



## Episode Thirty-Seven

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### Boxer Falls, Episode 37

by Edmond Manning

All the way home from the morgue, Adam endured Zach's icy silence as best he could. He wanted to hold Zach like he did earlier in the day, that perfect moment in the shower, their closeness allowing him to absorb a fraction of Zach's worry for his lost father. But on the ride home from the morgue, Zach radiated a menacing hardness, a thick protective shell that would not tolerate any affection, any softness. From the back seat, Adam watched his lover with sad eyes.

Sheriff Neale didn't seem to mind the silence. Apparently this was preferable to the verbal abuse he'd received at Zach's sharp tongue on the ride over.

When Sheriff Neale had repeated his, "I'm sorry for your loss," yet again, Zach slammed the car door and stormed toward Adam's apartment.

Adam apologized and thanked the sheriff and got out of the car, chasing after Zach. Sheriff Neale texted Blake to say: *I hope you're in a bad mood.*

Inside, Adam found Zach steaming in the kitchen, bouncing between the counter top to

the fridge, to the oven, to the cabinets. He looked like an animal in a cage. Adam went to him and instinctively tried to pull his lover into an embrace. Zach gave him a dirty look and resisted, moving restlessly to another part of the kitchen.

“Can I make you something to eat,” Adam said in a hesitating voice. He wasn’t sure how to reach Zach. What did he need? How could he show Zach he was loved during this horrible time?

Zach turned to him and said in a hard voice, “I asked you to marry me and you stammered. You didn’t say yes. If you love me, why don’t you want to marry me?”

Adam thought, *This is it. Here we go.*

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Grady stood staring at the silver morgue doors, wondering if he was ready to face his dead husband. He had spent every minute since the hurricane searching for Phil and now Phil was found. In fact, Phil was only ten or twelve feet away, just beyond those cold metal doors, lying naked on a silver table. *This* nakedness Grady was not sure he wanted to see.

No. Not yet.

Grady wasn’t ready.

He turned and left the waiting area. It wasn’t possible that Phil died of a heart attack; he knew that. He wanted to talk it over with Sheriff Neale.

On his way to the sheriff’s house, Grady thought about how the entire town acted like Vic was a joke, an easily-dismissed laughingstock, occasionally involved in borderline illegals himself. Well, embarrassing and humiliating if not actually illegal. But when the town was in crisis, everyone ran to Sheriff Vic Neale. And now that he himself was in crisis, he found himself doing the exact same thing.

As he navigated the remaining debris through downtown Boxer Falls, he considered calling Zach, letting him know of the newly-inspired plans but his son was already grief-stricken, lashing out wildly. Calling and saying, “I think your father was murdered” might add gasoline to a fire Grady wasn’t sure he could control. Adam was best for Zach in this moment. Adam.

*Phil didn’t die of a heart attack.*

It made Grady's own heart beat faster to realize that he believed it, *truly* believed it. Something was not right. And he needed the sheriff to help him uncover what that was.

As he stood on Vic Neale's front porch, knuckles ready to knock hard on the front door, Grady heard the unmistakable bark of leather slapping something – something, followed by a grunt. And not just a short, efficient grunt, but a *grunt*, a man-wallowing-in-pleasure grunt. Grady paused, surprised by the sound.

Smack!

He heard it again and lowered his knuckles. He should have called first. Why on earth didn't he call first? Grady knew the answer – because he needed the drive over to convince himself. He needed to be sure. And now that he was sure, he couldn't wait another minute.

Smack!

Grady Boxer knocked hard on the front door. He didn't care what was happening inside. These minutes, this time...it was critical. He had to find out who had murdered Phil.

Grady pounded on the front door again, yelling, "*I know you're in there, Sheriff Neale.*" Vic Neal finally appeared at the door, sweat dripping down his naked chest and into his jeans, still unbuttoned at the top. His face wore a snarl until he saw his front stoop guest. Vic's face instantly melted into something like pity, the sad tolerance afforded those who recently lost a loved one.

He said, "Grady –"

"Get dressed," Grady said in a confident voice, simultaneously commanding himself not to break down and cry. "We've got to go to the hunting cabin. Right now."

Sheriff Neale frowned, just a little. "I just got back from driving your son home, Grady. I'm kinda in the middle of something here."

"So I heard," Grady said calmly, "But someone murdered Phil. He was *murdered*. And whoever did it, did it up there. The hunting cabin. Get dressed."

