



S.L. ARMSTRONG & K. PIET

BREAKING
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Breaking Point

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Malachi knelt on a thick, folded towel on the floor in front of the toilet. The bathroom was large, but it didn't need to be. He smiled as he dipped the razor into the bowl of warm water, bracing his hand on the meat of Phinn's pale thigh. Phinn's flesh always looked so much whiter against the darkness of his own flesh, and it was an insane turn on for Malachi. His dark eyes glanced up at Phinn's flushed face, and then trailed down the crunched up torso as Phinn tried to keep his legs spread and back. It exposed Phinn's cock, sac, and ass, which was exactly what Malachi wanted.

The fact that Phinn's cock was already hard as a fucking lead pipe only went to show Malachi that his lover was thoroughly enjoying himself. Malachi drew the razor over the tight sac, slowly, sensually removing all traces of the fine, brown hair that graced Phinn's groin. "Had I known you liked me shaving you," he said, rinsing off the hair and shaving cream in the water before returning to Phinn's balls, "I'd have done this more often."

Phinn moaned, the thigh muscles under Malachi's hand quivering with each drag of the razor. "I swear, it wasn't this arousing last year." Another soft sound filled the small tiled space. "Hell, *you* weren't this arousing last year."

Malachi lifted an eyebrow, an amused smile on his lips. Their relationship had deepened and become more... interesting... in the last year, but certainly he hadn't been *that* boring. "Should I be insulted by that?" he asked while smearing more shave cream along the crack of Phinn's ass.

"Maybe," Phinn groaned.

And now Malachi had the perfect lead-in to the scene he wanted to do tonight. Phinn never disappointed him, and as he drew the razor carefully along the inside of Phinn's cheeks, he mused. "Hmm. What sort of penance should I demand for such an insult?" His eyes darted up to meet Phinn's. "After all, it should be creative, as I certainly wouldn't want to *bore* you again," he said, pressing his fingers into Phinn's hole, spreading him open.

Phinn's breath hitched, and then he whispered, "I wouldn't think to choose my own penance."

Malachi set the razor aside and wiped Phinn's clean-shaven cock, balls, and ass. A smirk curved his lips as he rose to his feet. "I have just the thing." He drew his finger along the curve of Phinn's cock, and then stepped away, leaving his lover whimpering and arching for more. "I want you to go lay down face-up on the rug in front of the fire, your legs spread wide." Malachi didn't wait to see if Phinn would follow the order. He knew Phinn would. It wouldn't cross Phinn's mind not to.

He walked into the large closet in their bedroom area, his eyes darting to the rug in the central living area of the loft. Phinn was gorgeous spread out on the rug, and Malachi couldn't help but fondle himself a little before turning his attention to the drawers of toys in the closet. After a moment, though, he called out, "No touching!" Phinn also wouldn't think to touch himself without Malachi's permission, but Malachi always uttered the command. It turned Phinn on, and it only made Malachi feel that much more in control. It was a win-win situation in his mind.

Malachi grabbed a couple of items and returned to the main room. Their loft didn't have a separate room they could use for their scenes like their old apartment had, and so they'd begun using a small, flexible collar to define the scenes. He kept the other toys behind his back as he approached and settled between Phinn's legs, a smirk playing on his lips. Setting everything down neatly, he took the collar and fastened it around Phinn's neck. "Mmm, that collar makes your neck look beautiful," he purred, eyes following his ebony fingers as they trailed

along where leather met pale flesh.

Phinn trembled a little, his eyes hooded as he stared up at Malachi. "Fuck me," he breathed, arching both his hips and his neck enticingly.

"Ah, but that would be far too easy." Malachi leaned over Phinn and drew his lips across Phinn's nipple as he spread his lover's legs wider. There was a metallic sound as he reached for one of the toys he'd taken from their closet: an elastrator fit with a band for Phinn's sac. Phinn was such a whore for cock and ball torture, and Malachi *loved* to push Phinn's boundaries. He held it up high enough for Phinn to see it, make the connection, and know just what was coming.

Phinn's eyes grew as large as saucers as he stared at the implement, and his hands tightened in the nap of the rug. "Malachi..."

