



Episode Twenty-Three

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Boxer Falls: Episode 23

By Sara York

Dot screeched, Adam jumped up, scrambling to hide his privates and Zach covered his dick with his hand. "Oh my. What the...I've never...Adam, put your clothes on and Zach...I don't know what to say."

Heat raced up Adam's neck to his face and across his chest. He knew his fair skin was redder than a lobster dropped in boiling water. Fuck, so embarrassing to have been caught. "I'll scrub the kitchen with bleach."

"You sure will. Seriously, sex on the floor here? What were you two thinking?"

"Could you turn?" Zach asked, using his free hand to gesture.

"Oh, yes. Sorry." Dot spun around and covered her eyes, her shoulders shook as though she were crying. Hell, Adam hadn't meant to do this, not now. And he certainly hadn't wanted Zach's grandmother to catch them ass naked. At least she hadn't come in when they'd been in the middle of sex. Fuck, what an eyeful. Zach on his knees, Adam behind, balls slapping, chests slick with sweat, come arching out of Zach's dick as they came in unison. Hell, he was going to get hard again just thinking about fucking Zach.

Of course nothing compared to the first time they actually fucked. Even though he'd been drunk, something special happened that night not long ago when they'd finally coupled, their bodies intertwined as Zach pounded into him, locking them together in the perfect union. God, how poetically stupid was he? But he loved Zach and was glad the man had finally agreed to love him back.

"Are you two dressed?" Mrs. Boxer asked, her voice breaking.

"I'm so sorry. It will never happen again." Ashamed he'd made Dot cry, Adam went to her, placing his arm over her shoulder and spun her around. Laughter filled the kitchen, bouncing off the solid surfaces, tears streamed down her face.

"You're laughing?" Zach asked.

"Yes, now clean up the place. Really, sex in the kitchen." Dot began pulling bread off the shelf, her gaze darting to Adam's every so often as she tried to hid her snickers.

"Yes grandmother dearest," Zach sassed.

"Hey, don't get a smart mouth young man. I've seen your dick."

"Gawd, don't remind me," Zach whined

"Adam dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Boxer."

"Call me Dot."

"Sorry, just a little mortified. If I could crawl under a rock, I would."

"You're not the first couple to have sex in here and I'm sure you won't be the last. Anyway, that's neither here nor there. A fire broke out at the Cotten's place. We need to put together some sandwiches for the firemen. Only a few, it's not a big fire from what I understand, but you know how much a bit of support will help, God forbid, if there's ever a fire here."

"I'll help," Zach offered.

"But first, the two of you are going to swab the surfaces with bleach. Seriously, sex in the kitchen. What a shame I didn't get a peek."

Zach and Adam voiced their incredulity together. "Dot!"

"Grandma!"

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Rider sat in the back of the ambulance, an oxygen mask over his face, his hands clenched in his lap. Conrad huffed, his eyes narrowed in disgust. The old man's mouth moved more than once but no words came out. Finally, when Rider swore the crazy fuck was going to leave before speaking, the words flowed.

"You're out of control. I've called the helicopter pilot, he'll fly Yoshi over to Boston when the medical staff thinks he's safe to travel."

"Oh my God, thanks Dad. I swear--"

"Shut it. You don't get off easy. The only way he's going to Boston is if you agree to enter a treatment facility and stay for two weeks. No, make that three."

"No fucking way." For a moment Rider thought Conrad would burst into flames, his expression so severe.

"Young man, you have no options. You're either being cut off, or you are going in for a cooling off period."

Rider stared at his father, unsure what his reaction should be. Hell, he thought Daddy Cotten didn't give a shit. Growing up his dad never paid enough attention to measure out any discipline. Sure, he'd been slapped on the wrist when his wild ways got too messy, but everything he'd ever done had been cleaned up easily, not one consequence in the end. Part of him wanted to tell Conrad to fuck off, but deep inside was a tiny shred of the little boy he'd been that still craved his father's attention. And how sad was he for admitting the weakness? Willing to bend and cower for Conrad's love.

Rider glanced out the window of the ambulance. His gaze raking over the firemen, the town's people, and his brother, Oz. Curious, his body language displayed possession towards the red haired bartender. Oz, who'd ever thought the straight man was gay? This place was getting too weird. A break might do him some good. Maybe he'd find something fun to do while locked up, maybe scare up a new connection or two.

"Fine, I'll go," Rider huffed out.

"When you get back, we will sit down and have a very long conversation."

Hugging would have been awkward, and Conrad seemed to understand as he stood stiffly, his hand hesitantly patting Rider's shoulder. "Three weeks."