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A crisp white shirt rippled over Oz's flat stomach, but remained unbuttoned. Quinn liked it unbuttoned. Actually, he preferred the shirt off. But the shirt looked great on his...his what? His friend? His friend with benefits?

Quinn hated that they had decided this was something more than sex. He should be focusing on the generous nipple he saw lurking beneath the shirt as Oz lay next to him in bed, half-dressed. Instead, he was now wondering what kind of *thing* they had. Were they dating? Did Oz expect him to use the word *boyfriend*? Were there rules?

Quinn groaned to himself. This was exactly what he wanted to avoid, this empty wondering over labels and relationships. Connections.

"What are you thinking about?" Oz asked in a sexy voice.

Quinn smiled and thought of a lie. "Food."

"I'm going, I'm going," Oz said, and pulled himself from the bed. "This is a big day for me. First I make a meal –"

"That wasn't a meal."

Oz ignored him, " – and then I go out to pick up Thai food, like a common delivery boy. Big day for me."

"Don't let our food get cold," Quinn said. "Or you're not getting a tip."

Oz buttoned up his shirt and stared at Quinn. "Is this going to be weird? That we talked about..."

"Well, it's weird *now*," Quinn said with a heavy exhale. "Do we have to talk about our feelings every ten minutes? Can't we just fuck and eat and kiss and fuck again?"

Oz fastened his belt. "I think we should just *say* what we're doing so we aren't tempted to over-think this."

Quinn pulled the sheet over his head as if to hide. "You know the best part of being fuck buddies or friends with benefits? Not ever having conversations like this. Isn't it enough that we *like* each other and said it out loud?"

Quinn peeked out from his protective sheet.

Oz shot Quinn a snarky smile mixed with a little hardness. "I don't go pick up Thai

food for *friends with benefits*. But I'm not looking to get married either."

Quinn looked at Oz and flooded with remembering. The taste of him, the curve of his butt, the way his cock fit so well inside Oz and the sexy smiles Oz gifted him earlier today while they made love. It was making love, after all. Quinn knew that. He knew it was more.

"Instead of Friends with Benefits, how about if we're *Better* Friends with Benefits," Quinn said with surprise affection. "How about if we're BFBs for right now. Just so we don't overthink it."

"Better Friends with Benefits," Oz repeated back and seemed to ponder this. "Do BFBs share their pad thai?"

"They can be persuaded," Quinn said.

Oz picked up his car keys and smirked. As he turned toward the front door, he said, "BFBs."

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The two men drove to the hunter's cabin in silence.

Sheriff Neale was pissed at having to inform Blake that 'duty called.' Blake had glowered with a menace that struck Vic as potentially dangerous. Blake considered himself an artist who did not like to be interrupted and especially not by the man submitting. But they had a good thing going here, Vic and Blake, something hard and raunchy that worked for both of them. Vic watched forgiveness crawl across Blake's face as he relented, allowing Vic to fully dress.

When Vic headed toward the front door fully dressed, Blake said in a low voice, "To be continued."

Vic loved that dark look in Blake's eyes and was just as unhappy to leave. But on the plus side, Blake had scored some vicious blows on top of an already tender area, injuries that Vic could feel when he shifted his ass.

He glanced over at Grady, happy not to have to say much. He never knew what to say around someone who lost a family member. Grady seemed sure that this was murder, and while Sheriff Neale was far from convinced, he agreed that death by heart attack seemed unlikely. That and there really was no good explanation for why Phil was found dead where he was. If something truly were happening up at that cabin and later

it was revealed the local sheriff had ignored it, there'd be hell to pay. Better go check it out.

"Drive faster," Grady said at one point.

Vic almost laughed and said, 'That's what your son said' but realized that was in poor taste and kept his mouth shut.

There was probably nothing at the cabin anyway. Probably.

Sheriff Neale shift his butt once again and felt Blake's cruel love.

As car approached the cabin, Sheriff Neale was relieved that nothing looked suspicious. He had been steeling himself for finding...something. But nothing appeared to be out of the ordinary.

Grady shot out of the car first, and Sheriff Neale thought of stopping him, but hell, it wasn't a crime scene.

Grady reached the front porch and pointed at the wooden slats. "This looks a lot like blood. A *lot*."

