

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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THE PILOT AND THE MAJOR D.H. Starr

THE PILOT AND THE MAJOR

Lieutenant Jenson Proctor is a maverick, never playing by the rules. He's the best of the best, but constantly getting himself into trouble. Up until now, he's managed to avoid reprimand, but when Major Anthony Draker confronts him after a particularly daring flight maneuver, Jenson's luck has run out... or has it just begun?

This is Jenson. He's an air force pilot who loved to break the rules. If it weren't for his amazing talent, he'd have been dishonorably discharged long ago. When his major calls him out on his flagrant disregard for rules and protocols, Jenson has to decide just how far he'll go to make amends and keep out of trouble.

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

THE PILOT AND THE MAJOR

By **D.H. Starr**

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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THE PILOT AND THE MAJOR

By D.H. Starr

Photo Description

Muscular, shirtless man staring up at an angle. His face is smeared with dirt and blood, as is his chest. He's wearing dog tags.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I don't know how long I've been here. Or even where here is. It seems like forever but I haven't forgotten how it felt to be free—to breathe, to live, to wonder. Hope dims—it does not falter.

I know only pain... what once brought pleasure now brings ruin. Still—it is only flesh—and they cannot touch the inside, the core. They will not break me. In my eyes I have a fire that will not be extinguished.

Through it all I sense him. Quiet. Biding. Determined. Always out of sight but never absent. A shadow. A slight catch in his breath, a word, a movement. His smell—like the night. He beckons me silently. Through my pain, through my screams. He sees no weakness—only resolve. He finds this... difficult.

I don't know how I know. I just do. Now. He is coming.

Background and other info:

Where is this man and how did he come to be there? Is he a prisoner in some dark underground cell in an unknown country? A freedom fighter in a post apocalyptic world? A slave in a different place or time?

He's dirty, his clothes are in tatters and injuries mar his body—but he will not yield.

You can feel free to go as dark as you want. A HFN at minimum or HEA is fine. No main character death—but non-con, harsh punishment, BDSM—it's all good. I want to experience what he does. Shock me. Make me admire him

but not feel pity. Don't make me cry or grieve for that is not the emotion I see in him. Give him strength, resolve, determination, and courage.

The man who conquers him must earn the right to be called Master as this man—this man does not give his submission easily. The journey—he will hate it but find love. He will resist it but find peace. And the man—the man who is capable of capturing his heart—he will be as few are. Noble. Unapologetic. Fierce. Sheltering. Commanding. Just. A true warrior.

Sincerely,

Jo Smut-Dicked

Story Info

Genre: contemporary, erotica

Tags: alpha males, BDSM, military, public activity

Content warnings: No HEA, HFN

Word count: 3,210

THE PILOT AND THE MAJOR

By **D.H. Starr**

Despite the aerobatics of his flying, Lieutenant Jenson Proctor's landings were always easy and level. The moment when rubber touched down on pavement was nothing more than a jostle. He was the best. He'd risen through the ranks faster than his peers. If it weren't for the fact he took such great joy in breaking every standard procedure when in the air, he'd become a Captain in no time at all. But it was a fact, and he'd gotten his ass chewed out enough times to know he was running out of chances. But dammit, how could he excel if he just did what everyone else did? Greatness came from pushing boundaries, in his book.

He taxied the aircraft to the hangar and climbed out of the cockpit. Jenson unsnapped his helmet, then swung it off his head. An immediate cool rush prickled along his neck as the wind made contact with his sweaty skin. He had time to take in one cleansing breath before his heart stopped beating.

“PROCTOR! Get your insubordinate ass down here. Pronto!” Major Anthony Draker loomed in the wide entrance, his stiff posture and commanding presence taking up far more space than his physical body actually occupied.

While fear was always present when he was around Tony, the two had thrown back enough beers over the past few months for him to know it was unlikely he'd get into any real trouble. But along with fear, Jenson couldn't deny his body's other reactions to the man. The one reaction he could always count on was a raging hard-on. He simply needed to see the major and all of a sudden his wang was pushing at the front of his trousers.

Jenson marched on steady legs, pushing his shoulders back enough to present a courageous front despite the icy stare on the face of his major. Once five feet away, he struck a formal pose, raising one hand to his forehead. “Major Draker, , sir. Lieutenant Proctor reporting, sir.”

Draker took one step forward, his massive frame blocking the light from the setting sun and casting Jenson in shadow. “Shut it, Lieutenant. You did a fucking ground loop, didn’t you?”

Jenson’s chest constricted and, for a moment, the same drop in his stomach overtook him. The one he got when nose-diving from fifty thousand to twenty thousand feet in ten seconds flat. “Sir, yes sir.”

