

Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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Chapter 16: Farewells

When Jay awoke the next morning, Britta and Inga were gone. They left a note reminding him that they had to catch an early morning flight back to Sweden. They thanked him profusely for his help with their paper and their research, and they promised to keep in touch. They also practically begged him to come visit them in Stockholm.

After relieving himself and washing his face and hands, Jay returned to the bedroom and paused to soak in the joy of watching Chico sleep. The young man who had been so full of fire and spit earlier that morning now lay there as innocent as a lamb. Jay was tempted to hold

him and rock him like a baby. As if Jay's gaze were nudging him awake, Chico slowly opened his eyes and smiled up at Jay. He held out his hand and guided Jay to sit beside him on the bed. Then, he pulled him closer and kissed him softly on the lips. Jay savored the kiss, and when it was over, he paused and then returned the gesture.

Breaking the spell, Jay asked, "Did you and Matt have a good time last night?"

"Well, I can't speak for Matt, but I sure as hell did!"

"Chico! I'm not talking about THAT! How was your night out on the town?"

"Oh, it was great. We crashed a couple of raves, rolled some triple-stack disco biscuits, and banged a busload of nuns on their way to midnight mass."

"Chico!"

"Oh, chill out, Jay. You know I'm just yankin' your chain—which, by the way, I wouldn't mind doing right now. Besides, there were only four nuns on the bus and they hadn't even taken their vows yet."

"Chico!"

"Now, Jay. You know that Matt and I wouldn't do any of that shit. And even if we had wanted to, Tank would never have let us."

"Thank God I sent him with you."

"Yeah. He was a godsend. When we got to a couple of the night clubs, the bouncers insisted on checking our IDs, but when they saw that we had a bodyguard, they must've figured we were somebody important, so they waved us on in."

"So how come Matt got lucky and you didn't?"

"Who says I didn't get lucky?"

"Well, you said you came to my room because Matt had somebody in your room. I just assumed that..."

“You know what happens when you assume, Jay. You make an ass (out) u (&) me. Hell, yeah! I scored a couple of times at the clubs and again with Matt and his friend.”

“Chico! You mean to tell me that you got your rocks off three times while you were out and then again in this room!”

Chico shrugged his shoulders like a kid who had been caught with his hand in a cookie jar.

“Is there no limit to your virility?”

“Well, speaking as a prospective doctor, I would say that there must be, but speaking from personal experience, I would have to say that I haven’t found one yet.” Chico flexed his eyebrows in a Grouch Marx impersonation, and Jay threw a pillow at him.

“Chico, I already knew that I would miss you, but after last night, I can’t imagine what my life’s going to be like without you.”

“Oh, you’ll be fine, Jay. You’re a lot stronger than you give yourself credit for.”

“Well, one thing is certain. We can’t let Matt know what happened here last night.”

“What? Do you think that Matt thinks you’re celibate or somethin’?”

“No,” Jay chuckled. “But he can never know about us.”

“Well, you’re right about that. If he ever found out that I slept with you, he would fuckin’ kill me!”

“Well, I’m sure he wouldn’t react that negatively, but....”

“Dr. Jamison Sherwood, you are the smartest man I’ve ever met in my life, but you’re also the dumbest!”

Jay snickered in a futile attempt to cover the fact that the remark had caught him completely off guard.

“I ain’t jokin’, Jay. You need to wake up and smell the coffee.”

“If you’ve got something to say, Chico,” said Jay sternly, “why don’t you just spit it out!”

“Jay, don’t you know that Matt is crazy about you?”

“Well, yeah. We’ve developed a very close friendship ever since his dad and my parents died in that plane crash four years ago. He’s like a little brother to me.”

“Yeah, well, he thinks of you as his big brother, but he also thinks of you in a different way. He loves you, Jay.”

“Well, I love him too, but I don’t see....”

“Fuck, Jay! If Matt knew what happened between us last night he would be supremely jealous. He would demand to know why I’m the one who got to make love to you instead of him.”

“Chico! That’s disgusting!”

“It’s true, Jay, and I think you feel the same way about him.”

“Goddamit, Chico! Don’t you say another goddam fuckin’ word or I’ll fuckin’ kill you!” Jay shook his fist and breathed fire into Chico’s face. “I’ve trusted you with the most intimate details of my life, but you have gone way over the line with this shit! Now, I think it’s time you went back to your room and got packed. I believe you have a plane to catch.” Jay turned and stormed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Over lunch, Matt talked animatedly about his exciting night on the town, conspicuously omitting the details about his overnight guest. Jay listened attentively and occasionally asked a question or two. Chico sat quietly. Matt should have observed the tension, but he was too caught up in his own excitement, partly because this was the day that Jay would take him to get his graduation present, a new car.

