

Gay Mormon stories. A repressed man seeks a medicinal cure for homosexuality. A homophobic scientist comes up with a novel theory for why the dinosaurs became extinct. The victim of a gay bashing becomes a serial killer of right-wing preachers.

Dinosaur Perversions

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4476.html?s=pdf>

Dinosaur Perversions

Johnny Townsend

Copyright 2010 Johnny Townsend

ISBN: 978-1-60910-079-7

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, events, and dialogue are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

Cover design by Todd Engel, Engel Creative

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2010

Contents

Playing Around	1
Ambien Dreams	28
Moot.....	43
Dinosaur Perversions	54
Beauty All Around.....	74
Fostering Brotherhood	86
A Dildo for the United Order.....	101
Pot of Gold.....	124
Dual Diagnosis.....	148
Masturbating Loudly.....	167
Fucking an Angel.....	180
God's Worry Beads.....	198
Becoming an Ammonite	212
The Opposite of Love.....	234
The Carrier	249

Playing Around

I had been seeing Guy for six weeks, and we still hadn't done the nasty. We had met casually at a party that a trick had invited me to. I'd picked up Michael outside a Bartell's drugstore on Capitol Hill in Seattle, and after we had sex that night, he invited me to a party the next day at the home of one of his friends.

There, I'd flirted shamelessly with two different men, only to find out they were both straight. It was a mixed party. Then while I was talking to a straight woman, Guy came over and joined the conversation. He seemed straight as well, so I didn't flirt.

But after Guy left a little later, Michael said, "That guy is really into you, Dick. Ask my friend for his number."

I did, and I called him the next day, and sure enough, he agreed to a date the following Saturday. We'd been seeing each other every Saturday night since. But if he'd been "into me" at the beginning, he certainly seemed less so now.

It probably had a lot to do with my confession that I'd once been a Mormon missionary in Norway. Guy had visibly moved away from me on the sofa at the announcement.

I knew I gave off "goody-goody" vibes even under the best of circumstances. I'd been voted Most Courteous and Best Christian Example in my Protestant high school in Atlanta. At most jobs I had held over the years, coworkers would confess all sorts of things to me, saying I seemed like a priest in some way. Once when I'd tried to get a job as an extra in a movie shooting locally, the casting director had gasped when I came into the room. "Oh, no. Oh dear no. We're looking for rough

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

types.” Then she reconsidered. “But we do have a small role for a rabbi. Let me take your number.”

So although I was generally a complete slut between partners, I knew I simply gave off “goodness” vibes. Guy had actually rolled his eyes when I told him I didn’t drink, smoke, or do drugs. He only smoked pot once in a while, he said, but he did like to smoke cigarettes and drink. “What do you do for fun?” he asked, genuinely puzzled.

“I read books.”

I thought he was going to get up and leave.

So I knew we were in a dangerous place. If we didn’t have sex soon, our relationship would evolve irrevocably into platonic friendship, and while there was certainly a place for those kinds of relationships, even friends I wasn’t dating I still wanted to fuck around with. And I wanted to do more than that with Guy. I really liked him. I wanted us to be boyfriends.

I had a secret I thought might help, but it could also backfire, so I was afraid to reveal it. On our first date, I’d had to reveal my first secret, that I had HIV. That was often an instant deal breaker, but though Guy was negative, he’d agreed to come back the next Saturday.

It was almost 10:00 and I still hadn’t revealed my secret yet. If I didn’t do something soon, our date would be over, and there was no guarantee there’d be another. Guy had talked about his volunteering on political campaigns for gay-friendly Democrats, and I’d mentioned my being a “Friendly Visitor” to an elderly man who liked to go bowling. Guy had discussed his work with Habitat for Humanity, and I’d told him about my occasional help with an adult literacy program. We’d talked about our childhoods and our previous partners and our jobs,

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

but for some reason, we'd never actually talked about sex. It was worth a shot.

"When was the first time you had sex with a man?" I asked out of the blue. "I was 24."

"I was 20," Guy replied casually, apparently not taken aback by the topic. "I was living in Los Angeles," he went on, "and went to a porno theater. A guy there took me out to his van in the alley, and I lost my cherry that night."

"Did you ever look back?"

"Only to see who was fucking me." He smiled. "No, really I had a hard time coming out because of my Catholic background. But I found it easier to have sex if I went to the sleazier parts of town. I'd say the first ten or fifteen guys I had sex with I either picked up on street corners or in porno theaters or peep shows."

"Uh-huh."

"A couple of them turned out to be hustlers."

"Really?" I perked up. "What did you think of that?"

"It kind of turned me on." Guy smiled again, apparently reflecting on those early days thirty years ago.

This was my chance. "I was never a hustler," I said, "but I did pose for photos in some of the sluttier magazines. You know, *Boners* and *Jizm*."

Guy had been sitting next to me on the sofa but was looking at the floor as we spoke. Now, however, he turned and looked right at me. "You were a sex model?"

I nodded. "When I was 39 and 40. So I haven't done it in about six years. But I wanted to pay off my student loans

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

finally, and I always kind of wanted to see if anyone would actually pay to look at me, so I did it on weekends while working for the library.”

“A porn star librarian.”

“You get all sorts of ideas from reading.”

I’d hoped the talk of sex would get Guy a little horny so I could make my move, but we somehow ended up talking about movies instead. He liked *Speed* and *Die Hard* and *True Lies*. I tried to get back on track by discussing *Shortbus*, but it didn’t seem to work. At 11:00, Guy stood up and said, “I guess I’d better get going.”

11:00 on a Saturday night on Capitol Hill. Was he leaving my place to go to the bars?

“Well, I enjoyed your company, as always.” I stood up, too, and added, “I’ll give you a call during the week.”

“Okay.”

As I opened the door, I tried one last trick, hoping I didn’t look desperate or foolish. “Here’s a couple of pictures of me you might like.”

“Oh.” Guy opened the envelope and looked at the pictures. They were professional shots that had appeared in *Jizm*, one of me taking a load in the face from another man, and one of me shooting onto another man’s ass. If this didn’t do it, I might simply have to give up.

“Well, thanks,” said Guy as he put the photos back in the envelope. “I’ll talk to you later.”

Hmm. Not exactly a standing ovation, but then, I’d been kind of abrupt.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

I was horny now, however. But did I dare go out to the bars and risk running into Guy there? How awkward that would be.

So I got out an old Al Parker DVD and jerked off while watching Al jerk off. What a pretty man.

On Wednesday, Guy called. “Hey, Dick. How you doing?”

“Great. Another thrilling day at the library. Two people paid fines, and one person paid for a lost book.”

“I’m glad you’re in such good shape. Otherwise, the excitement might be too much for your heart.”

“And how was your day?”

“Worked on some cabinets for a client.” Guy was a contractor who did mostly small remodeling jobs. “Tomorrow I have to work on a guy’s backyard shed.”

“If you work with your shirt off, I may have to call in sick and come watch.”

Guy was silent a moment. “Yeah, about that. Are we dating or becoming friends or what?”

“I’m up for all three. Especially the what.”

“I’ve been fantasizing about your dick all week. Would you mind if I stopped over for a little while tonight?”

“I’ll even take a shower.”

“Oh, don’t bother. I like my men a little dirty.”

