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Episode 9

by Brita Addams

Conrad stared at the text. "I need to see you."

While elated for the opportunity to see Grady again, he knew nothing would come of it, making the meeting an exercise in futility. He'd made it quite clear he belonged to Phil.

Conrad called back instead of texting. For crying out loud, he'd just learned to *program* numbers into his iPhone. Texting was a level of expertise better suited to Oz.

"Are you all right, is something wrong??"

"Please, it's important."

Conrad shrugged. "Sure, fine. Where?"

"The fishing shack, half an hour."

"I'll be there. There's a row boat at the dock."

Conrad couldn't deny that Grady's confession as to missing him had taken him aback and given him jerk-off fodder since their meeting at the B&B. Worrisome was the fact that the man's once easy smile now seemed tortured, plastered on. Conrad had dwelt on Grady's eyes that day, and it killed him that the smile never reached them.

He'd wanted to ask why, but held back. He didn't have the right. The man was married, no longer any of his business, though his concern was another story.

Since it would take a few minutes for Grady to arrive, Conrad decided to take a quick stroll through Phallic Garden and see how Clem was coming along with the project. His gardener was a genius with garden tools and so far, he not disappointed. It had the added potential of irritating the living hell out of Oz, which was a bonus he hadn't originally thought of.

Uptight little prick.

A few weeks before, he'd spent a long night researching, and when morning dawned, he had printed out dozens of pictures of dicks. He'd taken several breaks

during that night, hot and bothered as he was, but it was the most fun he'd ever had researching anything.

He gave Clem the pictures and right away, Clem had started sculpting the boxwoods and lagustrums into all shapes and sizes. Provocative as it was, Conrad had made a bet with himself that the guys who lodged at the Whispering Ridge would find some inspiration in the garden. The sign would arrive in the next week or so.

He made a mental note to have Clem put in some globe-shaped shrubs. By next year, there'd be a delicious crop of asses as well.

Conrad checked his watch and then made his way to the dock, boarded a boat, and took a leisurely putt to the small island behind the house. He wanted to be in the cabin by the time Grady arrived.

The cabin was freezing, but he remedied that easily by turning on the electric radiators. He opened the curtains to allow the sun to pour into the living room/bedroom. The view was amazing, but the tranquil lake surface did nothing to calm his churning stomach as he wondered what Grady wanted with him.

The place hadn't changed much since he and Grady used it as a convenient place to fuck, more than 30 years ago. The fond memory tugged at his still-broken heart. While business and a healthy inheritance had made him a very successful man, since Grady chose Phil over him, his personal life had been shit.

He'd ended up with a money-gouging wife and shiftless sons. Sad to say, but life was what it was and money could buy someone to warm his bed if he got desperate

enough.

He shuddered at the thought of him fucking Trip senseless in the cabin, then the cocky shit swaggering off like he'd bestowed him with a knighthood or something. The guy was trouble and he'd had known it from the start. The question was, why he had allowed it to continue? He no more believed that Trip Whitlock was attracted to him than he believed lazy Rider would ever breathe without someone reminding him to do so. His cock stirred and he had answer enough. A stiff dick has no conscience.

Heavy footsteps on the wooded porch alerted him to Grady's arrival. His heart, the betrayer of all common sense, thudded at the prospect of see the man again.

The door came open with all the gusto of the force of nature that was Grady Boxer. He was breathless, as though he'd swum across the 40 yards of water, instead of rowed. The cold, winter air followed him in.

Grady still took Conrad's breath away, maybe more so, now that they were both mature and thought of something other than their dicks. Ha! Who was he kidding? "Close the door. I've got the heating on. Come warm yourself and tell me what's on your mind."

Grady cast him a half-hooded glance. "Thanks for seeing me."

"Of course. I think I told you once that I'd always be there for you. Just because thirty years has passed doesn't change that."

Grady pulled a chair up close to the heater and blew on his hands to warm them up.

Conrad looked away as he remembered Grady doing the same thing after their long jogs.

He loved their history, painful as it was. Too bad there wasn't enough of it.

"I don't know where to begin," Grady said. "There's just so much."

