

Contradictions

By Brock Archer

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Chapter 3: Rick

Rick Holder, the guy who had given Jamie the magazines that he and Billy jerked off with, was 18 when Jamie first met him that summer. Rick had worked as an intern earlier that year (before Jamie started working at the shop) as part of his high school vocational training. When he graduated, Walt Sherwood offered him a full-time job.

After several months of spanking the monkey to the same old pictures, Jamie asked Rick if he had any other magazines.

“Yeah,” he said with a wry laugh, “but you’re not ready for those yet.”

“How come?” he asked.

“Well, they’re for adults.”

“The magazines you gave me are for adults too, but you gave them to me anyway.”

“Yeah, but these are...these are...more explicit.”

“They’re what?

“Explicit!” he grew in exasperation.

“What do ya mean, Rick?”

“Shit, Jamie!” he finally exploded. “They’re fuck mags, OK? They show men fucking women, shoving their rock hard dicks up their dripping cunts, mouths, and asses. Now, are you satisfied, you little fuck?”

Jamie was stunned, speechless. He couldn’t imagine such things, but he also knew that this was something he absolutely had to see. Rick turned to walk away, but Jamie stopped him. “Rick.”

“What, Jamie? What the fuck do you want now?” he spit out the question in anger.

Jamie walked up and faced him down (or up). He had to strain his neck to look him in the eye because Rick was quite a bit taller than he was (and much more muscular). In one of Jamie’s earliest displays of self-confidence, he asked, “How do you think my mom would feel if she knew that you had given me those other magazines?”

“Why, you little blackmailer. You wouldn’t dare.”

“Wouldn’t I? How can you be so sure?”

“Because if you tell,” he said, leaning closer to Jamie’s face in defiance, “I’ll beat the fuckin’ crap out of you.”

“And if you do,” Jamie replied, standing on his tiptoes to strain closer to Rick’s face, “I won’t have to tell my mom, or my dad for that matter. I can just let the guys on the floor know, and you don’t want to think about what they’ll do to you.”

Rage consumed Rick, but he knew when he was beaten. “Oh, all right, you fuckin’ prick. I’ll give you the magazines, but you gotta promise that you’ll never tell anybody where you got them. OK?”

“Sure, Rick. Why would I tell? I wouldn’t want you to get into any trouble,” he smirked.

As Rick stomped away, Jamie thought how manly he looked in his heavy work boots, muscle shirt, and tight jeans that rose up the crack of his butt.

The next day, Rick brought Jamie three magazines. Jamie leafed through them to make sure that they were, indeed, what Rick had described. Some of the pictures, to be honest, shocked him, but he didn’t let on to Rick. “This all ya got?” he asked.

“That’s three months of a subscription, Jamie. How fuckin’ many d’ya want, for chrissakes?”

“Ah, so this is a subscription, huh?”

“Yeah, I get one every month.”

“OK, every month when you get your subscription, you can keep it for one month, until the next one arrives, but then you have to turn it over to me.”

Rick opened his mouth to object, but he quickly realized that he was trapped, so he just turned and stomped away. Jamie continued to receive a new magazine each month.

As time went by, Rick mellowed and Jamie matured, and the two actually became friends.

Rick’s face was not movie-star handsome—not ugly, just average—but Jamie came to see it as a kind face, and he got all tingly inside when Rick didn’t shave for a couple of days. No matter what he was doing, Rick was never too busy to take time for Jamie. He treated him like a kid brother, and Jamie loved him for it.

Rick did have an incredible body. He had done a lot of manual labor as he was growing up, and since he was low man on the totem pole in the shop, he was usually assigned the grunt work, which meant hauling lumber and loading and unloading finished furniture. It can get pretty warm in parts of the Bay Area in the summertime and even in the winter when a man's doing heavy labor. It was not unusual for Rick to work shirtless, and when he did, Jamie loved watching his muscles flex. He also loved the hair on his chest and his titillating treasure trail because to Jamie, those were the marks of a real man, and Rick was definitely his idea of what a real man should be. It was all he could do to keep from staring at him. He idolized him, and he wanted to be just like him when he got older.

Rick taught Jamie a lot about sex, not physically, but Jamie was constantly asking him questions, and Rick rarely flinched or hesitated to give him a straight answer no matter what he asked (and, like most 14-year-old boys, Jamie asked some pretty dumb and bizarre questions).

By the time Jamie was 15 and Rick was 19, Rick confessed that he sometimes got hand-me-down magazines from his uncle, only these, he said, were "more explicit." Ah, that word again.

"More explicit than the ones I have? How, Rick?"