Vic scanned the area immediately, calling up his steely professionalism, a quality that lingered close to the surface, ready to get serious when needed. He said, "Get off the porch. Get off. You might be stepping in something."

The sheriff moving slowly toward the porch, scanning the nearby scrub bushes carefully for anything suspicious. He stepped mindfully to the burgundy pool, already turning brown and staining the wood. He looked around. No body.

"It's a deer hunting cabin," Sheriff Neale said. "This is probably deer blood."

"Uh huh," Grady said. "Where's the deer? Or the hunters? Did they shoot it on the porch and then drag it into the woods?"

Vic had no answer.

"We have to go inside," Grady said. "Something happened here. They killed Phil here and dragged his body down toward where we found him. We have to go in."

"I'm going in," Sheriff Neale said in a correcting tone. "You're staying out here. Do not fuck with me on this, Grady. I know you're in mourning and I am sorry for your loss,

but this might be a crime —“

Grady nodded at him but interrupted to say, “I hear you. But this is about Phil.”

Without another word, Grady walked inside the cabin.

Vic cried out, “*Don't touch anything!*”

After crossing inside himself, Vic’s eyes immediately searched for bullet holes in the walls near the door. If someone shot a man on the porch and the shooter was inside, he’d be aiming in this direction. Of course, the shooter could have been outside as well.

“Syringes,” Grady said pointing at the floor. “I found two syringes over here. One has a blue tip.”

“Don’t touch it,” Vic cried. “*Seriously*, do not touch anything.”

“Phil was injected with something,” Grady said, pointing. “Someone induced a heart attack. They killed him with one of these two syringes.”

Grady bent over, fingers reaching forward.

Vic found himself dashing across the room and grabbing Grady by the shoulders, jerking him away.

“Damn it Grady,” Vic yelled, continuing to push Grady until he backed him into the closest wall. “Look, I’m not going to tell you again not to touch shit in here. Yes, this does not look good. But we do not know what went down. Could have been some drug addicts up here. Yes, maybe something happened to Phil here. But if you touch shit, we’ll never know. *Do not touch shit*, Grady. I am sorry you are grieving. *But knock it the fuck off.*”

Grady looked at the sheriff with great surprise, as if seeing him for the first time. “Okay. Okay.”

“This may be a crime scene,” Vic said through gritted teeth. “And if we want to find out who killed your husband, you gotta behave.”

Grady nodding, realizing the severity of it all. Phil was dead. Murdered. Someone *murdered* his husband.

Vic let him go and crossed to look at the two syringes.

Grady thought to himself, 'Who says things like that? Who thinks to themselves, *my husband was murdered.*' Grady put his arms against the wooden wall to steady himself. He felt another blackout crying session approaching. *Phil was gone!*

The good sheriff took a few minutes to photograph everything in the cabin to preserve the scene. He secured the syringes into evidence bags to take back to the morgue. He found gun casings and carefully preserved them as well without touching them. Gun casings in a hunting shed may mean nothing but he now had his own concerns.

Grady grew impatient as Vic marked off the outside area with black and yellow crime scene tape. He needed to see Phil again. Right now. Phil was the man he wanted to call whenever he had news. And this was news – there might have been a murder in Boxer Falls. But Phil had heard the news firsthand, seeing how he was the victim.

Grady felt sick to his stomach. He had to get back to Phil! He was alone in the morgue. The idea of it all made Grady sick.

Sheriff Neale carefully turned the car around, not wanting to disturb any potential tire tracks if possible. As they headed back down the narrow road that brought them here, he said to Grady, "Keep your eyes open along the road for anything suspicious, especially when we get toward the area we found Phil. We want to keep an open eye. Someone may have dropped him there by accident or deliberately."

"I will," Grady said with a promise in his heart. "I will."

As they neared the area where he last saw his husband, Grady said, "Stop. *There.* Stop the car."

Vic applied the brakes quickly, but as they weren't moving too fast, the car jerked to a halt instead of slammed.

"In the mud," Grady said. "Shoes."

Sure enough, wedged tightly into the muddy embankment were a pair of men's shoes. Vic pulled them out, not sure what to make of them. Who pulled off their damn shoes out here and left them behind? Using a rag from the trunk, Vic wiped them down, interested to see if they revealed anything. He was sure they wouldn't; they were just shoes. So he was very surprised when he recognized them.

"Oh," he said before he could stop himself.



