



Episode Twenty- Seven

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Boxer Falls: Episode 27

By Mary Calmes

It was late Saturday night and Sam was tired but very thankful that he'd given Eduardo Diaz a second chance earlier in the day after he'd seen Rider Cotten. The kiss off, the whole *it's not you it's me*, had made him sadder and touched him deeper than it should have and after some soul-searching, he felt better. He knew he needed closure and that's exactly what he was going to get.

At the hospital door, standing watch, was Eduardo. He looked completely different now than he had last time he was in Boxer Falls, in an Italian suit, hair shaved close to his scalp, and two thousand dollar wingtips on his feet-- the epitome of seriousness. Gone was the man who had nailed Sheriff Vic in the alley behind the Bear & Bones. Eduardo wanted to be Sam Kabir's go-to guy and he was not going to blow his second chance no matter how hot a piece of ass was dangled in front of him.

"You're good *boss*," Eduardo tried out the word.

Sam nudged the man sleeping in the bed under him at that point and waited for his eyes to flutter open.

Yoshi Pollack, who remained paralyzed, was still able to register alarm in his face and in those big dark eyes of his when he saw Sam looming over him with a syringe in his hand.

“So,” he cleared his throat softly, “here’s the thing, you, me and Rider, we all knew each other from high school so that’s why when I was gone that summer and you showed up with Oz at school, he was more than willing to hook up with you.”

Yoshi was frozen, just staring up at him.

“I mean, you must have known that he’d been carrying a torch for you for awhile and so you what, took advantage when you realized that Oz wasn’t into you?”

The pleading eyes were annoying so Sam grabbed hold of Yoshi’s face and held it tight. “You like the plastic gloves?” He had seen Yoshi’s eyes widen and knew they had terrified him.

“Boss.”

Sam stepped back, hands and syringe behind his back as Eduardo stepped into the bathroom.

The door swung open and he recognized her profile even before he saw her face. When she moved, fluidly forward, the knee-high designer boots clipping the floor, the light silk pashmina swaying with her stride, Sam took a moment to admire her beauty before she stepped forward into the moonlight coming through the window.

“What are you doing here?” Sam Kabir asked his sister Aishwarya.

“You need an intervention,” she told him, smiling. “Starting with this.”

He stood there numbly as she held out her hand.

Without even thinking, he placed the syringe in her hand. Aishwarya, who had spent her life looking out for her younger brother, walked to the foot of Yoshi’s bed, untucked the sheet and light blanket and uncovered his right foot. Quickly, efficiently, she shoved the hypodermic needle between the webbing of his big toe and second and pushed the plunger. As Yoshi was paralyzed, he felt nothing but the pressure itself.

As fast as she uncovered him, she covered the man back up and moved fast to his head where she grabbed his hair and leaned down close.

"You don't prey on things smaller than you that love you, that trust you and depend on you; it makes people mad, even homicidal. You're going to be in a lot of pain for several long minutes Mr. Pollack but at least this way you'll be able to consider your crimes. Turning on a friend and stealing dogs," she tsked. "How banal."

His body jolted, bowed, in a clenching arch of pain as Aishwarya stepped back, grabbed her brother's bicep and told him it was time to go. She snapped her fingers at Eduardo, threw her wrap over her shoulder, and opened the door.

Sam saw Gino Torres sauntering down the hall toward him with something in his hand. When they met him, the nurses calling out a thank you to Aishwarya for the pastries and coffee she had delivered on her way to the room, she waved and smiled. It was breathtaking, the smile, the gorgeous pale gray eyes, her long thick black hair, the woman could have been an international model instead of the crime lord that she was.

"What is that," Sam asked Gino as the hit man fell into step beside them. Sam's own still gloved hands pushed into the pockets of his leather jacket.

"A video scrambler," Gino yawned, giving a head tip to Eduardo. "Don't want anyone to see you or Aisha."

No, he didn't.

Quinn heard the shower start and was torn. Half of him wanted to get up and go in there and get all warm and sudsy with Oz Cotten and the other half was certain that telling the man to get out of his home was really in the best interest of his heart.

Quinn didn't do relationships. Quinn had seen what happened when love went south up close and personal.

His mother had been his best friend and he had adored her. It was just the two of them when his father was away on a tour. She was the sweetest, kindest, funniest person he had ever known. Always she was the first one at the airport waiting for his father to step off the plane, always she was running and flinging herself into his arms and he hugged her so tight and kissed her so long. Everyone had stared at them; Quinn's apple-faced, button-nosed, mother with her flaming red curls and freckles and his big, strong strapping father. They made a perfect picture and Quinn had no idea that it could ever end.

