

While the dinosaur was busy punishing Mark for his uncouth behavior, Arthurius and his wolves were hunting him down. Alfred, the ancient and wise Argentinosaurus, had powerful magics at his disposal, but the pack had sorcery of their own – sorcery dedicated to tracking and homing, and protection spells that allowed them to hide as if they were shadows, even in the midday sun. Thanks to these abilities, the pack – now 22 in number, and each weighing around 10,000 lb – had quickly caught up to Mark and his companions, and were currently waiting right outside of Alfred's meadow, making a plan of attack.

Despite the thick canopy above, the sun found a way to beat down on the group of wolves, and their piles of fur and copious fat, with the combination of the weather, had the pack sweating heavily. Wolves were the best bounty hunters on Kerrth, but that didn't mean that they enjoyed all environments.

As Arthurius spoke to his new second, Laura, sister to Laird, he scratched his rump on a tree and ended up passing a burst of gas onto the face of one of the younger, smaller members of the pack. The wolf, barely out of adolescence, whined softly but couldn't move away, as he was squished into the circle of wolves surrounding the packs' two leaders.

Finally, the roly-poly wolves had finished their planning and were ready to assault the meadow; they had waited two days for this, and now they could finally use their teeth and claws and magic to their full extent. They were certain that they could win, even against the dinosaur. It hadn't occurred to them that they may have been underestimating the great creature who had made himself their adversary.

They took their positions and entered the meadow, prepared to kill anything that got in their way.

---

Inside the meadow, the proximity alarms had been tripped, and Alfred the Argentinosaurus quickly looked over the data: 21 wolves had entered his territory, totaling to about 228,000 pounds, and were converging on his location. He had to do something, and quick.

While Alfred reflected upon what was happening, Mark stared up at a huge wall of green scales and flab and shuddered, unable to move an inch because of the damnable dragon's sorcery. He was completely dwarfed by a tailhole that was several times larger than he was, and while normally he'd be glad that it had stopped winking at him and blowing wind in his face, now he was terrified.

For, you see, the dinosaur was gearing up to take an absolutely *massive* shit – massive *for the dinosaur*. Cracking and popping noises could be heard as a log about the size of a bus exited Alfred's sphincter, and though the dinosaur had moved forward several feet prior to taking his shit, that didn't stop the log of steaming poop from falling and slamming face-first into Mark.

For Mark, it was like getting hit in the face by a bus, except the bus was made of a huge log of poop and proceeded to bury him. The turd barely managed to keep form, being just wet enough to be a bit squishy while simultaneously being firm enough to stay more-or-less log shaped. There was absolutely no sign of the human boy under the dinosaur's enormous crap, and the dinosaur shit would throw off the wolves' tracking spells, drowning out the poor kid underneath it all.

Shane and Benny, Mark's respective tiger and bear companions, were too far away to get there in time, but it seemed that Alfred didn't need their help: he outweighed the pack even at twenty-one to one, and

his sorcery was easily powerful enough to deal with the wolves. The pack may have been dangerous and guile, but Alfred was a giant creature of thunder and fury, and nothing was going to get past the might of his bulk, his sorcery, or the enormous turd that Mark had found himself stuck under.

The spell that had paralyzed the boy had been lifted, but he was still pinned to the ground from the weight of the dinosaur's log. Every time he tried to move, his whole body shuddered: the poop was incredibly disgusting, some kind of thick-but-squishy mixture that absolutely reeked of poo and plant matter. Mark was appalled at the way that the dinosaur's colon had affected what he'd eaten; he'd never smelled anything plantlike that was even remotely this awful before.

The first wolves to reach his location were stout and firm, but great dinosaur was still able to crush them into the earth with his huge feet. When he stomped, he created a crater in the earth that could – and did – fill two or three wolves at a time, and their initial wave was quickly dispatched with the power and ferocity of the ancient, righteous being.

Just to slow them down, he turned his backside to the approaching wave of wolves and caught at least a dozen of them in a massive wave of his wet-but-firm poop, totally burying them. The wolves, powerful and strong, were not long fazed, but they had powerful noses and would stink for weeks afterwards. They quickly escaped, but weren't able to as quickly continue their assault, for several of them felt the need to stop right where they were and vomit before going on. It's not many a creature who can so quickly recover from being covered in shit, but the wolves did so admirably, continuing their assault within a few minutes of their rude and nasty interruption.

As the dinosaur fought the wolves using every advantage possible, a twenty-second wolf went unseen by Alfred and undetected by his proximity detector, and went straight for Mark's position.

