



Episode Five

by Eden Winters

That bastard ain't taking what's mine! Phil leaned heavily against the kitchen wall, pulse hammering a sharp bass beat in his ears. Peering into the dining room, but daring not enter, he strained to see into the sitting room, his vision limited to shadows against the wall. He'd dreaded this moment ever since Conrad Cotten came back in town. He hated, absolutely hated the man who'd long cast a pall over his and Grady's relationship.

Grady hadn't come out and actually said anything directly. No, he'd been far more subtle. But if Phil had learned one thing during their time together, it was that

Grady sucked at poker. Didn't have the necessary cunning not to show every thought on his face. And the animation dancing across his rugged features when he'd first heard the news of Conrad's arrival might as well have been an episode of some sleazy soap opera. First there'd been fear, then regret, then acceptance, then... hope, all worthy of an overly dramatic *dum, dum, dum, da...* Hope that tightened a fist around Phil's heart and threatened to squeeze the life out of him.

For years he'd listened closely to innocent-sounding comments about "An old friend of mine," neatly inserting "Conrad" into every instance. But the casual references to "Back in high school me and an old friend of mine..." paled in comparison to hearing Conrad's name drifting from Grady's lips while he slept.

Phil and Grady'd had their problems over the years, but no matter what, they always worked their shit out somehow. That meant they loved each other, right? Even when feeding his dick to some hot young twink, Phil never once considered the possibility of not having Grady at home to come back to.

Now the ghost that sleeps between us takes flesh. An antique cuckoo clock ticked off the minutes on the mantle of the dining room, the pinecone pendulum swinging back and forth, a subtle reminder of the sands of time possibly ticking away on Phil's life. He swallowed past a lump in his throat, hearing his worst nightmare say, "Why'd you want to see me?"

He recalled Grady's pleas for sex, wishing he'd have at least made an effort. No way in hell would he spill his secret, but he couldn't stall forever. Grady's pulled muscle

topped an ever-growing list of excuses not to have sex. *Hell, I set the stage perfectly for Conrad to come waltzing in and take what's mine.*

Phil hung his head, patting the wallet in his back pocket that held the referral from his family doctor to an oncologist in the next town. "We've found something," Dr. Higgins had said, a furrow forming between his brows. So far, Phil hadn't worked up the nerve to make an appointment.

He helped out around the B and B, did odd jobs, but what would Grady do if Phil never managed to get it up again, or had to have surgery. Hell, what if they couldn't get the damn tumor without mutilating him? "Serves you right for cheating on a good man," the one person he'd told had taunted, instead of offering sympathy. The words pissed Phil off, mostly because he believed them. *Serves me fucking right.*

If Grady hooked up with the man he'd pined over all these years, it wouldn't just be a fling, and Phil's whole life circled around Grady, Zach, and this house. In one fell swoop Phil stood to lose everything he cherished, for Zach lived and breathed to be like Grady. No big secret whose side the kid would take.

Phil glanced down at his scuffed work boots. Shit. He'd tracked mud in; Grady'd rip him a new one. He doubted high-and-mighty Conrad tracked mud, or ate crackers in bed, or did any of the millions of things that ticked Grady off. *And he can probably fuck Grady into the mattress.*

Desperate times called for desperate measures. No way in hell would Phil let Grady slip away. Money he didn't have and couldn't offer. Listening to secrets spilled

into a pillow at night revealed something Grady wanted but wouldn't ask for during waking hours – something Phil *could* give him. And whatever weapons he found at his disposal, he'd wield to the best of his ability.

He listened to his lover's murmured conversation, seeing red, and tamping down the desire to storm the room and rip Conrad's head from his shoulders.

Breathing slowly in and out, he willed himself calm, a plan forming in his head. His hooded parka grew hot, but he dared not take it off and risk being heard. A slow trickle of sweat slid down his cheek, and he wiped it away with a gloved hand.

Hearing a latch click behind him, he whirled to find a tired-looking Zach slinking in from outside. He placed a finger to his lips, motioning Zach back outside. "Listen," he said. "I'm planning something special for your dad. Can you make yourself scarce tonight?"

