

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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NO BOUNDARIES

Alex Mar

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

NO BOUNDARIES

By Alex Mar

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

A half-mast erection being weighed down by the octopus that's wrapped around it, little tentacles clinging to hairless skin.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Okaaaayy... So we ended up in bed. Hot. Very hot. Felt like he had his hands everywhere. But when I woke this morning, I couldn't see him anywhere. There was something in bed with me, though.

(Anything goes!)

Sincerely,

Juni

Story Info

Genre: sci-fi, futuristic, paranormal, post-apocalyptic

Tags: psychic/medium, military, shifters/non-wolf-cat, interspecies, tentacle love

Content warnings: sex involving tentacles, minor bondage

Word count: 4,297

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It felt like Jack had something caught in his throat. Sort of like those times where he'd tear into a package with his teeth and accidentally swallow a piece of plastic. Yeah. Well, that, and there was a queasy roll to his stomach that had nothing to do with the throbbing of his temples or the way the roof of his mouth felt like it'd been swabbed with cotton.

That's what he felt like as he sat in an unfamiliar bed, in an unfamiliar room, staring at the octopus that was very much attached to his dick.

What. The fuck.

He wet his lips as he blinked down at it. His entire body was tense and he kept still, unsure if even the smallest movements would trigger some kind of unpleasant reaction.

See, Jack could remember—with embarrassing clarity—that the large number of Draconian Vodka shots hadn't done anything for him but envelop everything in a dreamy haze. A dreamy haze with a lot of sensory detail.

This was Commander Inna's room.

With whom he'd left the bar last night, to have the kind of sex that he already knew he'd spend months jerking off to.

In other circumstances, he'd be panicking about the fact that he'd fucked his Commander, maybe worrying about the awkward morning after. Except his Commander wasn't there.

No.

He took a deep breath, gearing himself up to actually reach forward and touch.

The knock on the door had him flinching back, but before he could do anything else about that, he made a strangled sound as the tentacles coiled and dragged along the length of his dick.

He remembered suddenly, in stark relief, the hands all over the place—too many hands—the overload on top of the alcohol that had him coming with a gasp within seconds of being pressed against the door of the Commander's room. He could still remember the slick grip of something around his dick sliding away, leaving him limp, and with knees on the brink of giving out. Both of the Commander's hands had been pinning his wrists to the door at the time.

And now, the knock on the door with someone calling the Commander's name from the other side had Jack scrambling on the bed, panic closing fast and thick around his throat as the creature attached to him contracted, tentacles coiling and dragging and making him gasp, before the shift happened, right in front of his eyes.

Jack stared openmouthed, heart in his throat, as slick limbs lengthened, the creature slowly morphing in a way that made Jack think of medics sliding their hands into rubber gloves. Joints and corded muscles stretched under near-translucent skin, and tentacles coiling delicately as they retracted, leaving nothing but the line of the Commander's spine.

And then, while Jack still sat there, stunned, thighs still spread, the Commander straightened his back from where he knelt on the bed, doubled over, his breathing fast and audible in the silence of the room. His hair brushed the pale blue standard-issue sheets. Jack had had vivid dreams about that hair. It usually fell to the Commander's hips in pastel colours ranging from green to pink to blue, the roots and tips white-blond. Not unusual considering most Mers had the same type of hair colouring but, at this length it was even more stunning. He'd had his hands buried in that hair last night.

The Commander lifted his head. His eyes were a wisp of blue. In training those eyes had always made Jack feel pinned, like the slightest move would trigger a strike. They had him pinned now, Inna's face passive. His face was all sharp angles, illegal cheekbones and regal eyebrows. His mouth was a little on the thin side, but that top lip was so perfectly drawn.

Despite the fact that he was still reeling from waking up with an octopus on his dick, and watching a Mer honest-to-god shift in front of him, Jack could feel the rise of a blush, stark and warm, spreading up his throat.

The Commander's face was so striking.

The knock on the door came again, this time accompanied by a muffled voice from the other side. "Commander Inna, there is an urgent message from the Academy."

Commander—Inna—looked away from him and shifted off of the bed, the roll of his shoulders relaxed as his hair fell to cover the whole length of his body, strands clinging to his inner arms and hips. He strode to the door without a stitch of clothing on, long, lean thighs on display and the hint of balls right there and...

Jack snapped out of it when the Commander opened the door, casting his eyes around the room.

The blinds on the windows were shut, but there were little slivers of light that slipped through, leaving pale white lines on the floor between the bed and the window. He couldn't see his clothes, and had to wrap the sheet around his hips before getting off the bed, hissing at how cold the floor was against the soles of his feet.

