

Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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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 17: Life Goes On

On the flight back to San Francisco, Jay and Bob chatted and got better acquainted. Jay invited Bob over to his house to cash in his rain check, but when they arrived at the airport, Jay was surprised to find Dan Hammond waiting to pick him up. Jay introduced Bob to Dan, and Bob told Jay he would hold onto his rain check for another day.

Jay missed Matt and Chico immensely. He did not call Matt because he wanted to give him some space, but Matt called him every day, sometimes twice a day, just to check up on him.

Every day that Matt remained in the hotel waiting for his dorm to open, the cute young waiter who had brought breakfast their first morning came by his room to see if he needed any “special services.” Matt kissed him on the cheek, thanked him, and asked for a rain check. He also learned about Tank’s “Deluxe Package,” and though it sounded very appealing to him, he wanted to savor his experience with Jay for a few more days. Then, on his last evening in the hotel, he asked Tank if he could have that “Deluxe Package” in his room, and he called for room service at the same time. Both Tank and the young waiter enthusiastically made up for lost time.

When Chico arrived at the Baltimore/Washington International Thurgood Marshall Airport after his week in New York, he was very surprised to see a man standing at the gate exit with a sign that read “Mr. Santana.” *Hmm. Wonder who that could be?* He walked past the man only to hear him call out, “Mr. Santana...Chico Santana?”

“Yes, that’s me. Who are you?”

“I’m Glenn Walker, and this is Brent Hayward. A friend of yours asked us to meet you and take you to your new apartment.”

“There must be some mistake. I don’t....”

“There’s no mistake, Mr. Santana. If you don’t mind coming with us, we can explain everything on the way.”

“Hell no! I don’t know who you are, and I sure as hell am not getting into a car with two total strangers!”

“Dr. Sherwood said that you were very shrewd and not to be surprised if you gave us a hard time at first.”

“Oh, he did, did he? Well, you can tell DR. SHERWOOD that he can kiss my....”

“Dr. Sherwood has a great deal of admiration for you, Mr. Santana. He said to tell you that he knows he has some explaining to do. Brent and I don’t really know what that’s all about, but we can tell you that you will like the arrangements Dr. Sherwood has made for you. You have luggage, I assume. If you would not mind giving your claim tickets to my associate Jim here, he will pick them up and bring them to your new apartment.”

Chico very cautiously handed over the claim tickets to the third man, Jim with no last name.

Glenn Walker and Brent Hayward led Chico to a silver Volvo C70 convertible. “Do you like this car, Mr. Santana?”

“Well, sure. Who wouldn’t?”

“Would you like to own it?”

“Hell, even with the money that Dr. J...uh, Dr. Sherwood...paid me, there’s no way I could afford a car like this.”

“I believe you know Ed McClelland, don’t you?”

“Yes, he’s Dr. Sherwood’s attorney and a good friend.”

“That’s right. And he’s a good friend of mine. In fact, we went to school together. I’ve never had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Sherwood or his family, but a few years ago, Ed introduced me to Dan Hammond, and Dan, in turn, introduced my mother to Dr. Sherwood’s mother, Diane. Through their financial advice, my mother became a very wealthy woman. I’m sure you’ve heard the tales of a car that was owned by a little old lady who never drove it anywhere except to church on Sundays. Well, this car has been my mother’s for almost a year now, though she did drive it more than just on Sundays, it doesn’t really have a lot of miles on it. When she heard that Diane Sherwood’s son was looking for a good used car, she insisted on giving up hers.”

“I can’t take your mother’s car, Mr. Walker.”

“Oh, don’t worry. Giving up the Volvo will just give her an excuse to make me give her a new Lamborghini from the dealership that I just bought last month.”

Chico’s head was spinning so fast that he did not even see the high-rise apartment building until they pulled up to the front door. A valet took the car keys and handed Mr. Walker a ticket.

