

# Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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## Chapter 10: Dan

Most people would have been camping out on Dan Hammond’s doorstep the next morning chomping at the bit to get at that \$234 million, but not Jay. There was enough in the bank accounts to tide him over, and besides, touching that money would have been an admission that the tempest whirling around him was actually real and not just some cruel joke. In one of his psychology courses he had learned about Elizabeth Kubler-Ross’s five stages of grief—denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. He was still in a state of denial.

About two weeks later, he got a call from Dan. “Hi, Jay. How ya doin’?” Jay could tell from the tone of his voice that the question was sincere, not just a formality.

“I’m doing OK,” Jay lied.

The hesitation in Dan’s response told Jay that the man understood.

“Listen, Jay. I have an appointment this evening in your neighborhood, and I thought maybe I could drop by afterwards and go over your accounts...if you’re ready, that is.” Jay wasn’t, but he knew he had to do it sometime, so he said, “Sure.”

“It may be around 9:30 before I can get there. Is that too late?” Jay rarely went to bed before midnight in those days, so he assured Hammond that 9:30 would be no problem.

When Dan arrived, he was dressed not in a tailor-made Italian suit, but in PRPS jeans, the brand that David Beckham and Brad Pitt wear, Nike limited-edition Air Force Ones, and a Rock & Republic Nails shirt that drew out his sparkling green eyes. He had looked very handsome in his suit, but the jeans and tapered, half-unbuttoned shirt showed off his athletic physique and a tuft of dark, thick hair on his broad chest. He was dressed casually, but by no means cheaply. “I hope you don’t mind the way I’m dressed.”

“No, of course not.” And as soon as he said it, Jay hoped that he hadn’t sounded too enthusiastic. He hadn’t gotten excited much since the plane crash.

They sat on the sofa, and Dan set his Valextra Premier attaché on the coffee table in front of them. Jay expected him to open the case and get right to the papers, but he didn’t.

“Have you got any liquor in the house?”

“Oh, of course. I should have asked if you wanted anything. My mind’s just not working right these days.”

“No sweat. You stay here. I’ll get it.” The liquor cabinet was in plain sight, and Dan had been in the house before to confer with Jay’s mother on her investments. He returned to the sofa with a nearly full bottle of Jack Daniels and two glasses. He poured one for each of them.

“Tell me about your parents, Jay.”

“What do you mean?” Jay asked. “You knew them.”

“Well, I knew your mother, but I didn’t know your parents the way you did. Tell me about your parents and YOU.”

Jay hadn’t really talked about his folks since the funeral, and he really needed to do that. He took a sip of the whiskey and prattled on for two hours, oblivious to the time, and Dan listened attentively the whole time, refilling Jay’s glass periodically. Finally, it all caught up with Jay, and he had to fight to choke back the tears.

“Go ahead, Jay. Let it out.”

Jay cried for the first time since his mom and dad had died. In fact, he bawled. Dan slid over and held him close in his arms, and Jay laid his head in the crook of the man’s shoulder. As he thought about it later, Jay was grateful that Dan had not worn one of his expensive suits because he wouldn’t have wanted to get tears on it. When it seemed like he had no tears left to shed, Jay raised his head and apologized for losing control.

“There’s no need to apologize, Jay. What you’re feeling right now is perfectly normal.”

Dan got up from the sofa, moved his attaché case aside, and sat on the sturdy coffee table facing Jay straight on. Their knees rubbed against each other’s. Dan looked at Jay with those same passionate eyes that had captivated him the day they met in Ed McClelland’s office.

“I don’t think you should be alone right now, Jay. Is there someone I can call for you? A relative or a close friend?”

Jay’s mind drifted to his childhood buddy, Billy Macintosh, and, of course, to Rick. Dear Rick. Where was he when he really needed him?

“Not really,” Jay replied. And then in a moment of sudden realization, he added, “I guess I’m really all alone.”

“No, Jay, you’re not alone—at least not as long as I’m around.”