“I’ll be ready and waiting.”

As it turned out later, we were pretty compatible in bed. I’d had better blow jobs, but he wasn’t bad. At the same time, I could tell my mouthy skills left a little to be desired as far as he was concerned, too. I wasn’t normally into rimming, but Guy

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

had such a beautiful ass I couldn't resist, and he seemed to like that. Most importantly, though, while I was technically versatile, I liked being a top best, and Guy was a bottom. And he wasn't afraid of me because of the HIV. I put on a condom and fucked him. Then after I'd come, I stayed inside a few moments longer and jacked him off. I think we both had a decent time.

"See you Saturday?" I asked casually as Guy left a few minutes later.

"7:00," he agreed. We kissed, and then he was gone.

The next few months were increasingly nice. Guy came over to my place every Saturday night. We played Scrabble and chess and backgammon, and while Guy hadn't gone to a library or read a book in years, I found that he beat me every single time at Scrabble. On the other two games, we were about equal.

We also had long talks every week. I learned that his first time hadn't really been at 20 as he'd said before. That had simply been his first voluntary sex. He'd been raped at eleven, he told me, by his older brother, and he felt years of shame because he kind of liked it. Then he'd been raped by his Boy Scout leader two years later and felt still more shame because he liked that even more. They hadn't been seductions. They'd been forcible rapes. And now, Guy admitted cautiously, he still liked it a little rough.

I'd had a fairly idyllic childhood in general and had certainly never been molested as a child or teenager, and rough sex had never interested me in the slightest. I wasn't sure I could accommodate Guy with that, but I gave it a try. I started lifting weights more regularly so I could compete with the muscles of a carpenter and could at least make a pretense of holding him down. The first time I tried it, I could feel his dick

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

throb in sudden pleasure. I felt a little uncomfortable, but if this was what turned his crank, I was willing to give it a shot.

We tried other things, too. I fucked him while wearing my chaps. I fucked him while he was wearing the chaps. We did it with him wearing a jock strap. We did it through some jeans he'd torn a hole in the back of. I sucked him off in his truck. He sucked me off in the water tower in Volunteer Park. We fucked while watching a Joe Gage movie. We did it with Guy leaning over a sawhorse in his basement. It seemed a little early to be looking for ways to spice things up, but we just kept thinking of more ways we could enjoy each other's bodies.

But sex wasn't everything. We also cooked dinner for each other as we evolved into every other Saturday at my place and every other Saturday at his, spending the nights now as well. And we watched DVD's together. He'd choose a movie one week and I'd choose the next. And despite his refusal to ever pick up a book, he kept beating me at Scrabble.

One day, about six months into the relationship, Guy came over and looked a little nervous. I wondered what was up.

"I went to the library this week."

I raised an eyebrow. "And?"

"And I picked a different kind of DVD this time."

I'm sure I looked confused, but then Guy took the DVD out of a plastic bag. It was a lecture series on the history of the English language.

"Really?"

"Don't make fun. I just like words."

"It sounds great to me."

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

We sat together on the sofa after dinner, and I wondered how many gay couples actually cuddled while listening to a discourse on Indo-European roots. I realized with a start that we truly had something special.

But I didn't know how to raise the subject of couplehood, or whether I even wanted to. I'd been in three relationships so far, one for three years, one for four, and one for five. They had all been monogamous, but they'd also all been very stressful for me as a result. I was a natural slut, even aside from my brief stint as a sex model. That, coupled with all three of my partners' desires to simply nest without socializing even platonically with other gays, had left me feeling suffocated. Yes, I'd made it longer on each attempt, but I wasn't sure I wanted six years of monogamy with anyone the next time, even Guy.

I'd been monogamous the past few months since we started having sex, but that was partly due to lack of opportunity and to the awkwardness of a new romance. We hadn't discussed monogamy yet. Was Guy for it or against it? Would he feel offended or hurt if I suggested an open relationship? Would openness even work for me in the first place? I'd always wanted it, but my partners hadn't, so I'd never actually tried it. Would the reality not be as comfortable as I expected?

Fortunately, something happened the following week which helped me broach the subject.

"I'm not going to be able to come over next Saturday," said Guy.

"All right," I said hesitantly.

"I'm going to San Francisco to work on a friend's kitchen for a week."

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“I don’t usually think of contracting as a job that requires travel.”

“The perks of having an extended gay network of friends.”

“Well, that’s been one of the things that I’ve liked about you from the start.”

“What’s that?”

“You have friends you see all the time. You play cards on Thursday night and you eat out on Friday night with different friends. And on Mondays you play Scrabble with still another friend.”

“Yep.”

“Of course, I only found out you were a Scrabble regular just two weeks ago. You never said anything until then.”

“I wanted you to think I was a prodigy.”

“There’s another word I can’t spell.”

“So you don’t mind that we only see each other once a week?”

“I think it’s very healthy that you have a full social life. I wouldn’t want the responsibility of having to fill your every social need.”

“I don’t think that should be your job.”

“Since the subject is coming up, though, I just want you to know it’s okay with me if you play around a little while you’re down there. I realize you don’t need my permission, but...”

“But you’re giving me your blessing?”

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

I smiled. “Some people are naturally jealous and some aren’t. I won’t feel like less of a man just because you had a little fun.”

Guy nodded. “Well, the same goes for me. If you want to go to the bars next Saturday, feel free.”

“Sounds good.”

I did go out the following Saturday night. I only saw two men I found attractive, and apparently neither one of them felt the same about me, so nothing happened. I was both disappointed and relieved.

I met Guy at the train station Wednesday night, but while I was curious, I didn’t want to sound worried or obsessed about his playing and so didn’t say anything. Guy spent the night at my place, though, and after we had sex, he volunteered, “I didn’t get any down in San Francisco. I meant to, but after working all day Saturday, I was just too tired.”

“I did go out,” I admitted, “but I didn’t go home with anyone.” I paused and then added, “Just for the record, I’m not the kind of guy who thinks fooling around is okay as long as I don’t know about it. I want to know. It’s not just prurient on my part. If good things are happening to you, I want to be happy for you.”

“Can you spell prurient?”

“Fuck you.”

We laughed.

The trip to San Francisco on the one hand made me feel a little easier about opening up the relationship, but on the other, we hadn’t actually crossed that line, so it was still theoretical. One Tuesday evening, though, I was feeling horny and realizing

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

that Saturday was a long way off, and I thought, "I'm going to do it."

I went online to craigslist to see the personals. There were over 300 listings in Seattle just for that day. I started scrolling down the list, excited to finally be moving toward what I hoped was a mature attitude about our relationship. I soon found, however, that half the applicants were disqualified because they lived too far away in the city. Another quarter weren't viable because they listed their age as 21 or 22 or 23. I'd never been overly interested in young men even when I was young myself, and there was certainly no need to bother now that I was in my mid-40's, because they would definitely not be interested in me.

But that still left a good many entries to choose from.

"No beards," "No fatties," "No fems," "No STD's," said the first four I read.

"No couples looking for a third," said another.

"No glasses or dentures or artificial limbs or press-on nails," said a different one.

"Dominant top looking for slave."

"Cum slut wants to be spanked."

"No endless chatting or anyone looking for a friend."

"Bisexuals only."

"Asians only."

"Hispanics only."

