

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 12: Chico

After several rounds of interviews, Jay finally chose Chico Santana to be his assistant. Chico was exactly what Jay needed. Though he had come from a broken home in Spanish Harlem, he worked (and fought) his way through high school with an A average, which earned him a scholarship from Stanford, where he was about to graduate magna cum laude. He was very intelligent, which meant that he would be able to carry out the research tasks that Jay assigned to him. He was strong, which meant that he would be able to perform physical chores. Though his father was Puerto Rican, his mother was the daughter of Russian Jews, so

Chico spoke Yiddish, Spanish, and Russian as well as English fluently. He had a unique combination of Latino charm and street smarts, which meant that he would be able to blend in smoothly with scholars and aristocrats but would also be able to run interference for Jay when chutzpah was called for. On top of all of this, he was a pre-med major, which meant that he would understand the implications of Jay's PTSD. He had even worked part time at the VA (Veterans Administration) Hospital in Palo Alto. In his interview, he told Jay that he had applied for the position at the urging of one of his professors but that he would only be able to work that one summer because he would be going to Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore in the fall. Though it was much too early to declare a specialization, Chico was leaning toward psychiatry because he had been impressed with the writings of one of the most prominent professors there, Dr. Kay Redfield Jamison. (Both Jay and Chico noted the irony in the fact that Jay's first name and the psychiatrist's last name were the same.)

“When we’re with clients, customers, or scholars,” Jay told Chico, “you should call me Dr. Sherwood, but when it’s just us, call me Jay.”

“Uh, I don’t really feel comfortable with that. How ‘bout I call you Dr. J?” And so it was.

Jay, Chico, and Matt all graduated about the same time—Jay with his Ph.D., Chico with his B.A., and Matt with his high school diploma, and Chico started work immediately. Besides paying Chico a very handsome salary, Jay let him live in the guest cottage rent free. He wanted him close, but at the same time he wanted to give him some space. On Chico’s first day of work, Jay took him to Brooks Brothers in San Francisco and bought him a complete wardrobe. Chico said that he already had a suit, but Jay insisted, “If you want to be taken seriously as an executive, you have to look the part.” He also bought three of the most up-to-date and sophisticated laptops that he could find—one for Matt, one for Chico, and one for himself.

Chico proved invaluable to Jay. He grasped the focus of Jay’s research easily. He also handled administrative tasks such as making appointments and travel arrangements, both domestic and international. They always ate in the best restaurants and stayed in the top hotels, each in a separate room. Jay felt that Chico was tethered to him enough as it was; he wanted him to have as much space as he could give him. Besides, a good-looking man like Chico was bound to get lucky on some of these trips (if not all of them) and would need a place to take his trophies.

When he accompanied Jay on trips, Chico always took care of the luggage and tipping the red caps and bellmen. Jay provided Chico with a credit card so that he could pay their bills, and Chico kept a keen eye on Jay’s money. Jay was generous to a fault, and while Dan Hammond helped him with his investments, it was Chico who protected him against scams and con artists.

But Chico also took on more important responsibilities as well. Jay often forgot things (such as his passport or plane tickets) or became disoriented. Most people simply chalked it up to

the eccentricities of a genius, which he was, but Jay and Chico both understood that these were symptoms of Jay's PTSD. Chico became Jay's back-up memory bank. He not only reminded Jay of his appointments, but he also helped him with people's names, and he always did it in such a way as not to draw undue attention. Jay quickly learned that he could trust Chico completely, and as a result Chico became acquainted with some of the most intimate details of Jay's life.

The contrast between Matt and Chico was striking. Matt was blond, Chico was dark. Matt was drop-dead cute, Chico was ruggedly handsome. Though both were muscular, Matt was lean, and Chico was beefy. At 5'10", Chico was slightly taller, but Matt was still growing.

At first, they did not seem to hit it off. Perhaps it was the age difference (18 v. 22), the cultural difference, a focus on different priorities at that stage of their lives, or even a twinge of jealousy. Within a few weeks after they met, however, they began to warm up to each other. Matt became interested in the anthropological aspects of Chico's upbringing, and Chico became fascinated with the psychological implications of Matt's creative designs. In addition, both were athletes, and though they specialized in different sports, both enjoyed working out in the pool house gym.

Jay learned that the friendship between the two men had turned more personal the day that he came home early and, from his bedroom window, watched them suck each other off by the pool. That would not be the last time he would observe them in action, however.