A half-second after Zach trotted off, grinning from ear to ear, Phil belatedly realized that during the night the sidewalks had iced over, and temperatures wouldn't get high enough for a thaw. He shoulda got Zach to clear the walkways before letting the kid get away. Damn. No help for that now. Maybe he could work out his frustrations with a little yard work. *My body's betraying me, but at least it still functions – for now.*

But first, to put plans into action. He pulled out his cell phone and glared down at the tiny buttons. One call. All he had to do was call. *Do I really want to do this?* Grady's nervous laugh from inside rekindled Phil's fury, deciding for him. He dialed a number

he'd never dare store in the phone's memory.

A sleepy yawn answered on the fifth ring. "I must admit I never expected to hear from you again."

Phil closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "I need a favor."

* * *

Wow! What luck! Normally his dads kept an eagle eye on him, but now it seemed Zach had unexpectedly acquired a free pass for the evening. He dashed across Candle Street to the Bear and Bones. His steps slowed when he spied a familiar dark-haired man. What do you know? It looked like his mystery man from Danzare wouldn't remain a mystery for long. Damn that asshole twink for screaming and sending everyone into a panic, allowing Zach's latest hookup to slip away without leaving a phone number.

He followed the man up the steps, intent on correcting the slight. He'd just opened the door when a woman approached from inside, hair dyed pink and purple and reeking of incense. Her tie-died skirt clashed loudly with her heavy ski jacket. "Hey, Cathy," he said, holding the door. "How's things going at voodoo central?" She stepped past him, arms laden with food trays.

"Pretty good. When you gonna come down and let me read your cards?"

While Zach liked Cathy okay, some of her cronies at the occult shop a few doors

down kinda weirded him out. "Soon," he promised, as always. "Soon."

"You don't know what you're missing," she sing-songed, skipping down the steps. Her boots crunched against the ice and salt peppering the sidewalk.

Zach banished the cold outside with a close of the door, grateful when the warmth of the tavern surrounded him. *Brrrrr... it's cold out.* Glancing toward the kitchen door, searching for Adam, he spotted the new redheaded bartender instead. With his flame-red hair and casual, laid-back attitude, the new addition fit in nicely at the tavern. Not bad on the eyes at all.

The bartender blatantly flirted with both men and women who approached the bar, his suggestive smile adding an unspoken item to the menu. Well, you couldn't beat the Bear and Bones for pick-ups, Zach having scored a few himself simply by showing up and saying, "How ya doin'?" to the right guy. Or the wrong guy. Zach's smile fell when the redhead approached his latest interest.

The bartender smiled and winked, clearly offering himself as a side order. Mr. Right returned the smile, leaning in like a magnet pulled to steel. Zach snorted. *The steel pipe in his pants, maybe.*

No way to disguise that more took place between the two than simply a man ordering a drink.

Oh HELL no! He's mine! At least this week. Zach swallowed hard, watching his handsome prey nodding, and probably not in agreement for the day's special; that is, unless the special was ready and willing redhead. Damn the luck! Heaving out a weary

sigh, Zack found an empty table in the back of the tavern, waiting until the crowd thinned to speak to Adam. His Hawtness pulled out a cell phone, keying in coppertop slut's phone number, no doubt, and headed out the door.

Finally Adam made an appearance, stepping out of the kitchen to deliver a few meals. Copper slut eyed him appreciatively. Normally, Zach kept a lookout for his friend, thinking Adam really needed to get laid, but the more the redhead watched, the more Zach's hackles rose. What a sleeze! He's just made a date with another guy, and now cast come-hither eyes at Adam.

Ice water flooded Zach's veins. *He'll have Adam over my dead body.*

* * *

Oz let his eyes wander around his meticulously clean suite, with its dark, masculine furnishings, wondering what Yoshi might make of the neatness and perfect order. His brother claimed he suffered from OCD, but wanting to know exactly where everything was so he didn't waste time looking didn't make him obsessive, did it? A book sat at an odd angle on the coffee table of his sitting area. He reached down and straightened it as unobtrusively as he could.

"Kinda dark, isn't it? Why don't we open up the blinds? Lots of sunshine out there today." Yoshi worried his bottom lip between his teeth, ramming both hands into his hip pockets. His eyes darted furtively away. Nervous? Why?

Oz tucked the info away for later consideration, crossing the room to open the blinds. Sunlight streamed through the windows, and from his vantage point he could see a rim of frost edging the lake. An unfamiliar boat bobbed on the current, tethered to the dock at the old fishing shack. He'd have to go out there later and put up some more "No Trespassing" signs. The locals kept tearing them down.

