

Dreamspinner Press Presents

DAYDREAMS



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Initiating Kyle by Shay Kincaid

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The knot in Kyle's stomach seemed to grow the closer he came to his destination. Why had he agreed to this? He could have passed on their offer, could have said 'no thank you' to the two incredibly gorgeous men who had so generously offered to assist him with this endeavor and gone on his way.

But he hadn't.

Ashe Wilson was the all-American boy-next-door type -- six foot tall, one hundred eighty pounds, sandy-blond hair and blue eyes. One look at him and Kyle had been lost. Add to that Ashe's long-time partner, Jason Rogers, with his Italian good looks -- dark hair, brown eyes, olive skin, lithe build, and a pair of lips that rivaled Angelina Jolie's.

Throughout the course of the evening, he had watched the blond sucking on those plump pieces of flesh and Kyle found himself wanting to do the same. Kyle had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

After nervously admitting that he had never been with anyone 'that way' before, Kyle had been sure they would laugh at him and move on to someone else. But they had surprised him, assuring Kyle that he was more than welcome to join them, that they would not pressure him into anything he was not ready for. If he decided at some point he was ready to take the final step, they would be more than honored to share that with him.

"We're staying at the Union Square Crowne Plaza in room 923 if you want to join us later," Ashe had said before pressing a kiss to the young man's lips. Kyle swore he could still feel those soft lips against his own.

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The cab driver's voice interrupted Kyle's musings. "Crowne Plaza," he said as he motioned to the large building he had pulled up to. "That'll be \$27.50."

Kyle pulled three tens from his wallet and handed them to the driver before exiting the car. Through the floor to ceiling windows, he spied the bank of elevators off to the right, past the seemingly never-ending mahogany check-in desk. Good, he thought. It wouldn't do to wander around the place like some lost idiot who had no business being there.

Taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, Kyle smiled when the night doorman bid him a good evening as he stepped into the opulent hotel, returning the sentiment with a quietly offered 'thank you'.

His stomach felt as if it were doing somersaults, his already-frazzled nerves fraying even more as he approached the elevator. He could do this, couldn't he? He could ride up to the ninth floor, knock on the door bearing the number 923, and take this final step.

Or he could chicken out and go home.

Alone.

Again.

The polished doors slid open quietly and before Kyle could change his mind, he stepped into the elevator. The ride up to the ninth floor took less time than he would have thought, but then again, he'd never been inside a swanky hotel such as this one. He wondered if the elevators in the more 'affordable' hotels were slower. Before he could finish that thought, the doors opened once more and Kyle stepped into the hallway.

After a quick glance at the sign on the wall informing patrons of their room locations, 900 to 925 to the right, 926 to 950 to the left, he slowly made his way down the right corridor. Thirty-nine steps later found him

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standing in front of the room number he had been given. Lifting a nervous hand, he knocked on the door and waited.

The two men did not make it beyond the living area of their suite before their clothes started disappearing, both extremely turned on by the thought of Kyle joining them. They had invited others to join them before, something they did on occasion, but never before had it been an innocent.

Both were looking forward to the experience if the young man showed.

Ashe moaned as Jason's succulent lips surrounded his cock, slowly bringing him closer to the edge. His lover's talented tongue curled around the shaft, massaging the thick vein just the way he liked it. He slid blunt-nailed fingers into the black shoulder-length hair, knowing his lover enjoyed the connection as much as Ashe did himself.

Hearing the quiet knock, Jason groaned around his mouthful, knowing that things were about to get a whole lot more interesting. The vibration slid up Ashe's spine, making him shudder. Jason smiled up at his lover who was reclining back on the couch, Jason on his knees between widespread legs. "Want me to get that?" he asked as he licked his swollen lips, enjoying the flavor of his lover on them.

"Didn't lock the door," Ashe said as he nudged his lover's mouth back to his cock. Taking the hint, Jason went back to work. "Come in, Kyle," Ashe shouted towards the door and then closed his eyes as a wave of pleasure rolled over him.

Kyle slowly turned the knob and opened the door, not sure what to expect. Were the two men going to pounce on him as soon as he stepped over the threshold? Would they stick to their word and not pressure him into anything? The curtains of the floor to ceiling windows were pulled

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back, the moonlight casting a silvery glow about the room. It wasn't dark, by any means, and he immediately caught sight of the two men, a naked Jason kneeling between the legs of an equally naked Ashe, his head slowly bobbing up and down. Oh God, he was...