It was fast the way his world had imploded. His aunt, his mother's sister, had pulled

him out of school. She had been crying but like all the Farley women, raised by his grandfather, she was bearing up, and holding Quinn's hand tight as she explained. His mother had wrapped her car around a telephone pole. She had been doing eighty at the time and had died before help could arrive. His father was at home, waiting.

"Why didn't he come get me?" He had asked his aunt.

"He was busy, sugar."

Once he got home, with his aunt waiting outside, her eyes suddenly cold and hard, he understood as he went in. His father was not alone; there was a man there with him, pacing back and forth.

Quinn remembered his father's confession that he was gay, that his mother had known but that this last time, when he got home, she had asked him for a divorce. He hadn't wanted that, and Quinn understood, even at fifteen, that his father wanted both, needed both. He and his mother were for the service, for looks, this man wearing a collar pacing the floor, was what he really, truly loved.

Quinn couldn't look at Blake and simply walked back out.

After the funeral at his grandmother's house, his aunt Rita took him upstairs and gave him his mother's journal.

"You have to understand, you she loved."

Pages and pages of descriptions of Blake's indiscretions, how she had first found out and confronted him right after Quinn was born but how she couldn't leave and he had told her that he would not, could not stop. They would have only one child as it was all Blake could do. He loved her; he just could not bear the idea of being in bed with her. Quinn understood that day that all of it, everything, was fake. His whole life, the foundation, was a lie.

He tried to live with Blake, to give the man time to heal. His mother had said in her journal, over and over, that Quinn should never stop loving his father, the lies and secrets were between her and Blake, and there was nothing but true love between father and son.

But Blake withdrew, he changed, was distant and then there was a phone call one night and Quinn had overheard Blake. Something had happened to the guy who had been at the house that day, the one with the collar, the sub; Quinn knew when he was older.

Another man had taken what was Blake's and now the man was dead. The strangled cry from his father was the last Quinn had heard or seen of him until he had arrived in Boxer Falls.

The water shutting off in the bathroom brought Quinn from his memories. Leave it to fucking Oz Cotten to dredge up all this shit that he had buried so far down that...fuck!

"Hey I was thinking that--Quinn?"

His eyes met the other man's.

"Are you all right?"

"I--"

The knock on the door cut him off and Quinn growled before he stalked over to it and threw it open ready to eviscerate the "video release guy" if he was out there again. But it was a guy in a red jacket holding two huge white shopping bags.

"Hi," he grinned up at Quinn and the look was not appraising in any way, simply amused. "Mr. Cotten called for food to be delivered."

Quinn was stunned. He simply turned and looked at Oz over his shoulder.

"What? You said you didn't wanna go out?"

He stepped aside as Oz, clad only in a towel, walked over as if this was all perfectly normal, stopping only to grab a twenty out of his wallet.

He tipped the guy, took the food and closed the door. He then walked to Quinn's kitchen and started to unpack something that smelled mouth-watering good.

"I...you..."

Oz spared him a look. "I'll just make you a plate and then I'll go. You don't really look like you're up for company tonight."

Fuck-fuck-fuck. When was it time to just deal and not run? He wasn't his mother, suffering in silence, love unrequited, or his father, trying to live with passion and love in two separate people. He was, if nothing else, honest to a fault. And hadn't Oz jumped too?

"Just eat with me," Quinn growled, stalking over to his phone, grabbing it, and returning to lean against the counter.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," he snapped as he deleted numbers out of his contact list.

Oz snuck a glance over at the other man, saw precisely what he was doing and smiled to himself as he opened aluminum foil that the bread was in.

Quinn slapped his phone down on the counter when he was done and walked over beside Oz. "That smells fuckin' great."

"You might be hungrier than you thought," Oz grinned lazily and Quinn felt his stomach flip over.

The man had the sexiest lips Quinn had ever seen and the idea of them sliding over his cock sent a shudder down the back of his spine.

Gently, Quinn put a hand on the small of Oz's back, loving, as always, the feel of the smooth skin under his palm. "I am hungry and this was real thoughtful of you."

"I can be nice," he chuckled.

Quinn's hand slid lower over the tight firm ass covered by terry cloth. "I can be too."

Oz turned and kissed the man's nose. "I know you can baby."

Baby? "What the fuck was that?"

