

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 8: Rick's Dark Secret

"Rick, do you...have you ever been fucked since then by other guys?" asked Jay.

Rick paused for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, he spoke. "I'm gonna tell you somethin', Jay, that I've never told anybody in my life." Jay sat up on the bed and eyed Rick intently.

"When I was in high school, some buddies and I did a stupid thing. We stole a car." Jay's eyes

widened in shock. “We didn’t intend to keep it. We just wanted to take it for a joy ride and return it the next morning. We only got a few blocks, though, and the cops caught us. The other guys were all 18 and were tried as adults, but their folks could afford rich lawyers, and they got them off. I was 16 and had to settle for a public defender. I got 30 days in juvie. Don’t ever do anything that stupid, Jay, ‘cause, believe me, you don’t ever want to spend any time in a hellhole like that.”

Jay listened intently, still stunned at what he was hearing.

“I told you that this was something I’ve never told anybody before. Actually, that part I did tell to your dad when I first went to work for him. I didn’t have to—juvenile records are sealed—but I wanted him to know the whole truth about me: the good and the bad.

“I don’t know if you realize just how damn lucky you are, Jay, to have the parents you’ve got. Those two books on the desk there, the ones you asked about when we first got here?” Jay nodded. “They’re my textbooks.”

“Textbooks? You’re going to school, Rick?”

“Yeah, night school, and your folks are loaning me the money.” *That explains why Rick lives so modestly.* “When I did my vocational internship at your dad’s shop, he pulled me aside one day and asked me why I wasn’t planning to go to college. ‘You’re smart,’ he said. ‘You ought to go to college.’ That blew me away. When I was in high school, ya see, I never really got any encouragement to go on to college. Everyone thought of me as just another dumb jock—and one with a criminal record to boot. But your dad had faith in me, and that’s why I decided to come clean with him.

“I didn’t think any more about it, but a couple of days later, Mrs. Sherwood called me into the office. She told me she was impressed with my honesty, so she talked to some people she knew and got me into college. She also said she would loan me the money to get started as long as I promised not to tell anyone, not even Mr. Sherwood. I did, and I also promised her that I would work off the loan, but every time I’ve tried to offer her some money, she’s said, ‘Put it in the bank. You’ll need it, and you can pay me back later. So far, ‘later’ hasn’t come yet.’”

All of this was news to Jay. He was somewhat surprised to learn that Rick was going to college—not that he thought Rick wasn’t smart; it’s just that Rick had never given any indication of it. As for Mrs. Sherwood loaning Rick the money, well, Jay thought, that sounded like something his mother would do.

“So, your folks knew that I had been in juvie, but here’s the part that I’ve never told anyone before. Just a few minutes after I arrived and was processed, the guards brought in a younger guy, younger than you, Jay. He was a cute kid, and he was scared to death. He got busted on

some trumped-up charge and didn't really belong there. Anyway, that night after dinner, we were all showering to get ready for bed when half a dozen of the older guys formed a circle around the kid. They started telling him how cute he was and what a nice dick he had and how pretty his lips were. Well, it was pretty obvious what they had in mind, so I spoke up, 'Leave him alone.' They all turned and stared at me. Then, the leader of the gang walked over to me and stared me in the face.

'What did you say?' he asked me.

'Leave him alone,' I repeated.

"Well, to make a long story short, Jay, he and his gang beat me to the point that they nearly killed me, and then they raped me. I tried to fight them off, and I got in a few good licks, but there were six of them and only one of me. The guards could have stopped it, I'm sure, but they didn't. Hell, they probably jacked off while they were watching it all go down. I spent the next few days in the infirmary, and when I got sent back to the block, those guys were gone, and I didn't have any more trouble for the rest of the time I was there. The young guy was gone too. I never did find out if he made it through OK or not."

Jay fought to hold back his tears. For the first time since he had met Rick, he actually felt sorry for him. "Geez, Rick. I'm so sorry. I had no idea! I should never have asked."

"No, champ, don't apologize. You've got nothing to be sorry for. You just asked a question. I didn't have to tell you, but I wanted you to know what can happen if you do something stupid like me and those guys did. Just be careful, Jay. Watch yourself."

"I will, Rick. Damn! I can see why you wouldn't want to have sex with guys after something like that."

"Look, Jay. What happened to me in juvie was not about sex. It was about violence. There's nothing wrong with guys having sex with each other as long as nobody's forcing anybody."

The look of confusion on Jay's face was obvious. "Didn't you kind of force Kathy Kirshman to give you your first blow job?"

"Well, I didn't physically force her, but you've got a point. I did pressure her too much, and that was wrong. That's why I told you not to make the same mistakes I did."

"You said there's nothing wrong with guys having sex with each other. Does that mean that you've had sex with other guys since juvie?"