He glanced at where the Commander stood at the door. He hadn't opened it all the way. Jack could hear the soft murmurs of the conversation going on, and there was a slight nudge in his mind, smoky red tendrils that spoke of the Draconians. No blocks though, so probably a fighter.

He glanced around at the sparsely furnished room. A small desk next to the only other door in the room, and a chair. There was a com on the bedside table but no particularly personal effects. The bed was bigger than the usual standard, enough to comfortably fit two people. Not that that had been needed.

Jack swallowed as he remembered the weight of the tentacles, the brush of them against his balls, and he felt the blush climb even higher as the memory made his stomach roll. He wasn't sure what it was, if it was arousal or reliving the fear of waking up with something unknown in bed with him.

With another glance at the Commander, he made another sweep of the room and headed for the only other door available. A bathroom.

He ran his hand along the wall until he found the light switch and flipped it on, leaving the door ajar behind him. He took care of his full bladder first, having only been half aware of it. When he was done, he let himself look in the mirror hanging over the sink.

His eyes were bloodshot; the red lines a sharp contrast to the murky brown of his irises. He braced his hand on the sink and sighed, rubbing a hand over the back of his skull. His hair was growing out; he'd have to go for another buzz cut soon.

He couldn't have been more different from the man on the other side of the door. Why Inna had even paid attention to him was a mystery. Several inches shorter and no discerning features: slightly upturned nose and a birthmark at the left corner of his mouth, like a wine-stained thumb had pressed there and left a mark just at the tip of his lip. As a Psy, he didn't have all that much muscle, either, though he was in shape. His skin was a dark tan that came from his mother's side of the family.

Yeah. He didn't exactly see what had landed him here in this room, other than too many drinks—which he was going to kill Maurice for—and perhaps a lapse of judgement on the Commander's part. God, but the night before had been intense. And after his wake up call he was starting to see it with new eyes; filling in the blanks of their encounter the night before and the bits he'd figured alcohol had smudged up.

He narrowed his eyes at his reflection and tilted his head back a bit further. There were marks all over his neck and shoulders. A few lower down on his abdomen, on his hip, where the sheet hung low from where he'd tied it. Little mottled stains on his skin, pink and purple. He stared. They probably went lower down.

“I apologise. I can get a little... over enthusiastic.”

Jack jerked back from the mirror, hand slapping instinctively over one of the marks, which was ridiculous considering the amount that covered his skin.

Inna leaned against the door frame, having pushed the door open enough for him to fit through. He was standing there as naked as he'd been when he'd answered the door. Jack couldn't help running his eyes over the taut stomach, the sharp grooves of Inna's hips or the heavy hang of his limp cock, thick against his inner thigh.

Inna's gaze dropped to where Jack was covering the mark before his eyes flicked back up to meet Jack's. From outside the bathroom, Jack heard the familiar beep of his watch signalling the hour and he heard the faraway sound of a ship heading towards the Tejo port.

"Will this be a problem with your sync?" Inna asked with a tilt of his head, making that incredible fall of hair spill down over his shoulder.

"Maurice?" Jack frowned and shook his head no, distracted. He let his hand fall away from the mark and took a step back, unsure what to do with himself. "We're not like that."

"Most synched pairs share an intimate relationship; some would even say it's part of the bond."

Then why did you pick me up at a bar, he wanted to ask. Instead, he just shrugged, rubbing a self-conscious hand over the back of his neck. The light in the bathroom was harsh and he didn't really want to think about how he looked in it. He probably wasn't making the most flattering picture. "We're close, yes. But like brothers. We've been together since we first entered the force."

"I see." Those eyes didn't waver from his face. "I'm making you uncomfortable. I won't take offense if you'd like to leave."

There was something else there, hidden in his tone. Jack was used to hearing this voice, all calm and soothing. Matter of fact. It was what they often dealt with during all training sessions with the Commander.

He crossed his arms too and leaned back against the sink, unable to keep the stare down going. It was disconcerting and he could feel a headache building. Too much drink always messed with his abilities, and in the

aftermath, made him hypersensitive to the psyche of others around him. It wasn't always a good thing.

He couldn't sense Inna, though. Understandable considering his rank. The man had had plenty of experience in learning to block Psys out. It helped that he was a Mer. The entire race seemed to have an instinctive ability for locking their minds away from prying Psys.

Still, Jack could sense something. Not discomfort—but something similar, something that was making Inna treat this like another training session.

