The Secret Life Of Actors
by RidersInTheNight

Summary

A collection of one-shots detailing how the biggest male actors of today all need a good gay encounter once in a while.

I take requests, so feel free to leave a comment with anyone you’d like to see!

Every chapter will be Actor x Male!Reader
“Next!” You call, as the latest hopeful trudges out of the room, unsuccessful in your books.

As you gaze at the next headshot, you lick your lips and count your lucky stars that you were hired to cast this movie in particular. Named the next *Fifty Shades of Grey* by film anticipators, the currently untitled movie series was going to be truly explicit, something that the aforementioned adaptation had mostly failed to do. There would be nudity, sexual content, even some graphic violence. And when you got the job, you knew you were going to enjoy the audition process.

And the man walks in, an intense look on his face.

*Already in character,* you think with a smirk. This could get interesting.

“Hey, how are you doing?” Chris Pratt asks, breaking quickly into a smile.

You smile back. “Oh, not too bad, thank you.” You like it when the actors make conversation before their audition; it allows you to get a feel for their personality so you can not only assess their suitability for the role, but also the press tour and chemistry with the other actors. That’s almost as important as the role itself.

“Must be a chore, huh? Seeing so many guys do the same thing?”

You lift an eyebrow, shrugging. “Actually, it’s not been too bad at all. There’s been quite a lot of...talent coming through those doors today.”

“Oh yeah?” Chris matches your expression. “Let’s hope I make the cut.”

You nod. If you’re honest with yourself, which you always try to be, you’re a little wonderstruck by this man. You’ve been attracted to him since you saw him on *Parks and Recreation,* and then even more so after his muscle hunk transformation a few years ago. And now for him to be standing opposite you, ready to read for the sexiest male lead in recent memory? It’s a little bit much, especially when you’re reading the lines with him.

“So, I’m going to be reading a scene with you today, Mr. Pratt. If you impress me, the next stage of the process will be a meeting with the director and a chemistry screen test with the chosen actress to play Amelia.”

Chris nods, having done this time and time again.

“If you have any questions about the audition or the role, I’m happy to answer them before we begin.”

You’re kind of enjoying the professionalism of it all. You’re being polite and straightforward, and even a little bit aloof. There’s a stirring in your groin that threatens to become something more, the whole thing is turning you on because you now have power and authority over a man you’ve been jerking off too for years and years.

Chris fidgets with his sides, like an awkward schoolboy. “I know there’s gonna be nudity, and I know they’re planning on showing it all, which I’m fine with. I was just wondering about the sex scenes, you know, like...how are they gonna work? You probably don’t know that, I’m just rambling here.” He chuckles, trying to deflect the nervousness he feels.
You shake your head lightly. “So Jane, the director, has filled me in on what you can expect, in case a question like this came up. You’re right about the nudity, but Jane wants it to be tasteful. So you’ll be groomed and prepped accordingly and it won’t be like you’re shooting a pornographic film, it’s going to be...what did she call it? Oh yeah. Cinematic erotica.”

“Sounds like a porno to me,” Chris jokes. “Sorry, go on.”

“The sex scenes are going to be directed respectfully, it won’t be gratuitous, they are not going to be the kind of sex scenes you’d typically jerk off to.”

“How do you know what I jerk off to?” He shoots back as if daring you to match his wit.

But you can’t.

You’re too dumbfounded by the prospect of talking about this stuff with him, especially when it’s not in the context of the movie.

“Uh...well not you, singular, I meant you as in collective.”

“I know,” Chris winks. “Just jerking your chain. Well, not literally.”

“Shame,” you retort, pursing your lips slightly.

Where did that fire come from? You wonder as you re-address the listed protocol.

When you look up, you notice that Chris is blushing slightly. It’s an odd sight to see someone who is usually so confident and composed to be so nervous about some light flirting.

“So...I hope I answered your question sufficiently. If you’re ready, we can start?”

Chris nods, glancing over his sides once again.

You tap the button on the video camera and nod. “Chris Pratt, for Colin.”

Chris has the beginning line. “It’s too bad we have company present. I’d quite like to eat you up where you stand.”

You feel the all too familiar stirring down south as you try not to get flustered. He’s acting so convincingly, you’ve almost managed to trick yourself into thinking he’s saying those words to you.

“What’s stopping you?” You’ve been reading these lines all day, you know them better than the writer does. You set your script to one side and focus on making eye contact with Chris, as hard as it is when he’s giving you that smoulder. Those piercing green eye gaze back at you, ravishing you.

“Our esteemed guests in the other room. We have to—hey, I’m sorry, can we stop for a second?”

You reach over to the camera, surprised. Usually, you’d send the guy packing by now. But it’s Chris Pratt, and you’re feeling rather...generous as of that moment.

“Is something wrong?”

Chris shrugs. “This role is really intimate.”

This isn’t the first time somebody has said those words today. You understand immediately, shame filling you up.
“I understand, Mr. Pratt. Though Jane’s rules insist that a man must carry out these auditions as to not subject the female casting directors to unwarranted advances carried out under the guise of audition material.” And you agree, you’ve heard many stories of that happening and you were more than willing to step in.

Chris frowns. “Nah, that’s not the problem, man. You’re doing great. Think I might prefer it this way.”

Oh?

He continues. “The problem is that the role and the scene are really intimate, spatially. I feel like I can’t do my best when you’re all the way across the room like that. Do you think you could...I don’t know, come and act it with me over here? You could always watch the footage back when you’re deliberating.”

That’s not at all what you were expecting.

“Certainly, Mr. Pratt. Of course.”

“I’d have thought more actors would’ve requested that.”

You shrug, getting out of your seat. “I guess they preferred the distance.”

He winks. “Then they’re missing out.”

You start to blush, but ignore it by focusing your attention on the camera. You delete the last clip and hit the ‘record’ button once again.

“Chris Pratt, for Colin,” you repeat.

Chris holds his script page by his sides as he focuses on your gaze. “It’s too bad we have company present. I’d quite like to eat you up right where you stand.”

You pull yourself together and smirk. “What’s stopping you?”

“Our esteemed guests in the other room. We have to make an appearance soon otherwise they’ll be suspicious.”

You take a step closer to him, running your hand lightly up his arm. “Let them wonder. Let them assume. We don’t owe them anything.”

Chris places a hand at the back of your neck. “You’re right. I shouldn’t be worrying about them. You’re the only one who deserves my attention.”

Your heart races at the contact, and the intense gazing that’s going on. Quite frankly, Chris Pratt is undressing you with his eyes and you are not prepared. You know you’re starting to get very hard and it’s only a matter of lines before Chris notices.

“Show me how much I deserve it.”

And that’s the moment Chris Pratt goes off-script.

You feel his lips at your neck, light but very present, soft and plump.

You shiver but back away in surprise. You wish you hadn’t, but you’re quite taken aback.
You run back to the desk and consult the script, making sure you’re in the right and haven’t just messed up his audition.

“That’s...not in the script.”

Chris shrugs. “I was trying something. Improvising.”

*Of course, he was improvising. He started in comedy, of course, he was improvising.* Your thoughts are condescending as you tell them to shut the fuck up.

And now is the moment your body decides to get very hard. Fortunately, you’re still standing behind the desk, concealing it at least for now.

“Oh. I’m sorry, you just caught me off guard.”

Chris smirks. “I’m glad I did. You’re all cute when you’re flustered.”

You blush even harder, somehow the compliment goes straight to your dick. How very mannish of you.

But you have a job to do. And not the dirty kind, unfortunately.

“Shall we go again, from my last line?”

Chris nods. “I’ll try not to startle you this time.”

You cough, emerging from behind the desk.

Chris immediately looks down, noticing your situation.

There’s a mischievous glint in his eyes.

You clear your throat and smirk. “*Show me how much I deserve it.*”

Chris drops his script and takes your face in both hands. He leans in for a kiss but stops as he almost meets your lips. He’s in kissing distance, and it’s all you can do not to kiss him, but he’s in character, Colin has to control the scene.

His tongue darts out and ghosts against your lips, making you shiver again. You harden even more so than before.

His hands move down your body and slip around to your back, moving down further as he caresses your ass, squeezing it in his meaty hands.

You gasp as he pulls you closer towards him.

“You wanna know how much you deserve it?” He breathes, and you know he’s not acting anymore. This is Pratt, well and truly.

“Show me,” you manage to whisper.

One of his large hands moves straight to your cock, palming it over your skinny jeans. He grabs at the bulge that rests there, lips moving to claim yours.

You kiss him back just as hard, hands snaking around his neck.
His free hand grabs your ass again and he startles you by lifting you up into the air.

Your instinct is to wrap your legs around his waist, locking your ankles. Your lips are still connected to his, passionately.

As he supports your weight with his strength, you feel his stiff cock under your ass.

You detach your lips from his and attack his neck, peppering the smooth skin with kisses and nibbles and bites.

He groans in response, lifting you off his body and setting you on the ground.

You whimper in disappointment before you realise he’s just whipping off his shirt, exposing you to the hard abs and impressive pecs that lie underneath it. You approach once more, your hands roaming everywhere around his chest, abdomen, and his biceps, squeezing them lightly.

As you lean in to lick and suck at his nipple, he tugs at the hem of your own shirt.

You pull away as he grabs the tie you decided to wear today. He uses it to pull you in for a heated kiss. Your tongues writhe against each other’s as he yanks the tie from around your neck.

He makes quick work of your shirt, ripping it off without tearing off the buttons. Your nipples are as hard as your cock, and Chris flicks at them, eliciting a moan from you.

“Pants?” Chris suggests as you each remove your pants, leaving you both in your underwear. Chris is sporting a pair of tight grey Calvin boxer-briefs, while you’re in American Eagle.

Your eyes land on the bulge that stretches the material, looking painfully hard as it threatens to rip the underwear that contains it.

Your hand dives underneath the waistband, grasping the large, thick cock that you knew was there. It’s everything you’d always imagined, perhaps even bigger.

Chris steps out of his underwear, the movement creating delicious friction on his cock. He grunts deeply, which really fucking turns you on.

You remove your own underwear, grabbing both of your cocks at once, pumping them in unison.

Chris’ hands, as always, find your ass, but this time it’s bare and he dares to circle a thick finger around your entrance.

You clench instinctively, smirking. “Not yet.”

You sink to your knees, holding Chris Pratt’s cock in front of your face. You’re pretty sure it’s bigger than your face, actually. With a grin, you look up at Chris, positioning your face underneath the large member. You’re right, it is bigger than your face.

From your position underneath, you lick a long stripe up the underside of his cock, ending in a circular motion around the head. One hand wrapped around the base, your mouth parts and allows the cock into it.

You know you won’t be able to take it all, at least not right away, but you try. You figure that not many people could deep-throat Chris, but you’re giving it your best shot.

Chris places both hands on the back of your head, guiding you deeper and deeper until you just can’t contain it any longer. With a splutter, you release his cock from your mouth, stroking it to move your
saliva around, wetting it.

As you stroke it, tongue flitting out to lick the head, you look up at him once more. “Tell me what to do.”

You’ve always had an authority kink, and for Chris Pratt to lightly dominate you is something you can’t even begin to fathom.

Chris likes it, too, from the way he licks his lips. “Oh yeah...lick my big balls.”

You nod, pumping his cock still while your mouth moves to his low-hanging balls. You take them in your mouth and listening to the contented sighs and heavy breathing from Chris.

You remove them with a popping sound and take his cock in your mouth once more.

“You keep that pretty mouth there while I fuck it with my thick cock.”

You hold steady as he bucks back and forth into your mouth. It’s hard not to recoil, but you just about manage.

He grasps his cock and leans down to put a firm hand on your chin, tipping your face upwards to face him. He kisses you, licking your lips to taste himself, something you find outrageously hot.

He pulls you to a standing position and sinks down the floor. He lays down flat on the floor, licking his lips, and you know what to do.

You edge over to him, swinging your leg over to the other side of him. You don’t need to position yourself, because he grabs your ass and slaps it, jolting you. He squeezes the cheeks before inserting his tongue into your asshole.

You sit upright, riding his face, as he eats your ass. The slurping sounds from beneath you are so hot that you feel the pre-come dripping on Chris’ chest.

You angle yourself and lean forward, faced with the huge cock once again. You take it, again, and enjoy the mutual pleasure that happens as he gives you the best rimming experience of your life.

You moan around his cock, the deep sound vibrating up the member and through Chris’ body.

As he pops his lips, pulling away from your ass to breathe, you know you can’t handle much more. You have to ride the cock that stands erect before you.

But before you go towards it, Chris stands up.

He pats his thighs, winking at you.

You understand, and he lifts you as he did before. The tip of his cock pokes at your hole as he aligns himself.

Shifting your weight so he’s comfortable, Chris begins to kiss you as he uses one hand to support you and the other to guide his cock into your ass.

You help him, nudging the thick member inside you.

It’s very painful, stretching you out despite the generous preparation Chris gave you just moments ago.
You growl, getting used to the cock that fills you up. Chris kisses you harder, biting gently at your lip. His lips move to your neck, trying to create as much diverted pleasure as possible to distract from the burning sensation you feel.

“Oh fuck,” you moan as he goes deeper and you impale yourself on his cock. He’s easily the biggest you’ve ever had, and probably will ever have.

“You like that, huh? You like my big dick inside you, filling you up?”

You can only gasp and moan, but he chuckles at your lack of reply.

“I bet you say that to all the guys,” he jokes. Even during anal sex, Chris Pratt finds the time for jokes.

You’re not sure whether you’re bouncing on his cock or whether he’s lifting you anymore, but you create a rhythm between the two of you. His hands are fixed to your ass, slapping it every few minutes, which drives your wild.

Your eyes are glassy with lust as he bucks his hips into you, and as you use his broad, muscled shoulders to bounce off, sinking down deeper on his cock.

You reach the base, feeling the light smattering of pubic hair tickling your ass. He leans forward, moaning loudly, and holds you there for what feels like forever.

And he’s right at your prostate, tapping it and creating small bursts of pleasure. You see stars as he begins to ram into you once more.

