

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 14: Chicago

When Jay, Chico, and Matt arrived at the four-star hotel in Chicago, it was just past 8:00 a.m., too early for the boys to check in. Because Jay had the executive suite, however, and it was currently vacant, he was given the courtesy of an early check-in. He suggested that the boys come up to his suite and get some shut-eye to make up for the lack of sleep on the plane. He offered to order some breakfast and let them take a shower before they crawled into bed, but both Matt and Chico said they would rather just hit the sack and eat and shower when they got up.

The executive suite consisted of two rooms. One was the bedroom with a king-sized bed and a luxury bath. The other was a combination office and sitting room. It included a large, cushy sofa bed, several plush chairs, a small conference table, a desk, and a wet bar. The patio overlooked Lake Michigan.

It occurred to Jay that he could have the boys sleep on the sofa bed, or he could take the sofa bed and let the boys have the king-sized bed, but he decided that they were all too tired to fool with the sofa bed, so he announced that they would all just crash on the big bed. The boys did not object. All three men stripped down to their underwear, threw off the bedspread, and crawled under the sheets. They were out the moment their heads hit the pillows.

It was nearly 2:00 p.m. when Jay awoke to find Matt and Chico curled up nearly on top of him. Both boys were sporting morning (uh, afternoon) wood, but so was he. He needed to get up to relieve his bladder, but he didn't want to disturb them. They looked like little angels. Jay's mind drifted to memories of the days when Matt was much younger. It was hard to believe that he was no longer a vulnerable little boy, but a strong, handsome young man. He swelled with pride at the accomplishments Matt had made and hoped that he had contributed in some small way to that success.

His pride wasn't the only thing swelling. He decided that he had better get to the bathroom pronto even if he did rouse the guys. He needn't have feared. When he returned from the bathroom, he found them curled up in each other's arms, still fast asleep.

Jay decided to order some food from room service. He knew that the guys would be starving, so he ordered enough for a small army: assorted appetizers, chicken noodle soup, steak and eggs, potatoes, vegetables, muffins, coffee, and juice. He had just enough time to take a nice, long, hot shower before the food arrived. He was just stepping out of the shower when he heard the knock at the door. He rushed to let the waiter in, but in his haste, he dropped his towel just as he opened the door. The cute young waiter smiled and asked where Jay wanted the trays. "On the conference table," said Jay, turning to look for his pants with his wallet inside.

Hearing the commotion and smelling the aroma of fresh food, Matt and Chico jumped up and ran into the sitting room before they even realized that their boners were practically poking holes in their underwear. That fact did not escape the attention of the young waiter, however. He threw Matt and Chico a great big pearly white smile and welcomed them to Chicago. Matt quickly sat down at the table, but Chico remained standing and turned slightly so that the waiter could get a good look at his pecker through the opening in his boxers. The waiter took a good long look, and Chico returned his smile. When Chico did sit down, he pulled his morning pride through the slit in his boxers, giving the waiter a clear view of his manhood. Jay was still in the other room looking for his wallet, and Matt was chowing down on his food, so neither could see Chico wrap his hand around his swollen dick and slowly stroke it up and down to entertain the waiter, but from his vantage point, the young man could see everything. In fact, he couldn't take his eyes off of it. By the time that Jay returned from the bedroom fully dressed and handed the waiter a generous tip, the young man was packing a prominent bulge

of his own. He thanked Jay for the tip and, like the flight attendant on the plane, offered the hotel's full complement of services to make their stay a pleasurable one. As Jay turned to walk toward the conference table, Chico quickly shoved his dick back into his shorts and covered his lap with a napkin. Before closing the door behind him, the cute young waiter smiled broadly at Chico, winked, licked his lips, and lifted his balls through his tight, form-fitting uniform. Chico knew that he would be ordering room service again!

Jay enjoyed his meal, but mostly he enjoyed watching the two young men attack the food. He was glad he had ordered extra because the guys left no crumbs. He had to laugh at Matt, who, even after all the food was gone, lifted the covers from all the trays to make sure that nothing had escaped his attention. "Damn, Matt. We've gotta get you an education and a job before you eat up all of my inheritance."