"Planning on standing there all night or were you going to join us?" Ashe asked when he opened his eyes again, the light of the hallway spilling into their moonlit room.

"Oh, yeah, sorry," Kyle stammered as he stepped inside and closed the door behind him. Now that he was inside, he wondered what he was supposed to do. No sooner than the thought had formed, Ashe was speaking again.

"We meant what we said earlier. We'll not force anything on you. Feel free to watch, or join in if that's what you'd like. You'll find that we're pretty open about everything," he said before dropping his head back to the arm of the sofa.

Kyle moved further into the room, closer to the two men. He could smell them, the musky scent that accompanied arousal. Deciding to watch, at least for the time being, he slid into the overstuffed chair next to the sofa. He could now see Jason's lips stretched around the thick shaft that glistened with saliva, could see the bliss on his face as he brought his lover pleasure.

Jason's dark eyes opened, focused on Kyle for a moment before giving him a quick wink and the young man knew instantly what he wanted. He wanted those lips wrapped around his own member. He unconsciously licked his lips, shifting in his seat to accommodate his growing arousal.

"He does have the perfect lips for sucking cock, doesn't he?" Ashe asked, startling Kyle. He had no idea the other man was watching him.

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Kyle managed a nod and then Jason was crawling towards him, his sleek movements reminding him of a panther on the prowl.

And Kyle was his target.

Muscles flexed as Jason moved closer and Kyle's body temperature jumped a few degrees as lust swamped his system. Then four hands were tugging at his shirt, up his torso, over his head and off his arms. So entranced by the man crawling towards him, Kyle had completely missed Ashe moving to stand behind him. He gasped as one set of lips teased his already tight nubs and then another set of lips covered his own. One of his hands settled on the back of Ashe's neck while the other rested on Jason's shoulder.

As his tongue tangled with Ashe's, somewhere in the back of his mind, the extremely small part that was still functioning at this point, he noticed that Jason's hands, or were they Ashe's, were moving down his chest, blunt nails leaving faint trails of pink in their wake as they moved towards their destination. His stomach quivered when he felt the sucking kisses that were bound to leave a mark or two, and the teasing licks that were moving lower with each passing moment. Nimble fingers unbuttoned his pants and freed his weeping cock, and he moaned into the mouth assaulting his own as Jason's lips closed around his shaft.

Kyle pulled out of the kiss in order to drag much needed oxygen back into his lungs. He wanted desperately to look down but knew if he did, this would be over before it really began. Obviously Ashe had other ideas.

"Look at him, Kyle. His lips wrapped around you, sucking you," he whispered next to Kyle's ear, his tongue teasing the fleshy lobe.

Kyle frantically shook his head. "Can't," he mumbled, gasping as Jason took him deeper. "I'll come if I do."

A knowing chuckle wrapped around Kyle. "Been thinking of this, then?"

A quick nod.

"We have all night, you know. And besides, if you come now, you'll be relaxed for later," he said before tracing the whorl of Kyle's ear with his tongue. "Come on, you know you want to. I love to watch those pouty lips of his wrapped around my cock. I know you'll love it just as much."

Lifting his head from the back of the chair, Kyle watched as his cock slid between those perfect pieces of flesh, once, twice and on the third time, he let himself go. He groaned through his release, coating the back of Jason's throat with his essence, feeling Jason greedily accepting everything he had to offer.

Soft lips covered his own as he came down from his high and then he felt Jason moving, felt the heat of the other man. His mouth was being pulled away from Ashe's and then Jason was kissing him. After a few moments, Ashe joined in and then Kyle felt both men pulling away. His momentary regret soon changed when he opened his eyes and watched the two men above him. He could see the love they shared and wondered why they had invited him along. If he had someone like either one of them, there was no way in hell he'd be sharing.

Ashe slowly broke the kiss, sucking on Jason's lower lip as he pulled away. He looked down at Kyle and smiled. "Enjoy that?"

Again Kyle nodded, his brain apparently still on vacation.

"Then you'll love what comes next," Ashe said as he moved off the chair and pulled both men to their feet, leading them into the bedroom.