You can’t speak, so you lift off him and push against his weight. He gets the message and lifts you off his cock. You’re amazed but also not shocked at how easily he can toss you around.

You brace your hands on the desk and stick your ass out invitingly towards him. You look back with a wink.

Chris saunters towards you and grabs your hips. He slaps your ass again before wasting no more time, shoving his whole length inside you at that perfect angle again. His cock seems to bend a certain way that always nails your prostate and it’s delicious.

He picks up the pace, drilling you, unlike anything you’ve ever had before.

After a few minutes, he grunts. “I’m gonna come. Where do you want it?”


His eyes light up, only making him fuck you harder.

He reaches around you and tugs at your neglected cock, pumping it hard and fast and time with his thrusts.

He pushes into you one last time before shooting his hot load inside your hole.

Feeling the warmth inside you, it’s not long before you come too, into Chris’ large hand. He kisses your back and brings his hand back around.

He pulls his cock out, letting his juices drip out of you. You curiously reach behind you and collect some on your finger. Licking it, you put the whole finger in your mouth and suck it dry.
He raises an eyebrow and grins, moving his tongue all over his palm, eating your seed as well. You kiss each other again, still turned on but no longer hard. Even flaccid, Chris’ cock is unbelievable. As you pull away, you stare at each other, smiling.

“So did I get the part?” He chuckles. It’s only when you’ve both redressed that you remember there was even an audition. Your eyes widen.

“What?” He asks. You point behind you and he bursts into guffaws. You walk over to the camera and laugh loudly. You remove the memory card and pocket it.

“I’ll just say I spilled water on it, Jane trusts my opinion.” Chris smiled crookedly. “Will I be hearing from you soon?” You shrug. “I’d say your audition was quite excellent, Mr. Pratt.”

Chris leans on the wall next to you and smirks boyishly. “I wasn’t talking about the audition.” He winks.

You quirk a brow and grin. “I’ll be in touch, Mr. Pratt.”
A Dream Come True

Chapter Summary

At Comic-Con, you stumble your way into a threesome you never thought you'd ever be a part of.

Chapter Notes

This trio was requested by sioanclastic, hope you enjoy it!
This was so hot to write, I love the idea of these two together.

You finally did it.

Here you stand at San Diego Comic-Con, the place you’ve wanted to be since you can remember first learning about it.

You’re in your Dean Winchester cosplay, a tight brown denim jacket with a chequered button-up and a block-coloured tee underneath.

Anywhere else in the world, people probably wouldn’t recognise you. But here? You get smiles, nods of approval, and excited gestures from people wearing the same kind of cosplay. It’s a paradise for somebody like you – you’re a fan of practically everyone attending the convention.

Initially, you were sad that you wouldn’t be attending any of the panels this year, but you were lucky enough to get the very thing that you desperately wanted.

A photo-op with your favourite guy, Jensen Ackles. He’s all you’ve dreamt about since you started your Supernatural binge all those years ago. You watched three seasons in as many weeks and Jensen started to haunt your every waking moment. And most of your unconscious ones, too, in various states of undress.

You know you’re not going to be the only one in the photo-op line wearing Dean cosplay, but you’re hoping Jensen will comment on it anyway. From what you know, you know how nice he is to fans at events, and you’re filled with excitement that you’re going to be one of them.

You’re on your own, because you’re very charming and managed to convince your parents that you’re mature enough to go it alone. They were reluctant, but you won them over eventually; your enthusiasm and passion for the event shone through and they were powerless, not wanting to disappoint you.

There’s still a lot of time before the photo-op, so you decide to wander around and look at the displays and attractions that brought people from all over the world to be here.

As you dodge a frighteningly accurate Captain America cosplayer, you realise your main problem.
You have no idea where you’re going. The crowds are too large for you to have any semblance of direction. There’s some basic signposting, yes, but your mind is buzzing too loud to concentrate on them.

You gut pulls you down a right turn, which leads to a door that you’re probably not supposed to be walking through...

…but you do it anyway.

You’re outside now, the warm air greeting you kindly. Luckily, the door isn’t a permanently closing door, so you can get back through if you don’t find anything.

You take a moment to compose yourself when you turn and corner and what you see stops your heart.

It’s Chris Hemsworth, and he’s everything you knew he would be in person. And more.

Standing well above six feet, with that body that you’ve dreamed about many times, he turns to face you with a kind smile.

“Oh hey there,” he says, his deep Australian accent making your stomach flip wildly.

You know your mouth is moving, but somehow the sound just doesn’t come out. Your throat is suddenly dry and you’re forgetting how to form basic communication.

“H...H...Hi.” It takes you a few attempts but you manage those two letters in the end.

Chris chuckles, probably used to clamouring fans. You wouldn’t blame huge stars like him if they were impatient and annoyed by the attention, but Chris is as sweet as you’ve seen him be in interviews. “I’m not sure you’re allowed to be here.”

You figure as much, considering that if Chris Hemsworth was walking around where somebody was allowed to be, there would be hordes of fans surrounding him. “Oh. I kinda got lost.” You’re glad that your words are returning to you. “I’m a big fan.”

“Not enough to cosplay as me though, right?”

Your mouth flaps open helplessly.

He chuckles again, deep and rumbling. “I’m just pulling your leg. Jensen Ackles is pretty dreamy after all.”

“You recognise my costume?”

“Duh,” he smirks. “I gotta say, you wear it pretty damn well.”

*Chris Hemsworth just complimented you.*

Trying your best not to melt into a puddle of goo, you smile. “Thank you. I’m...I don’t know what to say.”

Chris looks around you warily, before leaning in and kissing your cheek. “You don’t need to say anything.”

You place a hand on his stomach as he tries to walk past you.
He smirks, turns, and presses you against the wall, kissing your mouth. As your hands run up his shirt, he laughs into your mouth.

“I gotta get back inside. Be sure to come by the photo-op later. I’ll leave your name with security, just cut in line.”

Your eyes widen, the experience of this situation shooting to your head and your groin. “Thank you. I...I guess I’ll see you later.”

You chuckle and yell your name after him. He nods quickly, turning back.

As he smiles his goodbye and turns the corner, you breathe deeply and trying to slow your heart rate.

Not only did you just meet Chris Hemsworth, but you also made out with Chris Hemsworth. And all you’ll have to show for it is a photo-op. Unless you can somehow get Chris alone somewhere after the events of the day.

Shaking your head at the audacious confidence that probably came from an intense adrenaline rush, you slip back through the door you found, the happiest accident you’ve ever had.

Luckily for you, the two photo-ops you’re attending are quite close by and around the same time. You decide to wait in line for Jensen and cut through Chris’ queue when you’re done. You can’t stop grinning about the surreal experience you’re having.

“Exciting isn’t it?” A girl whispers to you from ahead of you in the queue. She’s dressed as Jessica Jones, and it’s a pretty good outfit.

You laugh because she has no idea how exciting this day has been for you. “Yeah, it’s completely surreal. We’re about to meet Jensen Ackles.”

“This your first year here?”

“Yeah,” you reply, her expectant tone making you jealous.

“I came last year, but they overbooked his photo-op and I didn’t make the cut.”

You gasp, the thought of that happening to you filling you with dread. “You’re kidding! I hope you got your money back!”

“No refunds,” her mouth tightens. “But I think we’re in good shape with the queueing, so we won’t have to worry. You got anyone else coming up?”

“I’m gonna meet Chris Hemsworth.”

She frowns. “They’re queueing for that right now, I doubt you’ll make it by the time you’re done here.”

You smirk, shrugging. “I think I’ll be okay.”

“If you say so, I guess.”

You talk casually for the better part of an hour until you’re at the front of the queue. From the stories you’ve heard, things seem to be going your way today, in more ways than one. Your stomach flips every time you remember the feeling of Chris Hemsworth’s lips on you or the feeling of his hard abs under your fingers. More than once you’ve shifted your bag to hide your swelling cock, but you’re sure nobody noticed.
You’re at the point where you can see other people getting their photos taken. They’re doing cute poses like the proposal ones, bridal-style pick-ups, and the traditional hugging pictures. The fans are so excited and Jensen is giving everybody an intense amount of enthusiasm. You’re glad he’s one of the good ones; you heard some stories about certain actors who just don’t have the pep after the first several encounters. You don’t blame them at all, because it must be difficult, but you’re paying for something so you expect to get the value of how much you paid, because it was quite a lot.

As the girl you spoke to, Val, gets her picture, a piggyback formation, you smile at how happy she looks.

And then Jensen Ackles makes eye contact with you. You’re the next in line, and it’s a lot to take in. He grins and your heart flutters in your chest.

You double check your bags are safe, breathe deeply to halt the probable oncoming boner and step forward to meet your idol.

Aware that you don’t have a lot of time, you try your best to stay focused. “Hi, you probably get this all the time but I might be your biggest fan, you really inspire me and I want to thank you for just being amazing.” It’s probably not your best, but it’ll do, especially because Jensen’s smiling pretty widely.

“It’s always great to hear. Love the outfit, by the way. Wherever did you get the idea for it?” He winks and you could die right there on that spot and everything would be fine. “You know what pose you want?”

You’ve thought about it over and over, and after many restless nights, you had finally decided on the traditional side-by-side hugging picture. It’s your best angle and you really couldn’t go wrong with it. Part of you wants to be more adventurous, but it’s not really your style, or Jensen’s if you’re honest.

Jensen opens himself up for manoeuvring and you find the correct blocking for both of you. You feel a cold breeze behind you, but then his arms are around you and you can’t think straight. You’re both staring at the camera, but you’re thinking about how his body feels, and how he smells. It’s an overtly masculine scent, but it’s not musky, it’s refined, like pine needles or something.

After two pictures, you pray that they turn out okay and bid farewell to Jensen. He turns to you and gives you a hug. You immediately know that your brain is going to savour the moment and, thankfully, your body doesn’t give in to its primal desires at an untimely moment.

“Thank you, bye,” you ramble at the next person gears up for their experience.

“See you later,” he replies jovially.

His words ring in your ears as you get your belongings and exit back out into the adjacent, larger area.

You decide to take a moment to compose yourself before heading over to Chris’ stall, not wanting to be breathlessly enamoured all over again without at least a little prep time. Though you highly doubt your photo-op with Chris would be more hypnotising than your prior experience with the man. As you sit down, you feel something uncomfortable beneath your ass. You rise, checking the seat below you. Nothing.

Your hand reaches into your back pocket and finds something in there. You pull out a folded piece of paper. Unraveling it quickly, heart beating fast, you see a miniature map of the venue, with a messily circled spot and an annotation that reads: One hour – Jensen x
Your eyes widen because surely you’re not mixing your inference here. The implication could only meet one thing: that Jensen Ackles requested that you meet him in that location in one hour.

Normally, you’d think that someone was pranking you, but after your dalliance with Chris not too long ago, you’re starting to think that the world finally aligns in your favour after all these years.

Before you walk to go see Chris, you memorise the location and check your watch. Nodding to yourself, you walk up to the front of the line, knowing that you’re going to be a target for complaining and heckling. Understandably so, but you’re too selfishly involved in the fantasy of this day to even think about them for too long.

You stroll up to the front of the line, ignoring the whispers, and flash your name to security. The burly man nods briefly before letting you through.

As you wait in the wings, placing your bag to the side as you did before, you lock eyes with Chris. You try a smirk, and he repeats the expression.

You walk over to him, hips rolling enticingly, the adrenaline truly giving you the necessary confidence now.

“You made it,” he smiles toothily.

You nod. “I wouldn’t miss this. Despite the angry queue of people, that is.”

Chris shrugs. “Fuck em.”

You raise an eyebrow and drop your voice. “I’d rather fuck you.”

Chris coughs, sharing a glance with the photographer. But he still grins at you. “You know what position you want this in?”

You almost blush at the word change, but you quickly think about the most opportune pose. “Prom pose?” You wink at him.

“You got it.”

You arrange yourself, Chris wrapping his unbelievably strong thick arms around your body. You lean back into him, purposefully grinding your ass into his dick. He grunts softly, holding you even tighter.

You prepare yourselves for the photo and you’re confident it looks as good as you assume it does.

As he reluctantly lets go of you, you turn, an idea forming.

You perch on your tiptoes and whisper something to him. As you pull away, his eyes widen.

“Really?”

You nod solemnly, brushing a hand across his hard stomach as you walk away. You know you’ve got him, you can practically feel his eyes on your ass.

One Hour Later
You crack open the door, heart pounding in your chest.

You slip into the room. It’s large, spacious and, most importantly, empty. It looks like an abandoned theatre hall. Your mind wanders, thinking about the possibility of being set up for something like a practical joke. You remember that even if it is, it won’t be completely terrible.

As you’re contemplating the veracity of the plan, the door cracks open.

It’s Jensen. He’s smiling, not wearing the jacket he was wearing earlier, showing off his bulging chest and arms. Saliva pools in your mouth as you stand, bridging the space between you both.

“You came,” he mumbles softly.

“You thought I wouldn’t?”

Jensen shrugs. “I wasn’t sure.”

You chuckle. “I wouldn’t miss this for anything. Although I did change the terms slightly.”

Jensen quirks a brow. “How so?”

As if on cue, the door opens again. Jensen spins around and gapes as he sees Chris Hemsworth walking towards them both.

Jensen turns back to you. “I guess I wasn’t enough for you.”

As you notice the sad look on his face, you’re about to interject, before he cracks into a smirk.

“Good thinking. Always room for more.”

“So...why am I here?” You hear yourself ask, though you’re not sure you planned to.

Jensen smiled. “You stood out. I saw this guy last year, dressed as Star-Lord, he caught my attention and I thought about doing something like this all weekend but never got the courage. I saw you and knew that I couldn’t pass it up.”

You actually blush now, flattered that Jensen picked you out of everyone.

Jensen frowns. “How did this happen?” He gestures between you and Chris.

Chris laughs. “He got lost and found me outside. He also caught my attention. He told me to come here.”

“Someone’s feeling brave,” Jensen quipped.

You shrug. “If you don’t ask, you’ll never know.”