Chico poked Matt in the ribs and joined in the teasing, but Matt reciprocated, "Well, at least my body burns it all off instead of turning it into fat!"

"You may look lean," said Chico, "but that's only because all of your fat goes straight to your head!"

Jay laughed at the boys as they got up from the table and started roughhousing. Though Chico was the one with the fighting experience, Matt was first to pull his opponent to the floor. Over the summer, he had shot up a couple of inches and was now just as tall as Chico. And maybe with all of his exercising, he was just as strong. Or maybe Chico just enjoyed letting his buddy think he had gained the upper hand. At first, Matt lay on top, calling for Chico to cry "uncle." Then, Chico rolled on top and demanded that Matt surrender. The lead changed several times, and each time that they rolled over, Jay noticed that the bulges in their crotches were getting bigger and bigger.

"All right! Enough! You men had better hit the showers. I'm gonna go downstairs and check in for the conference."

"Do you need me to go with you, Dr. J?"

"No, Chico. You've more than earned your pay for this week. I may need you later, but take the rest of the day off. I'll be gone for at least a couple of hours. You guys just relax and enjoy yourselves." Matt and Chico looked at each other and grinned broadly. "As he was walking toward the door with his back to the guys, Jay added, "I'll call Room Service from downstairs and ask them to send up that cute young waiter to clean up." Matt and Chico did a double-take. Had Jay discovered their secret? Nah.

Jay signed in for the conference and got his registration packet and name badge. He strolled around, surveying the various information booths and checking out the more interesting

attendees. He was pleasantly surprised when two tall, beautiful blondes approached him. "Excuse me," said one with a Swedish accent. Looking at his name badge, she asked, "You are Dr. Jamison Sherwood?"

"Yes."

"THE Jamison Sherwood?" asked the other.

"Well, I dunno," chuckled Jay, "My name is Jamison Sherwood, but my friends call me Jay."

"But you are the Jay Sherwood who wrote that classic dissertation on the sexual behavior of adolescent boys, no?"

"Yes, that was the topic of my dissertation, but I don't know if it can be called a classic since I only published it this year."

"Perhaps it is premature to call it a classic, but it is definitely the most seminal piece of research on the topic in more than 100 years."

Jay was not naïve about his intelligence. He had been complimented on his work before, but this time he took a genuine sense of pride and even blushed a little.

Offering his hand, Jay replied, "Uh, thank you, Dr...."

"My name is Inga Sorensen, and my colleague here is Britta Aalborg. We are both working on our doctorates at Stockholm University. We are studying the sexual behavior of adolescent girls, and we are using your research methodology as a model."

"Oh, really? I would love to know more about your work."

Now it was the women's turn to be flattered.

"Could we go somewhere and talk?" asked Jay. "I would invite you up to my suite, but it's being occupied at the moment. Have you had lunch?"

"We had a snack on the plane," replied Britta.

“Oh, well, that’s not food,” quipped Jay. “Please, let me buy you a decent meal, and you can tell me all about your research.”

Jay sat enthralled as he listened to the two women describe their research. He wasn’t sure which motive was stronger, his genuine interest in their work or his genuine desire to get one of them into his bed, but he let his professional code of behavior control his personal actions. The more that Jay listened to the women, the more he realized just how smart they were. No, not smart. Gifted! He learned that they would be giving a paper at the conference, and he made a note of the time and location so that he would be sure not to miss it. (The women already knew that he would be giving the evening keynote address, and this was the main reason they had scrimped together enough money to make the trip.) The researchers wanted to ask Jay all sorts of questions, but he was the one who ended up asking most of the questions. From time to time, he also offered polite suggestions, which the women were thrilled to receive, especially considering that they were coming from the leading authority in the field.

“I know that this is a lot to ask,” said Inga, “but would you be willing to take a look at our paper and critique it for us?”

“I would consider it an honor,” said Jay, and the women beamed.

“Are you staying in this hotel?” asked Jay.