Malachi couldn't help but smirk, so pleased by the breathy, hungry note in Phinn's voice. "If you have an objection, you know the word you must speak. Otherwise, this band is going around you." He had chosen the band carefully: tight enough to restrict blood flow, but not enough to completely cut it off. He gripped the elastrator and stretched the band open. "Legs wide, Phinn," he said, order sharp as he smacked the insides of Phinn's thighs as they began to close just a bit. Phinn would love it, come so fucking hard, and Malachi wouldn't let fear ruin the moment. He reached down and massaged Phinn's shaved sac, pinching at the top of the soft, vulnerable flesh to warm it up a little.

Another moan left Phinn's throat, and that sound went right to Malachi's cock. Phinn spread his legs wider and closed his eyes. The trust inherent in those two actions warmed Malachi's heart. It was in these moments of absolute surrender that Malachi knew—without a single doubt—that he and Phinn were meant to be together. They complemented one another perfectly, the sadist and the masochist, and he knew tonight would push both their buttons in all the right ways.

"Good," Malachi breathed, praising Phinn for opening up to him. "You're so eager, so ready, even when you're terrified." He knew Phinn was afraid; Phinn's chest rose and fell quickly, unevenly, and his hands kept twisting and clenching in the fibers of the rug. But, it would be good. It would be fucking amazing for them both, and Malachi set to proving that.

He maneuvered the stretched elastic band over Phinn's sac, situating it at the top of his balls, and slowly, carefully released the pressure on the device. The band tightened gradually, teasing Phinn bit-by-bit with the increasing pressure. "Do you feel it, Phinn? Do you feel the band around your balls? Feel it getting tighter and tighter?"

A shudder rocked Phinn's body, and a needy, rasping groan filled the air. "Yes, so... tight... oh, God..."

"Such a slut. You love your balls being played with, touched, spanked, tortured." The band closed tighter and tighter until Malachi had released it as much as the elasticity would allow. Gripping Phinn's balls, he pulled the band free of the elastrator and set the device aside for later. The skin of Phinn's balls was pulled tight, and he touched it, scratched his nails along it, eyes taking in every nuance of Phinn's body language as he tried to gauge Phinn's reaction. "Tell me how it feels," he growled, giving the taut sac a slight slap.

Phinn cried out, his face and chest flushing beautifully. "Like my heart is pounding in my cock and balls!"

Malachi smiled at Phinn, dark and hungry. "Good." The pain must have been exquisite, and he planned for it to become even more so. He dipped down and pulled the tight ball of flesh into his mouth. He sucked nice and hard, drawing more blood into the constricted flesh. It would be absolute torture, which was just what Malachi knew Phinn needed tonight.

Phinn's back arched, and he screamed as his hands tugged again at the rug. It was stunning to watch.

"Fuck, Malachi! Oh, God... oh, fuck me!"

Malachi moaned around Phinn's balls and drew on them just a little longer. Phinn's scream reverberated in his ears, made his own need compound. But, Malachi was patient. He'd spent two years dating Phinn, drawing him in, learning all his body's and heart's secrets, so he certainly wasn't going to rush *this* experience. When he finally pulled back, Phinn's balls pounding against his tongue, he met Phinn's hazy eyes and gave him a dangerous look. "This is just the beginning."

Without another word, he picked up a small flogger. It was intended for such sensitive areas, and he gave Phinn's sac a soft smack with the thin, leather straps. Phinn tried to slam his legs shut, to protect the bound, taut skin, a pathetic whine leaving his throat, but Malachi used one of his broad, strong hands, slapping the inside of each thigh once more. "Open!" he snapped. "Brace your feet on the floor, but keep your legs wide." Phinn reluctantly complied, a strangled sound rumbling in the back of his throat. Malachi chuckled, shaking his head. "You can pretend you don't want this all you want, but I know better. I know how hard you come when I slap or weight your balls. You love it, Phinn, and you can't hide that need from me. Not anymore."

After a few seconds, Malachi landed his second blow to the bound sac, just a little more strength behind it. Phinn's legs remained wide open this time, a desperate cry leaving his full, lovely lips. Malachi loved those sounds, loved pulling them from his lover, and he soon built an easy rhythm, warming up the flesh gradually before adding stronger, bolder strikes. "So fucking hot," he murmured, his eyes hungrily drinking in the writhing, panting body in front of him. "You make my cock ache just by watching you, by seeing your sac so red and tortured. You like it, too, don't you? Tell me how much you fucking love this."