Oz dissolved into raucous laughter, head back body shaking, and even though Quinn was annoyed, shit if Oz didn't look good with every single defense down. *Dear God, what the hell was he going to do about Oz Cotten?*

Trip Whitlock was sitting on a couch in the lavishly refurbished, remodeled, Sherwood mansion and wondered when it was that he had missed all this work getting done? There was what looked like a television studio in one wing and the other, where he was now, was just decadent. And he knew the entire place looked amazing because he had been given the tour. Why he had been walked around to the stables and the tennis courts, through the gardens with the pools full of brightly colored koi, passed the

Jacuzzi and the decorative pool with the sandy beach style entrance, he had no idea. Maybe it was a treat before he died?

One minute he had been snapping pictures of Blake taking pictures of Grady and Phil having sex--he had no clue why--and the next he was being stuffed into the trunk of Crown Victoria.

Now he was waiting, parked on a fine example of Louis the 14th furniture, the loveseat costing, he was certain, more than his college education.

"Mr. Whitlock, thank you for coming."

He had never been interested in girls and was not the kind of man who ever drew them but still, he had to admire the woman now standing in front of him. Really, she was simply breathtaking. She reminded him of the Bollywood actresses his ex had loved. It took him a minute to recover. "I think you have me confused with someone else. My name is--"

"Please don't insult me," she said, swishing the riding crop in her right hand and gently patting one of her polished boots.

All of it, her hair, the jodhpurs, the helmet under the other arm, was so cliché and classic that he almost swooned. He so wanted to be the kind of rich she obviously was, so completely at ease in wealth and privilege having clearly grown up in it.

"I know who you are," she refocused his attention on her. "You're here at my request and you have a chance, and only one, to be a part of my brother's world or I will simply give you to Gino and he can make me a snuff film with you as the star. I have quite a few of those."

Trip's heart was in his throat that fast. He had always thought he could be terrifying if need be but really, the slight woman in front of him was scarier than he'd ever been.

"You mistook my brother for weak or inexperienced and I assure you he is neither," she said as she walked over to him, stopping close, only an ornately carved coffee table between them. "But more than that understand that my brother has me and I am not to be trifled with."

No she wasn't and Trip heard that clearly.

"Instead of uploading porn to You Tube of young men fucking in kitchens, you might consider actually doing what you came here to do which was to bring down Oswald

Cotten."

How the hell did she know that?

"If he did to me what he did to you and your family, I too would first break him and then kill him. But you lost your way, even screwed his old man." She made a face. "So now you will do it my brother's way as he too has had the cobwebs cleared from his mind."

"I don't know what that means."

"Do I have your attention?"

"Yes I--"

The slap of the riding crop across his left cheek was more painful than he would have imagined. The stroke was hard and had been expertly delivered.

He cried out but even before he could process the pain; he was passed a towel with ice in it. He understood then why the man who had kidnapped him had remained after he gave him the tour.

"Please understand," her voice was edged in warning and he saw it in her eyes, deadness, there was a piece missing, and she would kill him without thought. "If you turn on my brother, if you hurt my brother, if I even think you're considering disloyalty, I will take whatever is left from you and give you to Gino. I killed Mr. Pollack last night simply because in a roundabout way he caused my brother pain. I implore you to take me at my word."

The murder, admitted to in so prosaic a manner almost made him faint.

"Oh."

They all turned and there was Sam, standing in the hall, freshly showered, having just awoken even though it was just past eleven in the morning.

"Good morning," he greeted Aishwarya and Gino and...Trip? "What are you doing here?"

"He's going to host your show," his sister beamed at him. "Who better?"

Sam squinted at her. "What?"

"Darling, you need someone to host your show don't you?"

He thought about it a minute.

"It won't be you, you don't want anyone to know it's you, and Mr. Whitlock, who's going under the knife tomorrow, will be perfect."

Trip caught the last part and had to smile. Prosthetics were problematic, facial reconstruction surgery, now that was promising.

"I'm remaking him, just small changes, a nip, a tuck, a new nose, but enough. He'll easily heal in six months and by then you'll have all your footage taped and edited and be ready to go, yes?"

Sam nodded.

"I'm having documents made as we speak. So Mr. Whitlock will cease to be as well as the cheap alias he's going by now. We'll create Conner Shea, web host, who will bring Boxer Falls Unmasked to the Internet."

"Boxer Falls Unmasked?" Sam winced.

She waved her hand dismissively. "You know what I mean; you didn't have a name picked out either."

