

Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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The story depicts gay, straight, and bisexual activities among consenting teens and consenting adults; however, there is no sexual contact between adults and minors. There are elements of “rough sex,” but not sado-masochism. Anyone who is below the age of 18, living in a jurisdiction where such material is illegal, or easily offended by such material should stop reading at this point and exit this Web page immediately.

Though the author has tried to make the story as authentic as possible, the reader should remember that it is a work of fiction, which means that some suspension of belief is expected. Some of the scenes involve unsafe sex practices. The author neither condones nor encourages such activity in real life. Everyone is urged to practice safe sex at all times.

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Chapter 1: Jay Sherwood

Sweat beaded up on their dark, sensuous young bodies as Jay Sherwood gazed down on them surreptitiously from his bedroom window. He had gone out to meet with a client, but when he got there, he learned that the man had been called away unexpectedly, so he came back home. The boys had seen him leave, but they had not heard him return, so they had no idea that he was watching them. He had promised himself that he would not touch them. Oh, they were both of legal age—Chico was 22 and Matt 18—but Chico was his employee, and Matt was like a little brother to him. Besides, he was not gay, he told himself, so why was he so transfixed on them? Then again, his life had been one contradiction after another.

Matt had the lean, hard body of a champion swimmer, which he was, and Chico had a muscular build honed from years of working out and fighting—both in the ring and on the streets of Spanish Harlem. Matt wore a blue Speedo that showed off not only his athletic physique, but also his substantial package. Blond pubic hairs escaped from the waistband, and the outline of his cock showed prominently through the spandex. Chico lay on a patio chaise lounge with a towel draped across his waist. He inspected Matt's body with the same lustful attention that Jay emoted. Fully aware of Chico's interest, Matt made no attempt to turn or look away.

Shortly, Chico reached beneath the towel with his strong masculine hand and began to rub his crotch slowly and methodically. In no time at all, Matt's Speedo ballooned with his swollen cock straining to break free. Chico pitched a tent with his towel before removing it to reveal his naked body. Obviously excited by what he saw, Matt reached down and pulled out his beautiful dick. He stroked it in sync with Chico's rhythm. And he wasn't the only one. Jay quickly dropped his trousers and underwear and pumped his hardened manhood.

Chico got up from the chaise and walked over to Matt. Kneeling down beside him, he removed Matt's hand and replaced it with his own. Matt returned the favor. Both boys moaned, gritted their teeth, and threw their heads back in agonizing ecstasy. Chico turned around, straddled Matt's quivering body, and took his pulsating cock into his salivating mouth. Matt raised his head enough to lock his lips around Chico's dick. They licked and sucked each other until Matt screamed, "I'm cumming!" Chico rose up and pumped Matt's shaft, which ejaculated white cream all over both of them.

"Now," shouted Chico. "Now." Just as Chico had done, Matt released Chico's dick from his mouth and jacked him off. Chico shot load after load onto Matt's smooth chest and ripped abs. After Chico had finished quaking, he swiveled around and lay on top of Matt, squishing their hot juices between them.

"We'd better get cleaned up before Dr. J gets home," said Chico after several minutes had passed. As the two of them headed for the shower in the pool house, Jay went to his bathroom to get a washcloth to clean the cum he had shot onto the sliding glass door through which he had watched their sexual play. Yes, he had promised himself that he would not touch them. But he had not promised not to watch.