“I'm not uncomfortable. Just—this morning was unexpected. I've never—I just— People don't know much about Mers so—I didn't expect—” Yeah. He was doing a great job of explaining everything. This time, the red mottling on his throat had nothing to do with arousal. Maybe he should go. What was he expecting here anyway? Bad enough he'd slept with a Commander. The best he could hope for was that Inna would just ignore him in training and that things wouldn't get awkward.

“The shape-shifting?”

Jack looked up, lost in thought, and startled when Inna spoke again. Inna was watching him with an arched eyebrow. “What?”

“You were saying it was unexpected. I'm asking if it was the shifting. Or the actual sex.” He smiled, mocking, “I don't expect you've experienced it quite like that before.”

There was a chill in the bathroom and it was starting to get to him, settling into his skin and raising the hairs on his arms. “Did you... while we were...” Jack clamped his mouth shut.

The smirk stayed in place. “Yes. I held back, I assure you.”

Jack snapped his head back up, eyes wide, incredulous. Held back.

Held back.

“Oh.”

Inna started back towards the room. “Your clothes are on the bed.”

“What do you think I’m going to do?”

Inna paused, turning just enough that Jack could see his profile.

“You think I’m going to do something.”

“There is a reason why Mer’s don’t often have relations with those outside their own race. Most people, once they find out, are rather eager to get started in spreading the rumours.” There was that mocking edge again. “People from your planet don’t handle different very well, Cadet Mills.”

Now see, that there, that pissed him off. He straightened away from the sink and walked towards the door, not bothering to sidestep Inna and practically pushing past him on his way back to the bed. When he got there, he sat down on the corner, hands gripping the edges and glared up at him.

“Show me different.”

Inna narrowed his eyes on Jack for a moment. Then he stepped out of the bathroom, switching the light off and pulling the door closed behind him before walking to stop in front of Jack, looking down at him.

When Inna slid a hand under his chin and tilted his head up, Jack had to force himself not to look away.

“All right,” Inna said. He didn’t wait around. He bent low, fingers tightening on Jack’s jaw to keep him in place. His moves were deliberate, eyes open and staring right at Jack when he pulled Jack’s top lip between his, teeth grinding lightly over the soft flesh, tugging in a way that made Jack’s mouth go slack, made his breath hitch a little. Jack’s hands clenched around the edge of the mattress.

Inna thumbed over the line of his jaw, hands fitting around Jack’s throat and holding just tight enough that he knew to stay still.

“Open your mouth.” The words were murmured over his lip, a hint of tongue, soft and insistent, tracing the seam of his lips. Jack did as he was told, remembered even as he did it, similar kisses from the night before. Except they hadn’t been as calm as this, as slow, as thorough.

Tentative, made unsure by actually being stone cold sober this time, Jack released his hold on the bed and curved one hand over Inna's hip, slid his other up and into the fall of hair he was obsessed with. It smelled like rose water and Jack took it in, let it fill his head and intoxicate him.

He couldn't help the shudder as Inna continued to tease, flicks of the tongue barely there, making him open his mouth wider, his grip tightening on Inna's hair. All that did though, was make Inna move to the corner of his mouth, where his birthmark was.

His lips closed over the skin there and started sucking.

Jack groaned, spread his thighs a bit more, belly clenching.

Inna tilted his head then, closed his mouth over Jack's and fucked into his mouth nice and slow at the same time that Jack felt that familiar, slippery touch at the inside of his knees.

He closed his eyes, pulled away from Inna with a loud wet sound, and turned his face into the long stretch of Inna's neck. He shuddered again as the touch on his legs continued to slide up, curling around the muscles of his thighs with a ripple. Jack pressed his face harder into Inna's neck even as he felt Inna's hands sliding down his shoulders, down the length of his arms to curl around his wrists, mimicking what he'd done the previous night.

Jack took a few breaths, tried to calm the thudding of his heart. It felt like it was in his throat right now. When he finally opened his eyes, it was to look down into his lap. He watched, his head tucked against Inna's now, his hands being lifted and pressed back down into the mattress.

There were two tentacles, bigger versions of the ones he'd woken up to, curled around his cock. They were sliding, wrapping around his thighs. He thought he could feel the suction cups clinging to his skin even as his thighs were tugged further apart.

"Does it feel different yet?" Inna asked, voice low as he pulled back to look at him.

"Yes." Jack's voice was a rasp, and barely made it past the dryness of his throat.

“And?”

“Keep going.”

Inna’s smile this time was different, softer. It made his eyes crinkle at the corners, the pale colour deepening for a second before he pressed close again, nipping at Jack’s lips, as the tentacles spread his thighs more, until Jack could feel the stretch of it in his muscles. He let himself be pushed back down on the bed, as Inna came down on top of him. Jack could feel the heat of Inna’s balls pressing against his skin, felt the brush of his cockhead against the coarse hair at the base of his own erection.

