**What Enslaved the Dinosaurs?**

In the lair of the villainous raptors, the most heinous plot was currently underway. The intelligent Spittor was presenting what he labelled the best invention he had ever created to his leader, the evil Bad Rap. It looked like a paintball gun with a purple goo-like substance in the transparent cylinder on top. There was a devious grin on his face, but the other raptors just looked at it in confusion.

“Are you planning to challenge the Extreme Dinosaurs toa game of paintball, Spittor?” Haxx asked, reaching out to grab the weapon, only for it to be pulled away from his reach.

“Don’t lay a single one of you scaly hands on my Gooinator!” Spittor snapped, shooting him a glare. “You’ll just break it!”

“What does this weapon do exactly, Spittor?” Bad Rap inquired, taking the strange gun from his underling while he wasn’t looking. “It doesn’t look too impressive to me. Are you sure this can get rid of those meddlesome dinosaurs for good?”

“Yes it can,” Spittor replied, taking the Gooinator back from Bad Rap. “Whoever gets hit by my new Gooinator will be covered with thick purple goo, transforming them into mindless goo drones. The Extreme Dinosaurs will obey and follow your every order the moment they become goo drones!”

Bad Rap raised his eyebrow. “Mind control again, Spittor? It didn’t work too well the other time we tried to control their minds,” he pointed out, remembering the failure of the Neural Neutralizer. “That T-Bone is too pompous to be controlled.”

“Care for a demonstration?” Spittor suggested, pointing his weapon in the direction of Haxx.

“No! Don’t use it on me!” Haxx pleaded before diving under the nearest table, hands over his head.

“Show some spine. Haxx! You’re a raptor, not some cowardly saurous!” Bad Rapp growled, pulling his minion out from his hiding place by his tail. He then looked at Spittor. “As for you, Spittor, your new device better work or else.I’ve had it up to here with those meddling Extreme Dinosaurs and I won’t tolerate failure!”

“Don’t worry, Bad Rapp,” the evil raptor replied, his grin filled with as much confidence as it was evil. He rubbed his invention along the top like it was some type of pet. “The Extreme Dinosaurs will no longer be a threat by this day’s end!”

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Meanwhile, two of the Extreme Dinosaurs - Stegz and Spike, were walking through a canyon. T-Bone had sent the two on a mission after he heard that a ‘monster’ was seen by a group of archaeologists. He had a feeling that the raptors were somehow involved with the sighting and the two jumped at the chance to kick some bad guy butt.

“Do you think Bad Rapp created a monster?” Spike asked Stegz as they walked further into the canyon.

“Whatever or whoever it is, we have to stop it,” the blue Triceratops replied, full of determination as shown by a confident grin. “Just the two of us will be enough to take them down.”

All of a sudden, Spittor leaped out from a boulder on the side of the path, his newest invention held tightly in his scaly grip. His mouth curled up into the most sinister one he could muster as his finger neared the trigger. “Surprise!” he yelled out.

Spittor fired off a sphere of purple goo from his weapon. However, the two dinosaurs were quick to react and jumped to the side. Despite missing, the evil grin did not fade from the raptor’s face. Without saying a single word, he aimed towards Spike and fired again.

Spike evaded for the second time, but only barely. “A surprise attack is typical of a raptor like you, but it will never work!” he snarled.

“That’s what you think, you dino pests! This time my newest creation will not only put an end to your meddling, but make you mindless drones!” The evil raptor revealed, squeezing the trigger a couple of times, firing off more of the purple goo-like substance.

“Taking up paintball now, Spittor?” Stegz joked while he easily evaded the goop by hiding behind a rock.

While Stegz was distracting the villain, Spike saw the opportunity to attack. He lowered his head and dashed at Spittor. However, at that moment, Spittor turned around and fired goo at the charging triceratops. Spike let a cry of disgust as the strange purple goo hit his face. He instantly stopped and tried to wipe it from his eyes, but to his surprise, it felt very rubbery.

“What is this?” Spike yelled while he tried to remove the purple substance, pulling it with all his might.