"You know what they say about starting at the beginning. You got me here, just spit it out."

"Was it such a hardship to meet me?"

"That's not what I meant. It's just strange is all. It's not like we've made a habit of this, have we?"

Grady shook his head. "No, we haven't. Okay, to make it short and sweet, I think Phil overheard us that day you came to the B&B."

"Really? What makes you think so?"

"Some of the strange shit he's been doing and saying. Without going into detail, it's like he's had a wakeup call or something. He thinks there's something going on between you and me. He's constantly mentioning your name, something he hadn't done in years."

"Are you telling me there's trouble in paradise?" Conrad said with a snort.

Grady hesitated, his face troubled. "Thirty years, you know. Everything can't stay as hot as it always was."

Conrad's dick shifted and cried *bullshit* so loud, Conrad was sure Grady heard it.

"Complacency, huh? A bitch, that."

A caustic glare singed Conrad's sarcastic tongue.

"Sorry."

Grady licked his lips and looked around the room. "I remember this place as though we were still kids, sneaking off to spend a few hours alone here."

Conrad walked behind Grady's chair and put his hands on the man's shoulders. The knots told him something had Grady wound tighter than a thirty-day clock. "Yeah, it hasn't changed much, has it?"

Grady leaned into Conrad's touch, then lolled his head back to look up at him. "You still look as good as you always did."

"When did gray become your favorite color?" Conrad said with a laugh. He kneaded Grady's shoulders, eliciting a hiss and a flinch. "What's wrong?"

"Bum fucking shoulder. Gray men shouldn't be moving furniture."

"Sorry 'bout that. I won't rub so hard."

"It's getting better, just a twinge now and then, but the bugger's sore as hell."

Conrad wondered if it hurt too much to support Grady on his hands and knees. The thought fled his mind just as quickly.

"Gray looks good on you, Connie."

As though possessed by the devil, Conrad pulled his hands back and moved away. "Don't call me that, ever! You lost that right a long time ago."

Grady's face paled. "I used to call you that all the time, at least when we were

alone."

"The operative words being, used and to. Just leave it, huh. What do you want with me? I don't have all day."

Conrad wanted to leave, to not play this game anymore. Being so close to Grady hurt more than he thought it would. He'd tested the waters the day he'd gone to the B&B and vowed he'd not open himself up again. But he couldn't say no to Grady — ever.

Grady looked stunned and alone, but there was something in the man's eyes — a hurt so deep, maybe, that he couldn't express it. His eyes were glassy, his mouth quivered. He was a mess.

"Phil's sick," Grady said on a cry. The watery words hanging in the air like a mist.

Not at *all* what he'd expected to hear. He knelt in front of Grady, his arms resting on Grady's thighs. "What do you mean, sick?"

"He's been to a neurologist, had an MRI and everything. It's a tumor. He gets these blinding headaches and they make him irrational. He's jealous of you, of everyone and he's doing and saying some really weird shit."

Conrad stood and paced. "Holy crap." He didn't like Phil, not even a little bit, but anything that hurt Grady, hurt him.

"For years, he'd stay out late, long after I'd gone to bed, then he'd be up before I was, gone all the time. I figured he was cheating, but never said anything because, well, first, I didn't want to know and second, he always came home, to me."

"Son of bitch, Grady. How can you put up with that shit?"

"I love him, what can I say?"

"That's sorry!" Grady's vulnerability hurt Conrad, but so did the man's stupidity. How fucked up is that he thinks because Phil comes home that the man deserves his love?

Grady didn't seem to have any fight left in him. "Please just listen."

Conrad dipped his head and raised his hands in surrender. "Sure, go ahead."

"When we first got together, we used to bring other guys in, you know, strangers, to kind of spice things up."

Conrad shook his head. "Jesus, Grady, you have one fucked up marriage. There's no fucking way I'd share you with anyone."

Grady stared, then lowered his eyes. "I didn't come here for your judgment."

Conrad sat on the floor, his arms wrapped around his knees. The last thing he wanted to do was listen to Grady and Phil's marital problems, but he would. It could prove useful to know what's going on with the other half of his world.