“Did you know that I can taste, just like this? Without putting my mouth on you? All I have to do is wrap myself all around anything I can reach, and I’ll taste everything.” Inna nosed at his throat, rutted against Jack, dick hot and silky in a way that made him writhe on the bed, try to get closer. The tentacles on his thighs slid lower again, curled around his knees instead, tips slipping down to cradle his ankles. Inna was making him hold his legs open like that, spreading him completely.

When Inna let go of his wrists, another tentacle slid around them, just as gentle as the first ones, but firm too. It kept his wrists together, the tentacle coiling around and around until it covered his arms from elbow to wrist.

“It’s a special kind of torture, watching you in training, Jack,” Inna said, as he ran his hands down Jack’s torso now, the sides of his thumbs bumping over each rib until his hands were clamping down on his waist, pressing him deeper into the mattress. “I have imagined this quite a few times.”

“Me too.” Fuck. He’d imagined it. And when Inna had walked into the bar the night before in a T-shirt and jeans—things he never wore—Jack had come close to popping a boner on the spot.

“Unfortunately, I’ve been called away and we’re going to have to keep this short.”

Jack tensed, eyes flashing open. “Now?”

Inna shook his head, lips still curled in that soft smile. “Soon. But when I go, I’ll expect you to stay exactly as I leave you, ready and waiting for when I return. Am I understood?”

Jack groaned, jerking up, trying to grind himself against Inna. The tentacles around his arms contracted; a reprimand in the brief, discomforting in squeeze of his wrists.

“Understood?”

“Yes.” He licked his lips, wondered briefly how the hell he was going to explain this to Maurice. “Exactly as you leave me.”

“Good.” Then Inna leaned down to peck him on his birthmark once more. “Now, just let me take care of you.”

“F-fuck,” he breathed out. There, right against his hole, slick and soft. It was blunt as it tried to push in, butting up against that first ring of muscle. His thighs were spread wider though, and Inna’s hands canted his hips up. When it slipped inside, it did it in a rush, the tip easing in and then just pushing through. His hips jerked from the sensation. The stretch was sudden, and he felt the ache it left behind—tightened around it. Jack pressed his head back into the bed with his teeth gritted as the alien limb moved inside him, probing.

Inna was breathing hard now, he’d rested his head on Jack’s shoulder and he could feel him, mouthing at the curve of his shoulder, small moans vibrating over his skin.

“You feel...” Inna didn’t finish that sentence, just reached down, flattened Jack’s dick against his belly with the palm of his hand. He didn’t wrap his fingers around it, just pressed it down. A thumb slid along the underside, passing over his balls and then behind.

Jack couldn’t help the hitch of his hips, lifted up without any rhythm to fuck himself back onto the thing in his ass; he could feel himself clenching around it as rubbed along inside him, the soft ridges of the suction cups catching on his prostate. It filled him completely. Fuck.

When he came, he didn’t make any noise, just gasped and gasped. His body arched even as it clenched down tighter, and he tuned out.

It was the feel of the tentacles withdrawing from him that brought him back around. Jack blinked at the ceiling, eyes following the cracks there absently before focusing back on Inna who was rocking against him almost leisurely, his dick sliding along Jack's skin easier than it had before. It wasn't until he glanced down that he saw the come on his stomach, his belly button.

Inna looked wrecked. There was a fine sheen all over his body and his hair clung to his skin. Despite the dead weight of his limbs, Jack wanted to curl his legs around that waist and just let Inna collapse on top of him.

He was in deep shit.

Slowly, as if his entire body hurt, Inna sat back on his knees. He left his hands on Jack's legs, rubbing down them to curl fingers around his ankles. His chest was heaving with the force of his breath. Despite the way he seemed relaxed, Jack thought there was a touch of wariness to his gaze.

So Jack forced himself to lift a leg, wrapped it around Inna's waist just like he'd wanted to and jerked Inna down until he was resting completely along his front. Then he gave him a small smile.

"I don't see what the problem is with different," he murmured, catching a handful of hair. He shrugged a shoulder at him. "I kind of like it."

Inna stared down at him for a second. Then his lips curved again and he leaned down to touch his mouth to Jack's.

"Good."

THE END

Author Bio

Alex Mar lives in London and dreams of owning a cat and a dog so that they can play with her when she procrastinates from writing. She writes contemporary and fantasy/paranormal slash fiction and is tackling her first m/m novel. Alex has a love for first-time stories and is always up for trying her hand at more taboo subjects. She spends the majority of her time drinking tea and pairing up male characters in her favourite TV shows and movies.

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