



Episode Twenty Five

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Boxer Falls: Episode 25

By Brita Addams

Conrad stood naked at the window of his suite at Whispering Ridge, looking out over Lake Fergus. Behind him, he heard the steady breathing of a sleeping Tony. They'd fucked all night and still, he wanted to more.

It'd been that way for him and Grady, all those years ago. They'd sported hard-ons twenty-three hours a day. Tony didn't look anything like Grady, but he had the same his eagerness in bed.

As though it was yesterday, Conrad remembered when Phil came to town, part of a crew hired to build the Boxer Bed and Breakfast for Dot and Ira. Hell, when he and Grady came home for the holidays that year, he'd had no idea how drastically his life would change.

He and Grady had toured the B&B and Grady was never the same. Phil's buff body had attracted him and it was all he'd talked about for the rest of their time home.

To be fair, Conrad had been attracted as well, but Grady had acted as though what they had between them was nothing, and he'd risked it all to shamelessly flirt with a crude man with little education and less finesse.

Conrad looked over at Tony, who lay on his stomach across the king size mattress.

Dumb as a stump and possessed of all the youthful energy he, Conrad, had once had,

all those years ago. He shuddered at the thought that Tony was his Phil. What was it about handy-men, anyway? He failed to see the attraction, at least in the long run.

They'd never spoken of anything substantive. Tony didn't know about books or music, other than Lady Gaga and some techno band that Conrad could never remember the name of. Tony'd rather eat burgers than filet mignon, corn dogs rather than lobster.

Grady'd recently made the same complaint of Phil, and so many more, including Phil's propensity to fuck anything with a dick and a willing ass.

Tony stirred and so did Conrad's cock. In some fucked up way, Tony brought him back to his youth, years he'd shared with the only man he'd ever love.

He walked to the bed, rolled on a condom, and lubed himself up. Tony rolled to his side. "Daddy C. is horny, I see."

Conrad mentally rolled his eyes. "Yeah, roll back over," he said as he knelt on the bed. He didn't want to see the boy's face.

Tony poked up his ass like the good whore he was. He wagged it when Conrad fingered lube inside him, then hissed when Conrad squeezed his balls. "Oh, fuck yeah." Sliding into the tight heat, Conrad thought only of the moments in his life when it was Grady beneath him, rocking back against him, taking the initial pain that preceded the pleasures to follow.

"Oh, God," he moaned as they rocked together, finding the age-old rhythm. "It's so good."

Conrad leaned forward, resting his arms on either side of his partner's head. Tony moaned in response to each thrust. "I love the sound of that," he whispered. "Do it again."

Loud, lustful sounds punctuated each staccato stab, as Conrad teetered on the edge.

"Oh, fuck, Grady!" he shouted as he came, much quicker than expected.

"Hey, old man!"

Conrad opened his eyes at the shout.

"The name's Tony, not fucking Grady. Did you forget where you'd dipped your dick?"

In a post-orgasmic haze, Conrad stared down at the wrong, youthful partner.

Something gripped his heart so tightly it hurt. A loss as fresh as the day Grady told him he was in love with Phil Boxer.

He backed off the bed. "I'm sorry," he murmured as Tony bounced off the bed and bounded toward the bathroom.

"Yeah, sure, but damn, you've been doing that a lot lately. You must miss that silver-haired devil."

Not one to share his innermost thoughts, Conrad thought it particularly astute of Tony to observe his pain exactly as *he* saw it. "I do."

Tony came out of the bathroom with a washcloth and handed it to Conrad. "It's warm, thought you might want to wash up."

Numbly, Conrad took it, rocked by a stab of memory of how Grady used a warm washcloth to wash them both up after they'd spent hours in every position possible.

"Thanks, it's thoughtful of you."

"Yeah, no prob, Phil does that all the time, says he learned it from Grady."

Conrad wrenched his head up. The straw had just broken the camel's back. "You know this is all wrong, don't you? Don't you miss Phil as much as I miss Grady?"

His expression no longer glib, Tony smiled weakly. "Yeah, I miss him a lot. Thought I had him after the accident, but then. . .well, it didn't pan out."

Conrad tossed the washcloth toward the bathroom. "How about if we work together to get what we want?"

"Whatcha mean?"

Yeah, he was as stupid as Conrad had always thought. "I'll help you get Phil back, if you help me get Grady. We'll double team them, show up wherever they are, flirt, call, hell, drop by for visits. I want Grady and you want Phil. Nothing says we can't go after what we want."