No words left Phinn's parted lips. Instead, all Malachi was given were gasps and shouts, squirming hips and flexing muscle. It seemed Phinn's body couldn't decide if it wanted to arch up into every lash or pull away, and Malachi reveled in it. He struck harder, faster, and Phinn's bare, white balls grew an even darker, deeper red. But, no matter how much harder he brought the flogger down on that sensitive, bound sac, all he could force from Phinn were screams and ragged sobs. Phinn was being obstinate, denying Malachi what he wanted, and so Malachi decided to deny Phinn.

He stopped striking. He removed all sensation, all touch, leaving Phinn writhing on the floor, balls blistering hot and shockingly red. Phinn *would* answer him, even if it meant leaving them both wanting in order to drive home his point through denial as punishment. "Phinn," he warned, giving his lover a final opportunity to answer him.

Phinn cried out, opening his feverish eyes and staring desperately at Malachi. He lifted his hips, begging with his body. It was tempting, but Malachi had a point to make. Either Phinn answered him or neither of them would find fulfillment tonight.

"Malachi," Phinn begged, his hands clenched in the rug at his side. "Please, Malachi..."

"Tell me how much you love it, or I'll stop. After all," Malachi smirked, "if you don't like it, what's the point? Tell me, Phinn."

Phinn whimpered. "I love it," he panted, hips unable to remain still. "You know I do."

Malachi trailed his nails across the abused, tight flesh ever so lightly. "But I want to *hear* it from you, and my desire rules here and now. *Tell me,*" he ordered once more, giving Phinn a single, hard strike from the flogger as incentive.

As Phinn screamed and shuddered, Malachi could feel them getting closer to that moment. That emotional moment he was trying to push Phinn to. Life had been hellish the last month with them both working like crazy, rent going up, the economy tanking, and sex as vanilla as it got with so little time for each other. Phinn

needed this release just as much as Malachi needed to give it to him, and he wasn't about to stop until the dam broke.

"I won't ask again," Malachi said, reaching for the elastrator. He didn't make idle threats, and Phinn fucking well knew that.

Phinn's head lolled to the side, his breathing ragged, loud, but words finally slipped from between the dry lips. "It makes my heart pound... my cock leak... God, my stomach is so wet. I love it." He moaned, rolling his hips up, drawing Malachi's attention back to the abused sac. "I love the pain! It makes my balls feel twice the size." Phinn groaned as his ass settled on the rug once more. "Fuck... when I come..."

Pride filled Malachi as Phinn gave in. "Yes, but you only come when *I* say." He rewarded Phinn's more substantial answer with a steady series of blows, turning the sac a blazing shade of crimson while his free hand finally moved to Phinn's cock. He cradled it in his hand and began including it with the strikes of the small flogger. Phinn's body danced for him, riding the pleasure and pain like an expert. "Beautiful... so fucking beautiful," Malachi whispered, unable to keep the praise behind his own lips.

Phinn's hips bounced, shifted, pulled away and pushed into every lash of the flogger. Malachi could feel just how damn hard, how ready to pop Phinn was, but he didn't stop. He pushed. He was determined to see Phinn crumble under it all, break apart into tiny pieces that would ease all the tension they'd felt. Phinn screamed and sobbed, shuddered and begged, until finally, his lover broke.

"I'm sorry!" Phinn cried out again and again, pleading with Malachi. "I'm sorry! It was always this good, always! Malachi!"

Malachi put aside the flogger for a moment, and then two fingers slick with lube were pushed unceremoniously into Phinn's body. He took only the barest amount of time to stretch Phinn a little and slick the way before he took his black cock in hand and thrust hard and deep into Phinn's white ass. It was hot and tight, and Malachi grunted, wanting nothing more than to fuck Phinn until his ass ached, but this was about more than blowing his own nut. It was all about Phinn tonight, all about bringing him such exquisite pain that his lover forgot every little stress in their lives for a little while.

He draped Phinn's legs over his thighs and leaned back. Controlling Phinn with one hand, he rocked in and out while taking up the flogger again. Malachi punctuated his thrusts with blow after blow from the lash, the thongs stroking balls, cock, and thighs. He didn't care much about his aim at this point, only at driving Phinn crazy with sensation "Do you want to come?" he demanded, his voice jerking with his movements, his eyes drawn to Phinn's red, swollen, and bound balls and that small hole that sucked his dark cock in over and over.

"Malachi!"

Malachi snarled at Phinn, thrusting as deeply as he could without sacrificing his ability to use the flogger. "Don't make me fucking repeat myself! Answer!"