"Looking for big black dick."

"Older guy looking for younger."

"Want to piss in your face."

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“Want you to suck my dirty toes.”

“Scat in your tub.”

They went on and on, and I had conflicting emotions. I felt the ad writers were being far too specific and exclusive. Almost all the ads disqualified me in one way or another, but while I generally felt fairly easy going and willing to accept a large variety of types, I found I was being just as discriminating. So many of the guys simply seemed rude and insulting, and that was a big turn-off.

“No one who isn’t height-weight proportionate,” was a common theme.

I was in pretty good shape, but I still felt offended that these men were so narrow-minded. Anyone as picky as most of them would surely find something wrong with me, too, and I was in this for fun, not to be judged disdainfully and need to pass a qualifying exam.

“Want to perform prostate exam,” said another wanna-be trashy whore. But that kind of exam wasn’t much more tempting.

I finally found one ad that was a possibility. “POZ guy wants a blow job on Capitol Hill.”

Simple and clear. I wrote the guy an email, and while I was checking my other emails from friends in other cities, I got an answer. “Too late, but thanks for replying.”

I wrote back again with a little more information about myself, included a recent photo, and said, “It’s Seattle, so it’s only fair I get a rain check.” But several days passed and the guy never wrote again.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

Another attempt I made was with Mark, a forklift driver in Tukwila. We'd met online over a year earlier and had gotten together for coffee a couple of times right at the beginning but never had sex. He was about 35 and closeted, butch and blue collar. But he did continue to email me every few weeks when he got frisky. If I happened to be online, we'd send sexually explicit banter back and forth as I tried to entice him to come over.

"I'll have to give you a tour of my apartment," I said. "You've still never seen it."

"Could I be naked while you give me the tour?"

"Only if I get to give you a back rub at the end of the tour."

"Will you sit on me without your clothes on while you rub my back?"

"Okay, if I get to shoot on your back."

"Why not pull my cheeks apart and shoot on my asshole?"

"Can I lick it off after I shoot?"

And on and on with other nonsense much like this. But Mark apparently got off just on the banter, and he never did come over. That didn't keep me from seriously trying to e-seduce him, but nothing ever came of it.

So since I was making the attempt, was I already "unfaithful," though I'd never actually had sex outside my relationship with Guy? I hated the term "unfaithful" to begin with. It was only "cheating" if you'd promised to be monogamous and broke your word. Otherwise, it was just playing.

One night, a guy responded to my three-year-old profile on a bear site, and when I emailed him that I had a boyfriend now

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

but might still like to meet, he wrote back angrily that I was making my boyfriend into a cuckold. “He’s only a cuckold if he doesn’t approve,” I wrote back. “If he approves, he’s just a cocksucker.”

But it did give me pause. I didn’t want to be a jerk.

Then another day, a different man responded to my profile. He lived in Woodinville, too far for me to take a bus. Ron was positive and wanted to fuck me. We emailed a bit first and then moved on to the phone. He was an electrician who worked on million dollar homes on Mercer Island and was both intelligent and down to earth, not unlike Guy. We talked for two hours one evening, and I thought I could really become friends with this guy.

Ron wanted to bareback, and although I understood the risk of re-infection with a different strain of HIV, I wasn’t a stickler about condoms the few times I was a bottom. And while I preferred being a top, every once in a while, I did feel the need for a dick up my ass. I was afraid to ask Guy to do it, though, out of embarrassment. It wasn’t pleasant to think about, but my meds gave me rather loose stools, only slightly improved with other meds aimed at controlling this side effect. So douching never felt thoroughly complete, and I was quite paranoid about giving my sex partner an unappealing aesthetic experience.

Somehow, if it was just a trick or a fuck buddy who was screwing me, though, I knew I would feel only slightly mortified and not completely humiliated. So I was willing to meet Ron.

“I don’t want to park in the city,” he said. “Can I just pick you up and then have you spend the night at my place? I can drive you to work in the morning. My time is pretty flexible.”

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

This proposal, however, presented other problems. After only two hours of conversation, no matter how engaging, I didn't really know Ron, so to drive out into the country with a complete stranger was a little intimidating. Then what if for whatever reason he didn't drive me to work the next day as he'd said? I didn't want to be late or miss a day of work just over a trick.

Most importantly, though, was that Guy and I talked every night on the phone for about five minutes, just enough to check in and make each other feel we were in each other's thoughts even if we weren't together physically. It wouldn't be the end of the world to miss talking one night, but the first time was nevertheless bound to be awkward. Guy would worry if I didn't answer my phone, so I'd have to talk while at Ron's house, or call before I left and tell him what I was up to. It *should* be okay, but I was a little scared. I didn't want to be the first to play around. I wanted Guy to play before me and feel okay about that, and then I could do it, too.

I took a deep breath, however, and said, "Okay, Ron. What about tomorrow night?"

"That sounds great. I'll pick you up at 6:00 outside your apartment."

The next day after getting home from the library, I waited outside my building from 5:50 to 6:20, but Ron never showed up. I'd given him my cell phone number, yet he never called, so I wondered what was up. I finally went back inside and read for a while, and at 8:00, I sent Ron an email, and then I called Guy and we had our regular conversation. I didn't mention the failed date.

Ron emailed me the next day, saying he'd gotten busy with work and forgotten he was supposed to pick me up.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

That wasn't very flattering, I thought, and I wrote back, "That's okay. Even my Mom forgot my last birthday." But I also wondered if maybe this was God or Fate trying to keep me monogamous. I'd been trying to be open and couldn't. Perhaps playing around should just happen when the occasion presented itself, and I shouldn't be actively seeking out opportunities.

And wouldn't it be awkward if I got crabs or scabies or herpes or genital warts or syphilis or anything at all and gave it to Guy? Monogamy might not be essential as an ethical principle, but it could still be useful as a pragmatic one. Passing HIV while I had on a condom wasn't much of a risk, but Guy might really freak if I ended up with herpes or warts. I didn't want to do anything that would louse things up between us, either medically or emotionally.

It could be that Guy was honestly not interested in outside sex anymore and would be offended to discover I still was. But then maybe Guy was simply afraid of lousing things up, too, and was therefore also afraid to be the first to play around, like I was.

I decided to just relax for a while and let things develop naturally.

The next night on the phone, Guy and I talked as usual about our day. "I had to jackhammer for six hours in a client's basement," said Guy. "I'm pretty beat. How was your day?"

"Oh, just pettiness at the library," I replied. "Of course, you'll never hear me repeating gossip."

"No?"

"So you better be sure to listen close the first time."

Guy laughed.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“I stole that from an old *Hee Haw* show,” I said. “I only quote from the best.” Then I told him the latest gossip, after all. It was all the annoying things my coworkers had done that day, but instead of just griping, I somehow made it all funny, because I loved to hear Guy laugh.

“I have to tell you something,” said Guy when I’d finished. “You know, most people are head over heels at the beginning of a relationship and then become more realistic as time goes on. But with you, I was very cautious at the start, and every day I’m more head over heels for you.”

The words were so sweet and unexpected that I suddenly felt I was floating. My natural response would have been to say something like, “Well, I’ll hold you to that tomorrow night,” trying to make a sexual pun, but instead I just blurted out, “I’m glad, Guy, because I love you.”

