



Episode Thirty-Two

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Boxer Falls Episode 32

by Ally Blue

Vic was in a rotten mood this morning. Diego Sanchez understood why-hell, he wasn't feeling too chipper himself right now, all things considered-but in his opinion, that wasn't any reason for Vic to yell at him. Like it was *his* fault Mother Nature had felt bitchy yesterday.

Maybe *bitchy* was too mild a word for it. The storm had torn up the whole damn town. Streets flooded, power out everywhere, trees down. Several people had lost roofs, cars and in a couple of instances, whole houses. The Cawley sisters out on the edge of town had been forced to take shelter in their tool shed when the old maple in their yard crashed straight through their living room.

At least they hadn't found any bodies.

Yet.

He hoped to God it stayed that way. Vic was out at the Boxers' place now, sorting through the mess where Old George had smashed directly onto the inn and through part of the restaurant. There were injuries at the Bear & Bones-that loudmouthed bartender, for one-but so far no one had been able to reach Grady or any of the guests at the inn. Vic and some volunteers were trying now. Phil's truck was gone, though, and Diego had been dispatched to find Phil the old-fashioned way, since cell service was out all over this part of the state.

It wasn't exactly easy going. Most of the roads were flooded or blocked, or both. He'd been out over an hour already and barely made a three block loop around the station.

He eased the official vehicle through yet another puddle of uncertain depth covering a dip in the road. Mother Mary, but there were *way* too many of those for comfort. The water reflected the sun like miniature lakes, making Diego squint. The day promised to be clear and relatively cool. Would've been nice if not for the destruction all around.

His radio squealed, like it always did before the sheriff called him. "Sanchez. Come in."

Diego rolled his eyes, but snatched the handheld from its cradle and pressed the button. "Sanchez here."

"Where are you?"

"Mirror Lane , between Candle and Bucket." Diego slowed down to peer into the shadows between buildings. "No sign of Phil yet."

"Yeah, well, that's 'cause he's apparently out at Slappy's."

"What?"

"Yep." Vic sounded about as pleased as Diego felt. "That couple who lives next door just got here. Came over in their Hummer to help out. They said they saw Phil's truck in Slappy's parking lot. Which is flooded pretty bad, by the way."

"So's everything else." Diego nudged the car as fast as it would go through the flood waters. Which wasn't very fast, but might get him where he was going today instead of tomorrow. "All right. I'm on my way over there."

"One other thing, Sanchez." Vic paused, which made Diego nervous as shit since Vic never did stuff like that. "They said one of the Whispering Ridge golf carts is there too, plus Conrad Cotten's car. And Slappy's old wreck's nowhere to be seen."

Goddamn . Diego groaned. "Jesus, Vic."

"I hear ya, brother." He sighed. "Be careful. And report back ASAP. "It was all Diego could do to bite his tongue. Since when had Sheriff Fuck-Me-Blind ever given a shit about proper procedures? He wasn't about to say so, though, seeing as how he wanted to keep his job and all. Besides, Vic *had*warned him. No telling what he might be walking into.

"You got it, boss. Out." Hooking the handheld back onto the cradle, Diego turned on the light and headed for Slappy's as fast as he could without getting killed.

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Conrad woke still in the chair where he'd evidently fallen asleep behind the counter at Slappy's. He stood, wincing as a cramp grabbed at his neck. The storm had passed, leaving a still, sunny morning in its wake. Not that he could see anything from here except the sunshine on the water and the blue sky above.

Phil had given up standing at the window in favor of sitting at the window, but he'd remained posted at the same spot, still staring out over the lake as if he could bring the boys back safe with the power of his thoughts.

Conrad rolled his eyes. If he had to be storm-bound with one of the Boxer men, why couldn't it have been Grady? The two of them here, trapped in this shack while the rain fell and the thunder boomed outside...

God, what a missed opportunity. Conrad bit back a sigh.

"I thought you were asleep," Phil growled.

"Sorry to disappoint you." Conrad walked from one end of the room to the other, working the kinks from his muscles. "Actually, no, I'm not sorry at all. I enjoy

disappointing you." He went to the door, opened it and shut it again, horrified. "Oh, my God. Have you-

"Yes, I've seen it. I tried to leave earlier, but there's a live power line across the road. Trees down, floods... Fuck." Phil dropped his head into his hands. "I need to get home."

