

## Jurassic Pratt

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# Jurassic Pratt

by [RedCheshire](#)

## Summary

Chris Pratt goes to hang out with his co-star Jake Johnson...and walks in on his friend already having a really good time with an unexpected visitor (Dave Franco). Chris ends up sticking around before sticking it in.

## Notes

This is a fictional story about actors from the film “Neighbors” and “Jurassic World” (both copyrighted by Universal Pictures). It does not intend to imply anything about the sexuality or actions of the actual persons depicted.

Sexual activity between consenting adult males is depicted. If you are underage or it is otherwise illegal to read this story where you live, please stop reading now.

This story takes place during late summer 2014, during filming of "Jurassic World" in New Orleans.

At the time that this story was originally written (June 2015), the sequel to the film “Neighbors” was in development. With Jake Johnson in both “Neighbors” and “Jurassic World”, couldn’t resist toying with the idea of involving Chris Pratt.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chris Pratt made his way down the hall, a pack of beer in each hand. New Orleans was a fun city to explore...lots of crazy stuff to see. But it was good on some evenings to just kick back and relax, which was tonight's plan. He'd hit it off with Jake Johnson, who had a role in the film. They were only a year apart in age and had similar personalities - laid back but with a strong sense of mischief and humor. There'd been many nights where they hunted out the more-interesting parts of the city...and many nights that they'd stayed in the hotel, playing games or watching movies. They had spent enough time together that they'd wound up swapping spare key cards for their rooms, just to make things easier for hanging out.

"Why don't I ever remember to..." Chris mumbled to himself as he set down a pack of beer and fished in his pocket for his wallet, digging out the key card to Jake's room. "...get this thing out ahead of time and stick it in my back pocket?" Sliding the key into the door and seeing the lock-light go from amber to green, he turned the handle and opened the door a couple of inches. Holding it in place with his foot, the key card went into his pocket and he picked the beer back up, pushing the door open with his foot. He made his way down the short L-shaped entrance way, rounding the corner.

"Honey, I'm ho..." His words, and his feet, came to a halt. Jake was sitting in an armchair, legs spread wide open, with a girl between his legs, her head bobbing up and down. Well, that was Chris' initial assumption. Over the next couple of seconds, his brain registered that while the figure on its knees had a sweet bubble butt...the legs were a little too hairy and bulky to be feminine, and the hair was really short for a girl. The shoulders were a bit too broad, and the arms were on the muscular side.

While Chris was realizing that the person between Jake's legs was decidedly a dude, his friend's eyes opened, surprised. "Uhhh...hey buddy." Part of Jake's mind registered the idea of getting decent...but his dick was more in control at the moment and was quite happy with the blow job it was getting. "Sorry, should have texted you or something..."

Chris blinked, snapping back to life. "Huh? No...no no, naw. I uh, just didn't realize you had a...uh, a visitor." A visitor who, with a loud wet popping sound, released Jake's cock and turned around to see who had walked in. "Oh shit, Chris Pratt? Dude, I am such a fan! Your movies are fucking awesome!" While one hand was still up in the air in a greeting, the other one kept its hold on Jake's shaft, slowly moving up and down the spit-slicked skin. Jake cleared his throat. "Chris...Dave Franco. Dave...you apparently already know who Chris is," he chuckled.

"Hell yeah. Saw 'Guardians' like three times. Good work, man."

Chris tilted his head, feeling awkward and trying to take in the situation. As crazy as New Orleans had been, another male celebrity complimenting him while naked and blowing his friend was something on a whole new level of strange. "Umm...thanks?"

Jake sensed Chris' discomfort and felt the need to break the ice. Putting pressure on the back of Dave's head, he returned the younger man's face to his crotch, using his pole to keep Dave's mouth occupied. "Sorry. Dave texted a little while ago and happened to be in town, so invited him over. Didn't quite plan on this," he waved his hand down towards his groin, "but I remembered how good the head this kid gave back when we were filming 'Neighbors' and

this just kinda happened." A small moan rumbled in the back of his throat, his eyes half-closing for a moment. "Seriously...he is \*great\* with his mouth." Jake motioned at the couch nearby. "You can go ahead and sit down. Shouldn't be too...mmmmm...much longer, then can get dressed and hang out."