There wasn’t even a pause before Guy replied, “I love you, too, Dick.”

I’d been in relationships before where there was love and had learned that love didn’t exclude serious problems. I’d discovered that love alone clearly wasn’t enough. But it was still glorious to hear. And to realize we’d finally made it past the L-word divide.

We talked just a few more minutes, and then Guy said, “Well, I’m about to go crawl into bed and fall into the arms of Morpheus.”

“Who’s Morpheus?” I laughed

“The god of sleep.”

“How in the world can someone who doesn’t read know that?”

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“I can google. It’s not as boring as a book.”

“Okay, well, I’ll let you go off with Morpheus now. But tomorrow night I want a threeway with you and Morpheus.”

“A threeway while I’m asleep. Some people might not enjoy that, but I actually like to be woken up by a dick sliding into my backside.”

“I’ll keep that in mind if I ever get insomnia.”

“Can you spell insomnia?”

We laughed.

Our next Saturday night was better than ever. Guy had gone to a Buddhist lecture earlier in the week, and we spent a couple of hours discussing Buddhist, Jewish, and Christian philosophies toward giving and of what it means to live a good life. Then we watched the episode of *I Love Lucy* where Lucy keeps pulling the emergency brake on the train.

We followed this by me having Guy wear a pair of my Mormon garments I’d saved over the years. I’d always wanted to fuck a man through the slit in the seat of the one-piece underwear composed of a T-shirt and knee-length shorts.

“Well, I’d say we certainly had an evening of eclectic activities,” said Guy afterwards.

“If you ask me how to spell that, I’ll hit you.”

“Stop it. You’re turning me on again.”

While I was completely satisfied with my sex life with Guy, the next couple of days offered new opportunities for exploring openness, and I couldn’t resist trying that path. On Monday while I was walking down Broadway after work, I noticed a young man maybe 25 who was delivering free

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

magazines to the different stores in the area. The guy saw me looking at him and waved me over.

“How you doing?” he asked.

“Oh, I’m great. How about you?”

“I think I’ll be better in a minute.” He put down a bundle of magazines and grabbed me in a bear hug and planted a big kiss on my lips, right in the middle of all the other pedestrians passing by. I was flattered by the attention of such a young man, even though he wouldn’t have been my target age group. And he did kiss well.

“What are you doing later?” he asked after he finally pulled away.

“I think I’m going to go home and tidy up to be ready when you come by after you finish working.”

I gave him my name and address, and I heard the phone around 7:30 when the young man rang my buzzer downstairs. I let Steve in, and soon we were sitting on the sofa together.

But for some reason, Steve wasn’t as interested in sex as I thought he might be. He talked instead of “this great new computer game” he’d just bought and went into agonizing detail over how the game was played. I made it through that discussion and felt that now we’d move on to the important stuff, but next Steve began talking about two other games he really liked.

It was 8:15 by this time, and I was completely out of the mood for any frolicking. “Well, I have some things I need to do,” I said during a brief break in the flow of action figure discourse.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“Oh!” said Steve, looking confused. “We’re not going to bed?”

“Not tonight, but maybe we can kiss again on Broadway sometime.”

I felt like a prick tease, but this adventure simply wasn’t working out for me. Steve left, and Guy called a few minutes later. I told him about kissing on Broadway but edited out my inviting the guy over. Guy didn’t seem to mind the kissing, though, so that was something.

“Maybe I should take more walks in your neighborhood,” he said. “I could always use a stimulating stroll before bedtime.”

“Well, you’re down in Rainier Beach. Kissing someone on the sidewalk down in the ‘hood could be exciting, too.”

“I’d get beaten up.”

“But under the right circumstances, that can work for you.”

“Touche’.”

“T-O-U-C-H-E’.”

“Uh-oh. The competition is starting to get tough around here.”

On Tuesday, I went up to the U District and browsed in a couple of used book stores. I thought if I found a really interesting book, I might convince Guy to read a little. It wasn’t that I wanted to change him. Even without reading books, he knew a lot more about most things than I did. I just thought he might enjoy reading if he had the proper subject matter.

I didn’t find anything that particularly struck me, so I went to the bus stop to head back home. There I noticed a man about

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

my age, slim and a little short, also waiting. He was cute but a little rough, not my type, but still interesting. I looked a little too long, though, and his eyes met mine, and he moved over toward me.

“They call me Superman,” he said, smiling. “Do you want to know why?”

Oh, please, I thought. I smiled back but didn’t answer. The man then unzipped his light jacket and took it off. Underneath, he was wearing a blue T-shirt with the famous S Superman design, and a flowing red cape hung down his back.

I’m sure my eyes widened, and the guy said, “I can stop traffic. Watch.” He jumped out in the middle of the street, and sure enough, cars stopped so as not to run over him.

“Pretty super, huh?”

I smiled again but still didn’t say anything. Fortunately, the 49 came a few minutes later, and I climbed on happily. Superman climbed aboard, too, however, and sat right next to me, pressing his leg against mine.

I said as little as possible but couldn’t refuse to speak at all. It just seemed too rude. Then Superman said, “So are we going to be boyfriends?”

“I don’t think so,” I said carefully.

“Not even for one night?”

“I’m afraid not.”

I got off at a stop that wasn’t my regular one, so the guy wouldn’t know where I lived. I went into the grocery for a minute as well just to make it harder to track me. Then I told Guy about my encounter with the superhero on the phone later when I got home.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“Two nights in a row? You’re just a man magnet.”

“Every other man I see just lets me know more surely how great a catch you are. I think you’re better than sliced bread.”

“How about specialty bread? Am I better than a rosemary diamante loaf?”

“Now that’s a tough call,” I said slowly. “It’s neck and neck on that one.”

“Speaking of necking,” said Guy, “I was thinking maybe this Saturday night, we could go to the bathhouse together. I’ve always wanted to be fucked in a sling.”

“Well, if you’re going to add that to the mix, you’re even better than toasted sunflower honey bread.”

On Saturday after dinner, Guy and I played a game of Scrabble and then watched another lecture he’d checked out of the library, about Aristotle’s philosophical treatise on happiness. After that, we watched *The Day After Tomorrow*, Guy’s choice and a good one.

“All set to go play?” asked Guy when the movie was over.

“Got my lube and condom ready.”

The bathhouse was only about four blocks from my apartment. I had gone several times before I met Guy, and it was fun to go in with him. We walked the halls on the different floors, looking at the other men in towels, and we ended up near some cubicles with glory holes in them.

“Stick your dick through there,” Guy said, pointing to one of the cubicles. “I’ll go around.”

I did, and soon I felt wet lips and a warm tongue. Guy sucked on me for a couple of minutes and was really quite good.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

It was clear that being here gave him a little inspiration. He was almost bringing me to orgasm, but I didn't want to come yet, so I pulled away. A second later, though, an uncircumcised dick came through the hole I'd just been using, and a second after that, Guy walked back into my cubicle.

"I couldn't find you," he said.

I laughed. "Well, this guy was doing a pretty good job. I thought it was you."

Guy giggled as well. I wasn't sure if that counted as playing outside of the relationship since I didn't realize I was doing it, but Guy didn't seem to be upset.

"Let's go upstairs to the playroom," he said.

We went up to the top floor, where there was a dark room. There were stocks in one corner, a vertical bondage cage in another, and a sling in yet another area.