A knock sounded on the door, and he turned in time to see Yoshi wince. *My, he's jumpy. I wonder why.* He opened the door and ushered in the quiet housekeeper who shuffled past to lay out their late lunch on the table in Oz's dining area, before retreating again without a sound.

"Shall we?" Oz asked.

"Nice table," Yoshi said, running his hands over the intricately carved edges. "Must have cost a fortune."

Oz smiled. "Not really. I found it at a local auction. I don't think the owner or other bidders appreciated its value. I got it for a song." He waited for Yoshi to sit before pulling out his own chair and hunkering down to study his guest.

Yoshi's eyes roamed the room, mild interest on his handsome face, gaze never staying in one place too long. Nope, not assessing value like most guests to the house, more like sight-seeing.

After all these years, Yo-Yo. A memory surfaced of a younger, slightly inebriated Yoshi, a party, and ten minutes in a closet. Did Yoshi remember? *I hope the hell not.* Oz tore his gaze away and shook himself. *I will not go there.*

"Looks good," Yoshi said, pulling Oz from his memories.

"Yeah. The stuffed trout is one of my favorites." He watched, enthralled as Yoshi cut a bite and brought it to his lips, moaning appreciatively.

Oz shifted in his seat, his cock suddenly demanding more room in his crisply pressed dress slacks. *What the fuck?* On Yoshi's third bite, Oz realized he'd yet to even taste his own fish. *Damn!* Maybe being surrounded by openly gay men rubbed off. He vowed right then and there to call one of the phone numbers local girls kept shoving at him. *Pick a number, any number.* It didn't really matter whose.

His guest glanced up unexpectedly, eyes locking with Oz's. Suddenly Oz found it hard to breathe. A last minute reprieve from his chirping phone saved him from the awkward moment. He didn't recognize the number, but didn't dare refuse what could possibly be a business call. "Excuse me," he told Yoshi, punching the receive button.

"Mr. Cotten?" a too-loud voice drawled.

Oz grimaced, jerking the phone farther away from his ear. "I'm he."

"I've got some information that you might find interesting."

"What kind of information?" Just what he needed, another overbearing sales pitch.

His heart dropped to his stomach at the words, "It's about your family. And unless you want to see your father's dirty laundry aired in public, you'll meet me at the boathouse off Knothill Circle. Say, seven-ish?"

"Is something wrong?" Yoshi hissed from across the table.

Feeling the blood drain from his face, Oz held up one finger and mouthed, "I'll be right back." He dashed out the door and into the hallway, not trusting himself to speak where someone else might overhear. "What kind of information?"

An evil chuckle wafted from the phone. "That's for me to know and you to find out. Tonight. Seven o'clock at the boathouse. And Mr. Cotten?"

"Yes?"

"Trust me. You want to keep our appointment."

The call ended and Oz stared at his phone. *Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. What now?* While he'd hoped to see the burly sheriff again, he didn't expect it to be this soon, and not under these circumstances. But no way in hell would he go to the boathouse alone. And if whoever called him blurted things best kept secret? Well, Oz had enough ammunition on the sheriff to keep the man quiet.

He accessed the internet from his cell phone, keying in "Boxer Fall's Sheriff's Office," clicking on the link that said, "Call."

* * *

"How are you feeling today?" Phil asked, scraping the last strand of spaghetti from his plate.

"Better, I think." Grady rotated his shoulder, hiding a cringe and braving a smile. "I'm not up to bowling, but I think it's getting better," he lied.

"That's good."

"Where's Zach?"

"At a friend's."

Wherever Phil's mind was, it wasn't in the dining room. *Probably thinking about some hot young twink.* Grady couldn't even summon the energy to be angry. Especially when his own guilty conscious ate at him. *I only asked Conrad over here to look out for the best interests of Boxer's B & B. If we don't cooperate with each other, his resort will kill my business. That's the only reason I wanted to talk to him. Liar.*

Phil squirmed a bit in his chair and abruptly asked, "Do you remember back when we first got together? Those wild weekend trips we used to take?"