The women just looked at each other silently.

“Where are you staying?” asked Jay.

Reluctantly, Britta explained. “We waited too long to make our reservations, and by the time we got around to it, every room in the decent hotels was booked. The concierge told us that there were some cheap hotels on the south side of town, but she warned us that they might not be safe.”

“Let me help you. As I mentioned earlier, I have a suite...”

“Wow! You don’t waste any time, do you?” exclaimed Britta.

The remark caught Jay by surprise until he realized what the women had to be thinking. “Oh, no. I’m sorry. That’s not what I meant. Please let me explain. The suite has two rooms. There’s a bedroom with a king-sized bed and an adjoining bathroom. If the two of you don’t mind sharing that bed, I can sleep on the sofa bed in the next room. You can lock the door, and I can

even find somewhere else to shower.”

“Oh, my,” gasped Inga. “That’s an incredibly generous offer, but we couldn’t possibly take your room away from you.” Britta nodded her agreement.

“Please,” said Jay, leaning forward to express his sincerity. “I meet beautiful women all the time, but I can honestly say that this is the first time since I was in graduate school that I have met anyone with whom I can talk so intelligently about my work. Believe me, if you will accept my offer, you will be doing me the favor, not the other way around.”

The women were stunned. Either this was the smoothest operator in the world, or he was unquestionably the nicest guy they had ever met. Either way, they figured they couldn’t lose. They looked at each other and agreed to accept Jay’s hospitality. Helping other people was a trait that Jay had inherited from his parents, and he was glad that he had been presented this opportunity.

Jay wasn’t sure if the guys were still in his room or not, and in any case, the bed sheets would have to be changed, he was sure, so he figured that he might as well kill some more time. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and he and the two Swedes continued to discuss their research. He didn’t tell the guys about his guests; he just didn’t see the need, and he didn’t want to have to clear up any misconceptions they were sure to have.

When Jay awoke on the sofa the next morning, he saw the door to the bedroom open and the bed empty. He realized that the women had left the room so that he could have access to the bathroom. He called Chico and told him and Matt to meet him in the restaurant in 30 minutes.

Over breakfast, they went over the plans for the day. Matt would spend the morning at the Art Institute of Chicago and the afternoon at the University of Chicago, where he would be going to school. Chico would be shadowing Jay, taking notes on the presentations that he attended, and possibly running errands. Jay expected to run into Inga and Britta at some of the sessions, but when he didn’t, he surmised that they were surely going to the sessions that were most aligned with their research interests. For him, on the other hand, these sessions offered nothing new—after all, he was already the acknowledged leader in the field—so he chose instead to attend sessions on topics that he knew less about. He also kept an eye out for sessions that he thought might be of more interest to Chico, though he did not tell him so.

By mid afternoon, the jet lag was catching up with Jay, and he needed to prepare himself for his keynote address that evening. He did not need to prepare his lecture; he already had that down pat. But he did need to prepare himself mentally and physically. He gave Chico the rest of the day off and went to his suite to take a nap. In the elevator on the way up, he saw a framed advertisement for the hotel fitness center and decided that a good workout would do him more good than a nap. He changed into workout clothes and headed for the gym.

The equipment in the fitness center wasn't quite what Jay was used to in his own gym at home, but it was more than adequate. As he was working out, he noticed a slightly older, but handsome, man staring at him. He tried to ignore him, but the man walked over, smiled, and introduced himself as Bob. He asked Jay if he would be willing to spot him on the bench press. He seemed friendly enough, so Jay agreed. Bob lay down on the bench with Jay leaning over him, ready to catch the bar if necessary. Bob did 10 reps and asked Jay if he wanted to take a turn. Jay agreed, and Bob asked if Jay wanted to change the weights. Jay added up the weights from the barbells and the bar and knew that he could easily handle it. He decided not to push it, though, since his body was still adjusting from the flight and the jet lag. He easily managed the 10 reps.

"More?" asked Bob.

"OK," said Jay, realizing that this exercise was quickly turning into a competition.