“Well, to tell you the truth, Jay, I have. Yeah, I do it once in a while, usually with guys and gals together, when I get bored and want something different. Like I said before, it’s not really my thing, but I find that doing a variety of things keeps sex interesting and more fun.”

Rick got up from the bed and headed for the dresser to get some underwear.

“Rick?”

“Yeah, buddy. You never stop asking questions, do ya?” chuckled Rick, trying to bring some levity back into the conversation. He walked back over to the bed with the underwear in his hand. Jay struggled mightily to look up at Rick’s eyes instead of fixing his gaze on the long, thick sausage dangling seductively in his face.

“I was just wondering if you could...if you would...teach me about having sex with guys.”

Rick laughed. “Well, I think that’s what I just did, bro.”

“Ummm. That’s not exactly what I mean, Rick.”

“Well, what do you mean, Jay?”

“I was wondering if you could show me.”

Rick jumped back about three paces. “Are you out of your fuckin’ mind, kid?”

Jay was stung. He had gambled by putting his feelings out on the table, and Rick had crushed them. He choked back his disappointment and his tears. “I’m sorry, Rick. I thought you really liked me....”

“Of course, I like you, dickhead. Would I have spent so much time with you and told you my most personal secrets if I didn’t?”

“Well, then, why can’t you....”

“How old am I, Jay?”

“Twenty,” answered Jay, somewhat confused by the question.

“And how old are you, Jay?”

“Sixteen, but you know....”

“I know that I’m adult and you’re a kid! That’s what I know, and that’s all I need to know!”

“But that’s only four years’ difference, and you’ve always said yourself that I’m very mature for my age.”

“You are mature, Jay, very mature, a hell of a lot more mature than I was at your age, and a damn lot smarter. But the law doesn’t care about that. The law only cares about our dates of birth. I love you, Jay. You’re like a brother to me. But I’ll be damned if I’m gonna go back to jail for anybody!”

The two young men stared at each other. The phone rang. “That was your dad. Wash up and get dressed. I’m taking you home.”

An uncomfortable silence hung over them on the drive to the Sherwood house. Jay felt so conflicted. On the one hand, he was devastated by Rick’s rejection and his own stupidity in asking him to teach him about man-to-man sex. It wasn’t that he wanted to have sex with Rick as much as he just wanted to be close to him. On the other hand, Rick had said, “I love you, Jay.” He didn’t say, “I like you.” He said, “I love you.” *Could that be why Rick reacted so angrily? Could it be that he really wanted to have sex with me but couldn’t bring himself to do it?*

For the next two years, their relationship was never quite the same. Rick was always friendly toward Jay, and he continued to supply Jay with magazines. He even answered all of Jay’s questions about sex—without the personal examples—but only in sight, if not earshot, of other people. He never let himself be left alone with Jay—not in the storage room, not at his apartment, not anywhere. Jay ached with the void in his life, and seeing Rick almost every day but not being able to talk openly or to see him naked or to jack off in front of him while listening to his stories or, better yet, to touch him made the ache all the more painful.

Going to school and working in the shop after school and on weekends did not leave him much time for extracurricular activities such as sports or a social life, but carrying heavy pieces of furniture developed his muscles, and with his good looks and his reputation as a hot lover, he had no trouble getting dates or scoring with the girls. He was even tempted to make a move on Zack Cavanaugh when they were on a double-date, but he backed off at the last minute, even though he sensed that Zack wanted it as much as he did. He practically counted

the days until he would turn 18 and Rick would no longer have an excuse to shy away.

Jay was an exceptional student. His teachers called him “gifted.” His elementary school principal had even suggested having him skip a grade, but his parents didn’t want him to feel different from the other kids, so they said no. He could very easily have made intellectual mince meat out of not only his fellow classmates, but even his teachers, but Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood made sure that he learned that “people don’t care how much you know until they know how much you care.”

Jay graduated from high school at the top of his class, valedictorian. He could have gone to any college in the country, but he chose San Jose State. He told his parents that he wanted to be close to them and to continue to work at the shop, but he actually wanted to be close to Rick.

Jay turned 18 on the day before his high school graduation. He couldn’t wait to approach Rick, but he had arrangements to make. He was thrilled, though, when Rick showed up at his graduation and even more thrilled that Rick had invited him to his college graduation the next day. When Rick didn’t show up for work the following week, Jay figured that he must have gone off for a week or two to celebrate. When Rick didn’t return the third week, Jay finally asked one of the guys if he was sick or something.

“Didn’t you know?”

“Know what?”

“Rick’s gone.”

“Yeah, I can see that, but when’s he coming back?”

“He’s not coming back, Jay. Right after graduation, Rick got married and moved to Utah. He and his wife are working at a rehabilitation center for kids.”

Jay felt his world imploding. How could Rick leave and not tell him? Hell, how could he leave? And for a woman!

[Author's note: In Chapter 9, disaster strikes, and Jay's life takes a dramatic turn.]