

## **Kyle & Jason – The Beginning**

Gay Story

by Andy D. Thomas

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translated by the Author

[www.andythomas.com](http://www.andythomas.com)

Cover image by Jeff Palmer

[www.jeffpalmer.com](http://www.jeffpalmer.com)

warm thanks to Jeff!

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Jason Montgomery, a wealthy businessman, has more than a crush on 18-year-old Kyle Brennon. The martial arts master has a gnawing desire for the young man. After their initial meeting, a friendship between them quickly develops and turns into a sizzling, turbulent relationship. Jason slowly but surely prepares Kyle, through dominance and submission games, for a significant place in his unique world. For Kyle, it's a sexual awakening like no other. This man he had never known has an unspoken power over him. For Jason, the slightest touch from his young prey weakens his self-control, and he has no idea how far and deep this will go.

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## **First Contact**

It was Monday afternoon, and Kyle was on his usual way home from school. Nobody was waiting there for him, and although it had bothered him for years, by now he didn't care anymore. So, he wasn't really in a hurry.

He didn't notice the man sitting in a black limousine watching him intently.

Kyle might have become nervous at once if he only knew who was watching him.

It was Jason Montgomery, a martial arts coach, teaching at the same private College he was attending. He had never visited any of the coach's classes; nevertheless, he had noticed him on several occasions because of his distinguished and confident demeanor.

Later in life he hoped to be just like Jason Montgomery. Athletic and successful. Not to mention, the man was drop-dead gorgeous. He had dark, slightly curled but very short hair, blue—unbelievably blue—eyes and his gaze could melt ice or freeze water. Most of the time he had an extraordinary goatee cut very short.

Kyle was sure he had at least one tattoo, if not more. Something he definitely had to wait for until he moved out of his parents' house. A couple of days ago he had turned 18, but since he still lived at home he had to obey the common do's and don'ts. And a tattoo was definitely one of the don'ts.

Outside school Montgomery dressed mostly casual, but so far Kyle had only seen him in a suit or his martial arts outfit.

Before Kyle could walk to the bus station, he heard a distinctive whistle. He stopped, and looked around. On the other side of the street he saw a black limousine.

The tinted back window was rolled down halfway, and Kyle recognized Montgomery at once. He looked around before he saw Montgomery beckoning.

Kyle swallowed, and slowly walked up to the car.

"May I give you a ride home?" Jason Montgomery asked with his husky voice, amazingly soft and friendly.

Kyle wanted to decline at first, but then changed his mind. Later on he could not exactly say what made him get into the luxurious car, although he had always wondered what its interior might look like. This decision, however, would turn his life as he knew it upside down—though he would never regret his spontaneous decision.

"Well, it's really not necessary, Sir," Kyle started while climbing into the spacious back of the limousine, and sitting next to Jason.

"I know," Jason smiled. "But I was nearby, and I saw you."

Kyle could not have guessed that this was kind of off the truth. As a matter of fact, Jason had longed for weeks for Kyle to finally turn 18. Now, he had just waited for the right moment to catch him outside of school. "So why not give you a ride home? As far as I know, you live across town," he continued.

"Sure. Cool."

"You wanna give me the exact address?" Jason, of course, knew his address. But this he kept to himself as well since Kyle might have considered it fairly odd.

Kyle told him, and Jason passed it on to the driver by intercom.

The car started moving, and Kyle noticed that the front part of the limousine was separated by dark Plexiglas. Somehow, he was relieved not to be observed by the driver looking in the rearview mirror. He managed relaxing a little, although the situation was somewhat out of the ordinary. The car was very spacious, but Kyle was too distracted to actually look around.

Jason was dressed in dark pants and a dark shirt, which he casually wore outside his pants, black shoes and matching socks. Further, he wore a silver chain with a pendant Kyle could not see since it was covered by his shirt. He examined Kyle benevolently.

"You work out in the gym, don't you?" Jason asked, casually.

Kyle nodded. "Regularly. —But I'm light-years away from your shape, Sir."

Jason laughed, and the look that grazed Kyle gave him the shivers.

He had no idea why.

"I've been in the martial arts business for 20 years. So a direct comparison would be kind of unfair, don't you agree?"

"I guess," Kyle nodded, and was relieved. He never thought a chat with Montgomery might be so pleasant and easy. Well, he never thought getting a ride in this awesome car, either.

Jason examined Kyle in depth.

He was about 5'11" he estimated. Compared to the other guys at school, he had a disadvantage—at least with the girls. They wanted big, broad guys. Kyle was not particularly broad. He was quite athletic, but lean and sleek like a cat. He had dark blond, short hair, brown eyes and a few freckles, dimples and soft lips.

