



**LAVA DOME FIVE: THE PROJECT ENGINEER**  
**CHAPTER ONE: DINO IS A MORON**

“So...you’re going away to what kind of conference, again?” Geemo asked Dino, cuddling Seph to his side as they watched stuff get loaded onto F’lar’s back, who was once again the official flight transport of Lava Dome Five Enterprises. It was up to Geemo and Sephiroth, the neighbors to LD5 in the duplex, to take care of the place while they were away. Dino knew that would involve lots of size-play and giant schlongs, but the duplex was pretty hardy. Revanche was also staying to oversee some construction work in Ankh Ridge, and she would be available to attend any emergencies.

“Well, we’re going to seal some marketing deals to get us back in the green,” Dino replied, overseeing the effort...but, of course, not actually participating in it himself.

“Deals?”

“Yeah...y’know how in the Giant’s Realm down south they have big companies like Network Associates and 3Com buying up stadiums and arenas just to get their names on ‘em?” Dino said, looking useless and official, pointing at cargo Tyrannix was carrying up.

“Yeah...”

“Well, we’re doing sort of the same thing.” It was then that Astor trudged by with a couch, and added, “But did you hear what the place is, Geemo? Oh, you’ll love this.” Dino then gave Astor a stern glare.

Sephiroth replied for Geemo. “Oh, so yeah, Dino! What exactly is this place you’re sponsoring?”

“It’s...ahem...well, it was formerly...” Dino stammered.

“We’re buying the old, abandoned Brøderbund Bøcce Ball Cøurt,” Jenn said with obvious disdain in her voice.

“Another *fabulous* investment!” Astor shouted from F’lar’s back, arranging an entire living room set there. If someone had a camera, the look on F’lar’s face would’ve been priceless.

"Hay, *shuddup!* You guys just wait! We're getting this place for a song, and it's gonna bring in money!" Dino retorted. He was always pretty defensive about his egg-brained schemes, because he knew that they would usually end in disaster. "Ever since Helvetica got that new place there to live, bein's that it's in the Giant's Realm, he's getting us great public relations links to make up for all that crap I got screwed with."

Logarithm Cox was already done loading the television onto F'lar's back for the in-flight movie, and decided to enter the conversation at that point. "But you cannot tell me that buying this pathetic playing field was Helvetica's idea."

"Well...no," Dino answered. "We were actually slumming in the low-rent district, and I came across it. It can't fail! Like I said, it's costing us next to nothing."

F'lar was very patient about the whole affair, apart from the occasional rumble. By this time, just about all that was LD5 was loaded onto the back of the titanic golden dragon...whose services Dino neglected to mention were the big bulk of the cost of the whole wasteful trip. They intended on taking all their stuff down to the Giant's Realm via F'lar, and once there, enlarge just themselves and keep their belongings wee for easy carrying. Well...Dino probably planned on *staying* wee, but he knew better than to think he could get away with that.

"C'mon, Khith!" Dino shouted into the garage. "Get your friggin' lazy robot raptor ass in gear! F'lar's gonna be taking off any minute!"

Khith was still in the garage, staring and prodding at Elena, the automaton raptor that had once been Stacy's evil henchwoman, and was now mysteriously loyal to Khith. That is, until now.

Elena was relatively inert, save for small motions around her face and toes. It was almost as if she were awaiting instructions sent from afar. Khith approached her, nudged her with his muzzle, but she only swayed a bit. Eventually, Dino came stomping **NO JOKES PLEASE** into the garage to see what was afoot **DON'T YOU DARE**.

"Khith, dØØd! You're killing me!" Dino whined.

"I'd really rather not leave Elena here," he replied. "Lately, she's really been...well...*needing* me. There will just be times when I practically have to prod her for an hour to get her to respond to me." Elena continued to be a great example of inertia as Khith gestured.

“Look, what you’re prodding your robo-love-slave chick with in the garage is none of my concern. I’m all about the cash, baby, and if you don’t come with us,” Dino said, looking around to make sure no one else was in earshot, “how am I going to make money with my claw-cleaning stand there?” he whispered.

Khith cocked his head just about as much as he could, and chrrred, “What?!”

“Well, you have to be my poster child for clean feet! Bein’ all robotic and stuff, you hardly ever have any kruff. People see you, they’ll think I’m great at it, and they’ll gladly pay me to let me run between their toes!” Dino beamed.

Khith just straightened and shook his head. “If I didn’t know you, I’d never believe you existed.”

Dino poked at his watch, holding it out. “We’ve got to GO, baby! Now either stick a rod up her ass or – hey, where is she?”

Khith just caught sight of Elena’s tail snaking out of the garage, through the kitchen and out the back door as Dino looked around. “Elena, wait! Where are you going?” Khith called after her, but she didn’t pause a beat.