Grady knew what that meant. "You've seen these. You recognize these shoes."

Vic realized he could not explain how he recognized them without explaining whose they were. But Grady had a right to know. After all, Grady had directed him to the cabin.

"They're Conrad Cotton's," Vic said with a sigh. "I saw them today when the three of us were together. The other day, I gave Conrad shit about helping people after the hurricane, getting his hands dirty, etc. When I saw his shoes today, I thought about how maybe he really had been out helping people. Maybe he wasn't just pretending to care. His expensive shoes were ruined."

"These are Connie's?" Grady said. "And you're saying you saw them earlier today when we were together? When we brought Phil to the morgue?"

Grady felt he might throw up.

"Yeah," Sheriff Neale said, looking around. "Which means Conrad's been back here since then. And now he's gone."

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He did not like the sensation, rumbling around like this. Something was wrong.

He felt it, didn't think about it, just *felt* it in his guts, his legs, his arms which were bent the wrong way. Behind him.

That thought dragged more of him back to consciousness. Why were his arms behind him?

The sensation that 'something was wrong' returned, a small throbbing felt throughout his body, more than a physical sensation, something that made him feel funny. His head hurt, his whole body felt blurry and sick, but this specific sensation was like being in his a truck but instead of sitting upright watching the road, he was napping while the truck sped on. He sensed movement, like being on the road. Yes, he was on the road.

His arms were behind him and he was sideways.

In a moving truck.

*What the fuck?*

He struggled to move, but just flexing his wrists was difficult. He discovered the reason

his arms were behind his back. They were secured. Duct tape? Felt like duct tape.

Why was he sideways in the back of a truck or a van —?

As he swam further into consciousness, more realizations about his body and what was happening to him followed. He realized that two men in the front seats were talking, talking funny, using words that did not make sense. In fact, the only words he understood were the last ones spoken.

*Leaving Boxer Falls.*

He panicked and instantly, the most handsome man he had ever met flashed in front of him, smiling, laughing, making breakfast, sorting bills, sleeping in front of the TV with a book on his chest. He saw the man naked and felt a rush that made his ears ring. He saw himself kissing and caressing the handsome man in bed. They were in love.

'Grady.' The name came to him instantly and he felt his heart twang with hurt.  
'My *husband*. I have to get to my husband.'

'But first,' Phil thought to himself, 'where the hell am I and why am I restrained?'

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Zach's anger cycled down into hurt and he said, "I know I shouldn't be thinking about this right now. I should be thinking about my dad. He's dead. But you know what? He had Grady. They had each other. I can't help but think about how they had love so they got married. They adopted me. And in the end, someone mourned him when he died, the love of his life. That's the life I want with you. Why don't you want that with me?"

Adam knew he had to say something. This was not the time to stay silent. But what could he say? What could he do right now? If he told Zach everything, wouldn't that take Zach away from mourning his father. Also, wasn't it likely Zach would break up with him from this highly emotional place?

Adam wanted to explain, but didn't know what to say. And this was so *not* the right time. So, instead he said, "I love you, Zach."

Zachary allowed himself to get softer, to feel the hurt a little more. "Then, why —"

Adam looked down and said, "I wanted to. I wanted to jump up and down and scream at you. *Yes, yes, yes!* But I can't. Not right now."

A hint of the former hostility appeared in Zach's eye. "Why?"

Adam could not explain. Not now. Ignoring the defensive posture still adopted by Zach, Adam circled his arms around his love. Even though Zach resisted his touch, Adam didn't care. He loved Zachary, angry Zachary, hurt Zachary, shower Zachary. He inhaled him, breathed in the scent that was uniquely Zach.

Suddenly, the words came to him.

"Ask me in six months," Adam said. "Ask me again in six months and I promise you that you will get an enthusiastic response that shows you how much I want this. Give me six months. And if you still want to marry me, ask me then."

Zachary relaxed and let himself be hugged. His arms eventually moved to the lower part of Adams back. They stood in silence with their arms wrapped around each other.

"My dad died," Zach said, the words very much a surprise.

"I know," Adam said. "I know, babe."

Zach began to cry.

Adam held his true love and realized that he had given himself a six month deadline to come clean. But could he? Could he tell Zach things that he'd barely been able to think about himself?