Sam shook his head and remembered back to the night before and how manic he'd been when they got back from the hospital in Boston, when they got back from killing Yoshi Pollack.

She had come down after her shower to sit with him. Aishwarya Kabir, his older sister, was smiling at him. Just that much of her attention had calmed his rabbit heart and made him stop in mid-pace.

"What are you doing here?" He had whimpered.

"Come sit down," she held out her hand to him.

"How can you be so calm?"

"It's just death Sam," she told him like he was a child instead of twenty-five and she were his mother's age instead of thirty. "Come here."

He crossed the room and sat down beside her on the couch, their hands clasped tight as he gazed into her eyes.

"So the baby aspirin," she began, and waggled her eyebrows at him. "That was all me."

His eyes got huge. "You?"

"Yes me," she said like he was stupid. "I intercepted a DEA agent in Columbia who--"

"What were you doing in Columbia?"

"Running down a tip from my informant at Interpol who--"

"My God how many people do you have on your payroll?"

She tipped her head to try and think.

"Aisha!"

"What," she chuckled, pushing his hands away. "There's no way I just let you gallivant off to the states and don't check up on you and make sure no one's going to hurt you."

"I had Gino to--"

"Who do you think told me that you were in Boxer Falls? I mean when you hide, you really hide."

"I wasn't hiding."

"Your cell phone was untraceable." She pointed out.

"You could have just emailed me."

"And have someone hack my account and find you? I don't think so."

He sighed heavily and finally, there was a trace of a smile. "I almost called Gino back here to kill this guy Zach that I gave some product to to sell for me. When his fuck buddy had it taken off of him by the sheriff and it came back as baby aspirin I--"

"How did you get a toxicology report?"

"I have the sheriff's office bugged."

She nodded, "Nice."

"Yeah so, I knew it was all bad which is why that bastard Zach is still breathing, and I was looking for the person who switched out all my stuff."

"That would be me."

His heart was in his throat. *Rider. Did his sister poison his personal stash?* "And my own stuff was--"

"Poisoned," she interrupted him. "Which I didn't know about until later."

He was relieved to hear it. "What happened?"

"Your supplier, Ramon, something--what was it?"

"I don't know, I called him Angel."

She grunted. "Well, he had the pills for your private use poisoned after you used some of it first and then gave your name to the DEA agents he had on his payroll. It was a mess."

He let her take his hands again.

"So someone in my household switched it out, tried to kill me."

"Yes," she agreed. "That would be your housekeeper Charita."

Sam had not seen her all day.

"Aisha what--"

"Again," she sighed like she was bored. "Sam, you know what happens to people who try and hurt you. It vexes me."

He cleared his throat. "Did she...did you...Gino--"

"Gino likes boys," she reminded him. "And no she didn't suffer...much."

"Okay so, what now?"

"Never mind, it doesn't matter. Your brain's going to hurt with all of it."

"But what did you do?"

"I cleaned it," she said simply.

"What?"

"What do you mean what? All of it? You know I don't traffic in drugs, it's so dated, so Scarface and the mob." She shivered dramatically.

"Oh?"

"Yes dear," she winked at him. "Weapons, guns, that's where the money is."

He sighed deeply, easing his hands from her grasp, reclining and stretching his legs out in front of him. "So what, you just killed everyone?"

"Yes dear," she smiled at him like he was simple. "I told you, I cleaned it."

"So Angel, my drug supplier?"

"Dead gone, ashes scattered, what else do you want to know?"

"Your contacts, the DEA agents, the Interpol--"

"Same."

"Aisha."

"Love," she smiled at him. "I took over the family business because you couldn't be bothered. You wanted to see the world, rule it someday, fine, whatever. But now because of who I am and who father made me before he retired, there are pieces that I know that you never will. Don't fret; I'm your safety net whatever happens."

"I know but--"

"Fine. Here it is. Anyone who knew that you ever dabbled in pharmaceuticals is dead."

Rider. "Not--"

"Not your pet, not that idiot Boxer boy who believes you gave him baby aspirin," she said, rolling her eyes. "One has a reputation too trashed to be believable and the other is simply too stupid to live."

He shook his head. "You are thorough."

"I am that."

After a minute he sighed deeply and her eyes narrowed.

"So it turns out that Rider's not a drug addict, he's actually mentally ill and will need to be on anti-depressants for the rest of his life."

Her brows furrowed. "And I care about this...why?"

"You like Rider Cotten."

"No, I like the Cotten fortune that you always said you wanted access to."

