



Episode Thirty-Three

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Boxer Falls Episode 33

By: Sue Brown

Where the hell was Grady? Or any of the guests from the inn for that matter. By the time the middle of the afternoon had arrived without discovering further bodies, live or dead, Sheriff Neale's guts were churning. He needed to focus on finding the survivors. Times like this Vic needed something – or someone – to focus him.

As more of Boxer Falls' residents heard that people were still missing they came to offer their services to the rescue/clean-up operation. Vic directed people to clear areas of rubble where nothing was going to fall on their heads. They needed to feel useful. He'd never felt so useless.

Old George was the major problem. Until they could remove the trunk and branches, there were still areas of the inn that the rescuers couldn't reach. He hoped and prayed that the missing people were in the basement but he wouldn't get any answers until the crews arrived with the tree cutting machinery. Everything was taking five fucking times longer than it should because of the state of the roads.

Where the hell was Phil? He should be here. If he had been here, no power on earth

would have stopped him trying to find his lover.

And where the fucking hell was his deputy? Sanchez'd been sent to find Phil but it had been hours since the sheriff had heard from him and the lack of contact was making Vic nervous. Vic took his hat off and scratch at his head. Sanchez better have a good reason for going silent or Vic would carve it out of his ass.

Fuck, the whole day was one big clusterfuck. He wouldn't be happy until every man, woman and child was accounted for. Then he was going to find someone... *Blake*... to take him home, cuff him to his bed and spank the day's frustrations out of his ass. If Vic was really, really lucky he'd be feeling the subsequent fucking for the next week.

Taking a much-needed break, Vic stood on the periphery of the destruction, watching volunteers carefully remove the debris of what looked like bedroom furniture to one side. They hadn't found anyone from the inn at all. He only hoped Grady had got them all to safety before Old George demolished the building.

Where the hell was Phil? Where the fucking hell was Sanchez?

The three young men surveyed the scene in front of them with increasing dismay.

"We could always swim," Rider said, looking over to where they wanted to be, separated by a large debris-littered body of water – and no boat.

"Don't be ridiculous," Adam snapped. "Have you looked at the shit that's in the lake now? We'll be knocked out by a tree branch the second we set foot in the water. " Despite the sympathetic looks from the younger boy yesterday he still wasn't going to discuss his fear of swimming.

Zach hugged Adam close to him. "Babe, I think Rider was joking. No one in their right mind would dream of trying to swim. We'll just look for another boat. And Dad knows we're here so we just have to sit it out if we can't find anything."

Of course no one had ever accused Rider of being in his right mind and Adam wasn't convinced he was joking about swimming across to the town. That was just the kind of damn fool idea Rider would get into his head.

Rider shrugged. "Unless we can find another boat I'm all outta ideas."

Adam glared at Rider. "Because of course someone would come over to the island with

their boat and leave it behind.”

“You got a better idea?” Rider asked, squaring up to Adam.

The tension between the three men hadn’t eased since the previous night. Adam knew he was behaving like a sulky kid but something was going on with Zach, and it was obvious Rider knew what it was. It hurt that his boyfriend had trusted this kid but not him.

“We should split up and explore the island. It’s not that big. There might have been a sheltered cove that escaped the worst of the storm. You must know the island better than we do. Do you have any ideas where there might be a boat, Rider?”

“Not really. We might get lucky and find one has been swept over in the storm. Or we could make a raft with all the branches lying around. One of you has to have been a Boy Scout.”

Adam was searching for a suitable retort when he caught the mischief in Rider’s eyes. He dialed back the anger. There was no point even trying to argue with the boy. “We’ll meet back here in an hour.”

Rider snorted. “It isn’t going to take that long.” But he headed off by himself without more argument.

Adam looked at Zach. “Do you want to split up?” He really didn’t want to wander around by himself.

“Never. Let’s go together.” Zach gathered him into his arms and kissed him.

“We need to look for a boat.” Adam said breathlessly when Zach pulled back to allow him to speak.

“It can wait. We can’t.” Zach went to his knees and stared up at his lover. “He’ll be gone for a while and I’m gonna suck you off. You got any objections?”

Zach’s sudden possessiveness was a real turn-on, and Adam licked his lips in anticipation.

“Not a one,” he said, carding his fingers through Zach’s tousled hair.

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"You look like shit, boss."

Vic narrowed his eyes as he saw Diego Sanchez standing next to that waste of space, Tony Frost. "Where the fuck have you been?" he growled. He didn't need some dumbass telling him he looked like shit. He was covered in dust and dirt, and his lungs felt like grit where he'd been breathing in the dust.

