



Episode Two

By: Ellis Carrington

Tony almost didn't believe the guy bent over the open toilet seat getting his ass pounded was Mark. Supposedly, Mark hated to get fucked. Except there he was, face-planted against a filthy tank, getting plowed by a skinny punk with curly brown hair.

Begging for the dude's dick like it could cure cancer or something.

No question it was Mark's ass because of that big, stupid, Boston University logo tattooed on the right cheek. Tony watched the thing disappear and reappear for a few enthusiastic thrusts before he closed the door. If he stayed with it open for too long there would be an audience.

Then again, the two guys grunting away in the stall might not care, seeing as how they'd been too eager about getting down to business to lock the door behind them. So into each other, they hadn't noticed Tony standing back there. Maybe they wanted people to watch. Some guys were into that. Tony wrinkled his nose. Wasn't anybody into romance anymore?

He scratched at the achy spot on his chest. An enthusiastic "Oh yeah, twist the shit out of those nipples!" rang out from the stall. Well, this explained how it was the sex had seemed sort of bland and vanilla between him and Mark. Sure didn't explain *why*.

How was Tony in his thirties and still unable to manage a successful long-term relationship?

His palms slapped hard against the black painted bathroom door. He crossed the less-crowded perimeter of Danzare's dance floor and headed for the bar, adjusting himself in his Diesels as he threaded through the crowd. His heart slammed against his sternum in time to the heavy bass of a Rihanna remix.

Okay so it had been kind of hot, watching those two go at it like rutting animals. Fact remained, Tony had just gotten dicked over. Besides, hard enough to hammer nails and mad enough to punch someone in the face was a bad combo any day of the week.

Tony pulled up to the bar. "Shot of Patron." The blond hottie threw a wink when he passed it over.

A lean body edged next to him. "Rough night?"

Tony threw back the shot and signaled the cute bartender for another. He licked what was left of it off his lips. He wasn't really in the mood for talking. "Makes you say that?"

"Shooting tequila rapid fire like that's never a sign of something good."

Damn, that stuff was smooth. Tony slammed the glass on the bar and turned, appraising the lean body pressed against him. Nice looking kid. Tousled hair, scruffy face. Winning smile.

Emphasis on "kid."

Tony motioned to the bartender again. "Oh yeah, and how would you know?" The problem with this place on Saturday nights was they lowered the age limit to eighteen. Tony wiggled his finger between the guy's wrist and a paper neon bracelet. "According to this thing, you're not even old enough to drink."

The guy hiked a shoulder up to his ear. "Life experience. I'm Zach, by the way." He tugged on Tony's arm. "You dance?"

Yeah, he danced. He leaned back on a tiny retro stool that barely held one of his butt cheeks and checked out the flirty, way-too-young-for-him kid with the promising grin and sparkling eyes. The first couple of shots of Patron were settling in and he was almost fuzzy enough not to care.

Almost. "I think you're a little young for me."

Zach leaned in. "I don't." He flagged down the bartender. "Red Bull. And another shot for my friend."

Tony laughed. No denying he liked that kind of aggressiveness. He hardly tasted his last shot.

By the time they got to the dance floor and Zach's hips were grinding against his, with the haze of laser light flashing around them, the age difference didn't bother him so much. They were almost the same height, and Zach's green eyes shone brightly under the pulsing illumination.

"Hey's that your boyfriend?" Tony nodded to a surly-looking skinny kid leaning against a support post over Zach's shoulder.

"Huh?" Zach turned. "Oh." He waved at the guy, who pushed away from the post and disappeared, but not before shooting daggers at Tony with his eyes. Yeesh. "Nah, that's my best friend. Just looking out for me. I have a bad habit of dating married guys. You married?" Zach's warm fingers threaded through Tony's to bring them up to the light. "Guess not. No ring," Zach said.

Kid flashed another killer grin.

Tony shook his head. He wanted to kiss this guy. Zach's breath smelled of whiskey, which was always a weird turn-on for him. He really dug the smell and the taste of liquor on a man. His tongue slid along Zach's lower lip, and shit, Tony fell right into that kiss.

The first time kissing someone could be awkward. Noses bumping. Teeth clanking too hard. Rhythm not quite right. But this guy... Their tongues slid together effortlessly. Turned out Zach was a biter, and Tony gasped and ground hard against the

young man when teeth gently caught his lips and tongue. Their jean-covered erections rubbed and caught and rubbed some more. Their nipples were hard enough to be felt through the fabric of their shirts. All of it plus Tony's tequila buzz had him enjoying a head to toe body tingle.

He slid an arm around Zach's shoulders. "You've been drinking," Tony murmured in his ear.

"Pregamed a little out back earlier."

"Huh." Tony grabbed a firm handful of under-twenty-one ass. "Anything else you'd be interested in doing out back?"