"We hadn't done it in years, never needed to. But now he's started bringing home younger guys and telling me that they're for me. He sucks me off, rarely, but never without another person with us. We haven't fucked in months and he never lets me touch him. And now this fucking tumor, which, through research, I find out could be a reason for impotency."

"Are you sure it's the tumor or has he just lost interest in sex?"

"I know what turns him on, I'm not stupid. But even when someone else is

fucking my brains out, Phil never gets hard. Just the thought of that used to do it. I tried to touch him the last time he brought someone home, and there was nothing. He brushed my hand away. Then he finally told me that he can't get it up and he feels guilty about it. I've begged him to see someone about it, to have the tumor taken out, something. He's agreed to make an appointment, but – God, he has a brain tumor. I've never been so scared in all my life."

Grady grabbed his head and sobbed.

Conrad's heart ached for Grady and he supposed for Phil. While he'd always hated Phil Boxer, he hated seeing Grady suffer more. No matter how things shook out, he'd always love the man. "I'm sorry, Grady," he said, meaning every word. "What can I do?"

Some of the tension fell from Grady's face. He stared blankly for a moment or two.

"Nothing. That's the bitch. There's nothing that anyone can do."

Conrad moved closer. "Are you sure?"

He knelt before Grady again, staring into the blue eyes that meant more to him than his own.

Grady shifted and cleared his throat, but said nothing.

Conrad sucked in a breath, closed his eyes, and pictured Grady's perfect ass naked, raised high and at his mercy, like in the old days. "Come here," he said and wrapped his arms around Grady.

Taking a huge chance, Conrad licked the man's lips. He teased, his hands busy at Grady's belt buckle.

"I didn't mean — "

"Shh. I mean this enough for both of us."

"I can't," Grady said, placing a staying hand on Conrad's.

Conrad shook it off and pegged Grady with a no-nonsense glare. "I'm going to fuck you, Boxer. No one need ever know. You need it. Consider it a gift from a friend."

Conrad slid the zipper down, finding Grady as hard as steel despite his protest. "Ever cheated on Phil?" he asked as he slid his hand down Grady's length.

"Only in thought," Grady said with a hitch.

"Ahh," Grady groaned when Conrad licked his cock. Grady placed a hand on Conrad's head, then pulled it away. "Please stop."

"No, you need this and I'm going to give it to you."

Conrad sucked until Grady writhed in the chair. Then he backed away. Grady's weeping cock slid from his mouth and Grady shouted, "No!,"

"I said yes." Conrad took Grady's loafers off and tossed them across the room. "Stand up."

Grady complied almost robotically.

In a slow, sensuous glide, Conrad slid Grady's jeans and boxers to the floor, then tapped his shins. As though he was a child, Grady lifted each leg successively and Conrad disposed of the clothes, leaving Grady attractively naked from the waist down,

his dick hard as granite.

He caressed Grady's legs, nuzzled and licked his balls, massaged Grady's inner thighs, his ass, until Grady grabbed his shoulders as his knees buckled. "Oh, my God, Connie," he groaned.

Conrad smiled at the return of Grady's endearment and slipped his hand into Grady's crease. "Do you still say no?"

Grady's eyes pled with him, but Conrad continued to push. The man would have to run away before he'd stop and then he'd not stop 'til he got what he wanted from Grady.

"I'll take that as a no. Now, go bend over the footboard of the bed, just like you used to do."

Grady stood stunned. Conrad ignored the tear slipping down Grady's face.

"Do I have to force you?"

Grady didn't move, his face not a mask of defiance, maybe just non-cooperative accomplice.

Conrad stood and put his arm around Grady's waist. He moved then, all the while looking at Conrad as though he were helpless to do anything but comply. He left Grady standing at the foot of the bed, while he dug in a drawer, removing a condom and some lube. When he turned around, Grady still stood tall, watching his every move. Applying pressure to Grady's good shoulder, Conrad bent him over the end of the bed.