The scream Phinn let loose then as Malachi pushed so far inside him, struck with the flogger over and over, almost took Malachi over the edge. He gritted his teeth to keep himself from coming as Phinn writhed on his cock. As he tormented Phinn's groin, fucked his ass, Phinn defied him. Phinn's hands came up from the rug and made a beeline for his cock, his balls. Malachi intercepted them with his free hand, using his grip on Phinn's arms for more leverage for his thrusts now as his voice rang out with a harsh edge.

"Answer!" Malachi snapped his hips forward over and over, the tender skin of Phinn's balls pushed to its very limits of resilience. "Do you... want to... come?"

Phinn's eyes opened, wild and wide and lost, and stared at him from his sweaty, flushed face. "Yes!" he shouted, tears sliding down his temples. "I want to come! Please, please, Malachi!"

Given what he wanted, Malachi immediately released Phinn's hands and stroked hard and fast at his lover's cock. But, he didn't stop flogging Phinn's balls or fucking his ass, driving them both to their very limits. "Then come!"

Instantly, Phinn complied, though Malachi knew his lover had very little choice in the matter. His back bowed sharply as he screamed, the climax so intense that Malachi winced at the strength of the clenching muscles surrounding his cock. Phinn tried to claw his way away from Malachi's lash and cock, but Malachi's hand was tight around his shaft, pumping, pulling every drop of gorgeous come from those constricted, tortured balls. Fuck, Phinn's sac looked so good, all tight, crimson, streaked with faint bruising and welts that would burn and ache for days. Malachi relished that warm, powerful sense of satisfaction in a job well done, in pain that would linger and enhance Phinn's pleasure each time they made love.

Malachi tossed the flogger aside and released Phinn's cock the moment Phinn went lax under him. He braced his hands on the rug, forced Phinn's legs back, and watched the contrast of his black cock pounding into Phinn's lily-white ass. It was always such a fucking turn on to see his cock moving in and out of Phinn, spreading his lover wide, making him whimper and shudder weakly as his own body slapped into Phinn's abused balls. It was too much. Too. Damn. Much. Just as it was everything he *knew* Phinn needed, it was also everything *he* needed. Malachi threw his head back, his long braids slapping painfully against his back, adding just a hint of spice to his own pleasure as he came hard and thick inside Phinn's gripping ass.

As he came back down from the mindless heights of climax, his hands began to stroke soothingly at Phinn's quivering body. "Oh... fuck..." he breathed. He slowly regained his senses and reached blindly for the elastrator. He needed to get the band off Phinn *now* if he didn't want there to be any lasting damage. A little fun was one thing, disfiguring was another. Phinn's quiet, broken sobs inspired that pleasant sense of smug achievement inside him all over again. He'd done what he'd set out to do, and damn if he didn't feel better. Once he tended to Phinn, he was pretty sure his lover would feel the same way.

Malachi had to handle Phinn's balls fully to get the elastrator's metal spokes back underneath the tight band. It proved a bit more difficult than he'd originally thought it would be. He had to pull out of Phinn to get a better angle, which Phinn didn't like, whining and sniffing softly. "I have to position it just right, and my dick can't be in your ass for me to do that."

Phinn nodded and closed his eyes. "This is going to hurt," he said, a hint of fear returning to his voice.

Malachi grinned, all white teeth and dark skin. "Yeah, it will, but you'll love it, just like you do when I pull the nipple clamps off. Now, brace yourself, love." He leaned down and alleviated the pressure of the band with the device, pulling it over and off Phinn's burning balls. Phinn didn't make a sound, wasn't even breathing, Malachi noticed, and so he ducked down, sucked as much of Phinn's sac as he could into his mouth. He was gentle, though, careful with his teeth, and it was only then that sound left Phinn's throat. It was a ragged, loud sob, Phinn's hands twisting in the rug, and the sob bled into weeping the longer Malachi sucked and licked at the throbbing, hot flesh of Phinn's balls.

It briefly occurred to Malachi that, this time, he might have gone a little too far, maybe not pushed Phinn's boundaries, but left them utterly in the dust. His hands broadly brushed over Phinn's legs and up his stomach, and he left behind Phinn's sac to lap and tease along his softening cock. "Phinn?" he murmured, tongue snaking out to lick along the spatters of come on Phinn's stomach. "You all right?" When Phinn didn't answer immediately, Malachi kissed his way up Phinn's body until his lips brushed Phinn's and his fingers removed the collar. He kissed Phinn—slow and deep—and was relieved when Phinn weakly returned the caresses of his tongue. As the kiss drew to a close, he asked again, "Are you okay?"