"It's probably better if I just bring them to you and let you see for yourself."

A couple of days later, when he slipped them to Jamie in a brown paper bag, Jamie immediately took them to the storage room. Rick followed, mostly to see his reaction. Jamie couldn't believe his eyes. There was oral sex and anal sex. There were men having sex with two women at the same time, women having sex with two men, and even groups of men and women having sex together. There were people tying up other people and flogging them. In a few of the pictures, the men were even having sex with each other. Jamie couldn't believe that people actually did all the things he saw in those magazines.

He asked Rick if he had ever done any of those things, and Rick said that he had done some of them.

"Like what?" he asked.

"Well, oral sex, of course."

"Of course," Jamie replied, pretending that he knew oral sex to be perfectly normal and routine sexual behavior.

Recognizing, but not acknowledging, that Jamie really didn't know shit, Rick elaborated, "Both giving and receiving."

"Of course," Jamie replied, again pretending that he was completely familiar with the techniques.

Jamie was dying to know more, but he didn't want to reveal how ignorant he really was on the subject, so he finally came up with this question: "When was the first time you had oral sex?"

They sat on a couple of crates in the storage room, and Rick began his story.

"I was just a little younger than you." *My God*, thought Jamie, who was still a few months away from his sixteenth birthday. *He was having sex when he was my age!* Seeing that Jamie didn't know where to go from there, Rick continued, "I was dating Kathy Kirshman. She was incredibly hot, and even though she was only 15, she had the body of a Dallas Cheerleader."

Jamie's mind was already thinking back to some of the girls in the magazines he had pored over again and again.

"One day when her parents were away, we were making out on the living room couch, and we were going at it pretty hot and heavy. As we french kissed, I reached inside her blouse and squeezed her boobs. When she breathed more heavily, I took it as a green light and reached behind and unhooked her bra. I pulled her blouse completely off and threw it and her bra on the floor. The sight of those gorgeous melons drove me wild."

Rick was similarly driving Jamie wild with his story. His dick was hard in no time, and he adjusted it in his jeans to reduce the strain.

"I dove for those melons and licked and sucked them like mad," Rick continued. "At one point, she squealed, 'Not so hard, Ricky. You're hurting me.' (Everyone called me Ricky back then, but after I lost my virginity, I decided that Ricky wasn't macho enough, so I shortened it to Rick.) Anyway, she said I was hurting her, but she didn't realize that she was hurting me too, but in a different way. She was forcing all the blood from my brain to drain right into my cock. I began rubbing my crotch up against her thigh, and she reacted by reaching down and gently squeezing my dick through my jeans."

Without even realizing what he was doing, Jamie began to mimic Rick's account. His hand was rubbing his engorged hose through his jeans. Of course, Rick noticed, but he didn't say anything.

"I slid my hand under the waistband of her pants, hoping she would do the same to me. When I felt her pussy, I knew I had to do something before I completely exploded. I pulled down her

pants and her panties and threw them on the floor along with her blouse and bra. Like you, Jamie, I had seen pictures of girls' twats before, but never the real thing and certainly never up close. I don't know what possessed me to do it or where the idea came from, but I buried my face in her bush and licked her cunt like it was my last meal before going to the electric chair. I didn't know if it was the right thing to do or not—I had never heard of such a thing—but I just had to have it, and I couldn't get enough of it."

This story was beyond belief. But knowing what a stud Rick was now, Jamie was sure it was true. When Rick talked about sliding his hands down inside her pants, Jamie loosened his belt and reached inside for his cock. When Rick got to the part about licking her cunt, Jamie's eyeballs practically popped right out of his head.

"She started screaming," Rick continued, "and I thought I was hurting her again. 'I'm sorry,' I apologized. 'I didn't mean to hurt you.'

'You're not hurting me at all, you idiot. You're driving me out of my fuckin' mind. If you stop now, I'll kill you!'

"I couldn't believe she was talking to me that way, but what the hell did I care as long as I got her cherry, right?" Rick nudged Jamie with his elbow, and Jamie flushed with the sense of camaraderie that it showed.

"I dove in again," he continued, "and stuck my tongue as far up her cunt as I could. I found her clit—of course, I didn't know what it was at the time—but I figured it must be in there for a reason, so I licked and sucked on it like there was no tomorrow."

Jamie took pride in the fact that at 15 he knew what a clit was when Rick hadn't known at that age. Of course, Jamie wouldn't have known anything at all if he hadn't read it in those magazines.

