

## Sexual Tyrannosaurus

Harry's body jerked as the airplane touched down at Juan Santamaria Airport in Costa Rica. Smiling, he put his smartphone into his pocket and gathered his things. Once the plane had properly landed, he stood up and opened the overhead storage bin. Grabbing his carry-on, he held it tightly as he waited for everyone to begin clearing out.

It took around thirty minutes for him to get off the plane and out of the airport. Thankfully, he had an expanded pouch in his carry-on where he kept most of his clothes. He didn't want to have to wait for his luggage. Leaving the airport, he was greeted by dozens of cabs lined up waiting to pick up passengers. Immediately one sidled up to him and asked if he needed to go somewhere.

"The ferry station for Jurassic World," he said as he was led to the beat-up, old cab. Hopping into the back, Harry spent the short ride thinking about the journey here.

At thirty-five, maybe he was a little too old to be excited to see dinosaurs, but he didn't care. He had been fascinated by them since he was a child growing up in the Dursleys' home. After graduating from Hogwarts and dealing with Voldemort, Harry had lived his life the way that he wanted. He didn't care about what others wanted from him. The way he figured it, he had done enough for everyone else, and the rest of his life was his to do with as he pleased. That was just what he did. Many had accused him of being a playboy that would rather party than work. Harry couldn't even pretend to be offended by those allegations. They were pretty much spot on if he was being honest.

Over the years, he had heard rumors of various dinosaur parks that were supposed to open, but never really did. Finally, Jurassic World had opened and he had made plans to go on a long vacation. Unfortunately, he already had plans that he couldn't cancel, so his trip had to wait. He had waited for several years in fact, but finally, he had made plans to come and see the dinosaurs. Now, he was only a few hours away. He could feel the excitement deep inside of him. He had set aside an entire month to stay at the futuristic park. The trip would cost him a pretty penny, but he knew that it would be worth it. Besides, what was the point of being rich if you couldn't spend your money on stupid things? Suddenly, the cabbie told him that they had arrived in broken English. Looking out the window of the cab, he saw that he was indeed correct. They were at the ferry station. Nodding his head, he gave the man the fare plus a nice tip and climbed out.

Inhaling deeply, Harry sighed happily at the smell of the ocean. Partying near the beach was one of his favorite past times, especially since most of the girls ended up wearing bikinis. Going over to a nearby bench, he opened his bag and pulled out his packet of papers. Going through them, he found his ferry ticket. Checking the time, he saw that he had just under an hour before the next ferry was due to leave. That meant that the next one would be showing up shortly. It took time to unload passengers and cargo, then load more on. Holding onto his ticket, he waited excitedly. When finally he saw the large ferry that looked more like a pleasurecraft pull into the

dock, his heart soared. He bounced from foot to foot as he watched haggard-looking people leaving the ship. Even though they looked tired and sunburnt, they still had happy smiles on their faces. That made Harry happy. It meant that the park was a lot of fun. When it came time to board, Harry was practically the first one on.

It wasn't long before they were sailing to Isla Nublar, the island which held Jurassic World. All that he could do during the trip was enjoy the sun, the sea breeze, and check out the good-looking chicks that were on the boat. While he was thirty-five, his magic kept him looking younger than the average muggle. He appeared to be about ten years younger. This suited him just fine. He enjoyed chasing girls in their early twenties. They were always more fun.

When they docked, Harry quickly got off, desperate to begin his vacation. The ferry stations looked similar to the one he had just left. The only difference was that this one had a fancy-looking train station attached to it. The passengers were immediately herded into the sleek train that was waiting for them. Harry heard excited chatter and the squeals of happy children as they all loaded onto the train. As they finished boarding, the train took off, quickly gaining speed. Looking around, Harry saw that the train was mostly made of large windows. People swiveled their heads, wide-eyed as they took in the beautiful mountains and rainforests of the tropical island. Harry was no different. He was intent on making the most of his trip. Remembering something, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a sleek, futuristic-looking camera.

The camera was actually a gift from Hermione. She had made it herself. It was basically a magical camera that was miniaturized and made to look muggle. He had a small picture-development kit stashed inside of the secret compartment of his bag. Hermione was incredibly jealous of his trip. Harry of course invited her to join in, even going so far as to offer to pay for the entire thing, but Hermione had obligations with work. He promised that he would take her another time. Just then, they passed the famous gate that had "Jurassic World" lettered on it. It was said to be the original gate from Jurassic Park. Harry snapped a picture. As nice as the ride was, he was happy to finally pull into the terminal at the hotel that he would be staying in.

Harry didn't want to take a private helicopter in and land on the roof. He wanted to experience everything like a normal guest. That being said, he still wanted a very nice room with a great view. He had booked the best suite in the hotel for the entire month. After he checked in, the elevator took him to the top floor where he finally entered his room. The room was fantastic with only the best quality furnishings, but he really didn't care about that. He tossed his bag onto the bed and opened up the double doors to the balcony. Before him stretched the entirety of the park.

"Brilliant!" Harry said in awe. He could see the tropical areas with beaches and pools that you could swim in. He could see the railway passing through the lagoon and even the shopping village beyond. Behind that were the massive, sheer mountain cliffs that added to the beauty of the island. In the middle of the shopping and recreation village was the huge glass cone that he

knew was the visitor center. It was basically the heart of Jurassic World. Smiling widely, Harry quickly changed into some weather-appropriate clothing and ran off to explore the island.

## **Sexual Tyrannosaurus**

The beautiful redhead known as Claire Dearing was stressed. This wasn't anything new. As the Park Operations Manager, she was often at her wit's end over some catastrophe that occurred. Dealing with giant dinosaurs and angry investors was bad enough, but when you added twenty thousand guests a day into the mix, sometimes it got to be too much.

