

# Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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The author welcomes feedback to [Brock.Archer@comcast.net](mailto:Brock.Archer@comcast.net)

## Chapter 15: Celebrations

After his massage, Jay felt paradoxically rested and exhausted at the same time. He spent the rest of the afternoon reading and making notes on Inga and Britta’s paper.

At dinner, Matt described his visits to the university and the art institute, and Chico reported that he had gone “window shopping,” a euphemism, Jay was sure, for cruising. He didn’t say whether or not he had “bought any merchandise.” Jay simply stated that he had worked out and rested. He told the guys that they were free for the rest of the evening, but they insisted on attending the plenary session to hear him deliver the keynote address, so he arranged for

them to have front-row seats. Jay received a standing ovation, and later at the reception, Matt and Chico boasted to everyone they met—especially the attractive young babes and hunks—that Jay was their mentor and close personal friend.

Matt and Chico took special note of the two tall blondes who seemed to command an inordinate amount of Jay's time at the reception. They had no idea that the Swedes were sharing Jay's suite, albeit platonically. Despite the lateness of the hour, Jay was too psyched up from the events of the day and evening to go to sleep, so he sat up until 3:00 a.m. with Inga and Britta, going over the notes he had made on their paper and discussing the future course of their research. Before going to bed, he slipped a note under Matt and Chico's door, letting them know that he would be sleeping late and would meet them for lunch.

After lunch, Jay instructed Chico to stay with him and bring the laptop to take notes on the sessions he would attend, and he suggested that Matt pick a few sessions that might be of interest to him and perhaps check out the exhibits. Inga and Britta were scheduled to speak in the last time slot of the day, and Jay did not need Chico for that because he had already read the paper, so he told Chico and Matt to have a night on the town with his credit card. He was somewhat concerned, though, about setting the two of them loose in a strange town—especially since Matt was only 18, so he hired Tank to serve as their bodyguard. “Let them enjoy themselves,” Jay told Tank, “but don't let them get into any trouble.”

“Got it,” replied Tank, “and don't forget you still owe me a visit.”

The Swedes' presentation was very well received, partly due to Jay's excellent coaching but mostly due to the fact that it was a damn good paper even without his input. Jay bought them dinner to celebrate their success.

Back in the suite, when Jay was getting ready for bed, Inga called to Jay to let him know that he could use the bathroom if he wished. He crossed from the sitting room to the bathroom, and when he came out, he was taken by complete surprise. Inga and Britta both stood at the door in very sexy teddies that left almost nothing to the imagination.

“What...?”

“Jay, you've been so incredibly nice to us, letting us stay in your suite and helping us with our paper, we want to repay your kindness before we have to leave in the morning.” She ran the fingers of one hand through his hair and reached inside his robe with the other to tickle his manly chest.

“That's nice. Really, really nice. But you don't...”

“Please, Jay,” said Britta. “You have given us so much and have asked nothing in return. You have been a perfect gentleman. We know that you would not ask us to do anything that we don’t want to do, but we really want to do this. Besides, you are not only the smartest man at this conference, you are the sexiest, and there isn’t a woman here who wouldn’t jump at the chance to get you into her bed.” With that, she began nibbling on his ear while grabbing his butt with one hand and his crotch with the other.

“Well, since you put it that way....”

The blonde Swedes led Jay to the bed and disrobed him slowly, lingering worshipfully over each step in the process. “Oh, my!” exclaimed Inga. “You have the most beautiful penis I have ever seen.” Britta concurred.

The women took turns kissing Jay and licking his face. Then, they licked and sucked his nipples. He had never had both nipples sucked at the same time before, and it drove him wild.

Inga took hold of his hands and led them to her breasts. He massaged them and then removed the top of her teddy. She leaned in, and he took each breast into his mouth one at a time. As Inga worked on him from the top, Britta began sucking his toes, another sensation that he had never experienced before and one that gave him far more pleasure than he would ever have imagined.