The only reaction Chris could manage for a moment was blinking his eyes, followed by a large laugh. "Just chill on the couch until Dave gets done blowing you?" "Yeah...we'll chalk it up on the Crazy NOLA list. Have a beer. Hell, pass...mmmm...." His fingers twisted in Dave's hair as his toes curled a little. "Pass me one while you're at it." The juxtaposition of weirdness and regular conversation pulled Chris over into the realm of being amused more than being freaked out. Shaking his head and chuckling, he made his way over to the couch and settled down onto it, popping open two of the beers. He handed one over to Jake and then took a long chug of his own. Two quick beers later, he finally felt relaxed. Jake was still working on the first one, preoccupied with the work that Dave was doing on his cock. The beer, combined with Jake's moaning and words of encouragement to Dave, began to have an effect. Chris shifted on the couch, quickly adjusting his crotch and trying to get more comfortable...which was hard to do when his shorts were suddenly feeling a lot tighter.

"Oh man, sorry, I'm being rude. Do you want a turn with Dave?" Jake asked, misunderstanding Chris' discomfort. "Seriously. I've had a lot of blowjobs. A LOT. But what this kid can do with his mouth...damn." Jake took another sip and used the bottle to gesture back and forth between himself and Chris. "Seriously, damn." Dave pulled off again, wiping his chin with the back of his hand. "Kid? I'm 30." He looked up at Jake with a joking glare. Jake looked back down, holding the side of Dave's head in one hand. "When you get another six or seven years, and catch up to us, we'll stop calling you kid," he replied, winking. He glanced back up at Chris. "Dude. Best mouth, I'm telling ya."

Chris took a long swallow from his beer, buying time while weighing the idea. Hell, he couldn't believe that he was even debating it. He was married...and while his wife was fun in the sack, she really did not like giving head. Pulling his lips off of the bottle, they twisted to the side while Chris continued thinking.

Dave's face lit up. "No fucking way...if someone said I'd be sucking off Chris Pratt before the day was over, I'd have called them a damn liar." Chris' left eyebrow shot up, hearing the enthusiasm in Dave's voice. Shifting his weight around, Dave crossed the short space on his knees before settling down between Chris' thick legs, placing a hand tentatively on each of the big man's knees. "I'm not gonna suck your dick dude."

The new look of confusion on Chris' face was almost comical, trying to figure out how the conversation had gone from Dave blowing him...to not blowing him, all while completely naked on the ground in front of him.

"I'd be worshipping it, every single inch, like it deserves. Chris Pratt's fucking dick..."

Chris looked over at Jake, who shrugged slightly and raised his beer. "Hey, it's New Orleans. It's a crazy city, am I right?"

Chris' mouth stretched into a smile and raised his beer as well, as if toasting. "Fuck it. To New Orleans. This crazy damn town. What the hell?" He looked back down at Dave and winked, nodding his head to silently say 'go ahead'.

Licking his lips, Dave ran his hands up and down Chris' giant thighs, admiring the firm muscles, not quite believing that they were now his playground. Shifting forward, he leaned his body forward, burying his face into Chris' crotch. Finding a hard lump trying to break free of its cotton confinement, he opened his mouth and gently pressed his teeth down, playfully nibbling on the large package while running his hands under the legs of Chris' shorts. Curling his fingers, he gently drug his fingernails back down the thighs while working the hard bulge with his mouth, eliciting a loud groan of pleasure from Chris. Hands making their way back up, Dave continued gnawing hungrily while he began undoing Chris' shorts. Popping the button, he finally pulled away as his fingers tugged down on the zipper. As the khaki material parted, it revealed white cotton beneath...and more buttons. Having memorized the online photos of Chris at the gym, Dave remembered that the man was a fan of button-fly underwear. Here, the buttons were in disarray from trying to restrain the throbbing meat jutting out.

Reaching forward, Dave undid the bottom button, revealing skin and reddish hair. His tongue quickly replaced the cotton material, pressing against the firm rod of flesh, inhaling the musky scent. As he continued to lap his tongue up and down, Dave blindly found the next button, undoing it...and then the next. As each button came undone, Dave's head moved further north and south, the tip of his tongue dancing along the further-exposed pole.

