

Gay Dinosaur Billionaire Adventures with Bigfoot and Friends!

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Gay Dinosaur Billionaire Adventures with Bigfoot and Friends! by Jezebel Lixxx, Nikolas Sparx, Foofla La Pluge, Arabella Snark, & Crystal Lattis Gay Dinosaur Billionaire Adventures with Bigfoot and Friends! Anthology © 2015 Shoshanna Evers Cover art by Andrew Shaffer © 2015 Electronic book publication, anthology copyright © 2015 Shoshanna Evers **Authors in the anthology retain copyright for their own stories:** T-Rex Wants Bigfoot's Gay Billionaire Boyfriend © 2015 Shoshanna Evers Captive in the Raptor's Dungeon © 2014 Nikolas Sparx Raptor Gang Bang © 2015 Charlotte Stein The Billionaire Playboy Superhero Raptor's Unexpected Lover © 2015 Delphine Dryden Oviraptor, My Love © 2015 Crystal Lattis Published by eXcessica Publishing 2015 All Rights Reserved. This is a work of fiction. NO DINOSAURS WERE HARMED IN THE WRITING OF THIS ANTHOLOGY. Any resemblance to persons living or dead or places, events or locations is coincidental. This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to the ebook store of your choice and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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[The Making of Dinoporn](#) **T-Rex Wants Bigfoot's Gay Billionaire Boyfriend** by Jezebel Lixxx

Illustrated by *New York Times* & *USA Today* bestselling author Shoshanna Evers **Blurb:** When Darren Bilderberg, the billionaire founder of TwitBookSpaceMyFace, travels to the terrestrial dwarf planet Ceres with his boyfriend Bigfoot for a night of partying, Darren has no idea where the night will bring them...(it brings them to Dinopolis). In a stunning betrayal, Bigfoot offers him up to Rex Slaughter, the billionaire T.Rex playboy, as payment for debts. Now Darren is alone with a sexy Tyrannosaurus, and yes, of course he posts live TwitBookSpaceMyFace updates of his adventure! This 6,000 word short story by Jezebel Lixxx is illustrated by *New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author Shoshanna Evers in a style hailed by critics as "like a kid with a crayon."

Chapter One Darren Bilderberg leaned back in the expensive white leather recliner and looked

out the window of the private rocketship cab he'd chartered. His own face reflected back at him, revealing his chiseled features and carefully tousled dark brown hair. The reflection also revealed the shaggy, handsome beast lounging next to him — his boyfriend. "I'm nervous about tonight, Biggie," Darren said. "You're the only Creature-American I've been with." Bigfoot grunted from the seat beside him. "It's a good night for something different," Bigfoot said, and licked his thick lips. Darren frowned. Despite all the affection he showered on Biggie — not to mention the money and perks — his boyfriend couldn't seem to stop his wandering eye. "Don't be so jealous, Darren baby. You know I love you." Bigfoot ran his furry fingers along Darren's forearm. Bigfoot's forearm was three times as long as his own, which was one of the things that first attracted Darren to the impossibly tall, sexy beast. What they say about forearms is *true*...they really are the size of the foot. And you know what they say about a man with big feet. Bigfoot had some really big feet. Of course, the fact that everyone knew of Bigfoot had made him a famous prize for Darren to win — Bigfoot's name was as shiny and fancy as his fur when it was brushed out. Yet, amazingly, Bigfoot had courted *him* — just a regular (albeit ridiculously good-looking) gay man. A gay man who had only been a millionaire and not even a billionaire yet when they'd first met. The cabbie looked over his shoulder back at them "We're almost at Ceres, sir. Your...life-partner?...already gave me the address." Darren smiled hopefully and snapped a picture of the terrestrial dwarf planet, Ceres, appearing in view of his window. Pluto might have been the most famous dwarf planet, but Ceres was way more exclusive. It was red like Mars, but situated *past* Mars, right before the gas giant Jupiter. Just far enough away from party planet Earth that regular tourists couldn't afford to get there. Only billionaires and early Bitcoin adopters — which meant, of course, that Biggie insisted they make the trip. All the celebrities were doing it. *That yeti and his champagne tastes*. Everything had to be top-of-the-line for Biggie. The gold Rolex on his large, furry wrist cost more than their cabbie's yearly salary, no doubt. Darren shook his head to clear his thoughts. What was the big deal? It was a sex adventure with his boyfriend, and he owed Bigfoot everything. Bigfoot's notoriety helped push his company to the top. Without his honey, he'd still just be a lowly millionaire! At the very least he owed it to Bigfoot to put on a happy face. Bigfoot grunted again and pushed Darren's phone back onto his lap. "You can't go more than ten minutes without posting a TwitBookSpaceMyFace update." He made *TwitBookFaceMySpace* sound like a curse. "Think of it as part of my job as the founder," Darren said with a shrug. "Besides, I love it. Posting updates makes me see the world in 140-character sound bites to share with an audience. It makes everything more fun and more interesting if you're constantly thinking about how to share the experience." "I told you to put the phone away tonight," Bigfoot growled. "I didn't say yes," Darren reminded him. He picked up his phone again, if only to take back a little of the freedom Bigfoot always seemed to revel in taking from him. "Umm, Darren?" the cabbie called over his shoulder. "Mr. Bilderberg? I can't believe I've got the founder of TwitFace in my cab! Wait'll I tell Angie. My daughter uses it all the time. I haven't figured it out for myself yet. She's ten years old and she's never even looked us in the eye." Bigfoot grunted. "I know! She's never seen her parents' faces, neither have any of her friends, not since the North American Union president *finally* gave everyone free smartphones at birth. It's really incredible... I remember when I was a kid, I looked up at least twice a day from my phone." Darren gasped. "That's horrible." The cabbie nodded in agreement. "I know. My parents were really strict about screen time. 'Look up at least twice a day,' they'd say." Bigfoot shook his head but didn't say a word. Darren kicked his shin playfully. "I still love that your relationship with me is the reason everyone discovered social media," Darren said, and gave Biggie a little peck on the cheek, getting only three hairs in his mouth, which was a record low. "And yet you're totally prehistoric without a phone." Bigfoot growled down at him, but stopped himself midway. "Ha ha. Yeah. Thanks." The cabbie seemed encouraged. "So," he said, "yer a billionaire, right? I heard these sex clubs you go to cost a hundred grand at the door. Ne'er been inside one, m'self. My daughter buys so many apps there's not enough money for food. You know how it is. Happenin' all across the galaxy nowadays, damn economy." The cabbie laughed nervously, and pointed to the vast array of perfectly good, mostly-untouched food they'd ordered for the flight. "That don't need to go in the garbage, do it? Can you help me out?" At this, Darren cocked his head, thinking. As a billionaire it was far too easy to forget those that went hungry. In