Zach laughed and took Tony's hand.

Tony's cock throbbed in time to that cool rap part of "Stereo Hearts" as he tripped off the edge of the raised floor and followed Zach outside. Hopefully the cold night air would sober him up.

Once outside, the guy pushed Tony to the wall and dropped to his knees immediately. Shit, nothing like a man looking up at you like that, eager to make you feel good.

"Fuck, Zach." Tony had a split second of panic. It *was* Zach, right? He shouldn't have said that. But there was no protest while the young man made short work of his fly and mouthed him through his boxer briefs. Yeah, it was Zach.

Good.

A scorching tongue trailed over his erection. Tony hissed and shivered when the

saliva cooled immediately in the night air. Then there was a warm, wet, mouth milking him with perfect suction. Hell. Yes. He closed his eyes and rested his head on the cold brick behind him. Everything spun a little.

Definitely shouldn't have had that last shot.

Zach's teeth grazed over Tony's shaft, and then more sucking. A little tugging on his balls. "Yeah, that feels good." He thrust his hands into the mussed brown hair, pulling gently.

Zach didn't seem to mind. In fact, he moaned around Tony's dick and sucked harder. Fuck yeah. Hadn't ever been this good, getting blown by Mark. Some guys though just drooling on your dick a little was good enough.

He was dimly aware of the creak of the rear door and a scrape of gravel. He wasn't so sure that he cared. A hand generously coated in slobber was wrapped around his shaft and Zack here had mastered the art of sliding his tongue up and down while sucking at the same time.

Life experience is right.

They found a rhythm with each other, Tony pulled back when Zach did, then Tony pushed gently into Zach's mouth when Zach slid forward. There was an occasional scrape of teeth, but it only enhanced the intensity. Tony came hard with a loud groan. He gripped Zach's shoulders, whose throat squeezed around him when he shot.

"Mmph."

"Sorry."

Tony shivered again. Shit, it was cold out here. A drip came down from the building's overhang. And it had rained recently. Now he felt like an asshole. He helped Zach up, and tasted cum mixed with whisky and the tartness of Red Bull this time when they kissed.

"S'ok."

* * *

He spat in his hand and spun Zach toward the wall to give a friendly assist while the guy jerked off. Tony's hands wandered under the guy's shirt, tracing over ropey ab muscles and teasing his nips a little. Finally, he snaked a hand down in-between Zach's cheeks and fingered his hole, gently pressing at his back door.

"Ung. Shit."

That did it.

The club exit opened and slowly swung closed again. Maybe someone just went out the wrong door. Maybe Mark had been looking for Tony and realized he'd moved on. A little tit-for-tat would serve the bastard right.

They were headed inside when they heard the scream.

* * *

Phil's leaving again.

Grady Boxer dropped the ABA Journal in his lap and took off his reading glasses. His head rested against the stack of pillows behind him and his gaze followed

his husband as he pulled jeans on over thick thighs. A thermal and flannel were next, covering finely-honed sinew that came from contracting work and hard time at the gym. He loved the way Phil's back muscles rippled when he reached over his head to put his shirt on.

But Phil still hadn't spoken by the time he sat on the bench at the foot of their bed to lace up his boots. Was he going to just walk out the door without saying a word? "Where you off to?"

Phil flicked his gaze over his shoulder. "I'm sure you noticed there was some freezing rain earlier. Might be more of it later on. Gonna take the truck out and help salt the roads."

Grady pressed his lips together. "Swear to God, Phil, if 'salt the roads' is some euphemism for going out and diddling twinkles —"

"Hey!" Phil stalked over to the side of the bed.

Pissed? Good. Grady was pissed too. Peace would've been kept by not bringing up his husband's past infidelities, but forgiving wasn't the same as forgetting now was it? And hell, maybe 'forgiving' was too strong a word, here.

The mattress on their king-sized sleigh bed dented under Phil's weight. "I said I'm going out to salt the roads, I meant I'm going out to salt the roads."

Grady rubbed a hand over his eye. "Come on, you can understand why I'm..."

"Either you trust me or you don't, Grady." Irritation laced Phil's voice.

Grady slammed the magazine on his leg. "Stop interrupting me," he said through

gritted teeth. "And you can't deny past behavior."

Phil's nostril's flared. "I'm not the one who's got an old lover in town."

Stick, meet dead horse.

They could go in circles for the next decade over this. "Wish you'd stop that. I chose you over him. Look." Grady inched down on the bed. He slid his hand under his husband's sleeve and rubbed at the coarse hairs on Phil's forearm. "We haven't even had sex in days."

Phil leaned away. "You're hurt, Grady."

Yeah. He'd pulled a muscle in his back moving furniture in one of the bedrooms. Damn their son Zach for not being around to help out when they had guests arriving and a broken china cabinet to replace.