Filled with anger, Stegz leaped out from the rock and tackled the wicked raptor to the ground. The raptor’s weapon went flying out of his grip, landing several feet away from them. Spike was still trying to rid himself of the troublesome goop, which was now spreading at an alarming rate. In a matter of moments, his entire head was covered so all he could do was let out muffled cries of terror. Spittor was looking at this with a sinister grin, ignoring the glaring dinosaur on top of him.

“What did you fire at him, Spittor?” Stegz demanded to know, grabbing the raptor’s head to bring closer to his scowling face.

“You will see soon enough!” was the response Spittor gave before he let out an evil laugh.

Stegz looked over at his friend and gasped in horror. The goo had greatly expanded and was now covering most of his body. Only his feet were exposed, but those were soon completely engulfed by the goo. Spike, now a faceless figure of rubber, was standing silently at attention. Stegz’s eyes widened in shock as he stared at his transformed buddy.

“Rubber Drone! Get him off me!” Spittor commanded, directing his order at the rubberized Spike.

“I hear and obey!” Spike responded, his voice dull and emotionless.

Spike held out his arms before marching towards his fellow Extreme Dinosaur. Stegz could only gawk in disbelief as his friend approached him like some mindless zombie. The rubber drone grabbed Stegz, pulling him off Spittor and held him tightly in his grip. While the stegosaurus struggled to break free, Spittor walked over to recover his weapon, He picked it up, smiled a devious smile and turned to face Stegz, aiming for him.

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It had been three hours since Stegz and Spike had left to investigate possible raptor activity. Growing concerned over the wellbeing of his friends and team-mates, the leader of the Extreme Dinosaurs, T-Bone, decided to look for them. The other two dinosaurs, Bullzeye and Hard Rock, had joined him in the search. Bullzeye, being a Pteranodon, had gone on ahead since he could cover the most ground out of the three of them.

“Do you think the raptors captured them?” Hard Rock inquired, a faint hint of a worried expression on his face. “They don’t usually take this long…”

“If they did anything bad to them or hurt them in any way, I will come down on them like a meteor!” The leader declared, clenching his fist tightly.

“T-Bone! I see something weird coming towards us!” Bullzeye shouted as he flew down towards his companions.

“Weird in what way….?” The tyrannosaurus asked.

"They were faceless purple dinosaurs, a-and they looked like Spike and Stegz!" He explained, both looking and sounding slightly panicky. "Like I said, it was weird, but if it is them, then—"

"Calm down, Bullzeye! It's probably just some Raptor trick. Whatever it is they're up to, we can handle it!" T-Bone assured his friend, putting his hand on his shoulder. “No raptor will ever get the better of us!”

A sinister chortle from behind made them all instantly turn around. Spittor was there, grinning evilly with his invention pointing at them. “Don’t be so sure of that, you extreme dummies!” he cackled, finger inching closer to the trigger.

T-Bone lifted up his foot. “You won’t get us that easily, Spittor!” he snarled just before he slammed his foot down on the ground, the force of his Saurian Stomp making the raptor lose his footing.

Despite him losing his balance, Spittor still managed to pull the trigger, firing off a gooey stream in random directions. The Extreme Dinosaurs immediately began to evade the dangerous projectiles with Hard Rock and T-Bone throwing themselves to the ground while Bullzeye took to the skies.

“What is that thing coming from his weapon?” Hard Rock asked, quickly rolling to the right in order to dodge a shot of the purple goo that was heading in his direction.

“I have no idea. Whatever it is, we can’t let any of it hit us!” T-Bone replied before getting to his feet.

Once he had regained his balance, Spittor aimed his goo-gun at the two, shooting them a glare. “Nice try, but there is enough of my goo in here to convert an entire army of you meddlers!” he declared, the sinister smirk making a return to his scaly face.

However, before he had the chance to fire again, Bullzeye swooped down and knocked it out of his claw. “Maybe you should have invented a strap for it, too,” he joked as he landed next to his teammates.

“Give it up, Raptor! You will never beat us!” T-Bone declared with his usual bravado.

Just then, T-Bone was grabbed from behind by a rubberized Spike. Stegz, who had also become a mindless drone, grabbed Hard Rock from behind at the same time. Bullzeye looked back in shock, only to get grabbed by Haxx.

