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Boxer Falls: Episode 22

By S.A. Garcia

Quinn scowled at the door. He dropped his voice to a disbelieving whisper. “What the hairy fuck? What does Sheriff Handcuffs want now? Hey, invite him in. I bet he’d get his big rocks off over a impromptu threesome.”

The possessive look Oz aimed at him shouldn’t have excited Quinn in such screaming volume. “Don’t even think about it.” The look transformed into a demeanor Quinn had never seen on Oz’s face, a cold, hard expression better suited to the senior Cotten. “All I know I am sick as fuck of our sheriff acting like a lawman only when the manner suits him. Finish tucking in already.”

Quinn watched Oz adjust his expensive clothing and turn into someone he didn’t know, a person he wasn’t sure he ever wanted to meet, inflexible and prepared to do damage. Ah fuck, this destructive side of Oz turned Quinn on even more. “Should I leave? I can sneak out through the garden door.” Quinn cocked his thumb toward the diamond paned glass door. “Or I can hide in yer bedroom.” He winked in tease.

“Why leave me?”

“Yo, you wanna talk to him with me here? I thought I need to serve the guests?”

“Fuck the guests. Sending you away is a mistake.” A determined smile stretched Oz’s lips. “After all, I’d like an audience for this upcoming confrontation. I want you to be my audience.” Oz grasped Quinn’s palm and kissed the bandage. “Today you bled for my family. I think I owe you.”

The door rattled again. The knob twisted. The brass fixture tried to leap free from the ornate screw plate and commit metallic suicide. For some reason the knob didn’t want any part of the impending situation. “Open up already!”

Fuck, Voyeur Vic sounded ready to pop a blood vessel. Something nasty twisted his balls. As much as Oz’s sweet request to remain created smarmy warmth in his brain, Quinn wondered if lingering for the action seemed smart. The bar did need his skills. Fuck, really, the two other hayseeds working the bar barely understood how to mix a proper rum and cola. If someone ordered something fancy like a Vesper Martini or a Zombie, the ass-wipes would look for a motorbike or a horror flick.

Yeah, right now Quinn wanted to knock back a few emotion-squashing shots. He glanced around at the polished wooden surfaces. Huh, no crystal brandy decanter

occupied a fancy silver tray. What the balls, TV rich folk always had booze decanters in their office.

Ah hell, instead of protesting, he reached out and mussed Oz's hair. "Fuck, let the mooching asses go thirsty. Ya just make sure I get paid for the entire time, boss."

"Deal." Oz smoothed back his hair and turned toward the door.

Vic's voice hammered the door in wrecking ball intent. "Oz? You think I'm deaf? A maid said she saw you come in here to administer first aide. In case you did experience a hearing-impaired moment, I said I need to talk to you about Rider's chainsaw stunt and the discovery of a rotting head."

The sheriff acted like a primo dick. Quinn made a decision. "Oz, hold up."

The older man twisted back toward Quinn. "What?"

Power flowed through Quinn's muscles. "Did I ever tell ya that Vic is a voyeur?"

“How do you...”

Oz’s sharp intake of breath made Quinn smirk. “Yep. He’s a fuckin’ Peepin’ Tom. A sleazy window-pane licker. I never checked, but there’s probably a slimy spunk bush growing under my window.”

“Thanks, baby.” This time Oz’s smile matched a shark’s smelling blood.

Baby again. Sorta sweet but too fast in the timeline. Not the time to creep out over the word, not when showtime had arrived. Quinn collapsed into a chair and watched Oz stride across the room. The elegant man unlocked the door. His stern demeanor reminded Quinn of a P-town summer when someone had made the brutal mistake of mocking one fierce drag queen’s summer frock. “Sheriff, will you please stop bellowing in the hallways? We are hosting a civilized party, not a hog-calling contest. Come in already.”

This must be an out of body experience. Tony's rational brain refused to believe that he followed Conrad up to his office in the main building. Wait, the situation seemed perfect. Being alone offered him the chance to get Conrad to open up to him, to maybe drop a secret or two. He kicked the common sense urge that had told him not to pursue this avenue under the rug. Not under dead leaves, no fucking way. The sick event earlier in the day made him swear off dead leaves and strolling in the woods maybe forever. He wanted to tell someone about the disgusting head, but Sheriff Neale's stern admonishment to remain silent or else convinced Tony to shut up. He had heard rumors about the sheriff's sexual proclivities, but the big man still owned the ability to scare even the innocent.