He tightened his hand around Phil's arm. "Hey. I know the Horizontal Mambo's out, but there are other options. We could jerk each other off, or you could fuck my face. You could rub off on me or something." He slid his palm over his husband's stomach, down to his thigh, and caressed the bulge at his crotch. "Come on. Gotta come up with some alternatives for when we get old and start falling apart, right?"

Phil laughed and leaned in to kiss him, but even as he did, Grady's hand was pushed away. "Low tonight is eight degrees, honey. That shit that fell earlier is gonna freeze. Zach and his friends are out dancing. You want them driving on dangerous roads later?"

"Hmm." Grady pulled back and crossed his arms over his chest. He studied Phil's

face as he rose from the bed and headed for the door. "Yeah. Well. Be safe out there."

Thanks to the codeine he'd taken earlier, he was just tired enough not to argue further.

But thirty years together told Grady that something was off.

Maybe Phil was bullshitting him. Maybe they were bullshitting each other.

Phil stopped at the door. "You okay? Need anything before I go?"

Grady shook his head. "Thanks for asking, though."

He waited until he heard Phil's truck down the drive before he picked up his phone to dial...

"Well, you've gone and gotten yourself good and fucked now, Vic."

Victor Neale twisted on the cum-streaked, lube-soaked bed. The cuffs were cutting into his wrist, but he'd long ago passed kind of having to piss and kind of starving. After spending all day laying on the bed and kicking himself in the ass for his own stupidity, he was ready to chew off his own arm or explode. Hell, he wasn't even above giving himself a golden shower anymore except for this mattress of his was fairly new.

Be good if he could at least reach his pants, wouldn't it?

The hookup had been fun. Hot young redhead from the rest stop, pushing him around like that? Knew just how to give Vic what he needed. Always a crapshoot though, giving up the cuffs. Vic shoulda known better. Hell, he did know better. He'd just let his hard-on lead the way was all.

Why do you always do this, Vic? Fucked if he knew. Childhood of abuse, and yet

he got off on being roughed up to this day. A million times it had occurred to him he ought to seek professional help about that shit, but when it came down to brass tacks, that'd be a cold day in Hell.

He shook his head at his own stupidity. "You've been toeing line pretty well man. Getting sloppy lately. You like it here in this quiet town, remember? You get out of this without losing your badge, how about you work harder to remember that, right?"

Right.

Shit he really needed to piss. He swung his leg over to the particleboard computer desk that sat along the far wall from his bed. If he stretched far enough he could just...get... "Shit." His foot scraped across the sharp desk corner. Hopefully he could clean up the resulting gash himself. No way he wanted to explain how he'd gotten cut his foot trying to get out of his own bracelets.

Be a good reminder of his screw-up.

Another kick at the desk and he managed to knock over a cup of pencils and pens, but stretching far enough to kick the desk that hard made something in his wrist pop. Good times. "S'whatcha get, Vic."

At least he'd locked up his duty weapon in the car.

Someone banged on the front door. Vic wasn't scheduled to be on duty tonight, thank fuck. It was impossible to see the front door from where he was. No lights were on except one in the bathroom that his visiting redhead friend had left on that morning,

and his cruiser was in the garage. Hopefully whoever it was would take the hint and go the hell home.

"Hell. Fucking. Yes. Come to papa." Vick nudged the now empty cup with his toe until he could grab it with his hand. Bingo.

He was letting loose the most euphoric stream of his life when the latch jiggled on his back patio's sliding door. What the fuck? That lock had needed fixing for awhile now. Vic hadn't made it a top priority. After all, who would bust into the local Sheriff's house?

Oswald Cotten pushed his way through the vertical blinds. Well, there was Vic's answer. "Sheriff Neale. I...tried knocking on the front door."

Hard to get all nasty and alpha on a guy when you're handcuffed, sans-pants, and busy draining the lizard. Vic shook off and set the cup on the desk as covertly as possible. Pain shot through his arm when he tried to take a step forward, and failed. "Oswald Cotten. What are you doing in my house?"

Oswald blinked and his Adam's apple bobbed. Dark blond hair was wet and slicked back. He started forward, and then stopped when he got around to the side of the bed. Probably about the point he realized Vic wasn't wearing a single stitch of clothing. He cleared his throat. "You look like you could use some help. Got keys for those?"

Now, Victor hadn't had particularly good dealings with anyone in the Cotten family thus far. That Rider kid was an extra special pain in the ass. Didn't sit well,

owing this one a favor. Not when Vic just caught the man sneaking into his home. Still, he was starving. Things were starting to hurt, and not in the fun-and-games kind of way. Vic jerked his chin. "Top drawer of that desk. I can't reach from here."

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Thank God he'd moved his Colt magazine stash to the high shelf up above. Long as Oswald didn't get too curious he'd be in the clear. Right? Vic's pulse kicked up. He rarely had company-hopefully nothing weird was in that drawer.