How could Grady forget them? Back then, he'd thought he was all Phil needed. Their little adventures were just added spice for an already perfect dish. Now he knew the truth. He and Phil were good together, and he trusted that Phil loved him and Zach, but while one man might hold his heart, Phil simply couldn't content himself with monogamy. Slowly Grady had matured, and no longer sought adventures; especially not after Zach came into their lives permanently. Phil, however, still craved variety. And apparently didn't have enough energy left to take care of things at home.

"Go on out to the sitting room," Phil said, nodding toward the door. "I'll clean up the dishes and be right out." Though Grady cocked a questioning brow, he didn't argue. Phil? Volunteering to clean up? He decided to keep the gift horse's mouth closed for now. *Who knows, while he's in a good mood, I might even get lucky.*

A short time later, Phil joined him, a glass of wine in each hand. "You haven't taken any painkillers this evening, have you?"

"No." Grady accepted his wine, curiosity piqued when Phil crossed the room to close the blinds and adjust the gas log fire. Phil fidgeted, constantly in motion. Something had to be on his mind. One by one Phil lit the candles lining the mantel, turning the lights out. The candles and fire bathed the room in a warm glow.

The light played on the stray gray strands in Phil's hair, and Grady's breath caught in this throat. For just a moment an image played in his mind of a younger Phil from years ago. His heart constricted, and he recalled with perfect clarity how they'd felt about each other, and what he'd sacrificed Conrad for. As much as he'd once loved Conrad, it couldn't compare to how he'd felt for Phil. Had felt. Where did those feelings go? Was it possible to get them back? For either of them?

A knock sounded at the door, and a nervous flick of Phil's eyes and a twitch in his jaw gave warning that something was amiss. Did he know something? Had he seen Conrad's distinctive Mercedes parked out front? Were they about to have a showdown?

Phil crossed the room in three long strides. "I'm doing this for you," he whispered, before spinning on his heel and stalking to the door.

"Doing what for me?" Grady murmured, with Phil out of hearing range. He downed his wine, thinking he might need it.

Voices sounded in the hallway, too low to hear. *What the fuck?* Phil returned, a sheepish smile on his face and eyes carefully averted. A young man followed him

through the door, peeling off a heavy leather jacket and tossing it casually to the side.

"You didn't park out front, did you?" Phil asked.

The guy's smirking smile fell slightly. "Do I strike you as stupid?"

Grady's mouth fell open. "You! What are you doing here?" His heart hammered double-time. He never got proof, but had ample suspicion that he was staring face to face with one of his lover's side-things. Oh God! Was that what this was about? Was Phil about to let him down easy? Leave him for another man? "Now see here... "

The guy held up his hand. "...Kevin. Tonight, call me Kevin. Tomorrow, you can go back to pretending I don't exist." "Kevin" handed Phil a CD case. "Put this on the stereo, will you?"

Grady stared, slack-jawed, as speakers normally reserved for easy-listening or classical music vibrated with a Lady Gaga dance mix. He felt, rather than saw, Phil sink down onto the couch and take his hand, as his eyes were riveted to the lithe stud moving in time with the music.

"I'm doing this for you," he heard from a million miles away.

* * *

Trip stared in horror at Brandt's wide, startled eyes, watching the inner spark fade and die. Brandt's entire body seized, then released with one final exhalation. The image shifted, superimposing another face over Brandt's until Trip stared, not at a near

stranger, but into the face of his father. The sensory ghost of gunpowder singed his nose, and his heart beat frantically against his ribs. His dad dropped the revolver, gasping out a final "I'm sorry."

Hot tears flooded Trip's eyes, and he blinked hard, driving back the moisture and the haunting memory, leaving only him and the dead reporter. A wickedly curved dagger lay a few feet away, the blood-smearred hilt gleaming in the last rays of a weak winter sun. Trip squinted, trying to make out the strange shape. A wizard? A freaking wizard? Why the hell would someone use an ornamental knife to kill someone?

Then he noticed a pendant, draped across Brandt's chest, like someone had arranged it there deliberately. A raw crystal, jagged and unpolished. Trip stared, fascinated.

Voices carried off the water, along with quiet laughter, bringing Trip out of his morbid fascination. He frantically glanced right and left, praying no one saw him. Then he did what any self-respecting coward would do. He ran.