“Good point.”

Without warning, Jensen surges forward and catches your lips in his. A strong grasp on the back of your head, he pulls you closer to his body, so almost every part of you is touching every part of him. The kiss is fierce, slightly dangerous, and completely beyond anything you ever expected. You’d obviously dreamt about it, but even your wildest daydreams couldn’t match up to what was happening right now. Chris Hemsworth watching on the side made it even hotter.

*An exhibitionist kink?* You think as Jensen pulls away.
Your eyes flutter open, blown wide with lust.

Chris whistles slowly. “That was quite something.”

“Try it, man,” Jensen encourages.

Chris repeats Jensen’s action, kissing you squarely on the mouth, but he grabs your ass, yanking you forward with more force than Jensen. While Jensen filled the kiss with passion, Chris possesses a wild desire, it’s animalistic and wanton. And you’re sure that you love it all the same.

Jensen materialises behind Chris, hands roaming along his muscled back and squeezing his ass. Chris moans into your mouth and you’re rock hard, just like that.

Faster boner ever.

Chris pulls away and turns his head, capturing Jensen into a surprise kiss. Watching the two men make out it something unlike anything else, you grab at your crotch, wanting nothing more than to watch them forever. And join in, obviously.

They pull away from each other, panting.

You walk over to them, both are taller than you. You’re not quite six feet, so there’s not much between you and Jensen but, even so, their broad builds are enough to make them dominant. You know they’re going to call the shots and you don’t mind giving control over to them.

You kiss them both again, pressing your hardness into them, making all three of you moan.

“Let’s kick this up a notch,” Jensen suggests, grabbing the hem of his shirt and lifting it above his head, letting it fall to the floor, exposing his large pecs and solid abs. He flexes his arms as Chris follows suit.

The two men shirtless is quite the sight. Their bodies are similar, though you can see that Chris’ abdomen is more defined, while Jensen’s arms are probably bigger than your head.

The two men saunter towards you and begin to touch you and kiss you. One of them, you’re too blinded by lust to know which, pulls off your jacket and two shirts. Your body is toned well enough, but there’s a moment of insecurity when faced with the two beefy, muscular men. You aren’t given enough time to care about it as Jensen trails kisses down your body. You try to look down to watch, but Chris tips your head up and claims your lips as his own, tongue poking into your mouth. You nibble on his bottom lip and it drives him crazy. You feel Jensen’s lips at your nipples and stomach, breath hot on your skin. Your hand explore Chris’ body for the second time that day, pinching his nipples and lightly scratching his abs.

The second you hear the elongated sound of your jeans zipper, even more blood rushes to your cock. It’s already pushing against the fabric of the boxers, impatient, but Jensen touching you and caressing you down there makes you even harder.

As he releases your cock, Chris also sinks to his knees. They take turns with their mouths around your cock. They each place one hand on your ass, and someone’s finger teases your hole gently. You don’t know who, but you appreciate the touch. There’s a maelstrom of squeezing and slapping and sucking and moaning, and the haze of lust sweeps over you. It’s a good thing they have a hold on you in their strong hands because your knees go weak at the frenzied contact and all you can concentrate on is how good they feel around your cock. If someone were to walk in, you wouldn’t even notice.
As you feel the familiar stirring, you place a hand on their heads. They look up, mouths parted from worshipping your cock. “I don’t want to come yet,” you whisper, breathing heavily.

Jensen nods, pulling Chris to his feet.

You know what to do now.

You sink down to your knees and somehow manage to undo both of their jeans at the same time. You drag down the zippers and they do the rest, pulling their shoes and socks off along with them.

You’re looking at Chris’ huge bulge when you notice that Jensen had decided to go commando that day.

“You really planned this, didn’t you mate?”

Jensen winks as you pull down Chris’ underwear, seeing what you assume is around 9 inches up close and personal.

“Hot damn,” you whisper as you wrap your hand around the thick lengths. You lick your lips and turn to Jensen’s own cock, just as big just a little less thick. “Such big boys.”

You take Jensen in your mouth first, trying hard to multi-task and pump Chris at the same time.

Jensen’s head rolls back as he lets out a loud groan. If anything, blowjobs are your thing that you’re very good at naturally. You haven’t had too much practice, but you excel nonetheless. Your mouth is fairly big and pretty well equipped to take large dicks like these.

As Jensen settles into a rhythm, you quirk a brow and get off his dick, switching to Chris’ throbbing member. Jensen scoffs playfully, stroking his dick while pushing your head further onto Chris.

Chris places his hands on the back of his head, sighing contentedly.

“Good, isn’t he?”

Chris grins. “Fucking amazing,” he groans as you sink deeper down onto his dick. Jensen nudges closer to Chris and leans down, flicking his nipple with his tongue. Chris reaches down to tug at Jensen’s dick as Jensen plays with Chris’ ass.

Jensen slips behind Chris and drops to his knees. Jensen spreads Chris’ ass cheeks and swirls his tongue around the ring of muscle there. Chris shivers and thrusts deeper into your mouth, catching you off guard. You splutter as the cock hits your throat, slurping your way back down the length. You stroke it as you look up at Chris, eyes glassy.

He pulls you up and kisses you, grasping both of your cocks in one large hand, stroking them in unison. Jensen pops his lips and stands, joining the both of you for a three-person kiss. It’s sloppy, tongues and lips are meshing randomly, but it’s hot and steamy and more than you can handle.

“Okay someone needs to fuck me now,” you blurt out, surprised at your boldness.

The guys kissing you laugh, looking between them for a silent arrangement.

Jensen nods and steps in front of Chris. “I got this.”

Jensen grabs you and pulls you down to the carpeted floor with him. He lay on his back, turning you so that your legs swing over his face. Chris pulls out a chair from the wings and sits on it, legs spread while he strokes his cock, growling with pleasure at the sight of you and Jensen.
You lean forward brush your tongue across Jensen’s cock and balls before curling around to face his hole. You swipe your tongue around the hole and insert two fingers into him. You hear a muffled moan from where he’s buried his face in your own ass. As Jensen enters his own thick fingers, three of them, into you, you brace your hands on his thighs before leaning and planting kisses there. You arch your back at the pleasure and clench around Jensen’s tongue.

You lean up for just a moment, riding his face, which drives Chris wild from his position on the chair. His cock is standing upright as he jerks it furiously. You fall back onto Jensen’s cock, getting it wet for your ass.

As Jensen bucks into your mouth, you lift yourself off him and turn to face him. “Come on. I wanna get fucked.”

Jensen spits into your hole before you lift off him. Chris stands and the three of you organise yourselves. You bend over in front of Jensen as he lines his cock up with your slicked up ass. As he slowly enters you, you bite your lip. It hurts like you knew it would, but you’re still not ready for the burn that fills you up. You know that it will dissipate soon, so you breathe deeply and focus on getting through it. Preoccupied, you miss the moan elicited from Jensen as Chris removes four of his fingers from Jensen’s ass and replaces them with his big dick.

It doesn’t take long for a rhythm to be established. Jensen pushes forward into you, then back onto Chris’ cock. It’s simple but very effective. Jensen’s fucking becomes more intense as do his gasps and moans as he receives pleasure from both ends.

Your tight ass clenches around him as he nails your prostate with his thick cock head.

“Fuck, Jensen, fuck,” is all you can manage.

“Yeah, that feel good baby?” It’s so like the porn dreams you imagined that it’s scary.


Chris grunts as he starts to lose the rhythm, caught up in his wild desire for Jensen’s bubble butt and impossibly tight hole. Even being loosened up, it’s still tight. Chris grabs Jensen’s hips hard enough to leave bruises as he wildly pounds him, slapping his ass for good measure. As Chris hits Jensen’s prostate, Jensen falls forward onto your back, humping you harder and faster than before.

“Oh shit, I’m gonna come,” Jensen whispers in your ear.

Just as Jensen settles into a rhythm, he’s pulled out of you by Chris, who stays buried in Jensen as he talks.

“We’re not finished yet.” Chris pulls Jensen flush against his chest, hands grabbing Jensen’s pecs as he stays completely still, letting the large cock spread him out.

Chris finally pulls out of Jensen, pulling you towards him. “You ready for me, babe?”

You nod furiously. Chris authoritatively pushes you down, taking your ass for his own. He spanks you a few times firmly, and you jolt as he enters you.

Jensen takes initiative and stops you from moaning as he shoves his cock down your throat. Your moan is caught up in the dick and your mouth closes around it. Now, this is truly a fantasy, taking it from both ends by famous actor studs with big cocks. If you never fucked anyone ever again, it wouldn’t matter because you’ve had the ultimate sexual experience.
Jensen and Chris lean over you and kiss each other, the contact forcing Jensen’s cock all the way down your throat so you’re deep-throating him. You squeeze your eyes shut and hold still in that position. Chris bottoms out inside you as well, and there’s a frightfully enticing mixture of pain and pleasure caught up in your body but you love and crave every minute of it.

Jensen and Chris seem to fuck into you at exactly the same time because every few seconds you’re filled with an unspeakably intense burst pleasure for every inch of your body. You start to jerk your cock, but Chris slaps your hand, doing it for you instead.

“Holy shit,” Jensen whispers, watching the scene unfold before him. “I’m close,” he warns you. He pulls you off his cock and grabs your chin, holding you still. It’s not like you could move with Chris’ hard grip on you, but it’s hot anyway.

Jensen jerks his cock furiously, gritting his teeth. “Oh fuck,” he moans as he blows his load all over your face. It’s a lot of fluid coating your skin and dripping into your mouth.

As Jensen slows down, you lick the excess juices off his cock.

Chris loves the sight as his hips are moving at a rapid pace. You can feel the burn of his cock, but also the absolute pleasure you get from him hammering your hole. “Fuck that’s hot,” he growls.

You turn to Chris, smirking with Jensen’s come all over your face. “Come inside me, Chris.”

That’s all Chris needs to finish; your low words of encouragement. He drills into you with an almighty force and spills his load in your ass. He leans forward and plants kisses all along your back and turns your head for a kiss. Chris slurps some of Jensen’s fluids from your face and grunts. He turns to Jensen. “You taste damn good.”

Jensen winks and turns to you. “Let us see how you taste.”

Chris pulls out of you as the larger men drop to their knees in front of you. You grab your dick as they poke their tongues out, awaiting your climax.

You arch forward, as Chris and Jensen make out right next to the head of your cock, their tongues brushing against it. As you feel the friction, you moan repeatedly as you feel your orgasm approaching. The guys part lips and flick their tongues at your cock as you come, spurting your seed over both of their faces and into their waiting mouths.

You get over your orgasm pretty quickly, but you know that you’ll never be over this whole experience.

As the three of you redress yourselves, Chris and Jensen approach you, still shirtless and lick and suck the come from your face. You pay them their due attention to, cleaning their faces.

Chris walks over to you, holding his boxer-briefs in front of him. “A reminder.”

You scoff. “As if I’ll ever forget this.”

Jensen slaps Chris’ ass as he walks over to you too. He plants a firm kiss on your neck, sucking at the skin hard enough to bruise, which you know that it definitely will. “Try and forget that I dare you.”

You grin up at him. “Not a chance.”

Jensen shrugs. “Get in touch, I’ll arrange it so you can come back next year and we can do this all
over again.”

Chris chuckles. “I’m game.”

You nod. “But next time I get to fuck Chris.”

Chris winks. “You got a deal, mate.” He kisses you tenderly this time, fixing your jacket for you as Jensen puts on his shirt.

As Chris and Jensen kiss their goodbyes, they leave together, leaving you in the room alone. You stash Chris’ boxers in your bag and sit on the chair Chris sat on while he jerked off. It’s still warm and you rub your ass over it.

As you stand ready to leave, you laugh to yourself.

“I love Comic-Con.”
Assistant to Mr. Evans

Chapter Summary

It's your first day as Chris Evans' on-set assistant. When he asks you to run lines, you don't expect what happens next...

You walk onto the set, staring in amazement at the life you’ve been given. The fact that you not only get to do this, but you get to stay? That’s more than you ever dreamed of.

And that’s not even the best part.

The best part just walked up behind you, clapping you on the back, grinning widely as he stretches his arms.

“Nervous?” Chris Evans asks you as he spots you staring into space.

You chuckle. “Yeah, quite a bit actually.”

He quirks a brow. “Yeah? Well, you should be.”

You’re taken aback by his bluntness, only for him to crack up laughing, doubling over and slapping his knee.

“That look on your face...priceless.” Chris imitates your shocked expression and you know that it’s good without even having to know what you looked like.

You’ve known Chris is easy-going, but you didn’t expect it so quickly. This is your first time being his assistant. You don’t want to admit that you got the job through nepotism, but your uncle might have put in a good word with Chris’ team.

“Seriously, no need to be nervous. I’m not as high-maintenance as a lot of other guys. Though I may need the occasional full-body massage.”

Did he...?

Did he just look you up and down as he said that?

You think he did, but there’s no way to be sure.

“Well, I’m here for whatever you need.”

His eyebrows jump up and down quickly. “I’ll come to get you whenever I need a rub down, then.” He brushes a hand down your arm and winks.

He walks away, being called by the director, as you start to shiver.

You stay behind the scenes as they call action, Chris filming his scenes as they come. With every break he takes, you’re ready with a bottle of water before he takes himself over to make-up for a touch-up. Every time, he’ll smile at you.
And then comes the scene in which he has to be half-naked.

You’ve seen him almost naked before, you’ve seen his films. But there’s nothing to compare to seeing him like that first hand. He’s had to work out a lot for this film, along the same lines as for the *Captain America* movies, but this time there’s adult nudity, and it’s exciting. You didn’t know this was going to be like this, and you’re having trouble hiding your intrigue. As you shift your stance to try and hide your encroaching boner, one of the camera operators looks over at you, nodding.

You watch Chris as he creeps towards the female lead, an animalistic fluidity in his gait. You wonder how she isn’t swooning right now, you know you would be. The camera is on her, so he has his back to you: his ass is firm and round, almost bulging out of the tight underwear he’s wearing. It’s black, for purposes of concealing his private parts...for now.

