

Retrograde Reptiles

Doctor Robert Fallen took a deep breath as he felt the tight jumpsuit press against his body, the material squeaking as the small pod he was in only added to the intense claustrophobia he was enduring. "Is everything good to go guys? I really don't want to be in this thing longer than I have to," he said to the members of his team in the lab outside.

It was a collaborative project, the first of its kind. A genuine, lawbreaking attempt at time travel. The protesters were outside, saying how the fabric of reality would destroy itself, the politicians were in the midst of trying to decide if it should be regulated before it was too late. But they were all too late. Nothing was going to stop them.

"The readings are all good. I think we're almost ready." Doctor Clark was one of the top experts in her field, hearing the confidence in her voice made Robert's heart slow by a few beats.

She knows what she's doing. We all do. The suit felt a little less tight, the pod reminiscent of one astronaut's ride in when heading into space felt a little more friendly. Everything was okay. Everything was going to be alright.

"Okay Robert," she said, even being able to hear that smile through her voice. "We're going one hundred years into the future. If our calculations are correct, we are going to



be the reason they even exist in the first place. On your word, we're ready." The team was then silent, tension slowly rising.

It felt like a dream, not a good one, but not a nightmare. Something irreversible could happen, and that was the worst part of it all.

"Hit it, let's make his—" he was cut off almost immediately, his lips feeling as if they were inflating as the chair behind him almost felt like a part of him from how hard it was pushing in. The irrational human brain was incapable of seeing what was truly happening, a variety of colors flashing up, down and all around, as if he had transcended beyond 3D and had even gone into some sort of 6D Realm. He wasn't just upside down, he wasn't right side up, he wasn't looking to the left or even looking to the right, he was everywhere and nowhere.

It was all happening in the course of a single moment, and yet it was as if he had every single memory from every single human all throughout history stored in his brain.

And it was all taken away as a subtle thud knocked him out of his delirium. He had no idea where he was, and he was covered in sweat. His vision was blurry, his body numb, and it felt like no matter how hard he was breathing, there just simply wasn't enough oxygen to bring him back to stability. *But* he was alive.



“R.I.C.E.?” He asked the onboard AI, a funny little acronym representing how the quantification of time could be reduced to a single grain of rice. “Where the fuck are we?” Trying to look out the window was too difficult, some kind of fog or mist was obscuring it.

“Doctor Fallon, I do believe the shuttle completed what you had the team requested of it. However, I do fear from my immediate scans that the area is much different than you were expecting.”

Fallon's heart dropped, what could that even possibly mean?! He unbuckled the X-shaped fasteners and reached for the handle to open the door. It was like his legs were made of jelly as the thing popped open and off as the outside air came rushing in. His body did some sort of twitch, a reverberation, the aroma outside faintly familiar but completely strange.

The plants were even stranger. The trees looked humongous, larger than the Redwoods in California. A single leaf from a bush looks like it could be a hammock to relax in. “R.I.C.E., we're in the year 2137 aren't we? We should be in a lab right now, the same lab that we just left. Why are we... here?”

“Oh dear Doctor... I've just connected to the planet's dormant satellite network. Oh dear, oh very very dear.” It was like every time he spoke, the news only got worse and worse.



"Give it to me R.I.C.E., say everything." He waited for a response that was taking its time, but as he did so, something outside in the fog moved. He slowly lowered himself towards the pod as whatever it was was giant, terrifyingly so. But as a wind came by and brushed some of the fog away, he knew exactly what it was. "R.I.C.E., why is there triceratops here? Did they fucking sell the lab some kind of goddamn restoration projects?"

The beast was indeed magnificent, it didn't pay him any mind, it just simply walked with its thick head, its spines and horns and elephantine feet. It didn't see Fallon as a threat, but that didn't make him feel that much better. "R.I.C.E.? R.I.C.E. why are you—"

"I'm sorry Doctor Fallon. I'm afraid to say that Humanity no longer exists in this year. The last known logs detail of a virus that not only terraformed the Earth's surface back to an earlier era, but transformed many of its inhabitants to match the flora." Somehow even the AI found a way to make its voice sound crestfallen.

The human wanted to fall to his knees, but he locked them tight. It was better to stand up straight, to pretend that he was still in charge of the situation. "Okay, okay. We can just go back, go back to the lab, go back in time and now we know about this."



"Doctor Fallon? I'm detecting irregularities in your thought process. The pod was only good for a one-way trip. It was your own theory that said the future could recharge them or replace them. Did your journey give you any sort of amnesia?"