One day late that summer, Jay went into the steam room, and a few minutes later Matt and Chico entered in their swim suits and headed straight for the showers. From his position in the steam room, Jay had a clear view of the showers, but there was enough steam that he was virtually invisible to anyone outside. At first, Jay observed nothing unusual about the young men's behavior. They began to rinse off, but when Matt turned his back to Chico, Chico slipped up behind him and massaged his neck and shoulders. Then, he reached around and rubbed his chest and stomach. He pulled Matt up against his hard body and rubbed his crotch against Matt's beautifully formed ass. His hand slid down to Matt's crotch and caressed his cock and balls. He licked and nibbled at Matt's ear and neck and slid his hand inside Matt's Speedo. Both cocks began to rise—three, actually, counting Jay's. Chico spun Matt around hard and backed him up against the wall. With his solid hands and thick fingers, he gripped Matt's head and invaded his mouth with his tongue—probing and sucking, sucking and probing—all the while pressing their engorged cocks together with gyrating hips. Matt succumbed helplessly.

When Chico finally let Matt come up for air, Matt lowered his head and licked the shower water from Chico's neck and chest. When he got to the Latin lover's dark brown tits, he sucked and chewed with abandon. He continued on down to Chico's belly button, rimming it with his tongue. He pulled down and removed Chico's trunks, revealing the white jock strap that could barely contain Chico's manhood. *God, did he look fuckin' hot in that jock!*

Matt buried his face in Chico's crotch, rubbing his cheeks against the cock behind the mesh cloth. When he finally released the monster, it slapped against Chico's belly. With the prize now revealed, Matt rubbed his face against the coarse pubic hair and the thick, dark cock. He licked and sucked the balls and the area underneath them at the root of the cock. He started back up to Chico's cock, preparing to suck the life out of it, but Chico grabbed him and laid him down on the cold, wet floor. He stripped Matt of his Speedo and poured liquid soap all over the swimmer's smooth, toned body before lying on top of him, lathering their two bodies as one. He then rolled off of Matt and let the multiple sprays rinse them clean. He again buried his tongue in Matt's mouth and suctioned Matt's tongue into his mouth. He swiveled around, and each man took the other's dick into his mouth. They licked and sucked and moaned, licked and sucked and moaned.

Once Chico was convinced that Matt was completely under his spell, he got up, quickly grabbed a couple of thick towels, and threw them on the floor to pad their knees. Pulling Matt's ass cheeks apart, Chico buried his face in the young man's pink treasure, licking and probing with his tongue as water beat down on their broad shoulders and strong backs. Matt moaned with delight. Chico reached around and yanked on Matt's dick with one hand while he inserted a finger of the other hand into Matt's ass. The probe became two fingers and then three. With no further warning, Chico knelt against Matt's ass and inserted his thick, demanding cock into Matt's desperate hole. He moved slowly at first, but once he had worked his way past the sphincter muscle, he showed no mercy. He lunged with full force and pounded his prey with raw sexual passion. Matt screamed in pain.

“Go ahead, bitch. Scream your fuckin’ head off. You know you want my hot cock inside of you. You can’t get enough of it, can you, bitch?”

Jay prepared to storm out of the steam room, pull Chico off of his “little brother,” and slam the goddam sonofabitch up against the fuckin’ wall, but Matt’s words stopped him.

“Oh, fuck, man! Fuck me hard! Harder! Gimme that fuckin’ cock! Every goddam inch of it. Oh, God, I want it so bad. Fuck me, Chico! Fuck me! Fuck me good!”

Jay was stunned that Matt could actually be enjoying this assault, but then he remembered Rick’s account of the quarterback, Johnny Madison, and how much he had enjoyed being fucked. *Matt is now 18, a man, and he’s old enough to decide what he likes or doesn’t like, and he obviously likes what Chico is giving him.* Once Jay accepted that fact, he got incredibly turned on by what he was witnessing. He wiped the sweat off of his body and used it to lubricate his throbbing dick, which he stroked in unison with Chico’s mad thrusts.

Then, suddenly, Chico pulled out and flipped Matt over on his back. He stuffed towels underneath him and pulled Matt’s legs over his shoulders. He attacked again, thrusting his rock-hard cock into Matt’s wounded ass. Matt screamed again, but Chico pounded away, harder and deeper. Matt could feel Chico’s thick pubes scratching his ass cheeks.

Then, Chico's power drill struck Matt's prostate and drove him wild. "Oh, God," he screamed. "Aaahhh, ssshhhiittt! Oh, God. Fuck! Fuck! I'm cummin'! I'm cummin'! Ah! Ah! Aaahhh, aaahhh, AAAHHH! FUUUCCKKK!" High into the air Matt shot ropes of cum that were caught by the shower sprays and scattered all over the room. Jay was impressed.

The convulsing of Matt's anal muscles squeezed the life out of Chico's engorged cock. He screamed and cursed in four languages as he shot his hot juices deep into Matt's gut. With his stiff pole still inside, he fell on top of his blond slave and pressed his cheek against Matt's.

Jay could not contain himself. He shot his own wad all over the steam room floor. He stuffed a towel into his mouth to muffle the sounds of his orgasm so that the guys would not hear him. He did not want them to know that he had been watching—again!

[Author's note: In Chapter 13, on a flight to Chicago Chico's inventiveness proves invaluable in more ways than one.]