"Nothing but that fucking marriage license."

"Phil says that?"

"He has. Says he and Grady are married and they adopted Zach, and that makes them a family."

"Then why does he cheat with you and every other dick in town?"

Tony waggled an eyebrow. "I 'spose he likes younger meat, just like you."

Conrad slapped Tony on the ass. "I'd rather my meat, as you so crudely call it, well aged."

"That's not what you were saying a few minutes ago."

Conrad laughed aloud. "You know what they say about love the one you're with."

"No, I don't," Tony said, looking puzzled.

With a disgusted eye roll, Conrad walked to his desk and picked up his phone. No

messages, a surprise. "Okay, what do you say? We make a play for the men we want and we won't stop until we have them. Is it a deal?"

Tony scrubbed his face, then tugged his dick. "Yeah. If you get Grady out the way, I'll have Phil all to myself."

Damn, the boy was Einstein on training wheels. "That's right. Sound good?"

Tony stroked his dick. "Let me take care of this and then we can go get some breakfast and make our plan."

* * *

"Of course, doctor, no problem. I'll be there later this afternoon." Conrad hung up the phone and turned his chair toward the window. After breakfast, he'd sent Tony off with a couple thousand dollars in his pocket and instructions to buy himself whatever he needed to set Phil's dick on fire. Leather, jock straps, cologne, it didn't matter as long as it worked.

Conrad figured that would keep Tony occupied for a few hours, giving him time to come up with a foolproof plan to woo Grady. It'd have to be pretty tightly conceived, because Grady's grief after the accident had proven that he did have deep set feelings for his philandering husband.

But, he reminded himself, Grady still had feelings for him as well. Why else would he have succumbed to sex so easily when they were alone or complained to him about Phil every time he turned around?

He swung his chair back to his desk when the door opened. "Hey, Dad," Oz said, as though they hadn't had a volatile few days since Oz got bailed out of jail.

"Hey, yourself. I didn't expect to see you."

"I thought you might like to come with me to get Rider. I just talked to him and he's anxious to come home."

"I just spoke to his doctor and he said that your brother is responding well to the medication, so yes, I'll have the car brought around in about an hour."

"Must we do it with such pretention? I thought I'd drive up."

"I'd rather do this my way. It'll give the three of us time to talk on the drive back. You know, we're all we have and somehow, I think that's gotten lost. For some reason you and Rider think I don't love you, and it's time you both realized that I do, more than

anything. Everything I do, I do for you."

Oz stared at his father, his eyes sad. "I guess I know that, but sometimes, old man, you irritate the crap out of me."

"What goes around comes around, son, but through it all, we're family."

"Rider keeps reminding me of that, especially when he's in trouble and doesn't want you to know about it."

"He's fucked up because of this bipolar shit, but the doctor thinks he'll be all right now, if he stays on his meds."

"You mean he *really* isn't an arsonist?" Oz said with a chuckle.

The hammering downstairs was a constant reminder of Rider's angry outburst. "No, he isn't. I suspect he's a confused kid, who doesn't feel loved and whatever other shit they can blame on me and your mother."

Oz walked to the other side of the room. "You have to admit that you and Mommy Dearest aren't exactly stellar examples of parenthood. She leaves us physically, and you left us emotionally. We were pretty much on our own, you know?"

Conrad had heard this tune many times before. Hell, he'd pulled it on his own father. "Without my hard work at saving the family empire, you wouldn't have your Ivy League education and your brother wouldn't have lived all over the world on the Cotten dime. I've made sacrifices too, son."

"Yeah, nannies raised us, Dad."

"And you don't complain while you're spending the money. The fact remains, we need to pull this together, before we really lose each other. I couldn't face that. If you don't believe anything else, believe that. There are factions that would take us all down. We have to stick together. Protect each other as best we can."

Oz nodded knowingly and Conrad saw, that despite the animosity that festered between them like an open wound, Oz understood.

Conrad drew his son into a hug Oz didn't take to right away. There was no doubt he had a long way to go before his sons understood the way he felt about them, but he'd work hard at forging a solid relationship with his sons. Then, together, they'd take on the world.

"Come on, let's get to your brother before he changes his mind."

Oz threw his arm around his father's shoulders and laughed. "You know, if he did, that could work to our benefit."

* * *

With the boss off to get his renegade son from the booby hatch, Blake had the day off. Days off always made him itch for the kind of activity only one man could provide.