His errant deputy at least tried to look apologetic, which is more than Tony managed, but even distracted as Vic was, he could see the closeness in the way the two men stood, and the freshly-fucked look on their faces. Jesus Christ, he'd been worrying that something had happened to his deputy and all the time the man had been sticking his dick where it wasn't needed.

Then Vic took a closer look at his deputy. "You don't look so great yourself. What happened to your head?"

Diego touched the bump on his head, wincing as he pressed on the bruise.

"Decided to take a swim in the lake. If it hadn't been for Tony I might not be talking to you now."

Vic growled. He didn't need his deputy taking chances. "We'll talk about this later. Where's Phil?"

Sanchez frowned. "Phil isn't here yet? He wanted to take his own truck rather than ride in the squad car. I left him to see if I could get a boat to get the boys off the island."

"The boys?" What now?

"Yeah, Phil and Conrad said Zach, Adam, and Rider are on the island. They were going to try and get a boat out to them."

Vic shook his head. At the moment they weren't his concern. He just hoped they'd found shelter overnight. "What happened to Conrad? Do you think he picked up Phil?" He caught the strange look on Diego's face. "What happened?"

"They were beating the living crap outta each other when I arrived. Then Conrad took off by himself."

"With the roads in this state? Jeez, has anybody got any sense?" Vic rubbed his face, not caring he was smearing more dirt over it. "At the moment, Conrad is not my problem. I can't leave here. I'm still waiting to take care of this fucking tree and get to the

basement.”

Sanchez nodded. “I’ll get coffee for us all, and see if I can find Phil, Conrad and the boys.”

“I’ll help you,” Tony offered.

Vic refrained from rolling his eyes. The man was like a puppy when he attracted to someone, but at least he wasn’t running after Phil anymore. It was time he buried that unrequited affection.

As they walked away, Vic yelled after them. “Find out what’s happening to the motherfucking tree-cutting crew. I wanna know how much longer we have to wait before they haul their asses down here.”

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Rider leaned against the tree trunk, the rough of the bark digging into his back as he watched the free porno unfolding before him. No way would he miss this show.

He’d waited five minutes for the two men to go on their fruitless quest for another boat, and double-backed to the cove to wait for someone to find them. Before he could step out onto the beach, a low moan alerted him to the fact that he wasn’t alone. Cautiously, Rider peered around a tree to see Zach on his knees, his head buried in Adam’s groin.

He clapped his hand over his mouth before his gasp gave him away. Adam hadn’t noticed; his eyes closed as Zach feasted on his dick and balls.

Rider backed away so he could watch without fear of being seen, leaning against a tree. They must have only just started because Zach was playing with Adam’s shaft, licks and nibbles that made the older boy writhe beneath his touch.

Rider’s cock firmed in his shorts as he watched Zach make love to Adam. Christ, he couldn’t watch a show like this without a little action himself. If it hadn’t been *Zach*, he’d have been tempted to ask if they’d like a threesome. He could just imagine himself a sweet filling, with Adam’s cock down his throat and Zach’s prick buried to the hilt in his ass.

Not with these two though. Not Zach and definitely not after last night. ‘Sides they were so in love with each other it was sickening, even if they didn’t realize it themselves. Rider huffed quietly, pushing his shorts down to rest under his balls, the pressure an added pleasure. He spat in his hand, wrapping his hand around his dick

with a sigh of relief. Normally, he closed his eyes when he jacked off, but this time he would keep his eyes open to watch Zach suck Adam, not wanting to miss a single moment.

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The burning in his nasal passages, throat, and lungs was the first thing that Phil noticed as he became conscious. That, and the pain in his shoulder joints from his arms being forced around the back of the chair. His wrists hurt too from the rope around them. There weren't many parts of his body that weren't protesting in one form or another. He coughed but it didn't ease the burning sensation.

Raising his head, Phil blinked slowly as he tried to force his brain to come on-line. He was tied up. That much was obvious. And it didn't look to be the result of any kinky shit. Phil didn't mind the idea of being tied up for fun, but this wasn't remotely funny. Unable to remember much about why he was in this predicament, Phil looked around to see if he could a clue where he was. He frowned as he realized he was still at Slappy's. Whoever his attacker was, they had just dragged him into the bait shop and tied him up.

"That's stupid," he said out loud. Someone was going to come back here when he didn't return to town.

"So you're awake. About time. I was starting to think I was gonna have to wake you up myself. Not that I wouldn't have enjoyed slapping you around. I'll probably do that anyway."