As you’re drooling over him, the director yells cut and breaks for lunch. Chris walks over to you, as you offer him his robe. He shakes his head, guzzling down the water. Your eyes are drawn to his throat as he takes strong gulps. What you’d give to be latching onto the skin with your lips and...

“Hey. You alright?”

You snap back to him, he’s grinning, wanting to know where you went just now.

You nod. “Just in another world for a second.”

Chris smiles. “Do you have enough energy to run some lines with me?”

“Yeah, of course. Trailer?”

“Trailer.”

You two walk to his trailer, people staring at his half-naked body. It’s making you very jealous, their eyes on him. You don’t want them to look at him, not when you’re so close to him yet not able to touch him in the way you want to.

“Are you sure you don’t want your robe?”

Chris shakes his head. “Nah. The more you walk around in your underwear, the more you get used to people watching you. We celebrities get self-conscious too, you know,” he jokes.

You roll your eyes playfully. “Trust me, you don’t have anything to worry about.”

“Oh yeah?”

You’re in the trailer now, as you shut the door behind you both.

“Yeah.”

“Why’s that?”

“You know why.”

He shrugs. “Nope. Not a clue.”

You purse your lips. “Are you really going to make me say it?”

He places his hand on the wall, leaning, making his bicep twitch. You manage to tear your eyes away from the muscle and focus on his eyes.
Not that that’s much better; his beautiful eyes are so deep you still have trouble concentrating.

“Well?”

You clear your throat awkwardly. “Well, you’re fucking hot, okay?!”

A wide smile spreads across his face. “I’m glad you think so.” He lets the moment linger. “Now, I have a spare copy of the script.”

You’re surprised at his nonchalance, but smile and nod anyway.

He hands it to you, the page open on the scene you’re going to be ready. And of course, because it’s you and your luck, it’s the lead up to the sex scene.

He readies the script and his eyes flicker over to you. “Your line, man.”

You realise he’s waiting on you because you’ve been staring at his crotch the whole time. “Right. Okay, sorry. Uh...Well, you’re not going to get what you want over there.”

His eyebrows flick up, smirking. “You want me to come closer?”

You swallow heavily, the deep rumble of his voice vibrating through your body. Before you can respond, he gets to his feet.

“Wait, sorry, I can’t do this sitting down. You mind running through the blocking?”

“Sure,” you say, almost too eagerly. He chuckles as you stand up in a daze.

He takes a few small steps over to you, looking you up and down. “Do you feel it? This thing we have? I felt it from the first time that you touched me. You’ve had this hold over me ever since.”

He lifts your chin as you find yourself looking down. “Look at me. There’s something here.”

You smile sheepishly. “You’re here, aren’t you? That must count for something.”

He breathes in heavily, eschewing his next line in favour of kissing you deeply, catching you so off guard that your script falls to the floor. The kiss is so stirring that your hands fall limp by your side and your knees turn to jelly. You fall into his body, as he holds you up by your head.

He lets go of you and you stagger forward, eyes wide in surprise. “What...you had another few lines.”

Chris shrugs. “It felt right. And I was bored waiting for you to make the move. You really think I’m just walking around half-naked for confidence reasons?”

You chuckle at your naivety. “I guess not.”

“So are you just gonna stand there with that boner or are you gonna take off your pants and let me take care of it?”

You smirk. “I thought I was supposed to take care of you.”

“What can I say? I’m a pleaser.”

With slightly trembling hands, from what you think is adrenaline, you fumble with your pants button and zipper. Chris rolls his eyes and places his hands between you and undoes them himself. As your
dick slips from your pants, he grasps it firmly in his big hand and uses his other hand to tip your chin upwards so you’re looking in his eyes.

“The first thing I noticed about you was how beautiful your eyes were, at your interview. I knew I just had to look into them while Ipleasured you. To see your responses, to see how your pupils dilate. And it’s fucking hot.”

You exhale unsteadily as he pumps your cock with a perfect rhythm.

“But I had to make sure you were into me. I thought you might be, you do stare quite a lot.”

“Sorry,” you mumble. You don’t want to be that annoying guy who leers at the famous people.

He grins in return. “I only noticed because I was staring at you all the time. Now here we are.”

“Here we are,” you repeat quietly, clenching your ass as he picks up the pace jerking you off.

He grabs your hand and places it on his ass. You noticed its firmness before, but it feels so good in your hand. You place the other one on the other cheek and squeeze.

The moan that rips from his body is so throaty and hot that you could have come right there on that spot. But you’re so glad you don’t because you don’t want to waste the privacy and the erotic moment you’re sharing with him.

He kisses you again, making sure to press his own burgeoning erection against your body. Your hand moves from his ass to rub it before you reach inside his tight underwear and grab his cock.

It doesn’t feel as long as you expected, but it’s as thick as a water bottle and heavy to hold.

He makes quick work of stepping out of his boxer-briefs, as you keep his big cock in your hand, both of you moving in perfect harmony.

“I feel undressed,” he mumbles between kisses. He releases his hold on your cock and lifts your shirt from the hem, revealing your nicely toned body. You’re glad you got that spray tan now.

You think he’s going to return to the kiss but, instead, his head moves towards your body, kissing and licking at any spare spot he can find. You’re a little surprised. Chris Evans is a very animalistic lover, kissing and biting in a frenzied passion, wanting every inch he can find. His hands knead your back muscles and wander down to your ass while he drags his tongue all over your chest, finding your nipple and sucking on it.

Your hands roam all over his body, tangling up in his hair. As he gently bites your nipple, your cock twitches, and you jolt, tugging his hair a little harder than you realise.

As you’re about to apologise, he growls softly.

“Fuck, do that again,” he looks up at you, eyes darkened with lust.

You grin devilishly, pulling on his hair harder this time.

He strokes his cock and bites his lip.

You never suspected Chris Evans to be such a submissive, but you’re starting to like it. There’s a confidence to him, but you can tell he really longs to give over control to you like he’s offering it to you in the palms of his hands.
So you take it.

You grab his face, smashing yours against it, tongues clashing as you kiss wildly. Your hands find his hair again, as you grab a handful and pull.

He pulls you flush against him, your cocks slapping against each other.

He kisses your neck, moving upwards as his tongue swipes across your ear. He nibbles on your earlobe tenderly and you shiver. He wasn’t kidding; he does love to please.

“I want you to fuck me,” Chris breathes in your ear.

You shiver again, loving how low his voice is and how close he is to you. You reach for his cock, nodding.

“No,” he stops you. “I want you to fuck my ass,” he adds.

Overcome by surprise, you stand still while he slithers around you, bracing his hands on the table in front of him, moving his script out of the way.

You move forward and slap his ass, hard. He jerks forward and moans. You sink down and squeeze his bubble butt with force. And with full realisation of the moment crashing down around you, you start to eat Chris Evans’ ass.

You start with a tentative lick around the rim, seeing it clench before you as he feels the pleasure of your tongue.

You reach in between his legs and pull down his cock so it points towards the floor. As you dive further into his ass with your mouth, you pump his cock with ferocity. You’re lucky Chris has excellent stamina or else you’d be done way too soon. The dual sensations drive Chris crazy. You move his ass back onto your face and gasps as you use your free hand to fondle his heavy balls.

You remove your tongue and replace it with a finger, moving it around inside of him. He groans loudly.

“Oh, god,” he moans, clenching hard around your finger. “Just hurry up and stick your cock inside me.”

Suddenly feeling a little bit braver, you bring your hand down on his ass once more. “I want you to beg.”

Chris puts his head between his arms and sticks his beautiful ass higher into the air, his hole tempting you even more. “Please. Please, I need you inside me. I need to feel you fill me up.”

And that’s all the motivation you need.

You surge towards him, grabbing his hips firmly as you slide your cock inside him. You’re not quite sure there’s enough saliva to ease the penetration, but you really can’t say no to his moaning.

And boy is he a moaner.

And a screamer.

The yell that rips through him as you enter him will stick with you for the rest of your life. It’s carnal, and just about the hottest thing you’ve ever heard.
“Oh, that feels so good,” he moans. He’s the only guy you’ve ever been with that likes to talk and make noises, and you’re turned on a lot by it.

“You like that, huh?”

“Fuck, yes, I love it!” He babbles rapturously.

You pull out suddenly, watching his hole start to contract. The whimper your absence elicits from him is so cute that you immediately push back in.

His warmth is delicious around your cock, and he’s tight. You know that you won’t last very long inside him, so you decide to give him a good pounding while you still can.

You lean over him, placing your hands on the top of his back and slowly drag your nails down the skin, firmly, but not hard enough to cause pain.

Chris shivers as goosebumps ripple across the skin. “Jesus,” he whispers in delight.

As you start to build up speed, you lean over again and drag your tongue along the marks where you scratched him. You stand up, tall, and work your hips at a rapid pace as you fuck into him quickly.

His head rises as he moans like a porn star, and it’s all so filthy that you can’t help but enjoy every second of it.

You switch up the rhythm, deciding on force over speed this time. You thrust heavily inside him, and with the almighty growl that comes from beneath you, you know you’ve hit the sweet spot.

Adjusting your angle ever so slightly to repeat the movement, you move into him once more, pulling him backward at the same time. You moan at the feeling of him clenching around you as you hit his prostate again.

“I’m not gonna last much longer,” he breathes as you pick up the pace again.

You’re glad he’s on the same page as you feeling the familiar stirring from your body. Your balls slap against his hard ass as you fuck him senseless.

Giving his ass a few hard slaps for good measure, you pant heavily.

“Where do you want it?”

“Face,” he heaves, as you pull out and quickly start jerking your cock as he flips around to face you, face red and eyes glassy.

He moves closer to your cock, flicking out his tongue to lick the head as you jerk off. The sensation runs through your body as you feel your orgasm coming. You grab Chris’ hair and hold his head in place as you shoot your wet load all over his face and open mouth. It’s been a while since you last jerked off, so there’s a lot of juice coating his skin. He’s lucky he closed his eyes because it’s everywhere.

“Stay there,” you growl as you lean down to kiss him, collecting yourself on your tongue. You run it all over his face, tasting yourself (not for the first time). That seems to turn him on, because he grasps his thick cock and pumps it, gritting his teeth as your tongue caresses his face.

He screams raucously as his climax arrives, thick spurts shooting all over his hand and your stomach. Chris copies your action and places his hands on your ass, planting his face into your abdomen; he
licks his load clean off you, so all that’s left is the shiny imprint of his saliva.

He quickly grabs a towel and wipes the remains off his face and grins at you.

“Good first day?”

You shrug. “Wasn’t bad.”

“Oh yeah,” Chris folds his arms and quirks a brow at you.

“I heard Jeremy Renner’s assistant got spit-roasted by him and Jon Hamm on his first day.”

Chris shakes his head at you. “You’re unbelievable. And I stink. I should probably shower before I have to film again.”

You start to undress before he grabs your arm.

“It’s a pretty big shower. Room enough for two.”

“Oh that’s nice,” you say, feigning the motions of getting dressed again.

He walks off into the bathroom and you hear the shower running.

Chris comes up behind you and wraps his body around yours.

He chuckles, grabbing your sensitive cock.

You yelp as he tugs it firmly.

Chris Evans winks at you. “Sometimes I like to be the boss, too.”
You take a breath, taking a moment to feel the blood rush through your veins. You like to hit the
gym when things are building up on you. This time, it’s the particular feeling of not having had sex
in quite a while. You jerk off when you can, obviously. But there’s nothing quite like the feeling of a
man’s body pressed against yours, all hot and sweaty.

And that’s one of the perks of the gym.

You’re surrounded by guys working up a sweat.

And today is a day like no other.

You do a quick sweep of the room and its facilities, to see what you should train next, when you see
him stood by a punch bag, rapidly working it with all his might.

You recognise him because of course you do. He’s been a major part of your sexual fantasies for
quite some time, pretty much ever since you first noticed him. There are a lot of hot guys at your
gym, but he’s new, and you certainly did not expect him to show up.

Or be looking your way right now.

You make eye contact with Michael B. Jordan, and realise that you’re smirking…and he’s smirking
back.

Not what you expected, either, but it’s certainly not unwelcome. It wouldn’t be the first time you’ve
locked eyes with a guy at the gym, but it is the first time you’ve locked eyes with a celebrity at the
gym.

He looks away from you, continuing to punch at the bag for all he’s got. You expect him to have
some kind of personal trainer with him, but secretly you hope one never arrives. The fewer people
who notice you staring at him, the better you’ll feel.

You continue your workout, lifting the dumbbells once more, lifting it over your head.

Your arms start to tremble as you lose concentration. Your mind is on Michael, and not on your
exercise. You know that when you start to lose your mental focus, your physical focus starts to drain
away.

“Fuck,” you hiss as you feel the weights start to control you, unable to steer them in the right
direction.

“I got you, man,” a deep, velvety smooth voice speaks as your arms shake.

Michael takes the weights from you and places them back in their holder.

You sit up, turning to face him. You’re so close that you can see the sweat dripping from his shirtless
body. And you’ve just embarrassed yourself. Wonderful.

“Thank you.”

He grins, shaking his head. “Don’t mention it. Happens to the best of us.”

You laugh back. “I’m not sure anything like that would ever happen to you.”
“You’d be surprised.”

Michael leans coolly on the wall behind him, folding his arms, biceps bulging. You realise he’s not leaving, so you start a new conversation.

“How are you training for a new movie?”

“Photoshoot,” he corrects. “Some magazine is doing a feature in a few days. Need to be ready for it.”

You roll your eyes. “Because you’re so out of shape.”

Michael smiles, teeth gleaming. He brings his hand to his abs. “Still got some work to do, though.”

“Oh, is that right?”

He nods. “Actually, can I ask you a favour? Just a small thing.”

“Of course.” You’re a little too breathless for your liking.

“My trainer had to leave early, you mind subbing in for a little bit? If you’re busy, that’s cool.”

You shake your head, unable to control the amount of vigour with which you do so. “I’d love to. Uh, sure whatever, yeah.”

