

After the sleeper success of my story ‘*The Best They Can*’ and whines of MOAR from the people who talked about it, I tried to make more, but ended up with an abomination that I decided to blow up and re-construct. That was bust too, so I put a bullet to that zombie, took the bloody body-parts from those two stories and the rotted remains of other ideas I had for stories and patched them together to make something Doc Frank would be proud of.

So all I can say about this story is:

IT’S ALIIIIIVVVEEE!!!

Don’t read this if you aren’t supposed to (you know who you are). This story will (eventually) contain sexual activity of consenting minors, who do not use protection as this story is complete fiction as much as I wish it wasn’t.

This story is *mine*. Y’hear me? Mine, mine, mine! I don’t care if you put it in other places, but ask first, give me credit, but more importantly, *don’t change a damned thing*.

Uh, if I’m forgetting something else just put that on the list too.

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Special Effects  
By Eric Wythe  
Chapter Two – Ragdoll for a Magenta Dinosaur

The ‘Suit-Tracker’ turned out to be a van.

A very dressed up van.

Looking at the long antennae that protruded from the top of the bug shaped bumper I began to rethink my desire to involve myself with these people, but my mouth having a will of its own decided to protrude its own thoughts before mine.

Basically; I blurted out “What do you guys do again?”

Patrick looked to Craig, and Craig to Patrick, they shared a smirk with each-other that, again, made me question myself.

Craig started, he held out his hands in the shapes of claws “I make the rawr-rawr-rawr.” with each ‘rawr’ he made a scratching motion with his hands.

Patrick continued with “And I make the boom-bang-pow.” Flinging out his fingers as if to make the shape of explosions.

At the same time they finished with “And together we make...” They trailed off and both reached into their pockets to fish out cards each handed me one.

I grabbed the cards and looked up at both of them.

“Make what? These cards are blank.” I said handing them back to the brothers.

Patrick got an embarrassed look on his face, scratching the back of his head he told me, “Yeah... we haven’t decided on a name yet, but basically we’re special effects artists. I’m a pyrotechnist.”

“I’m a makeup artist.” Craig piped up.

I nodded dumbly at their explanation, still transfixed by the van.

“So let me guess, you made... *that*.” I said pointing to the van.

Craig snickered, “Some of my early work,” he dramatically waved his arms in the air, “something I could not bear to part with!”

I looked skeptically at Patrick, “And you actually ride in that thing?”

Patrick leaned in close, his breath reaching my neck, making me shiver. He whispered in my ear, “Only until my bike’s out of the shop.”

Bike?

I didn’t have much time to ponder; Craig had already made his way inside the van and Patrick had grabbed my hand and began dragging me over to it. He wouldn’t have really needed to drag me, but the strange rush I got in my gut from him holding my hand made me just forget what was going on.

Patrick pushed me into the back of the van, which was already cramped from various monster suits made from various materials, there were also lots of bins full of what I assume was gas or flammable substances.

I guess they weren’t kidding.

But then again with a shtick like the card thing why would they?

“So what’s this job about?” I asked.

Patrick leaned over his seat to face me, “To pay the bills, Craig whores me out to kid’s parties.”

I just stared blankly at him.

I think he got the hint, he smiled warmly at me and elaborated, “I dabble in stunt-work, I wear one of the costumes Craig makes and let the kids go crazy on me. We get paid a decent amount for a few hours work.”

Craig pitched in, “I doesn’t hurt my little bro’s a stud, charms the pants off housewives and businessmen alike.”

I stared at Patrick’s bunched up arm he was using to brace himself on the seat.

I could definitely see how that would work.

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“Here, put this on.”

Craig handed me a headset and I just gave him an odd look.

He grinned, “It lets you talk into Patrick’s ear. If something malfunctions with the suit we have to be able to communicate with each other.”

I placed the headset on, “You guys sure use high quality stuff for just the two of you. Where do you get the spare money to spend on this?”

“My nine-to-five doesn’t require me during the summer.” He shrugged. “So when it rolls around I use my spare cash from the past year to make a new suit maybe and then do... well this.” He shrugged to the mob of children chasing after Patrick in his dinosaur monster suit.