"I've never been in a sling before, but I've wanted to do this for a long time. I just always felt too exposed to try it."

He climbed in, and I pulled him forward a little to position his ass at just the right angle. As I slid the condom on, I said, "Do you mind being the center of attention? I think we have an audience." Three other men were watching us.

"Normally, I'd feel uncomfortable, but tonight it's kind of exciting." He pulled out a bottle of poppers and sniffed. "Fuck me!" he commanded.

"I love you on catnip," I said and slid inside.

Two of the other three guys came right up beside us and started stroking their dicks as I pumped away at Guy's ass. It was kind of fun to be the main attraction. It reminded me of my modeling days. I wondered if just some occasional

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

exhibitionism would satisfy my roving nature, and we didn't really need to play around outside of us at all.

The two other guys shot off on Guy's stomach, and watching this made me so hot I came just seconds later. But rather than stay inside Guy and jerk him off as I often did, tonight I pulled out, thinking we'd go to another part of the bathhouse and try something else to get him off.

But right after I pulled out, I saw the third guy, who'd been standing a few feet away, put on a condom and head right over. He didn't ask permission but simply took my place and pushed his dick inside my man. Guy looked surprised but kind of happy, and I found that even though I'd already come, I still found it kind of exciting to see the new interplay developing.

I watched the man fucking Guy, and as I saw the two thoroughly enjoying themselves, I couldn't help but have a good time, too. The man finally groaned loudly and stopped, but before he could pull out, I said, "Stay there a minute." Then I leaned over and took Guy's penis in my mouth. Smelling the cum on his stomach from the other two men turned me on again, and I did my best to give Guy a good blow job. Before long, he shot into my mouth. I luxuriated in that a moment, and then I kissed him.

The other guys had all moved away by this point, and I helped Guy out of the sling.

"We may have to come back here another time," said Guy. "Come being the operative word."

"Maybe we should try this place once a month for a while."

"It didn't bother you watching me get fucked?"

"No. Did it bother you that I got sucked?"

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“No.”

“I’ve got some more fantasies I want to try out with you at home, but we can definitely come back here again, too.”

“What’s the next fantasy you want to work out?”

“Well, earlier when you opened the car door and leaned into your truck over the seat to get something, your ass looked just perfect for getting a little attention. We’ll have to park someplace quiet one night, and I can take advantage of you leaning into the truck.”

“I may have to pick you up Wednesday night and drive you someplace. We’ve got too many ideas to simply dole them out one day a week.”

“I suppose if we ever run out, we can just force ourselves to do some of them a second time.”

Guy laughed.

Then we cuddled the rest of the night after we got home.

We didn’t wait till Wednesday to try our next adventure, though. Guy and I drove out into the country Sunday morning and acted out the scenario I’d described the night before. Then we came back to town and had poppy seed bagels and cream cheese for brunch on Broadway.

“Next Saturday at my place,” said Guy after walking me back to my apartment.

“I can hardly wait.”

Guy looked serious for a moment. “Do you mind waiting? I think maybe it’s better to never get quite enough of each other rather than to get too much.”

“No, I’m good.”

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“You know, I love you more every day.”

“I think you’re even better than sourdough bread.”

“Well, for a gay guy to beat a San Francisco bread is pretty good.”

Somehow, breaking through the monogamy barrier decreased my desire to play around during the week. Playing around without Guy was different than doing it together, but I still felt it would probably be okay, yet since the curiosity to find out was gone, much of the desire to actually do it was gone, too. If I met someone and things clicked, I figured I could play, but as horny as thinking about Guy made me, I didn’t feel any pressing need to do more than masturbate over the next few days.

I decided to work out some of my sexual energy, however, by writing a porn story about Guy. It took several days, of course, because I could only write a couple of pages at a time before I got too hot and had to beat off. But on Saturday, I arrived at Guy’s house with the story completed, put in plastic page protectors in a little binder.

“What’s this?”

“It’s a porno story, starring you.”

“Really?”

“I’ve got to get you to read somehow.”

Guy took the binder and opened it cautiously. “Will I learn any new words in here?”

“I used a thesaurus to make sure.”

“Well, I’ve got some new words for you, too.” He paused and then said carefully, “Jeg elsker deg.”

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“Norwegian. Very nice. I love you, too.”

“I’m not playing around here. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

I nodded slowly. “I can definitely live with that.”

Guy sighed and sank against me. We held onto each other in silence for a few moments, just luxuriating in each other’s presence.

“Dinner’s almost ready,” Guy said finally. “Then we’ll watch another lecture and see whatever movie you brought.”

“Sounds good.”

“Then I’ll read your story out loud.”

“And next we’ll play around a little.”

“Sounds like a fabulous evening.” He paused, smiling. “Can you spell fabulous?”

“That I can spell.”

We laughed, and Guy leaned over and kissed me.

Dinosaur Perversions

“Dinosaurs did not become extinct,” said Professor Daniels slowly, looking out over his class. Everyone stared up at him intently. “Birds didn’t just evolve from dinosaurs. They *are* dinosaurs. They are the sole branch of that great class Archosauria that are still alive today. Dinosaurs never died off completely.”

It wasn’t exactly true, but it was close enough to grab the students’ attention, get them interested in his dinosaur course right from this first day of the Fall semester. Reece Daniels was 43 and feeling a bit like a dinosaur himself lately. Working with these young men and women gave him a second lease on life, gave him hope that his dreams would carry on into the next generation.

His oldest son, Wilkin, was 18, just starting college here at BYU, but adamantly opposed to taking his father’s introductory dinosaur course. Seeing Wilkin on campus made Reece feel very old. One’s mid-forties seemed too young to induce a mid-life crisis, but Reece found himself looking more intently at the young men in his class than he usually did.

Same-sex attraction was Reece’s only significant flaw. He paid his tithing, obeyed the Word of Wisdom, kept himself fit, led family prayer and Family Home Evening, read his scriptures daily, and was a branch president for one of the university branches here in Provo. He’d served a mission to Alberta, Canada. He’d married Isabel in the temple and had four children, now aged 12 through 18. He’d never had sex with anyone besides his wife in his entire life. He was a good man.

If only he didn’t want to be with another good man.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

Reece had known from the time he was twelve that he was sexually attracted to other boys. Well, men, really, even at that age. When he went to church, he would spend most of Sacrament meeting ignoring the talks and fantasizing about the bishop. He didn't pay attention in Priesthood meeting but lusted after his deacons quorum advisor. When he went Home Teaching with one of the older men in his ward, he would pray that the man would shake his hand just a little longer than necessary, that the man would clap him on the back and let his palm rest there an extra moment.

It was excruciating to want something he could never have. It was like wanting to win the lottery, Reece thought now. It was *possible* but always somehow just out of reach. It was like wanting to explore Mars. The technology to get man there was feasible, yet somehow the flight never materialized. It was like wanting to find a new species of dinosaur. New ones were discovered every year, but never by Reece.

He desperately wanted something that seemed perfectly reasonable, perfectly accessible, yet the goal was always just out of range.

Reece thought back to the time he'd first felt that unquenchable thirst. It was the summer he turned twelve, the summer he discovered masturbation, the summer he realized he was a hopeless pervert. He'd picked up *The Lost World* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from the library, and he was thoroughly captivated by the story. He'd seen dinosaurs before, but it was this book which converted him fully to paleontology.