Really cool, man. I’m sure he thinks you’re totally nuts.

Instead he just chuckles. “Sweet.” He gestures for you to come over to his little workspace, where he’s got an assortment of weights and balls and pulley machines set up for his personal workouts.

The workout is fairly complicated as far as they go. You yourself just like to lift some weights, do some cardio, work the legs, but nothing too extraneous. Michael, on the other hand, likes to do balances and co-ordinated routines. Apparently they help him focus.

You could use some of that right now, too. Focus is not something that’s coming in spades for you.

A few times over the course of the workout, your eyes meet for a second. There’s lust all clouded in yours, a hint of something undetectable in his. Curiosity, perhaps? You can’t be sure.

After about forty-five minutes, Michael asks you to do something you know is going to be trouble.

“My trainer recommended this new exercise for me. You have to try and stay airborne without using your arms. Like this.”

He positions himself behind you, locking your arms into place. “Now, try and create a right-angle putting your legs out in front of you.”

You certainly do try, managing to stay unsteadily airborne for a few seconds at least, your stomach vibrating uncontrollably as you do. You land, laughing uneasily, more focused on the contact between the two of you.

“Not bad, actually.” He moves to stand in front of you, and it’s all you can do not to get instantly hard. You grab his arms in the same way he did yours. With a flick of his legs, he holds them up in the air.

It doesn’t go well.
To his credit, it’s entirely your fault.

You notice a little something protruding out just below the space where his ass is nestled against you. A few centimetres south and he’s completely exposed to your now-raging hard on. Poor form, if you’re honest with yourself. Which you are.

“Hey, sorry man.”

He waves a hand. “Nah, it’s okay. I should leave that one to my trainer.”

You laugh. “I’m not sturdy enough for that one.”

He quirks an eyebrow, leaning forward. “You seem pretty hard to me.”

You look down, even though you know what he’s talking about. You look back at up him, blushing instantly.

“Oh shit, sorry. The endorphins, I guess.”

“Uh huh,” Michael echoes as though he doesn’t quite believe you. And why should he? He’s an actor, he knows bullshitting when he hears it. “Listen…if you’re interested, I know a workout for that muscle too.”

You jaw just about hits the floor, because what? Did you just get propositioned by Michael B. Jordan?

“Looks like you already know it,” Michael smirks, your mouth still wide open.

“I…if you…I can…uh…” And that’s about the most pathetic you’ve ever been in your entire life. I guess now is a good a time as any.

“You’re adorable,” he chuckles, turning away from you and walking towards the locker rooms, shaking his ass as he does. “Coming?”

*Give it twenty minutes and I will be,* you want to say, but of course you decide to be speechless at this very moment. When the opportunity is there to be coy, you’re silent.

Instead you just follow. What else are you gonna do?

Michael stops in the locker room, checking to see whether it’s empty or not. It seems you’ve lucked out and that there’s nobody showering or changing. You’re not sure that you’d care even if there were.

“Get over here,” he barks gruffly, a complete change to his previously friendly bantering tone.

Your feet move independent from your body and next thing you know you’re standing chest to chest with the actor. You can feel his breath on your face.

He licks his lips and moves in to kiss you. He nips at your bottom lip before sucking on it gently. Then he snakes a hand around the back of your head and pulls you together in a fiery kiss.

Your bodies slam together. You can feel his hard nipples poking at your skin and it feels so perfect. To your amazement, Michael uses just the right amount of tongue. His mouth is open just the right amount, he’s using the right amount of dominating control.

This is a perfect kiss.
It’s a few seconds into the kiss when you decide he’s too hot for you to not be touching him. So you take your hands and grab his ass. His gym shorts are slick with sweat from the workout, but that only spurs you on. You pull him closer by his ass, rolling your hips forward into him. A low moan slips into your mouth from his, a sound that drives you crazy, making you even harder. So hard that it’s painful. You need to pull down your shorts, but you’re trapped in the moment. Michael has control of you now. His hands move your head, his body tells you where your hands should go. From his ass, up his back, grabbing at the small space between your bodies where you slip your hand into in an attempt at palming his cock.

Michael stops the kiss, breathless. His lips are plump and kissed, eyes shining with lust. He’s truly beautiful in this moment. His runs his tongue over his lips once more and grins.

You’re stuck in that phase you find yourself so often; wonderstruck silence.


You shake your head and close the space between you once more, literally jumping on him. He catches you in good form, though, and you can wrap your legs around his waist without fear he’ll drop you. His strength reassures you and your arms wrap around his neck, lips peppering kisses along his jawline before finding his lips once more.

He moans, overwhelmed that you’ve taken control of the kiss.

You feel so safe being held by him that you start to lightly lift yourself up, your hard boner pressing into his stomach, his somewhere beneath you. You can briefly feel the tip when you drop further down his waist.

His hands find your ass almost immediately, squeezing and groping firmly. He’s holding you, lightly pushing you once you find a rhythm.

You unlock your ankles and drop down, sliding down his body and straight to the floor. You’re in your elements now, on your knees about to give Michael B. Jordan the best blowjob he’ll ever receive. If there’s one thing you’re confident in, it’s your oral skills. And not talking, obviously.

You yank his gym shorts down his legs, pleasantly surprised to see him going commando.

“Freeballing, man,” he grins as you take your first look at his cock.

It’s big, but not too big. Like most of him, it’s kinda perfect. It’s on the thicker side, but not too thick that you struggle to fit him all in your mouth.

You start by wrapping your hand around it, testing the size. A few strokes and you’ve figured out whether you can deep throat him or not. You’re fairly certain you can, with a little bit of rehearsal.

Your tongue swipes at the tip, your signature move. And then while he’s adjusting to being licked, you surge forward, taking his significant length into your mouth. Your tongue moves up and down the shaft while it’s buried in your mouth.

Michael grabs your head, his whole body stiffening. “Oh fuck.”

You peek up at him. His eyes are closed, he’s in completely bliss. You reluctantly let yourself up off his cock and pop your lips. Your wet saliva coats his shaft which you spread around with your hand. It makes it far easier for you to take him in your mouth.

And it goes like that for about ten minutes. You suck and lick and fondle his balls. You even take
them in your mouth, something you haven’t done before. It’s nice, but not your favourite thing. You’d much rather play with his dick.

Around seven minutes in, he starts to get brave and face fuck you. Honestly you’re glad for the relief. You don’t have to do much of anything but concentrate as his dick hits the back of your throat. His grip on your head and the steady thrusting of his hips are really turning you on though. So your hand reaches down and pulls out your cock, finally wrapping a needed hand around him.

“Let me,” Michael breathes, pulling you to your feet and wrapping his big hand around your shaft.

You tense up at the contact. It’s been a while since a hand but your own has touched you like that. He works faster at your encouraging body language. You start to lean back in complete bliss. You don’t think you’re going to make it to being fucked, it’s too good. His grip is tight, but not painful. Again, just perfect.

He chuckles lightly at the sight of you. He’s working both of your dicks at the same time while you zone out like an idiot.

You try to balance yourself, but he pulls you towards him. You bury your face in his neck, biting and kissing at the skin there. Your fingers flick and pinch his nipples as he twists his wrist around your cock. You hiss in pleasure and run your nails down his abs gently. He shivers at the touch and slaps your ass with a free hand. You realise that his cock is absent and pick up the pace with your hand own now grasping it.

It’s quite an intimate moment actually, the two of you pressed closely together, jerking each other off. He emulates your own movements, working your neck with his tongue. You know he leaves a mark that’s going to bruise, you can just feel it.

And then it’s over.

You feel your legs buckle, and feel your big balls tighten and you know. You move back just in time so that your load shoots all over Michael’s stomach and chest. It’s a huge stream of fluid, you’re surprised as yourself.

Michael grits his teeth as you continue to work his cock through your orgasm, your grip getting firmer and pace getting faster as you experience your total pleasure. As you feel his cock twitch, you move your hand to the tip, collecting his juices as they shoot from his tip. He holds back his moan, the sound turning into a grunt somewhere along the way.

He falls into you, breathing heavily. Your seed has dried on his skin and it’s something you never realised you find insanely hot.

“That was amazing,” you say, kissing his cheek.

“Been a while, huh?”

You laugh self-pityingly. “Something like that. You really know your way around a dick.”

He shrugs. “Occupational hazard.”

You frown at the statement, deciding to let it go.

“You wanna do this again sometime? I’d really like to fuck you and be fucked by you.”

You pout, nodding. “Of course. That was fucking hot. If you ever need a training partner…maybe
wait for your trainer. But if you need your dick sucked, I’m your guy.”

You trade numbers, a giddy feeling in your stomach.

“Guess I’ll see you around.”

You nod as he turns to leave the locker room. “Michael?”

“Yeah?”

You point to your stomach and then to his.

His eyes widen. “Good catch. Imagine this ending up on TMZ tomorrow.”

He walks towards the showers instead. You follow him, washing his semen from your hand. You have one last grab of his ass and feel of his abs before you dry your hands and walk away.

Michael lets out a low whistle as you do.

You know he’s looking at your ass. So you shake it for him.

Your motto: Always leave them wanting more.
You appraise your schedule for the day, the door to your practice room closing as your penultimate student leaves. He’s good, but his progress is stunting a little bit from lack of practice. You mark some pieces for next week’s session and begin to tinker on the keys a little bit, feeling the music as you go. This is mostly how you compose.

One key at a time, feeling where the melody is going to take you. You’ll modulate the key if it feels right, add a few blues notes, but the melodies are simple. Until they pick up the pace, of course. What started out as a little ditty you created with the right hand keys becomes a complicated piece. Your left hand joins in, the chords dark and haunting. The piece takes on a life of its own and you get lost in the structure, the repeated patterns that you’re choosing are new to you. You wish you had your blank sheets with you for times like this. You’re so lost in the music that you don’t hear the door open.

“I see why Damien wanted you for this.”

You just about hear the voice over your piece and your head turns towards the door. You can’t stop the way your eyes widen, because that’s not just a client standing in the doorway. It’s Ryan fucking Gosling.

He’s dressed like he’s going to be playing piano at a fancy restaurant in the winter, sheet music tucked under his arm. The white button down he’s wearing shows off his arms perfectly, and the pants…well, they’re tight. Tighter than you’re comfortable with, frankly. If he’s going to be sitting next to you for an hour, you’re going to need to work on your breathing.

“That was really good.”

You bow your nod in place of a thank you. You’re not sure you’re even up to speaking right now. But you have to. You’re the teacher after all.

Oh holy fuck.

One of your childhood fantasies just woke itself up from a deep slumber. But now you’re the teacher and he’s the student.

Ryan Gosling is your student.

You clear your throat, adjusting your posture on the bench, straightening your back and showing off your jawline a little. He notices.

“I’ll admit, I haven’t had chance to look over the sheet music properly yet, so I’ll have to sight-read it. Have you had lessons before?”

Ryan shakes his head. “Well, when I was a kid. But not for this project. I guess that makes you my first.”

*Don’t think about it, get your mind the fuck out of the gutter. Come on!*

“How complex is the piece?”

Ryan shrugs. “Oh you know, the last section makes me want to do very violent things to Justin
Hurwitz for making me do this, but not bad."

He hands you the sheet music and you pull the papers from the folder, appraising the last section.

You have to admit, it's very complex, especially for a beginner.

“They want you to play this?”

Ryan nods. “Right?”

“This is…I think I’d even struggle with this.”

Ryan drags his palm along his face. “Great.”

You backtrack. “Hey, no, gotta start somewhere right? Why not get thrown in at the deep end?”

“I guess so.”

You scoot over on the bench, patting the seat. Ryan quickly sits down next to you. You can feel his presence so explicitly next to you. Ryan flexes his fingers. You notice how long they are, how surprisingly big his hands are. Perfect for piano playing, amongst other things. You shake your head, ignoring how long it’s been since you last got laid. And now Ryan Gosling is sat, your elbows touching, and suddenly it’s the only thing you can concentrate on.

“Should we start with the fingering?”

Your head snaps to Ryan. “What?”

He smirks. “I was just wondering where my hands should be to start, but good to know where your mind’s at.”

You gape at him. “Oh, no, I was just…”

“It’s okay, man, don’t worry about it.”

You take a deep breath. “Okay, I can try and split this into sections, it might make it easier to digest. And we can leave the end until the end of the session.”

Ryan chuckles. “Sounds good to me.”

You mark the end of the first section, and sight read it for him, playing a slightly reduced pace. He sits and watches you, taking note of the movements of your hands and the pace of the piece. You can feel him watching you, but you try not to pay attention it. You fingers start to clam up, slipping on the keys. You play a slightly wrong note and take your hands off the keys in frustration.

“Sorry, I promise I’m good at this.”

Ryan nods. “I heard you when I came in, I have no doubts about that. How about I take what I can and you spot where I’m going wrong?”

“I guess you’re the teacher now,” you chuckle.

*That’s your kink!!*

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Ryan laughs kindly as he stretches his fingers and begins to play.
You finally get your head in the game and listen to him play. You quickly scribble down some notes about how he could improve, the things he’s perhaps doing wrong in the first section.

The first section goes relatively well, but it’s when the piece picks up speed that Ryan starts to falter a little bit. He plays a dissonant chord on purpose, dragging his hands down his face.

You place your hand on his shoulder. “Hey, it’s okay. This is tough stuff. Let’s just go over what you did and try something new.”

Ryan nods, removing his hands from his face. “I just need to relax.” He rolls his shoulders, clearly tense.

You stand up behind him. “Can I?”

Ryan nods, confused.

Taking a deep breath, you place both of your hands on his shoulders, putting pressure onto the muscles you feel underneath them. Ryan’s head lolls back slightly, a deep moan rumbling from him.

“How do you know how to do this?”

You crack a smile. “My roommate was a massage therapist. He taught me some stuff.”

You dig your thumbs into his flesh and he whimpers.

“Sorry. I just respond reactively to this stuff.”

“That’s okay. Whatever relaxes you.”

You massage his shoulders and upper back for a few minutes, a myriad of gorgeous noises sounding from him. It’s not until you’re about to stop the massage that you realise you’re rock hard…and it’s digging into his back.