“I guess having cheap labor also helps.”

*“Actually I work for Craig out of boredom.”*

I jumped a little at the sound of Patrick’s voice. I didn’t know he could hear us.

*“I was banned from any sports camps after I set off a fireball near a forest a few years back-oof!”* I was watching him, a child started climbing on his back, he grunted at the collision. *“I-I thought it was hilarious, I mean, random explosion in the middle of a summer camp?”* He began laughing while trying to fake shaking off the kid, “Awesome, right? But counselors have no sense of humor.”

“Oh.” I said dumbly.

Patrick was chasing and being chased by the large pack of kids, he would give out fake roars and watch the kids run away and squeal as he held up his arms and did the obligatory ‘I’m going to eat you!’ nonsense. He was enjoying himself, he referred to this as ‘work’ but it was easy to tell roughhousing with the kids and just being around them in general was an enjoyable experience for him.

I shook my head.

I can't be with a guy like him.

He's too... perfect.

I can't live up to that.

“Okay kids! Time for presents!” A woman had stuck her head out into her back-yard.

The kids automatically forgot about the magenta dinosaur monster and went storming into the house. Patrick lied on the ground where the kids had eventually dragged him down.

“Ah-hah,” Craig mused, “I’m going to go discuss payments. You help Patrick out of the suit.”

Before I could object, Craig marched into the house after aging wife. I sighed and walked over to Patrick, I held out my hand for him to take, he grabbed it and pulled me down on top of him. He laughed, while I blushed. He held me down on him, I couldn’t move if I wanted too, if I was going to be honest with myself, I only wanted to move because there was a yellow horn sticking in my eye.

After a while of him holding me, he chuckled, “*This would be more romantic if I didn’t have the suit on.*”

I just nodded as he got up, still holding me with one arm. He placed his other arm under me and started lifting me up and down.

“*You’re really light!*” He exclaimed.

“No, you’re just enormous.” I quipped.

He laughed, “*I guess you’re right. C’mon, there’s a room I can change in. I need your help to get this thing off.*”

He started walking towards the house, I started panicking a little.

“A-aren’t you going to let me down?” I asked tentatively.

“*Nope.*” He said simply.

He stomped into the house, carrying me in front of him; the kids looked up from the mountain of multi-colored paper. Craig snickered, the mom had a nice hearty laugh, and the dad was too busy writing a check. Patrick roared, causing the kids to cheer.

He growled out in his monster voice, “Where can I go to *eat* this *tasty morsel*?!”

The kids laughed and jeered, I was going bright red from embarrassment and anger alike. The mom came over to us and pointed to a door down the hallway, Patrick carried me down the hall while making a show of it, stomping and roaring. The room was a guestroom, from the looks of it. Patrick sat me down on the well made bed and turned around as I pulled off my headset.

“Unzip me?” I heard muffled from the suit.

I let out an exasperated sigh and stood up. Patrick began to pull off the head of the monster, I felt around the back for the zipper, it was tucked underneath some fabric. Patrick shook out his head and wiped some sweat off his brow.

“It gets hot in this thing.” He grinned.

“I’m sure.” I said.

We let the silence sit, it wasn’t really uncomfortable. I think the only reason it was even remotely close to that is because we both knew I had something on my mind.

Somehow, Patrick picked up on that.

“I know you have questions; you haven’t really said much, we’re alone now, so start asking.”

Not being one for pretenses, I went ahead with his request.

“Why’d you kidnap me?”

He looked genuinely shocked at that.

“K-kidnap you?!” He blurted out, “Dude, you fell asleep on me, I wasn’t about to leave you on the train, or at the station. Someone could’ve hurt you.”

“... Alright then, why’d you get all... grabby? I knew for a fact the train was empty. You could’ve sat anywhere.”

He grinned at me again, “You were just so... fuck, I hate using words like this, but you were...” His face went sour, and he forced out the word “Adorable.”

“Gee, not handsome or debonair? Not even cute? I’d take cute over adorable.”

“Seriously!” He exclaimed in agreement, “But there’s no other word to describe the way you looked leaning against the window like you did… I couldn’t help myself; I had to just… make you feel better.”