Bob added 5 pounds to each end of the bar. He again did 10 reps, but this time, it seemed to Jay that Bob's eyes were focused on his crotch instead of the bar.

"Your turn," said Bob, not waiting to see if Jay wanted to press on.

Jay again did 10 reps with no difficulty.

"Damn. You're good," Bob remarked. "Let's see just how good you really are. He added 10 pounds to each end of the bar. Once he got in position, he took a deep breath and licked his lips. Was he preparing himself mentally, or was he just salivating at the sight of Jay's crotch once again. On the last three reps, he panted and gritted his teeth, but he managed to hit his target.

"OK, sport. Let's see whatchya got."

The word *sport* stopped Jay dead in his tracks. That was one of the nicknames that Rick used to call him. God, he missed Rick.

"Are you OK, man? Is something wrong?"

"Uh, no, no. Everything's fine. I just had a flashback for a moment there, but everything's cool. Are you ready for me to kick your ass?"

Bob laughed and questioned Jay with his eyes. Jay added 10 more pounds to each end of the bar. “Whoa! You are a cocky sonofabitch, aren’t ya?”

“It ain’t cockiness if you’ve got the balls,” quipped Jay.

“Touché, dude.”

Jay, too, panted and gritted his teeth on the last three reps. “One more,” called Jay. When he got the bar about half way up, it seemed that he couldn’t go any further, but Bob urged him on.

“Push. Push. Push, dammit! What are you, a pussy or a man? I thought you said you had the balls for this.”

That did it. Jay pushed with every muscle he had. He thought he would break apart, but he did it. He finished the 11th rep. Bob helped him lower the bar so that he would not drop it on his chest, and as he did so, he squatted closer to the bench and lowered his crotch closer to Jay’s face. The motion caused Bob’s gym shorts to tighten against his body and highlight a well-defined crotch.

“Well, you said you had the balls, and I guess you do,” said Bob admiringly. “I don’t know about you, but I’m ready to hit the hot tub and the sauna. Wanna join me?”

Jay didn’t mention that he had a Jacuzzi in his suite. “That sounds great, but I left my swim suit in my room.”

“Oh, you won’t need it. The spa has separate facilities for men and women. We can shower in the locker room, grab some towels, and head straight for the hot tub.”

“OK. Let’s go.”

In the shower, Jay again noticed Bob trying discreetly to check out his package. In the hot tub, Jay learned that Bob worked for the company that operates the hotel spas. Even though the health clubs are located in four-star hotels around the world, they are owned and operated by a separate company. “I’m in charge of customer satisfaction,” explained Bob. “My job is to travel around to all of our facilities and make sure that our customers and clients are satisfied with our services.”

“Well, I’ve only been here once,” said Jay, “but I’m more than satisfied so far.”

“Great! Glad to hear it,” said Bob. “How long are you staying?”

“Just a couple of more days.”

“Well, I certainly hope that we can do more to satisfy you during that time,” said Bob with a devilish grin. “Are you ready to get all sweaty?”

“Huh?” asked Jay.

“In the sauna.”

“Oh! Yeah, right. The sauna. Uh, sure. Lead the way.”

On entering the sauna, Bob removed the towel that he had wrapped around his waist and spread it out on one of the upper tiers. He then lay down stark naked on the towel. *When in Rome....* Jay spread his towel on the lower tier. With the two men facing each other, Bob could look down and get a clear view of Jay in all of his sweaty glory.

Back in the shower, Bob asked Jay if he would like to come up to his room for a drink. Jay thanked him for the invitation but explained that he had to prepare for a presentation he would be making that evening. Bob looked disappointed until Jay asked for a rain check. Bob smiled, and they parted ways.

As he was about to exit the health club, Jay noticed a sign advertising massages. *A massage. That's exactly what I need.* He inquired at the desk and was informed that the masseur had just had a cancellation and could take him right away.

“I’ll buzz you in at that door,” said the attendant, pointing the way, “and let Tank know that you are waiting.”

Tank?

“You can go ahead and start removing your clothes if you like. He’ll be with you shortly.”