“What are these things?!” T-Bone asked, struggling with all his might to try and free himself from the drone’s grasp.

Spittor picked up his invention. “They are my obedient drones. They should look familiar to you, T-Bone; they were your friends, after all!” he replied, giving him a sadistic smirk. “Let us see if your ‘tyrannosaurus willpower’ can prevent yourself from joining them!”

Now that his intended victims were now sitting ducks, hitting T-Bone with his goo was a simple task. Spittor took his aim on Hard Rock and fired, striking him in the chest. By the time the evil Raptor looked over at Bullzeye, T-Bone and Hard Rock were gazing in horror as the goo was expanding at an alarming rate over their body. Bullzeye managed to break free from Haxx at the last second and leaped up into the air.

“Hey!” Haxx shouted just before a blob of the purple goo splattered over his stomach. “Oh no! Spittor, you hit me instead!”

“Yes, I can see that, you simpleton!” Spittor responded, rolling his eyes. He then smirked wider, watching as the goo on Haxx’s body spread. “You can consider this an improvement. I will no longer have to deal with your stupidity, Haxx.”

“This isn’t funny, Spittor!” Haxx panicked, desperately trying to pull the gooey substance off him, failing at every attempt. “Make it stop!”

Spittor ignored his pleas and turned his attention to T-Bone and Hard Rock, both of which were standing still with only their heads not encased in the rubbery goo. Bullzeye was back on the ground, staring wide-eyed at his friends. His claws were shaking as if he was hesitant to touch the goo to remove it from them. He was too distracted that he failed to notice the rubber drone that used to be Spike was slowly reaching out to grab him.

“What can I do guys?!” the Pteranodon asked, sweat running down his face.

“Bullzeye, look behind-” T-Bone managed to shout before his head was entirely engulfed.

It was too late; the mindless drone of rubber grabbed Bullzeye, holding him much together than Haxx did. With an evil laugh, Spittor sprayed the goo right in the face of the remaining Extreme Dinosaur. As soon as he was let go, Bullzeye dropped to his knees, his cries of fear silenced by the coat of rubbery goo. Like all the others before him, he tried to pull it off until the goo spread to his arms, immobilizing them almost instantly.

“At last! The raptors have defeated the Extreme Dinosaurs!” Spittor cheered, following it up with a mandatory evil laugh. He caught a glimpse of the empty tank of his gun. “And not a moment too soon, might I add. I forgot to create more, but it didn't matter. I no longer need to.”

The Raptor’s devious smile suddenly subsided when he heard a fierce snarl coming from T-Bone. The rubberized leader of the Extreme Dinosaurs dashed at Spittor, slamming his shoulder into them so hard it sent him flying back. Even though his expression was hidden underneath the glistering rubber, Spittor could still feel T-Bone’s glare cut right through him.

“No! The conversion progress has been completed, so you should be under my power!” Spittor cried, shuffling backwards as T-Bone slowly advanced towards him. “Drones, stop him, now!”

Both Hard Rock and Haxx listened without any form of resistance and marched over to T-Bone, their arms out-streched. Bullzeye got to his feet only moments after, now fully assimilated by the mind altering rubbery goop. Unlike his former leader, he did not possess a formindle will so he soon joined the mindless march towards T-Bone.

“I...will not...serve...any Raptor! T T-Rex is the mi...might….” T-Bone uttered, finding it progressively difficult to resist the brainwashing properties of the goo.

“Your infuriating ego won’t save you this time! Now stop this and obey!” Spittor shouted, trying to sound authoritative despite still being scared of the defiant tyrannosaurus.

T-Bone suddenly stopped, but it wasn’t because he was stopped by the drones. He had abruptly stood at attention, bringing up his arm to salute Spittor. The first two drones that had reached drones grabbed him, one holding his other hand while the second wrapped their arms tightly around his stomach. The other drones simply stopped in their tracks as they waited for any further orders.

“T-Bone…?” Spittor hesitantly asked, getting up to his feet. “Who do you obey?”

“I obey the Raptors! I am an obedient Rubber Drone,” T-Bone responded, voice monotone, lacking the tone that once sent a shiller done Spittor’s spine. “I must obey my master! I must obey my master!”

**The End**