fact, he'd never even thought about it before, period. He wanted to help the man. "You need food. And here we are, with enough food to feed a small country." But this wasn't going to work without Bigfoot's approval, which Darren knew they'd never get, because asking a yeti to give up food was like asking a fish to give up its water. "Biggie...?" Bigfoot looked down at his leftovers. It was indeed enough to feed a small country, specifically one of the countries they visited sometimes on Ceres. It was called Applebee's Republic and it was pretty small. "I know it's against the law to feed the hungry because it encourages us to solicit or somethin', but I was sort of hopin' I could get yer leftovers, to bring back to my family. If that's okay." The cabbie reached across Bigfoot's tray and lifted a single, uneaten french fry. "Don't do that!" Darren yelled in warning, but it was too late. Bigfoot had already wrapped his arms around his leftovers and was growling territorially, the horrific sound vibrating through the rocketship, making Darren nauseated in the same way he got when there was too much bass pumping in music. "Never say you want Bigfoot's food," Darren warned the cabbie under his breath. "It doesn't matter if he's done with it. You don't know how Bigfoot gets about his food." The hairs on the back of Bigfoot's neck were standing straight up and he snarled at the cabbie, pounding on his chest to display his aggression. "Okay, okay," the cabbie said, taking his hands off the steering wheel and holding them up in the air defensively. The spaceship swerved and the cabbie clumsily righted it. "Maybe just some money to buy food?" he suggested. "Food that doesn't belong to Bigfoot at all?" "Of course! I can do that," Darren said. He reached into his pocket and flipped through thousands of intergalactic dollars. "\$1,000, \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000," he mumbled to himself as he flipped through the bills. Bigfoot grabbed the wallet out of Darren's hands. "Here we go!" Bigfoot reached his long, furred arm out and handed forward a wrinkled five dollar bill to the cabbie. The cabbie mumbled something that was probably a sincere thank you in his native tongue. Darren sat back. Giving felt good! Suddenly, the rocket ship changed course. Instead of landing at the All-Galactic Species Sex Club, as Bigfoot had told Darren he would enjoy, they were headed toward the dinosaur part of town on the wrong side of the tracks. Darren looked at Bigfoot with concern. "Are we going the wrong way? You know you have to be very careful this far from the Earth Embassy." Bigfoot roared like a lion, which got the cabbie's attention. "Hey, Mr. TwitFace," the cabbie said. "I tried to give you a shot. But I really do need that money, and I'm gonna get good money to drop ya off at Rex Slaughter's house. Tabloids say he loves guys like you. I ain't one to judge." "Rex Slaughter," Bigfoot mused. "He's powerful." Quickly, Darren searched the name online. Global Gossip had a front-page cover story headlined "I'm Rex Slaughter's Secret Gay Lover...and I'm Human!" His jaw dropped open in surprise. "You...you're...pimping me out to a Tyrannosaurus Rex?" **Chapter Two** (T-Rex Wants Bigfoot's Gay Billionaire Boyfriend) Darren jumped up in a panic and twisted around, searching for an escape pod. Where was it? "I've been kidnapped!" Darren gasped. "Billionaire-napped! You need to go kick that spacecab driver's ass, Bigfoot!" Bigfoot didn't look nearly as upset as Darren thought he should. "Come on!" Darren gestured frantically toward the cabbie. "Sic 'im!" Bigfoot didn't budge. They landed in the middle of Dinopolis. Right in front of a large mansion, so huge that Darren Bilderberg knew without the shadow of a doubt Slaughter must live there. He didn't know how he knew; perhaps it was intuition, or Darren's gift of perception, or even that the mansion matched the very one featured in the Global Gossip. Somehow, he just *knew*. "Biggie, baby, stop this cabbie," Darren pleaded. "Make him turn the ship around and fly us out of Dinopolis!" Bigfoot shook his shaggy head, his heavy mane flowing from side to side with the ferocity of the movement. "You spend all day staring at a tiny glass screen and poking it. What do you know about primal urges? Someone had to take charge, or you'd never get to experience what we're about to do." "I don't even know if I want any of this," Darren said, waving his arms around. "I should be important to you, not just a hot body with a fat wallet. I'm Darren Bilderberg, for crying out loud. You can't just...human-traffic me." "That's what I thought," Bigfoot harrumphed. He crossed his hairy arms across his massive chest. "Just because you're a big-shot billionaire founder of TwitBookSpaceMyFace doesn't mean you can't give a little in the bedroom. I prove that to you all the time, don't I?" Bigfoot towered over Darren and leaned in to bring his lips close to Darren's mouth. Darren kissed him first, wanting the fight to end. But Biggie pulled away. "I happen to think that spending a little time somewhere you're not in charge of everything might do you some