He raked his fingers through his thick black hair. "I know I just--fuck."

"Oh love I know," she said, leaning close to put her hands on his face. "I know you loved putting Rider back together every time he broke. You liked being the guy on the white horse for him. Your ego enjoyed that charge of being needed, wanted, because no one else allowed you to be that for them. But if he's been diagnosed and he's getting help, he doesn't need you anymore. But if you can't have Rider or his father's money, then what on earth are you still doing here? Come to Abu Dhabi with me, we both need a vacation."

He smiled at her and the way his eyes sparkled and his dimples popped, she was, as she'd been since he was born, smitten. He was her beloved, the only one who had never hurt her, disappointed her, or betrayed her. Everyone else, even her father the way he sometimes second-guessed her, the disapproval of her lifestyle by her mother, her string of lovers and friends, all of them had turned on her like vipers. The only one who loved her unconditionally was Sam and it was returned twofold.

"Remember when I was in Hollywood?" Sam asked his sister suddenly.

"I'm sorry what?" She was thrilled to see the change in him, the spark that had been missing just moments before.

"When I was in Hollywood," he said pointedly. "I learned that exposing secrets can be just as destructive as crime."

"Could you start over for the people who came in during intermission?"

He grabbed her hand. "Let me show you the rest of the house."

The production equipment, all new and state of the art had been a surprise.

"Sam?"

He returned to the present from his wandering thoughts of the night before and back to the present where Trip Whitlock was sitting on his loveseat.

"Sorry, checked out for a minute," he told the room and then zeroed in on Trip. "I'm done with the Cottens. You can either help me, or get out of town. But I am going to create a web tell-all show that will blow this town wide open. I already have the domain up and generating buzz about what's to come. People are interested in life in a small tourist town. Conrad, Oz, Rider, all of them will be internet fodder. All the secrets and lies are coming out. Are you with me Mr. Whitlock or do you prefer to run?"

There wasn't even a thought? Rebirth or death? "I'm in but how are you ever going to get permission to take pictures of any of them?"

"I have that covered."

"You what?" Oz railed at his assistant.

"Why are you yelling at me," Caitlyn Moss frowned at her boss. "Your father told me to sign a blanket video release form for the property and all the people working at Whispering Ridge," she told him. "So I did. Jenna signed for HR, Peter for the tennis pros and the golf--"

"I don't want some company I don't know making a video up here shooting God knows what for--"

"Well take it up with your father!" She yelled back because really, if he was going to fire her he probably would have done it a long time ago. "You--"

"Oz!"

They both looked up and Rider was standing in the doorway of Oz's office in tears.

"Oh shit," he groaned, charging around his desk and over to his brother. "What hap--"

"Yoshi's dead! Oz," he was shaking. "Yoshi's dead!"

The masseuse guy?" Caitlyn was confused. "Do I need to send a fruit basket to someone?"

Oz scowled at her as his brother dissolved in his arms.

Blake froze as he stood on the sidewalk watching the Lincoln Town Car roll passed. Just before the window went up, right before the car turned the corner, he thought he saw Gino Torres. His heart had stopped, his blood ran cold, and old memories came flooding back, the pain closing around his heart like a vise.

"It had to be Sam. It had to be!"

"What are you talking about?" Oz asked Rider, passing him a cup of tea. "I called the hospital in Boston honey, he died of his injuries."

"No-no-no," Rider chanted, getting worked up again. "I told Sam yesterday what he did and then I told him I couldn't see him anymore and I know Sam probably blamed Yoshi and...it's all my fault and I didn't even really want him to...I mean, I love...oh God"

"What are you talking...what did Yoshi do?" Oz asked him.

He was about to start bawling again, damn meds. "Awww Oz, I don't wanna--"

"What did he do?"

"Oh Jesus."

Blake turned slowly to find Adam Parrish standing behind him at the Quickie Mart. He

looked like he'd seen a ghost. His eyes were riveted on the screen of Blake's phone.

"You know this man?" Blake asked, angling it so Adam could see even better.

Adam nodded quickly. "Yeah. That's Gino Torres."

"Yes it is."

"He...he hurt me."

Gino Torres killed most people so Adam should have considered himself lucky. "Oh? Well, he hurt someone I cared about too."

"I'm sorry," Adam told him. "Really. You're Quinn's dad huh?"

"Yes."

"Quinn's a good guy," Adam vouched for the bartender unnecessarily. "But you know that."