Fuck, how was he going to keep tabs on Yoshi and exact his revenge? Maybe the revenge should shoot to the back burner for a while. If he played nice over the summer, his father would trust him again, granting him enough leash to take the bastard down.

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Putting the fire behind him had been easy, but stopping the erotic thoughts of Quinn proved more than difficult. Two weeks had flown by without really seeing the man. Sure, they'd run into each other once or twice, but never when they were alone. They'd only lost three days of guests, shuttling them over to Phil and Grady's B&B. Grady had sobered up and Phil was almost back to his normal self. From what he'd heard the man's memory was coming back slowly as his neural function improved.

Quinn was another story all together. Seemed like he'd lost his memory of their encounters, treating Oz like a stranger in the bar the two times he'd stopped by right after the Memorial Day fiasco.

Tonight he sat outside of Quinn's place, waiting for him to return. This couldn't go on. He couldn't go on. He craved the taste of Red on his tongue and tonight, God willing, he was going to lick his man from stem to stern, tasting parts he'd never tasted before.

The shadows moved in his rearview mirror and Oz peered over his shoulder, catching sight of a beautiful shock of red hair. His gaze dipped lower and lust pounded against his chest, stealing his breath away. Fuck, the dude had stripped out of his shirt, only wearing his boots and red plaid kilt, held in place with his thick black belt. The tattoo's only visible when he passed in a shaft of light. The cherry glow of a cigarette moved to his mouth. He flicked the stub away, not really taking a puff. When Quinn came even with Oz's bumper he stopped.

Oz stepped out of the car, suddenly unsure if Quinn wanted him. Fuck, he was Oz Cotten, one of the richest, most powerful men in the county, but right now with Quinn cutting him a glance that said *No way rich boy*, he felt smaller than shit. "I want to talk."

"Be real. You want to fuck."

"That too."

"Is that all you think of me? A fuck?" Quinn tilted his head up, shooting Oz another

zinger of a look.

“Quinn, for the life of me I don’t know what I want you to be.”

“I should leave town.”

“I think I’m falling for you.”

Quinn sucked in a breath, his hands going to Oz’s car to steady himself. “I can’t.”

“Okay, maybe I’m a douche bag for saying that, but I don’t want you to run away. Not yet.”

“You going to dispose of me when you get tired of playing fuck the nut.”

Oz shut the door to his car and locked the vehicle up tight. He stepped around the end, drawing closer to the sexy man he more than lusted for. “Two months ago, yeah, that was the plan. Fuck you and run. But that was the plan for everyone I slept with. Love ‘em and leave ‘em. You know how that works.”

“Yeah, no ties binding you.”

“I want you to bind me.”

Quinn reached out, grasping onto Oz’s forearm. “What?”

“Not that way. Okay, maybe that way. I don’t know. I want something from you. Something dark and dangerous and a little bit light and soft. Sounds crazy, right? I want something I’ve never had from anyone else, and I think you’re the only person in existence who can deliver.

“That was a mouthful to say.”

“Don’t use your quirky humor, Red, to weasel out of this. You feel it too. I can see it when we’re together.”

“What, a couple of fucks and you think you know me?” Quinn’s body stiffened, his words harsh.

Oz stepped forward, so close to Quinn they were almost touching, but no part of his body touched the fiery man, he made sure to keep a cushion of air between them, so when they did touch, the contact would be blistering. “No, that’s the issue. I want to

know you. To wake with you beside me. I want to do movie night with you where we end up fucking instead of watching the stupid flick. Maybe tossing some popcorn at each other as we flirt. Sharing a meal every day and drinking coffee in the morning. Think that might work?"

Quinn did nothing for a long moment and Oz was sure he'd made the biggest mistake of his life. He sighed, closing his eyes. Shock coursed through him when Quinn's mouth smoothed over his, a light brush of lips, sweet instead of sexual. "Oz I swear I suck at relationships. I don't do second dates."

"Then I guess every date will have to be our first."

"Aww hell, you're killing me. I'm a tough asshole, not relationship material."

"That's good because I'm a rat bastard, taking advantage of others. We'll make quite a pair."

"You need to come inside to my place."

"I thought you would never ask. Remember what I said I wanted to do to you?"

"Yeah," Quinn moaned.

"My tongue is ready. I'm ready, I just hope you are."

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Tony stood in the middle of Conrad's little fishing cabin, his legs ached from holding still for so long as Conrad walked around him, never touching, only looking. He wanted to touch his own cock, but Conrad was bent on torturing him. He shivered and Conrad smirked, his hand reaching out, finally stroking over Tony's heated flesh, granting a small amount of relief to his aching cock.