The man look positively beautiful. He took his weight on his forearms and spread his legs wide. *Now we're getting somewhere.*

Conrad's heart thumped when he again saw the result of a drunken night, more than thirty-years before, still emblazoned across Grady's ass cheeks. *Cotten's.*

"That's what I like to see," Conrad said as he rubbed an assessing hand across his surname. "Seems we've been here before, no?"

"Yes, we have," Grady said with a strained chuckle. "I've never heard the end of it."

Conrad smiled. Another small victory in his silent battle with Phil Boxer. Conrad folded Grady's shirt up to his waist and traced over the letters, tattooed in black, *Cot* on the left cheek, and *ten's* on the right. If he remembered correctly, Grady had insisted on 72 font, Ariel Bold. "So it will never fade." How that must rankle the hubby, he thought with a self-satisfied sneer. They'd toyed with Grady's hole serving as the O, but ultimately had opted for complete clarity.

"I'm surprised you haven't had this lasered."

No answer. Grady's chest heaved when Conrad fingered some cool lube into him and pumped with two fingers.

"Oh, God, Connie," he groaned and rocked into Conrad's hand.

Three fingers and Grady was a quivering mass of need.

"Tell me what you want," Conrad said, just as he found Grady's prostate and massaged him into a frenzy.

"Fuck me like it's 1982," he moaned, "Fuck me, Connie."

Dropping his pants to his ankles, Conrad rolled on a condom, lubed himself slick, and slid into the warmth he'd dreamt about for thirty years. He savored the long, slow glide, while Grady rocked to take him in fully.

"Oh, my God," he blurted, afraid he'd come before he'd enjoyed the ride.

"Rough," Grady gasped, and Conrad gave them exactly what they both needed.

He rode the man hard, slammed into him. Grady'd never wanted it any other way. Some things never change. Who says you can't go home?

Grady was as loud as ever. Sounds more than words, but all geared toward pleasure. Their bodies slapped together, the rhythm the same, even if the bodies had aged and the hair had grayed.

Conrad reached around and took Grady's cock in hand. He thrust from behind and stroked from the front, turning Grady into a shivering heap of adulterous husband. Conrad slowed his own orgasm until Grady tensed and made the familiar little huffing sounds that had once indicated he was close. Conrad picked up the pace and brought them both over, their sweat mingling, their gasps greedy for the sex-tinged air.

"Damn, I don't remember it ever being that good," Conrad said when he'd caught his breath.

"Phil's gonna kill me."

Conrad ignored the note of sadness in Grady's voice. "He doesn't need to know. Shit, he'd done it to you. What's the difference?"

"The others never *meant* anything to *him*."

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Trip sat in his car, clicking through the pictures on his camera. That long lens was money well spent. He'd make it back a hundred fold by the time he finished with Conrad. Randy bastard. He'd be sorry he ever dipped into the Boxer well.

For an old guy, Conrad had the tight ass of a twenty-five year old, as impressive as the rest of him. Grady's wasn't bad either. *Love the fucking tattoo.*

Oh, yeah, he'd hit the jackpot and what a jackpot. The day he'd seduced Conrad at the fishing cabin, he'd planted a voice-activated bug under the bed. He gave himself props for thinking of it before he'd seduced Conrad, and hell, Conrad fucking him blind hadn't been a hardship at all. Granted, getting him to the cabin had taken some maneuvering, but a little bit of flattery had played right into the guy's ego.

Trip had staked out Whispering Ridge, just about living in his car, but he suspected Cotten would falter and he wanted to be there when it happened. How juicy that Boxer should show up and meet the man in the exact place Trip needed the meeting to be?

Trip started mentally spending the influx of cash his now meager bank account would soon experience. Maybe he'd buy that old abandoned estate over on Knothill Circle. From the upstairs, he'd have a great view of the fishing cabin and Whispering Ridge. Hell, maybe he'd demand that too.

He looked around the rag he drove. A new car was definitely in the offing. A Porche maybe? Yeah, *Connie* would pay dearly to keep these photos from Oz and Rider, to say nothing of the rest of the civilized world.

