - Jett felt himself getting closer to his peak as he dug his fingers into the raptor's feathers, hissing as each thrust sent a jolt of electricity through him. He was pushed against the dinosaur as close as humanly possible, reaching as much depth as he could while rapidly fucking its stimulated cloaca. It was utter bliss - no human partner or sex toy could ever pleasure him this well. His panting became more laboured as his thrusts gradually became more erratic. Clearly, he was desperate to cum, and his words reflected that as he barely managed to growl out, "Sh-shit.. I'm gonna fuckin' cum... Oh god I'm gonna fuckin' cum right in yer tight pussy..."

Not long after that, Jett couldn't help but give a broken, choked back groan as his orgasm hit him hard, and he buried his face into the raptor's feathers. His panting was more ragged as he emptied himself deep inside the raptor, his cock twitching at the overwhelming amount of pleasure as he came. He could feel the reptile's cloaca clamp down around him tightly, and he growled loudly at the feeling of his cock practically getting milked for every drop of cum he had. The sudden warm sensation that flooded its lower regions triggered the Achillobator to jolt from its relaxed position, hissing as it threw its head back. Jett was too far lost in his orgasm to pay any attention to it - he gave weak, sloppy thrusts against the raptor as he buried himself as deep as he could.

His growls had melted into tired panting as he came down from his high, keeping himself inside the Achillobator so nothing would leak out at the last minute. Jett lifted his head up, looking ahead at the raptor in front of him with hazy post-orgasm eyes. Though his right mind was gradually coming back to him, he didn't regret what he had done. How many people can say they fucked a dinosaur? he thought to himself with a twinge of satisfaction. He definitely wouldn't be able to tell anyone about this, not ever, but knowing that he himself bred a dinosaur (even if he knew crossbreeding never resulted in anything) would be something he carried to his grave with pride.

Letting out a long, slow breath, Jett pulled himself out of the Achillobator, resting against it for a moment before gathering the energy to shove his now sticky, softening cock back into his boxers, zipping up and buckling his shorts. He turned and slumped down until he was resting on the ground with his back against the raptor's rump. He felt tired, to say the least, and briefly considered falling asleep right there before he remembered: this is a dinosaur trapped behind him. How long could it stay like that? Well, if it was staying still for this long, surely it can stay still for longer. Another piece of sound logic from himself, he decided.

He pulled his knees up to his chest, resting his arms on top of them as he looked up at the night sky. Tomorrow, he'd have to find a way to get the raptor home... and that definitely wouldn't be an easy feat. Eh, tomorrow's tomorrow, I'll worry 'bout it then.
With that last thought, Jett leaned his head onto his arms and closed his eyes, drifting off into a deep slumber behind the captured dinosaur.

End Notes

I'M SO SORRY

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