The Dinosorceror of Lava Dome Five was completely unconcerned about Elena or Khith, just so long as Khith followed Elena up and onto F’lar’s ample back so that they could begin their journey to the Giant’s Realm. Astor wasn’t sure, but he thought he saw something huge and log-like growing in the backyard of LD5 shortly after F’lar took off.

F’lar wasted no time in bringing LD5 and the LD5 membership to the dropoff point in the Giant’s Realm, as having a complete living room set on your back can get pretty itchy. Jenn swiftly took control of the Lens from Dino as soon as they got off F’lar’s back, leaving little chance for Dino to stay little.

“Okay,” Jenn chrrred. “Dino and I are going to go to the Brøderbund Bøcce Ball Cøurt and seal the purchase. Tyrannix, Astor, Cox, you’re going to go set up the temporary LD5 at Foofer’s place. Khith, Elena, you guys head to Chinatown to pick up all the anime prØn that I’ve got waiting at the port there. We’ll meet you there, and then we’ll head to Helvetica’s for the night.”

“Y’know, Foofers just loves house guests,” Tyrannix said sarcastically. “How is he gonna feel when we bring a whole ‘nother house there?”

“I, for one, volunteer to stay wee so that I’m not such a nuisance,” Dino offered.

"I bet you really don't see what's wrong with that statement, do you dear?" Jenn smirked. "It'll be just fine with Foofers. Now get going, we haven't got much of the day left!"

Khith and Elena were the last to see F'lar lift off and return to Ankh Ridge. "Um...guess we should get going, huh?" Khith said.

"We have a task to complete," Elena said monotonously.

"Ahem...well, yes, we do. I believe that Chinatown is--"

"I have already acquired the optimal route to the shipping company," Elena said, not even making eye contact with Khith. "It is the first...of several goals I have in my processing queue."

"Several? What do you mean?"

Elena started along, paying no attention to Khith, who actually had to begin a light sprint to keep up with Elena's brisk strides down the city pavement. *This is most peculiar, Khith thought. I mean, she's never given me much in the way of conversation, but even this is a little much for her. What is going through her mind? Well, that's hard to say. I'm still not sure if she's got an independent processor, or if it's all preprogrammed responses, or if there's still someone controlling her. All this analysis is giving me a chubby...I'm gonna snag her at the next DON'T WALK sign.*

Meanwhile, Dino and Jenn arrived at the Brøderbund Bøcce Ball Cøurt. It had certainly seen better days. The sign was weathered and rusted. The fields were overgrown with vegetation and weeds. The only structure, a maintenance shed, was extremely well ventilated. "So...it's a fixer-upper!" Dino gestured as Jenn took him by the hand and up to the shed, where motion could be seen inside.

As they opened up the rickety door, they saw a rather small gryphon under the foot of a rather hefty dragonness.

"Would it make you feel better if I feigned surprise, dear?" Jenn chrrred at Dino.

"Now, now...the fact that the proprietors are into such...endeavors had nothing to do with this wise real estate venture!" Dino said, clearing his throat. "Hello again, Daryn!"

The dragonness smirked, mainly at Jenn, and lifted her great claw long enough for the small gryphon to scramble out before she put it back down with a low thud. "H-h-hello, Dino! So glad you could make it! Crystal has all the paperwork to make the transaction complete, don't you honey?" Daryn squawked.

Crystal turned, stuck a clawhand roughly into a filing cabinet, rummaged for just a moment, then turned and smacked a paper and pen down onto an old card table with a look of annoyance and vague disinterest.

Daryn fluttered up to the table, which rocked and creaked beneath him. "A-as you can see, it's all notarized and legal. Just sign right here, and you'll be the new, proud owner of the famous Brøderbund Bøcce Ball Cøurt! Er, I mean, Lava Døme Bøcce Ball Cøurt!"

"Now, wait just a minute," Jenn said, stepping up to the card table to give the deed a once-over. After only a few seconds, she already had taken the pen and started to cross stuff out.

"Hey, now...it took me hours—" Daryn began, but Crystal smacked him from behind, forcing his beak to poke a hole in the deed. "I mean, it took her hours to work this up!"

Dino walked up as well, but before he could even begin to read, Jenn had picked up the deed and quickly shredded it. "We won't be needing this."

Daryn gasped! "But – but – "

"Here's the deal," Jenn said, stepping up to Crystal, having to look up to meet her muzzle. "You make sure this place gets cleaned up and operational, presumably through keeping this little bird underfoot just long enough, and you'll get 20% of the profits."

Daryn's eyes widened. Dino's eyes widened.

Crystal stared down at Jenn for a few moments, and after Jenn puffed out a bit of air through her muzzle, a smirk began to form on Crystal's red muzzle.

"Deal," was Crystal's slow, deep reply.

Without another word, Jenn turned and took Dino's hand, leading him out of the shack. Dino struggled to turn and look, but he only saw Crystal smiling down at Daryn on the card table before Crystal shut the door.

"Lucky friggin' bird," he muttered.