“Aren’t you coming with us?” asked Matt.

“No,” said Chico. “I have to catch a plane to New York, remember? You take care, bro, and don’t get caught pinching them coeds’ ‘artifacts,’ ya hear?”

“Yeah, and you watch where you stick your ‘thermometer,’ doc.”

The boys hugged each other briefly, looked into each other’s eyes, and then hugged again more intensely.

“C’mon, Jay. We gotta get to the dealership before they sell my cherry red Porsche.” In his excitement, he never even noticed that Jay turned without saying goodbye to Chico.

Of course, any 18-year-old college freshman would want a sexy sports car to impress the ladies (and the guys), but Jay was still concerned first and foremost with safety—even more for Matt than for himself. After all, Matt was his little brother, and he was responsible for him. In the end, they compromised, and Matt got a BMW 330i. Jay also took Matt to an electronics store and bought him a TV set, stereo, and mini-refrigerator for his dorm room. He also bought an assortment of “toys” that young men usually enjoy: video games, a PDA, an MP3 player, a digital camera, etc. The store agreed to hold the larger items until Matt moved into his dorm in another week.

Dinner was a bittersweet occasion, partly because Chico was not there to share it with them and partly because it was their last evening together before Jay would fly back to California. Matt would stay in the hotel until he could move into the dorm. “Are you sure you don’t want me to hang around for another week?” asked Jay.

“In case you haven’t noticed, I’m not a kid any more, Jay. Besides, who would mess with me as long as I’ve got Tank looming over me?”

Their dinner lasted for hours as they reminisced about all of their wonderful experiences together and looked ahead to bright futures. Jay was overcome with pride and a sense of loss at the same time. He had lost Bill Macintosh and Rick and then his parents and, most recently, Chico, and now he had to say goodbye to the one person who meant the most to him in the whole world, his little brother. Saying good night was a painful chore, but it inevitably had to be done.

When Matt got back to his room, he found a note from Chico. “This may be your last chance. Go for it!”

Jay had stripped down to his boxer briefs when he heard a knock at the door. *Who could that be at this hour?*

“Matt! Wha...? Is there something wrong?”

“Yeah...uh, no...I mean....” Matt let himself into the room and closed the door behind himself. He inched closer to Jay and gazed forlornly into his eyes. He placed one hand behind Jay’s neck and planted a soft, loving kiss on his lips. At first, Jay put up no resistance. Then, he gripped Matt’s hand and removed it as he broke the kiss, not forcefully, but decisively.

“Matt,” sighed Jay. “This is.... We can’t....”

Matt stared for an instant before grabbing Jay’s neck with both hands and repeating his sensual kiss. Jay again accepted the kiss—a bit longer this time—but then threw Matt’s arms aside. Turning and walking away from Matt, he stopped at the bed, turned back toward Matt, and spoke: “Matt, you know I love you. You’re like a brother to me, but that’s precisely why we can’t do this.”

“You’re like a brother to me too, and I don’t ever want anything to change that, but the operative word there is *like*. We’re not actually brothers. You’ve done so much for me, Jay, I can never repay you. And I’m not just talking about the money and the material things. You’ve been there for me in the good times and the bad. When I needed somebody to talk to, you listened, and when I had questions, you gave me honest answers.”

“I did those things because I wanted to, Matt. You don’t owe me anything, and you certainly don’t owe me this!”

Matt approached Jay and again stood face to face. “I want you to make love to me, Jay—not because I owe you, but because I love you. I love you as a brother, but I also love you in another way, and I want to experience that love with you—even if it’s only for one night.” Matt again reached for Jay’s neck, but Jay grabbed his wrists and shoved him back. Matt stumbled and fell to the floor. Stunned, he looked up at Jay in shock and disappointment. He knew he might be rejected, but he never expected Jay to become violent with him.

Jay was just as stunned as Matt was. He had only meant to push Matt back; he would never intentionally hurt him. He reached down to help Matt up from the floor, but Matt shuffled away from him.

“Matt, I’m sorry! I didn’t mean....”

“Save it, Jay. I get it now.” Matt pulled himself up off the floor. “This whole big brother thing was never real was it? You just felt pity for the poor orphan, or maybe you felt guilty ‘cause it was your folks who took my dad up in that plane.”