"Tony, my boy, I'll take care of you. Don't worry. Tell me to stop if it's too much."

"It's not. You drive me insane with need," Tony gasped.

Conrad dipped his head, pulling Tony close. "I want to fuck you again."

"Again?"

"Yeah, again."

"Conrad?"

"Tony?"

"Are we a couple or are you trying to screw me over? I know I'm not the smartest guy, but I don't think you, well, I never thought you would really like me."

Conrad drew him to the bed, pushing him down onto the mattress, bending close to lick Tony's abs. "I don't know what we are, but I like this. I'm not going to fuck you over."

"People say you will."

"Who?"

"Sheriff."

"How does Neale know what we're doing?"

"I have no idea, but he stopped me on the way home the other day. Told me I needed to go with him, but I didn't want to. Told him I wasn't going to fuck him again."

"Smart boy, Tony."

"Really, you think I'm smart?"

"I don't underestimate you. You're not stupid." Conrad came down hard on his lips, his tongue coaxing Tony's mouth to open, allowing Conrad to slip inside, dipping against Tony's teeth and twining with his tongue. Heaven, a kiss from Conrad was heaven, the only way to explain the sensation.

"Wait. I have something for you." Conrad stood and went to the closet, pulling a box out from a bag. "I saw this and thought of you."

"What is it?"

"Just open the box."

Tony stared up at the man, wondering if he should trust him. Conrad's eyebrows rose, his eyes going wide, a look of impatience on his face. "Okay, I'll open it." The paper fell away as he ripped the wrapping open, revealing a plain brown box. "A box?"

"Sweetie, open the box."

"I'm a little afraid."

"Don't be. I swear you'll like this gift. At least I hope you do." Conrad smoothed his fingers over Tony's cheek. He leaned into Conrad's touch, soaking in the sensation. What if Conrad left him? He was always falling for the wrong guy.

Tony cracked open the box, spying a pair of soft leather work gloves. "Wow, these are the nice ones."

"Should feel good on your hands as you're working."

"I can't believe you bought this for me." Tony hopped up, kissing Conrad's face and neck. "I love them." He pulled the gloves on, curling his fingers into the supple material. "Conrad, really, they are too nice to work in."

"Nonsense, they are just right for you. You have to wear them. They'll keep your hands protected and they feel so good."

Tony fell back onto the bed, keeping the gloves on, opening his arms. "I'm yours babe. Do what ever you want."

Conrad dipped low, licking Tony's thigh. "You taste so good."

"It feels good when you touch me," Tony said.

"Good, because I plan on touching you every day."

Tony threw his head back and closed his eyes as Conrad sucked down on his cock. The fuzz of Conrad's beard brushed against his balls as the man slid up and down, giving Tony the best head of his life.

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Grady shook his head. The B&B business had really picked up since Rider had almost burned down Whispering Ridge. "Phil, I don't understand, but I'm happy. Every night, full up and the money is rolling in again."

"Yeah," Phil nibbled Grady's ear. "Babe, I'm feeling it again."

"Really?"

"Yeah, for you alone. I don't want anyone else, only you. Come on, the guests are all tucked in and Zach is at Adam's place. We need to do this."

Grady had waited a long time to hear Phil say he really wanted him, not a little bit, but enough to admit the truth with his words and with his body. "Let me shut down the computer."

Phil walked away but stopped, glancing over his shoulder and held up two fingers. "Two minutes."

Grady nodded then clicked over to his email, surprised to find a message from Tony. He stared at the screen. Why the fuck would Tony be writing him? Hell, better him than his husband. Phil came out of the bathroom and Grady closed the computer, not wanting Tony between them tonight, not again. The young man had been there more than physically in the past, haunting Grady with his youthful body as he imagined the things the young stud could do for Phil. But not tonight. He pushed thoughts of Tony away, concentrating on Phil and the renewed love they had discovered.

Phil stripped before him, slowly revealing flawless abs and tight, coppery nipples begging to be licked. When Phil shucked his pants, Grady dropped to the floor, gazing at the man's perfect cock nestled at the top of his amazing thighs. His husband's legs were the talk of the town. The guy was damn near perfect, model perfect, and Grady had him to himself again. No Tony, no young bucks, just the two of them.

"Come here, lover," Grady growled.

Phil stepped close, holding his dick to Grady's mouth. When Grady puckered his lips and placed a simple kiss on the end, Phil sucked in a breath. He grabbed onto Grady's hair, clenching enough to tug the strands. Grady chuckled and wrapped his mouth around Phil's knob, flicking his tongue over the tip.

"Oh hell, that's good," Phil groaned.