Sitting at the bar, she downed another shot, further adding to her drunkenness. Thankfully, she had the following two days off, so if need be, she could deal with a bit of a hangover. With a sigh, she stood up off of her stool only to stumble. As she was falling, she was caught by strong arms. Breathing heavily, Claire closed her eyes and urged the uneasy feeling of falling out of her belly. After a moment, she opened her eyes only to stare into eyes of the deepest emerald green that she had ever seen. Instantly, her face heated up.

"You okay, miss?" he asked in a British accent. She nodded her head stupidly, still palming the muscles of his arms as he held her. Suddenly, he smiled sexily at her, further adding to her embarrassment.

"I don't know," he said. "It's possible that you hurt yourself and just don't know it yet," Harry smiled, squeezing her waist. "Perhaps I should escort you back to my room and give you the once over," he teased, his fingers barely sneaking underneath the hem of her shirt that had ridden up her belly. She felt his fingers glance over the soft skin of her side.

Claire didn't know what had gotten into her ... besides the tequila, but she quickly agreed. For too long she had been accused of being a prude and a bore, only caring about work and the like. For once she wanted to show people that she was spontaneous and could do exciting things. Rising up on her tip-toes, she kissed him deeply before whispering in his ear, "Take me to your room."

She couldn't remember the ride to the room, nor could she remember getting up there. Her lips were attached to his nearly the entire time. As the door burst in, she recognized it as one of the Presidential Suites that the large hotel contained. Dropping her purse by the door, she squealed as her "date" picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder. He kicked the door closed as his hand collided with her shapely bottom. Claire squeaked as a sharp pain radiated from her abused bottom. Strangely enough, the pain made her pussy tingle. She learned something new every day. She was laid on her back, and he wasted no time in hiking her skirt up to her waist. Pushing her pale thighs apart, he used his finger to rub the crevice between her lips. She could feel her panties getting wetter and wetter as he toyed with her. Leaning down, he kissed her right on the wet spot.

Claire gasped and arched her back, her hands going to her breasts where she began to fondle them over her shirt. Harry grabbed her shirt and ripped it open, sending the buttons of her blouse flying in every direction. Now her bra-covered breasts were exposed, and she could see her chest rapidly rising and falling as she nervously waited for him to make the next move. Lifting up her leg, he knocked off her black high heel and kissed her ankle. Slowly his lips traveled up her leg until his lips were on her inner thigh. Claire was gripping the Egyptian cotton sheets so tightly that she was surprised that they didn't tear. She felt his hands slip underneath her bottom, and she lifted her ass up as he pulled her panties down. Her wet panties traveled the distance of her legs before they were pulled off her feet. Removing her other heel, Harry spread her legs wide, making her hairless lips pull apart slightly. His eyes were glued to her moist lips and the damp folds that they tried to hide. On her mound was a dusting of red hair that Harry ran his fingers through. Claire shuddered as he used her body in any way that he desired.

She watched as his head dipped down and he used his fingers to spread her open. His tongue slid over her moist insides and Claire trembled and squeezed at her breasts. Her eyes twitched as she felt his warm breath bathing her throbbing pussy. As his lips latched onto her swollen clit, she promised herself that she would have more fun in the future. Right now, however, she belonged to him. His tongue wiggled against her hardened nub while his hand snuck up her smooth belly. Long fingers slipped underneath the lacy fabric of her bra, and she could feel his fingers brushing over her nipples. Suddenly, his lips began to travel upward. He kissed her mound then moved onto her belly. He nipped at her sensitive skin and even licked her belly button which made her pussy clench. Reaching behind her, he unsnapped her bra and pulled it off of her.

Claire was shuddering as his lips toyed with her incredibly hard nipples. Not only that, but she could feel the tip of his cock brushing against her needy pussy. She wiggled her hips, trying to get him inside of her. When his lips claimed her, he finally sank deep into her. She gasped into his mouth as her scorching hot pussy gripped him tightly.

"Fuck," Harry moaned. "You're really tight," he shuddered as he pulled back and pushed himself back in. He could feel her wetness coating his thrusting cock.

Her body spasmed as his hips moved faster and faster. "Harder," she begged, wrapping her arms around his neck as she pulled him down for another kiss. Not realizing how long that he was, she squealed when his thick head battered her cervix with every thrust. She was too busy trying not to cum to be embarrassed as the wet squelching of her pussy being fucked was getting louder. The smell of her arousal was thick in the air as she clamped down on him. Her shuddering form began to thrash around as her pussy fluttered over his massive member. His hand gripped her ass tightly as he held her in place. His cock was jackhammering into her cumming pussy so hard that her toes were curling. She cried out desperately as fluids leaked out of her quivering pussy. Her throat was beginning to hurt from squealing so much that she practically cried in relief when she felt him empty his balls into her. Thick cum sprayed her uterus as he injected his seed deep into her. His fingers began playing with her asshole as her

body bucked and spasmed through the dregs of her orgasm. When he was finally done seeding her, he didn't bother pulling out. He just rolled over and pulled her with him.

Now laying directly on top of him, he was holding her tightly to him by her ass.

"By the way, my name's Harry," he told her, spreading her cheeks apart as he kneaded her ass.

"Claire," she told him, embarrassed and still a bit drunk.

Not knowing what else to do, she sat up and began rolling her hips. His hands fell on her hips as he groaned and moved with her. Any problems that may occur because of her temporary insanity, future Claire would deal with them, she thought as she bounced on his cock until the early hours of the morning.