He still wondered why the gruesome sight didn't freak him out more. Some weird form of latent shock? Yeah, maybe the same shock made him accompany Conrad to his office for... what?

Wait. Did he hear someone yelling over in the family wing? "Mr. Cotten, did you just hear a raised voice?"

Conrad's harsh, dismissive laugh did nothing for Tony's twitchy nerves. "No doubt it's Rider pitching a typical fit. I locked him in his room and took away his iPhone. His little stunt at my party displeased me."

“Umm, yes, he did act strange.”

“Strange? His stunt sailed beyond strange. He made a dangerous, juvenile decision to act out because he expects me to play Lord of the Manor to someone I don’t even know or care about. I refuse to suffer any more of his nonsense. I want Rider out of here, but first I need to discuss the situation with Oz. Perhaps we can convince my wastrel son to enjoy an extended European vacation.”

Tony swallowed. The tone of Conrad’s voice made Tony think the father wanted to pay for the son to be kidnapped and abandoned in a ruined Transylvanian castle. Why did Conrad reveal such details to him? “Mr. Cotten, it is a shame how things have played out for you.”

“Is it?”

Way to not encourage answers! “Well, with the accident, and the surrounding hub-bub...” Tony trailed off in hope of gaining a response. He also halted before he said anything rash about Grady and Phil or Grady and Conrad.

The older man's right hand waved at the air. "Mere unfortunate events which I strive to overcome. Here we are."

Conrad's welcoming tone didn't match his smile. Something hungry lurked in the smile. Tony hoped he viewed mere lust, nothing more.

Vic's eruption into the room reduced the office's grand scale. His angry stare focused on Quinn. "What the hell are you doing here, bartender?"

Years of enduring too many dismissive stares tripped Quinn's bitch switch. He held up his bandaged hand and wagged his fingers. "Boss Cotten wanted to make sure I didn't bleed into the guest's party drinks. Ya know, I mix a kick-ass Bloody Mary, but I never seep real blood into the drink. Surprise, the rich dude is a regular Flo Nightingale."

“Isn’t that a delightful revelation? Thank you for the useless details.” The voyeur’s insulting tone raked across Quinn’s nerves. “Well, Quinn, I want to talk to Oz alone. Take a quick walk back to the bar.”

Oz shook his head. “Excuse me, Vic, you are in my home, and I don’t appreciate you ordering around my—dear friend. If you want to talk to me alone, give me a good reason.”

The handsome sheriff propped one big hand on his hip. He glowered at the smiling Oz. “Pushing me, are we?”

More than ever Quinn wished he had popcorn and a beer. Forget seeing titans clash on the big screen. This small scale live event suited him fine. Watching two studly males taunt each other stiffened his cock. He hoped the clash didn’t end with Vic snapping cuffs on Oz’s fine wrists before Quinn had the chance to force them over the handsome man’s head. Speaking of heads, what the hell did Oz have to do with a rotting head? Gross.

“I don’t push at all. I resent you barging into my private suite after yelling in the hallway. What if the guests hear your commotion?”

“They are too busy gathering to watch the fireworks to worry about the commotion. Hell, man, after the commotion your shithead brother created, nothing I yell will top that. Wait, I could march out there and ask if anyone knows anything suspicious about the rick folks who run this place.” Vic crossed his arms and cocked his head in open antagonism.

Quinn swallowed. No shit, Vic’s mammoth cock pressed hard against his uniform trousers. This scene excited him just as much as it did Quinn. He glanced at Oz’s expensive Chinos. No, okay, Oz’s cock didn’t tent his trousers. Why did Oz’s defiance excite Vic? What had Quinn missed here?

Rider stalked around his suite raking his fingers through his hair. His fucking dad was a piece of maggot-infested shit. Yeah, dear Daddy had paid lip service to Oz before he strong armed Rider to his room with the help of that fucking cop. The rage filling his father’s muscles made Rider realized his stunt had backfired. Imagine Oz stepping in to help. What a sick joke. Goody-two shoes Oz could bluster and threaten all he wanted to, but he had forgotten dear daddy’s dark, vindictive streak.

No one planned to do anything for Yoshi. Fuck it, if Yoshi remained in that Podunk hospital, he'd never recover.