Jay didn’t know why he trusted the man—after all, he had only met him once before—but he did trust him, completely. He gazed longingly into his eyes, and Dan responded with a look of sincere kindness. Then, very slowly, he leaned forward and kissed Jay softly. It was not a lustful kiss, but a genuinely loving one. Jay might have been shocked, but it felt too good. Dan

pulled back as slowly as he had approached and again looked Jay in the eyes for a reading. When Jay didn't respond, Dan leaned forward and kissed him again in the same way. This time, though, Jay threw his arms around the handsome, compassionate man and pulled him close. Dan's kiss became more passionate, his tongue reaching between Jay's lips and into his mouth. Jay received it like someone starved for affection, which he was. When Jay finally released his clutch on Dan, the man drew back again, gave Jay that same compassionate look, and smiled reassuringly. Jay was totally conflicted: it felt completely wrong and yet overwhelmingly right.

When Jay started to speak, Dan placed one finger over his lips, gently silencing him. He slowly removed Jay's shirt and gently rubbed his shoulders and chest. As he did, he alternated admiring Jay's body and smiling at his face. He placed one hand on his chest and the other on his back and gently laid him down on the sofa. He again kissed him, sometimes softly, sometimes passionately. Like a film running in slow motion, he planted butterfly kisses all the way down from his lips to his navel and back up again.

Then, he turned his attention to Jay's nipples, first licking them, and then sucking them. As he licked and sucked one, he gently massaged the other between two fingers. He raised Jay's arms above his head and licked his armpits. No one had ever done that to him before, so he was surprised at how much it aroused him. His body shivered involuntarily. Dan responded by placing one hand on Jay's leg. When he saw that Jay was not going to object, he began massaging his thighs and then rubbing his crotch. Jay was completely powerless under his spell.

Momentarily, Dan slid down and rubbed his cheeks against the dick then straining to break free of Jay's tight jeans. With his face in Jay's crotch, he again looked up at him and smiled. No words were spoken, but it was obvious that he was reassuring Jay. He loosened his belt, unzipped his fly, and removed his shoes and jeans. He adjusted Jay's now-engorged dick in his briefs to make him more comfortable, but he did not remove the underwear. Instead, he again rubbed his cheeks against his crotch and took a deep sigh, as girls had sometimes done when worshiping Jay's manhood. Dan gently bit on Jay's cock through the fabric while rubbing his hand against his aching balls. Part of Jay wanted this ministrations to go on forever, but another part wanted the man to rip off his briefs and devour his throbbing dick.

When Dan did pull down his briefs, Jay's dick flew up and hit the man in the face. Dan looked up at him and chuckled lightly to let him know that it was OK. When Dan looked back down and realized how big Jay was (about 7 1/2 inches long, but unusually thick), he opened his eyelids wide and took a deep breath, like a man preparing to dig into a 24-ounce steak, not quite sure that he could handle the whole thing.

Forging ahead, he licked underneath Jay's balls and up and down his shaft. He licked his piss slit and took the head of his cock into his mouth. Jay felt like he would jump out of his skin. He placed his hands on Dan's head, not to hold him down, but to brace himself and to signal that he wanted him to go further. Dan pulled back, looked at Jay again, took another deep breath, as if to say, "Well, here goes nothin'," and dove in like his life depended on it. He took

the penis in so deep that Jay was afraid he would puncture his tonsils. He sucked and bobbed, jacking him off with his lips and tongue. He dove in again, and that time Jay could feel his nose rubbing his pubic hair. No girl Jay had ever had sex with could take in that much of him. He squirmed uncontrollably and found himself pumping back, literally fucking the man's face.

“Oh, my God, Dan. Fuck. Fuck. Oh, shit. Fuck.” Jay gripped the sofa cushions and held on for the ride of his life. He moved his hands to Dan's head, but this time he wasn't just signaling his approval, he was pressing his head onto his pulsating meat, letting him know that there was no pulling back now. “Oh, shit, Dan! Holy shit! Oh, God! Goddam, Dan! Fuck! I can't stand it! Fuck! Oh, God, I'm gonna cum! Ah! Ah! Dan, Dan, Dan, I'm cummin'! I'm cummin'! I'm cumin'!” Jay gripped his head harder and tried to pull him off so that he wouldn't cum in his mouth, but Dan wouldn't stop. He just kept sucking and sucking and sucking. Jay again gripped the sofa, clenched his teeth, threw his head back, and closed his eyes tightly. “Dan! Dan! This is it! This is...this is...this...this...ah, aahh, aaahh...AAAHHHH! AAAHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! AAAHHHH! AAAHHHH!” Dan kept at it, driving Jay out of his fuckin' mind. “Fuck! Fuck! Aaahhh...aahh..ah...ah...ah. Huhhh. Huhhh. Huhhh. Jay panted and panted, straining to catch his breath as Dan sucked the last drop of jizz out of his hose.