Over time, he tried to forget about his time drugged and kidnapped by the sadistic Gino Torres, but as much as he tried, he could not. It's not that easy to bury your past. He had also never forgotten how Zach had left him that night - *abandoned* him the night he was kidnapped, drugged, and abused on film.

Being with Zach physically meant suppressing the rage he felt at being abandoned. He was surprised how forcefully that pocket of fury stabbed him as soon as Zach popped the question. Yet, how could he marry someone he didn't trust? How could he confess to Zach 'There's a tiny corner of me that hates you for what you did?'

A truth like that could end the best love Adam had ever known. Though he was young, Adam had the inner wisdom to know that you didn't throw away your 'Zachary love' - it might never come along again.

The world was populated by lovers who once threw it all away and now were filled with regret.

But if he didn't talk to Zach about the impact of that night, what he endured, and how he blamed Zach for not taking care of him, he'd never be able to say 'yes,' to the wedding proposal.

Zach sobbed harder over the loss of a significant relationship in his life. Adam squeezed tightly and thought, *I know exactly how you feel.*

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"Connie's not answering his cell phone," Grady said. "I tried again."

Sheriff Neale growled across the front seat. "Don't call him anymore. I have to think this through. We don't know anything."

Grady could not think straight. He had to see Phil. Even if only to caress his rough, stubbly cheek one more time, to run his hand over the eyebrows he loved. Phil. He had to get to Phil. Grady somehow harbored the impossible belief that Phil would know what to do. Phil would help them puzzle out the next step if he weren't dead.

"Drive faster," Grady said.

Sheriff Neale was tired of being bossed around by Boxers today.

They argued again after Neale parked the car as they headed down to the morgue.

"Phil would not have gone to that cabin on his own," Grady argued. "Not without knowing Zach and I were safe. He wouldn't have just gone up there on his own."

"We don't even know that he was in the cabin," Sheriff Neale said. "We can't make assumptions."

He didn't particularly like Grady's perspective at this moment because Grady kept punching holes in the easiest explanation. If Phil Boxer didn't die of a heart attack, what the hell happened?

"Dr. Sherman can tell us what's in these syringes," Grady said with blind confidence. "He'll know what killed Phil."

"Grady," Sheriff Neale said as he stood in front of the shiny morgue doors. "You have to accept that this might be a completely natural death. We don't know anything's wrong."

Vic pushed through the metal doors and walked into the room. He jerked in horror. Did he just see movement under the sheet draped over Phil Boxer's body?

Grady followed a step behind him and then stepped around the sheriff, hurrying toward Phil's corpse.

The body under the off-blue morgue sheet jerked suddenly. The head reared up and the corpse said, "MMmmm. Mmmmmmmmm!"

Grady's gut reaction was to throw up, the movement of Phil's corpse so obscene, so unacceptable. But maybe Phil was alive under there! Was it possible Phil wasn't dead?

Instead of throwing up, Grady leapt forward and whipped back the sheet.

It wasn't Phil.

It was Dr. Sherman, his mouth duct-taped, his arms duct-taped to his torso, his eyes wide in alarm.

"Holy fuck," Vic said, stepping backward.

Grady found himself oddly calm and he did not know why. This latest shock in a day full of shocking surprises simply did not register anymore. Someone had stolen his husband's corpse and replaced it with Dr. Sherman, who now struggled hard against the duct tape, desperate to be free.

"I'd say something's wrong," Grady said with an eerie serenity. "Wouldn't you, Sheriff Neale?"

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Phil Boxer's head felt stuffy, crowded. Wrong. His wrists were duct-taped behind him as he lay sideways on a cot in a van. Details floated back to him. The cabin. How he freed himself and fought with Ben. He panicked slightly as he remembered that he'd been *stabbed with the Somnus syringe!*

The note!

Someone must have found his hastily-scribbled note and saved him. But why was he in a van instead of recovering in a hospital? Where was Grady? He had to get back to

Grady.

Phil listened again to the conversation from the front, trying to understand why he didn't understand a word. The words were wrong.

No, not wrong. Foreign.

Spanish.

Phil felt an old part of his life come crawling back inside him.

'No!' Phil thought to himself. 'No. I don't want this.'

When Phil moved to Boxer Falls, he worked hard at leaving that old life behind. He refused to remember that life now. He assumed Ben would send people looking for him and his best chance of remaining unnoticed by any of Ben's henchmen was to fit seamlessly into his new life. Maybe they couldn't be sure it was truly him. Of course, if Ben found him, Ben would recognize him. But Ben couldn't be everywhere and a small town like Boxer Falls offered a perfect hiding spot.