good," Bigfoot said. "Maybe if you'd do something for someone *else* for a change." For Zeus's sake, he was the founder of TwitBookSpaceMyFace. What more could anyone want from him? "What *don't* I do for everyone else? #amirite?!" "Stop hashtagging!" Bigfoot growled. "This is real life, baby. As real as me, as real as that T-rex that's gonna invade your butt if you don't change your attitude quick. Get it together." A tingle of anticipation shivered through Darren's veins. The thought of a T-rex invading his butt was...inspiring. Why did that idea turn him on so much? He'd even been scared the first time Bigfoot took his backdoor. Now that he was used to a yeti's girth, Darren got off on Bigfoot thrusting his dark, heated, furred velvet pole into Darren's derriere-hole. He loved watching in a mirror as his boyfriend's thick fuzzy brown bottom jacked back and forth like a machine. "Is that what you want?" Darren asked. "Your adventure of choice is to watch me get taken by Rex Slaughter?" He frowned. "What am I, just a sex toy to you? And you can't tell me not to post updates. I mean, I am the friggin' founder of—" "You can't pull the old 'I founded social media' card with me anymore, cute-tush." Bigfoot frowned, sneaking a look at Darren's tush (which did in fact look exceptionally cute that day).

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"...this anthology was so funny I may have temporarily lost bladder control. The perfect April Fool's Day read."
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"Who says satire can't be sexy, #amirite?" - people on Twitter
"#Dinoporn is totally a thing. #help" - other people on Twitter

Includes the following short stories for readers with a sense of (ahem) adventure.
Gay Dinosaur Billionaire Adventures, that is!

T-Rex Wants Bigfoot's Gay Billionaire Boyfriend
by (a NY Times & USA Today bestselling romance author hiding behind the pen name)
Jezebel Lixxx

In the Raptor's Dungeon
by (a NY Times & USA Today bestselling humor author pretending to be)
Nikolas Sparx

Raptor Gang Bang

by (a critically acclaimed multipublished romance author, writing as)
Foofla La Pluge

The Billionaire Playboy Superhero Raptor's Unexpected Lover
by (an award-winning romance author whose books you see on store shelves, writing
as)
Arabella Snark

Oviraptor, My Love
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