The last button finally taken care of, Chris' cock remained confined in a white cotton prison, the head jammed up against the inside of the waistband, straining to break free. Pulling away again to get a good view of his new toy, Dave reached inside the fly and pulled on the large dick, releasing it. Free from constraint, it throbbed and extended to its full size, causing Dave's mouth to water. He looked over to Jake's crotch and then back to Chris'...and back again. The two cocks were an interesting comparison. They were nearly identical in length and thickness...but in some ways they were opposites. Chris' piece was maybe just a half inch short of Jake's eight inches. They had the same bulbed head at the end of their rods. But where Jake's was very thick at the end and narrowed down to an average girth at the end base...Chris' length did the opposite. The head looked bigger and rounder, sitting on top of a pole that was (at first) narrower than the tip. As Dave's gaze made its way down, the shaft got wider...and wider...becoming incredibly thick at the base. Wrapping his hand around the root, he mentally compared it to Jake's and decided that it was about as thick as the end of Jake's rod, causing his hole to twitch hungrily.

Jake devoured Chris' cock. "Blow" and "suck" aren't words to describe the eagerness of his actions. His lips wrapped around Chris' cockhead and proceeded down, inhaling inch after inch of hot throbbing meat, his mouth and throat stretching around it. Fingers gripping the large meaty thighs, Dave's head bobbed up and down ferociously. Loud, wet slurping sounds filled the room, accompanied by loud groans from Chris. The older man was tempted to tangle his fingers into Dave's hair and thrust...but he was enthralled with the younger guy's enthusiastic work. Instead, he watched in amazement as Dave's mouth slid up and down his pole with vigor. In the background, he could see Jake's hand casually work his own cock, amused and turned on by the display.

After several minutes, the intensity of Dave's sucking, combined with the length of time since he'd gotten off and the novelty of actually getting head again...was all having an effect. Chris was enjoying it too much for it to be over so soon. Placing his palm on Dave's forehead, he

lightly pushed back, pulling the dark-haired man off of the end of his dick. Dave looked confused by the action; eyes glazed over with lust, his mouth hung open with a line of spit connecting his lower lip to the tip of Chris' meat. "I need a break..." Dave quietly tilted his head, still confused. Chris grinned and balled his hand into a fist before opening it back up, making an explosion sound. Laughing, Dave nodded; he gripped Chris' cock and gave it one last tug. "I'm coming back for more of this." Turning, Dave crossed the space back to Jake's armchair. Settling in between his friend's legs, he took his cock back into his mouth and resumed blowing Jake.

Relaxing with a deep breath, Chris settled against the back of the couch, taking another swig of beer. His eyes stayed riveted on Dave's mouth, watching it glide up and down, occasionally pulling off and dancing along Jake's shaft with his tongue...or going lower and nuzzling the furry nuts below. He wrapped his fingers around his own cock and lightly tugged on it, enjoying the show. Some time later, Jake took Dave's head in his hands and pulled back. Leaning down, he brought their lips together, tongues battling. Coming up for air, he winked. "I'm going to need a break too... Chris should be up for another round by now though." Grinning, Dave made his way back between Chris' knees...but not before yelping when Jake gave him a playful swat on the ass.

Another loud moan from Chris as his cock disappeared down Dave's throat...and the juicy sounds of Dave's efforts filled his ears. Seeing that Jake's beer had run out again, he pulled another bottle out of the case and tilted forward to pass it. The motion caused the head of his dick to nestle further into the back of Dave's throat, eliciting a groan from both men. Handing the beer over, he leaned back against the couch cushion and brought his hand to the back of Dave's neck...and began slightly thrusting up, meeting the down stroke of Dave's mouth, burying himself again, Dave's nose pressed into Chris' dark red pubes. Holding Dave in place, his pole throbbed inside the other man's throat, warm and tight, before relenting his grip. Dave was enjoying Chris being more involved in the blowjob...but before too long, Chris had to pull him off again before he blew his load.