Visions of payday danced in his head. What pleasure he'd take in the complete and utter downfall of the Cotten Nation. He'd have to play his cards right, though. Think it through completely before he got ahead of himself. He'd have to get his money first; turn over a set of the incriminating shots to the mighty man himself, while swearing they were the only set. Let the hubbub die down. Then he could leave Boxer Falls *or* stick around for phase two. Yeah, stick around. That way, he could see the fallout first hand.

He'd take care of all the Cottens at once. That smug, fucking Oz wouldn't be able to show his face anywhere for the embarrassment of seeing his father *in flagrante delicto*. Trip'd love to see the look on the man's face when these photos hit the tabloids, dribbled out over time, of course, to keep the pain coming in sharp, constant jabs. One or two a week, with a blurb to remind the readers of what an asshole Conrad Cotten was, screwing a guy whose husband had a brain tumor. It's what the gossip sheets were made for. Yeah, those shots were gold. They'd take down the empire Conrad Cotten and his merry band of wastrels had built on the backs of the decent folks of Boxer Falls.

Trip would have his payday, but then he'd release the photos anyway, just because he could and because he didn't have to live by the rules like most people. He'd waited too long for something like this to drop into his lap, and he didn't give a shit

who he hurt. Phil Boxer was not-so-innocent road kill, Zach, pftt, who cares. Stupid, little prick couldn't find his way out of a loser's bed with his dick pointing the way.

He'd do what Lucinda hadn't had the nads to do – bleed Conrad dry and cleanse Boxer Falls of all the self-aggrandizing assholes in the process. Cotten would be begging to die before Trip let up on him. There wouldn't be a place in the world he could go and hold his head up.

Okay, that sounded overreaching, but for sure, the Berkshires would be out, and the whole of Massachusetts if Trip had his way. Fuck it. Cotten hadn't given a shit when he'd destroyed the Whitlock Company. Karma's a bitch. Payback's even worse.

He'd be the bad penny that just kept returning for more. Oh, yeah. Conrad was a good fuck. Hell, he was a great fuck and he could suck cock with the best of them. Why not take advantage of that as well. He had the guy's balls in a vise anyway? Win-win, right?

* * *

After Oz Cotten had discovered him and that Eduardo dude in the alley behind Bear and Bones, Vic decided if he was going to chase tail – no, *when* he chased tail, he'd best lay low in Boxer Falls for awhile and do it in someone else's backyard and not his own. He still had to work in there and he'd hold no authority if people found him all over town with every dick registered at the Boxer B&B fucking him blind.

He'd mentioned his little sojourn to a couple of guys at Bear and Bones, but no

one wanted to join him. Great, he thought, more for me.

He took his truck and drove to Pittsfield, his old stomping ground. Anyone could easily get lost *there*. He'd left the PPD amid rumors that the desk sergeant had been banging him during the late shift, instead of him foiling a robbery at the Ben and Jerry's on South Street. You know how rumors are, there's always at least a grain of truth to them. Thinking back, Vic smiled at the sergeant's deft use of his nightstick—both of them actually. Mmm. Those were the days.

He wheeled his way up to North Street and pulled in behind the old London Brother's Department Store and parked. A couple of New York City dudes, brothers he heard tell, had bought the building a few years before and turned the place into a high-end gay nightclub, etc. Vic especially liked the private rooms (no fucking over the toilets or in the alley like at Bear and Bones,) all the whips, dildos, and floggers a body could possibly want, and the most gorgeous men western Massachusetts had to offer. He made a note to grab some brochures and take them back to town. Spread the wealth, so to speak.

They'd cleverly named the place, *Bros*, and Vic figured it was a bid to give the locals a bit of a poke in the nose. Whatever, it was a jumping place and he'd never failed to hook up.

"Can't get enough of your love, babe," greeted him as he opened the door. *That's what I'm screamin'!* Sing it Barry, my man. That voice is pure Viagra.

On walking in, Vic thought he'd died and gone to khaki heaven. The Army had

come to town. Holy shit! He wove through the crowd and heard enough to gather that a group from Fort Devens had driven into town for the weekend. A veritable smorgasbord of uniformed man meat. Now we're cookin' with gas! His body tingled, his dick rose to salute our men in uniform, and he made up his mind to allow one or more to serve him, him being a citizen of the country they loved and all.