"The clit seemed to get bigger, so I sucked away. Kathy was tossing and screaming like a banshee. I was afraid that her neighbors would think she was being raped and call the cops. Without stopping what I was doing with my tongue, I reached for a cushion and handed it to her. I thought she might put it over her mouth to muffle the screaming, but instead she bit into it like cowboys did in those old westerns when one cowboy would pull a bullet out of another cowboy with no anesthetic. I was just glad it was the cushion she was biting on and not me."

Jamie laughed at the joke but kept rubbing his cock and balls.

"All this time, I was getting hotter and hotter. I didn't know how much more either of us could

take. Finally, she screamed, 'Enough. Enough. Stop. Stop. I can't take it any more. Stop, dammit!' I pulled back, and she sighed, 'Oh, God, Ricky. That was incredible. YOU were incredible. I've never felt anything like that in my life.'

"Great, I thought. Now it's my turn. I yanked off my jeans and briefs as quickly as I could."

Instinctively, Jamie unzipped his fly and freed his dick so that he could pump it more easily. He had never jacked off in front of Rick before, but he couldn't help himself, and Rick made no effort to stop him. Rick pretended not to notice, but Jamie glimpsed a small grin at the corner of his mouth, suggesting that he was not only aware of it, but perhaps somewhat proud of having aroused Jamie with his story.

"I rose up and spread her legs some more, so I would have a clean shot at her pussy, but she quickly threw the cushion over it to stop me. I thought she was just teasing me, and I was not in the mood to be teased right then. I had only one thing in mind, and that was popping her cherry—and mine at the same time. When I tried to pull away the cushion, though, she objected.

'Stop, Ricky. I said no.'

"Suddenly realizing that she was serious, I glared at her. 'Whaddya mean, "no"? I just gave you what you wanted, and now it's my turn.' It was a stupid thing to say, but I didn't know any better at the time.

'Well, I'm sorry, Ricky, but I'm still a virgin, and I'm not ready to give that up just yet.'

"'I'll be gentle,' I promised, hoping that I could persuade her to change her mind, but she wouldn't budge. I got up from the couch and stood with my rock-hard dick sticking right in her face. Even as angry and frustrated as I was at that moment, it wouldn't go down. You might say it had a mind of its own."

At that moment, Jamie's dick had a mind of its own too, and he couldn't stop shafting it.

"'Well, what the fuck am I supposed to do with this?' I asked, pointing at the rod. 'You make me so fuckin' horny I'm ready to jump out of my skin. I give you "the most incredible feeling in your life," I mocked her, 'and now you expect me just to walk away as if nothing ever happened?'

'No, Rick. No. Please don't be angry with me. It's not you. It's just...well, I'm just not ready. That's all. I still love you.'

“Of course, she didn’t really mean that, but you know how girls are.... She reached up and pulled me close to her and started to kiss me, but that only made me hornier.

‘Dammit, Kathy. When a man’s gotta get his rocks off, he’s gotta get his rocks off, and that’s all there is to it. Now you either step up to the plate, or we’re through.’ Another stupid thing to say, but, hey, we men will say just about anything when all the blood goes from our brains to our dicks, right?’

Though Rick looked down at Jamie as he asked the question, he again pretended not to notice Jamie’s hand pumping away at his cock. Jamie nodded as if he fully understood what Rick meant. Of course, he did understand the part about the blood going to the brain and having to get your rocks off, but the rest was new to him.

“‘Ricky,’ she pleaded. ‘Lie down here on the couch, and I’ll jerk you off. I’ve never done that to a guy before, but you’ll show me how to do it, won’t you? I’ll do a really good job, and it’ll feel great, I promise.’

‘Shit, Kathy! I can beat my own meat. I don’t need you for that! I need something that I can’t do for myself.’

‘What, Ricky, what is it that you want from me? I’ve already told you that I can’t have sex, and I’ve offered to jerk you off, so what else can I do, Ricky? Tell me, huh? What the hell can I do?’

“I just stood there silently, looking directly into her eyes and then at my dick pulsating in her face and then back into her eyes again.

‘No, Ricky, not that. You can’t expect me to do THAT!’

‘Yes, Kathy, if you’re not going to have sex with me, I expect you at least to suck me off.’

‘Ricky, that’s gross. I won’t do it.’

“I glared at her in anger and spat out, ‘OK, have it your way. I’ve had other girls suck me off before,’ I lied, ‘and they’ll be plenty happy to do it again.’ I continued to glare, watching for her response.

‘Please, Ricky, please don’t make me do this.’