A sudden fury flooded Conrad's veins like fire. "Oh yes, home to the little wife. How cozy."

In a heartbeat, Phil was out of his chair and halfway across the room. "You just shut your goddamn mouth. You only *wish* you had what me and Grady have, you self-righteous prick."

Phil's words cut deep, mostly because they were true.

Conrad swallowed the jumble of things he didn't know how to say properly and forced a scornful laugh. "Mr. Boxer, you could never give Grady what I gave him, no matter how hard you try in your fumbling little way." He backed up and made as if to turn away. "Now I think I'd rather not talk to you anymore. Leave me alone."

Unsurprisingly, Phil didn't. Instead, he stepped right into Conrad's line of sight and pinned him with a wrathful glare. "Leave *you* alone? That's pretty fucking ironic, when you've had Tony out stalking me every damn day so you can try to steal my husband." He laughed, the sound sharp as a saw blade. "Leave *you* alone. Right. How about you leave me and my family alone instead, huh? How about that?"

Conrad had never liked Phil Boxer. Taking Grady was only the most important reason of many. Right now, though, he understood what Grady saw in the man. Physically, anyway. His fury only enhanced his raw masculinity.

A practiced arch of his eyebrow covered Conrad's churning emotions-anger, resentment, his broken heart, all the confusion of things he wondered if he'd ever understand-and boosted his flagging sense of control. "Surely you know how Tony feels about you. I don't control him."

Phil's forehead furrowed. Conrad watched him sort through the lingering gaps in his memory and felt nothing. No pity, no joy in his misfortune. Nothing at all. Christ, he just wanted Phil *gone* so he and Grady could get back to what they'd once had.

"Tony wouldn't do something like that," Phil said, his voice slow and careful. "Not unless someone put him up to it." He pointed a thick finger at Conrad. "You've been sleeping with him. You know he has a Daddy thing. You knew you could get him to do what you wanted."

Conrad shrugged. "He's in love with you. Everyone knows it. Why shouldn't I help him get what he wants?"

Phil clenched his hands at his sides. "You don't give a shit what he wants. You don't give a shit about anybody but yourself. You're just trying to get me out of the way so you can move in on Grady."

The tiny flicker of uncertainty in Phil's eyes nudged the troublemaker in Conrad. The part of him that said and did things he knew he shouldn't, even as he did them.

He grinned. "Well. I guess you're not as stupid as you look, Mr. Boxer."

Phil's face darkened. Conrad had half a second to admit Rider got his mile-wide irresponsible streak honestly before Phil's big, solid fist connected with his face and he went down.

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Diego approached Slappy's door with his gun in his hand. Normally he wouldn't. Not when there'd been no violence reported. But Phil Boxer and Conrad Cotten, stuck together-all night, most likely-in a small room that smelled like rotten bait? Yeah, that was a sure-fire recipe for trouble.

He walked into pretty much what he'd expected-Conrad getting his rich ass kicked. With a deep sigh, Diego pointed the pistol at Phil. "Boxer. Back off."

Phil, straddling Conrad on the floor, unwadded his one fist from Conrad's shirt, leaving the man to loosen his grip on Phil's ear and flop onto the scarred, stained wooden boards. His face flushed red, Phil raised both hands palm-open into the air and rose to his knees without a word.

Conrad scrambled backwards and stumbled to his feet. "Officer Sanchez. Arrest him. *Arrest* him. Immediately."

"Shut up, Cotten. Unless you want me to arrest you too, since you were both fighting." Ignoring Conrad Cotten's spluttering protests, Diego holstered his weapon and took stock of the situation. Sure, Phil had been winning when Diego walked in. But an impartial eye saw blood and bruises on both sides. Mother of God, but Diego did not feel like dealing with this shit right now. "Okay. Cotten, wait outside in the squad car."

Conrad's right eye-the one not rapidly swelling shut-went wide. "What? But I didn't-"

"Relax, I'm not arresting anybody. I need to talk to Phil, and I don't need you in the damn room. Now get out." While Conrad stomped outside and slammed the door, Diego aimed a frown at Phil, who stood staring a hole in the floor. "I'd suggest you tell Grady the truth about what happened to your face."