"Sheriff, most folks call me Oz." Oswald unzipped his jacket and planted his feet, body facing Vic, head turned to look around.

Vic's shoulder was aching so he sat on the bed, and had an almost eye-level view of an impressive set of jean-clad cock and balls. A gray thermal shirt stretched across what promised to be a fine set of pecs. Vic would bet those arms and thighs were even better.

Nnngh.

But Conrad Cotten's elder son didn't play that way. From what Vic had seen in fact, Oswald-Oz-was pretty appalled at his father's brand new out and proud behavior around town.

And anyway, at the moment Vic had bigger fish to fry.

Starting with getting some pants on. And if he ever got his hands on the little pissant that left him cuffed to the bed, he was going to kill him. Then he was going to bring him back to life so he could kill him again.

"You know, Sheriff, maybe you ought to consider moving the desk farther up the wall just in case this ever happens again." One ashy eyebrow quirked as he came over with the key. Guy's eyes were blue. Intensely blue. Even in the dim light Vic could tell the color.

"Covers a vent if I move it closer." Vic's body got even hotter and tighter. *Shit, Vic. He was making a joke to lighten the world's most awkward situation and you just admitted that you'd actually given thought to the matter. Nice one.*

Oz rocked back on his heels, his face now a sober mask. "Here, let me help you." Waterproof timberland boots clunked heavily in Vic's hardwood as the man stepped around toward where Vic was cuffed.

"I can undo my own cuffs," Victor growled.

"Let a woman use these things on me once. It's harder when the locks are facing this direction. Let me just..."

"Cotten." This dicklick had listening problems. Hot embarrassment boiled into hotter anger. "I'm the sheriff. I can unlock my own goddamned..."

Vic's hand came loose. He grunted and pulled away, ignoring the creak and groan of his joints and the pins and needles in his fingers. His back stayed turned toward Oz so he could pull on his discarded patrol pants and get situated.

Fucking French fly. He hated the fucking things. He hated getting a lecture from someone probably almost a decade younger than he was. Hated that the bastard was right. Hated that he had to manhandle his dick into submission because the thing was

responding to Oswald Cotten's blue eyes and low voice.

"You never did answer my question. Wanna explain to me what you're doing in my home, Oz?"

By the time Vic turned back around Oz had zipped his coat and was tugging down the hem as he sidled back toward the sliding door that led to Vic's deck.

"Right. I have reason to believe an old school buddy of mine, Trip Whitlock is in town. He's got a problem...well a vendetta against my family and uhh...I'm thinking he might do something. Try and sabotage our new resort. We have the safety of an awful lot of tourists to worry about."

"Any proof?" Vic rubbed his wrists. "Has he made threats? Unless he's violated the law, Mr. Cotten, not much I can do."

"Hmm. You're..." Oz licked his lips. He nodded toward Vic's red wrist.

"Welcome, by the way. Sheriff."

Vic held back a growl. "I do appreciate your help, Oz." He extended his achy right hand. It wasn't clear what this guy's angle was. Oz's story didn't quite explain why he'd come in the back door after Vic hadn't answered. Still, it would behoove him to keep things civil under the circumstances. "And you can call me Victor. Vic."

Oz's blue-eyed stare held Vic's in the dim light. When their hands clasped, creamy light skin against darker brown, Vic was taken aback by Oz flipping of his palm. "Just keep an eye out if you could I'd appreciate it."

One long, pale finger traced slowly over the red marks on Victor's wrists for a

moment, but then just like that the man dropped Victor's hand like a hot potato. I'll see you around, Sheriff."

What the fuh? Vic stepped forward just as the oldest Cotten son turned toward the door. Was he insane, or was that the hard ridge of an erection that rubbed his leg when Oz brushed past him?

He hardly heard the sliding door slam shut over his deafening thoughts and the pounding rain outside. No question, he was going to have to keep an eye on Oz Cotten.

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- *What was Oz really doing at the sheriff's house? Will he use what he knows? Was that a Maglite in his pants or was he just happy to see Victor Neale?*
- *Will the Sheriff's kink cost him his job?*
- *Is infidelity going to drive a wedge between the Boxers? Who did Grady call when Phil left the bed and breakfast, and why?*

- *What will happen between Zach and Tony? Is this a burgeoning romance or just a quick trick in an alley? What will Adam do?*
 - *Who was in the alley watching Tony get blown? What caused the scream from inside of the club?*
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TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO

Ellis Carrington is a wild child who hates to color in the lines, but who lives and loves passionately. She can be found in and around the Washington D.C. area, swilling Starbucks and saying inappropriate things out loud in public. Her greatest loves are good friends, good music, and of course reading M/M romance. Find out more at:

- EllisCarrington.com
- [Goodreads](#)
- [Twitter](#)
- [Facebook](#)