Yet the book represented more than that. It was the tale of a lost world, a place set apart from everything else. Reece so hoped to be called on a mission to South America. Maybe he and his companion could find such a plateau out in the jungle.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

Perhaps they could climb up one Preparation Day, get trapped there and live as a couple for the rest of their lives. It would mean never having children, but he'd have love, wouldn't he? And that would be enough.

Of course, as Reece grew older, he put away such childish fantasies. He was relieved to be called to serve in Canada, and relieved to find almost all his missionary companions were jerks. He didn't have to waste precious time fantasizing about them. He met a lovely young woman a few months after returning to Denver, and he married Isabel even before graduating from college, just as he was supposed to.

Reece walked slowly back to his office today after class. There had been an awfully cute boy in the front row. Reece had felt perverted enough when as a boy he fantasized about grown men. Now as a grown man, he felt like a complete abomination fantasizing about 18-year-olds.

He sat at his desk and opened a journal to an article he'd begun earlier. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Reece was surprised to see the cute boy.

"Can I help you?"

"Hey, Professor Daniels. It's me, Doug Reardon. I'm in your freshman dinosaur course."

"Yes, I know."

"I was wondering if there was any way I could work in your lab." Reece frowned. The lab was usually set apart for seniors and grad students. "Why?"

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“I want to get hands-on experience as soon as possible. I want to make dinosaurs my career.”

“Well, that’s good to hear,” said Reece slowly. “Most students only have a passing interest. They think a dinosaur course will be fun and easy. It’s a lot of hard work and there’s a great deal of studying involved.”

“Oh, I know. And I look forward to it.”

Reece eyed the young man carefully. It *would* be nice to see him in the lab, but he had to be careful not to irritate the lab assistants by taking in a stray. A few of the assistants were very territorial.

“If you make A’s on the first two exams, I’ll see what I can do.”

“Oh, thank you!”

“Of course, you realize that most lab work is pretty boring. It’s cleaning and preparing and hardening and piecing bones together. It’s very tedious.”

“But that’s what it takes to make a dinosaur, isn’t it? And that’s what I want to do.”

Reece kept an eye on the young man over the next few weeks. It wasn’t hard. Doug came to his office regularly to discuss various points Reece made in class, or books about dinosaurs that Doug was reading on the side. Reece found he genuinely liked the boy. Doug was smart and funny, and they enjoyed their sessions together. Still, Reece was relieved when he graded the first exam and found that not only had Doug made an A, but he’d actually made a 100 on the exam.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“Do you suppose I could come work on your dig in Montana this summer?” Doug asked one day. “I know that’s months away, but...”

“There’s no pay,” Reece pointed out. “Won’t you be needing to finish earning money for your mission?”

Doug shrugged. “My Dad’s rich. He’ll pay my way.”

“Wouldn’t you enjoy your mission more if you paid your own way?”

Doug shook his head. “To be honest, I don’t think I’ll enjoy it much in any case. It doesn’t come natural to me. But I *will* enjoy digging for dinosaurs.”

“It’s every bit as tedious as lab work. Why don’t we let you in the lab now to get a taste before you start planning your whole life around it?”

“After just one test? Gee, thanks!”

Reece hoped the boy would in fact enjoy the lab, and that he would come along on the dig. Reece liked the digs, away from his wife for weeks on end, able to avoid intimacy without feeling guilty. And of course, he did honestly enjoy the hunt, the instinct that took over, the extreme care that had to be taken to do as little damage as possible. He enjoyed the hope of making some small contribution to the body of knowledge.

And he hoped that someday, he could discover a new species. There were only between 500 and 700 species known worldwide, depending on whether or not some specimens were just variants of known species or new ones in their own right. Obviously, for a period that covered 165 million years, there had to be thousands and thousands of yet undiscovered species out there.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

Reece wanted to discover one of his own, do something worthwhile that made his life valuable. Somehow, even a temple marriage didn't do that. Isabel was sweet enough, but he always felt a wall between them. It was like having a relationship through a layer of hardened sediment. There might originally have been an imprint of something, but as each successive layer of sediment was deposited on top of the previous one, that imprint became fainter and fainter.

And if Reece discovered a brand new species, he would earn the right to name it, and he could use the word *mormonii* somewhere in the name. He could show the whole world that Mormons mattered, show everyone that there was a connection between evolution and religion, prove that Latter-day Saints weren't afraid of rational thinking and scientific truth.

"How was everyone's day?" asked Reece around the dinner table one night about halfway through the semester.

"We had to read 'A Piece of Meat' in English class," said 12-year-old Beth. "Can you imagine anything more repulsive?"

"Why aren't you reading *Twilight*?" asked Nancy, Reece's 16-year-old. "It's by a Mormon and preaches abstinence."

"But it's about monsters. That's not gospel."

"It's a metaphor."

"For what?"

"You have to read it to find out."

"If I hear one more girl swoon over *Twilight*, I think I'll vomit," said Keith, who just recently had been ordained a teacher at church.

"Don't speak like that at the dinner table," said Isabel.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

"I'm reading Aristophanes," said Wilkin.

"Aris—who?"

"That's *real* literature."

"Just because something is old doesn't make it valuable," said Nancy. "The poems of Sappho are old."

Wilkin laughed. "And what do you know about Sappho?"

"Only that her poems were destroyed because they were so wicked."

"So they *aren't* old," said Wilkin. "If they'd been valuable, they'd have survived. Anything that stands the test of time is valuable."

"Like fossils?" suggested Reece.

"Oh, Dad." All the children groaned together.

"You read books to figure out where your own story fits in with those of others. Reading the fossil record helps us understand our place on the planet as well."

"But Dad, the scriptures already do that for us, if you want to get all metaphysical on us."

"Then why read Aristophanes or Stephenie Meyer or anyone else?"

"Oh, Dad," said Wilkin, "you just don't understand. You're so out of touch with reality. You'd rather hang out in your lab all day with Doug."

Reece froze in mid-bite. He slowly forced himself to swallow and then said carefully, "And what do you know about Doug?"

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“He’s in one of my classes. Can’t stop talking about you. I haven’t even told him we’re related. Sheesh, he’s getting on my nerves. Thinks you’re some kind of god.”

The other kids laughed. Even Isabel did. Reece felt mortified on one level, but another part of him wanted to cry in gratitude. Someone appreciated him.

Someone liked him.

He took another bite of his meal. It wasn’t that Isabel and the kids *didn’t* like him, of course, but there was something different about being liked by Doug, even if it were only some sort of hero worship. It made him feel like a man. He felt an instinctual pride.

After dinner, Reece took a ride, “to think.” He found himself on the freeway heading past the Point to Salt Lake. Then he found himself in the seedier part of the city, if Salt Lake could be said to have a seedier part. He ended up in front of a store that sold pornography.

Reece was upset the store was still here. He’d googled the place four years ago and driven over but thankfully, thankfully, had had enough self-restraint to turn around without entering and go home instead.

But he remembered where it was.

And now he had to convince himself all over again not to go in. That was the problem with sin. It was like water cutting through stone. Once a rivulet started wearing away the surface, a groove was formed that made it easier for the water to keep wearing away at that spot. Eventually...