“‘Make me feel better’? Are you like, one of those people who feel like they have to rescue those in need or something?”

“Just the cute ones.” He quipped with a smile.

If I was going to be honest with myself again, I would’ve wanted him to make me ‘feel better’.

I finally got the zipper all the way down and began to push the suit off his shoulders. I hesitated at the sight of his pale skin.

“… Are you naked under this thing?”

He gave me a lopsided grin, “Practically, I have boxers on.” He turned around to the face me as he began stripping his arms of the suit. “Why? You want to see me naked?”

If I was going to be honest with myself, I would’ve said yes.

But I didn’t say anything.

I was too busy staring at his torso.

It was… hairy, dark red hair covered his giant body, sweat made it glisten some, I could smell him even though we were a good foot apart. I wanted to worship his body, get every bit of sweat on his body for me. I wanted him to throw me on the bed and just fuck me there and now to get it over with.

To get over him.

But… if, again, I was going to be honest with myself, I don’t think I could.

I don’t think I wanted to.

Patrick seemed to have the unique ability to read my mind. He wrapped one of his huge arms around my waist; he rubbed my back with one hand as he pulled me to him. His hand set a trail of fire everywhere it went. His body was so fire-hot…

His head was by my ear when he whispered, “I know what you want.” His hot breath was in my ear, it sent shivers down my spine. “But I’m not going to give it to you until you tell me.” His mouth was closer to my ear; I could feel his tongue barely touching me. “I don’t think you’re ready to surrender yourself like that yet.” He bit onto my earlobe and quickly went to my neck and began sucking and lightly biting on it.

The combination of his smell, his heat, his arm around my waist, his hand on my back, and the wild sensations of his tongue driving into my neck very nearly sent me over the edge. I was whimpering quietly as he kept touching me.

His head came back up to my ear and he growled lowly into it, “I wasn’t kidding when I said I wanted to eat you.”

Suddenly he let me go, and started laughing. I stumbled and landed on the bed on back, breathing heavily.

I wasn’t quite sure what just happened there.

But I knew I wanted it to happen again.

... This guy is too much.

And I wanted it all.

“Shit.” He murmured.

I sat up, “What?” my voice breaking slightly.

I blushed.

He smiled warmly at me.

“I forgot my change of cloths in the van... do you mind?” He asked.

I shook my head and went to the door.

“Wait!” I looked back to him, “Don’t go out there, the kids think I’m eating you.”

I rolled my eyes at him, “Then what do you suggest I do?”

He pointed to the window.

“Fuck.” I sighed out. “Alright fine. But you owe me.”

As I passed him he wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me to him again, his chest against my back, his warmth spreading across me again as he patted my stomach with his huge hand. His hot breath coursed into my ear again and I melted against his chest.

“Oh you’ll get your payment babe, don’t worry.”

He let me go and patted my butt in the direction of the window. I climbed out and into the backyard. I walk leisurely to the van, having one of my many internal debates while trying to will away the rock hard boner I developed at some unknown point.

Babe?

I've know this guy for less than five hours and I'm already of 'babe' status to him?

Fuck, I can't be with this guy.

But if I'm going to be honest with myself:

I'm want to fucking try.

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So, call me a cock-tease, but I thought I'd just throw in something steamy for all you hormonal people who just want to find something to jack-off too.

A promise of something to come, if you will.

Also, in my half-asleep hurry to get in the first chapter of this thing I totally forgot to mention I have other stuff you guys should check out!

My first story, *Silent Hill* from the celebrity section:

<http://nifty.guiltygroups.com/nifty/gay/celebrity/silent-hill/>

It's spin-off (you don't need to read SH to follow it, but it helps):

<http://nifty.guiltygroups.com/nifty/gay/relationships/our-place-in-the-world/>

And here's that one-shot I mentioned at the beginning of this one, for those of you just looking for a wank-piece:

<http://nifty.guiltygroups.com/nifty/gay/highschool/the-best-they-can.pdf>

If you liked this, or any of my other stories, feel free to email me at  
[eric.wythe@gmail.com](mailto:eric.wythe@gmail.com).