You’re not small, so he’s obviously noticed, you reckon.

*What do I do now?!!*

You remove your hands, but one of his hands clamps down on it. Ryan’s hand moves up your arm, until he reaches your elbow and pulls you down. Immediately, he twists and grabs the back of your head, pulling you into a deep kiss.

Your mind is spinning as Ryan fucking Gosling is kissing you, and damn he’s good. He slips his tongue partly into your mouth before grazing his teeth along your lower lip. He breaks the kiss, but your mouths are separated by mere centimetres. You’re both panting heavily.

“This is how I get relaxed,” Ryan jokes, before climbing over the piano bench. He moves you backwards so you’re pressed against the wall. You’re surprised to learn how hot it is that you’re fucking in your practice room.

Your hand wander down his body, feeling a taste of the hard abs that you know lay beneath his button-down.

Ryan grabs your wrist and moves your hand for you, past his belt so it’s cupping his crotch.

“You don’t feel very…uh…relaxed.”
Ryan smirks rolling his hips forward, creating delicious friction for both of you. “God, these are so tight.”

He steps away, unbuckling his belt.

“Let me do that,” you offer and pull him back by his belt before ripping it away from his pants. You mess with the clasp and sharply pull down the zipper. “Costume for the movie?”

“It won’t be if I leave a big white stain in the pants,” Ryan pulls them down before you can, exposing his tight boxer briefs. He puts his hands on his hips, grinning down at you. “Oh yeah, I’m pretty big.”

“I’ll say,” you mutter before grabbing the sizeable bulge in amazement. You have to admit, to yourself of course, that Gosling wasn’t one of the celebrities you thought would be this well-endowed. But it’s a welcome surprise.

You kiss him deeply again as he messes with the buttons on his shirt and removes his shoes and pants. He shrugs the shirt off his shoulders, leaving him naked except for his dress socks.

“Feeling a little exposed here,” he mumbles, but not nervously like you probably would. It’s in that Nice Guys comedic way that you’re very familiar with.

You make quick work of your own clothes, tossing your jacket and shirt across the room while Ryan works on your pants.

Once you’re both stark naked, you grab each other again, horny enough to want to touch everything and anything you can get your hands on. He pushes you against the wall again, not too hard that it hurts but just firmly enough that it jolts you. He grabs your hands and pins them together above your head, holding them in one hand while the other hand starts to stroke your cock, his hand making thorough pumps.

You surrender yourself to his dominance, letting the pleasure take over you. His large hand feels great around your cock, and you feel his lips suck at one of your nipples, your hidden pleasure centre.

“Oh fuck,” you groan as the pleasure comes from two different areas.

His tongue licks up your chest and neck until he’s breathing heavily in your ear.

“You gonna use your words and tell me what you want?”

A shiver rips its way through your body and you’re unable to speak. Even though you want to tell him to keep jerking you off, you can’t. He’s got you right where he wants you.

“Guess I’ll have to decide for myself.”

He takes his hand away from above your head and uses both of them to spin you around roughly, pinning you against the wall again. He reaches around and pushes on your abdomen, causing your ass to jut out. He slaps it firmly.

“Don’t fucking move.”

Ryan kneels down behind you and grabs handfuls of your ass before spreading the cheeks apart.

Your cheek (the one on your face) is pressed against the cold wall, rubbing against it as Ryan presses
his finger inside you. You automatically clench around him, eliciting a chuckle from him.

“Someone’s eager.”

You are, it’s been a while since you were fucked well. You haven’t bottomed for about a year, so you’re a little rusty.

You push back against him, causing him to add a second finger, loosening you up a little bit. He removes his fingers and moves his face forward. He grabs your cock, pulling it towards him. His tongue swipes from the tip of your cock up towards your balls, which he takes in his mouth. Your hips are gyrating and you don’t know which pleasure to focus on. By the time he’s done one thing, he’s already onto the next.

He releases your balls from his mouth and licks upwards still, tongue circling around your hole. You secretly love the teasing, but it’s driving you a bit crazy. So when he begins to passionately eat your ass, you’re happy.

The moans escaping your mouth would probably embarrass you if it were anyone else, but you don’t really care at this point because Ryan Gosling has his tongue inside your ass so nothing else really matters, like ever.

After alternating licking and fingering you, Ryan stands up, coming to a realisation.

“I don’t have a condom. I’m clean, but I don’t have one.”

You nod frantically. “I’m clean too, just fuck my ass.”

Ryan spits on his hand and coats his thick cock with as much saliva as he can before lining it up against your hole.

“Actually, do you think we could go over Section 2 just one more time?”

You twist your head to look at him. “You’re kidding, right?”

“Yep,” he pops the consonant and pushes himself inside you.

You haven’t been filled up like this in a while, so you had forgotten how much the initial stretching could burn. You clench your fist and bang it against the wall lightly. You can feel Ryan pause and start to pull out.

“No, don’t pull out. I’ll be fine, just give me a minute.” You get your breathing under control and, soon enough, you’re ready. “Okay, move.”

He thrusts as deep as he can go, bottoming out inside you, brushing your prostate.

“Holy shit,” you breathe as he moves away from it before ramming into it again. On his next thrust, you push yourself back against him, doubling the impact of his cock hitting your prostate.

As he picks up speed, he leans forward and grabs you, holding his arm across your chest. He presses kisses to your neck and shoulders as he fucks into you as fast as he can. You limply lean back against him, head resting on his shoulder as your knees start to buckle. But he’s got a tight hold of you and you’re going to let him have his way with you however he wants it.

Your orgasm comes out of nowhere. He’s fucking your ass, hard and fast, and that’s all well and good, but once his hands move from your cock to your nipples to your throat, sensory overload
begins. His hand squeezes your throat just enough for it to be kinky and not terrifying, and his other hand slides down to your cock, his teeth lightly biting your shoulder. It’s all you can handle.

“I’m gonna…” that’s all you can say as your knees actually buckle this time and he pumps your cock as you come, a huge load dripping down your practice room walls. You chuckle, looking at the mess.

And then Ryan Gosling makes a risky move that surprises you. He grabs your head.

“Lick it.”

You lean forward, while he continues to pound the fuck out of you, and your tongue swipes up the wall, catching your own fluid before it touches the floor. It’s already cooling, so it’s not very pleasant, but the thought of Ryan Gosling holding your head and forcing you to lick yourself up is too hot to think about that for too long.

“Good boy,” he growls as you get as much as you can. “I’m close.” He picks up speed, and you’re ever-impressed by his stamina and fortitude.

“Come inside me,” you whisper breathlessly as he slams into you and pull you as close to him as possible, he’s really filling you up as much as he can. It’s a lot to fit inside you, but it still feels good even post-orgasm.

You can feel him twitch as his cock does and you clench your ass around it as he shoots his load inside you. He moans, throwing his head back.

He slowly pulls out of you and you know you’re going to miss being fucked by him.

You both start to redress, in various states of dazed pleasure.

“Well, this was fun.”

He nods, grinning. “You got a tight ass, man.”

“Not anymore.”

He pulls you in for another kiss.

“I gotta go. Meeting with Damien.”

You raise your eyebrow. “I guess you have to go over the fingering with him, too, huh?”

He smirks. “Something like that.”

As you watch his tight ass leave the room, you come to the realisation that you’re never going to be able to teach a lesson in here without thinking of the deplorable things that went down with Ryan Gosling.

And if he takes a little longer than expected to learn the final section of the piece? Well, that’s just a coincidence.
From this day forward, you’ll always be grateful to your best friend, who somehow, through means you never want to investigate, scored an extra ticket to one of the hottest Hollywood wrap parties of the decade.

And you’ll also thank yourself for choosing not to get blackout drunk and embarrass yourself.

As soon as you both step through the door, you know it’s going to be a good night when the first person you see in the extremely large house is Zoe Saldana. She doesn’t really notice you, obviously, but you don’t take it to heart. There are plenty of A-listers at this party, there’s always the chance that you’ll talk to one of them.

Your friend got the extra ticket from some big name’s assistant, but she won’t say who. You’re curious, but all that matters is that you’re here, looking at some of your heroes in the eye, not through a television screen.

“I’m going to go and find Shona, you wanna come?”

You peek inside the next room and see at least ten people you’ve fantasised about having sex with. Shona is the last person you want to see.

“I guess that’s a no,” she laughs. “Keep your phone close and I’ll find you later.”

Your friend skips off up the stairs, headed off to find her girlfriend.

Suddenly it dawns on you that you’re a Hollywood party that you weren’t invited to and the only person you know has let you wander around on your own. Where do you even start?

You decide to start with a drink because one or two won’t hurt, that way you’ll loosen up enough to maybe talk to some of these people, and won’t get too drunk to stand by the end of the night. You pour yourself a vodka soda and try to look like you belong there.

“Excuse me,” a distinctly familiar voice murmurs next to you. It’s Miles Teller, and he’s headed for the drinks trolley.

“Oh sorry, man,” you reply, cooler than you’re feeling inside. You want to tell him how many times you’ve seen Whiplash, but the words don’t come out. Instead, you’re just looking at him.

He smiles at you awkwardly before walking away, drinks in hand. For a second you wonder who he’s walking back to and consider following him.

But then you see them.
All lined up perfectly in a row as if this specific moment was crafted just for your own personal enjoyment, so perfect that you’re probably hallucinating it.

The four Hollywood Chrises.


You want to laugh when you notice that they’re stood in alphabetical order.

Pratt is telling some joke to the rest of them from the looks of it.

You grab one of the empty seats near them and sit in it, sipping on your drink, watching them. Not in a creepy way, but you just want to see what they’ll do next. You’ve never seen the four of them in the same room, let alone socialising with each other.

You start to think about how great it would be if they starting making out.

That thought takes over your brain a little bit too much and sinks to your groin, creating a stir in your pants.

*You picture Evans leaning over and grabbing Hemsworth’s muscled ass, and Hemsworth treating him to a kiss in return. Then Pratt gets jealous and plants one on Pine, who starts to run his hands up and down Pratt’s biceps.*

*Then Evans slips his hands under Hemsworth’s shirt, feeling his abs, exposing them only slightly to the world. Pine accidentally backs into Hemsworth and decides to rub their asses together. Pratt and Evans close in until they’re creating an unbroken chain of friction, grinding and thrusting into one another, touching, feeling, tasting everything in an erotically masculine display of affection. There’s biting, licking, sucking, moaning.*

A loud clicking in front of your face disturbs you.

“You okay?” It’s Chris Pine, he’s waving his hand in front of your face and smiling. “He’s not dead, guys.”

You blink quickly, alarm bells ringing when you realise how close Chris Pine is to your raging boner. It’s a good thing your pants can sort of conceal it.

“We thought you’d passed out or gone into some kind of trance. Maybe hit the booze too hard.”

You shrug. “It’s my first one.”

Pine nods understandingly. “Well, I’m Chris, it’s nice to meet you.”

You grin. “I know who you are.”

He stands, humility written all over his face. “Yeah, I guess so. Come meet the other lamer Chrises.”

Pratt makes an offended face, but you stand and introduce yourself to them.

“It’s great to meet you, but can we just point out that Pine thinks he’s the best Chris,” Pratt shakes his head.

Evans chuckles. “Yeah, it’s so obviously me.”

Hemsworth holds up a finger. “Since when? When people think Chris, they think Hemsworth.”
“Maybe in Australia they do,” Pine shoots back playfully. “This is America, buddy.”

Pratt folds his huge arms, staring at you. Instead, you’re staring at how his muscles are pronounced when he stands like that. “Who’s your favourite Chris?”

“Oh, Messina, easy.”

All four of them pout. Hemsworth points to the window. “Get the fuck out of here.”

You laugh easily with them, in disbelief that this is really happening. You sip your drink. “Well, it depends what you’re judging on. Looks, talent, physique, personality, humour, you know?”

Evans frowns and turns to his namesakes. “Is it just me or did he just propose a Chris-Off?”

Pine nods. “I think he did. Okay, meet me upstairs in five, second room from the right.”

It’s at that moment that you realise it’s Pine’s party.

“Oh this is going somewhere,” Pratt rubs his hands together. “I’m guessing naked wrestling followed by a spelling bee.”

Hemsworth turns to Evans. “Get ready to lose both of those.”

Evans grins. “Hey, I can spell. As long as there’s nothing longer than four letters.”

Pratt shoves into Hemsworth. “Me or you for the wrestling champ?”

Hemsworth flexes his biceps. “No contest, Pratt.” He turns to you, noticing you staring. “He agrees.”

Pratt narrows his eyes. “Traitor.”

You hold your hands up, sipping your drink again. “Hey, I’m just an innocent spectator in all of this.”

Evans slings his arm around you. “You don’t look all that innocent, buddy.” He spots Pine standing at the top of the stairs, gesturing them to follow. “Looks like our number’s up.”

The remaining three Chrises head for the stairs, gesturing for you to come too.

On the way, you receive a text.

You doing okay? We might have to leave, Shona isn’t feeling well.

Not about to pass up this opportunity, you scoff at the very thought of leaving. Shona is not about to ruin this for you.

I’m gonna stay, I’ll take a Lyft home later. Hope Shona’s okay!

As you text and walk at the same time, you find yourself following Pratt into the room Pine was setting up for…something.

You and the Chrises assemble in the room, four of you perching on the king-size bed while Pine stood by the wall, gesturing to a projection from his computer. He had prepared a chart of some kind.

“So if we’re going to do this, we’re going to do this right.” He points at you. “You’re going to judge in the official Chris contest. There are six categories and you give us each points out of ten. The
winner has ultimate bragging rights and the losers have to live with the knowledge that they are not the best Chris.”

Pratt nods excitedly. “What are the categories?”

Pine smirks. “There are six categories: face, hair, arms, body, dick, and ass. Everyone in?”

Evans nods. “So then this is just who’s the hottest Chris?”

“Well, if you wanna perform a fucking monologue, Evans, be my guest. This is the quickest way to solve it without getting personal.”