To his surprise, Phil just nodded. All the anger seemed to have gone out of him. He lifted his head and met Diego's gaze with pure anguish in his own. "Officer Sanchez. Look, I know this is bad, what you walked into here and all, but. Well. Our boys are out there. Zach and Adam went out to the island for a picnic yesterday, before the storm started, and it looks like Rider might be with them." He turned to stare out the window. "They never came home. I'd appreciate it, and I'm sure Conrad would too, if you could find them and bring them home safe."

Yeah. Me and my Coast Guard vessel and rescue team .

Which Diego didn't say, bitchiness being uncalled for right now.

He forced a calm expression. "I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks." Phil's jaw worked. "Have you been by the B&B?"

Diego drew a deep breath. This wasn't going to be easy. "That's actually why I came here to get you. Old George fell, Phil. It took out most of your place and part of the Bear & Bones."

Phil's face went gray. "Is Grady all right?"

Shit . "We don't know yet. Nobody's been able to reach anyone at the inn. We think they're still holed up in the basement, but the door's blocked by the tree trunk. Vic and a bunch of volunteers are trying to get through to them now."

"Oh, my God." Phil shut his eyes. When he opened them again, his gaze was haunted. "I need to get to Grady. Diego, please. I need to get home."

"Of course." Diego rubbed the back of his neck. Christ, he had no idea what to say. "Listen, crews have already cleared some of the downed lines and trees off the road, so we ought to make better time getting back than I did getting here in the first place. I can take you back to the B&B."

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Phil shook his head. "I'll take my truck. It goes a lot better in the water than your squad car. Thanks anyway, though."

"Sure." Feeling like he had to do something more than stand there like a complete dick, Diego reached out and gave Phil an awkward pat on the shoulder. "Try not to worry. I'm sure they're fine. And the boys too. They're smart kids, and we know where they went. All we have to do is go get them. Cotten's got lots of boats at Whispering Ridge. I'll use one of those and go out to island to check on them."

"Okay." A faint smile turned up the corners of Phil's mouth. "Thanks, Deputy."

"Yeah. Sure." Diego smiled back and headed outside.

Conrad Cotten was nowhere to be seen, the smug asshole.

Shaking his head, Diego splashed through the knee-deep water toward his squad car. If Cotten wanted to walk home, fine. Let him. The hike would do his blue-blood ass good.

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The storm was gone this morning. Gone like it had never happened. Except for all the broken branches and shit littering the lawn, the pool, and pretty much every other part of Whispering Ridge.

Not that Tony minded so much. Cleaning up would keep his mind off worrying about Phil.

He thought about the cabin in the woods out on old man Cotten's private island. It'd be a perfect romantic spot on a day like yesterday. Hell, any day, really. He wished he could take Phil out there and spend the whole day and night in bed with him, fucking each other stupid. In Tony's fantasies, Phil would kiss him and hold him and look at him like he was Phil's whole world.

The way he looked at Grady.

A familiar brew of jealousy and dejection burned in the pit of Tony's stomach. God, he was tired of feeling like this. Sometimes, he wished he could just forget Phil. He kicked at the tremendous branch on the pool deck, thinking morosely that even cutting the damn thing up with the chainsaw wouldn't work out all his confused anger.

"Tony!"

The sharp, familiar voice cut through Tony's thoughts and made him jump. He turned, shading his eyes with his hand. "Here. I'm here. What's..." His mouth went dry when he turned and saw none other than Deputy Diego Sanchez striding toward him. "Um. What's up?"

"I need a boat." Diego gazed at Tony with those big, liquid brown eyes, with that intensely direct stare that had always made Tony feel hot inside. "Zach Boxer, Adam Parish and Rider Cotten are missing. We have reason to believe they may be stranded on the island."

"Oh. Um." Tony stared back into Diego's face, feeling kind of lost. Whenever Diego wasn't around, Tony tended to forget how gorgeous he was. Then he'd show up again, and Tony always wanted to jump him.

Like now.

The look in Diego's eyes said he'd go for that too. His kissable lips curved into a half smile. "You haven't seen any of the boys around, have you? Maybe they made it back here after all."