If Yoshi didn't recover, Rider couldn't enjoy his revenge. Fucking bitchy bad luck. Imagining taking revenge on Yoshi helped Rider keep a little piece of his soul intact. Yoshi's suffering in the hospital didn't count. Rider needed to make the suffering personal. The dumb prick didn't even understand what he had done to Rider. Rider planned to remind Yoshi in fucking clear terms.

Another prowling circuit brought him to the tall windows facing the rolling lawns and the lake. Not as fine a view as the paying guests enjoyed, but what did that matter?

"Fucking old bastard!" Rider slapped a wall. Everything foul spun back to Dad. Old Conrad Cotten wanted everything. The old prick imitated a sucking black hole. When Mom had stuck it to the old man, Rider celebrated. He didn't care, as long as the money remained in the family. Mom's checks came in handy.

Tonight Mom's money didn't buy Rider out of this mess. What the fuck had he been thinking? A fucking chainsaw? He was lucky he hadn't chopped off his own head let alone another guest's arm.

Sam. He need to reach Sam. Wait, fuck, what if the covetous old bastard had gotten to Sam first? Rider remembered how Daddy Perv had ogled Sam like he was a prime steak cut. Sam wasn't above being paid off for services rendered.

Rider ran and slammed his fists against the door again. Locked in like a naughty child!

He needed to escape. Rider turned and stared around the room in frantic intent. His stare fixed on a decorative hot chili pepper and lime scented candle he had received as a gag gift. Hmm. He studied the filmy lace inserts hiding beyond the thick blue drapes. He hated those dainty things. Or at least he had until now.

Despite the cooling night temperature, Rider opened the windows. The frisky breeze fluttered one insert over his small oak desk.

A pack of matches from the Bear & Bones came in handy. Rider snickered, yeah, the B&B located on Candle Street. How cute. “Thanks, B&B.”

He lit the candle and carried the weight to his desk.

“Don’t you like the port?”

Tony obediently sipped more and shrugged. “The flavor is a little, well, thick.”

“The flavor needs to sink in. Drink more for me.” Tony obeyed. He winced at the medicinal flavor. This night turned a little strange. Tony drank down half the glass before he gasped for air. Conrad tapped the crystal to Tony’s lips in command. He drank the remainder. Wow. What potent shit.

“There. Please relax already. I’m not going to bite you, well, not unless you want me to nip. Look, what a wonderful light show! The silver and purple blast looks

spectacular.” Conrad’s powerful hand gripped the back of Tony’s neck and squeezed. “Strip down for me. You are such a beautiful man. I want to see if your body matches your face.”

Tony swallowed in surprise. The advantage in height the older man had on him made Tony feel oddly powerless. Well, he had come up here expecting something to happen, not just to chat. The strong port made him feel fuzzy and warm. “Okay, sure.”

Conrad stepped back and pushed his office chair into the room’s center. “Stand before the window. That way I can enjoy both shows.”

Tony posed before the window. His fingers started unbuttoning his dress shirt.

“Please, Tony, do you plan to stand there like a statue? Come on, young man, you are the center of my attention. Act worthy of my regard.” Conrad smiled in anticipation. “Maybe dance for me?”

Dance? Okay, that sounded peculiar but why not? Tony urged himself to relax and let the port’s warmth defeat his muscles. He swayed his hips, back and forth, round

and round. Why the fuck not? He flapped his shirt open and shut in what he hoped looked like enticement. He decided gaining any answers from slick Conrad didn't seem likely. He worked off his trousers and kicked them off along with his shoes and socks. His stiffening cock pendulumed from thigh to thigh. The firework's flashes created light streaks on his skin.

Conrad's applause made him grin. He took a little bow and twirled.

"Excellent. Mmm, you are a beautiful man. How far will you go for me tonight?"

"Mr. Cotten?"

"Tony, please, call me Conrad."

Tony felt ridiculously thrilled. "Sure, Conrad." He swayed his hips again. "What do you want me to do now?"

“Open the lower desk drawer. Extract what you find in the black velvet bag. Keep dancing but turn toward me.”

Tony swayed his ass at Conrad and leaned down. His fingers extracted a battery-powered dildo and lube from the bag. Oookaay, this scene turned a little kinky.

Across the room, Conrad sounded breathless in excitement. “Do you think you can dance and pleasure yourself? I’d love to see the sight.”

“Before you run around asking meaningless questions of the guests, care for a drink? I know you are on duty, but that never stops you from the occasional indulgence, eh, Sheriff?” Oz stood and opened the bottom cabinet in the tall bookshelf. Quinn smirked in satisfaction. There, the rich dude hid his hooch.