He sat in his car watching Vic pass by the window as though he was pacing. Vic was eyeball deep in murder investigations and arresting near-naked Cottens, and with his own work for Conrad Cotten, looking what makes Trip Whitlock tick, there hadn't been a lot time to hook up in a couple of weeks.

His cock hardened at the sight of Vic walking away, but then it always had. That ass was one in a million, and it hadn't gotten any less desirable over the years. Hell, he wanted nothing more than to have Vic handcuffed to his bed, his blazing red ass in the air. . .

Blake dug his cell phone out of his pocket. He dialed and the number rang once, then another half ring before the deep, velvety voice answered.

"Yeah, lover, what's up?"

"Miss me?"

Vic didn't hesitate. "Always. Where you been?"

"Just around. You know I have to work for a living. Don't ask so many questions."

"Ah, okay then. Did you call for a reason, or just to bust my chops?"

"My place, six o'clock. Eat on the way. What I have in mind is better appreciated on a full stomach."

"Mm, sounds interesting. Can I bring anything?"

"Yeah, your handcuffs."

Vic gave him an appreciative chuckle. "I never leave home without 'em. See you at six."

Blake ended the call without another word. Just hearing Vic's voice got his mind working overtime on any number of decadent ideas – all of them involving Vic, bare ass naked, contorting in pleasure and pain. Anything else would be a bonus, and he was definitely in the mood.

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Vic knocked on the door at precisely six o'clock. He'd had a difficult time finishing out his shift and it was even worse in the shower. He used all the restraint he had not to jerk off as he replayed what Blake had promised on the phone. The kinkier the better.

Blake answered the door and immediately hauled Vic in by the collar of his red Izod shirt. "You smell good," Blake said as he licked Vic's neck.

"For you."

Blake's dick tented his fatigues. Damn, but he loved it when Blake was already hotter than a poker.

"Get your clothes off, junior. Don't make me tell you what I want."

Vic handed his handcuffs over, then stripped out of his clothes. Blake's voice held that military tone that sent fucking chills down his spine. Things hadn't changed so much since the early days, in the Army, when they'd first met.

"I know what you want, sir."

"Tell me, then do it."

"You want me with my ass up and ready for whatever you want to do to me."

Blake rolled Vic's nipple between two fingers, before he pinched tightly. "I want to hear your pain, you got that?"

Vic's dick wept. "Yes, sir, I understand."

Blake led the way to the bedroom. "Get the paddle, just for a little warm up."

Vic padded over to the dresser and got the redwood paddle that Blake had bought especially for them. He rubbed his hand over the smooth surface, anxious for the festivities to begin.

"Grab your ankles, soldier. I'm in a mood and only seeing your ass a bright red will satisfy me."

Vic bent over. He didn't like this position, because he often lost perspective and balance, but Blake loved seeing him like that.

Blake slid the paddle over Vic's glutes. His balls ached at the teasing, but he suspected it'd be a long time before Blake allowed him release.

With a barrage of rat-tat-tat swipes with the paddle, Blake warmed him up. His head swam in that position, but he knew better than to say anything. Blake would do this his way – he always did.

The paddling started in earnest, and Vic counted out each beautiful stroke. "Ten," he grunted as a particularly harsh one caught him just at the top of his thigh.

Blake's warm hand grasped the tender skin, and Vic wanted to groan, but played a game with himself, seeing how long he could keep from begging – for what he wasn't sure, it could be either release or more pain.

"Stand up!"

Vic rose slowly, to keep from suffering the dizzying effects of his blood rushing back to where it belonged. His ass throbbed pleasantly, but he needed much more attention than ten well-applied spanks.

He put his hands behind his head, and spread his legs wide. Blake liked him as open as he could get – vulnerable, he always said.

"Good boy." Blake grabbed Vic's balls and tugged.

Vic came up on his toes, making to worse. He closed his eyes and let go a satisfied groan.

"I've never understood your need for pain, Neale. You are such a glutton. I remember a time when I could whip you raw, and you'd be back the next night for a replay."

"Yes, sir, I remember that, too."

Blake walked around Vic, touching him randomly, pinching, tugging, swatting. The attention was good, the pain not nearly enough. "I want to hurt you so bad, Neale. Then I want to comfort you. Do you want that, too?"

"I'm here to please you, sir. If my pain gives you pleasure, all the better."