It took Dino quite a few blocks for his mind to drift from the thought of a little gryphon under a big red dragon claw to notice all the other dragons around. Before he knew it, they were in Chinatown, and every shop and restaurant was adorned up the yin-yang with dragons galore.

"Man...no wonder Foofs likes this area," Dino mused. Jenn had caught sight of Elena and Khith in front of the "Hello Kitty Yaoi Porn-Porn Imports" shop, and skreed, "Nummies from the kitty!" and took off towards it, leaving Dino to look around at the other stores.

It was an incredible cultural mix for the weesaur. There were so many facets to the Asian culture in this dimension, it was staggering. From cutesy Hello Kitty porn, to hanging animals of all sorts in butcher shops. He looked like the ultimate tourist, mouth agape at all the claws all around.

"I sense you are in search of something, crested one," a voice said from just inside a shop.

Dino turned and saw a thin, elegant blue dragonness in a silk komono sitting behind a crystal ball and tarot cards, which hovered ethereally above her lap. The best Dino could come up with was, "Duh-hwa?"

The dragonness' eyes narrowed with a friendly smile. "Perhaps a good thesaurus? No, wait," she said, concentrating for a moment, caressing her crystal sphere. "You search for something...something...low."

Dino approached her, sitting in a chair opposite the strange dragonness. He leaned forward with a smirk. "Low, eh?" He looked up briefly to see the name of the establishment: *Yume's Enchantments*.

Yume nodded slowly, maintaining eye contact with Dino. "Yes. Low. You want to be low. And you want others...to be high."

"I do, do I?"

"And yet, you play games. You deny. You tease to be denied," Yume said with a wry smile on her muzzle.

Dino cleared his throat. "N-Nonsense!"

"Do you know what I think, my little crested dinosaur?" Yume purred. "I think that if you were given what you wanted, you wouldn't know what to do." She extended one of her satin-slippered feet out and rubbed along the side of Dino's shin.

"Abadababadabada!" was Dino's intelligent reply.

**"What's going on out here?"**

Dino was snapped out of his trance, and Yume quickly withdrew her foot. A large, burly creature looking like a relative of the TriStar Godzilla filled the doorway behind Yume. **"Can I help you, sir?"** the muscular saurian asked, leveling a glare down at Dino.

"Uh, um, ah...no, this nice lady here, well, she started to tell me things, and—"

**"Tell you things? Having your fortune read isn't free. How do you intend to pay for all this?"** The 'zilla started to crack his knuckles.

"Can't, gotta go, bye!" Dino left his chair spinning as Yume giggled. The Zilla did not pursue, however.

"Oh, honey...you never let me have any fun," Yume chuckled, rubbing Zilla's thigh.

**"Not at all,"** he rumbled back, smiling. **"I was just having some fun of my own."**

Dino was running as fast as he could down the street, and it was only a matter of time before he ran into someone. He plowed straight into a green and red morphic dragon with a striking red mane, knocking him on his back.

"What's the big idea?" the draconian said, rolling Dino off of him, then standing and dusting off his cutoffs. "Where's the fire?"

If this had been an anime series, there would've been some split screen action with fwing-type sound effects, showing the draconian's eyes narrowing in the top half of the screen, and Dino's blinking, goofy eyes in the bottom half.

A glimmer of evil recognition.

However, this was not anime prØn. Dino just skittered off, and the draconian stared at Dino as he stumbled away through the crowd. "At long last...we have found him," was all the draconian said.

The draconian walked with an air of confidence and incredible smugness as he returned to his secret lair, an abandoned spaghetti factory. Inside, amongst boxes of linguini and rotini, a rather large and impressive array of electronics and machinery was maintained. On a large viewscreen, the draconian made contact with his superior.

"This is Sabrewing. I have located Dinosorceror 3263827."

A shadowy visage appeared on the viewscreen with a distinctly male voice. "Are you certain?" was the reply.

"Yes, the fool ran right into me. Shall I pursue, monitor, and track per your existing instructions?" Sabrewing replied.

The visage emitted a sigh. "After placing agents in countless dimensions, at last I have found him. At last I have found the one to make me complete once more." There was a pause. "Yes, agent Sabrewing. Monitor 3263827 until I can prepare to arrive in your dimension in a few of your weeks. Locate his base of operations and begin...begin operation 83 to prepare for my arrival."

Sabrewing had to look down on a little sticky-note he had below his keyboard to see what operation 83 meant. "Ah, yes sir! I'll begin stockpiling traffic control devices immediately."

"Excellent, agent Sabrewing. In a few short weeks, Dinosorcero 3263827 will be the most scorned person in the area, and you will have paved the way for the glorious ascension of the Project Engineer!"

Sabrewing bowed amidst cruel, diabolical laughter from the viewscreen. "Yes, my master."

Miles away, Elena snapped to attention, her eyes glowing with activity. The whipped cream can flew right out of Khith's claws.

**COMING SOON!**

**CHAPTER TWO: DINO IS STILL A MORON**