“Cognac?”

“No thank you, sir.”

“Yo, count me in.” A tense silence accompanied Oz serving the tawny-hued liquor. Quinn had never developed a taste for the expensive shit, but he appreciated the numbing warmth. Great, Oz left the decanter within reach.

Oz settled back behind his desk and gestured to the seat next to Quinn. “Please, Sheriff, don’t stand on ceremony. Sit.”

A sound more suited to an angry bear slipped free. The big man shifted from foot to foot in prelude to aggressive attack. “I prefer to stand.”

“Suit yourself.” Oz leaned back and tented his fingers. He tapped the tips together. “Now, to answer one of your accusations, my brother Rider performed a little entertainment for the guests, a performance art stunt. Judging by the excited reaction, his act hit the proper chord.” A saintly smile appeared.

Quinn somehow halted his snort of disbelief. Man, that lie stank like a bean fart. He glanced between Oz and Vic. The sheriff’s incredulity tried overpowering Oz’s

confident smile. “Oswald Cotten, in my years in the law, I have heard some fucking whoppers, but your lie just set a new extreme.”

Oz examined his fingernails. “Not only do you barge into my personal space, but you also accuse me of lying. Vic, you certainly aren’t racking up the popularity points.”

“Playing Sheriff Popular isn’t my plan. When you spin out lies, it makes me wonder what else you lie to me about during questioning.”

“Questioning? When have you ever officially questioned me?” Quiet triumph coated Oz’s tone.

This skirmish kicked a movie’s ass. Quinn sipped and regarded Vic. The sheriff’s initial rage had diminished into beginning bewilderment. Old Vic had never expected this level of what, play, offensive play, hell, call it outright attack from Oz. “After how I have prot—“ Vic swallowed. He turned his glare to Quinn. “I’m sure I can find something to take you in for questioning about, smartass. I don’t need you sitting here smiling at me. Beside, isn’t it about time for you to pull up stakes and sneak off somewhere else for the summer? That’s your usual procedure, right? Kick back for the season then when you get

in hot water or annoy the wrong person, you split the scene. Where are you off to next?
The summer season starts reaaaaalll soon, reds.”

The injured look Oz tossed his way infuriated Quinn. Yeah, he shouldn't feel surprised that Vic had investigated him. “Sorry, dude, this time I plan to park my pale ass here for the summer. There's too much going on in the Falls for me to want to, as you say, split the scene.” He had received an offer from a great bar at Rehoboth Beach but had turned them down.

Oz's take control tone dominated the room. “Sheriff, pardon me, but we are not here to talk about Quinn. Now what is this about a rotting head?”

Tony worked the lubed dildo up his ass in easy motion. His muscles relaxed to accept the slick hard plastic. Conrad stood and walked until he stood next to Tony. His fingers trailed down Tony's back to carefully rock the dildo inward. Tony gasped in acceptance. “Do you need help, dear Tony?” The dildo urged in for another half inch. “There you go.” Conrad's hand started moving the dildo in a smooth, steady motion. “Do you want me to turn it on for you?”

“Please, Conrad.” Ahhh fuck yeah, the pulsing vibrations jerked Tony’s body in pleasure.

“Why did you come up here with me? I’m sure you didn’t come up here only to ass swallow a dildo for me. Tell me the truth.”

The sad tone in Conrad’s voice jerked Tony from his pleasure. Conrad sounded like a lonely man. “Tonight, Conrad, you seemed like you needed attention. You are a very handsome man. I’m curious about you.” Despite his resolve to not become mixed up with someone else, Conrad’s dominant persona rocked Tony’s cock. He did want to know why Conrad had singled him out.

“Really. Ah yes, you do appreciate older men.” Conrad continued his stroking, back and forth. Tony worried about coming on the floor.

“Will you dance for me again? Ah, see, the fireworks display is ending. Dance for me before the final glow.” Conrad patted the dildo a final time and returned to his chair. “After tonight, you deserve a bonus.”

At least Conrad enjoyed Tony's performance. The bonus suggestion made Tony feel a little like a whore, but so what. He hardly planned to turn down the offer. He returned to his dancing. Dancing while clutching the vibrating dildo deep inside seemed oddly effortless. Tony twirled and pranced. Conrad's merry applause encouraged Tony to bend over and shake his dildo-adorned ass at his boss.