“Matt, no!” Jay again tried to approach Matt, but Matt held out his hand.

“Stop, Jay! Don’t come another step closer.” Tears began to well up in Matt’s eyes. “And you can keep the goddam car and all the fuckin’ gadgets. I’ll be just fine on my own. I don’t need you!”

Jay’s mind flashed to the night that he had asked Rick to teach him about man-sex, and he relived the feeling of rejection he experienced when Rick said no. Of course, Rick had a point; he was only 16. *But Matt is not a minor; he’s an adult. And I’m certainly not a kid any more!*

As Matt reached the door, Jay sprang at him, spun him around, and gripped his shoulders. Matt wanted to resist, but he felt completely drained, and all he could do was look away. Jay ached at the sight of the tears streaming from those tortured baby blue eyes. He placed one finger under Matt’s chin and gently lifted his head. He leaned in to kiss Matt on the lips, but Matt turned his head and feebly pushed him away. Jay tried again, and again Matt resisted. Then, Jay pinned Matt against the door, grasped his neck with both hands, and forced his mouth upon Matt’s. Matt pounded on Jay’s chest with both hands and tried to shout his objections, but Jay smothered his words.

With his mouth still locked over Matt’s, Jay reached down with one arm and lifted Matt off the floor. He carried him across the room and threw him onto the bed. Before Matt even realized what was happening, Jay pounced on him and again attacked his mouth. Matt again resisted but finally succumbed. He let Jay enter his mouth with his tongue, and then he reciprocated. The passion overtook him. He threw his arms around Jay and tried to pull him closer, as if that were really possible. He frantically ran his hands all over Jay from his head to his ass, wherever his hands could reach.

With his strength regained, Matt rolled Jay over and took control. “I hate you!” he shouted. “I fuckin’ hate you!” But no sooner had he said it than he charged at Jay’s face, frenetically licking every inch of it and probing every corner of his mouth. Like a rat racing to get through a maze, he lapped at Jay’s neck, shoulders, armpits, pecs, nips, abs, belly button, and everywhere in between. He left no spot unbathed. When he started to reach inside of Jay’s shorts, Jay grabbed him and rolled him back over.

“Just who the fuck do you think you are, you ungrateful little shit?” Jay slobbered all over Matt’s beautiful face. He pulled him forward, ripped his shirt right off of him, and shoved him back onto the mattress. Then, he gave Matt a dose of his own medicine, a saliva bath. When he reached his belt buckle, Matt tried to roll Jay back over, but Jay fought him off. He tongued his way back up to Matt’s lips and laid his body over Matt’s again, grinding their crotches together. Both men grew hard in no time.

Matt again took the advantage. He pulled off Jay’s shorts and sat on his broad chest. Then, dispensing with all foreplay, he unceremoniously shoved every inch of Jay’s hard tool deep into his throat. Jay jerked with excitement. Matt pulled back and sucked around Jay’s sensitive corona, sending waves of electric shocks all through his muscled body. “Oh, God! Oh, fuck!”

“Who’s an ungrateful little shit now, prick?”

Just when Matt would have Jay on the brink of exploding, he would pull back and lick his balls or rim his belly button for a few minutes before attacking his dick again.

“Goddam, you motherfucker! I’ll show you!” Jay grabbed Matt’s cock and shoved it deep into his mouth. The two men sucked and slurped like they were getting their last meal. Every time one would feel the juices percolating in the other’s hose, he would pull back and lick his balls or pinch him—anything to delay his orgasm and prolong the torture.

“I should have taken you over my lap and taught you a lesson years ago—before you became such a spoiled little brat!”

“You wouldn’t have dared!”

“No?”

Jay cast Matt off of his body and pulled him across his lap. Whack! He slapped him hard with his king-sized hand. Matt screamed as the pale skin of his butt cheeks turned red.

“Ouch! Goddam it! That hurt!”

“Yeah, but it hurts me more than it hurts you!” Whack! Each time Matt screamed, Jay spanked him again until his butt cheeks were as red as Rudolph’s nose. “I guess you’re just gonna have to learn the hard way.” Matt reached over to the night stand and picked up the lube left there from the night before. He rubbed some on his fingers and shoved one up Matt’s ass.

“What the fuck? What do you think you’re doing?”