“Damn it Proctor! How many times do I have to tell you, no unauthorized maneuvers? You’re under my command. What does that say about me?”

Without lifting his gaze to meet his major’s eyes, Jenson uttered a simple. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Well sorry’s not gonna cut it today. Front and center, Lieutenant. I’m about to teach you a lesson you won’t forget.”

The words registered, but Jenson couldn’t make sense of them. How did Draker intend on teaching him a lesson? It was a simple matter of reporting an infraction and invoking the discipline code. He’d fucked up one too many times and now he’d probably receive a reprimand. It certainly wasn’t something to promote his rising career, let alone his already overstuffed ego.

“You’re lucky I like your spirit, kid, otherwise I would have court-martialed your ass a long time ago. But I’ll be damned if I’m letting you off the hook with a verbal warning this time.”

A million possibilities rushed through Jenson’s mind about what Major Draker had in mind, but all thoughts fled when the man unzipped his uniform fly and hauled out one of the thickest dicks Jenson had ever seen.

“On your knees, fly-boy. It’s time for you to make up for all the grief you’ve put me through.”

At first he was sure he’d misunderstood. One look into Tony’s eyes and Jenson knew there was no amusement residing within. Heart thudding at an impossible pace, he lowered himself to his knees, only three feet separating his mouth from the dangling member now at face level.

He was about to crawl forward when Draker took a few steps to close the gap. Gripping the back of Jenson's head, the major pulled him forward so his face pressed against the hot flesh of hardening cock. He thrust his hips a few times, each movement helping to bring the monster to full rigidity. "Mmmm, your scruff feels good on my shaft."

Jenson tilted his head up and peered at Tony. Strong fingers at the back of his neck loosened slightly to allow him greater movement, then fisted his hair and guided his mouth to the bulbous head of the major's cock. "I've been searchin' for an excuse to shove my dick in your mouth, Lieutenant."

With hands planted on Draker's thighs, Jenson opened his mouth, preparing for the invading member to stretch him wide. No sooner had the head touched his lips and slid partway into his mouth than the tautness shifted to a sting as his lips stretched past their limits of elasticity.

Tony progressed with steady determination, moving slowly enough to allow Jenson room to adjust and breathe, but never faltering in his forward movement. By the time a patch of pubic hair tickled his chin, he thought his jaw might actually unhinge.

As Jenson pulled back, allowing the veiny mast to slide out of his mouth, his insides seemed to slip back into place. When only the head remained encased in his lips, he began the slow and arduous trek back, each journey a bit easier as he learned to relax the right muscles at the correct time.

The grunts of his major affirmed for Jenson his ability at sucking cock was still as sharp as his flying ability. With renewed vigor, he gulped down, taking his superior all the way in. The dick in his mouth had grown to a size difficult to believe, and the way his body had to yield more than it ever had before was proof that this man could deliver intense pain and pleasure.

"You're a good cocksucker, Lieutenant." The major's voice was strained, a gravelly edge belying his controlled appearance. "I wonder if your ass is just as tight as that mouth."

Jenson barely had enough time to process what Tony had said before the delicious organ was withdrawn and he felt himself hoisted to his feet. Without

needing orders to do so, he unzipped his flight suit, shrugged it off his shoulders, slipped his white T-shirt up and over his head, and pushed the rest of the suit down his legs. He then turned his back on the major and walked over to the aircraft he'd just flown, and stood by one of the wings. Sliding his hands into the waistline of his underwear, Jenson pushed the clothing to the floor.

Tony drew in a breath on a sharp inhale, signaling to Jenson the man liked what he saw. Not that he could blame the guy. An officer standing with his backside exposed and pants bunched around his ankles would push any man over the edge.

The solid click of boots on cement indicated Draker's approach, and the closer he got, the more Jenson's body quivered. The thought of accommodating Tony's cock in his rarely-used ass caused his hole to quiver. Whether in fear or anticipation, he had no idea, but baser needs and reactions were quickly winning the battle against his rapidly depleting control over himself.

Tony stepped up, nestling his cock in Jenson's crack. The heat of his skin sent a shock of pleasure through the lieutenant, who gripped the wing both for stability and to give him some leverage to press back and increase the friction of skin on skin. Draker slid his cock up and down, each pass moving with greater ease due to the natural lubrication of precome Jenson suspected. "You've been very bad, Lieutenant Proctor."

Jenson bit back on his reply, not wanting to apologize or beg forgiveness. If this was the punishment he could come to expect, he'd perform ground loops and more each time he took to the air.