His balls collected for a finale. He swung upright and arched his back just as his cum shot into the air to splatter over Conrad's desk. The seemingly endless fireworks finale cast multi-hued tints over his spew.

Whew, his orgasm knocked the sense from him. Exhaustion and stress from the day's earlier gruesome discover conspired to conquer Tony's euphoria. Aw fuck. Tony sank to his knees and pressed his forehead into the expensive carpet.

"Tony, are you all right?"

"Just tired, Conrad. Today was such a weird day." He felt Conrad slide the dildo from his ass.

“I agree. Just relax. You thrilled me. Tony, we need to discuss your future.”

Rustling sounded in Tony’s hearing. A warm, hairy chest pressed to his back. An erect cock pressed between his cheeks. Strong hands ran over his arm muscles.

He snuggled back. Tony owned the feeling they had finished round one. Wow, judging from the huge erection teasing his ass, round two had just soared into place.

Oz’s insulting laughter made Quinn pour out more brandy. That shit tasted super smooth. The taste reminded him of the times a few famous rich assholes tried to seduce him using pricey drinks. Pricks.

A cold spike rammed into his spine. How did this night seem any different? Fuck that, unless Vic hauled Oz away, Quinn sensed a chance for a spectacular second date. Watching Oz taunt the infuriated lawman turned on Quinn to the point of near rupture.

“Vic, Vic, Vic, what you describe has nothing to do with me. I’ve done research and learned a few lessons about you. Why do you always question me in an unofficial capacity? Your whole ‘gee, I am your pal, your protective buddy’ is bullshit. Tell me, old pal, does the subject of handcuffs and voyeurism alarm you?”

Vic lunged forward and slammed his large hands against the polished wood. “Are you threatening an officer of the law?”

“Am I? I thought I merely made an observation.” Oz settled back in his chair and sipped his cognac.

Quinn adored how the fireworks painted the sky behind the drama.

He sipped and wondered which man would snap first.

Vic’s right hand slapped the desk again. “Fine. Tonight you decided to play your games. Next time I won’t go easy on you.”

“If you have solid proof, not speculations and nonsense, I agree, take me in.” Oz held up his wrists in mocking presentation. “I know how much you adore handcuffs, sheriff.”

“Fuck you, Cotten. This isn’t the end of this discussion.” Vic stormed from the office. The slamming door rattled the frame. Somehow the reluctant doorknob remained in place.

“Wrong, sonabitch, the conversation has ended.” Oz collapsed into his padded leather chair and shook his head. “That was a fucking chore. How did I sound?”

Quinn stared at Oz. He started laughing like an insane hyena. “Your lie about Rider sucked, but aside from that you fucked his world hard. What the fuck is up between you two, aside from Vic’s dick?”

“What?”

“Dude, I’m surprised that Sheriff Shackled didn’t limp from the room. He packed a serious woody. You arguing with him got him going in a huge way.”

An odd expression flickered across Oz's features. Quinn narrowed his eyes. "Yo, did you and he..."

Oz held up a halting hand. "No. Never."

"Ya know I did him. Once was enough. Not that I didn't have fun, but fuckin' a cop makes me squirrely, especially one who likes to fuck in alleyways."

Fresh disbelief made Oz look even tastier. He shook his head. "Hell, I tried to put seeing that out of my mind. I forgot you also saw the action."

Quinn pressed his pointer finger to his lips and puckered his lips in mock dismay. "Whoops, dearie me, I see lots of things around dis place. See, ain't I a fucking fount of knowledge?"

This time Oz appeared puzzled. "I know I haven't been back here too long, but I received the impression that the Sheriff enjoyed a good reputation. I wonder why the hell he works so hard to ruin himself."

“Like I told you, the dude picked me up at a freakin’ rest stop. But yeah, why does he wanna kill his career? I didn’t appreciate a few of his shitty remarks, but I ain’t gonna blow the whistle on him. I know you won’t because you love the power trip you slammed on him.”

“You make me sound like an asshole.”

“I won’t think you’re an asshole if you give me another crack at yours.” Quinn inhaled a deep breath. “Let me tell you I have a thing about second dates. But since I ain’t got no plan to skip off this summer, I’ll make an exception for you.”

Oz’s deep laughter tingled Quinn’s cock. “I’m honored, dear sir. Now if you’ll come right this way, I have a bed I’d like to show you.” The heir to the Cotten legacy began unbuttoning his shirt. Quinn tossed off his clothing and managed to fall into the orgy-worthy bed before Oz finished slipping his white boxers down his muscular thighs.