They took the elevator up to the top floor, and Brent Hayward, the younger and much more handsome of the two men, opened the door to a luxury apartment overlooking Baltimore Harbor. The hardwood floors were covered in authentic Navajo rugs from Santa Fe. A large plasma-screen TV adorned one wall, and the other walls were decorated with paintings by famous Puerto Rican and Russian artists, reflecting Chico’s dual heritage. The furniture was exquisite, and the kitchen was state of the art. The apartment had three bedrooms, each with

its own bath, and a separate den/study. The laptop that Chico had used while working for Jay Sherwood sat atop a desk handmade by the Sherwood Custom Furniture Company. A variety of electronic gadgets identical to the ones that Jay had bought Matt lay around the apartment.

“When Glenn had Ed McClelland on the phone,” said Brent, “he called and conferenced me in. Ed asked me to find a nice condominium that Dr. Sherwood could use whenever he’s in Baltimore.”

“I don’t understand,” said Chico. “If this is Dr. J’s condo, why did you bring me here?”

“Well, Dr. Sherwood won’t be spending a lot of time here, and he feels that he needs someone to look after the place in his absence. He could hire a management company, but he said that would be a waste when he can get you for next to nothing.” Chico started to take offense until he saw the grin on Brent’s face. “Please understand. The condominium belongs to Dr. Sherwood, but the contract I have drawn up with the help of Ed McClelland stipulates that you may live here as long as you remain in medical school and that you will be paid a monthly stipend to cover your living expenses.”

The doorbell rang. “Ah, that must be Jim with the luggage. Put them in the master bedroom, Jim. Enjoy the car, Mr. Santana, and drive safely. Brent, can we give you a lift somewhere?”

“Thanks, Glenn, but before I leave I want to go over a few more details with Chico. You don’t mind if I call you Chico, do you?” Judging from the look in Brent’s eyes, Glenn had a pretty good idea what kinds of details he wanted to go over. “Besides, I know that Chico’s just dying to get behind the wheel of that car, so I’m sure he won’t mind dropping me off when we’re done, will you, Chico?”

“No,” smiled Chico. “I’ll be more than happy to give you a ride.” *Yeah, and I’ll bet I know what kind of ride that would be!*

Glenn laid his business card and the valet ticket on a table by the door. “Drive safely, Mr. Santana, and call me if you ever need anything.”

As soon as Glenn closed the door behind himself, Chico turned to Brent and asked, “Does he really own two car dealerships?”

“Hell, Chico. Glenn Walker owns two dozen dealerships from New York to Miami—nothing but foreign imports—everything from Mercedes to Bugatis. Trust me, his mother will never miss the Volvo.”

“This is all too much,” said Chico. “Jay is a terrific guy, but I only worked for him for one summer. Why would he do all of this for me?”

“Well, I don’t know exactly,” admitted Brent. “All I can say is what he told me over the phone. He said you’re going to be the best damn doctor that Johns Hopkins has ever produced.”

For the rest of the afternoon, Brent Hayward helped Chico christen both his new apartment and his new car.

When Britta and Inga returned to Stockholm University, they were informed by the head of their department that they had received a very substantial grant from an anonymous donor to support their research on the sexual behavior of adolescent girls. They also learned that the next international conference of sex researchers would be hosted by Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and that arrangements were already being made for their accommodations.

Despite the daily phone calls from Matt and, later, Chico, Jay became more and more depressed. Dan Hammond and Ed McClelland both stopped by regularly to check up on him, and even Mack Macintosh, Bill’s father, came to visit. He told Jay that his oldest daughter, Bill’s sister, had given birth to a son and named him William. Jay thanked Mack for dropping by and made a note to have Dan Hammond set up an educational trust fund for the kid and any future little Macintoshes. Mrs. Donovan, Matt’s mom, invited Jay over to dinner often, but he always declined, so she sent dishes of homemade food just to make sure that he ate properly. Most of his meals, though, were 90 proof.

The fall semester started at Stanford, and he often missed his classes. When he did show up, he was unkempt, and his lectures were lifeless. Colleagues began to wonder what had happened to “the boy genius.”

He brought a different partner to bed nearly every night—sometimes women, sometimes men, and sometimes both—but there was no passion. Most times, he lay on the bed cold as they tried to arouse him, often unsuccessfully. He really wanted to be held more than anything else, but even that was never enough.

“Jay, you’ve got to snap out of this!” demanded Dan Hammond. “You’re falling apart. Let me take you to the doctor, get you some medication or something.” But Jay refused. “Hire yourself another assistant, Jay. You can find another Chico.” But the mere mention of Chico’s name pulled Jay down further into the abyss.