Shortly, the women began working their way toward each other—and toward Jay’s manhood. Inga licked his chest and stomach, lingering over his belly button. Britta licked his legs up to his balls. The two women kissed each other deeply and then alternated licking Jay’s dick and balls. They converged on his dick and kissed each other with the cock between them. Britta removed the top of her teddy, and the two women cocooned his shaft with their four breasts. It was a sight unlike Jay had ever seen before. They massaged his cock with their boobs before taking turns sucking it.

Both women removed the panties of their teddies and were now completely nude. Britta moved up and positioned her cunt directly over Jay’s face. He ate her pussy while Inga sucked his cock. Again, he had never experienced such a dual sensation before, and it was amplified by the stereo moans and groans coming from the two hot babes. Inga straddled his waist and sat on his shaft. Occasionally, Britta rose up enough to give Jay a clear view of Inga riding his cock with her boobs bouncing up and down.

“Oh, my God, I’m gonna cum!” shouted Jay. “Oh fuck! Ah, aahh, aaahhh! Fuck, FUCK, FFFUUUCCCKKK!” He felt not only the surge of juice from deep inside of his balls, but he thought that his entire body would burst apart.

Inga remained on top of Jay, and Britta moved around, kissed Inga passionately, and sucked

her tits until Jay's dick went limp, at which point Inga licked the remaining nectar from Jay's cock and balls, and Britta cleaned out Inga's love bucket. Then, the hotties kissed each other again before drawing Jay into a three-way tongue fest.

Though Jay's body continued to shiver, the ongoing seduction made him hard again in no time. "Good," said Britta. "Now it's my turn!" The women switched roles, with Britta riding Jay's cock and Inga getting her pussy bathed and vacuumed. When Jay came the second time, the women repeated the ritual of licking each other clean and finishing with a triple lip lock. Eventually, Jay fell asleep with a blonde on each shoulder.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Jay heard a stirring and looked up to glimpse the faint silhouette of Inga tiptoeing to the bathroom, but he immediately fell back to sleep. The next thing he knew, Inga was screaming at the top of her lungs. As Jay sprang forward to see what was the matter, he pulled the covers off of Britta, thus exposing her enticing breasts. They saw Inga pointing at a figure across the room. Chico stood stark naked in the doorway.

"Oh, my god, Dr. J! I'm so sorry! I had no idea you...!" Chico's eyes darted from the naked woman coming out of the bathroom to the half-exposed one in the bed to Jay and around the circuit. He could not seem to decide where he should look—or if he should look at all.

"Chico, what the hell are you doing here?"

"You know this young man?" asked Inga.

"Yes, he's my assistant."

"Where have you been hiding this gorgeous hunk?" asked Britta.

Jay ignored the question. "Chico! I asked you what the fuck you're doing here!"

"I'm sorry, Dr. J. It's just that Matt and I went out tonight and...."

"I know that, dammit...."

"Yes, sir. Well, sir." (Chico had never called Jay *sir* before.) "Well, you see, Matt kind of got lucky and wanted some privacy, and I didn't think you would mind if I crashed on the sofa. I just got undressed and was headed for the bathroom when.... If I had known you...."

“All right. Enough. It was a reasonable assumption. Now go back into the other room and wrap something around your waist. Then, knock and I’ll let you know when you can come through.”

“Yes, sir.

“Aw, Jay. It would be such a shame to make this poor young man sleep on the sofa when this gigantic bed is plenty big enough for the four of us.”

Chico just about fell over.

“No, Britta, that wouldn’t be...”