“Awww, man!” Archie whined, pouting. “I can't believe I have to do this!” He whimpered slightly, thought of the duty he owed Arthurius, his older brother and pack leader, and shoved himself into the stinking turd. He couldn't stop himself from shuddering; it was, hands-down, the most disgusting thing he'd ever experienced in his life. The dinosaur's poop seemed to be crushing in on him, making the wolf claustrophobic; he kept reflexively trying to shake off the poop, only to be reminded that he was closed in around it on all sides and that the only way out was to move forward and find that boy.

After a few minutes, Archie had managed to find the boy, picking him up in his mouth and giving an internalized groan at the taste of the dinosaur dung that had managed to find its way into his jaws, accompanied by Mark. Jubilant at finally finding the pack's bounty, he shuddered one last time and activated his teleport spell, taking him to the pre-approved place where the rest of the pack would no doubt appear soon after.

The battle had been fierce, and many among the pack had been brutally injured; regardless, once the mark had been acquired, the pack teleported back more-or-less together. They never left a brother or sister behind, and that wasn't going to stop even in the face of the fiercest of enemies: a shitting, stomping, roaring dinosaur.

---

Archie appeared in the middle of a cave, about half a mile away from where the battle was being fought and hidden from enemy eyes, be they magical or literal. The dinosaur's detection spells wouldn't work here, as it was heavily warded, and the wolves wouldn't be found quickly if they were found at all.

Archie was the lowest on the pack's totem pole, in the very later years of his puppyhood, and was really only allowed to run with them because his elder brother was the pack-leader; he was much larger than most wolves his age, but he was still a child, and no-one would be surprised that he ended up covered from head to toe in dung in a battle such as this one. What they would be surprised at, however, was his prize: an equally poo-covered boy.

His first duty to the pack was to secure their bounty, and to this end he dutifully plopped his big, chubby, poop-covered butt on top of a passed-out Mark; having done this, he elected to settle down for a nap, releasing a soft fart of his own onto the thoroughly soiled boy before falling comfortably asleep, waiting for the rest of the wolves to return. (The others would have reappeared somewhere near the cave, but not with the precision of Archie; he was very talented with magic and knew that his packbrothers and sisters would take some time to reach him.).

About fifteen minutes later, the pup was awoken with a light smack on the head from his elder brother. One could barely see the resemblance between Archie and Arthurius, except that both were canines, not because of their size difference, but because Archie's features were obscured due to the fact that he was covered in the (somehow still warm) dung of a sauropod.

“Archie! I said, *do you have the bounty?*” Arthurius asked him, the largest and most skilled of the wolves looking like a regal leader among the rest of the wolves; he had a knack for coming out of battle without a hair out of place, and while no one except him really understood how, everyone could admit that he was a creature of authority regardless of where and when he was.

“Uh, sir! Yes, sir! He's right here! Uh...” The wolf jumped up out of where he lay and stared at where he'd been laying seconds prior; there was no human lying there! Red-faced and panicking, he tried to figure out where Mark was, before he was suddenly dragged back into the middle of the cave.

“Listen, boy!” Laura said. “All of you, *shut it* and listen!”

Arthurius and the rest of the pack began laughing uproarously. When they had all 'shut it' and listened, they began to hear a muffled voice coming from in-between Archie's cheeks. The little wolf giggled a little while his big brother reached in-between his cheeks and roughly pulled Mark out, receiving a little, squeaky fart in his face, almost as if Archie had had the presence of mind to get back at Arthurius for his earlier display in the strategy meeting.

When they finally laid eyes upon their prize, they began whooping in joy: they were going to be *rich*! With this money, they could become the richest wolves on Kerrth. It was a very, very good day to be in Arthurius's pack.

---

Alfred stood in the meadow, his presence accompanied by a tiger, a bear, and... a wolf. The dinosaur had used his sorcery to block one of the teleports; they had discovered that Mark had been taken, but that didn't mean that they couldn't get him back. It was possible that this creature could give them information that they needed in order to find their companion.

Benny, the bear, was willing to tear the wolf apart, but the sauropod was having none of it. “There are other ways to get what you want, Benedictus,” Alfred said. “I assure you, we will get the information

that we need.”

Shane, the tiger, giggled a little. “Benedictus. I didn't know that was your name!” Ben responded with a low growl.

“I suggest you refrain from angering Benedictus, Shane; you certainly won't enjoy the result. Now, hush, both of you: he's waking up!”

The two animals stopped fighting as soon as they heard Alfred, and began focusing their attention on the wolf. He had been badly injured, but Alfred had been able to heal him with the magic of, well, magic, and he was healthy and pain-free now – and for the future, if the dinosaur had anything to say about it.

“Sir wolf, you have been captured. If you don't tell us what we want to know, we will be forced to take more severe action, and you will tell us anyway. Will you relent?”