Phil gave up medicine. He gave up his gift and but could not surrender his love of working with his hands and fixing things that were broken, so he took up carpentry. Fixing a cabinet shelf was a lot like repairing a collapsed lung, he told himself at first, until he no longer needed the medical metaphors to help him master his craft.

Then, he tried to forget everything: Ben. The gun at his back and sometimes his head. The surgeries he performed on innocents for rich men and women who simply did not care about the life that donated the organ. The panicked looks on people as they surrendered to Somnus, the fear that they had fallen into untrustworthy hands. They were right.

The men in the front argued in thick Spanish. It wasn't typical Spanish, it was...richer. The vowels were more glottal. This was a South American dialect.

While plotting his escape, Phil tried to teach himself Spanish, to learn what the people around him were saying. It would come in handy, he knew. Somehow. And he was right - the night of his escape, he learned about the lessened security detail that pushed his decision to make his move.

Phil lay on his cot and thought about Grady. Grady would be worried sick. He had to find Grady. And if the fastest way back to Grady was to remember more of his previous life, he would. He had to.

He had to get back to his family. And Zach - did he survive the hurricane? *God, please*

*protect my son!*

Worrying didn't solve anything, so Phil listened intently and tried to follow the front seat conversation, but they mostly argued about directions, the fastest way to reach...

*Boston.*

They were headed to Boston.

As the van took him further from the ones he loved, he willed the limited Spanish he learned to return to him, the words he remembered. He needed those skills from his old life to save him.

*Check them.*

Phil recognized the words just in time to close his eyes and lay still. A hand pushed on his leg and he resisted the urge to kick with all his might. Phil held no strategic advantage at this moment and he knew it.

*Still out,* said the second man.

He said more than that, but Phil only caught that much. They argued again, and it seemed to Phil that the two men argued about how much Narcan had been administered. He recognized the word Narcan.

Phil tried to let his forgotten past come back to his memory, let the Spanish words back in. Unfortunately, letting in that time of his life meant remembering what he had done, the atrocities of operating on people against their consent. He had forgotten how much self-loathing came with those memories.

*Why are they needed?* The second man asked.

Phil listened harder.

*Who knows?* Said the first man. *But...*

Phil took a moment to figure out what the words meant. In short, 'What Ben wants, we want.'

Ben?

They discussed the situation long enough for Phil to figure out the main points.

Ben had been covertly searching for Phil for years. Vendettas were not considered lucrative and his interest in finding Phil had been discouraged by more senior members in the organization. But Ben was now a senior player, one of the heads, powerful enough that he could do as he pleased within the organization without fearing immediate reprisals.

Phil knew what this meant. Business rivals or even vicious partners within the black market organization looking to consolidate their power knew to find Ben's weakness and exploit it.

Phil was Ben's weakness.

*Do they know something special?* The second man asked.

Phil was surprised how much Spanish flowed back into him. He credited adrenaline for his rediscovered language skills.

*Don't know*, the first man answered. If not, they still have uses.

The second man chuckled and said *Ripe gourd*.

No, that wasn't it. The word ripe gourd, no...no, it was *harvest*.

If they had no use for Phil, they could always harvest his organs.

Phil panicked and resisted the urge to scream.

His mouth – they didn't secure his mouth. Phil didn't know why he hadn't realized that until just now. His head still hurt, felt scratchy and confused. But they hadn't duct taped his mouth.

'Wait,' Phil thought, 'Why were they talking about *they*?'

His eyes finally focused on the cot across from his and the figure lying on it, hands duct-taped behind.

'Oh, shit,' Phil thought. 'I'm not alone back here.'

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- *Who kidnapped Phil and for what purpose?*
- *Who's with Phil in the back of the van?*
- *Now that Adam has six months to reveal his secrets to Zachary, how will this change the way he sees their relationship?*
- *Where are Ben and Conrad?*

**TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!**

***Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...***

**AUTHOR BIO:**

Edmond Manning is the author of King Perry and his blog can be found at [www.edmondmanning.com](http://www.edmondmanning.com). He currently owns two kidneys, neither of which would make good transplant options as they have been stuffed with Cheetos and Oreo cream for years. Best to look elsewhere.