

DRAKE MEETS RONALDO

Written by

William Byrne

INT. DRAKE'S BATHROOM

Drake is straining to get out the last drop of butt clog.

Ronaldo knocks and then enters before Drake can answer.

RONALDO

Hello rapper turned singer turned
my friend, Drake.

PLOP, PLOP. Drake poops.

DRAKE

What up?

RONALDO

Well, my dick after hearing that
splash down.

DRAKE

That's so hot. We should hang out.
Later. If you know what I mean?

RONALDO

I think you are talking about sex.
With me.

DRAKE

Yeah actually, that's a great idea.

RONALDO

Okay. Then sex it shall be. Let me
go shave myself in the bedroom for
a preparation.

DRAKE

I need to wipe anyway. Take your
time.

Ronaldo aways to the corner whilst Drake reaches between his
luscious butt cheeks with a fat stack of hundreds.

He wipes and then throws the roll of money in the garbage,
and pulls out a new one and repeats the process, taking a big
whiff each time.

INT. DRAKE'S BEDROOM

Drake has finished in the bathroom and now enters the bedroom
where he sees Ronaldo has evacuated his clothes. And also his
bowels.

DRAKE
It smells like shit in here.

RONALDO
That's actually really funny.
Because I shit in here.

DRAKE
Mmm. That puts me in the mood.

RONALDO
I don't want you in the mood.

Drake frowns.

DRAKE
You don't?

RONALDO
I want you in me.

Drake turns that frown upside down and removes his clothes.

Ronaldo pulls off the covers to reveal that he is also naked.

He gets on his hands and knees, presenting himself to Drake.

Drake licks his lips as he stares down that Portuguese
butthole.

DRAKE
You're gonna have to get it a lot
wider if you want me in there.

RONALDO
Maybe, you can lube it up with your
cum first.

DRAKE
(laughing)
Cum? Boy you never been with a man
like me. It'll be hours before that
happens.

Ronaldo smiles and looks down at Drake's throbbing member.

Drake looks down and sees that he has been just gushing sperm
this whole time.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
What? How in the hell?

RONALDO

I have that effect on men. It's one of my many hidden talents. In fact, they are including it as a new skill on the new Fifa game next year.

Drake sits down on the edge of the bed. He starts sobbing.

Ronaldo quickly comforts him.

RONALDO (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DRAKE

Well. Now that I've cum, I can't get in that ass and please you like I've always wanted. I've failed you.

RONALDO

No, you have not failed me. Say, I have an idea. How about we switch roles for a bit, and I'll pound that maple leaf of yours while you rejuvenate your soldiers.

Drake lights up like a menorah.

DRAKE

Really? You're not mad at me?

RONALDO

Oh I'm mad all right. You've been a very, very naughty boy.

Drake and Ronaldo start to get a little handsy as Ronaldo flips Drake down onto his stomach. He spreads Drake's ass cheeks apart and fingers the hole, just for a moment.

Drake giggles.

DRAKE

Watch this.

Ronaldo steps back and watches as Drake enlarges his asshole ten times over.

Ronaldo's jaw drops. He can't believe what he is seeing. Everything inside, that's what.

Just then, Ronaldo gets an idea and heads to the closet.

RONALDO

Okay don't peek. Do you like it rough?

DRAKE

Does my momma put maple syrup on her spaghetti?

Ronaldo pauses.

RONALDO

I don't know. Does she?

DRAKE

Yeah, Canada.

Ronaldo agrees and then finds what he is looking for and returns to just behind Drake on the bed.

RONALDO

Okay, are you ready for this?

DRAKE

Yeah daddy. I'm ready.

Drake closes his eyes and clenches the bedsheets, awaiting the pleasure train that is about to take over his body.

Ronaldo sets down a soccer ball. Just a few feet behind Drake's exposed hole. His eyes flutter between ball and hole as he enters the zone. His breathing becomes focused and he drowns out the sounds of Drake's moans of anticipation.

After minutes of this, the tension building, Drake's ass salivating, Ronaldo takes the shot.

He strikes the ball with the force of a thousand Kilo Ren's and it strikes it's target with precision.

The ball flies through the rim of Drake's hole, without touching. If it were Operation, he would not have been buzzed. But it's not, it's a sex party, and he is beyond buzzed, he's hammered. Just like this ball has been hammered into Drake's ass.

The ball demolishes Drake's innards, smashing, crushing and pushing it's way through, until it emerges out the other side.

His god damned head.

Explodes.

Brains, though not much, adorn the walls, and teeth fly through the window.

Ronaldo, in his signature pose, is soooooo turned on by the sight of Drake's death that his still limp seven inch cock erupts, pointed toward the ground, sending him flying up into the ceiling fan, chopping him into thousands of little pieces.

When all is settled, only carnage remains.

Just then, the door opens and in walks Johnny Manziel, clutching a six pack and a football.

He looks about the room, analyzing the events that have transpired.

JOHNNY

Got some more scores in me, just
let me know and I'll bring it.