



Episode Forty-One

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Boxer Falls: Episode 41

By Ethan Stone

Phil Boxer and Conrad Cotten – former arch rivals turned reluctant allies – expected a few options when it came to the noises outside the shipping container they had been kidnapped and locked in. Men with guns was the most likely outcome in both their minds, though Phil hoped it might be the Coast Guard – the cavalry to the rescue and all that. Conrad didn't even consider rescue at this time a slight possibility.

Armed with weapons acquired from a couple of the armed guards watching them, Phil and Conrad were ready to escape or die trying. What they didn't expect was exactly what *did* happen – two cans of tear gas were thrown in the container and the small space was filled with smoke and neither man were able to see.

“Close your eyes and don't breathe,” Phil called out to Conrad. He laughed inwardly at his own stupidity. He had done exactly what he'd been trying to warn Conrad not to do and took in a large amount of the gas. He choked and sputtered and he had no strength to resist when two men grabbed his arms and threw him to the floor and slapped handcuffs on him.

He was flipped to his stomach and through the smoke he was able to see one last thing – the butt of a rifle smashing into his face. The pain was incredible and he was grateful when the darkness took over.

It was past dark when Grady, Zach and Adam arrived in Salem. Between forgotten cell phones (Zach), a cell with a dead battery (Grady) and a cell with shitty service (Adam) the trio had been incommunicado for a good portion of the drive.

Once they were in the city limits, Zach had managed to use Adam's cheap-ass cell to contact Vic who gave him the number of the coast guard officer at the scene.

They were less than five minutes from the dock when Zach talked to the officer. The conversation was short and Zach had shut the phone off within a minute of connection.

"Well?" Grady asked impatiently. "What did they say?"

"They found the boat," Zach said. Grady, ever the optimist, smiled. Adam, however, noticed Zach's total lack of enthusiasm.

"What's wrong, baby?" Adam asked.

Zach looked from his father to his boyfriend and back to his father. "It's empty," he answered. "The boat is empty."

"You want me to call you Rev?" Sheriff Victor Neale asked the crazy looking man who sat across from the small table in the interrogation room. "Or Jordan? John? Mr. Smith?"

"Malachi," the man answered somberly.

"Malachi?" Vic repeated. He stared at the old man with the dark flowing beard and bold green eyes. "Why did you tell my deputy your name was Reverend Jordan Moses John Smith?"

"I didn't," the man replied.

"You didn't?"

Reverend Malachi Jordan Moses John Smith shook his head. "Jesus was baptized in the

Jordan River. Moses led his people out of slavery. John Smith was the secret identity of the android hero called The Red Tornado."

Vic couldn't hold back a snort. "And Malachi?"

The Reverend shrugged and said, "Ehh, I like the name. So I shall be Malachi today. Tomorrow...well tomorrow is another day."

Vic shook his head wishing he could be back with Blake getting fucked by his huge-cocked lover.

"I'll stick with Reverend."

The Reverend said nothing as he began to dig the dirt out of his fingernails.

"Why are you in Boxer Falls?"

The reverend's head snapped up. "You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villainy," he growled.

"You came to save us from our evil ways, Rev?"

He shook his head. "No, I came to save one sad soul."

"Who would that be?"

"My son."

"And who is your son?"

The reverend stared into Vic's eyes. "If I knew, I'd tell you."

Vic lost the cool he had been trying so hard to maintain and slammed his fist on the metal table. The old man didn't jump in the slightest and resumed his task of cleaning out his fingernails.

"Damn it, old man," Vic shouted. "I'm tired of these riddles and crazy ass behavior. I want to know if you saw what happened at the cabin or if you saw a man get killed."

The Reverend looked at Vic and smiled.

"May I have a piece of cheese?"

Phil and Conrad awoke on the floor of a mostly dark room. They weren't shackled but they were stripped of all clothes except for their underwear. Phil wore tighty whiteys while Conrad had on a pair of boxer briefs.

"Where are we?" Conrad asked groggily.

Phil was already on his feet. "Don't know." There were no windows and only one door – a solid steel one with no handle on their side. "But we're trapped in here for sure."

Conrad stood and stretched. "C'mon, Mr. Hero, you can save us, can't you?" he snarked.

Phil turned and glared at him. Conrad's icy behavior melted when he saw the bruise on Phil's face where the rifle butt had landed.

"Christ, Boxer," he said as he approached. "You do anymore damage to your face Grady won't want anything to do with you when we get out of here."

Phil pushed him away. "What Grady and I have goes far beyond physical attraction, Cotten. Something I'm sure you know *nothing* about."

Conrad raised his hands in the universal sign of surrender. "I was making a joke, just trying to lighten the mood. Trust me, I know where I stand with Grady, even if I don't like it. I get it, really, he wants to be with you. Though I have no real fucking clue as to why."