Phil tried to look over his shoulder to where the voice was coming, wincing as he turned his head. The fight with Conrad Cotten had knocked the bejesus out of him. The man was out of his line of sight, but it didn't matter. The fuzziness was clearing in his head. He knew who had kidnapped him. He just didn't have a fucking clue why.

"I know who you are," he said, turning his head back before the pain in his head became too much.

"You do?" The man sounded almost disappointed.

"I do."

"About time," the man grumbled. "I thought I was gonna have to etch it across your skin. You're all so blind."

Phil closed his eyes, hoping that the drums in his head ceased their infernal beating. To think that he'd been worried about whether he'd be charged with assaulting Conrad Cotton. Amazing how being drugged and tied up made the threat of jail seem trivial.

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Vic stood upright, stretching his back, as he watched his deputy jog toward him, holding a takeout cup. He hoped the man had some good news because he was all out of the happy himself. Around him, exhausted volunteers rested as they waited for the team to arrive to remove the tree blocking their way to the basement. There was little else they could do until Old George had been taken away.

"The crew will be here in the next thirty minutes," Sanchez said, holding out the cup.

Vic nodded. That was a start. "Any sign of Phil or Conrad?" He took a long chug of the drink. It was bad coffee and there wasn't enough sugar in it, but at the moment, it was the best thing he tasted all day. Come to think of it, it was the *only* thing he'd tasted all day.

"Not yet. I'm gonna get back out there to search. It should be easier now the main roads are cleared."

"Where's your shadow?" Vic asked.

"He's helping Dot make sandwiches for everyone." Diego seemed almost proud.

Vic eyed his deputy. "You like him, don't you?"

Diego flushed. "Yeah, I do. Always have. It just took a while to convince Tony that I was serious."

"You know about him and Phil Boxer?"

"I can deal with that," Diego said confidently.

Vic turned back to look at Old George, still blocking the way to finding Grady and the guests at the inn. "Good for you, son. It's good to see someone getting what they want." He was aware of Sanchez' curious gaze on him. He knew what the deputy thought of him, and didn't much care. As long as the man did his job and had Vic's back in the field, that's all Vic cared about.

"Here comes the crew," Diego said.

Vic saw the men walking toward him with chainsaws. "Bout fucking time," he said, aiming the takeout cup at the pile of trash nearby. "You go and find Phil. Grady's gonna do his nut if the man's not here to greet him when we find him."

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"We've got an audience," Zach murmured. He pressed kisses along Adam's hipbones while he teased Adam's balls with one hand.

"Huh?" Adam sounded completely spaced, not even opening his eyes to find out what Zach was talking about.

"Rider's watching us from the trees behind me."

If Zach was expecting Adam to freak he was severely disappointed. Perhaps he was getting used to being caught in flagrante delicto, after being found by Dot making out in the kitchen. If anything, Adam stretched up lazily, turning a fraction so that their voyeur had a better view of his erect cock as it slapped against his belly.

"You knew he was there," Zach accused, his voice pitched just for Adam's ears.

"Mmmm," Adam moaned, thrusting his groin into Zach's face so that the man on his knees couldn't fail to notice what Adam actually wanted.

Zach licked over the head, tasting the pre-come that had collected in the slit. "You are a slut, Adam."

"Your slut," Adam agreed happily. "Stop talking and suck me."

Zach obliged, forgetting their observer as he worshiped Adam's cock. Long and thick in his hand, filling his mouth as it slid smooth as velvet over his tongue. He groaned around the head, feeling the vibration travel through Adam's body.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," Adam moaned.

He was louder than normal, and Zach realized this was a show for Rider. He should have been creeped out by it, but instead Adam's excitement made Zach even hornier. As he lavished his attention on Adam's prick, he fumbled at his own fly, desperate to touch his own dick.

"Leave it," Adam ordered. "It's mine."

Zach pulled off Adam's dick with a wet pop. "You think I'm gonna last that long?"

Adam reached down to wipe away the saliva trailing down his chin. Zack swallowed hard as Adam stared down at him intently.

"You are gonna last because I'm gonna sit on your dick and ride you until you scream. We're going to make Rider wish it was him being fucked. Is that clear?"

And, on his knees before Adam, there was only one answer to that.

"Yes, sir."

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As Old George was hauled away, the rescue crew of professionals and volunteers took fresh heart that no bodies had been found beneath the tree's main branches and trunk. A cry went up as a group found the stairs leading to the basement.

Vic rushed over and held his hand up for silence. Everyone hushed. No voices could be heard so Vic called out, "Grady? Anyone there?"

"'Bout fucking time." Vic grinned like a loon as he heard Grady's grumpy voice. "Thought we were gonna be stuck in here all night."

Vic crouched down near the entrance to the basement. "Is anyone hurt?"