“Dude, man, white boxers? I noticed that before.” Quinn directed his chin toward his discarded red boxers. “I think you can afford ones with colors, right?”

Oz dropped atop of Quinn’s pale muscularity. “I don’t notice such nonsense. This, yes, this I notice.” His fingertips pressed against Quinn’s massive erection in flute-player’s precision. He tapped up and down. His thumb teased at the beginning drops.

Quinn gasped and grinned. Hey, if his dick started releasing notes, cool, he could make a mint from owning a musical cock. Instead only more salty drops leaked free. He arched his hips in appreciation. “Back off already. That is unless you wanna test your sword swallowing skills.”

Oz sat and batted his fingers against Quinn’s erection. “Why not? We have hours to play.” He leaned down. His lips teased across Quinn’s cock.

Wow. Too much stimulation. Quinn surged up and grasped Oz’s hair. “Dude, bad idea.”

“Why?”

Yeah, fuck, why? Quinn knew he was negative. He hadn’t enjoyed unprotected sex since like the stone ages. “You are such a fuckin’ innocent. All this money and power yet you are just a babe in the wilderness.”

Warm laughter teased against Quinn’s cock. He squirmed in pleasure.

“Care to drop a few more clichés on me?”

Quinn’s fingers batted at Oz’s head. He made sure he messed up Oz’s hair again. “Smarty pants bitch.” They laughed. Oz leaned up and hugged Quinn in a wrestle-worthy

squeeze. Man, so much Oz flesh slamming close tested Quinn's control. He jerked free. Their lips traveled over flesh: pale, golden, hairy, smooth. Fingers teased hard cocks in silent challenge.

This seemed natural. Quinn twisted against Oz. They kissed hard enough to click teeth. "Whatta you want, rich bitch, a suck or a fuck?"

"Right now I want to feel you against me. I want everything because everything feels new. Give me a fresh experience."

"The dealio works for me." Quinn maneuvered Oz to the mattress. Before Quinn mounted his attack, Oz tensed and looked up toward the ceiling. He frowned and sniffed.

Quinn huffed in mock annoyance. "Excuse me, I do not stink."

"Fuck, it's not you. Do you smell smoke?"

Did he? A little tang filled the air. "Yeah, come on, the reek is probably from the fireworks. Don't sweat it." Quinn didn't want to waste their erections. He kissed then nipped, yeah, he worked his way down Oz's straining throat until he attacked Oz's hairy chest. He bit nipples and applied his teeth to Oz's hard abs, bit in deep enough to cause red welts. A gasp sounded above him. Good, Oz yanked hard at Quinn's messy hair. The rich boy entered into the game's spirit.

Quinn nipped his way over Oz's firm lower belly, back and forth like a manic typewriter. Pubic hair turned into a messy hedge deserving cropping. Quinn bit and yanked. Oz's yelps and frantic hair pulling told Quinn he hit the pleasure zone.

Fuck, Oz still smelled classy, like a mix of sweat, musk and expensive herbal cologne. His musk forced Quinn's teeth to nip and tug until his lips massaged over Oz's hard cock. Quinn rarely sucked anyone's cock because latex spoiled the fun, but tonight he knew he sucked virgin territory. The concept thrilled him.

“Ready, baby?”

Oz gasped out a question. “For what?”

“The time of your life.” Quinn worked his lips over Oz's cock, bobbed down to take the warm length into his mouth, released and repeated the drill. The joy of working a free cock hammered Quinn's cock into wild excitement. Virgin cock. Fuck, outstanding. He imagined himself as a settler claiming new territory. Quinn never cared much for history, but his act turned historic. He twisted to lick Oz's balls, traced his taint, tongue-prodded his asshole and twisted back to speed up the ritual. Again. Again. Oz's musk deepened in need.

His prodding tongue knew that Oz soared toward a quick release. His lover's, fuck, had he really used that dangerous word, cock tensed in primal finish. Quinn devoted time to hoovering his lips up and down Oz's cock. He didn't want to miss the virgin spew.

Oz's fingers mauled Quinn's hair into serious abuse. A low growl attacked the air. Quinn accepted the hot rush flowing from Oz's cock. He let himself go against Oz's knee. Why not?

Overhead a scream shattered the air.

