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Boxer Falls: Episode Eighteen

By Zahra Owens

Tony watched his man run out after his son, stark naked.

One moment he was up in the air and the next, he might as well be buried under six feet of dirt. Would Phil ever return his feelings?

Earlier that night Tony was elated to get Phil's phone call and had thoroughly prepared himself for his arrival, but Phil still seemed confused. He kept talking about not having a choice in Brandt's killing, so his memory was obviously coming back, but he was still talking about Grady as if he didn't really know the guy, which meant he probably didn't remember how he'd invited Tony to fuck Grady for him either.

Although Tony went ahead with his seduction, and Phil seemed receptive enough to let Tony help him take his clothes off, Tony hadn't been able to keep Phil from running out after they'd spotted Zach.

Tony didn't have time to reminisce because Phil walked into the house again. This time he seemed almost shy about his nakedness, covering himself with his hand while he searched for his clothes.

“Phil?”

Phil looked up at Tony. “You need to help me cover this up.”

“Cover what up?” Surely he didn’t mean his body?

“Brandt’s body.”

Tony shook his head. “It’s missing from the morgue.”

“How does a dead body go missing?” Phil looked like a light bulb had gone off in his head. “That means somebody else knows about the blackmail too!”

“Maybe he was blackmailing more people?” Tony tried, hoping to calm Phil down. “Maybe he shared his info with someone else? These sorts of guys do it all for the money and they maximize the impact. I wouldn’t put it past Brandt to try to sell his info to anyone who could be damaged by it.”

Phil sat down on the chair covering himself up with the shirt he'd found on the floor. Despite the tension in the air, Tony's eyes raked over Phil's toned body, which was still a little bruised in places, but in Tony's eyes, that only made it more real.

"The Cottens would be hurt by Brandt's information," Phil said calmly. "Conrad would have a fit if he found out."

"You could try to find out what Conrad knows," Tony suggested.

Phil jumped up and started getting dressed. "No way I'm talking to that man."

Tony knew he was playing with fire but he had to try. "If Conrad is upset, he could possibly turn to Grady for..." He braced for impact.

If Phil's early confusion over Grady was still there, Phil might actually think it was a good idea and if Conrad and Grady got back together, Phil would be free to pursue other avenues. The coast would be clear for Tony to move into the picture. Phil's picture had a lot of ifs, but it was worth a shot. "I work at the place. Conrad calls me into his office from time to time. I could try to talk to him for you."

Phil looked straight at Tony, as if he was actually contemplating telling Tony it was a good idea.

Blake looked at the bed, trying to calm his heartbeat.

They were at Vic's place and Vic had sucked him off earlier, Blake standing tall and proud while Vic was on his knees in front of him. It had taken all of Blake's determination to not come down Vic's amazingly talented throat, but he'd roughly pushed Vic's head away just in time. Since Blake had to stay in control, a not exactly pain-free pinch at the base of his cock had prevented the inevitable.

"Prepare yourself," Blake had ordered.

"On the bed, Sir?" was all Vic had asked.

“Call me Captain,” Blake had barked.

“Yes, Captain!”

“On the bed, on all fours,” Blake replied.

How that big lug of a man moved so fast, Blake didn't know. Then again, he wasn't a lightweight either. Years of training had sculpted his own 190-pound frame into a lean, mean, fighting machine.

Blake had taken a step back, since he needed time to cool off, but he hadn't predicted just how hot the sheriff looked with his fingers up his own ass. Or was it the eagerness with which Vic attacked his task? God, how Blake loved a man who could do as he was commanded without raising a fuss.

Blake looked forward to whipping this man into submission. Too bad he wasn't getting a lot of resistance, as Vic was eagerly stretching his asshole to accommodate something that was bigger than Blake could supply. For a moment he contemplated

fisting Vic, but then decided he wanted to *feel* him, feel that big, hairy ass against his groin, feel those meaty shoulders work to push his body back against Vic onslaught.

Damn, staying in control was going to be the hardest thing Blake had ever done. He just wanted to fuck Vic with abandon, but he knew Vic expected more.

Blake had rolled the condom over his erection, trying to touch himself as little as possible before looking back at Vic. “Stop touching yourself.”

Vic complied immediately, raising himself to all fours.

Blake threw him the handcuffs.

When Vic returned a questioning look, Blake answered curtly. “Both hands on the headboard.”

Blake looked down at his erection pointing the way as he moved around the bed, fastening the leather belts already around the bedposts to Vic’s ankles. For a moment

Blake had wondered whether Vic did this with a lot of other guys, since all the tools were so readily available, but then lust took over again, and Vic's winking asshole hadn't helped either. *Damn*, how that man turned him on.