He was a handsome, athletic young man.

Jason had contemplated the reserved, good looking senior for quite some time, whose athletic body turned him on extremely. But this, of course, he didn't tell him either.

"So I'm sure you already got some nice abs?" Jason asked rather bluntly, and pointed with his chin to Kyle's stomach.

He swallowed, noticeably, and blushed. "Uhm— well, a little— but not what you usually might—."

"*Usually* is not of interest at the moment," Jason interrupted him sharply. "I'm not talking about tough fighters. I'm talking about you."

"I, uhm— why you wanna know?"

"I think you have a great body."

The heat was rising in Kyle's body, and he noticed that he blushed again.

Jason ignored it. "I'm currently working on a very private photography project, and I'm looking . . . hmm . . . how should I put it . . . for a suitable motif. A starting six-pack is just what I'm looking for at the moment. Maybe you feel like letting me take your picture. Of course, I'll pay you. Don't get me wrong or anything," Jason smiled at him, encouragingly.

"I don't think mine is worth taking a picture of," Kyle repeated, insecurely, and immediately planned on stepping up his workout.

"Why don't you let me decide?" Jason countered, and strangely enough, Kyle felt shivers run down his spine as his undertone grazed something deep inside him again.

Was he losing his mind?

"Fifty bucks for one picture. Let's say, I'd like to have two pics. How about that?"

Kyle felt dizzy.

A hundred bucks and he could finally go and get some computer games.

Jason had been quite honest, and what was the big deal? After all, he had asked him, Kyle, although he must know a whole bunch of martial arts students.

"We don't have to do it now. I assume, you are expected at home."

"Nobody is expecting me." The sentence kind of slipped out of Kyle's mouth.

Jason lifted an eyebrow. "Kyle, it's just a private project. Don't you worry about publication or the like."

"Oh, for something like that it's surely not good enough. I mean . . . my abs," Kyle smiled, nervously.

"Let me see," Jason begged, and again pointed with his chin towards Kyle's stomach.

"Here?" Kyle asked, a little bit surprised.

"Why not?" Jason replied calmly, and took out his cell phone.

Kyle pulled up his shirt, and exposed his well-trained abs just up to his ribs.

"Uhh huh, good-looking, as I thought," Kyle heard him mumble contently. "Unfortunately, still some cloth in the way, huh?"



He looked directly into Kyle's eyes, and pleasantly felt his neck hair straighten while Kyle—without asking another question—started to unbutton his shirt from the top to the bottom which, like himself, he wore over his pants.

After he had undone the last button, he looked up insecurely.

Jason's gaze was directed to the portions of smooth skin the little slit of his blue shirt had uncovered.

Kyle swallowed as Jason pulled the fabric to the side. Thereby he didn't miss that Kyle's breathing accelerated.

Very cautiously, Jason touched the portions of his stomach that were considered the six-pack area. He was able to sense the muscles underneath.

He shortly looked up into Kyle's concerned face. "Flex!" he asked, businesslike.

Kyle complied.

"Mhmm," Jason mumbled, impressed, and touched the rows of muscles again. Shortly below the third row, Kyle's waistband started. "Unfortunately not completely visible . . . Nevertheless, it looks damn good!"

"Thank you, Sir." Kyle was flattered. "Should I?" he asked then, not thinking twice what he was offering to Jason.

Jason was highly contented, as he saw Kyle's hand on his belt. "Well, to get everything on camera, it would be helpful . . . but . . . of course, that's up to you."

Without another word, Kyle opened his belt, and then the top buttons of his jeans.

Pleased, Jason felt some activity in his lap.

"Mhmm . . . very nice," he muttered, and stroked with tender fingers Kyle's stomach muscles. "Flex!"

A moment later he took the first picture.

Then he showed him the image, and Kyle was surprised of the good quality and the sensuality of the photo, although it was made with a cell phone.

"Beautiful, don't you think so?" Jason asked, and put his hand on Kyle's stomach. "Relax again."

Slowly it dawned on Kyle that this was much more than a simple private photo shooting, but he was far from backing down. Curiously, he waited for Jason's next move.

Jason's finger wandered up his hemline, pulling it off to the side.

Kyle swallowed as he became aware that Jason was looking down on his bare chest.

Jason pulled it further over Kyle's shoulder, so it wouldn't fall back to the front, and looked down on his bare chest. *Now Montgomery could assure himself that he took his workout serious*, he thought.