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" Jason asked Kyle as he slowly brought his soon-to-be lover's arousal back to the forefront. After leaving the living area, they had ended up in a tangle of limbs on the king-sized

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bed. Hands caressed, mouths teased, tongues licked, teeth nibbled. Do what feels natural, Jason had said and Kyle had.

Tentatively at first, but he had finally come around.

He had licked the copper disks of Jason's chest, teased the fine hair that surrounded them, worried the tight nubbin that sat proudly in the center of the puckered skin until he had his dark-haired lover moaning beneath him. Kyle had captured the succulent lips and settled in for a lengthy make out session, sucking on the tempting lower lip before releasing Jason from his grip.

Then he turned his attention to Ashe. The man's entire body called to Kyle and he wanted to explore every inch of it, but instead settled on the well-defined stomach, loving the way his muscles clenched and unclenched each time Kyle nipped at the skin there. He dipped his tongue into Ashe's navel, caught the sandy hair between lip and tongue and pulled gently, earning a full body shudder for his efforts. Well, maybe the fact that his hand was leisurely stroking the thick shaft at the time had a little bit to do with it.

And now it was his turn. Or their turn, depending on how you looked at it.

"Yeah," he said as he slowly fucked Jason's hand, slick from his own precome. "But I want you to be the one," he said shyly and then looked over at Ashe who was lying beside them. "I want to be able to walk tomorrow."

They shared a chuckle over that because there was a noticeable size difference between the two men. Ashe was thick, not quite as long as Jason, but Jason's cock was slender, and Kyle figured he could handle that better than being split open his first time.

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"We were going to suggest that," Ashe said before leaning over and giving Kyle a quick kiss. "We want this to be something that you'll always remember."

Kyle smiled up at the older man. "So far so good."

"How about we add some new memories?" Ashe asked as he pulled the younger man atop him, catching Kyle beneath the knees and pulling them towards the head of the bed so that he was straddling Ashe's body, their cocks nestled between them.

"Perfect," Jason said as he moved towards the opposite end of the bed. "If I do something you don't like, tell me and I'll stop."

"Okay," Kyle said as he looked over his shoulder, trying to watch what Jason was doing. A finger beneath his chin turned his attention back to Ashe. He looked down into sky-blue eyes.

"We'll take care of you, Kyle," Ashe said sincerely, knowing that the young man's nerves were probably trying to put in another appearance. "Just concentrate on me, on what you're feeling, and you'll be fine."

Kyle nodded. "Kiss me?" he quietly asked and sighed when Ashe's soft lips met his own.

"Gladly," Ashe said, deepening the kiss.

Kyle felt Jason's lips on his back, leaving a kiss on each vertebra, working his way lower. He stiffened momentarily when he felt the first sweep of Jason's warm tongue over his opening but relaxed as he grew familiar with the feeling. Jason's tongue lapped at the tight ring of muscle, slowly working it open.

"That's it, relax and let me in," Jason said quietly as he continued to tease the puckered entrance until his tongue was able to work its way inside.

He reached for the bottle of lube they had placed on the bedside table and quickly slicked his index finger. "Now my finger," he said as he slowly massaged some of the oil around the pucker, the tip of his finger dipping inside every few passes.

Breaking the kiss, Kyle gasped at the sensation of Jason's finger breaching him for the first time.

"Okay?" Ashe asked, concern written in his voice.

"Fine," Kyle managed to get out.

"I promise it gets better," Jason said as he reached up and stroked the smooth back with his free hand. The index finger of his right hand continued to tease the opening, seesawing back and forth, stretching the muscle even more. "Think you can handle another one?" he asked and after a quick nod from Kyle, he drizzled more lube down the exposed cleft, making sure to coat his middle finger as well.

Kyle hissed as one finger became two.

"Focus on me, Kyle," Ashe said and reached up to push the sweat-dampened hair back from the young man's face. "Tell me what you're feeling."

"Full," he managed to gasp out. "But it's good."

Just then Jason's finger stroked over his prostate and Kyle let out a surprised shout, causing his two lovers to laugh.

"Told you it was going to get better," Ashe said with a smile.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Kyle said as he buried his face in Ashe's neck and enjoyed the sensations that were rolling over him. His ass hurt, but not to

the point that he wanted to stop. He knew going in to this that there'd be pain, and that the pain would turn to pleasure once things got going.

Jason continued his two-finger preparation for several more minutes, every now and then making sure to brush his fingers over the sensitive bundle of nerves.