Dave went back to Jake's crotch, allowing Chris to rest. Back and forth, he got to work his mouth on both men's cocks, thoroughly enjoying himself. Jake and Chris leaned back, appreciating the magic that was Dave's mouth and throat, along with the beer. Jake found himself looking at Chris more and more, turned on by his friend's beefy muscles. At some point, while Dave's mouth was wrapped around Jake's shaft, Jake found himself watching as Chris slowly jerked his own pole. Catching Jake's mesmerized stare, Chris' playful side kicked in and he began matching the pace of his wrist with Dave's head. As the younger man's lips moved down Jake's cock, Chris' fingers would make their way towards the base of his dick. When Dave brought himself back up to Jake's knob, Chris' hand would glide up and play with his cockhead. Eventually, Jake realized that the two motions were in sync; the knowledge caused his own fun stick to throb and pulse. With a sharp intake of breath, he pulled out of Dave's mouth, fighting to gain control over himself and not shoot.

Dave, unaware of the action overhead, settled back into Chris' groin, swallowing his hose. Chris winked at Jake, suppressing a laugh as his friend shot back a fake glare. When his balls began stirring, he sent Dave back over to Jake's chair. When Jake's cock had been devoured again, he took grip of his own lap stick, giving it a shake to get Jake's attention. The dark-haired man watched as Chris' other hand wandered up his thigh, over his abs, and settled on

his big chest, kneading the large pec. Sliding down, his fingers took hold of his nipple and tugged lightly...rewarded with the sound of a groan from across the room. Amused and turned on further, Chris made a show of it, spreading his legs as he pumped his meat, his body rising and falling as he flexed his ass. His other hand played across the muscles of his thigh, danced along his abs, and massaged his chest. All the while, Jake's shaft was throbbing with more urgency inside Dave's mouth. Slowly, Chris' finger descended down from his nipple and trailed down the length of his pole, circling around the bulbed head at the end, shiny with precum and dark pink with excitement. Gripping more firmly with his other hand, he pulled on it, bringing forth a large clear drop of precum which hung off of his tip. Bringing his finger up, he gathered the cock nectar and lifted his hand up in the air...and brought it to his mouth. His lips wrapped around his thick digit and suckled, tasting the sweetness as it hit his tongue.

Jake closed his eyes, the image seared onto the inside of his eyelids. His mouth opened, groaning loudly as his nuts quickly pulled up in their sac, firing up through his cum gun and slamming into Dave's throat. The younger man slammed his hands onto Jake's hips and pulled himself down, lips firmly locked around the thick shaft as it bucked and throbbed, releasing a torrent of cum, as he worked to swallow every last drop. When Jake's body finally recovered, he slumped back in his chair, drained of energy. Dave's suction finally relented as he released the rod and wiped his chin with his thumb, catching the seed that had escaped and licking his fingers clean. He left Jake, whose chest was heaving with deep breaths, and crossed back over to Chris. That thick cock hadn't been in his lips but five seconds when he felt big hands grip his torso under his arms, pulling him up onto the couch. His legs found the seat and he settled down on his knees, straddling Chris' lap. One large paw settled onto his ass, applying pressure and bringing him down until he felt the big fuck stick slide up against his rear. At the same time, the other hand slid up and tugged at his neck, bringing him in close. Chris' game with Jake had worked Chris up as well; he locked lips with Dave and began making out, their hands exploring each other's bodies, the tastes of beer and cum mingling along their tongues, as Jake rocked up and down, feeling Chris' member slide up and down his ass crack.

Neither man heard Jake get out of his chair and leave the room...or come back. They barely registered the snapping sound of a plastic lid popping open. Chris jumped when he unexpectedly felt a warm hand with cold lube wrap itself around the base of his cock. The liquid's chill dissipated as it was spread out over the skin of his fuck stick, Jake's hand working up and down, bumping against Chris' balls below and Dave's ass above. Dave was already grinding down on Chris' large knob, moaning into the mouth pressed against his lips. Now slick with lube, it began easing its way into his hole, dividing the flesh and slowly working its way in. Leaving a generous amount of lube glistening on Chris' rod, Jake wiped the excess off on his own thigh and sat down to enjoy the show.