Jay had gotten down to his underwear when he heard a door open. When he turned around, he was stunned at the sight of Tank. He was a true bodybuilder—muscles on top of muscles. He looked like he could crush Jay with one hand. Jay struggled to contain his reaction, but

apparently Tank was used to it.

“Don’t let my appearance concern you,” he said. “I may be big, but I know when to be rough and when to be gentle. I’ll take very good care of you, and when I’m done with you, you’ll feel like a new man.”

Tank instructed Jay to hop up on the table and lie down on his stomach.

“Should I remove my underwear or not?” asked Jay.

“Whatever makes you comfortable,” said Tank. “Some guys leave ‘em on, some guys take ‘em off. Makes no difference to me.”

Jay removed his underwear and got up on the table face down.

Tank asked about Jay’s work and what brought him to Chicago. Jay asked about Tank’s bodybuilding. The walls were covered with pictures of Tank posing in Speedos with ribbons and medals around his neck and huge trophies in his arms. The man obviously took his bodybuilding very seriously. Tank ribbed Jay like guys do when he learned that Jay had two beautiful Swedish women sharing his suite.

“It’s not like that,” Jay tried to explain.

“Yeah, right! A good-looking guy like you? But two of them? You could at least leave some for the rest of us.”

“Well, you don’t look like you’d have any trouble getting a date,” Jay shot back.

“Yeah, I guess you could say I get my share.” The two men went on to joke about their conquests, exaggerating as guys always do.

“Oh, man. You’re all tied up in knots,” said Tank, as he massaged Jay’s neck and shoulders. “Lots of stress?”

“Yeah, I guess.”

“Well, don’t you worry about a thing. If them two Swedish babes don’t take care of it, ol’ Tank

will.”

Tank rubbed warm oil onto his hands and kneaded the knots out of Jay’s neck, shoulders, arms, back, and buttocks. When his fingers rubbed against Jay’s balls, Jay flinched.

“Sorry. Did I hurt you?”

“Uh, no,” Jay stammered.

Tank took Jay’s response as permission to proceed. He reached underneath and gently caressed Jay’s balls. Jay moaned, and Tank grinned. Tank rubbed oil all over Jay’s buns and ventured further. He spread Jay’s ass cheeks and rubbed his fingers all the way down to Jay’s asshole. Jay tensed up.

“Oh, man. You really are uptight. Relax. Let yourself go.”

Jay tried to relax, but when he felt the tip of Tank’s thumb piercing his asshole, he tensed up again. Tank backed off and went to work on Jay’s legs and feet.

“Let me ask you something,” said Jay. “Do you know a guy named Bob who works for the company that operates these health clubs?”

“Oh, sure. He comes around about every three months or so. Always gets a massage when he’s here.”

When Tank learned that Jay and Bob had just worked out together and relaxed in the sauna, he added, “I’m surprised he didn’t hit on you.”

“Is he gay?” asked Jay.

“Gay, straight, bi, I dunno. I think he’s just constantly horny. Always looking for some place to park his pecker.” Tank finished massaging Jay’s back and instructed him to roll over.

“Uh, this is kind of embarrassing,” said Jay, still on his stomach.

“Oh, that. Don’t sweat it, man. Happens all the time. I’m used to it.”

Sheepishly, Jay rolled over to reveal his raging hard-on.

“Wow!” exclaimed Tank. “I see lots of those in my line of work, but I gotta tell ya, man. That’s a beaut! It’s no wonder you got Bob AND two Swedish babes hitting on you. I should give you one of my medals.”

Jay turned beet red, but he was flattered.

“Ya know, with your looks and that dick, you could be a porn star.”

Jay choked on the thought.

“No, really. You could make a lot of money in porn.” (Tank did not stop to consider that if Jay was staying in the executive suite, he must already have lots of money.) “Of course, gay porn pays a lot better than straight porn. That’s why a lot of straight guys do gay porn—for the money.”

“Did you learn this from your clients?”

“Nah. I made a few flicks myself when I lived in California.”

“You were a porn actor?”

“Sure. Can you think of anything better than having sex and getting paid for it?”