Blake picked the Sheriff's hat off the peg and put it on his head. "Giddy-up, cowboy. I want to ride that bronco!" He stepped up on the bed and squatted over Vic's ass, losing no time plowing into him.

Vic grunted his appreciation in a loud voice. He'd no doubt alerted every dog within a three mile radius.

Despite all the preparation, Vic was as tight as a vice and hot as a furnace. He grunted loudly with every thrust and pulled on his ties, but there was no doubt in Blake's mind that it was all for show. Vic eagerly pushed back with every move forward Blake made. They were so in sync Blake ignored the signs his own body was giving him and before he could stop himself, sparks were flying through his body and he came like a volcano inside Vic.

Damn, this wouldn't do. Vic deserved better than that. He still had some work to do and come on, he had more stamina than that, right?

“Stay absolutely still,” Blake ordered in as commanding a voice as he could muster while he held onto the condom and slipped out of Vic.

Vic was panting hard, but he hadn't come yet. Blake owed him one.

The trouble was he liked Vic's body a little too much. Big and hairy, sweat beading all over that delicious dark skin, Vic was a crumbling mess of desire, but since Blake had ordered him to stay still, and he was trying very hard to comply with his master's wishes. Vic's muscles trembled, much to Blake's satisfaction.

Oh, what the heck, Blake chuckled. Why not have himself some fun?

Adam flopped into the first chair in his living room, exhausted after his long shift at the Bear and Bones. The last 72 hours had been a whirlwind of emotion, and he craved peace and quiet, time alone with his thoughts. He was happy having made amends with everyone after skipping town so abruptly. Everyone but Zach. He shook his head against

the memories of his and Zach's rushed encounter. Oh, God. His jeans grew tight just thinking of Zach's mouth on his, of Zach's hands all over his skin, of Zach's hard cock wrapped in the same fist as his own.

It was useless dreaming of Zach. Zach didn't want him unless he was horny from the drugs he thought he'd taken.

Adam got up and walked to the rarely opened kitchen cabinet next to the fridge where he took out a bottle he hadn't laid eyes on in what? At least six months. He took a swig, and while whiskey wasn't his favorite drug of choice, he savored the burn. "It'll get the job done," he said aloud, staring at the half-empty bottle; get him happily buzzed and asleep in a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes. Christ, he was such a wimp when it came to alcohol. .

Adam took another swig and coughed against the burn. Lightheaded, he sagged against the side of his bed.

Everything was falling into place. He was going to get the chance Dot always told him he deserved and he was going to make the kind of money he knew he was worth. But what was more money, if he couldn't share it? Why did he even bother staying in Boxer

Falls where he'd constantly run into Zach, chasing tail and blowing his mind all over town?

Adam poured some more liquor down his throat and marveled at how smoothly it trickled down. Ah, sweet oblivion beckoned. Might be wise to get into bed while he could still keep one eye open.

Noises from the front door disturbed his twilight sleep, as if someone was fiddling with his lock. Adam struggled to lift himself, but didn't make it any further than his leaden elbows. Though blurry, he focused on the figure looming over him. Tight body, floppy brown hair, beautiful eyes. Zach. He closed his eyes to let the familiar feeling wash over him. When Zach kissed him, he was rougher with Adam than when they'd kissed the last time. Zach's stubble was coarser than Adam remembered too and a faint whiff of after shave didn't stroke with Adam's memory of their earlier encounter. He couldn't think straight, though. He knew the whiskey was to blame, and the hands touching his skin, determinedly making their way underneath his shirt, were making him horny. He didn't want to stop at a rushed handjob this time. He wanted more. He wanted it all. "Yeah, Zach, fuck me, baby."

Blake cracked one disturbed eye open. He wasn't used to waking up next to a well-built, warm body, let alone one that sounded like a buzz saw.

When he looked to the side, he bumped into an elbow, so he raised his head and saw Vic's face, in between hands still holding on to the headboard.

"Fuck," Blake muttered, sitting up completely. He breathed a sigh of relief. For a moment he thought he'd forgotten about the handcuffs, but he was glad to see that although they were still wrapped around the latticed headboard, they were no longer around Vic's wrists. When he inhaled, he got a whiff of man sweat and sex; a powerful combination that made his dick take notice.

He swung his legs over the side and got up from the bed while Vic's buzz saw continued to work his way through an entire forest. Once he was alone in the bathroom, he realized he'd screwed up. So much for making plans to extract information from Vic. He wondering what had crawled up his brain during the night to forget his mission? He was never going to play with that man again. It just fucked with his mind too much. He was going to go back into the bedroom, retrieve his clothes and walk out. End of story. He'd find other ways to get the info he needed.

Blake threw some cold water in his face and did a cursory wash of his armpits and groin, purposely ignoring his half-mast cock. This would have to do.