* * *

Kevin rolled his shirt up his slender torso, revealing firm abs that fell slightly short of washboard. In perfect time with the music's pounding tempo, he strutted, shoving his crotch forward, too tight jeans hiding nothing. He was hard, and hung magnificently, if his prominent bulge were anything to go by. A moment later he

resolved the mystery, toeing of his shoes and peeling out of his blue jeans to drop them to the floor. He wore nothing underneath.

"But... but..." Grady stuttered a protest.

"Shhh..." Phil whispered, pulling him close and running a work-hardened hand up one thigh. "I've left you needing. I plan to take care of that tonight. It'll be just like old times. Remember? We'd pick up some guy in a bar, take him home with us."

Yeah, but we never brought anyone back we knew. And certainly not... Too in shock to act, to flee the room like he knew he should, Grady remained entranced, paralyzed by his arousal, breath coming in shallow little pants the closer Kevin danced. He reached over to rub Phil's crotch, but Phil caught his wrist, returning his hand to his own leg.

"This is for you," Phil murmured, "all for you."

Kevin placed hesitant fingers on Grady's thigh, midway between knee and crotch. "Is this all right?"

Shy? What little Grady knew of this guy didn't include "shy". Phil wrapped the man's hand in his own, pulling it up to Grady's groin. Grady watched with rapt fascination, as though this were happening to someone other than him. Kevin's eyes widened and Grady caught a barely perceptible hitch in Phil's breathing.

Kevin's face brightened with an ear-splitting grin. "Oh, this is gonna be fun!" he exclaimed.

Hand firmly squeezing Grady's erection, Kevin leaned in, chancing an inquiring glance at Phil, who nodded slightly, before taking Grady's mouth in a tentative kiss.

Kevin pulled away, bestowing the same favor to Phil.

Rather than turn him off, like Phil's not so discreet infidelities, seeing his husband kissing another man while together the two fondled his dick was almost more than Grady could stand. He licked his lips, shifting in his seat, alternating his attention between Kevin's closed eyes and Phil's questioning gaze.

Apparently content that the action suited all parties involved, Kevin roved both hands over Grady's body, stroking his cock through the fabric of his pants, earning a moan — from Phil as well as from Grady. *Holy crap! What am I doing?*

Kevin asked, "We doing this here, or what?"

"I... I..." Grady pushed into Kevin's hand. In the glow of flickering candlelight Phil's eyes glittered, alight with a passion Grady hadn't seen turned his way in some time.

"Suck him," Phil commanded.

Damn, he shouldn't be doing this. But it'd been so long. And Phil was beside him, egging him on. That didn't make it cheating. Still, "Kevin?" *How can I be doing this to someone who...*

Kevin cupped Grady's rock-hard wood forcefully, giving it a promising squeeze. Knowing he shouldn't, Grady heard what sounded like a stranger's voice, whimpering, "Please."

Kevin knelt in the floor, taking his own, sweet, teasing time, unbuckling Grady's belt, popping open the button and easing down the pants zipper one agonizing tug at a

time, letting the anticipation build. He stared into Grady's eyes while sliding the elastic of Grady's briefs down, lifting it over a straining, swollen cock head. He blew a small puff of air across the exposed skin, sending a shudder through Grady. With the barest tip of his tongue Kevin caressed the slit, catching the salty drop beaded there. Grady pressed up, seeking more; Kevin grasped his hips, pinning him to the couch. "Be good, and you'll get a reward," he promised. Grady gulped and nodded, darting a glance at Phil, whose pupils were blown wide with lust.

Kevin worked the elastic further down Grady's shaft, gracing each bit of newly uncovered skin with a swipe of his tongue before taking Grady fully into his mouth, running his tongue up and down bulging veins.

"Not yet," barked Phil, pushing Kevin away and claiming Grady's mouth. "Want him to fuck you?" he growled against Grady's lips.

"I want *you* to fuck me," Grady replied.

Phil hesitated, then replied, "You can have me any old time. But I want to see him take you. Wouldn't you like that? Remember the old days? Damn how I loved watching you get plowed. And the kid's got a damned beer can between his legs."

"What about my shoulder?" Grady protested. He tried to focus on Phil and not the hot man half his age standing a few feet away, fondling a cock to die for. He wanted, damn it, craved that hard flesh inside him. When was the last time? But was Phil for real, or was this another ploy to level the playing field? Something to throw back at him the next time Grady complained about Phil's straying? "Are you sure you're

okay with this?"