He inhaled audibly as Jason's fingertips stroked his exposed nipple.

Jason looked him in the eyes, and, although Kyle's glance was flickering, he held his gaze.

Jason smiled, and looked back on the nipple that slowly showed a reaction and turned hard—followed by goose bumps that started rising all over Kyle's upper body.

Kyle almost moaned as Jason licked his middle and index finger, and then touched his nipple again, this time with wet fingers.

"Beautiful," he mumbled, and took another photo. Then he looked at the display, and nodded contently.

Kyle was breathing heavily. Everything was spinning in his head. He knew he had never before had much interest in girls, but was this the reason why?

This man had triggered emotions deep inside him within the last 10 minutes that made him dizzy. As his blood pressure rose, the blood shot through his veins.

He felt an erection coming on and was unable to do anything about it. Hopefully Montgomery wouldn't notice, although Kyle's shirt and jeans were still open.

"Thanks, Kyle," Jason said softly. "This was perfect. —Maybe we can do it again some other time? I'm sure I will come up with some other ideas," he added with a smile.

Kyle nodded. "Gladly, Sir," he heard himself say.

Kyle wanted to pull his shirt back over his shoulder, but Jason stopped him from buttoning it immediately.

"Just a second." With tender fingers, he touched the nipple once more. Then his hand slid down over his chest and stomach. He bent down, kissed his vibrating stomach and did the same with his still uncovered nipple.

Kyle fought not to gasp. He wanted to rip the clothes off of his body, and throw himself at this man. The thought made him lightheaded. He had never before thought like this. Or had he?

"You are beautiful," whispered Jason, and kissed him on the forehead, on which tiny pearls of sweat had appeared. With deep pleasure he subtly licked his lips, and enjoyed the slightly salty taste. "We are almost there. You should get dressed, huh?"

Kyle buttoned his shirt and jeans with trembling hands as Jason pulled out some bills, and gave them to him.

"A deal is a deal," he said, and Kyle took the money with shaking hands. He couldn't remember the last time he had had this much money just for himself. His parents gave him everything he needed; however, when it came down to his allowance, they were anything but generous—even though they were pretty wealthy.

Kyle swallowed. "Thank you, Sir."

"Can I have your cell phone number?" Jason asked softly.

Without hesitation Kyle gave it to him.

Jason played a little with his cell phone and then showed Kyle that he had linked the photo of his sexy abs to his number.

Kyle didn't dare asking Montgomery about his number.

"See you soon?" Jason's undertone again sent lustful waves through his bones.

"Anytime, Sir," he mumbled.

The next moment, the driver opened the back door from the outside. The meeting was over.

Jason watched Kyle walking slowly to his front door. He noticed him having difficulties walking. And he knew the reason why.

Smiling softly, he rolled up the window, and leaned back.

He closed his eyes, and in his mind, he saw Kyle stumbling up the stairs.

Jason imagined him reaching his room and falling onto his bed with a moan. Saw him buckling from the lust in his groin, which was so strong he almost immediately shot his load after he wrapped his hand around his wet—and due to unknown lust—tortured cock.

## The Seduction

Thursday came, and Kyle still hadn't heard back from Jason. By now he was almost sure he had only dreamt everything. Only his body was reminding him over and over again that it had indeed happened. For some reason, it had developed an immense life of its own.

Kyle woke in the mornings, and noticed his pajamas were wet. Up till now, he had not paid much attention to his sexuality. Instead, he worked out hard, sometimes almost to exhaustion. But now, he couldn't ignore it any longer, and gave in. He masturbated multiple times during the day and the night.

His mind was constantly focused on Jason. He saw his striking face in front of him, his soft lips and piercing eyes. He felt his lips on his skin if he only closed his eyes. He couldn't only have dreamt it. Kyle had not seen Jason after their unexpected meeting—only once from far away at school while he was talking on his cell. Kyle felt a sting while thinking that there was a secret photo saved on said cell. No, two.

He wondered if Jason still had them, or had he already forgotten about him?

Kyle tried to distract himself after school by going to the gym. He was glad to think about something else for at least a couple of hours.

It was after 5 p.m. when Jason received the call he was waiting for hours. Smiling, he walked to his limousine, and sat in the backseat.

He had to wait another 20 minutes until Kyle stepped out onto the street.

Kyle had his sports bag on his shoulder; he was freshly showered, and his hair was still wet. He wore sweat pants, a T-shirt, a hooded sweatshirt and sneakers.

Kyle stared at the sky frowning, put on his hood, and walked up to the bus stop. After all, it had started to rain.