As he walked back into the bedroom, Vic was propped up against the headboard, handcuffs dangling from his hand, huge grin on his face and his humongous dick rock hard on his belly.

Blake took one look at the alarm clock next to the bed and saw it was still early. He dropped the pair of fatigues he'd already found back to the floor and gestured with his head in the direction of the cuffs.. "Put those back on."

After driving around for what felt like hours, Zach, had only one place he could go to help him get his head on straight. As he walked around to the back of the restaurant on his way to Adam's room, he brushed against a man who was leaving in a hurry. It was still dark so he couldn't make out who it was.

Rider? No. Zach backtracked to see if he could catch another glimpse of the guy. This one was shorter than Ryder. Looked like him, though. But what was this guy doing here? Surely the restaurant closed hours ago. He must have come out of Adam's then.

Zach stopped dead. His one place of refuge didn't exist anymore.

Quinn was actually early for work. Even he barely believed it. The problem was, the door to the Bear and Bones was still locked and although he'd pounded on the doorframe, Adam, who was supposed to open up for him, hadn't made an appearance. So he leaned against the doorjamb and lit a cigarette, just to pass the time. Although Adam was usually accurate like clockwork, he couldn't blame the guy for being late. That would be the pot calling the kettle black.

Quinn had just looked at his watch for the umpteenth time when a sleek, black BMW slowly approached. Not a lot of these kinds of cars drove through Boxer Falls, so Quinn felt his heart rate speed up. *Oz*. What was he doing here? Slumming?

Quinn walked to the curb, arriving just when the car reached him. He tried to look inside, but the tinted windows didn't allow it. He knew *Oz* could see him, though.

The car stopped and Quinn waited for something to happen. When nothing did, he knocked on the window. After long moments, the tinted window rolled down and Oz was behind the wheel. He looked sleek in his white shirt, dress slacks and Ray Ban sunglasses and Quinn tried not to show how nervous Oz's presence made him.

"Hey," Oz said softly.

"Hey," Quinn replied, sounding a lot more cocky in an attempt to feign disinterest.

"I thought you'd be working."

Quinn shrugged. "Waiting for Adam to open up."

For what seemed like forever, Oz didn't say anything, then he suddenly turned to Quinn. "Get in here for a moment. We need to talk."

Quinn put his hands on door and looked intently at Oz. "Why? We can talk here. It's a free country."

"Quinn, just... you know I'm not comfortable..."

“Right,” Quinn said resolutely. “How Yoshi, by the way? Shouldn’t you be sitting by his bedside?”

“Yoshi’s okay, I suppose. The doctors seem to think he’ll recover. But that wasn’t why I was here.”

At that moment, Quinn heard the door of the Bear and Bones open and he turned around. Adam’s head peered out and Quinn thought he looked like shit. He turned back to Oz. “Listen, I need to open up today, but you can come inside and talk while I work.”

Oz sighed. “Are there going to be any customers?”

“Probably not for the first fifteen minutes or so. Take it or leave it.” And with that Quinn walked away from Oz.

Inside, Adam was leaning his outstretched arms against one of the tables.

“Tough night?”

Adam nodded. “Don’t ask.”

The door jingled and Adam stumbled in the direction of the kitchen as Oz walked in. Quinn wet his washcloth, just to have something to occupy his hands with, wrung it out and walked around the bar. “Okay, so talk.”

“I wanted to say ‘Thank You’ for the other night.”

Quinn raised an eyebrow. “What other night?”

“At the hospital. You tried to stop the car.”

Happy Oz wasn’t actually thanking him for the sex, which would be just too weird, Quinn smiled. “Almost got run over too. What was that all about anyway?”

“It was my father. Running out of the hospital. He was carrying a knife.”

“A knife?” Quinn parroted.

Oz nodded. “I only saw it in a flash. It didn’t look familiar. He’d been acting weird at the hospital and this was just one more thing. I didn’t know what to do, just that I had to stop him. And then I remembered you were outside and you’d be there before me.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t able to—“

Oz stopped Quinn's rambling with a kiss that stole Quinn's breath.

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- * *How much does Phil really remember from before the accident?*
 - * *Will Tony get his man?*
 - * *Is Blake going soft on Vic, or only growing harder?*
 - * *Who was in Adam's bed?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

Author Bio:

Zahra Owens is a multi-lingual globetrotter who loves big cities just as much as wide-open spaces.

She likes her men strong, silent and damaged and can't wait to find them their happy-ever-after, the road there often leading via hospital beds, villas with gorgeous vistas or ranges full of horses.

Zahra is a proud member of the Rainbow Romance Writers, the Romance Writers of America, and their Professional Author's Network.

The only way Zahra could ever finish all the novels still in her head is if a day would have 36 hours.

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