Phinn swallowed several times, and Malachi thought he saw a nod. "Shower," he croaked out. His eyes opened, bright blue and still wet. "Please?"

Malachi scooped Phinn up and took him into the bathroom once more, and every whimper, every uncomfortable shift of Phinn in his arms, only made his smile grow. "Satisfied?"

Phinn tangled his fingers in Malachi's many tiny braids, bringing their lips back together in another kiss, the give and take in this one closer to equal than during the scene. "I can't believe you just did that," he said, his voice rough and rasping.

"Believe it," Malachi said, and there was no small amount of smug pride in his voice. "Your balls are going to hurt for days."

As Malachi turned on the shower, Phinn groaned again. "And you sure as hell aren't going to leave them alone as they heal, are you?"

Malachi gave him a wink, reaching over to give Phinn's balls a gentle slap, shivering as Phinn bucked, his shout echoing in the small, tiled room their night had begun in. "You know me so well, lover," he purred, and then drew Phinn into another sweeping, claiming kiss.

About the Authors

S.L. Armstrong has been writing for as long as she can remember. Art and reading have played a large part in her life since young childhood, but around fourteen, writing became her passion. Voraciously consuming every book in front of her opened up hundreds of worlds in her head, and she soon wanted to create worlds for other people as well. She has a particular fondness for gothic horror, horror, high fantasy, urban fantasy, and romance novels. The authors she turns to time and again are Stephen King, L.J. Smith, V.C. Andrews, R.L. Stine, and Anne Rice, among others. She has no shame in picking up the young adult novels she loved as a child, and she will talk your ear off about grammar and punctuation.

After she married her husband almost thirteen years ago, she began to truly delve into the world of writing for public consumption. It was sheer chance that she stumbled on M/M fanfiction, and she's not looked back. Though fanfiction will always have a fond place in her heart, she soon grew tired of playing in other people's sandboxes. When she discovered M/M romance, and how it was now a legitimate branch of romance writing, she knew her course. S.L. plans to release F/F, M/M, M/F, and multiple partner books as she continues her writing career. M/M romance is where her heart lies, no matter what else she may write or read, and it's where she keeps returning to. There is something about two men passionately in love that just makes her heart melt, and she has no intention of giving that up anytime soon.

S.L. Armstrong lives in Florida with her husband, two dogs, and seven cats. She hates the heat and longs for a northern, snowy climate. She writes with K. Piet on a number of projects, but she also writes her own solitary titles as well. S.L. Armstrong owns Storm Moon Press LLC along with her husband and K. Piet, and she is proud of all they accomplish with the micro press.

She is always happy to hear from readers and can be contacted at slarmstrong@slarmstrong.net.

K. Piet was born in California and raised in Flagstaff, Arizona, with her older sister and two cats. After studying in three different states and graduating magna cum laude from the University of Nevada —Las Vegas in Kinesiological Sciences, Kris moved back to Flagstaff to pursue a career in therapeutic bodywork and massage. Her private massage business places an emphasis on sports massage for circus performers, dancers, and athletes training at high altitude.

Throughout high school and college, writing fiction was little more than a pleasant diversion from required essays and applied science courses. After working with author S. L. Armstrong on a number of small writing projects and coming to see the act of writing as a learned skill, Kris found a new zeal for the challenge and now writes as a sideline career. She is particularly fond of writing in the High Fantasy and Paranormal genres, adding her own homoerotic, and often kinky, flair to her fiction.

K. was once locally published in Flagstaff for her poetry in high school and has been a featured artist for

the convention group CirqueCon. 2010 was her debut year at Storm Moon Press, the small, independent, erotic-romance press she cofounded with S. L. Armstrong in order to self-publish their collaborative fiction.

K. also enjoys drawing, circus arts such as flying trapeze and aerial silks, musical theater, and hoopedancing, all of which she feels balance her scientific, kinesiological side with her passion for the artistic and dramatic. Her love of the human body and its endless possibilities bleeds into nearly every facet of her life, from massage, to writing, to staring at the attractive men at the local Renaissance Fair..

Just kidding on that last part. Really.

She loves to hear from her readers, who can e-mail her at KPiet@kpiet.net.