About a week before Thanksgiving, Jay lay in his bed with another beautiful anonymous woman when the door bell rang. It rang and rang and rang. “Aren’t you gonna get that?”

“Nah, whoever it is will get tired of pushing the damn button pretty soon and go away.” But the bell continued to ring and ring and ring.

“Well, it doesn’t look like they’re going away. If you won’t go see who it is, I guess I’ll have to. Don’t get up,” she added sarcastically as she hurriedly threw on her clothes. “I’ll see myself out.” The hot babe sulked her way downstairs to the front door, and the eyes of the young man there bulged wide at the sight of her half-dressed body.

“I...I’m sorry. Maybe I have the wrong address. I was looking for Jay Sherwood.”

“Yeah, this is his place.”

“Well, is he at home.”

“That’s a matter of opinion, honey. Maybe you’ll have better luck with him than I did. Upstairs. End of the hall. End of the line.”

“Jay. Jay, are you here?”

In his funk, Jay barely heard the man call his name.

“Jay?” As the voice came closer, it sounded vaguely familiar.

Lying with his back to the doorway, Jay did not see the man standing there. “Jay, are you all right, man?”

“Goddam it!” yelled Jay in exasperation. He grabbed the Tiffany lamp from his night stand and hurled it as he rolled over, sending it crashing into a thousand pieces against the door jamb. “Why can’t everyone just leave me the fuck alone!”

“Jay, it’s me!”

With his fury released, Jay’s eyes sharpened, and the face of the man in the doorway haphazardly came into focus.

“Rick! Oh, my God! Rick! Is it really you?” Jay sprang from his bed with a strength he had not shown in months and nearly tackled Rick to the floor when he flung himself at his old friend.

“Do you always greet your guests in your birthday suit?” asked Rick.

“Oh, God, Rick! I’m sorry. Let me put something on.”

“Don’t sweat it, buddy. Remember, I’ve seen you naked before.”

“Buddy. You called me buddy. I always loved it when you called me that. Oh, God, I’ve missed you so much. Let me look at you. You look terrific.”

“Well, that’s more than I can say for you. You look like shit!”

Jay’s expression turned and he slapped Rick across the shoulder with the back of his hand. “Goddam it! Why didn’t you tell me you were coming, you sonofabitch?”

“I wanted to surprise you. I went by the old house and learned that you had moved. Then, I went to the shop, and the guys told me what had happened to your folks. God, Jay! I am so sorry. I was out on a wilderness retreat when it happened and never got the word. You know I would have been here right away if I had known. Walt and Diane were like the parents I never had.”

“I know, Rick. They loved you too. Enough of that, though. I wanna hear all about you, and I’m starving all of a sudden. Let me grab a robe, and we can go downstairs and see what we can find in the fridge.”

Jay pulled out a casserole that Mrs. Donovan had sent over and popped it into the microwave. He told Rick about Matt Donovan and how he had tried to be a big brother to him, though, of course, he omitted the details of their last night together. Rick gawked at Jay’s home, and Jay explained the money he had inherited from his parents. All through their meal, Jay kept asking Rick about his life, but Rick kept bringing the discussion back around to Jay and his life. Finally, Jay led Rick to the living room sofa and asked, “What is it, Rick? What’s wrong?”

After a long pause, Rick finally confessed, “She’s left me, Jay. My wife ran off with one of the kids from the rehabilitation program. He’s not even 18, Jay, and she ran off with him and took our son with her! You know that I messed around a lot before I got married, Jay, but I never cheated on her, not once. I loved her, Jay, and I love my boy. He’s two years old, and you oughta see him, Jay. He’s the cutest little thing in the whole wide world...and a handful too.

I've gotta find 'em, Jay, and then I've gotta get me a good lawyer and get my son back."

"Oh, God, Rick. That's awful. We'll find 'em, though, and I've got the best damn lawyer in the country. We'll get your son back!" Jay held Rick and continued to reassure him.

"Tell me more about your son, Rick. What's his name?"

"His name's Walter Jamison Holder."

Jay froze. Chills swept over his entire body, and his eyes began to water. "Oh, Rick. That's...." He choked.