His silence seemed to please the major since the cock pressed against him throbbed, becoming just a bit harder. When Tony pulled away, Jenson nearly cried out, wanting the contact between himself and the massive man behind him to continue. When the head of Tony's cock pressed at his most sensitive opening, yearning shifted to anticipation of what was about to happen. Draker was going to take him right here in the hangar while he stood, pants down by

his ankles, and it appeared he was going to use nothing but the lubricant nature granted him.

There was only a small flash of hesitation as Tony pressed his cock more firmly against Jenson's willing hole. The mandatory testing in the military let him know he was free from any sexually transmitted diseases, but results were private and he could only assume the major was also clean. But his desire overrode common sense and he pressed back, forcing Tony's head to pop through the tight ring of muscle.

He'd been fucked enough to know what to expect, but even his skill at loosening his ass muscles couldn't have prepared him for the instant burn. Draker's cock had appeared thick, but as it penetrated him, Jenson was sure the shaft was tearing him in two.

Surprisingly, Draker was gentle in his progress, entering Jenson a bit at a time. "That's it, Lieutenant, relax and take it." He gripped Jenson's waist, pulling steadily, his shaft sliding deeper, his other hand rubbing soothing circles at the base of Jenson's spine.

A fine sheen of sweat broke out on his forehead as Jenson sank further down on Tony's shaft. It wasn't until he was fully seated that he was able to take in a full breath. With bristly pubic hair brushing against the sensitive skin of his ass, Jenson closed his eyes, savoring the warring sensations of discomfort and fulfillment.

The sting of a hard slap to his ass cheek snapped Jenson from the haze of ecstasy. Despite the sizable girth of the major's cock, the slide of his shaft as he withdrew until only the head remained lodged inside felt like silk brushing against Jenson's skin. On the slow inward thrust, Jenson's body accommodated the missile with greater ease. "That's it, Jenson. Take all of it."

The use of his name sent a thrill of excitement through Jenson and he had to grip his cock to keep from coming on the spot. Slowly Tony built up speed, then intensity, until he was pulling out and slamming back in, seemingly indifferent to any discomfort he might be inflicting.

Far from eliciting any kind of distress, the harder the major pounded, the more Jenson wanted, and before long he found himself bucking back, using the major's shaft to fill his channel even deeper. Whereas other men who'd fucked him found a normal rhythm and stuck with it until they climaxed, predictable and boring, Tony seemed to have an endless arsenal of maneuvers. It was as if he was as skilled at fucking as Jenson was at flying.

When another slap came stinging down on his ass, Jenson had to grip the base of his cock tighter, staving off yet another threatened release. If he could extend this moment for an eternity, it wouldn't be long enough. Never before had he been so completely filled and stretched, and never before had he wanted someone more.

The pace of Draker's onslaught increased, as did his panting, and Jenson found himself held steady by both of Tony's hands, one on each hip. Thrust after powerful thrust, shocks of electricity coursed through Jenson. With each stroke, the head of Tony's cock brushed against Jenson's prostate and then slid deeper into him.

Their combined movements were smooth and perfect, like flying, yet along with the rush of being fucked by his muscular major came a surprising rush from submitting so completely. He'd lived his life making his own rules, yet in this moment, he handed all control over to Tony.

A few short pumps and Jenson thought he might burst open. He arched his back as Tony lodged himself to the hilt. The cock buried inside swelled even more, pulsing in time with Draker's ragged breaths.

Knowing Draker's seed washed his most sacred walls was more than Jenson could take. His own orgasm erupted with the power of a volcano. Blinding lights robbed Jenson of sight as his body shook uncontrollably. His come jetted from him, stream after stream spilling from him and scenting the air.

When the last waves subsided and Jenson was able to regain the use of his senses, he righted himself and turned to face his major. Hot come leaked from his ass and trailed down his legs as he faced the man.

“That was for breaking the rules, Lieutenant. I trust you learned your lesson.”

Once again, Jenson remained silent. He’d certainly learned a lesson, but not the one he suspected Tony had intended to deliver.

Jenson stood at attention, ass slick with come and dick swaying heavily, saluting the major and then watching as the man tucked his cock back into his pants, turned on a tight rotation, and marched from the hangar.

Jenson pulled his pants up wobbly legs, already planning his next infraction and wondering what form of discipline Tony might dole out.

THE END

Author Bio

D.H. Starr is an educator by day and a dirty-minded romantic at night. He loves writing stories where the main characters experience both physical and emotional highs and lows. Known for angsty stories, he's begun to explore the more playful side of writing, creating stories where hearts aren't wrenched as much as bodies are thrown to heaven and back.

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