But before Jay could finish his sentence, Inga walked across the room and started rubbing her hand across Chico’s chest. Chico’s dick shot up like a rocket. He began to pant and fear that he might faint. Jay began to repeat his instructions to Chico when Britta rolled over and stuck her breasts in Jay’s face to silence him. Inga grabbed Chico by the dick and led him like an eager puppy over to the king-sized bed. She straddled him and went to work on his tool as he tongued her slit. Britta flipped around, and she and Jay imitated the younger couple. Slurping sounds filled the posh suite. The two men tried to focus on the sex-hungry Swedes, but they could not help glancing at each other from time to time. Though it seemed impossible, their cocks actually got harder each time they did. From their reflections in the dresser mirror, Inga and Britta caught the men’s glances and knew immediately what was going on. They weren’t sex researchers for nothing. They knew lust when they saw it, and there was definitely lust in the men’s eyes, and it was not directed solely at them.

Inga and Britta nodded at each other. They repositioned themselves with Inga’s pussy over Jay’s face and Britta’s face in Jay’s crotch. All of a sudden, Jay felt one tongue on his dick and another below his balls. How could this be? He glanced into the mirror and saw Britta and Chico both working on his jewels. They took turns sucking his cock, and Jay could tell which was which because even as good as Britta was, Chico was able to swallow more of his manhood than she could.

As Britta continued to suck Jay’s cock, Chico lifted his legs and slid a pillow under his butt. Then, he felt Chico’s strong hands spreading his ass cheeks and his tongue exploring his nether region. What the fuck! His face buried deep in one woman’s love canal, another woman’s mouth clenched around his cock, and a man’s tongue drilling his asshole. Could it get any better than this? The pleasure continued almost longer than Jay could stand it. “Oh, my God! Shit! Oh, God! Fuck! Ah...AH...AAHH...AAAHHH.... FUUUCCCKKK!” Just as Jay released his first stream, Britta pulled back and got creamed all over her beautiful face. The second and third volleys streaked across Jay’s chest and face, with several drops landing in his mouth. Chico moved up in time to catch the next shot across his face before he swallowed Jay’s dick and caught the remaining spurts in his hungry mouth. Jay continued to scream and

writhe in ecstasy. Only after he was totally spent did Chico relent. Chico and Britta took turns licking Jay's ball pudding off of each other's face and swirling it around in their mouths. Then, they traced the stream from Jay's crotch to his face with their tongues.

Up to that point, the action was purely sensual, but then Chico and Jay looked into each other's eyes, and the mood changed. Lust gave way to deep affection as the men gazed longingly into each other's eyes. The moment seemed to last forever. Then, Chico slowly advanced toward Jay's face, inspecting his eyes for any sign that he should stop. Seeing none, he proceeded. He gently brushed Jay's lips with his own and then with his tongue, still wet with Jay's nectar. He slipped his tongue between Jay's sweet lips and into his waiting mouth. Jay shivered at the erotic sensation of Chico's tongue and the delightful taste of his own cum mixed with Chico's saliva. Lust resurfaced and passion overtook Chico's kisses as he lowered his body onto Jay's and ground the hot stud into the mattress. He fucked and fucked with every part of his body except his dick. Jay was overcome and defenseless. Finally, he understood how Matt had succumbed so easily to the Latin lover's passion. Chico shifted his sex engine into overdrive, licking and sucking on every part of Jay's body before stuffing his dick into Jay's mouth. Jay had sucked dick before but never like this. This was face-fucking, pure and simple, raw and rough. And Jay could not believe how much he was enjoying it. He wanted to devour Chico's cock like a coyote on a wounded deer.

Unexpectedly, Chico pulled out. He again stared at Jay for what seemed like an eternity. It was that same look that slid from passion to intense affection. Slowly, without distracting his gaze, Chico moved down between Jay's legs. He raised Jay's legs up over his shoulders and rubbed his fingers across Jay's love hole. Britta raced to the bathroom and quickly returned with a plastic tube. She rubbed some gel on her fingers and inserted one into his hole, then two, then three. Then, she rubbed some on Chico's rock-hard poker. For the first time since Inga had lured Chico to the bed, he broke the silence. Softly, sexily, he whispered, "Just say the word, and I'll stop." Silence. Chico leaned forward and gave Jay one more long, affectionate kiss. Rising up again, he smiled lovingly and reassuringly down at Jay. His eyes said all that needed to be said.

