

Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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Chapter 5: Rick's Apartment

For the next few months, Jay was content to relive the memories of Rick's account of his first blow job, Bill's boastful stories (true or not), and his own escapades, including some that he had after his rendezvous with Maggie and the Hooper sisters. Then, something different happened.

He had to write a term paper for school, so his dad let him off work for a week to go to the

library and do some research. His mom usually picked him up around 9:00, but that Thursday she went out of town for a management seminar, so his dad said he would pick him up. Jay sat on the library steps waiting for him, but when 9 o'clock came, it was not his dad who arrived, but Rick. Rick explained that he and Mr. Sherwood had been working late at the shop, and the boss wanted to finish up what they were doing, so he volunteered to pick Jay up. Rick told Jay that he could stay with him at his apartment until his dad called to say he was on his way home.

Jay was really excited. Though he had never been to Rick's apartment before, he had often wondered what this stud's bachelor pad must look like. When we got there, he was surprised to find that it was nothing like he had imagined. It was a small one-room studio apartment. There was a bed (unmade), a small desk with a metal folding chair, a table with a small TV and an old VCR, and one chest of drawers. There really wasn't room for any more furniture than that. The walls were plain, not even a poster of a naked woman. The tiny kitchen was separated from the rest of the room by a counter that doubled as his dining table. The compact bathroom stood to one side of the bed. On the desk lay two books, *Introduction to Sociology* and *Fundamentals of Criminal Justice*.

"What's with these books?" Jay asked.

"Oh, they're nothin'," Rick replied, dismissing the question.

As if to change the subject, Rick reached under the bed, pulled out three new "explicit" magazines and threw them on the bed. "Enjoy," he said. "I'm gonna take a shower." Jay plopped down on the bed and quickly thumbed through the mags. He opened each one to the most salacious spread, laid one on each side of him and the third on the floor in front of him, and started rubbing his crotch. When he looked up, Rick was stripping off his last pieces of clothing and tossing them on the floor. *God, he's gorgeous!* Jay had seen him shirtless before, but never completely naked. His quads were highly developed, his ass was tight and a bit hairy, but his most distinctive features, of course, were his huge dick and low-hanging balls. Jay tried not to stare, but he had never seen a dick and balls that big before. Rick's cock must have been at least six inches flaccid and so thick that Jay couldn't imagine how he could get his hand around it to jack off. He was mesmerized, and he fantasized about what it must look like when erect. Jay wasn't sure if Rick noticed him staring, but if he did, he didn't let on.

The shower was in a direct line of sight from Jay's position on the bed. Naturally, Rick closed the shower curtain, but it was translucent, and Jay was able to make out Rick's silhouette as he rubbed his body all over with soap. Because of all the grease and heavy sweat covering his body, Rick had to scrub down and rinse off several times. All of a sudden, the apartment felt very warm, so Jay peeled off his shirt. When Rick reached down to wash his dick and balls, Jay unbuttoned his jeans and reached inside to massage his own jewels.

When Rick unexpectedly threw back the curtain, Jay quickly diverted his eyes to the magazine on the floor in front of him and tried to cover his now-stiff cock—like he was really gonna hide

his boner from Rick! “Jay,” Rick called. *Oh, God, he caught me watching.* “Are you ever NOT horny? Never mind. You’re 16. Of course, you’re always horny. Hot stuff, huh?”

“Uh, what?”

“The stuff in those magazines.”

“Oh, yeah, the magazines. Really hot stuff.”

“Do me a favor, would ya? Look in the bottom drawer of the dresser and bring me a towel.”

“Uh, yeah, sure, Rick.” Jay prayed that Rick would not hear the nervousness in his voice. He found the towel and took it to Rick, holding up his jeans as he walked. The closer he got, the warmer he felt. Damn, Rick looked sexy with water dripping from his head and athletic body. As Jay turned and walked back to the bed, he prayed that he would not trip over his own feet.

Once he had sat back down on the bed, he looked up, and Rick was still toweling off. “Rick?” he asked.

“Yeah, buddy. What’s up?” He loved it when Rick called him “buddy,” or even when he called him “twerp” or “dickhead.” It didn’t really matter because they both understood that these were not meant as insults, but terms of affection.

“You remember a few months back, I asked you if you had ever done any of the stuff in these magazines, and you told me about your first blow job?”

“Sure. How can I forget it? You sprayed Ol’ Faithful all over yourself.”

They both laughed. “Well, I’ve been wondering if there’s anything else in these magazines that you’ve done.”

“Sure, lots of things.”

“Like what?”

“Well, like fucking girls in the ass, doing two girls at once, and even the bondage thing.”

“Bondage! Rick, I just can’t picture you tying up a girl and whipping her.”

“Well, I do, but mostly I let them tie me up.”

“No, you wouldn’t! I find that even harder to believe.”

“Oh, don’t get your balls in a knot. It’s not like that. It’s just role playing. We don’t really hurt each other. I suppose some people get off on hurting someone or being hurt, but I’m not really into that.”

“Rick?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you ever...?”

“Do I ever what?”

“I mean, have you ever...?”

“Spit it out, champ. Have I ever what?”

“Have you ever had sex with another guy?”

“What? Do you think I’m some fuckin’ homo?” he asked laughingly. But it was not his normal laugh. It was more of a nervous laugh. Then, he paused, like he was reassessing his position. He stopped drying off, wrapped the towel around his waist, walked over, and looked down at Jay.

“I’m sorry, Rick. I should have known better than to ask.”

“No, Jay. I’m the one who’s sorry,” said Rick, sitting down on the bed next to Jay and putting a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “You’ve always been straight with me, and I’ve always tried to be straight with you, and you’ve never given me any reason to doubt you, so I can’t lie to you now. The truth is that I have had sex with guys. It’s not really my thing, but there’s nothing wrong with it either.” Jay didn’t know whether to be shocked or relieved at this news, but he was flattered that Rick felt he could trust him.

“Listen, Jay. I’ll tell you about it, but I want you to promise me you won’t tell anybody, OK? Like I said, there’s nothing wrong with it, but not everybody’s as open-minded as you and me, including some of the guys at the shop, and it would just make my life easier if they didn’t know.”

“Sure, Rick. If you say not to tell anybody, I won’t tell.”

He smiled. “I know, Jay. I know I can trust you.” It felt good to hear him say that.

“One more thing, Jay. Don’t ever use that word, ‘homo’. It’s degrading, and I never should have said it. Whatever consenting adults want to do in private is their business, and it’s not our place to judge.”

Of all the lessons Jay ever learned from Rick—and there were far too many to count—that was the most important, and Jay never forgot it.

Rick gave himself some space to turn on the bed and face Jay. He placed one leg up on the bed, bent at the knee, and the other resting on the floor. The towel barely covered his crotch, and pubic hairs peeked out from the edge of the towel. Jay found it awfully difficult to focus on Rick’s story.

[Author's note: In Chapter 6, Rick tells Jay about his first orgy with members of his high school football team and the cheerleaders.]