"Fuck. No, no R.I.C.E. It didn't! I don't have any amnesia. Okay. Okay, I can just, that's right. If I don't show up, they'll send another pod after me. It should be arriving anytime now because of how, you know, dilation works or something like that."

"...Doctor Fallon... I fear to say that the logs detail what created such a virus. The very moment you left, patient zero was Doctor Clark, and by the end of the first week the entire country was in chaos. I calculate a 0.0001% chance of any possible methods to save yourself." Those were the last words he ever wanted to hear.

Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck! he thought, he screamed into his mind. *This isn't real, this isn't right, someone here has to save us, save me!* But then, he realized he was breathing in all this air. He quickly rushed into the pod but the door was way too heavy to be able to seal it completely. "R.I.C.E., is the virus still in the air now?"

"Thankfully no Doctor Fallon. The virus brought upon by the breakage of time and space is now inert with no means of aerial infection. However, I do detect it has incubated parts of itself. It now spreads via sexual means."



There was a sudden snarl outside, loud enough to feel like it could be right next to him. Robert threw himself back into his chair, eyes peeled for what was out there. “R.I.C.E.? What does that mean? What are you talking about?” The questions were rhetorical. In fact, he was wishing in the moment that the rules of English itself had changed in order to make his situation better.

“I’m sorry Doctor Fallon. In order to increase your chances of survival, I will now be going into low battery mode. Perhaps the politicians had a *point*”

And then? Silence.

“R.I.C.E.? R.I.C.E.!? You motherfuc—”

The snout of something large, scaly, and incredibly dangerous came into view from the side of the door. It slowly moved forward, until its reptilian eyes saw him, the feathers on top of its skull and the rest of its body flashing back from the surprise of what it was seeing. It tilted its head, curious, as if some sort of behavior its species had completely forgotten about until now.

It fully came into view, the door not large enough to show its entire silhouette. It had large hind legs, three fingers for claws, and a hunger that was more than just food. A hunger to spread, an instinct that hadn't been seen in almost a century. A velociraptor,



one much larger than seen in any sort of movie or even a museum. From under its vast belly, something pink and thick, and moist was revealing itself.

“Oh fuck!” Robert screamed, the thing lunging for his neck and hitting its mark, forcing the human to look up as he felt the sharp teeth gently prick into him like acupuncture needles. He felt no blood coming out of him, but he was completely powerless. All this thing had to do was clench its jaw and he was dead. *Please don't, oh God no no please,* he thought to himself.

A few moments past, the man was able to look down even as his neck was restrained, looking at how the raptor's eyes curiously examined his face, his expression. Were there not sharp teeth pricking at his neck, this period of calmness could have been something peaceful.

But Robert heard more noises from outside, he saw more Tales whipping through the fog until they were now easily discernible. They were larger than him, there were more, and now they had surrounded him. He threw his hands up to reach around the neck of the velociraptor holding him but the thing growled as a warning, informing him that whatever he was thinking was not going to work, nothing was going to get him out of this.



Suddenly one of the raptors entered the pod, hopping on top of the raptor holding him as they were now stacked. Doctor Fallon was eye level with the cock of the one on top, and he felt a large wad of saliva flow down his throat.

“Oh go—” It was too late. Way too late. The second raptor's cock; moist, meaty, red and alien beyond belief, rushed towards him like a wasp going in for the kill. The human's mouth was already open but even if it wasn't, the thing was too strong, too persistent not to just pop past his lips and grind against the upper roof of his mouth. His mind could not conceive the current situation. He could not move his head, for the latch around his neck, and now a nearly one foot cock was prodding the back of his throat. It was... it was... *not* that bad???

He felt strange. Of course there was nothing normal about any of this, it was completely devoid of humanity. And yet, his tongue glided into purpose, it carefully explored the crimson mast, starting first at the tip and around the head. His breaths calmed, a passive exhale coming out his nose. The other raptors in the pod, including the ones outside, had the same sense of tranquility. They were all waiting for him to change, waiting for him to give in, and... the lack of resistance in the first place was more than enough for the virus to pass into him.

Doctor Fallon groaned as his tongue was now slightly more eager, the taste settling between a pure meat flavor and the saltiness of muck and grime. It was



authentically animal-like, everything about this. No human would willingly suck an animal's cock like he was doing. A real human would let the raptor's jaws around their neck sink in.

But not him. One of his hands rose to grasp around the base of the shaft, jerking it as he began pushing his face down the rod and back up like he had done this a million times, not even noticing his fingers merging and growing talons until they matched the claws of those around him. A first step in the transformation, and a great leap towards joining the pack properly.