"Oh." Tony shook his head. "No, I haven't. Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. It was a long shot." Diego moved closer, his lips parting. "Can you get me a boat, Tony?"

Heart thumping, Tony nodded. "Yeah. Just need to go get my keys."

Diego smiled. "Thanks."

This time, Tony couldn't come up with the breath to speak. He headed toward the resort with Diego at his heels and hoped the other man wouldn't notice the flush in his cheeks or ridge developing in the front of his pants.

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Mother Mary, but Tony was a beautiful man. Especially with the morning sun shining on his hair and his strong neck, and picking out the shapes of firm muscles beneath his snug Whispering Ridge shirt and pants.

God help him, but Diego thanked the good Lord it wasn't cool enough out for a jacket. Hiding Tony's incredible body would be a sin.

Tony locked the storage shed nearest the dock with sigh. "Well, that's the last one. I guess we need to check down by the shore, huh?"

Not for the first time, Diego marveled that people actually believed Tony was stupid. He'd picked right up on the chance that the boys might've made it across the lake, but not made it to the house. Which was why they'd decided to search the out buildings and the lake shore before crossing the water to the island.

"We should, yeah." Moved by the solemn dread on Tony's face, Diego moved closer and touched Tony's cheek. "They're probably still out on the island, safe and sound in the cabin. We're just making sure. Okay?"

Tony blinked, long lashes brushing his cheeks. "Yeah. 'Course."

It took everything Diego had not to kiss Tony right there on the lawn between the dock and the lodge, in front of God and everybody. But he had a job to, and he had a duty to see it through.

He forced himself to take a step back, though he let his fingers trail down over Tony's chest. He ignored the fire his touch sparked in Tony's eyes. "All right. You know this place better than me. Take me down to the dock. We'll take a look underneath, then go along the shore for a ways before we go for a boat."

Tony stared at him for a moment, then gave a curt nod and strode toward the dock. The flashlight he'd taken from the house swung in his hand. Diego followed, his gaze glued to Tony's ass.

Checking the space beneath the dock wasn't as easy as it sounded. The bank, saturated from yesterday's rain, threatened to give way every time Diego tried to climb down. Eventually, he gave up. "Let me borrow your flashlight, Tony."

Tony's dark brows pulled together. "Why?"

"I can't get down the bank, so I'm gonna have to go out on the dock and look underneath." He smiled, trying to make the dark look on Tony's face go away. "I promise I'll bring it back."

Tony's expression went from indecipherable to firmly upset. "I don't care about that. Do you really think I'm that shallow?"

"No, God, of course not." Damn, the man had a hair trigger sensitivity these days. "I just--"

"Whatever." Tony thrust the flashlight into Diego's hand. "That dock's dangerous when the wood's wet. It's slippery. Be careful."

Diego kept his mouth shut. The last thing he wanted was to get Tony even more pissed off. Diego nodded, turned and made his way out onto the dock.

Right away, he saw what Tony meant. The boards moved gently under Diego's feet, which wouldn't normally be a problem, but the heavy rain had left the wood unusually slick. He held his arms out to the side for balance and edged out until he thought he'd gotten far enough to see into the space underneath the dock. Biting his lip in concentration, he lowered himself to one knee. Stretching out on his belly would be tricky, but he couldn't think of any other way to get a look under the dock.

He put a hand down. Before he could ease onto his stomach like he'd planned, the boards rolled underneath him. Caught in a precarious position, he lost his balance, slipped, fell forward, banged his head on the edge of the dock and tumbled into the water.

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When Diego fell, Tony's heart slammed into his throat. He didn't take time to think, just kicked off his shoes and ran. A muddy slide and a splash sent him into the lake. It felt warm, even after all the rain the day before.

He waded deeper, scanning the water as he went. After a frantic second that felt more like a year, he spotted Diego's cop hat bobbing on the surface.

"Shit. Oh, fuck." He slogged through the water, squinting against the glare of the sun and doing his best to keep his feet on the soft, sloping lake bottom. "Diego! Can you hear me?"

No answer. But now he saw Diego dog-paddling about midway between the shore and the end of the dock. He looked dazed and wasn't making any progress toward land, but he was alive and that's what counted.