Annoyed, he noticed he had missed the bus and, thus, had to wait another 20 minutes. He walked up to a bench, and sat down.

His cell rang, and for the first time in days he didn't look at the display but answered right away.

"Yeah?" he grumbled.

"Do you feel like getting in my car?" As he heard Jason's husky but nevertheless soft voice abruptly in his ear, he jumped up as if stung by a bee.

Jason got him at the exact moment where Kyle had finally not thought about him in days.

Suddenly, Kyle felt electrified, and looked around.

"Do you see me?" Jason asked. "On the other side of the street, a few cars down."

"Yes, I see you, Sir." Kyle answered slowly, and tried to calm his heartbeat.

"Well, I didn't intend to startle you, Kyle."

"No, no, it's fine. I just missed the bus. So I guess it would be, uhm— really nice."

"Then come on over, and get in."

Kyle saw the driver door opening, and the chauffeur stepping out.

They disconnected, and when Kyle started walking, he glanced at the display.

No number.

He put the cell away, and walked up to the limousine.

The driver took his gym bag, and put it in the trunk. Then, after Kyle climbed into the back of the car, he closed the door behind him.

"Hi," Jason greeted him, winking.

"Hi, Sir," Kyle replied, and smiled. His heart was still beating hard. He hadn't dreamt it after all. "You saved me from 20 boring minutes."

"Well, all the better."

The car started moving.

"You worked out?"

Kyle nodded, and leaned his head against the head rest. Actually, he was really worn out.

Jason knew that, of course, since he had chosen this exact moment just because of that. He wanted Kyle to relax in his company. For the next step, this was quite important.

"Tell me about your workout," Jason begged.

"Uhm— everything—. Cardio, abs." He smiled a little mischievously, and Jason noticed it at once quite contented.

"Very nice," he murmured. "Go on."

"Triceps, Bicep, legs . . . everything."

"You've been busy." Jason couldn't help himself, and thought about the tight behind of his vis-à-vis.

"Of course, Sir. Everything comes along pretty nicely." Kyle lifted his upper arm towards him.

Jason's neck hair started to rise slightly as Kyle invited him to touch him, although quite harmless.

"Not bad!" Jason felt his strong bicep underneath his jacket. "Feels good!" he added with a wink.

Kyle nodded. "I've been there every day, Sir."

"Don't push too hard. You have to relax every now and then," he advised him, fatherly.

Kyle thought about what happened when he indeed gave his body the chance to relax. He felt the heat flush over his face.

Jason's hand ended up on his thigh. "Flex," he begged to make his intentions clear, and, of course, only for the moment to lull him into a safe sense of security. "Mhmm," Jason nodded, benevolently, and was almost able to smell the emotions rising in Kyle as his hand stayed on his thigh.

"By now, what do you think about our little photo shoot on Monday?" Jason asked softly, and looked him in the eyes.

"Uhm— what exactly do you mean, Sir?"

"Looking back, did you feel uncomfortable afterwards?"

"Uncomfortable?" Kyle asked, bewildered, and shook his head. "No, Sir. It was completely okay."

Jason was relieved, and stroked softly along his thigh. First in the direction down to his knee, then the other way back up.

Kyle noticed that his hand stopped higher than just before.

His heart skipped a beat.

Was he imagining things again?

"I would love to take some more photos of you." Jason was wrapping him around his little finger just with his voice.

Kyle's gaze flickered only very shortly, then he cleared his throat. "On two conditions."

Jason's eyes narrowed for a split second. Actually it was him who set the conditions, although Kyle didn't know that yet, but he pulled himself together. Kyle would be at his feet early enough, he was sure about that.

"Namely?" he instead asked.

"No money!"

"Sorry?"

"I don't want any money."

Jason looked at him a little bit surprised. This was something he had not anticipated. "How come?"

"Why not? I'm happy to do that for you, Sir."

"Please call me Jason." *At least for now*, Jason thought to himself. He would be able to draw the *Sir* from Kyle again when the time was right.

Kyle swallowed again. "Okay, Sir— uhm— Jason." He smiled a bit crooked.

"And what is the second . . . hmm . . . condition you talked about?"

"Actually it's more a wish." Kyle lowered his gaze, just in time to witness Jason's hand striking back to his knee, and then back up again, his fingertips deep on the inner side of his thigh.

Kyle was sitting relaxed, his legs wide apart, next to Jason, and he wouldn't have changed position in a million years, no matter what.

Again Jason's hand stopped a little bit higher than before. A tiny bit more, and he would inevitably touch Kyle's balls.