“Tears began to steam down her pretty face, but I was unmoved. I just stood there waiting for her to make up her mind. Finally, she leaned forward, took my dick in one hand and gazed at it like it was going to take care of itself. When she didn’t proceed, I stepped forward and planted my dick against her lips. She looked up at me and sobbed helplessly. Then, she looked back at my dick and gave in. She stuck out her tongue and began to lick the head of my cock. I can’t tell you how incredible it felt, but it only drove me further out of my mind.”

Jamie’s own mouth began to water, so he instinctively spit into his hand and used it to lube his rod. Rick again tried to conceal his grin.

“More! I said. ‘More!’ Reluctantly, she licked the entire shaft up one side and down the other. ‘My balls,’ I said, ‘Lick my nuts. Oh, God, Kathy. That feels so damn good.’ What I really wanted, though, was a real blow job. I gripped her head and moved it back up to the tip of my cock. She continued to lick the head, but I said, ‘No, Kathy. Blow me! Suck me off, Kathy. Suck my fuckin’ dick.’ Still in tears, she slowly opened her succulent lips and took my cock into her mouth. At first, she took only the head, but that was enough to drive me wild—for the moment. I threw my head back and moaned in ecstasy.”

Jamie, likewise, threw his head back, squeezed his eyes shut, and imagined one of the magazine chicks sucking his cock. He wanted to shout, “Blow me, girl. Suck me off. Suck my fuckin’ dick,” but he contented himself with merely mouthing the words.

“Kathy pulled back, much like I had done when I was eating her pussy and mistakenly thought I had hurt her.

‘Am I hurting you, Ricky?’

‘No, baby. You’re doing everything just perfect. Don’t stop now, baby. Don’t stop.’ She again sucked the head of my dick, but I had to have more. I gripped her head again and pressed it toward my cock. I wasn’t trying to hurt her; I just wanted her to suck the whole thing. ‘Suck it, baby. Suck the whole goddam thing. Swallow my cock, baby. Swallow that motherfucker.’”

“Swallow that motherfucker,” Jamie mouthed.

“I know I shouldn’t have been that crude. I mean, I talk like that all the time with girls I sleep with now, and they never seem to mind it. Hell, most of them get off on it, but this was Kathy’s first time after all (mine too, for that matter), and I really should have been more considerate, but like I said, when the blood all rushes to the cock....”

My God! There was so much in that statement. “...all the time with girls I sleep with now.” How many girls has he slept with? How often does he get laid? Does he ever sleep with more

than one girl at a time, like in the magazines? “Most of them get off on it.” *What does that mean, “they get off on it”? I mean, I know what it means, but give me details. I want a complete description.*

“Don’t be like me, Jamie. You treat women with respect, and they’ll do all sorts of things for you. Things that you can’t even imagine. Sometimes they want you to be gentle; sometimes they want you to be a little rough with them—not to really hurt them, mind you—but just to make them feel that they’re giving themselves to a real man, you know what I mean?”

“Sure, Rick.” Of course, Jamie had no fuckin’ idea what he meant, but he wasn’t about to admit that. His mind was spinning with all sorts of questions at that point. *What kinds of things? How can you be rough without hurting someone? A real man?* Rick was his idea of what a real man was, and he wanted to be just like him.

“Women can be hard to figure out sometimes. Hell, what am I sayin’? Women are always hard to figure out, but you gotta try, Jamie. You gotta try. It’s worth it. It’s the only thing in the whole goddam world that’s worth anything.”

“I will, Rick. I’ll try.”

“There is no try,” he impersonated Yoda from *Star Wars*. “There is only do.” They both laughed at this. By this time, they had both given up on the pretense that Jamie wasn’t jacking off right in front of Rick. Rick looked straight at his hand pumping away at his dick, then looked up at him and smiled, as if to say, “Atta boy, Jamie. Good job. Keep it up.” Jamie beamed, much like Billy Macintosh had beamed at him.

“Good man. Now, where was I? Oh, yeah. Kathy was sucking on my cock, and I was stifling my screams. I wanted her to deep throat my cock. She was doing the best she could, but I wanted more, so I started thrusting my pelvis back and forth, fucking her face.”

This man’s got balls! Not literally. Jamie hadn’t actually seen Rick’s balls, though he had often imagined what they must look like. What he really meant was that he hoped someday he would feel confident enough to exert control over a woman like that. Jamie thrust his own pelvis back and forth, forcing his dick into the sleeve of his hand.