"We're fine. Now get us the fuck out of here."

"Give us five. There's still some debris to clear."

Spirits raised by the discovery of their friends willing hands dragged away the last of the rubble, and then Grady and the remaining guests were led to safety, blinking as they emerged into sunlight.

Vic saw them and rushed over. He didn't care if they thought the sheriff should be more professional, he hugged each one, just pleased to see them all safe. And they hugged him back, more than one kissing him on the cheek.

Unable to hide the grin on his face, Vic turned around to see Blake watching him.

"Came to see if you needed my help, Sheriff. But looks like you got it all sorted."

Vic cocked his head. "Might be needing some downtime later."

Blake nodded. "Can do that." He came closer, leaning into Vic's personal space. "I'm gonna give you your reward, Sheriff, when I put you over my knee and paddle your ass."

"Sheriff, where's Phil?"

Wrapped in a blanket, Grady came over before Vic could formulate an answer longer than "Fuck, yes."

Vic mentally shook himself and concentrated on Grady's worried face. "Sanchez saw him with Conrad at Slappy's. They were trying to find a boat to reach the boys."

"They're not back yet? So Phil and Conrad are still there?"

The sheriff shook his head. "There was some sort of... argument. Conrad took off. Phil was supposed to be coming here in his truck, but that was hours ago."

He cursed himself as he took in Grady's stricken face. The man's family was missing. "I'm sorry, Grady. I'm sure they're all fine. Sanchez has gone to look for them."

Grady swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down. "I'll go get my truck if it hasn't been demolished. I can search as well."

"You should get checked out by the EMT's," Vic said gruffly.

"We were safe in the basement," Grady pointed out. "I don't need checking out."

"I'll go with him," Blake said. "I'll take my truck and follow Grady."

"Thanks." Grady took off in the direction of his truck.

"I think your truck looks like a pancake at the moment," Vic said, pointing in the direction of a row of flattened vehicles.

Blake cursed loudly. "It was a fucking rental. They're gonna love me."

Vic dug in his pocket. "Here, take mine. Grady knows where it's parked. Find me those five men and you can give me a ride later." He warmed under the dark heat in Blake's eyes.

"I'll be back later to paddle your ass," Blake promised, and gave the sheriff one last heated look before he headed off in the direction of Grady's truck.

Vic fidgeted as his cock pressed against the seam of his pants. "Phil Boxer, you'd better get your ass here or I'm gonna kill you myself."

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Rider nearly lost it when Adam moved so he had a clearer view of Adam's long, curved prick sliding down Zach's throat. He had to squeeze the base of his cock to stop himself spurting there and then. He panted, trying to calm down long enough to last. No way was he going to be the first to blow.

Adam moaned – he sounded like a porn star – as Zack deep-throated him, and Rider could see his thigh muscles tremble as he fought to stay upright.

"Come on, come on," Rider whispered. "Just fucking come already." His balls were taut and screaming their need for release. He didn't know what was a bigger turn-on; Adam's cock disappearing down Zach's throat, or the sight of Zach's dick, ignored and leaking over the sand.

Then Adam grabbed Zach's hair and fucked Zach's face once, twice, and Rider climaxed, his semen pulsing out on the ground as Adam's pulsed into Zach's willing, greedy throat.

Rider slid down onto the ground, his legs unable to support himself, closing his eyes as he recovered from his orgasm. When his breathing had recovered, he opened his eyes and nearly swallowed his tongue at what was taking place on the beach.

Far from taking time to recover, Adam was now completely naked and straddling Zach's body. Rider's eyes widened as he watched Zach slowly rim Adam's ass.

"Fuck," Rider muttered. "You're fucking gonna kill me."

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"I'm going to kill you, you know that, don't you?"

The hoarse whisper wasn't necessary. The tip of a knife slid slowly across Phil's throat made the threat loud and clear.

Phil thought it was fucking ironic that he'd survived a tumor only to die at the hands of a madman.

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- Will Phil find out why he had been kidnapped before he is murdered?
- Can Rider survive Round 2 of his free porn show?
- Where on earth is Conrad?
- Does the sheriff get his just reward from Blake?

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Sue Brown is owned by her dog and two children. When she isn't following their orders, she can be found plotting at her laptop. In fact she hides so she can plot and has got expert at ignoring the orders.

Sue discovered M/M erotica at the time she woke up to find two men kissing on her favorite television series. The series was boring; the kissing was not. She may be late to

the party, but she's made up for it since, writing fan fiction until she was brave enough to venture out into the world of original fiction.

Sue can be found at her [website](#), her [Facebook](#), and [twitter](#).