“Straight or gay?”

“I started with straight porn, but when I learned about the money, I branched out.”

“Are you still...?”

“Nah. My girlfriend got real pissed about it, so I gave it up. Then, wouldn’t you know it, she left me for one of my gym buddies a couple of months later. Turns out he’d been bangin’ her all along, and I didn’t have a clue. I still get calls from the studios from time to time, but right now I just wanna focus on my bodybuilding competitions. This is my year to become Mr. America; I just know it!”

“From what I can see, you’ve got it in the bag.”

“Thanks, man. Too bad you’re not one of the judges.”

By this point in the conversation, Tank had massaged his way up from Jay’s feet to his thighs. Jay’s stiff cock had never gone down, and when Tank’s arm brushed up against it, Jay felt an electric shock that coursed through his entire body. His dick twitched noticeably. Tank just looked at him and smiled. “Relax,” he said softly—almost seductively. After Tank brushed against him several more times, it became obvious that this was no accident. “You know, I can take care of that for you if you want,” he said, with his hand now firmly wrapped around the shaft. “No extra charge.”

“No, that’s not.... Ah! Oh, God!”

Tank had not waited for permission. He had already coated the dick with oil and begun rubbing it between both of his experienced hands.

“Oh, shit! Fuck!” screamed Jay, writhing on the massage table.

“Easy, man. If you fall off the table, you might crack this board in half, and then we’d both be in deep shit.”

Jay tried to laugh, but another sharp jolt set him off. “Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!”

“If I’m hurting you, just say the word, man, and I’ll stop.”

“Oh, shit! You goddam motherfucker! You stop now, and I’ll rip your fuckin’ balls off, and there goes your bodybuilding career. Aaahhh, gawd!”

“Nah, I think this is hurting too much,” teased Tank. I think I’d better stop.”

But it was too late. Jay shot rope after rope of his hot man-juice all over himself and Tank. Both men got it in the face and in their mouths. Jay also had it all over his chest and stomach. Tank paused long enough to lick his lips and the cum on his hands and to let Jay stop quaking, but then he went back to rubbing Jay’s meat.

“Argh!” Jay screamed at the top of his lungs, nearly jumping out of his skin. Tank was taking advantage of his ultra-sensitive state to torture him. Jay gripped the edges of the table to keep

from flying into orbit, but when Tank rubbed his tender corona again, Jay clamped down on his wrists so tightly that Tank had to release the purple-headed yogurt slinger or risk having his hands amputated.

“See, I told you ol’ Tank would take care of you. And I’ll bet you’ve still got plenty more for them blondes you got up in your room—although that was quite a load you shot there. And a tasty one at that,” he added as he scooped up some of Jay’s baby puddding with his finger and slurped it down.

Jay started to get up from the table, but Tank gently pushed him back down. “Whoa, dude. What’s your hurry. We ain’t done yet.”

“You may not be finished, but I think I’m done for.”

“Unh, unh. You wouldn’t deprive me of the chance to get my hands on those husky pecs of yours, would you?”

“I guess not,” smiled Jay.

As the hulk continued to massage Jay’s torso, the two men talked—mostly about Tank’s bodybuilding and movie career.

“Tell me,” said Jay, changing the subject. “Does Bob ever get your special massage?”

“Are you kidding? Bob gets the Deluxe Package.”

“Deluxe Package?”

“Yeah, like I said before, Bob is always lookin’ for some place to poke his pecker.”

“Oh! And that’s OK with you?”

“Well, Bob is the boss. His job is to keep the customers happy, and my job is to keep the boss happy. Besides, Bob can really be a lot of fun. “Damn! If you ain’t as bad as Bob!” exclaimed Tank, looking down to see that Jay had sprouted another hard on. “It’s a good thing I don’t have another client waiting.”

“No, please, you don’t have to.... Oh, God! Shit!” Once again, Jay was too late. Tank had already pounced on Jay’s meat, only this time he had swallowed it down his throat. Once Tank had Jay at his mercy, he pulled back from his cock and leaned into his face. “How ‘bout the Deluxe Package, stud?”