As the first inch slid in, Dave pulled away and buried his face into Chris' neck, moaning. Not stopping, he continued rocking back and forth, working his hips and riding his way down Chris' manhood, the increasing girth stretching his tunnel as it penetrated deeper and deeper. Finally finished impaling himself, Dave leaned back and let out a cry of mostly pleasure (with just a little pain). Chris brought his hands up to Dave's shoulders, embracing him as he now buried his face into Dave's neck, pulling him down as he thrust up, burying a last half inch, both men grunting. Dave began pulling himself up, just an inch, before sliding back

down to the base of Chris' cock. The other man began rocking his own hips, assisting Dave's ride, working his mouth along Dave's neck, jaw, ear, and shoulder. By the time his lips made contact with Dave's nipple, the eager bottom was riding up and down half of Chris' tool. Teeth teasing his nipple, Dave gasped and pulled up, nearly all the way off, feeling the bulb of Chris' tip bump against his hole. He leaned back, supported by Chris' large hands, puffing his own well-muscled chest out to give Chris better access. Meanwhile, his hips broke into a trot, beginning to bounce up and down...his mouth was opened into a large O-shape, sounds of pleasure rolling out as cries, groans, and grunts, begging Chris for every inch, for more, to not stop.

Jake watched, transfixed on the pair. Dave was riding Chris like a stallion...and his large auburn-haired friend was holding Dave's hips, ramming up, their bodies slamming into each other where Chris' cock met Dave's hole, their pace having ramped up rapidly into a frantic speed. Chris tugged on Dave's upper body, bringing it back up to meet his, their chests mashing into one another. As their bodies ground together, groins thrusting and swiveling, his mouth sought out the soft area of Dave's throat, sucking on it, nibbling his way up and down the jawline, deepening their moans. Their lips would meet, desperately kissing, before breaking apart again to explore one another, tasting skin, sweat, and lust.

Suddenly, Chris took hold of Dave's hips and began power drilling him, his third leg ramming in and out like his life depended on it. Dave's body bounced wildly, barely holding on as he was being pounded. Each thrust resulted in a slap of skin on skin, and cries of pleasure. Dave's head hung back, hair plastered to his brow with sweat, mouth wide open. "FUCK...YES...FUCK FUCK FUCK...DONT....FUCKING...STOP...OH MY FUCKING...GOD...UNHHHH...FUCK ME...FUCK FUCK...YES...YES...YEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS...AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" His upper body went rigid and his hands clenched onto Chris' shoulders as he exploded, his cock spraying cum everywhere. Each time his nuts fired off another shot, his ass flexed, the dimples on his butt cheeks deepening and his tunnel clenching around Chris' hardness. Ropes of jizz flew up, going everywhere as Chris continued to hammer Dave's ass. Finally, he slammed home with one last super-thrust, attempting to bury every micro inch of himself into Dave as he began unloading his balls deep inside. Chris shoved his face into Dave's neck, muffling the roar coming out of his throat as his orgasm took over his body, muscles bulging, the barely-still-visible thick vein at the base of his cock pulsing as he fired several times into Dave's fuck-hole. As thick as his pole already was, Dave could feel it swelling even more inside of him with each shot. His earlier cry had turned into a satisfied whimper as he fell forward, slumping into Chris, the bigger man's torso holding him up.

As they finally came back to reality, they heard a slow clap. Jake sat there, his tool hard and leaking, applauding the hot show they'd put on, a big amused grin on his face. Chris smiled sheepishly - he hadn't meant to get that out of control. Looking back at each other, they saw that Dave's cum was all over their chests and stomach...and had even landed across their faces and in their hair. "Damn son, where the hell did all of that come from?" Chris chuckled. Dave groaned...the laugh had caused Chris' body to shake...including the fuck stick still buried in Dave's abused rear end. "Um, you kinda pounded it out of me."

"You liked it."

"Hell yeah I did!"



Jake got up, slapping Dave's ass as he sauntered by. "You boys need a shower...bad. All covered in sweat and cum and hotness." He disappeared through the bedroom and into the bathroom, his voice echoing off of the tiles and back into the living room area. "Besides, I want you all cleaned up for some other things I have in mind."

His laughter filling both rooms, Chris and Dave sat there looking at one another, their bodies still interlocked. "Wonder what he's thinking...?" Dave mused.

Chris ground his hips into Dave's ass, working his still half-hard cock with a grin. "Only one way to find out."

## End Notes

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