"I do. But back to Mr. Torres he--"

"Last time he was here, Sam Kabir sent him packing." Adam announced, brightening, stepping closer even as his voice dropped. "He took pictures of me and...well Sam, Sam got them all back for me. And earlier--never mind."

"No tell me."

"Well someone uploaded a video to You Tube of me doing something really stupid but I just got a call from Sam like fifteen minutes ago and he took care of that for me too. It's gone like it was never there." Adam beamed up at Blake. "Sam's my guardian angel. I owe him like...everything."

Blake nodded. "So Sam Kabir you say, he knows Gino?"

"Yeah he does and he knows how to make him go away."

But could he call his dog back, that's what Blake wanted to know.

Sam was well on his way to getting drunk. He was downstairs in his living room

watching television, stretched out on the couch and was flushed with the warm buzz of good bourbon. His sister had left for Paris taking Trip and Gino with her, he had dispatched the video crews, four in all, met with his new production manager, Lucy Chou, and explained to her about the total expose feel he was going for.

"So we're out for blood, yeah?" She asked looking very excited.

"Yes," he nodded. "The first show goes live in six months; we need it to be sensational. I want us to be number one on the web."

"There's no doubt we will be Mr. Kabir with all the money you're pumping into this, it will look and feel like the kind of show you would see on any of the prime time networks."

It was what Sam had wanted to hear.

But now, alone, he was sad. He would miss Rider more than he thought he ever would and--

Doorbell, crap.

It was late, his staff was asleep in yet another part of the mansion, the damn place was too big for just him.

Getting up, shuffling to the door, he opened it without checking. There, standing on his porch, was Dean Cummings.

"Oh hey," Sam smiled, not quite in control of it. "What's up buddy, it's late."

He nodded and only then did Sam finally notice the eyes that raked over him from head to toe.

"What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to come in."

Sam stepped sideways.

Dean moved quickly by the inebriated man, shut the door, and locked it behind him. "Is there an alarm?"

"Yeah but--"

"You should set it," Dean told him, shoving Sam back hard against the wall by the window. "You never know who might be out there walking by, wanting in."

"Yeah but then how are you getting back out?"

"I'm not leaving."

His eyes widened and Sam again smiled, hand pushing through his glossy black hair. "Listen, Dean I--"

"No you listen," he smiled and in the low light his bright blue eyes glinted. "I've been all over this town in the past few days and I've seen everything it has to offer. There are gym bunnies and big scary corporate types, white trash, the hired help and of course, the law. I've taken a hard appraisal of the men of Boxer Falls and while most of them are fine, you, Sam Kabir, are by far, the most delectable."

Sam chuckled. "Is that right?"

Dean nodded slowly, biting his bottom lip. "Yessir, that is absolutely right."

There was a twinge of regret that the man suddenly disrobing in front of him was not Rider Cotten but the golden skin, the lean frame, defined muscles and delicate features were enough to make Sam not care. Rider had made his choice, it was over and done.

"I'm here," Dean said as he slid bonelessly to the floor. He pulled Sam's sleep shorts down, allowing his already hardened cock to bounce free. "Look at me, look at what I'm gonna do to you."

Dean had full dark lips and they were decadent sliding over the end of Sam's cock.

"Oh fuck me," Sam groaned hoarsely.

Dean leaned back and his eyes flicked up to Sam's. The stream of saliva from the summer intern's bottom lip to Sam's dick brought a guttural moan from him.

"No, you're gonna fuck me until I pass out."

Sam shivered as Dean deep throated him in one smooth motion. He set the alarm with his right hand; the left was buried in Dean's hair.

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** Will Sam get over Rider by getting under his new intern?*

** What's the true history behind Blake and Gino Torres? Will Blake seek revenge, and what does this mean for Vic?*

** What will Sam's tell-all plans do to the little town of Boxer Falls?*

** Can Rider get his head together?*

** Can Oz and Quinn overcome their collective commitment issues? Will Quinn and his father ever reconcile?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Mary Calmes currently lives in Honolulu, Hawaii, with her husband and two children and hopes to eventually move off the rock to a place where her children can experience fall and even winter. She graduated from the University of the Pacific (ironic) in Stockton, California, with a bachelor's degree in English literature. Due to the fact that it

is English lit and not English grammar, do not ask her to point out a clause for you, as it will so not happen. She loves writing, becoming immersed in the process, and falling into the work. She can even tell you what her characters smell like. She also buys way too many books on Amazon. Find out more at <http://www.marycalmesbooks.com/>