"Yes," Phil replied, but wouldn't meet Grady's eyes.

To the slow pulsing beat resounding from surround-sound speakers, Phil grasped his wine glass from the end table, downing the Pinot Noir in one hard gulp.

Phil and Kevin wrestled Grady out of his clothes, and though Phil removed his own shirt, he left his pants on.

"Come here," Phil murmured huskily, pulling Grady in for a kiss. The taste of wine exploded on his tongue, his mouth plundered by a man skilled in kissing, but who hadn't put those skills to the test in a very long time. At least not with Grady.

Phil maneuvered Grady to the edge of the couch, and Grady glanced up to find Kevin kneeling before him, rolling a condom down a huge erection. Phil spread Grady's ass cheeks, rubbing a thumb around his puckered hole. Kevin handed over a bottle and the distinct sound of lube squirting filled the void between songs on the stereo. Phil inserted a finger into Grady, working it slowly in and out.

"NNNNgggggggh..." Grady whined.

"Your back isn't hurting, is it?"

Grady shook his head.

"Good. Now fuck him," Phil ordered Kevin.

Grady's brain, and therefore his opinion, lay buried in a fog of lust. "Is that what you want, Grady? Do you want me to fuck you?" Kevin asked, sounding too cocky to expect any answer other than "Oh HELL yeah!" He gently lifted Grady's legs onto his

forearms.

"Nnnnnngggggh..." was all Grady managed to get out. He arched his back, offering himself up like a gift.

"Fuck him," Phil repeated, smearing lube on Kevin's shaft. "Hard."

Grady moaned in anticipation, rocked and bucked, alternately keening and gasping, when Kevin slowly slid into him.

Working cautiously in and out, Kevin rapidly gained speed. Grady's shoulder protested a violent thrust that slammed it into the couch, but he soon got lost again in the *slap, slap, slap* of bodies connecting and the squeaking objections of the couch.

Heat pooled to his groin. "I'm gonna come!" he cried. Phil's mouth descended to his straining cock, stroking him from the outside while Kevin stroked him from within. "Oh, oh, oh!" he wailed, body tensing. He squeezed his eyes tightly shut, feeling Kevin filling the condom as he unloaded into Phil's mouth.

Kevin collapsed, spent, to the floor while Phil pulled Grady against his chest. Too fast to stop this time, Grady grasped Phil's cock to help him get off too. It wasn't hard, and no wet spot greeted Grady's hand. *What the hell?*

"Please don't leave me," Phil whispered.



- *What did Grady really want with Conrad? And will it tear him and Phil apart?*
 - *Can Phil save his marriage, or is time running out? And who is the mysterious "Kevin"? Will Phil's way of "taking care of things at home" hurt or help his and Grady's strained relationship? Will Grady find out the truth of why Phil's been evasive?*
 - *Has Oz found an ally in Yoshi, or just another problem he doesn't need?*
 - *What is the meaning of the dagger and pendant found with Brandt's body? And did anyone see Trip fleeing the scene? Who could the killer possibly be, and will they strike again?*
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TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Our heroine sits quietly in her cube, just one of many, typing, filing, and breaking the occasional nail, hiding her true identity beneath a clever disguise of nerdy glasses and business suits (with sensible shoes!) Frantic eyes watch the clock as she waits impatiently for the ruse to end and her true calling to begin.

With eager anticipation she drives her average car to her average home, and eats her average (vegetarian!) meal alone. The minutes tick by, and when the sun finally sets she leaps tall sofas in a single bound, shedding her disguise to take on her true super heroine persona. Is she in such a rush to save the world? Save the city? Save the neighbor's kitten from a tree? No! She liberates her laptop from the evil clutches of arch villain, Hall Closet, and flings it open to free the worlds hiding within its depths. There are lonely werewolves searching desperately for mates, spoiled rich boys waiting for her gentle caress of the keyboard to create someone who'll truly understand them, and futuristic soldiers, gunning across the universe to save the men they love... No scenario is too bizarre! A time traveling pirate? No problem! Violin playing specter haunting a Scottish castle? You betcha!

When she'd not busily creating happy-ever-afters for fictional hotties, our heroine enjoys music, the great outdoors, and cruising down the highway on the back of a Harley Davidson.

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