Blake kissed him, forcing his tongue into his mouth. He bit down on Vic's until Vic jerked, then released him. Damn, he'd missed Blake and his capacity to torture. Aside from that which his fertile mind conceived, the man had gained considerable skills in the Army.

"You want something up your ass, cowboy?"

Closing his eyes briefly, Vic conjured up memories of Blake's arsenal of toys. "Yes, sir, please."

Blake walked away, but Vic didn't dare turn to follow him with his eyes. Blake returned soon enough, bringing with him a length of rope, and dread. Blake knelt in front of him. Careful not to touch his deprived dick, Blake tied the rope tightly around his balls.

As the skin stretched tight, Vic squirmed.

"This'll hurt," Blake said with his usual reverence to causing pain. He smoothed his finger over Vic's distended jewels.

"Oh, fuck." Vic's eyes rolled back into his head at the touch.

"Sensitive, isn't it?"

Unbearably. Vic knew what came next, Blake had threatened it often enough. They'd dabbled in CBT years before, and Blake had more than mastered the T part of the equation.

Blake tied his arms behind his back, then attached the rope around his balls.

Vic's cock wanted to play, something Blake obviously knew and chose to ignore. The bastard hadn't even spared him a lick.

"Lie face down on the bed, soldier." The order was gruff and struck at the part of Vic that needed it to be.

Blake went ahead of him and piled pillows in the middle of the bed.

As he draped himself over the pillows, Vic's ass clenched in anticipation and spread his legs wide.

"Hands behind your back."

Once Vic obeyed, Blake handcuffed his hands together, then secured his wide-spread legs to the bedposts. Vic watched as Blake gathered some of his more formidable toys, making a show by holding them up for Vic's approval.

The bed dipped and Blake positioned himself behind Vic. With calloused fingers, Blake entered him using their favorite cinnamon-scented lube that warmed with use.

"More, sir, please."

Vic wanted Blake to tear him in half. Give him such pain he'd have to swallow his pride and shout for all he was worth. Blake wouldn't stop until he did, but by the same token, Vic didn't want to peak too soon. "The black one, please."

Blake gave him several blistering, open-handed spanks that woke Vic up to reality. "Do you presume to tell me how to do this?"

Under a shower of more stinging swats, Vic groaned, "No, sir. Sorry, sir."

"I give the orders." The spanking stopped. Blake toyed with him, pinching and rubbing the huge, unlubricated dildo across his abraded ass. "You want this, don't you?"

Vic bowed his head and attempted to open his legs wider. "More than anything, sir."

Blake put the toy into Vic's mouth roughly, nearly gagging him.

Vic imagined it to be Blake's dick, though of the two of them, Vic was better hung. He wanted something, anything, to make him scream in pain.

The dildo disappeared from his sight. In moments, a heavy waft of cinnamon teased his nostrils, then Blake poised the dildo at his entrance. Rough hands fingered him, then pushed the toy past the first tight muscle.

Vic's eyes watered at the blinding pain. He let forth a growl, while he couldn't school his body still. He howled as Blake tortured his tender balls. *Now*, they were getting somewhere.

Blake slapped his flank, adding to the chorus of agonizing pleasure. Sensation assaulted him as Blake's relentless entry continued.

Vic struggled against his bindings. With no time for his body to adjust, Vic rode the pain as it coursed through him. Every nerve ending fought back, screamed for relief, yet he craved the next wave.

Blake slid the toy nearly free, then with his usual persistence, pushed it in further. Vic wished he could see his hole stretched beyond imagining. He wanted all Blake had to give.

"You amaze me, Neale."

"How so, sir?" Vic panted.

"You're such a pain slut, yet a relatively mild mannered guy."

Blake teased his prostate with the dildo, pleasure beckoning from just beyond his reach.

"Oh, Christ in heaven," Vic moaned.

"I didn't know you were a religious man," Blake chuckled.

Vic opened his mouth to answer, but was stayed by a ringing phone.

Everything stopped when Blake got off the bed, leaving the dildo embedded in Vic's ass. Son of a bitch!

"Yeah, hello."

"Sure, I can do that in the morning."

"Well, I'm kind of in the middle of something right now."

"Yes, sir, I understand. I'll be there as quickly as I can get there. Yes, I know it's important. I'll see you in ten."

Vic relaxed his body against the pillow, disgusted at the interruption. He turned his head to the side to see Blake grab his boots.

