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Dawson's Revenge a short story by AJ Llewellyn
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I WOKE up that hot Monday morning to the tune of Taj Mahal's guttural, raspy voice singing *Sacred Island* and I stretched out in the surprisingly comfortable bed, then I remembered where I was. My next thought was, *how did it all go so wrong?* This was supposed to be the biggest shoot in the history of gay porn. We'd gotten Dawson, the hottest bottom in the business, the man they called *the ultimate porn star of all time*, to fly to Portugal to make a movie taking on five of the biggest names in gay porn.

Man, we even managed to get another awesome bottom, Dick Wolf, out of retirement for this one! Here we were in a seventeenth century, five floor villa in northern Madeira, near the volcanic ruins of São Vicente on one side, the ocean at the other. All this natural beauty, *and* there were hot, naked men strolling around...

And all our film equipment had been stolen! I hadn't figured out how to tell everyone the news. *Sex.* Somebody was fucking, I could hear the sounds coming from next door, or so I thought. I was sharing a room with Jack, our camera man, but his bed was empty and as I got up, I tried to push down my morning erection as I opened the curtains to check on the weather.

"Oh yeah baby, that's so good..." I found Jack on his knees outside our room. These old villas had the unusual distinction of having iron staircases outside of the building, all the way from the bottom to the top. And here I was, *naked and hard*, and there was Jack, on the third step from the top, this skinny white guy from Urbano, Ohio giving a pretty damned good blow job to Dredd Scott.

They both glanced at me and I gave them a finger wave. Dredd, a massive hunk of black muscle sat there naked as he watched Jack handle him with skill and confidence. Dredd can look fierce and that meaty weapon of his would give most guys a moment or two of doubt, but Dredd's expression was one of carnal lust as Jack ran his hungry tongue over that thick head. I heard Dredd hiss as Jack's tongue moved back and forth over the piss slit. Jack, like a lot of guys involved in gay porn, claimed to be straight but this wasn't the first time I'd caught him getting a piece of pipe for free. As far as I was concerned, he should get paid for his efforts.

"I want to fuck you," Dredd drawled, but Jack whined. He wanted that cock exactly where he had it...man, the things you see when you don't have a camera! Dredd was trying to push Jack back, gently, but when his whole, huge cock disappeared down that white boy's throat, Dredd's mouth formed into an O and I wanted to kick myself that I let a couple of hustlers run off with our gear.

Dredd's eyes went black as Jack came off his cock, his cheek muscles working overtime as he took it all back home again. "Damn..." I could tell he was torn between getting off in Jack's mouth, and claiming his ass. I saw a little old lady next door watering plants, a look of complete astonishment on her upturned face, her ancient watering can sputtering liquid on a geriatric, skinny white cat that ran off and hid under a giant orange tree.

That was what I could smell all night. Orange blossom.

"Fuck!" Dredd shouted, as he started to come but unlike his movies, he got to keep his cock in that warm, wet mouth and finish the way nature intended. He pulled Jack up as his juices

bubbled over his mouth and I watched the feral way his tongue slaked his own juices off Jack's drenched lips.

Dredd pressed Jack against the railing, spun him around and started licking that cute little bubble butt. *Fuck!* We needed the cameras!

"Give me your ass, bitch." Dredd slapped Jack's butt until it jutted out and Dredd moved Jack's legs apart, his whole face disappearing into that smooth white butt.

I could hear moaning downstairs. I walked down three flights on the cool, chunky stone slab floors and marveled that with the two-foot thick walls I could still hear the intense sounds of man-love pleasure. In the living room, I found Dawson, a boyish, half-sleepy smile on his face. He was sitting at the dining room table next to my friend Flavio, who had found the house for us.

Dawson was wearing a pair of shorts, eagerly listening as Flavio pawed through the welcome basket, explaining what everything was.

"This cheese is *Queijo de Serra*, a very nice, smooth, sharp cheese," Flavio was saying. "And these pastries...you must try this one. We call it's a nun's belly."

"A nun's belly?" Dawson pushed his wire rim glasses back up the bridge of his nose. "Don't you have one called monk's balls? That I could get into."

Flavio gave him a look of mock severity as he went on: "Or you can try this *pão de ló*."

"That looks like sponge cake." Dawson grinned at him.

"It is," Flavio shrugged. "And we have fruit here. Look, there's passionfruit..."

"Oh, now we're talking." Dawson reached for a wrinkled-looking purple bulb. "Now these look like a monk's balls."

Even Flavio had to laugh.

"What's this?" Dawson was pointing at a spiky green melon.