When Jay finally regained some sense of composure, he opened his eyes and looked up to see Dan standing over him, licking the last few drops of white cream from his lips. Jay was very surprised to see him actually swallow his cum. No one had ever done that before. Dan looked down, smiled, knelt beside Jay, leaned forward, and once again kissed him deeply, but gently. Jay could taste the residue of his man-juice in his mouth. He had tasted his own cum before, but only when he had jacked off and inadvertently shot some into his mouth. He had never been too crazy about it, but this time it was different, amazingly different. When Dan rose up again, Jay tried to stand too, but the combination of whiskey and heavy breathing overtook him, and he blacked out.

Jay awoke the following morning to find himself in his bed with Dan Hammond's body cradled against his and the hunk's arm wrapped around him. Jay was delighted that Dan had stayed the night, but he was surprised to see that Dan was still wearing the shirt and jeans that he had on the night before. When Jay rolled over, Dan woke up. For a few moments, they just looked at each other and smiled. Then, Dan asked, “Feel better?”

“Thank you, Dan. I didn't realize how much I needed that.” Jay kissed Dan tenderly and reached for his crotch. Jay was again surprised when Dan stopped him.

“You don't have to do that, Jay.”

“I know, but I want to. You made me feel incredible, and I want to return the favor.”

“Jay, please understand. I'm not gay. I just did what I did and held you all night because you obviously needed someone.”

“Well, I’m not gay either, but what you did last night made me feel human again, and I want to thank you.”

“Like I said, Jay, you don’t have to do that.”

“If you won’t let me do it for you, let me do it for myself. Ever since Mom and Dad died, I’ve just been trying to keep my head above water. I’ve tried to take care of the shop and the employees there, but I don’t really know if I’m doing the right things or not. I know I can take care of you right now, though, and I need to do that. I need to set my own problems aside just for a few minutes and do something for someone else. Please let me do this.”

Dan did not answer. He simply lay back on the bed in submission.

Jay began by kissing him softly on the lips and then all over his face, including his eyelids. As he did, he whispered to Dan how handsome he was and how beautiful his eyes were. As he rubbed Dan’s shoulders and arms and reached inside his shirt to massage his hairy pecs, he spoke of Dan’s taut muscles and sculpted body. He opened the shirt and kissed and sucked his tits. He ran his fingers and then his tongue across Dan’s ripped abs and followed his treasure trail to the Holy Grail. He undid and then removed his jeans. By the time he removed Dan’s underwear, he was as hard as a rock. Jay swore that it was the most beautiful cock he had ever seen.

He moved down and licked the inside of Dan’s left leg from the ankle to the crotch and then back down the right leg. He lifted up Dan’s balls and licked the tender area between the ball sac and the asshole. He licked his shaft up one side and down the other, all the way around. He kissed the tip of his penis and then sucked on the head before taking the full length in his mouth. He sucked calmly and then vigorously, pumping his mouth from the head to the hairy base. He paused to tell Dan what a magnificent cock he had and what an awesome stud he was.

Jay reached into the drawer of his night stand and removed a tube of lube. He squeezed some onto his finger and stuck it up Dan’s ass as he resumed sucking on his cock. Dan cooed. Perhaps this was a new experience for him. Jay inserted a second finger and reached in as far as he could. When Dan jerked like he had been prodded with an electric shock, Jay knew that he had found the man’s prostate. He stroked the tissue gently as he continued to suck on his throbbing cock. Dan shuddered and screamed that Jay was torturing him with pleasure. Whatever Jay was doing to him, he loved it, but he didn’t know how much longer he could endure it. He gripped the edges of the bed, gritted his teeth, threw his head back, squeezed his eyes shut, and cursed like a sailor. Somehow, it seemed to Jay incongruent with the image of the successful executive he first met in Ed McClelland’s office, but he took devilish delight in knowing that he could bring his new friend such mad pleasure. And he wasn’t just stroking Dan’s ego when he told him what an awesome stud he was. His own cock throbbed from the

heat of Dan's sensual body.