“Deluxe? Uh, I dunno. I’ve never....”

“Ah, c’mon. I know you’ve fucked tons of chicks, and I bet you’ve fucked more than a few of ‘em in the ass.”

“Yeah, but....”

“A hole’s a hole, dude, and mine’s just beggin’ for some attention.” When Tank saw that Jay remained unconvinced, he pinned him to the table and leaned right into his face. He panted, “You’re so fuckin’ hot, man, I can’t stand it. I’ve been wantin’ that beast of yours deep inside of me from the moment I first laid eyes on it. If you don’t get up from this table right now and fuck my brains out, I’m gonna hop up there and rape your gorgeous ass.”

Jay was sure that the muscle man would not actually rape him, but he also could not dismiss the desperation in his voice and in his eyes. He had wanted to experience man sex with Rick, but that was not to be. Neither did it happen with Dan Hammond. He had experienced vicarious lust when he witnessed Chico fucking Matt, but he had not allowed himself to imagine being in that picture—not consciously anyway. His conscience told him that he should laugh away Tank’s advances, but the hot breath in his face and the prospect of dominating the mammoth hunk had set his testosterone aboiling. With his hands firmly planted on Tank’s chest, Jay pushed as forcefully as he could. “Get off of me, bitch, and spread your fuckin’ legs. I’m gonna rip your sorry ass apart.”

Jay hopped off the table. Tank spread his legs as he had been commanded and leaned forward with his elbows on the table, but Jay grabbed his hair and pulled his head back. Jay got right into Tank’s face and snarled, “You want my dick?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” Jay shouted.

“Yes, sir,” Tank whimpered.

“That’s better. Now, take off your fuckin’ shirt.”

Tank complied, but when he went to remove his pants as well, Jay slammed him forward and pressed his face against the mat. “You do only what I tell you to do and nothing more! Got it, dickhead?”

“Yes, sir.”

Jay marveled at the muscles in Tank’s back and the thickness of his arms. He rubbed both sensually. Then, he reached between Tank’s legs and fondled his balls. They felt huge. He leaned forward against Tank’s warm body. He reached underneath and clenched his enormous, solid pecs and pinched his erect nipples. He slid his hands down and reached inside his pants to grab his thick cock, which was already hard as a rock. He squeezed it tightly and yanked on it several times to let Tank know who was in control. Only then did he pull down Tank’s pants to reveal his body in all of its naked glory.

“You’ve been a naughty boy today, haven’t you, Tank?” Whack! Jay slapped his butt cheek.

“Ow! No, sir, I....”

Whack (to the other cheek)! “Don’t lie to me, boy. You think I don’t know what you did?” Whack! “I guess I’m just gonna have to teach you a lesson.” Whack!

With that, Jay grabbed the bottle of oil that Tank had used to rub down his body. He rubbed some onto his hands and poked one finger into Tank’s asshole. He inserted a second finger and then a third. With each probe, Tank flinched, and Jay slapped him. Whack! Whack! Whack!

Jay poured oil all over Tank’s back. He rubbed it in and reached around and rubbed some on his chest and stomach. He twisted his hand around the sensitive head of Tank’s cock, and Tank screamed at the sensation that is both pleasure and pain. Jay squeezed his balls and slapped his ass. Whack!

Jay could not understand what had come over him. He had never even imagined that he could behave this way before. Of course, he would never really hurt anybody, but he finally understood why Rick had enjoyed such rituals.

Jay poured more oil over Tank’s tailbone and spread his ass cheeks so that the oil could seep down to his asshole. He rubbed his cock and balls up and down the slit and squeezed the cheeks together like a hot dog in a bun, pumping Tank’s shaft at the same time. The two men moaned in unison, and Jay relished sharing the moment with the muscle stud beneath him.

Jay leaned against Tank's slimy body again, grabbed his hair, pulled his head back, and spoke breathily, but domineeringly, into Tank's ear. "You want my cock, don't you, cocksucker?"

"Oh, yes! Please, sir!"