"That's soursop. In spite of the name, it's delicious. We eat it with ice cream, we make candies with it. Here, I'll slice some for you."

Dawson watched as Flavio sliced the fruit, that turned out to be melon like in its appearance, white with lots of brown seeds. He looked so eager and alert, like the world's most earnest banker, not like the hungriest cum-slut I'd ever met. I had no idea what the sleeping arrangements had been the night before and I wasn't going to ask, except that Juan Jimenez, the Spanish porn star who lived the closest to Madeira but had been the last two arrive the night before, wandered out of his bedroom with Zak Spears and Dick Wolf.

Nobody looked unhappy. I stared at Dick Wolf who had put on a ton of weight since I'd seen him in *Mo' Bubble Butt*, taking cocks and dildos with equal enthusiasm. He was a definite muscle bear type now. *Dang*. He was even hotter with a bit of extra muscle on him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuckity, FUCK!" I shouted. "All this sex going on and I didn't catch it on camera!" I watched Dick Wolf toying with Diesel Washington's prodigious dick – talk about a money shot! *And I had no camera!*

I wanted to cry. And I was a director of gay porn. I couldn't cry! Diesel Washington, the six foot six hunk of dark chocolate with the nine and a half inch cock had taken a lot of persuading to do this movie. A thoughtful, unusual man, he had told me over dinner in New York that porn was killing his sex life and that his height, color and humungous cock were killing his professional career.

"Dawson wants to fuck you," I had told him. And who doesn't want to fuck Dawson, right?

But Dick Wolf was handling the cock-sitting chores right now and Dawson took a wide slice of the soursop and bit into it. As the juices ran down his chin, Juan Jimenez reached down

in a sensuous way, licking Dawson's mouth and chin. Dawson grinned at me. "Andy, relax. We just got here. We have tons of time to shoot." Like me though, his eyes were fixed on that massive cock Juan had, swinging like a baseball bat between his well-toned thighs.

"Fuck me," Dawson muttered.

Juan ran his hand over the top of Dawson's close-cropped hair. "I will, I promise you. I will take care of you, beautifully, *Daw-son*." I watched Juan's shoulder muscles, tattooed with flying horses, ripple as he bent forward to kiss Dawson again.

"Umm...Dawson," I squeaked. "You want to play some tennis before we get started?"

His gaze shifted with reluctance from Juan's cock to my hopeful expression. The one thing Dawson enjoyed almost as much as getting fucked was a good game of tennis.

"Yes," I went on. "There are tennis courts at Palherio." *I did have that right, didn't I? I'd read the brochure correctly, I was sure of it. We had to postpone this little party. Now.*

"That's a golf course." Juan was looking down at Dawson whose mouth suddenly shot straight down to Juan's magnificent, uncut specimen. I watched Dawson's tongue slide back the foreskin over the gleaming head that was the size of a large man's fist. He gave it a good work out, tugging the foreskin back with his lips and with a wicked smile at Juan, took another bite of his soursop, letting the juices run over the cock now invading his mouth.

Dawson played with his food for a bit then looked up at me. "Aren't we going to lose daylight hours if we play tennis?" Juan's rigid cock was jutting against his muscular arm. Dawson gave it a swift kiss. "I love cock and coffee first thing in the morning." His fingers stroked the foreskin back again and next thing I knew, Juan had Dawson out of his seat and was kissing him, the way Juan kisses men, with his whole face.

It all happened so fast. Dawson's glasses flew off and I heard unrestrained cries coming from upstairs and then there was a knock at the back door. Dick Wolf, Luke Garrett and Diesel Washington were all in the living room and an orgy was about to happen. I ran to the door, hoping it was the cops with news about our stolen cameras and I winched it open, peering out into the harsh daylight to see the little old lady from next door holding a cup in her gnarled little hand. Her eyes widened and I turned around to see Dawson flat on his back on the dining room table, his shorts hanging off his left big toe.

Juan was eating his ass like it was the tastiest find in the welcome basket and Zak Spears was feeding the hungry man his own hunk of meat.

The old lady dropped the cup, screamed "*Bichoca! Bichoca!*" and ran off next door. I reached for my Portuguese-English dictionary and Juan took his tongue out of Dawson's ass.

"You won't find that in there. She's got some mouth on her that old thing...she just screamed that we're all gay."

"How dare she?" Dick Wolf toyed with Diesel Washington's cock, watching Dawson squirm around the table top trying to get Juan's mouth back on his ass. Dawson pulled off Zak's cock and looked at me.