Lightheaded with a rush of relief, Tony swam toward Diego. "Hang on, I'm coming!"

Diego didn't answer. When Tony got to him, he let Tony slip an arm around his chest and pull him back to shore without arguing.

Tony ended up dragging Diego onto land a few yards down the shore from where they'd started, on account of the bank being less steep there. The curve of the land and a few tall trees hid the lodge from sight.

He laid Diego on his back and leaned over him. "Diego? Talk to me." He touched the bleeding goose-egg on Diego's forehead. "Oh, my God. Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Just a little shook up, is all." Diego stared up at Tony with a strange intensity. "Thanks. For saving me."

Tony licked his lips. Christ, the way Diego looked at him made his pulse race and his dick swell. "Like I'd do anything else."

Something wild and desperate moved across Diego's features. "God, Tony." Reaching up, he grabbed Tony's face in both hands and pulled him down into a hard, deep kiss.

To Tony, it felt like blasting open a padlocked door. He couldn't've fought it if he'd wanted to, and he didn't want to. Closing his eyes, he straddled Diego, opened his mouth wide and gave as good as he got.

He remembered this. All of it. The feel of Diego's body beneath him, the taste of Diego's mouth, the sexy sounds he made every time their tongues slid together. God, it'd been such a *longtime*. Nobody had ever kissed him like Diego did. Nobody'd ever made him feel like he *mattered* the way Diego did.

He hadn't realized how much he'd missed it.

Diego broke the kiss long enough to bite Tony's neck. "Fuck. I been wanting to do that ever since I got here."

Tony moaned when Diego grabbed his ass and squeezed. He kissed Diego again, because he thought he might die if he didn't. "Fuck me," he whispered, his lips brushing Diego's. He went to work undoing the buttons on Diego's shirt before he could answer. "Diego. C'mon."

"God. Dammit." Diego fumbled Tony's pants open and shoved a hand inside to cup his balls. "No rubbers. Or lube."

"Shit." Sitting back on his heels, Tony unbuckled Diego's belt with shaking hands, undid the button and zipper on his cop pants, and tugged on the waistband.

He didn't expect the sudden uncertainty in Diego's eyes. Before he could say or do anything, or even decide what to think of it, Diego's expression hardened into determination and he shoved his pants to his thighs.

For a second, Tony didn't get what he was looking at. Then he did, and it still didn't make any sense. He hooked a finger into the elastic at the top of the thin, pale pink underwear barely covering Diego's hardening cock and let it snap back. "Since when do you wear women's panties?"

"Years. Makes me feel better, somehow." Diego's throat worked. "I never told anybody. Until now." He raised the hand not still stuck inside Tony's briefs and caressed his belly. "I'd appreciate it if you'd keep it to yourself."

Maybe it was weird, but something about Diego lying there in the mud and wet grass with his pants around his thighs, trusting Tony with this huge secret, excited him more than anything. Wrapping his fingers around Diego's prick, he leaned in and kissed him again. Slower this time, thrusting his tongue in time with the strokes of his hand. God, it felt good, Diego's cock heavy and hot in his palm and Diego's mouth hungry on his.

Diego's hands scrambled at Tony's pants and briefs, trying to work them farther down his legs. Tony wriggled his hips, since he wasn't about to let go of Diego's cock long enough to help. Between them they managed to move the damn pants a little bit. Not much, but it was enough for Diego to get a good grip on Tony's dick and start pumping.

Tony moaned into Diego's mouth, doing his best to keep his hand moving on Diego's cock. *Jesusfuck*, but it wasn't easy, though. Diego still knew exactly how to touch him.

"Oh, Christ." Diego's fingers tightened on Tony's prick, his thumb rubbing over the head. "Gonna go off, babe."

It was too soon, too fucking soon, but Diego's cock throbbed and swelled in Tony's hand, and damned if the feel of it didn't send him tumbling toward the edge himself. "Come on," he panted against Diego's lips. "Do it. Come on."

Diego stared up at him, dark eyes wide and full of things that made Tony's chest hurt even though he couldn't put a name to any of it. Tony kissed him again, because he couldn't meet that unrestrained gaze anymore. Kissed him hard and deep, fused their mouths together so he wouldn't see the raw emotion in Diego's face when he came, his body shaking under Tony's, the hand around Tony's dick going still and clamping down hard while the other one fisted in Tony's hair.