Jay licked the back of Tank's neck and around his ear. "You want it bad, don't you, fag?"

"Oh, God. Yes, sir. Fuck me now. Please, please, I can't wait any longer. Fuck me now! Please! Please fuck me!"

Jay bit down on Tank's ear and pinched his nipples. Tank screamed. Jay slapped his ass cheeks and then spread them wide. "All right, motherfucker. You asked for it." He took aim and rammed his pile-driver up Tank's ass in one savage thrust. Tank screamed in pain as Jay knew he would, but he didn't care. He had to show him who was the boss. Once inside, though, he did pause—partly to give Tank a chance to adjust and partly to soak up the sounds of his conquest over the much larger man. Jay leaned forward again and whispered sinisterly into Tank's ear, "You asked for it, bitch. You got it."

Sheer joy came over Jay as he fucked a man for the first time in his life. He wanted to experience it in all of its dimensions. At times, he glided slowly in and out, savoring each second. At other times, he fucked like a con who had just been released from six months of solitary confinement. His sexual gratification was enhanced by the feel of Tank's throbbing meat in his oily palm.

He struck Tank's prostate, and Tank shrieked with delight. "Oh, God! Yes! Aaah! Aaah!"

"You like that, huh, bitch?"

"Oh, yeah! Shit, man! Fuck! I'm gonna cum!"

"The hell you are!" barked Jay, pulling out his pole and slapping Tank's ass. Whack! Whack! He squeezed Tank's nuts, not enough to really hurt but enough to let Tank know who was in charge.

"No, please. Don't stop!"

Jay squeezed harder. "Ow!"

“You’ll cum when I tell you to, dammit, and not a fuckin’ second before! Now, roll over, cunt.”

With Tank on his back, Jay got his first look at Tank’s naked chest, abs, and crotch. He gasped at the sight of the man: a chest at least 54” around, massive pecs that Jay couldn’t wait to get his claws on, eight-pack abs, huge low-hanging balls, and a mouthwatering dick that probably measured no more than 8” long but was as thick as a beer can.

Jay dove for Tank’s pecs, clawing at the muscles and sucking on the nips. He rubbed his face against the oily chest and abs. He sank the stiff cock in his mouth as deep as he could and relished the feel of the monster in his oral cavity. He stuffed several towels under Tank’s lower back and buttocks. “Lift up your legs and put them over my shoulders.” It was not enough for Jay simply to fuck Tank; he wanted to watch his face contort and his chest heave in response.

Jay entered Tank again. This time he started out more slowly, but once he realized that he could press his dick deeper from the new angle, he picked up steam and pumped harder and harder. He could feel his balls slapping against Tank’s ass. When Tank gasped hardily, and threw his head back, Jay knew that he had once again struck the prostate. As he fucked, Jay stroked Tank’s shaft, but Tank was so horny, he surely would have cum anyway. And cum he did! He shot rope after rope of joy juice all over Jay as well as himself. He trumpeted and writhed like a speared elephant. The contractions of Tank’s ass muscles around Jay’s cock caused him to blast off as well. He shot his load deep inside of the wounded mammoth. Now it was Jay’s turn to quake uncontrollably. He gripped the sides of the table to keep from flying off—or being thrown off. When he could take no more and had no more to give, he collapsed onto Tank’s solid frame lest he black out. He imagined for one brief moment that he might die, but he didn’t care because he had just experienced heaven.

Jay lay on top of his new lover for a good 10 minutes. When he finally got up, Tank washed him up, and they both got dressed. As Jay approached the exit, Tank grabbed his arm, spun him around, pinned him to the wall, and rammed his agitating tongue deep into Jay’s mouth. Jay had never been kissed so aggressively before. His knees shook, and he wondered again if he might pass out. When Tank finally let Jay come up for air, he pierced his soul with his ebony eyes. “Next time,” spoke Tank in a whisper made of steel, “I call the shots.” The prospect excited and frightened Jay at the same time—each emotion fueling the other.

[Author’s note: In Chapter 15, Jay celebrates a very successful conference.]