“Feels pretty personal to me,” you pipe up.

“Says the guy who isn’t competing,” Hemsworth nudges you.

You must’ve blacked out during Pine’s explanation because you take a second look at the board and your eyes widen comically.

Dick and ass?

Dick?

Ass?

The boys are going to be getting naked in front of you.

You’re going to see their dicks.

This is every moment you’ve ever dreamed of all rolled into one very real experience.

You might as well make the most of it.

“I’m in. As long as you all agree not to hate me by the end of this. It’s a lot of pressure.”

The other Chrises agree to the terms and stand up, leaving you to spread out on the bed, watching them.

You sit at Pine’s computer.

You look at the screen and then at the men in front of you, ready to be judged by you.

“Okay, first up…face.”

Pratt and Hemsworth immediately pull sexy faces, like they were prepping for a photo shoot. Pine gives one of his signature smiles, and Evans does some silly pose, pointing to his clean-shaven face.

You get out of your seat, looking at them up close, in turn. Pratt gives you a wink, and Hemsworth puckers his lips.

If only.

But you know your winner, you think, as you settle back to the computer.

“Okay, you guys are all hot so there are no low scores here. Pratt gets a seven, Evans and Hemsworth gets eights, but Pine wins with nine.”
Pine cheers, and the other three groan in commiseration.

“Hard luck guys.”

Hemsworth shrugs. “It’s nice that you won one before we get into the actual categories. Don’t feel bad too bad about sitting them out.”

“Tough talk from an eight.”

Pratt rolls his eyes at you. “Are you even gay?”

You grin. “I’ll tell you when we get to the dick round.”

He winks once again.

For the first time since you entered the room, you can genuinely foresee and Chrises + You orgy happening in this room.

“Hair is up next,” You announce. “I’m not just going to judge on looks, lustrousness and softness are important too.”

You’re out of your seat again, approaching each Chris individually and grabbing a handful of their hair. Lightly, of course, but you don’t miss the little whimper that comes from Evans as you wrap your hand around his hair. You raise an eyebrow, but move on. It’s nice information for later if you need it.

You deliberate for a moment, the men watching you expectantly.

“Okay. Pine, Hemsworth, Pratt gets sevens. Evans gets an eight.”

Pine puts his hands on his hips and stares at you. “I thought we had something here.”

You shrug. “Touch his hair, it’s soft as fuck.”

Evans preens as the other three take turns feeling his hair.

“Yeah, you got a point there,” Hemsworth concedes.

“Arms next. This is forearms and biceps combined.”

“Flexing?”

You smirk. “Whatever you think will impress me.”

You’re starting to think there was some super confidence juice in that vodka you had because you’re bossing them around and being witty towards four of your deepest celebrity crushes. You’re not sure where the confidence comes from, but you’re hoping it doesn’t run out anytime soon.

You move over to the men once again, running your hands up their forearms, and then to their biceps. You pay particular attention to Pratt’s amazing forearms and then Hemsworth’s impeccable biceps. Evans and Pine aren’t slouches either and have incredible definition in their arms, but the other two stood out to you. And Hemsworth wasn’t even flexing and he was almost bulging out of his shirt.

Hemsworth kissed his arms, wiggling his eyebrows at you. “Body next, right?”

You roll your eyes at his confidence. “Yes, Hemsworth. Shirts off, guys.”

Completely boldly and unbothered about wandering eyes, the four men whipped off their shirts, throwing them onto the bed. Pine’s landed just short of the bed and flopped onto the floor.

The three laughed at them.

“Gotta keep the bed free for later,” he whispered, but you couldn’t quite hear him.

You’re too pre-occupied by the sight in front of you. They’re all shirtless, hard, defined bodies exposed in front of your very eyes. You blink quickly to make sure you’re seeing this correctly.

“I could give you all a perfect ten right now.”

“Have a feel and find out,” Evans winked, running a hand down his chest. You move over to him, feeling his hard pecs and erect (and apparently very sensitive from the small noise he makes) nipples. Your hands slide down to his abs, which feel amazing under your soft touch. You bravely move your head forward and drag your tongue slowly across his hairless abs. You give his nipples a quick tweak before moving onto Pratt.

Pratt’s all bulk, just pure muscle and veins. His chest is large, a smattering of hair across his pecs. His nipples are a little smaller than Evans’, but his abs are just as defined if not more. He has a light snail trail that leads to below his waistband, and you’re just longing to take your hand and see where it leads. You do the same actions to Pratt, using your nails a little as you drag your hands down his muscles. As you lick him, his hands shoot out and he grabs your hair.

You kiss his abdomen and remove yourself reluctantly from his hold. Evans reaches out a hand and flicks Pratt’s nipple firmly. Pratt rubs it and chuckles.

You’re onto Hemsworth now, whose body is completely solid, like marble. As you start from the bottom, running your fingers across his impossibly hard abs, and past his ribs up to his large pecs, you realise you’ve got your work cut out for you, and that these guys might all just be tens. You marvel at Hemsworth’s slim waist as you flick his nipple with your tongue. He shivers and bounces a pec. You move your hands to his beefy shoulders and back down to his abs.

You slide over, finally, to Pine, whom you immediately notice has the largest nipples out of the four, that you can’t resist touching them and squeezing them. You feel as though Pine has always been the most underestimated physically, but now you notice that he’s on par with the rest of them. His build isn’t as naturally hulking, but he treats his body well by the look of his muscular chest and the fact that there’s barely an ounce of body fat on him. His skin is soft and his abs feel solid under your fingers. You give a kiss to each nipple and lick his collarbones. You look up, his beautiful face inches from yours. Pine holds your gaze, and just when he’s about to lean in, you smirk and move away, back to the computer. You don’t bother disguising your prominent boner, you’re past that stage with them now.

“I know I joked about it earlier, but you guys are genuinely all tens.” You don’t have even the slightest quibble with any of them. And that’s your unbiased opinion.

You stare at the next box on the chart.

You look at them, preparing to relish every second of what came next.

“Pants down, Chrises.”
Evans, Pratt, and Pine shrug off their pants and slide them down their ankles.

Hemsworth fiddles with his zipper and looks at you through his lashes. “I’m having trouble with mine, can you help me?”

You slither over to him, hands running down his body again, curling a hand underneath the waistband before pulling it out and grabbing the zipper. You pull it down and remove his slacks.

You step back and survey the scene, preparing it for your spank bank.

Pratt has noticeably gone commando, his thick, flaccid dick swinging as he sways from side to side. Pine is wearing mid-length boxers that stop before the knee; they’re blue striped and give nothing away. Evans and Hemsworth are wearing the tightest boxer-briefs you’ve ever seen, so tight that Hemsworth’s thighs are almost ripping them apart and you can see that Evans is sporting a semi; they give everything away.

Sensing that they’re waiting on your cue, you walk over to the three underwear-clad gentlemen, and do them a favour by removing their last article of clothing.

You palm your own bulge as you look at the dicks in front of you.

Pine leans forward slightly. “Wait, are we doing this hard?”

They look to you for the answer.

“Of course. It’s very important I take note of all of the variables.”

Evans smirks at you. “A true man of science.”

Pratt begins to stroke his cock firmly. “Unless you wanna do this?”

You walk over to him and take his large appendage in your hand. “Well, it is the only way the experiment stays fair.”

As you stroke his cock, pumping it, he bites his lip. “I really wanna kiss you right now.”

You frown. “So why aren’t you?”

Pratt wiggles his eyebrows and pulls you into a deep kiss. If you were judging on kissing skills, Pratt would receive a very high score. He’s using the right amount of tongue and it’s just a bonus that you can feel him growing harder in your hand. You don’t even have to do much with your hand on his cock, the kiss does most of the work. As you drag your teeth along his bottom lip, he shivers and stands at full attention. You survey your handiwork and smirk.

You turn to Evans, but realise that the other three guys are already hard as well, your display with Pratt more than enough to do the job. They’re stroking themselves, drinking you in, waiting for your next attention.

You kneel down in front of Evans. “I guess there’s only one way to judge this.”

“Don’t worry if you can’t take it all,” Evans winks.

He’s right, it is pretty big, longer than it is thick. A true cock worthy of Captain America. You lick at the tip before placing the head in your warm mouth. You bob your head back and forth on Chris Evans’ cock as his hands find your hair and tangle themselves in it.
He slowly pushes you down on the rest of his cock. You find about halfway down that it’s going to be hard to take the rest, but you persevere. You don’t quite deepthroat him, but it’s close. You slurp off his dick and lick your lips.

“To be continued,” he growls, and that’s just about the hottest thing you’ve ever heard.

You move on to Pratt, who’s definitely rougher with you. He’s extremely thick, but not as long as Evans. It makes for a different sensation in your mouth as he slides himself inside you. You hollow your cheeks to try and fit him all in, but it’s very tough. You barely get any in when you have to remove yourself, pushing against hit hands. You exercise your jaw quickly and lick and suck as his head, building up to sliding down the huge shaft. You get further on the next try, but it’s not as successful as you would’ve wanted.

Rather than moving positions, you simply reach out and grab Hemsworth’s also huge cock. It might be the biggest of them all, but that just means that there’s not much you can do with it right now. You’re sure it would feel good filling your hole up once you prepare properly, but you’re not as good with your mouth as Hemsworth needs you to be.

You grab his ass as he pushes his cock into your mouth, and you struggle to take what he gives you. You pull off and swirl your tongue around the tip, seeing Hemsworth’s toes curl.

“Maybe save that for my ass,” you purr boldly and shuffle over to Pine, who’s definitely the smallest, but you think you might prefer his out of them all. It’s a perfect size, for every orifice. You wrap your hand around it and start to suck, relishing the feeling of Pine thrusting gently, pushing his cock further down your throat.

“Careful Pine, you don’t wanna come yet,” Hemsworth warns, and Pine pulls you off him, squeezing the base of his dick. You shoot him a coy look as you stand and trudge over to the computer.

You get an idea, leaning on the desk to look at the computer, sticking your ass out prominently. You hear someone moan as you input the scores.

“This is just personal preference, remember, but Pine and Evans get tens, Hemsworth and Pratt get nines.”

Hemsworth grabs Pratt’s dick, and vice versa. They give them a few simultaneous strokes before frowning.

“I don’t see the problem,” Hemsworth grunts.

You shrug, flexing your jaw. “There is such a thing as too big. Maybe I’ll get a chance to change my mind later.”

Pratt grabs his hard cock in one hand and slaps it against his other hand. “Count on it.”

You make a twirling motion with your finger. “Turn around, boys. Last round.”

“Hurry this up, I’m horny as fuck,” Evans mutters.

They comply, and you walk immediately over to Pine, surprising him.

You slap his ass and grab a firm hold of his cheeks. Strong, but you can grab onto them.

You quickly side-step over to Hemsworth, who has much of the same build. You can practically see
the squats he does, but there’s still something wiggle. You tease him by sticking a finger between the cheeks. He clenches them around your finger and turns to you, grinning boyishly.

Pratt wiggles his ass while waiting. You silently drop to a crouch, looking up at Evans who nods. You grab Pratt’s ass and slip your tongue just into his asshole. He jolts, feeling the warmth spread through him. His ass clenches like crazy.

With Evans, you think you’ve found the meaning of life. His ass is perfect. You always knew he had a big ass, but up close it looks even better. You lean in and nibble on the flesh, leaving a little bite before dragging your tongue around it, sticking inside his hole like you did with Pratt’s.

You reach the computer for the final time and input your thoughts.

You calculate the scores and chuckle to yourself.

“There’s a tie.”

Evans looks to Pine. “Did you think of a tiebreaker?”

Pine shrugs. “I didn’t think we’d need one.”

Hemsworth walks over to you. “It’s up to you, dude.”

You smirk. “I have an idea.” You turn off the computer. “So without beating around the bush, we’re all going to fuck right now, is that right?”

“Fuck yeah,” Hemsworth grinds himself into your behind, arms wrapped tightly around you. “So who won?”

“I’m getting there,” you laugh as you push back into his erection.

“So Pratt, you came in last,” you say, grimacing. “It was super close, there were only three points between last and first place.”

Pratt shrugs. “Almost forgot there a competition going on.”

You look to Pine. He nods. “You’re third. There was one point between you guys. That means that Evans and Hemsworth are tied for first.”

Pine nods, conceding that. “What’s your idea?”

You untangle yourself from Hemsworth, stroking his cock once more for good measure.

“Evans and Hemsworth take turns fucking me. Whoever does best wins.”

Hemsworth rubs his hands together. “I like that plan.”

Pratt holds a hand up. “Before we do, we’ve been standing here naked and you’re fully clothed. I think it’s time we changed that. Maybe it’s our turn to judge you.”

The four Chrises advance on you, pushing you onto the bed.

Next, there’s a flurry of sensations all over your body. Hemsworth is ripping your shirt off, Pine is unbuckling your belt, while Pratt and Evans are removing your shoes and socks.

Pine throws your pants across the room, landing next to where Hemsworth has thrown your shirt.
Evans moves up to your head, kissing you deeply from the side, Pine and Pratt are mouthing at your cock, taking turns sucking it. Hemsworth is sucking at your nipples, kissing at your chest and stomach. You don’t even have time to feel self-conscious about the fact that you look nothing like these four models that are surrounding. All there is now is just sex.

Five guys who are all horny just trying to get off. There’s no time for judgement, even silently.

And they all seem to think you’re hot as shit anyway, from the way they’re clamouring over your body and cock.

Pratt’s tongue moves to your balls and you’re pushing your hips up so your cock hits the back of Pine’s throat, while still making out with Evans.

You’ve never had this many guys at once before. It’s heaven. And the fact that it’s these guys makes it all better.

Evans breaks the kiss and grabs Hemsworth, passionately kissing him. Pine and Pratt start to kiss each other, too, and it’s just like your earlier fantasy except for the fact that you’re naked underneath them.

You take the time to slither out from underneath them and move so you’re behind Pine. You lean forward and start to rim him, circling your tongue around his entrance. You slip in a finger and tease his hole, feeling it start to loosen up as you add a second. Pine is moaning and writhing above you.