“Teaching you a lesson!” Jay stuck two fingers up Matt’s hole and then three. Matt squirmed, but Jay held him down. Then, Jay lifted Matt up from his lap, threw him back down on the bed, and used his knees to spread his legs. He punctured Matt’s opening with his stiff pole, and when Matt screamed in pain, Jay pressed his face deep into the mattress. “Shut up, you fuckin’ little sonofabitch, and learn to take it like a man!” Jay let Matt scream and try to wriggle his way out before he pressed on. He slid his cock deeper and deeper into Matt’s tender rectum until it seemed that he would even stuff his balls into the hole.

“Oh, God! You can’t do this to me! I’m gonna.... Ow! Ah! Oh! Ah!”

Matt continued to scream with each thrust of Jay’s cock, but the tone shifted from anger to sensual pleasure.

“Oh, God! Don’t...don’t....”

“OK, I won’t.” Jay shocked Matt when he abruptly pulled out, but then, almost as quickly, he flipped Matt over onto his back and lifted his legs over his shoulders. “I wanna watch your face when I fuck the crap out of you!” sneered Jay, right before he skewered Matt’s ass again.

“Ow! Ah! Ah! Gawd! Oh shit! Fuck!”

“Fuck? Did you say ‘fuck’? All right, then fuck it is!” Jay pounded Matt’s ass again and again. Each time Jay’s cock stroked Matt’s man-clit, Matt’s own hard dick twitched reflexively.

“Oh, God! I’m not gonna cum! I’m not gonna cum! I’m not gonna let you make me.... Ah! Ah! Aaahhh...FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” Even with his hands clawing the sheets, Matt’s pulsating dick shot volleys of hot cream high into the air. The first fell down across Jay’s hair, face, and chest. The next two streaked across his own face and chest, and the rest coated his chest, stomach, and crotch. Some streamed down onto Jay’s cock and got shoved up into his own ass.

“Get ready, bitch, ‘cause here it comes! Here’s your lesson in manhood!” Jay fucked harder, harder, harder until his balls squeezed all of their man-juice through his hose and propelled it deep into Matt’s guts. “Ah! FUCK! FUCK! Feel it, man! FUCK! Feel my spoooge! FUCK! Take it! Take it! FUCK!”

Once Jay was completely spent, he looked down at Matt to gauge his reaction. Nothing. Matt just stared. Jay stared back. Nothing. Jay started to remove his still-hard dick from Jay’s hole, but Jay quickly wrapped both his arms and his legs around Jay and pulled him back. Then, he grabbed Jay around the neck and pulled him close for a deep, hot kiss. The prolonged kiss mellowed from passionate to romantic. After several minutes, Jay’s dick went limp, and he rolled over beside Matt. Matt rose up on one elbow, cracked a faint smile, and gently stroked Jay’s cheek. Softly, he said, “I still hate you.”

“I hate you more,” Jay asserted.

“OK,” snipped Matt as he fell back down on the mattress, “but I’m taking the car back.”

“No, you’re not!”

“Yes, I am!”

“The hell you are!”

“The hell I am!”

Pillows flew across the bed, and two naked boys roughhoused until they finally gave out. They never slept a wink all night. Except for one more hour of lovemaking—very tender and romantic this time—they talked as they had over dinner about their fondest memories and their highest aspirations. Matt confessed to Jay many of the things that he thought he had gotten away with over the years only to find out that Jay had known about most of them all along.

As the sun came up over Chicago, they soaked in the Jacuzzi tub before Matt watched Jay get dressed for his flight back to California. Jay admitted that he was not looking forward to flying back alone.

“Oh, didn’t anybody tell you?” asked Matt.

“Tell me what?”

“Well, I was telling Tank last night how you don’t like to fly alone, and he said that there was some guy named Bob who was also going to San Francisco, and he was sure he could arrange to be on the same flight.” Jay smiled. *Life sure is full of funny little coincidences, isn’t it?*

“Are you sure you don’t want me to stay until school starts?” Jay asked Matt again.

“Jay, I love you for all the things you have done for me these past four years, and I love you even more for what you did last night. It just makes our relationship all the more special, and I will always treasure it. But you and I both know that it’s never going to happen again.”

Jay did not have to speak. His eyes conceded that Matt was right. Matt offered his hand.
“Brothers?”

Jay took Matt’s hand and pulled him into a bear hug. He rocked him in his tight embrace, dreaming of never letting him go. Finally, he pulled back and gazed lovingly into Matt’s blue

eyes, now full of renewed life and spirit. “Brothers. Brothers forever!”

[Author's note: In Chapter 17, the final episode, Jay struggles desperately to manage without Matt and Chico.]