Phil didn't respond, instead choosing to search around the room. He found only a small bed bolted to the wall like prison's do it. A thin foam mattress and a few blankets sat on the bed. Other than that the room appeared to be empty.

Both men jumped when a voice boomed from a speaker hidden somewhere in the room.

"Hello, gentlemen." The voice was deep and gravelly.

"Listen to me you mother fucker," Conrad screamed. "Do you know who I am? I will find you and destroy you."

"Shut up, Cotten," the voice said. "Of course I know who you are. Why else would I have brought you here? I'd planned on first dealing with Mr. Boxer and then taking care of you later, so when the opportunity to kill two birds with one stone arose, I simply *could not* pass it up. And I mean it when I say the word kill."

"Why are you doing this?" Phil demanded. "Why the two of us?"

"Is this where I'm supposed to reveal all my secrets since you're both going to die anyway?" The voice laughed. "I don't have to explain myself to you and I don't want to. I guess you'll have to die not knowing. You have one more night alive, gentlemen. I suggest you do whatever you can to make the best of it."

A clicking noise signified the end of the conversation.

Conrad cursed but Phil sat down on the small bed and buried his face in his hands.

"What do you mean there was no one on board?" Grady demanded from the coast guard officer.

"I'm sorry, sir. I don't know what to say. We arrived as soon as we could. We located the boat and it was totally empty. There's some blood in the container but we don't know whose it is."

"Do you think Phil and Conrad could've gotten off the boat and hid?" Zach asked.

"If that was the case they would've shown themselves by now. Whoever is behind this has them hidden," Grady said. "And I don't know how the hell we will ever find them. We might not. And this time Phil could be dead for real."

Grady sat down where he was and cried. Adam prepared himself for Zach to do the same, but that didn't happen. Zach held his control, kneeled next to his father and comforted him. Adam had never been more proud of Zach in that moment.

"C'mon," Zach said as he helped Grady to his feet. "Let's go get a room for the night. We can head home tomorrow."

Vic stormed out of the interrogation room. "Diego, get that freakin' hippie lunatic into a

holding cell."

"Where you going, Sheriff?"

To go get my ass fucked and good, Vic thought, but he said, "I need some food and a break. I'll be back later."

Diego nodded and muttered under his breath, "Translation: You're gonna get plowed."

He opened the door to the small room. "Okay, old timer, let's go."

"We going to Disneyland?" the Reverend asked.

"Tomorrow," Diego answered. "Right now I'm checking you into your private motel room."

"Oh, thank goodness. I do hope Aladdin stops by. He is so cute."

Diego sighed and failed to hold back a smile.

"Let's go," he repeated. The old man stood, Diego led him out of the room, past the desks and to the jail cells.

"Hey!" The old man exclaimed said when he looked at some papers on Diego's desk. "That's my son."

"Your son?" Diego asked. "This one?" He pointed to a photo of Phil Boxer.

"No, the other one."

"*This* is your son?" He pointed to Conrad Cotten's picture.

The Reverend nodded.

"Conrad Cotten is *your* son?"

"That's not my son's name. My son's name is Bryce. But I don't remember his last name."

"Shouldn't his last name be the same as yours?" Diego questioned.

"Well, yes, but it depends on the day. On the day I am me then we have the same last

name. But on the other days it isn't."

"Well that cleared things up," Diego replied sarcastically.

"I'm glad it did," the Reverend said. "Because at least one of us shouldn't be confused. Imagine the disaster it would be if we were both discombobulated."

"I can't argue with you there, old man." Diego walked the man into a cell, undid his restraints and closed the door. "Someone's town is definitely missing their idiot."

Conrad put his arm around Phil. "Don't give up, Boxer. We're not dead yet."

"Might as well be," Phil snapped. "What I wouldn't do for just one more night with Grady. Just to feel him inside me one more time."

"Yeah," Conrad agreed. "I'd like the same thing. I know Grady doesn't love me, but I still love him. I wish I knew our last time together was really our *last* time."

"He's an amazing man," Phil said. "I wasted so much time cheating on him. Lord I was a dumbass."

"When he rimmed you did he do that swirl thing with his tongue?" Conrad asked.

"Oh my fucking god," Phil replied. "That always felt so goddamn incredible. Always made me want to come right then."

"My god he had a talented tongue...and lips...and fingers."

"And his dick!"

Phil and Conrad looked at each other and laughed.

"Guess we had something in common after all," Phil said.

Conrad nodded. They sat in silence for a moment then he turned to look at Phil.

"This is a crazy idea, and I won't be offended if you say hell no, but...never mind."

"You've never been one to keep your mouth shut, Cotten. Why start now?"

"I was thinking...we could be Grady for each other. Our last night alive and we both want the same man. You pretend I'm him and I'll pretend you're him and we both get what we want – one last time with Grady."