"Which is?" Jason asked while Kyle was still looking magnetized at Jason's hand.

Kyle looked up. "After the shooting— uhm— do I get— a picture of you?"

"Would you like one?"

Kyle nodded.

"You could have downloaded one from the school's website?"

"No, I mean a private one. One that I took myself. With my cell?"

Jason smiled at him. "If you want one, why not?"

"That'd really be great."

In the next instant Jason's thumb stroked Kyle's crotch. He felt his balls slightly through the fabric.

His gaze brought Kyle's blood to the boiling point.

The backside of his fingers followed the thumb.

By now Kyle's breathing was audible.

Then Jason's hand was closing softly around the tight package in Kyle's pants. It was obvious that he had a full-grown erection. But Jason only went as far as he could feel the soft parts turning to the hard opposite.

"Is it possible that this has something to do with me?" Jason asked quietly, his face only inches from Kyle's.

"Yes, Sir." Kyle's low voice trembled.

Jason grinned to himself. There it was again, the little word *Sir*.

He became even blunter without touching his cock directly, and Kyle couldn't suppress a gasp.

"I'm sure this would be another wonderful motif," Jason mumbled, before kissing him delicately.

Kyle felt as if struck by lightning. He could feel Jason's lips on his; first softly sucking on his upper lip, then on his lower. He felt a hint of Jason's tongue.

While Jason's lips came closer, he shut his eyes and opened his mouth slightly.

Jason's tongue touched Kyle's delicately—not more.

Then he looked Kyle again straight in the eyes.

"Have you ever had sex before?"

Kyle froze at first, then he shook his head.

"No?"

"No, Sir." He looked down at his knees.

"Hey, that's just fine." Jason softly lifted his chin. "Made out?"

Kyle hesitated, and shrugged.

"Ever play with yourself?" Jason asked.

Kyle swallowed, and thought about the last three days, where he had more than doubled his efforts what that was concerned.

Jason knew right at once and smiled. "That is totally okay. Everybody does it."

Kyle almost told him that it was most likely not okay if one did it as often as he had done it the last few days, but he backed off.

"Are you hungry?" Jason asked suddenly, and almost instantaneously Kyle's stomach growled loudly so both of them laughed.

"It's time I feed myself," he sighed, and looked up to the house in front of which the limousine by now had come to a stop.

"Are your parents at home?"

"No, I'm alone until Tuesday, but I will find something to grab, I guess," Kyle sighed again.

"Feel like having a steak with me? T-bone steak? If you don't wanna take any money for photos, we could go to dinner? My treat, what do you think?"

Just now it dawned on Kyle that Jason did not just simply drive him home. The evening was not yet over for him. His heart started beating faster again.

"Or sandwiches?" Jason asked further, since he had not received an answer yet.

"Steak would be great."

"Then let's go," Jason smiled, and finally pulled his hand from Kyle's crotch.

"Like this?" Kyle looked down at his workout clothes.

"Change. Jeans are fine. I'll wait here."



"Okay. I'll be right back."

The chauffeur opened the door, but Jason grabbed Kyle's arm softly, and pulled him back. Kyle closed the door again, looking at him expectantly.

"Kyle . . . two things." Jason stroked openly over his visible erection. "Don't touch yourself. It would be nice if it'd be in the very same state when you come back. That is, as damn hard as you are now. Do you think you can manage?"

Kyle swallowed, and the heat wave he had felt when kissing was followed by goose bumps shooting again all over his body. He managed a nod.

"And: just jeans."

"What do you mean?"

"No boxers. Just jeans. Maybe a little bit unusual for you, but very erotic. Believe me," Jason mumbled, breathing a kiss on his lips, and letting go of him.

Kyle got out, and walked somewhat stiffly with his gym bag to his front door. He had no idea how he should change clothes without coming. He could hardly believe Jason was sitting downstairs in his car waiting for him.

Jason had kissed him!

And Kyle had enjoyed it. He wanted more! For the first time he wondered if Jason was as aroused as he was.

Did he have an erection, too?

In his room he dropped his bag, and undressed. His boxers were damp from being horny. But he persevered, and didn't touch himself. This man had never-before-known power over him. However, he had no idea how far and deep this would go.

Kyle hesitated shortly.

What harm could it do if he quickly jacked off? He would have another erection in no time; the advantage of being a teenager. But he didn't.

Instead, he grabbed his jeans, and somehow pulled them on without touching himself. Jason should be proud of him.

Then he pulled on a short sleeved khaki shirt, and hopped back into his sneakers.

After a short look through his messy room, he closed the door.