So this is what they were talking about, Kyle thought as he slowly became accustomed to the feeling of someone else's fingers inside of him. It was definitely different from having your own inside of yourself. You knew what was coming, the element of surprise absent during his sessions of self-pleasure.

"Think you can handle three?" Jason asked as he pulled out and teased the pinkened skin.

"Might as well since I've come this far," he said and braced himself for what came next. First the coolness of the lube, then the gentle touch of fingers at his opening. One sliding in, then two, and then the third slowly worked its way inside of him.

Kyle tensed. Jason halted his movements and Ashe captured Kyle's lips, trying to take his mind off of the flare of pain he had felt. Their tongues danced together lazily at first, then as Jason began to move again, the kiss picked up its pace as well. By the time Ashe released the swollen lips, all three of them were craving their release.

"Now," Kyle panted out. "Fuck me now, Jason," he said as he looked over his shoulder at his dark-haired lover.

Positioning Kyle on his left side, right leg bent and knee pulled to his chest, Jason quickly slid on a condom and covered it with lube, then moved in behind the young man. He looked over Kyle's body to where Ashe was lying on his side as well, facing them, and nodded. Ashe leaned

in and captured Kyle's lips as Jason's cock slowly breached him for the first time.

It burned and it hurt, and Kyle considered changing his mind about the whole damn thing. There was a world of difference between fingers and a cock.

"Relax," Jason said as he stroked the trembling flank.

They remained completely motionless until the pain gradually began to fade into a dull ache. And then Jason started to move. The ache remained, though Kyle could feel the tendrils of pleasure snaking their way into the equation. He gasped as Jason angled his hips and the cock inside of him brushed over his prostate.

"Better?" Ashe asked as he watched the emotions skittering across Kyle's face. The grimace was gone, replaced by a look of wonder.

"Better," Kyle affirmed and then he felt warm lips on his chest, a teasing tongue lapping at his nipples and he didn't know which feeling to concentrate on. He was going to lose his mind! And then those same lips moved lower, teased his navel before taking his semi-erect shaft into the warmth of Ashe's mouth. In a matter of moments he was hard again.

"Do what feels good," Jason said as he continued his slow, languid rhythm. "You set the pace. Fuck his mouth. Fuck yourself on my cock."

Kyle soon found himself approaching sensory overload and could no more hold back the orgasm that ripped through his body than he could stop the world from turning. A scream filled the hotel room as his cock erupted in Ashe's mouth, his internal muscles clenching and unclenching around Jason's cock still embedded deep within him. In his post-orgasmic haze, he heard a groan from behind him followed by a gasp below him, then something warm and wet hit his calf.

It was several minutes before any of them were coherent again. It was Ashe who rallied first, rolling onto his back and lying there for a bit. Then he disappeared into the bathroom.

Jason was next to rouse and placed a kiss to the sweat-sheened back in front of him. "You okay?" he quietly asked. At Kyle's nod, he slowly pulled out and tied off the used condom.

"Give me that," Ashe said as he exchanged two damp washcloths for the used condom.

Kyle tried to roll onto his back but was stopped by Jason. "Not yet. Let me clean you up first," he said as he rolled his lover onto his stomach. Gently parting the smooth globes, he tenderly wiped the reddened pucker, thankful there was no blood present. When he was satisfied with that side, he urged his lover onto his back and cleaned up the stickiness that remained there as well.

While Jason gave himself a quick wipe, Ashe cleaned up the mess he had made on Kyle's calf. After dropping the cloths over the side of the bed, Ashe joined them, gathering Kyle into his arms. Jason snuggled in behind his young lover.

"You okay?" Ashe asked as he nuzzled the damp skin of Kyle's neck.

"Yeah," Kyle answered with a sigh. "A bit tender, but I expected that."

"You're more than welcome to use the tub or shower. The hot water will help," Jason added.

"Thank you. For everything," Kyle said as he leaned up and bestowed a kiss on Ashe, then turned in the blond's embrace to give Jason an identical kiss. "You two have no idea how much I appreciate you doing this."

"It was our pleasure," Jason said as he trailed a long finger down Kyle's cheek, smiling when the young man leaned into his touch.

"Absolutely," Ashe added over Kyle's shoulder. "Now how about we all pile into that huge tub of ours and relax. The night is still young," he said with a glint in his eye.

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