“She choked and gagged. I let her come up for air, but only for a moment, and then I shoved my cock into her mouth again and pumped away. She choked again, and I said, ‘Oh, baby. I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you. It just feels so fuckin’ good. God, you’re good, babe. I love you, baby.’ Of course, I didn’t mean that any more than she meant it when she said it to me, but ya know.... Anyway, that seemed to console her, and she went back to sucking on my cock. I wanted to fuck her face again, but I held back and just let her work at her own pace. ‘Oh, yeah, baby. That’s good.’ I had to reassure her. ‘That’s good. Best goddam blow job I’ve

ever had!' Another stupid thing to say."

Jamie couldn't understand why Rick kept saying that. They were all perfectly reasonable statements to him.

"I knew that I should have warned her when I was about to cum, but I guess I was just too selfish, not thinking about anybody but myself."

Oh, my God! Is he about to say what I think he's gonna say? No way! Jamie had seen pictures like that in the magazines, but he figured they had to be fakes. People didn't really do things like that.

"I hope you're taking notes, Jamie, 'cause you don't wanna make all the dumb mistakes I've made. Anyway, I screamed much like she had when she came, and I shook like I was in the middle of an earthquake as I shot my wad into her mouth. God, Jamie, I wish I could tell you what that felt like, but you'll find out for yourself soon."

Not soon enough! He couldn't wait to have his first blow job.

"Of course, Kathy was caught completely off guard. I don't think she had ever seen a guy cum before, let alone helped one. She probably didn't know what to expect or how much jizz there would be. At the first shot, I expected her to let go of my dick, but I think she just didn't realize what was happening, and she certainly didn't realize that there would be more."

At precisely that moment, Jamie unloaded too. The first shot landed on his chest, the second on his stomach, and the rest coated his hand. He moaned and shook, just like Rick had described in the story. All of a sudden, he was flooded with mixed feelings. Of course, physically he was feeling fuckin' great, but emotionally he was torn between being embarrassed and feeling completely relaxed over the fact that he had now jerked off in front of his "big brother." When Rick threw Jamie a broad smile and nodded reassuringly, Jamie knew that everything was copasetic. They were buddies for life—or at least they would be when they had jerked off together—like he and Billy had so often.

"When I finally emptied my balls and stopped moaning and shaking and gasping for air, I looked down and saw Kathy wiping my cum off her face with her panties."

Jamie reached for a shop rag and wiped his face, not realizing that he was smearing grease from the rag on his face at the same time.

"I was so thrilled that I had just had my first blow job, I felt like deep kissing her, but then I

thought how gross it would be to have all that cum in my mouth. I've since change my mind about that, by the way, but I didn't know any better back then."

Jamie wanted to ask him to explain the part about changing his mind about having cum in his mouth, but he decided it was best to save that for another time.

"I reached down and pulled her up off the couch. I could at least give her a hug, I thought. 'Oh, God, baby. Thank you, thank you, thank you. That was fuckin' fantastic. I've never felt anything like that in my whole life. You were incredible. I love you so much, baby.' I expected her to say something like, 'I love you too, Ricky,' or 'I'm glad I could make you feel good like you made me feel,' but that sure as hell wasn't what I got. She threw the cum-soaked panties in my face and screamed, "I hate you, Ricky. I hate you for making me do that, and I never want to see you again as long as I live.' She stormed off toward the bathroom, to rinse out her mouth, I'm sure. I tried to follow her, but she slammed the door in my face and locked it. I knocked repeatedly, but she wouldn't open the door. I could hear her bawling as she gargled again and again, trying to get the taste of my cum out of her mouth. 'Oh, please, baby. Don't be like this. You know I love you, and I love you now more than ever.'

'Go to hell, Ricky. Go to fuckin' hell!'

'Please, baby. I know you're upset right now, but you'll soon realize that it's no big deal. Other girls do it all the time.' Of course, I didn't have a clue about what other girls did or did not do with boys, but I felt like I had to say something, and that was the best I could come up with. I stood outside her bathroom door for nearly an hour, begging her to come out, but she wouldn't budge. Pretty soon, she even stopped cursing at me and just sobbed. I finally gave up and went home. I figured that she would sleep it off and be fine about it in the morning. Man, was I stupid. She didn't just give me the cold shoulder, she gave me the iceberg that sank the Titanic."

"You mean she never spoke to you again?"

"Funny you should ask that, Jamie. Actually, not only did she speak to me again, but our junior year in high school, she asked me out a few times, and I gotta tell you, she was a changed woman. She even taught me a few things about sex that I never knew."

"Really? Like what, Rick?" Jamie had to know.

"No, no, you little twerp. I think you've heard enough for one day. Besides, you gotta figure out how you're gonna clean all that cum off your clothes without your folks figuring out what you've been up to in here."

(To be continued)