He went to the bar, ordered a Tom Collins, and turned to scope out the crowd. So many to choose from and all night to do it. It wasn't long before he caught the eye of a well-built, tall drink of water. With raised eyebrows and a flick of his head, the guy beckoned Vic forth, and who was he to deny the call of Uncle Sam?

With his drink in hand, Vic followed the hunk to the stairs and watched the uniformed ass cheeks rise and fall as he took each step. The khaki rode his posterior perfectly and Vic had all he could do not to come right then and there. Damn, that's pretty!

They went through a door and Vic's heart soared when his soldier man clicked the deadbolt, locking them in a room with only a dresser and a bed.

"Ever been here before?"

The rumble of the deep bass made him shiver.

"Yeah, a few times," Vic said, trying to sound cool and in control of himself.

"So you know how this works, right?"

"Sure," he said, dancing from foot to foot. *Tie me up, tie me down.*

Looking him up and down, the man said, "Then why are you still dressed?"

Without hesitation, Vic stripped out of his Dockers and button down in record time.

The soldier walked around him, grabbed his ass and squeezed. He rose up on his toes and yelped an "Oww." His ass still hurt from the belting he'd gotten from Eduardo and it'd still been marked when he'd looked in the mirror that morning. He couldn't say he was adverse to the reminder, though. Felt good, sick fuck that he was.

"Mmm, good to know," the guy said, then walked to the dresser.

Vic licked his lips and waited for something to happen.

"Grab the footboard, soldier," the other man said. Somehow, there hadn't been an appropriate time to exchange names.

Vic walked to the bed and took hold of the brass footboard. The guy produced two lengths of rope, and before Vic knew it, his wrists were secured, bringing to mind another bed and the jangle of handcuffs.

"Ah, whatcha got planned there, stranger?"

"I'm going to warm you up – good."

Vic's balls tightened and his dick wept with joy. Soldier boy brushed over his butt with a rough hand, and then walloped him with what could only have been a paddle – at least it was wooden, and it stung like hell – in a good way.

Another one brought him to his toes.

"Stay still till I tell you to move."

"Yes, sir," his voice strained as the paddle struck him again.

Six swats, three to each cheek, relit the fire Eduardo's belt had started a couple nights before. Oh, yeah.

His dick bobbed and his balls ached. "Fuck me," he said breathlessly.

"All in good time, my man, in good time. You wouldn't want all the fun to end so soon, would you?"

The guy had a point, but Vic didn't know how long he could last.

Cool liquid dribbled down his crack, then rough fingers pried him open. "You like things up your ass, soldier?"

Oh, God yes, and the sooner the better. "Yes, please."

Something cold and long slid past the burn and over his prostate. The pain fired every neuron in his body. The guy fucked him with a glass dildo and Vic struggled to stay on his feet.

The soldier slapped his ass good and hard. "A warning," he said, then continued to fuck him.

"Yeah, oh yeah," Vic moaned.

The guy stopped and stood back. "Hold it in, sheriff. Don't let it go."

Vic clenched his muscles, then the words registered. He relaxed and the dildo fell to the floor with a thunk. He looked back over his shoulder. "How did you know I'm a sheriff?"

The guy moved to face him more fully. "Don't remember me, do you?"



- *What does the soldier have in mind for Vic?*
 - *Will Vic be discovered, yet again, naked and alone, tethered to a bed?*
 - *Will Vic's sloppiness put the whole town in danger?*
 - *Who is the soldier and why doesn't Vic remember him?*
 - *Will Trip's idea of blackmail serve his purpose or will it backfire in his face?*
 - *Will Grady feel guilty or will he come back for more?*
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TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Brita Addams was born in Upstate New York in a small farm town. However, she's lived in the sultry south for many years. She shares her home with her husband and real life hero; their youngest daughter, a fat cat named Stormee, and Fiona, the super-puppy, who doubles often as her muse.

Whether it's historical romance or more recently, contemporary, Brita likes nothing more than to have two heroes vie for alpha position. *Boxer Falls* gives her a chance to use her sense of humor, something her family swears is lacking.

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