"I call him Jamie. Of course, when he gets older, he's probably gonna wanna change that, but for now...."

Jay threw himself at Rick and nearly squeezed the breath out of him. When he finally released his grip, he looked at Rick and saw his eyes beginning to water up as well.

"He's smart too," added Rick, struggling to fight off his sniffles. "He's gonna be just like you, Jay. I just know it."

"We'll get him back, Rick. Goddam it! As I live and breathe, I promise you that we WILL get him back!"

All of a sudden, Jay forgot all about his own troubles, and he sprang into action. Though the hour was late, he called Ed McClelland at home and made an appointment for early the next morning. "Tell Rick that I've got friends at the FBI, and if that doesn't work, we'll get the best private investigators in the country."

"Jay, I never meant to drag you into all of this. I just came by to see an old friend."

"You didn't drag me into it, Rick. I jumped in with both feet, and if you hadn't told me about it, I would have tracked you down and beaten the shit out of you."

"Well, I see you've developed some muscles since I last saw you, but I still think I could take you down in 30 seconds."

The ribbing continued for several minutes before Jay took a deep breath, and took both of

Rick's hands in his. Gazing into his eyes, he repeated what he had said earlier, "God, Rick! I've missed you so much. You have no idea how much I've missed you."

"I know, Jay. I've missed you too. I should never have left the way I did. I should have told you that I was getting married and moving to Utah, and I should have kept in touch. I guess I was just.... I dunno.... Sometimes I wish I'd...."

"Wish what, Rick?"

Rick sat silently, but his eyes spoke volumes. Jay slowly leaned in and gently kissed Rick on the lips. It was the soft, sweet kiss of unrequited love. Jay pulled back and evaluated Rick closely for his reaction. Rick sat motionless, but then he reached up and gently caressed Jay's cheeks and ran his fingers through his hair. He traced every contour of his face: his eyes, his nose, and his lips. Slowly, he pulled Jay toward him and returned the warm, sensitive kiss, first to his lips and then to every inch of his face. Jay closed his eyes, smiled, purred, and soaked up the affection. *Uhhmm! God, don't let this be just a dream! If it is, I don't ever want to wake up!* He opened his eyes to discover that it was not a dream. Rick was really there.

Without a word, Jay took Rick's hand and led him back upstairs to his bedroom. He returned Rick's butterfly kisses. Then, he smiled softly at Rick as he slowly removed his clothes, each piece marking a milestone in a spiritual rite. Jay worshipped each portion of Rick's body with his eyes and gentle strokes. When Rick stood completely naked, Jay stepped back to drink in the beauty of the man's whole body. It overwhelmed him. "My God!" he sighed. "You're even more beautiful than I remember."

Rick stepped closer to Jay, loosened the sash on his robe, and watched it fall to the floor as he spread his hands from Jay's neck to his arms. He circled his dear friend and sized up his perfect form. "You were always a cute kid, but I never dreamed you would grow up to be such a gorgeous hunk."

Jay smiled shyly, and the two men embraced. Their kisses grew more passionate and their embrace more sensual. They grabbed each other's butt and ground their crotches together. They dragged each other to the bed and competed to see who could coat the other one's body with the most saliva. They swiveled into the 69 position with Jay on top and went to town on each other's balls and cocks, licking and sucking, licking and sucking. "Stop!" yelled Jay. He turned to face Rick. "Make love to me. I think I have wanted you from the moment I first laid eyes on you, and now I want you even more than ever. I want to feel you deep inside of me, and I want to feel your hot juices filling my whole body."

Rick pulled Jay into another deep, passionate kiss. "I love you, Jay. I always have."

Jay reached for some lube and rolled over onto his back. Rick took Jay's legs and lifted them upon his shoulders. He spread some lube onto his hands and inserted one finger into Jay's love hole, then two, then three, and then he coated his thick, hard cock. "Hang on, buddy. Here it comes!"

Buddy! God, I love that!