"You and me have sex?" Phil asked incredulously.

Conrad shook his head. "No, I'll be having sex with Grady. You'll be having sex with Grady."

"Like that scene in *Ghost* where Patrick Swayze inhabits the body of Whoopi Goldberg so he can kiss Demi Moore one last time?"

"Exactly, it may have been Demi and Whoopi's body kissing, but it was really Patrick."

"Won't it feel awkward?"

"Close your eyes, Boxer." Phil looked at Conrad for a moment then closed his eyes. Conrad leaned over, pressed his lips to Phil's and kissed.

At first the kiss was almost chaste and Conrad was sure Phil was going to turn him down. Then Phil's mouth opened and his tongue slipped into Conrad's mouth. A groan escaped from Conrad as he felt himself get hard. His hands went to the side of Phil's head and pulled him closer.

Conrad got up on his knees without breaking the kiss, pushed Phil backward and lay on top of him. Their rigid pricks rubbed against each other through the thin layer of cloth between them.

Phil reached between them, slipped his hand into Conrad's underwear and stroked the head of his leaking prick.

"Oh my god," Conrad moaned when he broke away from the kiss. Their eyes met and Conrad could see the lust in Phil's eyes. He wondered if Phil really was seeing him as Grady or if – like Conrad – he saw the man who was actually, physically there. Conrad decided it didn't matter. He was going to be with Phil for his last night alive. They wouldn't have to worry about regrets or guilt in the morning so he decided to make every moment last.

Conrad slipped down Phil's body and pulled off the underwear. He took Phil's cock into his mouth in one quick swallow and enjoyed the sounds Phil made as Conrad deep throated him.

Phil soon pulled away from Conrad so he could re-adjust. They lay in a side-by-side 69 each sucking on the other man's eager dick. Conrad slurped on a finger and pressed it against Phil's hole.

"Oh, yes!" Phil cried out when the finger slipped in. "God, fuck me. Fuck me right now."

"I want that, too," Conrad growled. "But we don't have lube or a condom."

"What, you going to give me an STD the night before I'm going to die?"

Conrad grinned. "You got it. Get on your knees."

Phil did so and Conrad leaned over and buried his face between Phil's ass cheeks. He licked and swabbed the orifice with his tongue getting it as lubed as he could so as not to hurt the man.

Conrad sat up, pressed his cock against Phil's ass and pushed in. Phil gasped as the muscle stretched and the wide head penetrated him.

Conrad froze, slightly worried he had hurt him.

"Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop. Just...go...slow."

Little by little, Conrad pushed into his former nemesis. He couldn't wrap his head around everything that had happened and he didn't try. Instead, he let himself live in the moment and give in to the pleasure he felt.

Conrad fucked Phil in that position for several minutes before suddenly pulling out.

"What's wrong?" Phil asked. He was having his own existential moment not believing he was enjoying getting fucked by Conrad as much as he was. He knew he was supposed to be thinking about Grady and imagine it was Grady penetrating his ass. But he couldn't do that.

Conrad kissed differently than Grady did. He sucked differently and he definitely fucked different. Not better – or worse – just different.

"No," Conrad answered and Phil sighed in relief. "I want you on your back."

Phil flipped around, lifted his legs in the air in and sucked in a deep breath when

Conrad was fully embedded in him again.

"Fuck that's amazing," Conrad moaned.

Phil couldn't speak, but he nodded in agreement.

Conrad wrapped a hand around Phil's neck, leaned over and kissed him deeply as he sped up his thrusts. Phil reached between them, grabbed hold of his cock and began stroking.

Neither man broke the kiss as they approached the edge. Neither man wanted to. Phil was the first to let it go and the feel of Phil's cum shooting underneath him dragged him of the edge as well. They rode out the waves together, not breaking the kiss until Conrad softened and slipped from Phil's ass.

They used their underwear to wipe each other down before crawling under the covers, snuggling close and falling asleep.

"I'm glad he finally fell asleep," Adam told Zach. They were in the bathroom of the motel room.

"Yeah, me too," Zach agreed. He had laid next to his father for hours before Grady had finally stopped crying and nodded off.

"You were amazing today," Adam said. "So mature. You stepped up for your dad."

Zach blushed. "I just did what I needed to."

"But a lot of men wouldn't have been able to do that. I don't think you would've done that a few months ago."

"Thanks," Zach replied. "I'm trying to be a better man."

"I've never loved you as much as I do now. The answer is yes, Zach, I'll marry you. Whenever you want."

"Really?" Zach practically shouted. "Oh my God, Adam. I love you."

Adam pulled Zach into a kiss but their joy was short-lived when they heard Grady scream in the other room.

Grady was sitting up in bed and he was dripping with sweat.

"I know where he is," Grady said. "I know where he is."

"Dad, what are you talking about?"