Dan released his grip on the bed and grabbed hold of Jay's head. He thrust his pelvis up and down, fucking Jay's face on the way up and getting finger-fucked in the ass on the way down. Perhaps he was conscious of what he was doing, perhaps not, but it was beyond his control. He had become a wild beast, and he had no choice but to succumb to his feral instincts.

Dan's nuts boiled in manly juices. His cock screamed with tension. His whole body shook with anticipation. He burst like a dam that could no longer hold. He spewed his seed deep into Jay's throat once, twice, again, and again. Who could count? Jay tried to swallow it all, but it was too much for him. It overflowed from his mouth and dripped down his chin back onto Dan's cock, pubes, and balls. Despite how much sperm Jay had swallowed, Dan's crotch still floated in the creamy evidence of his manhood. Jay continued to suck Dan's cock dry, driving him to the brink of insanity. "Stop! Stop!" Dan screamed. He had reached his limit.

Jay backed off the cock but lapped up all of the nectar that had not been absorbed into the bed sheet. He had never swallowed another man's cum before. Hell, he had never sucked a cock before, though he had dreamed many times of sucking Rick's. This moment had not been about sex, though. It had been about pleasing someone he had come to care about very much.

Jay laced Dan's body with more butterfly kisses as he worked his way back up to his lips. He paused along the way to lick and suck Dan's tits, but Dan grabbed his head again and begged, "No, no! Enough, enough!" He licked Dan's face until he came back down to earth. He kissed his lips sweetly before sliding his tongue into his helpless mouth, which he explored, not harshly, but thoroughly. Finally, he got up from the bed and went to get him a glass of water.

By the time he returned, Dan was finally regaining control of his breath and his synapses. Jay gave him a couple of sips of the water and set the glass on the night stand. Then, they just looked into each other's eyes and smiled in that way that happens only when two people have really connected. With both men now completely naked, Jay lay back down on the bed and pulled Dan close, cradling him in his arms the way Dan had held him all night. They lay quietly for several minutes. Finally, Dan spoke.

"Jay, I want you to do something for me, and I want you to promise me that you will do it."

"Sure, Dan." Jay's mind churned with possibilities. "Right now, I would do anything you ask. Just name it."

"Promise me, Jay. Promise me that you will do it."

"Yes, Dan. I promise."

“Good.” Dan sat up on the bed and looked at Jay head on.”

“I want you to go to graduate school like you had planned.”

This was not what Jay had expected to hear.

“I will, Dan, someday.”

“No, Jay. Not someday. Now. This fall.”

“I can’t do that, Dan. I’ve got too many other responsibilities.”

“I can help you with those. I can devise a management plan to keep the shop running, and I can make sure that the books are kept in order. You can still check up on things from time to time.”

“Even if I were to agree to that, I still couldn’t go to graduate school right now. I’ve already told the admissions office at Harvard that I won’t be coming, and it’s too late to change that.”

“Harvard is a good school, Jay, but it’s not the only good school. Stanford’s one of the best schools in the country, and it’s close. You won’t have to move away, which means that you can still keep a close eye on the business and whatever other obligations you feel that you have. Ed and I both went to Stanford. I got my MBA there, and he got his law degree. Between the two of us, I’m sure we can pull some strings and get you admitted for this fall.”

“I don’t get it, Dan. Why is it so important to you that I go to grad school?”

“As you know, Jay, your parents were extremely proud of you. This is what they would have wanted. Besides, I happen to know that you are an exceptionally bright young man, and the world needs more people like you. It would be a waste of your talents not to go to grad school.”

Suddenly, a realization came over Jay. “Is that it? Is there nothing personal behind your sudden interest in my going to grad school—especially nearby? Does it have anything to do with last night and this morning?”

“No, Jay. What we did....I mean, that was the greatest fuckin’ blow job I’ve ever had in my life,

but that's it. I want to be your financial adviser and your friend, a very good friend, I hope, but that's as far as it goes." Jay was disappointed, but he knew that Dan was right.

"OK, I'll think about grad school."

"No, Jay. Don't think about it. Just do it. You promised, remember."

The two men got up, showered, went over Jay's newly acquired portfolio, and went out for brunch. Less than a week later, Dan called to say that Jay's admissions application was already filled out and ready to be signed. Two days later, a courier hand-delivered a letter confirming Jay's acceptance at Stanford and welcoming him to the fall class.

[Author's note: In Chapter 11, Jay's life undergoes many changes as he "adopts" Matt Donovan as his little brother.]