Rick eased his dick into Jay's hole until he crossed the sphincter threshold. Jay cried in pain, but it was pain that he gladly endured. Rick inched his rod deeper and deeper into Jay's welcoming ass. Between grimaces and shouts of agony, Jay looked up and smiled at Rick with loving approval. *Oh, God! It's finally happening. The man I have always adored is finally making love to me. I can feel him inside of me. Oh, God! It feels so wonderful. HE feels so wonderful!*

Rick swayed in slow, steady strokes as Jay purred to the rhythm. "Oh, God, Rick! That's it! That's...ah, ah, AH!"

Rick picked up the pace, pumping faster, harder, deeper. His already hard dick swelled up even more, filling Jay's cavity with his manhood.

Jay's own cock twitched with each abrasion of his prostate. Rick pumped Jay's shaft as he pounded his ass, not that Jay needed the extra stimulation, but Rick had to feel the pulsing of his buddy's manhood in his hand as he made love to him.

"Oh, God, Rick! Shit! Goddam you! Fuck me, man. Fuck me. FUCK ME!"

"Fuck yeah, man! Fuck that sweet, sweet ass! Oh, God! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Argh! Argh! Argh! I'm cummin'! I'm cummin'! I'm gonna.... AAAHHH! AAAHHH! AAAHHH! FFFUUUCCCKKK!" Jay blasted his love juice all over his face, chest, stomach, and crotch. He had never cum so violently in his whole life. His entire body quaked from electric shocks. He could not stop shooting, shaking, and screaming.

Rick wanted desperately to relish the sight of his little brother drowning in his lovemaking, but his own carnal drive took over, and he just had to get his rocks off or else. His fiery juices boiled over from his nut sack and burst through his rigid hose deep into Jay's guts. The explosion inside of Jay's body touched off another round of tremors. The two men jerked and screamed and cursed for what seemed like an eternity. Each time one reacted, he set off a spasm in the other. Finally, they could take no more. Rick groaned and flinched one last time as his limp dick slipped through Jay's sphincter ring. And Jay clenched Rick's wrist so hard that he had to release his grip on Jay's still super-sensitive cock. Rick fell beside Jay on the

bed and both men panted and moaned for 15 minutes. Rick raised his hand to his mouth and licked it clean of Jay's baby pudding. He kissed his lover and shared the nectar with him. "Uhhmm! You can feed me anytime."

The two men lay in bed and talked for hours. They considered making love again but decided that nothing could top the experience that they had just had, and they wanted to bask in the memory of that moment for a while longer.

After a hearty breakfast, which they had both earned, and the meeting with Ed McClelland, they went back to Jay's house, and Jay immediately began to make plans for the two of them. "Jay, I.... You know I can't stay, Jay. I've got a job back in Salt Lake City, and I've got to make a living so I can get my son back."

"But you can work here, Rick."

"Jay, I loved working for your folks in the shop, but I'm a social worker now. I'm not..."

"I'm not talking about the shop, Rick. I know you're much too smart and talented for that." Jay explained all the things that Chico had done for him and how desperately he needed to find someone to take his place. Seeing reluctance still on Rick's face, Jay added, "I know what you're thinking, Rick. You've got more important things to do than baby sit a grown man. But it won't be like that, I promise. Sure, I'll need you to help me with some simple things, but I'll get better, and then you won't have to worry about those things. There'll be other duties too, much more important ones, things that are worthy of your talents and skills."

"I dunno, Jay."

"Look, if you're concerned about giving up your career in social work, we can take care of that. My mom worked with lots of non-profits in the Bay Area, and I'm sure we can find assignments for you. Or, if you prefer, you could set up your own private practice. Or, I could set up a foundation to support youth programs, and you could run it. There are all kinds of possibilities, Rick." He paused, placed his hand on his big brother's shoulder, and gazed sadly into his warm brown eyes. "I need you, Rick. I lost you once. I can't afford to lose you again. Please stay, Rick. I need you."

"I dunno, Jay. There are lots of angles to consider here," he said with all seriousness in his voice. Then, with a wry smile crossing his lips, he added, "I think we'd better go back up to your bedroom and flesh out the details."

This story offers all kinds of possibilities for a sequel. If that idea appeals to you, please write

and let me know what you would like to see in a sequel: characters, scenes, plot, etc. It might help to think in terms of questions, such as “What happens to X?” “Does Y ever...?” “Why did (or didn’t) such and such happen?” Please send your comments or questions to Brock.Archer@comcast.net. Thanks.