Pratt leans over him and captures you into a kiss, one of his fingers joining yours inside Pine. Pratt shares a look with Hemsworth.

Hemsworth grabs you and throws you back onto the bed, in between him and Evans.

“So who’s going first?”

From the way Hemsworth is bucking his hips, you’re guessing it’s going to be him.

You’re proven right when he grabs your waist, pulling you flush against him. He tips up your head to claim your lips as his own, moving his hand down your body to grab your neglected cock. His other hand circles your ass.

He pushes you down onto all fours as Evans takes over kissing you. You remember what happened earlier and tug on his hair with your free hand. He yelps and kisses you harder, hands capturing your face.

Evans’ eyes flicker to Pine and Pratt. Pratt is on his back and eating Pine’s ass while Pine is leaning over him to suck his huge cock. Evans gets Pine’s attention, kissing him, before standing and offering his cock. Pine’s conflicted now, switching between Pratt and Evans, giving them plenty of attention.

Meanwhile, Hemsworth follows suit and stretches out on his back, pulling your ass towards his face. He slips his tongue inside you again, while you drape over him and take as much of his cock as you can. It’s slicked up, now, but you’re still not sure if you can even begin to take it. You’re going to, though, you’re not passing up an opportunity to get roughly fucked by Chris Hemsworth.

You roam your hands along his meaty thighs as your head bobs up and down. His hold on you is dominant and possessive and you’re drinking up every second of it. He reaches around you and starts slowly pumping your rock-hard cock. You pull off his for a second and moan throatily. You capture Pine’s attention and he pulls you sideways for a deep kiss.
You roll your hips backwards as Hemsworth puts a finger, then two inside you, twisting them. You instinctually clench around the pressure, making Hemsworth chuckle.

What you see when you look left shocks you to your core.

Chris Pratt is bottoming for Chris Pine.

After meeting them, you would’ve said that Pine would have bottomed, but here he is, lining up his perfect cock with Pratt’s muscled ass. Pratt is hungrily slurping at Evans’ cock as he does. Pine pushes in and Pratt growls around Evans’ length. Evans moans and grabs Pratt’s head for balance.

You’re busy watching them fuck in a beautiful rhythm. Pine fucks into Pratt, who is thrusted forward deeper onto Evans’ cock. Every now and then, Evans and Pine would bury themselves into Pratt’s respective holes and make out while bottoming out inside the larger man.

Hemsworth grabs your chin and turns you to him. He kisses you quickly, sloppily. “You ready?”

You nod, dazed, so incredibly turned on by his machismo. You lean on your elbows and offer your ass for fucking. Hemsworth pulls you closer and teases his large dick at your hole. He pretends to push in a few times, leaving you angry every time you’re not being filled up by his appendage. If you’re honest, you’re still a little nervous about getting fucked by something so large. But that gives way to your excitement, because this is something you’ve dreamed about for years now.

You notice that Evans has stopped face-fucking Pratt and has come to do the same to you.

Hemsworth winks at Evans. “Same time?”

Evans nods. “Oh fuck yeah.”

Evans grabs your head as Hemsworth slaps your ass.

Without warning, they thrust into you simultaneously. Evans feeds you his cock, your tongue working to swirl around the tip, while Hemsworth buries himself into you. He tries to go as slowly and gently as possible, but you’re very tight, which only spurs him on to fuck you as hard as he can.

Hemsworth grunts at your tightness, slapping your ass again. “Fuck!”

That only drives you wilder, giving you the multi-tasking skills to use your oral skills to pleasure Evans, who has moved his hands to his hips as he bucks into you rhythmically.

Pine is fucking Pratt faster now, clawing at his back and wrapping himself around his body. Pratt howls in pleasure and turns to look at you. He winks. Pine moves Pratt so that Pine and Hemsworth are side by side. They make out passionately as they fuck you and Pratt at the same speeds.

Hemsworth really does fuck as you imagined. It’s animalistic, his pleasure disregarding your enjoyment. You are very much enjoying it, though. He really knows what he’s doing.

Pratt angles himself so he can suck Evans’ cock too once it falls out of your mouth so you can express your pleasure at what a good job Hemsworth is doing. You’re finding it hard to imagine how Evans could beat this, but you decide to wait and see.

Pratt takes you into a kiss, Evans’ cock right between your lips. Evans laughs and moans at the same time, hissing at the pleasure.

Then something magical happens.
Hemsworth moves you, which instantly displeases you until you realise what he’s doing. He picks you up, still impaled on his cock, and moves you so you’re bent over behind Pine. You know what to do from here so you grab his moving hips and start to eat his ass.

Pine pushes back onto your tongue and then forward into Pratt’s ass. Pratt uses the momentum to suck Evans deeper. Hemsworth blows Evans a kiss from the other side of the ‘train’ you’ve formed. Hemsworth uses all the power he’s got to fuck your brains out. Pleasures surges through your whole body until Hemsworth decides to change it up once again.

“Fuck it, I wanna win,” Hemsworth pulls you away from the other guys and seems to have a full scope of what you like. He slams you against the nearby wall and you arch your back so he can fuck you better. He grabs your hands and pins them to the wall, using your pure, brutish power to pound you.

Hemsworth grunts as he somehow picks up some more speed. “I’m gonna come.”

You collapse against the wall, exhaustion taking over. “Come inside me.”

This seems to please Hemsworth, who drives into you as though his life depends on it. After a few more powerful thrusts, his screams loudly as he shoots his load inside you. His hole pulsates as he comes down from his climax. He drapes over you, pressing sloppy kisses to your back, before finally pulling out.

Pine uses this display to drive forward his own orgasm. He quickly pulls out of Pratt and shoots his load all over his back.

Just because he came doesn’t mean that Hemsworth is done with you. He takes you into his strong arms and kisses your neck, making you harder than you already are. You both turn to Evans.

He’s standing, impossibly hard, grinning. “I knew I should’ve gone first.”

He rolls over the bed, pulling you into a kiss. “There’s no way I can compete.”

He lifts you up and holds you by your ass. “So I’m gonna just improvise.”

Hemsworth celebrates his victory by walking over to Pine and vigorously making out with him.

Evans uses his head to gesture for Pratt to walk over to him.

Pratt lays on his back on the bed, and taps his thighs. You get the message and straddle him. Some of Hemsworth’s come drips onto Pratt’s cock. Evans jerks him off for a few seconds.

Evans pushes your loosened ass onto Pratt’s thick length and, even though Hemsworth really destroyed you, it still stings a little. You manage to impale yourself on Pratt’s cock and settle into a pleasurable position. You rotate your hips and start to lightly bounce up and down.

Hemsworth brings Pine over to the three of you and whispers something to him. Pratt shuffles down the bed a little bit, making room for Pine to swing his legs over Pratt, settling so Pratt’s eating his ass. Pratt takes his hands from you and uses them to spread Pine’s cheeks and lick his hole.

You lean forward and start kissing Pine, using the new position to find a new angle for Pratt’s cock. Hemsworth wanders over to Evans and they’re making out, Hemsworth wrapping his large hand around Evans’ rock-hard cock.

They separate and Evans shuffles over to you, slapping your ass. “Room for one more?”
You break the kiss with Pine and gape. “I don’t know if you’ll fit.”

Pine puts a hand on your face. “You’ll be fine. Just look at me.” He wiggles at Pratt pops his lips.

You nod, turning to Evans. “Fuck me, Chris Evans.”

You lean forward, the angle just right your warm breath makes Pine’s cock twitch. His refractory period seems better than average.

Hemsworth slaps Evans’ ass as the latter readies his cock, lining himself up with Pratt’s cock. He slips a finger in to test the waters.

“Oh shit,” Pratt moans at the friction.

Evans grins and winks at Pine.

Evans wraps his arms around you. “I got you.”

Evans settles in between Pratt’s spread legs and inches his cock into your ass.

You’ve never had two dicks at the same time in your ass before, so this is a relatively new experience. From the way Pratt’s muffled moaning increases into Pine’s ass, he seems to be enjoying it. You’re nowhere near wide enough for Evans to totally fit in, so he takes what he can get.

Evans tenses. “Oh shit.” The friction of his cock rubbing against Pratt’s and also your hole clenching against the two cocks sends him all kinds of pleasure.

You lean up, tilting your head as Evans kisses your neck. Pratt is still somehow fucking up into you. Pine rubs his hands on Pratt’s stomach.

Hemsworth looms over the four you, leaning down and kissing the three of you he can reach. He settles for licking Pratt’s abs instead. He turns your head and locks you in a three-way kiss with Pine and all the sensations are getting too much for you.

“I’m close,” you mutter, leaning your head back. Evans licks at your skin. Hemsworth and Pine both lean down to suck your cock. Pine gets there first, his soft lips wrapping around you.

He soon makes way for Hemsworth, who sucks the same way he fucks: fast and deep.

Your toes start to curl as your groin begins to cramp.

Evans quickly pulls out at your urging and lifts you off of Pratt, Hemsworth quickly stretches himself and settles on Pratt’s cock in your stead.

Pine comes to join you and Evans as Evans slips back into you, using Hemsworth’s seed as all the lubricant he needs. He fucks you more tenderly than Hemsworth, knowing that you’re sore by now. You arch back into him anyway as Pine brings you in for a kiss.

You hear Pratt’s guttural moans as he comes inside Hemsworth with an almighty thrust. He stays inside him as the two begin to kiss frantically.

Pine drops to his knees and sucks you again, touching your balls with one hand and reaching up to caress your stomach with the other.

You feel your balls start to tighten.
Pine smirks. “On my face.”

You nod, jerking your cock as Evans increases his speed, banging against your prostate. How you lasted so long is beyond you with all the pleasure you’ve received today.

Your orgasm comes at long last, your hot juices coating Pine’s face. You reach out and collect some on your finger and taste it. Not bad.

Pine collects some on his lips.

Evans pants as he comes close to coming. “I want some.”

Pine grins and walks around you, kissing Evans, sharing you with him.

Hemsworth and Pratt touch each other’s arms and bodies as they watch you come down from your climax.

Pine leans down and swirls his tongue around Evans’ sensitive nipple and Evans grabs you and slaps your ass.

“I’m gonna come,” he warns and you push off him, quickly turning and dropping to a crouch, presenting your mouth for his load.

Evans grabs your hair to hold you in place as Pine jerks him off. His load shoots from his long cock and into your mouth, though some gets on your face.

Evans rides his high as long as he can and leads you both over to the bed. You lay next to Hemsworth as Evans lays next to you, Pine on the other side of him. The five of you lay there, naked, some of you covered in cum.

Hemsworth turns to you and sucks your face, collecting the now dried cum that Evans had left there.

“How do you feel?” Pratt turns to you, leaning on his elbow.

You shake your head. “I just wish Chris Messina was here.”

Hemsworth boos you as Evans grabs your sensitive cock. You jolt at the contact and laugh.

“I’m just kidding. I may as well die right here because life isn’t going to get better than that.”

Pine grins. “So you don’t wanna do this again?”

You lick your lips just at the thought.

“I never got to fuck you,” he laments.

Hemsworth nods. “And we never got to watch you fuck Evans.”

You turn to Evans and he winks. “We should do that.”

They end up all getting your number, and you theirs. Apparently, they’ve been fucking each other in different combinations for years. Pine always feels left out at Avengers press junkets when Evans, Hemsworth and Pratt would all be together in the hotels.

“We’ll call you when we’re horny,” Pratt whispers to you as you start to redress.
Hemsworth flexes his biceps. “I’m just glad we discovered that I’m the best Chris.”

Pine chuckles. “I’m not even mad. Watching that fuck was better than any title.”

“Best fuck of my life,” Hemsworth agrees.

As you finish dressing, you remember the reason you’re here in the first place. The party.

“Pratt, you could at least try and pretend like you haven’t just had an orgy.”

Pratt wipes his mouth and grins. “Why pretend? I want people to know I’ve just got laid.”

He turns to you, grabbing your ass. “Later.” He kisses your mouth.

Pine slaps your ass, too. “That’s all mine next time.”

He and Pratt leave the room.

Evans pulls you close to him. “That was amazing. And I’m serious about wanting you to fuck me next time. Me, you, and Pine should make a train.”

Evans closes the door quickly behind him.

Hemsworth saunters over to you and claims your mouth for a kiss once more. You have to say, Hemsworth really is the best kisser. “When can we do this again?”

You smirk. “Without the others?”

Hemsworth shrugs. “They’re all busy, and I’m taking some time off. A guy gets awful lonely sometimes.”

“I’m sure I can keep you company.” Your hand slips down to his crotch. “I already miss you being inside me. I’ve never been fucked like that before.”

Hemsworth grins smugly. “And you never will again. By anyone else, that is. I’m gonna fuck you like that every single time. And maybe you can fuck me.”

You smile. “Chris Hemsworth wants to bottom?”

“Well, as someone really cute once decided, I do have a ten out of ten ass.”

He turns around and models it for you. You sneak your hand down his pants and grab the flesh again.

He kisses you, and you don’t think you’ll ever get enough of Hemsworth doing this.

“Call you tomorrow?” He offers and you quickly feel his abs again before has to leave. He chuckles. “Yeah, you might have to stay for the entire weekend.”

“I’d love nothing more.”

As Hemsworth leaves, you realise how sore your ass is.

But you wouldn’t change the experience for the world.

You slip out of the door, grabbing your phone to call a ride home.
As you load the app, you see someone emerging from the shadows.

“So who’d you pick?”

You do a double take once you see Tom Holland walking down the hallway.

“It’s a tough one, isn’t it? They thought about asking me to judge a while back, but I’ve got a boyfriend so I couldn’t. You seem like the right kind of guy for the job. So who won?”

You smirk. “Hemsworth.”

Tom whistles. “Yeah, sounds about right. Close call though, right?”

You nod.

“Well, it was great to meet you, man. Maybe I’ll see some more of you some time?”

As Tom walks away, you order your ride home in complete and utter heaven, after having the best experience you’ll probably ever have.

Until the next time that it happens.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!