However, Robert would not be allowed to have such control for long as the male on top pressed into him, positioning his mouth in a way that allowed for the beast to begin pistoning into his mouth, fucking it as if it were a genuine raptor cunt. The man gagged once, twice, again and again until finally his gag reflex tapped out, the foot-long penis sliding all the way down his esophagus as saliva poured from his lips and down around his body.

The raptor on the bottom released its hold from the changing human's neck, lowering its aim towards the Doctor's crotch as it ripped open his jumpsuit and other clothes in order to reach his crotch. The human's cock was already shrinking, sputtering, running out of juice as the testes shrunk and shriveled. It dove its broad, stout, scaled muzzle onto Fallon's two-incher, licking the thing as the man twitched involuntarily,



feeling so vastly overstimulated that it was like his brain cells were popping from the pleasure. Like a galaxy of suns exploding one by one in euphoric supernovas.

Robert's pupils tilted clockwise as reptilian pre-cum flushed into his maw and down his chin, his legs spread wide as the jumpsuit molted off of him along with everything else. Green-brown scales were covering wherever his blood flowed as the affliction spread everywhere it could. His teeth were becoming as sharp as the ones that had marked his neck, his feet now like his hands in terms of claws and scales and animal biology.

His muzzle quickly shaped by pushing forward down the cock that was getting close to climaxing, filling his throat like wet concrete into a very deep and greedy hole. The raptor below was thrusting its own snout deep into the former human's snatch. The... former... human...?

Robert's eyes could not explore how his body was changing, how he no longer had human arms, or human legs, a human chest or a human back. Even his tail was something that had crept in and now was nearly hugging the curve of the wall for how long it truly was.

And... his brain. His brain was only a tenth of its original size. For how he could even think, *she* did not know, for her cunt burst from orgasm, wetness flying into the



maw of the lower raptor who drank it greedily as she did the same for the one on top that had cum right into her new and very improved maw. It was all over. The last human had been changed, and the flow of time was complete. *Almost.*

The velociraptors, including the former Doctor, all rushed outside to get more properly acquainted. Each of them a lovely mix of colors from reds to greens to blues and yellow. Their scales a rainbow of unity, a pack now strengthened by a new female to breed, and breed they did. The ones that had watched were properly aroused, and it took nearly an hour until the female was inseminated and jammed full of raptor cum. Eggs would be on the way, and soon new progeny, new spawn, and new packs to spread across the new Earth.

Which is normal to think of happening, a very normal occurrence. But the issue of time travel is... nothing is normal.

As soon as the final beast came inside her, a bright light encapsulated all of them, scaring away half as the female's brain and pussy were too battered to react, plus her neck was now being bitten by another raptor in order to correctly take his load. Before she even realized the newcomers were there, they had already attached a metal lock-collar around her neck, the device pacifying any aggressive instincts and thoughts.



“Hm. Yes. Yes, this one is our founder,” a masculine voice said, its body covered by a hazmat suit that was oddly designed as if the one wearing it had the body of an anthropomorphic raptor. “Comrades, we have found her!”

The others in the group hurrah-ed as they spooked away the remaining pack and caged the former human, soon bringing her back with them, wherever they came from, one million years from now. Before she knew it, she was dubbed the first, the creator, the one common ancestor that now ruled this world. White lab coats, painless needles and pricks, tests Fallon had once subjected to other animals early in his career were now applied to him. Although, the scientists here took good care of her, and especially when her heavy eggs came oozing out of her snatch.

“Yes-yes. These are the ones we need. We will put the affliction in them, and send them back,” said one humanoid raptor.

“Just as the Rican tablets described. All will be well. All will be fixed. The flow of time, secured.”

Doctor Fallon, known more by her new name Squibbles, was revered and constantly pampered like the good girl she was, her eggs hatching as the babies were cared by her, never to know that their genetics carried the same virus that made this



loop a perfect circle. Upon adulthood, they were sent back into the past to appear seconds after Robert had left, and thus... the timeline was whole again.

Humanity may have devolved and lost the rights of civilization, but those that came after did much better with the genes they were gifted. Humanity was born through an evolutionary path that once resided in a reptilian form, and now they were giving that form a chance it never had.

One can only wonder if avians would have a possibility too someday. But for now, Squibbles had fresh raw meat, male suitors at her beck and call, and a brain no longer burdened with the terrible thoughts of mathematics and science. All she did now was lay eggs, and relax.

Just like a *good girl* should.