Tony came before Diego was done. He rested his forehead against Diego's and let the firm, callused grip of Diego's palm wring his release from him.

As his orgasm faded, Tony let Diego pull him down into those strong, familiar arms. Diego held him close, kissed his temple, stroked his head and his back and his ass still bared to the elements. Tony smiled into the curve of Diego's neck. In spite of being out in the open, right out there in front of God and everybody, he felt warm, safe and more content than he had in ages. Who cared what kind of underwear Diego had on under his khakis? The man was still hot enough to vaporize the raindrops from the grass, and he could still get Tony off faster than anyone ever had. Not even Phil had ever made him come like that. Like a helpless teenager.

For the first time in what felt like forever, Tony thought he might be able to imagine a life beyond Phil.

They'd been lying there a few minutes when Diego's body went tense. "Shit." He gave Tony's shoulder a push. "Tony. Over there."

Tony looked down the shore away from the dock, where Diego pointed. "Fuck."

About thirty feet away, lodged in a tangle of broken branches half in and half out of the water, was the battered wreck of one of Slappy's boats.

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As soon as Deputy Sanchez left Slappy's, Phil grabbed his raincoat and keys from the counter and made to follow. He got almost to the door before remembering he'd taken his wallet out of his pocket and left it beside the cash register. He ran back, grabbed it, stuck it in the rear pocket of his jeans and tried once more to get the hell out.

Then he dropped the stupid truck keys. Which wouldn't have mattered, except that they went skidding into the crack between the fishing pole display and the floor.

"Dammit." Phil knelt and peered into the space. The sunshine pouring through the window glinted on the metal of his keys. Cursing, Phil stuck a finger in and dug around until he hooked his key ring and pulled it out.

Finally . Frantic with worry for his husband, Phil hurried across the shop to the exit, hanging on to his coat and keys with one hand and fumbling his phone out of his pocket with the other. Sure, he hadn't been able to get through all night, but it wouldn't hurt to try again.

Maybe he ought to be worrying about whether or not he was going to jail after everything settled down and Deputy Sanchez figured out that Phil really had hit Conrad first. Fuck it, though. He'd go to jail if he had to. He sure as shit wouldn't take that punch back even if he could. That slimy fuck deserved it. And Phil had other things to think about.

He opened the door and stopped short, staring at the figure in the wide-brimmed hat and heavy raincoat on the other side of the door. "What the f-"

The assault took him by surprise. He tumbled backward onto the floor with his attacker on top of him. His keys and phone went skittering across the floor and his coat crumpled beneath him. A strong hand pressed a chemical-soaked cloth to his face. As soon as he breathed in, his vision grayed and his limbs went rubbery. He held his breath and did his best to fight, but the drug still seeping in through his nose and mouth sapped his strength and he couldn't dislodge the person on top of him.

His flailing did manage to knock off the hat hiding his attacker's face. Not that it did him any good. He didn't even have time to feel surprised before the burning in his lungs forced him to breathe again and he passed out.



** Will Conrad succeed in pressing charges against Phil? Will he even try, or does he have other plans?*

** Are Tony's feelings for Diego strong enough to overcome his long-standing love for Phil? Or did he ever really love Phil at all?*

** Who is Phil's mysterious attacker? Why did they target him? Will he live to learn the answers?*

** What will Vic and the rest find inside the Boxer's B&B? Are Grady and the inn's guests still alive, or did Old George destroy more than a couple of historic buildings when he fell?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Ally Blue is acknowledged by the world at large (or at least by her heroes, who tend to suffer a lot) as the Popess of Gay Angst. She has a great big suggestively-shaped hat and rides in a bullet-proof Plexiglas bubble in Christmas parades. Her harem of manwhores does double duty as bodyguards and inspirational entertainment. Her favorite band is Radiohead, her favorite color is lime green and her favorite way to waste a perfectly good Saturday is to watch all three extended version LOTR movies in a row. Her ultimate dream is to one day ditch the evil day job and support the family on manlove alone. She is not a hippie or a brain surgeon, no matter what her kids' friends say.

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