Luckily Quinn jerked back from Oz's cock without causing damage. Fuck! He looked up at Oz's concerned features. "What the hairy fuck?"

"Look, really, I smell smoke."

As if in agreement, fire alarms squealed in annoying volume. Quinn inhaled and coughed. Yeah, no blaming that problem on the fireworks. "What the fuck is on fire?"

"Rider's room is upstairs." Oz rolled, yanked on his boxers and ran. Quinn followed him. Fuck, running naked felt stupid and uncomfortable. Upstairs the smoke thickened into a rolling gray fog.

“Rider? Are —”

“Oz!” Panicked hammering shook the door. “Dad locked me in. The curtains are on fire! Help me!”

What a crazy-assed situation. Yeah, Rider was a rich prick, but even he didn’t deserve to fry in a fire. Wait, fuck, why not? Quinn flexed his legs and waved Oz back. “Let me try this move.” He paced back, ran, and leapt in a flying snowboard maneuver. His heels slammed the door at the lock. Ouch! Quinn bounced back from the door and fell to the floor. *Shit, that hurt!* He stared up at Oz. “Fuck! What the fuck is that door made of, iron?”

Rider screamed again. “Heeeelp me! The fire is spreading fast!”

As Quinn scrambled to his feet, the men stared at each other in alarm. “That end table! Maybe we both can break the door.” Oz and Quinn each grabbed a side of the antique table.

A commanding voice almost made Quinn drop the table. “What the hell is going on here?”

Quinn halted and turned around. No surprise, Oz glared at his father. “You cruel bastard, you better hope Rider isn’t hurt because you locked him in. Where’s the fucking key?”

Quinn hated how his cock reacted to Oz’s fresh fury, but he loved how old man Cotten admired his naked body. Conrad’s beard almost quivered in approval. “In my study.” Conrad turned and ran.

“Quinn, let’s see if we can do something now. One-two-three…” They slammed the table into the door.

Zach shifted against the snoring Adam and peered into the air. What woke him up? Refinishing the floor while drinking beers had done them in way too soon. Earlier when Adam suggested fucking in the kitchen, the stunt had appealed to the shit-faced Zach. Not smart for the body, especially when they rolled around against the cold metal counter. His lower back felt like someone had kicked a few muscles. “Hey, do you hear that sound?”

Adam started and blinked at Zach in the dim light. “Huh? No. Hear what?”

“There, listen.” Zack sat up and concentrated. “Hear the fire engines?”

“Please, probably some stupid stray firework set a pine tree on fire.” Adam pulled Zach back into the wrinkled tablecloth nest pushed against the industrial refrigerator. “Now that we’re awake...” Adam’s warm fingers teased against Zach’s cock.

“Back off, Chef Romeo. Time for slap and tickle later. Right now I’m hungry for more of your delicious cheddar and chive crab dip.” Zach shrugged off Adam’s sleepy attentions and stood. He stretched. Making love in the kitchen had thrilled him, sorta like fucking in a public space, but sleeping on the hard floor defeated his body. He shook stiffness from his muscles and walked to the counter containing the remains of their post-refinishing festival. Bottles littered the metal surface. Yeah, fuck, they had downed too many beers.

Despite the large fans sucking out the air through the open dining room windows, the smell of polyurethane still hung heavy in the air. Zach crinkled his nose. Yeah, trying to finish the job in one day had also been stupid. This time Zack blamed Adam for the planning lack.

Behind him the back door lock clicked like a rifle shot. The door creaked open in warning.

Zach whirled around in panic. Adam looked ready to puke.

What the fuck?

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Will Tony become Conrad's dildo dancer?

Will Rider escape the flames unharmed?

What did Yoshi do to Rider?

What does Conrad think of his oldest's son new amore?

Who walked in on Adam and Zach's kitchen capers?

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

Author Bio:

Thirty years ago, I started writing m/m romance. My writing remained a secret lest my friends thought me a freak. Writing about men inserting tab A into slot B didn't seem the norm for a female teenager. Reading Gordon Merrick, John Rechy and Larry Kramer helped me fill in informational gaps. Of course I read those books only in my bedroom.

As the years progressed and I discovered my sexual path, I still wrote m/m romance, although the stories progressed from lurking in notebooks to hiding on the computer.

Now I am glad I kept the writing faith. Six published novellas and novels later, my life is a fun quandary of too many stories hindered by slow typing skills. I accept the silly challenge.

S.A. Garcia's World of Words

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