"Something urgent at the Ridge? Did one of the crown princes lose his wallet or something?"

"Don't know, but Cotten says it's urgent and he pays me well to take care of all his

unsavory situations. Gotta go."

Blake reached over and released Vic, though Vic remained in place. "Sorry to leave you on the edge. We were just getting started."

"You can't leave me frustrated like this, you asshole."

Blake picked up his keys, and headed for the door. "Hold that thought. I'll try to get back before your shift in the morning." A harsh swat stung Vic's tender ass. "Duty calls. There'll be other times."

Vic smiled. "Yeah, yeah, I know all about fucking duty."

"Just relax. Stick around. I'll call if I can't get back." Blake had his hand on the doorknob. "Ah, meanwhile, don't jerk off."

Vic started when the door slammed shut. Damn it. Jerking off had been the one thing he was sure he'd do.

* * *

On the ride to and from Boston, Conrad had devoted his attention to first just Oz, and then to both his sons. A complete restoration of trust and familial bonding would take more than a few, secluded hours, but they'd made progress, particularly between him and Oz. On the way home, Oz had argued that Rider had to man up and act like he had some sense, while Rider decried his emotionally deprived childhood as the reason he'd found himself in the rehab place to begin with. Same shit, different day. Rider was definitely a work in progress.

Once he'd returned to his office, Conrad felt more comfortable turning his anxious attention to Operation: Destroy Boxer Marriage. He paced his office while he waited for his hired man to arrive. Conrad had zoned out somewhere between Palmer and

Springfield, while he set down plans for getting Grady back. He'd be relentless this time, no fucking around.

Grady Boxer had been the only thing in his life he'd wanted more than anything else, and the one thing that had escaped his grasp. Money couldn't buy Grady, else Conrad would have given up his fortune for a lifetime with him.

"I'm here, boss. What's so urgent?"

Conrad turned to face a rather disheveled Blake. Watery patches stained his fatigues, his shirt hung loose and wrinkled. "Did I interrupt something important?"

"Sort of, but it can wait."

"Good, then sit down and let me tell you what I want you to do."

They sat at the long conference table that stood in front of a bank of windows, facing out over the lake. Beautiful at night, the moon's reflection dancing off the glassy calm of the water.

"You see that cabin?" Conrad asked.

"Yeah, sure."

"There's a lot of great memories there for me and I want more of them."

Blake looked at him quizzically. He cleared his throat. "Ah, how does that involve me?"

Conrad shook his head. "Sorry, just thinking aloud. Drop everything else I've assigned to you, I have something much more important. You'll have to hire someone else, maybe more than one person, but they have to be someone you can trust. Discretion is key, you understand?"

"Absolutely. Just explain what you need, and you'll have it."

"Good man. It's surveillance and I want it around the clock, no gaps, until you get the results I want."

"It sounds pretty straightforward."

"It's really quite easy, Blake. I want you to have Tony and Phil Boxer followed.

Everywhere they go. I want to know when they shit and when they fuck, each other or someone else. Detailed reports, you hear. Leave nothing out. Names, dates, times.

Follow them separately, follow them together. Buy the best, long lens cameras you can buy, video included. I want their every movement recorded. Plant bugs at the B&B, in their cars, up their asses, I don't care. Most important, get me photos of them fucking each other, with every picture time stamped."

"Sounds like you might have blackmail on your mind."

Conrad flinched. "Not at all. And keep this between us and your trusted men."

Conrad slid an envelope across the table. "This'll get you started. Get me what I want, and you can write your own ticket."

Blake leafed through the sheaf of one hundred dollar bills, then gave Conrad a satisfied look. "Seems I've just forgotten all about what I was doing earlier."



Is there something between them still, or does Blake simply like someone willing to do his bidding?

** Will Rider ever grow up?*

** Will Conrad's plan to get Grady back come with a price, he may not be willing to pay?*

** What is it that brought Vic and Blake together years ago?*

** How long will Blake leave Vic horny?*

** How did Blake and Vic really meet?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Brita Addams was born in Upstate New York in a small farm town. However, she's lived in the sultry south for many years. She shares her home with her husband and real life hero; their youngest daughter, a fat cat named Stormee, and Fiona, the super-puppy, who often doubles as her muse.

Whether it's historical romance or more recently, contemporary, Brita likes nothing

more than to have two heroes vie for alpha position. Boxer Falls gives her a chance to use her sense of humor, something her family swears is lacking.

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