Reece wondered where to go with the analogy.

Eventually, a dinosaur bone was exposed.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

Reece could feel an erection growing, straining against the fabric of his trousers. He would go in the store and look around and prove to himself that there was nothing worthwhile here, and so never be tempted to return.

He nodded to himself and climbed out of the car. Once inside, Reece was horrified to see the vast array of DVDs and magazines and sexy lingerie. Thankfully, though, everything seemed geared toward heterosexuals. Sighing in relief, Reece was just about to turn around and head out, when his eye instinctively caught a sign at the back of the store. "Gay." There was a sinful section here even more sinful than the rest.

Reeced headed over.

He looked at the covers of the magazines featuring beautiful young men like Doug, but he forced himself not to open them. But wait. Here was a digest. It wouldn't have photos. Only stories.

Maybe reading a story wouldn't be so bad.

Reece picked up the digest and flipped through it. "Suck my mantool!" "Rammed my member into his eager man pussy." "Shot his man juice all over my face."

Good grief. This was not appealing.

Reece knew he should feel grateful, but somehow, he felt a little cheated. Then he came upon another story, "The Cavemen." He started reading. The love story was set 50,000 years ago and told of two cave dwellers who bonded over a fire in the wintertime and explored each other's bodies under a blanket of furs.

It was ridiculous, of course. Homosexuality was a modern vice, even if its predecessors had been around since Greek

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

times. It was only now in the last days that the sin had become rampant. He wondered, though, if perhaps there was a genetic component, like so many studies these days seemed to suggest. Maybe there was a bit of defective DNA that had become entrenched in the human genome. Perhaps the reason the Millennium had to come was to clean up all the defective DNA. Maybe that was why the first resurrection occurred at the beginning of the Millennium.

But something about the story still intrigued Reece. Humans and dinosaurs had been separated by millions of years, and yet he'd sometimes thought about what it would have been like to live tens of thousands of years ago, before God started working with prophets. Even if he'd been gay then, it would have been before sin existed. It would have been okay. Had he just been born at the wrong time? Was he simply a throwback?

Reece wanted to be with a caveman.

Maybe he could invite Doug on a camping trip, and they could sleep in a cave instead. Maybe—

Reece stopped himself. Coming into this store was clearly a mistake. He put down the digest and walked quickly out to the car. He was going to be a good man.

“Feel better, dear?” asked Isabel when Reece walked back into the house.

“Feeling frisky,” he replied, trying to muster a gleam in his eye. He was going to make this marriage work, not just last.

“Oh, dear. Well, I’m certainly not prepared for that tonight,” said Isabel in concern.

Reece smiled weakly. “Don’t worry about it. It’s no big deal.”

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

The next few weeks passed uneventfully. Reece didn't even masturbate, and he and Isabel had sex twice. The condom reminded him of that barrier of hardened sediment again, but he definitely didn't want any more children at his age. It would be like an Allosaurus raising a T-rex. Clearly, it was time for the next evolutionary stage in his life. Maybe he should take a sabbatical, and he and Isabel could go on a mission for the Church.

Well, not with three minors still in the house. The mission would have to wait.

Doug made A's on his second and third exams, and Reece began to have real hopes for the young man. The boy already knew as much as half of Reece's seniors because of all his outside reading.

"Professor Daniels," said Doug one day near the end of the semester. "I'm not sure I understand Dimetrodons."

"Well, they're synapsids, not dinosaurs."

"Yes, but what about pterosaurs and plesiosaurs? How could so many unrelated animals all grow to be so big? Why is everything so much smaller now? Are we regressing?"

"Bigger isn't necessarily better," said Reece, biting his lip when he had a flashback of the pornography store. "And we have ostriches and emus and elephants."

"Yes."

"And whales that are bigger than any dinosaur."

"Okay."

"And redwoods and sequoia that are bigger still."

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“Yes, but... but the world was *full* of huge creatures back then, and there are only isolated cases now. What happened?”

Reece thought for a moment. “How many Muslims are there in the world, Doug?”

Doug looked at him blankly. “I don’t know. A billion?”

“And how many Hindus and Buddhists and Catholics?”

Doug shrugged. “Hundreds of millions?”

“And how many Mormons?”

“What is it now? Eleven million?”

“I think you can see where I’m going with this.”

“I don’t know, Professor. I mean, I see this great campus sometimes and think, ‘With something this impressive, the Church *has* to be true.’ But then I think about Liberty University and Bob Jones University, and I don’t feel so special anymore.”

“Do you have a testimony, Doug?”

“I don’t know. There are times I think the Church is so out of touch with reality that...”

“That what?”

“That it’s going to become extinct. They only granted equality to blacks long after the rest of America had done so. They clung to antiquated notions of polygamy so long it almost destroyed the Church. And there are so many issues now they’re being pigheaded about that are going to finish the Church off if they can’t evolve to keep up with a changing environment.”

“We don’t follow the whims of the world. We follow God.”

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

Doug shrugged again. “But clearly, God does adapt. The Church isn’t like in Noah’s time, or Moses’s, or Isaiah’s, or Jesus’s. Or even like in Joseph Smith’s time, or John Taylor’s. We *do* evolve, just not quickly enough to survive. Sometimes, I think serving a mission will simply be a waste of time. It’ll be like a mastodon trying to survive after the last Ice Age.”

Reece shook his head. “You have it backward. It’s the world that has to adapt to us. And if it doesn’t, *it* will all be destroyed and only we will be left.”

Doug looked at him a moment and then turned to a bone in a tray. “I guess I’d better get back to work.”

Reece left him and returned to his own work, but he had a smile on his face. Yes, he’d fantasized sinfully about the boy, but the truth was that he had been an inspiration to him. He was giving the youth good, righteous advice that would keep him on the straight and narrow. Maybe Reece’s soul could adapt and survive all the temptation, after all. Reece could still evolve into a god.

He began to work extra closely with the boy the last couple of weeks of the semester. He wanted this young man to dedicate his life to dinosaurs, to the Church, and he hoped to be able to work with him even on the boy’s mission, sending him encouraging letters every week. Doug might be wavering now, but when he became a great man in the Church, and a great paleontologist, Reece would know his life had meant something.

“Dad, could you lay off Doug a little?” asked Wilkin one evening at dinner. “I think he wants you to adopt him, and believe me, I don’t want another dinosaur freak for a brother.”

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“Doug’s a good boy,” said Reece. “And so are you. You don’t need to feel threatened by him.”

“I’m not threatened. I’m sick of him.”

“What class are you in with him that he’d be talking about me all the time?”

Wilkin hesitated. “Don’t get the wrong idea,” he warned.

Reece frowned.

“I’m taking a general geology class. It’s just for science credit, though. I’m not majoring in it.”

Reece smiled.

“Doug almost makes it sound fun. But don’t get your hopes up. I just need eight credits.”

“I’m happy that you’ll get a decent basic understanding. It helps put everything in perspective.”

Wilkin rolled his eyes. “All I know is you better give Doug an A after...”

Reece frowned again. “After what?”

“Let’s just say he has expensive tastes.”