The captured wolf was young and proud and strong, in the prime of his life. He was one of the largest wolves in his pack, and as a result, he was full of pride and wilfulness.

True to his nature, the grey-furred creature growled and leaped at Shane, but ran into some kind of invisible wall. The dinosaur sighed. “I suppose we must do it the hard way...”

---

“The hard way” turned out to put the wolf in exactly the same situation that Mark had been in only a few hours earlier: staring at a huge wall of scaled dinosaur backside. He was one of the largest wolves on Ferrth, dominating most of his packmates in size, but the sauropod had him completely dwarfed. Even Alfred's pucker was bigger than he was!

Still, he was used to a life of strength and privilege, and his response to this disrespect was violent and nasty – if all things were equal, he would have torn Alfred to shreds. However, all things are not equal, and the second he gathered himself to leap, his ability to move was taken away from him, locked into the iron grip of Alfred's sorcery.

His eyes blazed with fire, and a deep and raging growl exited his maw. He couldn't move, but he could protest and threaten and express his anger and offense at the enormous dinosaur's disrespect. He believed that the dinosaur was just shoving his ass in the wolf's face in order to taunt him; he was, however, incredibly mistaken – a fact which was about to become apparent.

Alfred's belly rumbled, and his enormous anus opened up and squinted, just like someone would do with their eyes. A split second later, the dinosaur moaned and proceeded to lazily empty his colon of gas with a warm, silent breeze that seemed to go on forever.

To the wolf, it was like jumping into a pool of cold water for the first time; there was an abrupt change in temperature, since the dinosaur's fart was very warm, and a sudden, repugnant stink filled his sensitive nostrils. He was positively engulfed in the fart and unable to escape its warm, noxious clutches. He tried to shake his head to relieve his dizziness, but he found that he still couldn't move, and he continued to be engulfed in the dinosaur's enormous, lengthy gust of wind.

Slowly, the force of the gas petered out, and the dinosaur spoke. “I feel a really big one coming, little one. I suggest that you do what I request, or there will be no way for you to avoid what is brewing in my colon.” The wolf responded by growling again, humiliated but angry, and Alfred released a sigh.

“Oh, well. I see that it was too good to hope that you would see reason.”

The sauropod drew in a deep breath and backed up, not like a beeping truck as what Mike had witnessed, but like a raging river, and in less than a second the wolf found that his snout had been stuck right into the middle of the dinosaur's fleshy anus. Before, it had been opened up into a slit, but it was now out at full force, like a fully bloomed flower; the wolf's upper body was stuck in the dinosaur's squishy hole, about as far up as he could fit, with his snout stuck tight into the very back of the round opening. The wolf's hind legs hung limply outside of the dinosaur's rump, and were all that could be seen of him from the side.

Alfred pulled his enormous legs further apart and began to groan loudly, thinking to himself that this might be more than merely wind and then giggling – fordespite his age and wisdom, he still had quite a lot of fun using his bodily functions on smaller beings.

Without warning, the dinosaur let out a low, rumbling, *roaring* beast of a fart that would have surely blown the wolf back several hundred feet and shattered every bone in his body if he hadn't been protected by Alfred's magic. As it was, the wolf's fur was blown back, and in some places *off*, and his body hung loosely in the wind; the only thing that attached him to any kind of structure was his snout, which remained stuck in the very back of the dinosaur's hole.

The wolf experienced something that was like being shot in the face with the nastiest fart imaginable. The revolting stink invaded his sinuses, forcing itself up his nose and mouth; he tried to gag, but there was no room for his gag reflex. Without magic, he'd probably have exploded, but as it was all that happened to him was that his insides would have an inescapable stench for a few weeks.

Finally, after a few minutes of this, the dinosaur began to relax, and the wolf fell back into Alfred's plump anus with an audible *thump*. His snout was released, and he began to breathe deeply in relief, ignoring the fact that he was still stuck in a dinosaur's anus.

The initial respite lasted only a few minutes, however, as soon Alfred's pucker began to open wider and wider until a large, brown mass began to exit it with great force. The wolf barely had time to widen his eyes when he got hit with the colossal piece of poop, which promptly pushed him out of the asshole and onto the ground, burying him in goopy, stinky shit. It came out fast and splattered all over the ground: the dinosaur was shitting a truly massive amount, even for him, and he intended to get it all out *fast*. The stinky brown stuff stuck to everything, and even managed to engulf onlookers Shane and Benny, caught in a tidal wave of poo that would have been comical if it hadn't been so disgusting.

Finally, the dinosaur stopped and relaxedly sighed, stepping out of the pile of shit that reached up to his enormous waist. “Now, boys, I think that he will talk.”

“...boys?”