Grady looked at Zach. "You're going to think I'm crazy but I can feel him. He's in my head. I can almost see the buildings around where he is. He's underground in some room. I can't see him, but I can feel him. I know I can find him."

Adam and Zach looked at each other then back at Grady.

"You think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"Helloooo? Cathy convinced us Phil was still alive with her psychic ability. I'm not going to discredit anything supernatural at this point," Zach said.

"What are we waiting for?" Adam said as he grabbed the car keys. "Let's go."

The sound of their door opening woke up Phil and Conrad the next morning. They both jumped up but stopped when four men with guns stepped in.

"You here to kill us?" Phil asked.

None of the men responded, but two stepped forward and grabbed Conrad. Conrad tried to pull away and Phil tried to help him but the guns convinced them both it was useless to struggle.

Conrad looked at Phil one last time before he was yanked out of the room. He was sure it would be the last time he would ever see the man with whom he'd just had some of the best sex of his life.

When the door shut, Phil sat down on the bed. He knew he was going to die soon and wondered why his thoughts were more occupied with Conrad Cotten than with his husband Grady.

The armed men pulled Conrad into an office with a huge wooden desk and a high backed chair facing away. The men pushed Conrad into a chair and stepped out of the room. He considered attempting to make a run for it – where to he didn't know – but

the chair swiveling around made him stop.

The face of the man sitting in the chair struck Conrad deep into his soul. It was his own face.

“Hello, dear brother,” the man said.

The man stood and walked over to Conrad who also stood. Conrad was amazed at how they were almost identical. He noticed a small scar near the man’s right ear.

“Surgery?” Conrad asked.

“No,” he answered. “We’re brothers. Twin brothers.”

It took Grady a couple hours to convince Oz to pull a few more strings and get him access to a SWAT team. Oz had been dubious but Grady had persisted and Oz relented to get him out of his hair.

Grady’s mind acted like it was playing the childhood game of *Hot and Cold* where someone else would hide something and tell you if you were near (hot) to the item and not near it (cold). He would drive down one set of streets and instinctively know it wasn’t the right one. And when he found the right street, his head practically burned with intense heat.

It took awhile – too long in Grady’s opinion – but when he stopped in front of a building he knew it was the right one.

“That one,” he told the lead SWAT officer. He’s in a downstairs room. We have to hurry we don’t have much time.”

“I can’t just go in there on your word, sir,” the officer said.

“For fuck’s sake we don’t have the time,” Grady yelled and ran into the building.

“You gonna be responsible for an innocent man getting killed right in front of you?” Adam asked the cop.

The cop sighed, motioned to his men and yelled “Move in!”

Grady’s homing beacon brain led him down several sets of stairs and into a long

hallway. There were several doors on each side, but Grady knew which one his husband was behind.

"Right here," he motioned to the second one on the left after he tried to open the door. "Get my husband out of there."

"Stand back in there," the SWAT chief yelled into the room before placing a small explosive device on the handle and stepping back. After the bang, Grady rushed in and was thrilled to see his husband standing there.

Grady and Phil rushed into each other's arms.

"We have to find Conrad," Phil said. "Before he gets killed."

"Let the cops find Connie," Grady said. "You and I need to get out of here."

"No!" Phil snapped. "I'm not leaving here without Cotten."

Grady knew better than to argue with Phil when he was this serious so he didn't even try. All but one of the doors in the hallway were locked and when Phil pounded on the door and heard Conrad's voice he felt a huge relief.

"Stand back, Conrad. I'm coming for you."

When the door was open, Phil ran in and embraced Conrad.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," Phil said and Conrad nodded in agreement.

They all stopped when they heard a hissing noise.

"Gas!" The SWAT chief cried out. "Everybody out of here now!"

They all moved up the stairs in record time and were out of the building as the gas overtook it.

Grady grabbed Phil and kissed him passionately. A short time later, Phil excused himself from Grady to speak to Conrad.

"Look," Phil said. "About last night..."

"Nothing happened, Boxer. Forget it."

Phil nodded his head. "Thanks." As he walked away he said to himself, "I hope I *can* forget it."

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Can Phil and Conrad forget their time together?

How is the Rev connected to Conrad?

How many times did Quinn and Oz fuck behind the scenes?

Most importantly, will the Rev get his cheese?

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Ethan Stone lives in Nevada. But not Reno or Las Vegas. There are other cities there, you know. Where he lives, gambling isn't on every block, just every other block. He has been obsessed with two things in his life: books and all things gay. After spending years trying to ignore the voices in his head, he finally decided to sit down and listen to them. What he discovered was a perfect union of his two obsessions. Ethan has a day job that pays the bills. He wears a uniform to work and he looks damn sexy in it.

You can contact Ethan:
Ethanstone.nv@gmail.com

[Website](#)

ethanjstone@ymail.com