Chico fucked the slit between Jay's ass cheeks before he rubbed the head of his bulbous cock against Jay's hole and slowly began to insert it. Though he had no way of knowing for sure, he imagined that he might be taking Jay's cherry, so he vowed to proceed slowly and gingerly. When he punctured the sphincter ring and Jay began to holler, Inga covered his mouth with hers to muffle the sounds. After pausing long enough for the initial pain to subside and giving Jay a chance to call it off, Chico advanced inch by inch until he was completely in. Jay could feel Chico's coarse pubic hairs scratching his ass cheeks. He never imagined that he would ever feel so complete with the sensation of a real man's love organ inside of him. The physical sensation was amazing, yes, but even more fulfilling was the sense of having his manhood magnified with the union of another man, especially one as virile as Chico.

Chico swayed in and out of Jay's love canal, slowly at first and then more quickly. When he struck Jay's hot spot, Jay jerked with surprise. "Oh, my God! That's it! That's what.... Ah... ooohhh. Oh, gaaawwwddd damn! Fuck! Fuck me, Chico. Goddammit! Fuck me hard, you goddam motherfucker!"

Inga and Britta smiled at their accomplishment in getting the two men to break the barrier that had separated them. Then, they went to work on Jay's nipples and the sensitive spots under his arms. "Oh, God, no! Don't...don't....I can't...." But his protests fell on deaf ears. The women held Jay's hands against the bed as they continued their fiendish torture of his erotic zones. Between the female manipulation and Chico's pounding of his ass, Jay would have flown off the bed had it not been for their overpowering strength and numbers.

As Chico drove his pile-driver deeper and harder into Jay's ass, Jay felt his man-juices boiling up again in his nut sack. Seeing his cock rise again, Inga dropped to his shaft and shoved it into her mouth while Britta gave Jay's mouth another tongue bath. Now, Jay was getting his mouth, his cock, and his ass all worked on at the same time. How much more could he take? He shot his load into Inga's eager mouth, and she slurped it up like melted ice cream. The contractions of Jay's ass muscles squeezed the life out of Chico's hose, sending gushers of white gold deep into Jay's guts. "Oh, God! I feel it!" he screamed. "I feel your juices squirting inside of me. Oh, Chico! I feel your cum!" For Chico, it may have been nothing more than another orgasm, albeit a terrific one, but for Jay it was a rite of passage, another major step on the road to self-discovery. Chico started to pull out. "No!" shouted Jay as he pulled Chico back down onto him. "Leave it! I want to enjoy the feel of you inside of me as long as I can." Jay squeezed him tight and luxuriated in the phenomenal sensation of the muscled body dominating his. Britta and Inga curled up on either side of the two men. Even after Chico went soft and his spent lava began to seep out of Jay's ass, Jay refused to let him go.

"Jay, you gotta let me up!" (That was the first time he had ever called him Jay.) "I'm gonna suffocate you!"

"God, I hope so!" said Jay breathlessly. "This is exactly how I wanna die."

Chico laughed, and the movement caused his dick to slip completely free. As Chico rose up and backed away, Inga attacked his cock and sucked the remaining nectar from it while Britta cleaned Jay's ass with her expert tongue. Manly grunts and moans again filled the room. Finally, Chico fell back onto the bed; Jay nestled between his chest and shoulder, Inga nestled alongside Chico's other shoulder, and Britta curled up to Jay. Jay held onto Chico's jewels like they were now his prize trophies, and he wasn't about to let anybody else have them. He fell asleep in a state of sheer bliss.

[Author's note: In Chapter 16, Chico forces Jay to confront a truth that he has fought for many years, and it changes Jay's relationships with Chico and Matt forever.]