"You wanna get the camera rolling?"

"Ugghh...be right back." I ran upstairs to my room just as Dredd Scott was carrying Jack through the window, laying him on his back across my bed. Jack was reaching for Dredd's cock and placed it right at his hungry hole and Dredd sliced into him in one smooth stroke. Jack's cock went hard and he bounced around on the bed as Dredd drilled him. Man, I was pissed about those cameras.

Dredd picked up Jack's legs, yanking them over his shoulders and he knelt on the edge of the bed fucking Jack like he'd taken Jack's ass on a million dollar dare. Jack's hands flew around Dredd's body, holding the man's rutting ass to him.

"My cock ain't goin' nowhere," Dredd growled but Jack was so far gone now and I knew he was about to shoot. "Hey, feel free to join the party," Dredd pointed to Jack who was frantically jerking on his own cock. I pounced on him, moving his fingers away with my lips and tongue. I swallowed his cock as Jack shot like a cannon straight down my throat.

"Give me your ass." Dredd pulled out of Jack.

"No, no," Jack was hysterical now.

"You gotta learn to share." Dredd stroked Jack's cheek with one long finger, but Jack shook his head.

"We'll share you," I muttered and got on my hands and knees. Dredd ran his big hands over my ass and grunted. I came almost as soon as he was inside me and he slapped my ass in a friendly way, shoving me aside to get another piece of Jack's tight hole. Back and forth we went and Jack and I grinned at each other and I can't tell you the elation that swept over me as I felt Dredd coming deep inside me. I felt his cock pulsing hotly inside me and I thought about all the times I'd watched his movies, wishing he would fuck me.

We got off the bed as the sounds of hot fucking from downstairs washed over us. Dawson was on his back as Juan Jimenez was getting ready to fuck him.

"I never fuck without a condom, but for this ass, I bareback." Juan's hand moved down to Dawson's cock, stroking it in a slow, sensuous way. Dawson looked at me.

"Can you get me the Jungle Juice from my room?"

"No Jungle Juice. I want you nice and hard. I want you to come. I want you to come hard when Juan Jimenez fuck you, *Daw-son*." He plunged into Dawson as Dredd and Diesel both grabbed Jack, taking him down to the floor.

"This might be a good time to tell them that the cameras are gone," Jack whispered, but Zak Spears was getting ready to come all over Dawson's face with the load he was sending down our favorite cock-sucker's face. I didn't think I could stop this particular show, not when Dawson needed some help licking up all that baby batter.

"*Chupa me a*," Juan whispered to Dick Wolf. Catching my curious glance he said, "I just told him to suck my cock in Portuguese."

The room went crazy. My first gay orgy and I would have nothing but my memories to show for it. I watched big, beefy Zak Spears taking aim at Dawson's hungry ass on the floor. Man, it was real, the frenzy, the complete lost-in-the-moment passion and I didn't know were to look next.

Juan was feeding his cock to Dick Wolf who was getting some great action straddling muscular, bald Luke Garrett's face as he bent down to give Luke's cock some satisfaction. Even Flavio was getting some ass. Nobody talked but the rising heat level and the deafening noise of men pleasuring men spoke volumes.

I watched Dawson get sandwiched between Dredd Scott now imbedded in his ass and Jack who wanted some hot Dawson cock in his.

"Look at me," Dawson laughed. "I'm lunch meat!"

Diesel Washington evidently likes his lunch meat hot because he shoved Dredd aside and was now going berserk in that famous hot bottom, pulling out, putting himself back in as load after load of man cream oozed out of Dawson's ass. It was incredibly intense, erotic and deeply

frustrating watching Diesel slip in and out of Dawson's ass, making Dawson cry out each time he planted himself back in, all the way to the hilt.

"Tell me you got all of that." Dawson fell on top of Jack as Diesel dropped a kiss between Dawson's shoulder blades.

"Well..."

"The cameras were stolen," Jack mumbled from underneath Dawson, his face smooshed into the table.

"What?" Dawson's glance shifted to me. "I've got a digital camera. You should have said something."

I ran to his room to get it and when I returned, he snatched it out of my hands.

"All that fucking and nothing to show for it?" He laughed. "Guess we're gonna have to start again. Only this time, I'm calling the shots. Yeah...guess you might call it revenge, Andy. Now get down on your knees." He opened the viewfinder on his camera and looked around the room. "Who wants to fuck him first?"

"What?" I squawked as four guys with big hard cocks walked towards me.

"Cool!" Dawson grinned at me over the camera. "I always wanted to be a director."

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