The conversation left Reece happy but confused. He wanted to enlist Doug in a campaign to recruit Wilkin more fully, and yet working with someone who wasn’t family was in some ways more satisfying. Wouldn’t it be nice to work alongside Doug for the next twenty years? Reece bought a beautiful card with a dinosaur painting and presented it to Doug in his office when he told the boy his final grade for the semester.

“Thanks, Professor Daniels. I got you something, too.”

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“Oh?”

“It’s in your lab. You want to go see?”

Reece felt a little thrill. Doug was giving him a gift? He almost felt as if he was being courted. They walked down to the lab, and when Reece turned on the lights, he saw an object on his desk at the left side of the room. He approached it slowly, wonderingly, and as he came nearer, he saw that on his desk sat a two-foot-long wooden carving of a Triceratops.

“Oh, my god.”

“It’s from Bali. I emailed an artist there and commissioned it. Do you like it?”

Reece let his fingers glide softly over the surface of the creature. It was the most beautiful gift he’d ever received. “Doug...Doug...”

He turned to the young man, who was smiling happily at him. Reece reached over instinctively, pulled Doug close to him, and kissed him on the mouth.

Doug pulled away. “Professor Daniels, I’m sorry, but I’m not gay.”

Reece’s face burned in shame. What had he done?

“I’m going to hell.”

“Oh, of course you’re not.”

“I’ve ruined our beautiful friendship.”

Doug laughed. “Prof, our friendship will stand the test of time.”

Reece wanted to crawl under a rock. He felt his head spinning. He’d never done anything so decadent in his life.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

What was to become of him? “Homosexuality is a sin because if everyone became gay, the human race would cease to exist.”

Doug laughed again. “Do you really think everyone is planning to become gay? Even the prophet?” He was smiling. But how could the boy be smiling at a time like this? Didn’t he understand the gravity of the situation? This younger generation was so out of touch with spirituality. Reece had to make things clear.

“I don’t know if it’s genetic or cultural or actually a physical disease. Maybe it’s like every human being infected with mitochondria. We’re all becoming infected with something else, and it’s destroying humanity.”

“I really don’t think you need to worry.”

“I think...I think...” Reece swallowed, afraid to say out loud what he’d suspected for years. Yet it was time to take a stand. “I think the dinosaurs didn’t die off from a meteor impact or as the result of a super volcano. I think...I think the dinosaurs became extinct because they were gay.”

Doug stared at him blankly.

“Think about it. Why would God create the greatest animals in the whole history of the planet, let them dominate life for 165 million years, for no purpose? I think God gave us the dinosaurs because they’re impressive. They reach us emotionally. And he let them drive themselves to extinction so he could save us from sin. And what other sin threatens the world in these last days like the sin of homosexuality?”

Doug took a step backward. Then he slowly held up a hand. “How about the sin of murder or war or forcing people into poverty, or polluting the environment, or—“

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

“No!” said Reece. “I *know*. Dinosaurs didn’t pollute the environment or exploit the poor. This is the *only* explanation, the only way dinosaurs could set an example for us. Dinosaurs have always been a mystery to religion. But this explains their existence completely.” He smiled weakly. “I’m glad you’re not gay, Doug. I did a terrible thing just now. But with your example, I’ll repent and be a better man.”

There was a clink on the other side of the room, and both Reece and Doug turned to look. There at another desk was Samantha, a grad student Reece had never liked. But the room had been dark when they came in. How could she have been there?

“I was taking a nap before my last exam,” Samantha said now, as if she could read Reece’s mind. “But I saw everything. You’ve broken the morals code, Professor. I have to report you. You’ll be fired, and probably excommunicated, too.”

“He won’t be ex’ed for a kiss,” Doug protested.

“You’ll both be ex’ed for having sex in the lab.”

“What? We didn’t—“

“I don’t *like* you, Doug. You think you’re so great.”

Reece looked at his beautiful dinosaur carving, and at the bones in the trays next to him, and at Doug. He took the boy by the hand. “I’ll stand up for you, Doug, but I don’t know how much weight my words are going to carry. I’m sorry.”

“I’ll say Samantha is retaliating because I turned *her* down,” said Doug. “This is just a battle for survival of the fittest. Don’t worry about it.”

“I knew this day would come,” said Reece, ignoring him. “Homosexuality is going to be the end of me.”

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

“Oh, good grief,” said Doug. “Don’t you read any science journals outside your field? Homosexuality has been documented in at least two hundred different species. Even ducks and penguins form gay couples.”

“Oh, my god. Now the last of the dinosaurs will finally become extinct, too.” Reece shook his head. “I don’t know that I want to live to witness it.”

“For God’s sake.”

Samantha laughed. “You’re done for.”

Reece leaned over and kissed Doug on the forehead and then picked up his Triceratops carving and walked out of the lab. He could still hear Doug and Samantha bickering inside, but he no longer cared.

Reece climbed into his car and started driving. He drove and drove, out of the city, across the desert, and kept going. Soon it was dark, and Reece kept driving. He finally stopped when he reached Dinosaur National Monument in the eastern part of the state. This was where he needed to be. He thought about taking his carving and burying it in the desert, but the land was being eroded here, not added to, so there’d be no point. He left his gift in the car and started walking.

Reece hiked until he was thoroughly lost, which didn’t take long in the dark, with no hope of finding the car again. He knew that this was where he was supposed to die. When he eventually grew tired, he sat down against a rock. Feeling it for the most comfortable place to rest, he discovered an indentation. There was a hollow in the rock about six feet deep. It wasn’t much of a cave, but Reece had a flashback to the story he’d read weeks earlier and nodded. The air was cold tonight, and all he had on was a thin jacket. He’d probably be dead by morning.

JOHNNY TOWNSEND

He smiled.

But instinct was strong, and he huddled inside the tiny cave to shield himself from the cold, and before long he was asleep. In the night, Reece dreamed of dinosaurs having sex, and their punishment of oblivion. He dreamed of claws and horns and spikes and razor-sharp teeth, tearing at him as he shared a blanket of furs with another lonely man. He tossed and turned for a while. And then he dreamed of nothing at all.

Sometime later, Reece woke up with the sun in his eyes. He was stiff, and he had to pee. Instinct took over again, and he captured his urine with his hands and drank. He began wandering aimlessly through the desert, and just as he was growing too tired to move on, he stumbled on a rock.

Only it wasn't a rock. It was a fossilized bone.

Reece grinned. How nice it would be to die with the dinosaurs. His bones would be found alongside theirs.

But instinct took over yet again, and Reece began looking for other bones. There were four visible parts of exposed bone here. He couldn't help but try to classify the animal. But as he looked, his mouth dropped open. These were exactly the bones necessary to prove that this was an entirely new species.

Reece laughed. Now, at the moment of his death, he was finally a success.

Wouldn't Doug love to see these, he thought.

And at that moment, instinct kicked in still one more time. Reece realized he actually had his cell phone with him. He might be too far out to get a signal, but he'd give it a try. Maybe the authorities could track him down by triangulation.

DINOSAUR PERVERSIONS

Reece started dialing, still smiling, and wondering just what he was going to name this beautiful new life.

Gay Mormon stories. A repressed man seeks a medicinal cure for homosexuality. A homophobic scientist comes up with a novel theory for why the dinosaurs became extinct. The victim of a gay bashing becomes a serial killer of right-wing preachers.

Dinosaur Perversions

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4476.html?s=pdf>