Grady sucked down on Phil and pulled back, almost popping the whole thing out but he reversed his movement and went down on Phil again, running his tongue along the thick vein on the underside. Phil moaned, his head thrown back and his hips grinding forward.

"Fuck, you're good."

Phil's thighs trembled and his hands gripped tighter. "I want--" Phil gasped. He

pumped into Grady's mouth faster, his dick growing with each thrust. "Fuck me."

Grady moaned against Phil's cock. Swallowing most of Phil's rod, Grady opened his throat, using his best techniques to blow Phil's mind. The first eruption of cum slid down Grady's throat. He swallowed over and over again, milking Phil's dick to the last drop.

"Grady, fuck me hard and fuck me now."

Grady reached for the nightstand, pulling out a condom and lube. Phil crawled to the middle of the bed and turned face up, holding his knees, giving Grady an amazing view. Yeah, this was better than any other man. Better than Phil bringing home a young buck for him to rut with. Better than Conrad and the left-over emotions he had for his old lover. He loved Phil and Phil loved him. They only needed to take the time to reconnect and revive their relationship. And he hoped to fuck Phil would stay away from the gym rats this time, because another infidelity would kill him or worse.

He edged between Phil's legs, smoothing his fingers over his lover's face. "I love you Phil Boxer, now, always, and forever." Grady sunk down, sliding easily into Phil, halting only long enough for his husband to stretch and accommodate his dick. They made love, gazing into each other's eyes as they rode the waves of passion, getting back some of what they'd lost last Spring.

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Quinn allowed Oz to guide him to his own door, unlocking the apartment for him.

Oz shoved Quinn into the shower, washing away the day's grime. Oz ran his tanned hands over the pale flesh of Quinn's stomach, chest, and ass. His soap-slicked fingers probing, dipping into Quinn's hole, past his tight ring and fingering him like he'd been doing this for years. He didn't want to attach emotions to this activity but his mind buzzed with thoughts of second dates and thirds. Oz turned Quinn a bit, enough to get a better position and hit his sweet spot, driving Quinn crazy with need. "Fuck, Oz, what the fuck are you doing to me."

Oz's rumbling laughter vibrated over Quinn, striking pleasure to his core. "I thought you were the experienced one here and would know."

"You're going to fuck me tonight, aren't you?"

"I'm not in this half way. We either share in the fucking or no dice."

Quinn liked staying in control, the one dictating how and when he had sex. If he remained in control, he'd never be taken advantage of again. Hell, he'd had enough of that growing up and he hated being the underdog, the one tossed around like garbage. Not that he was smaller than Oz. Okay, so he was skinnier, but he had one inch on him. It wasn't really the physical loss of control scaring the fuck out of him, it was the power loss making him leery. If he let Oz take him, he'd be set adrift, no longer at the helm. Hell, he was already lost and a bit confused, unsure where he stood with Oz, because no matter if he lost control or not, he wanted Oz.

Oz shut off the water, wrapping a towel around them both, licking the moisture off Quinn's chest, swirling his tongue over Quinn's nipples. "Oz, you're driving me crazy."

"That's good."

"Are you trying to seduce me? I don't get seduced."

"Babe, I've already seduced you, now I'm sealing the deal."

Quinn let his head drop back as Oz kissed his way down Quinn's chest to his hard-as-glass nipples. Oz wrapped his lips around the sensitive sucker and bit down, bringing a round of pain that zipped straight to Quinn's dick. "Fuck."

The rumbling laugh buzzed against Quinn's chest. Oz licked away the sting then sucked Quinn's nipple so hard he thought he would be pulled inside out. His cock responded, growing stiff as granite. "Oz, too much."

Oz backed off, "Babe, I plan on taking you further."

The quick tug on his hand had Quinn shoved up against the wall. Oz spun him around and dropped to his knees. The slide of Oz's hand over his ass made Quinn shiver. Fingers plowed between his cheeks before the warm moisture of a mouth and tongue probed him, hitting his senses just right to make him see stars. Quinn leaned into the wall, spreading his legs further, giving Oz and his wicked tongue better access.

A long time had passed since he'd had a tongue spearing him like this. Fuck, Oz Cotten was a natural at sucking ass. The man didn't shove his tongue in thinking that would be enough, instead he licked around the ring, slid in, then did some impressive curl thing with his tongue, putting pressure on the top of Quinn's opening, driving him wild. Already his cock ached with the tight need to come, the skin stretched taught, leaving his cockhead glossy with pre-cum.

Oz's mouth left Quinn's ass and Quinn groaned. "More."

"Bed." Oz walked away and Quinn followed.

The need to be in control surfaced again, but he beat it down. For Oz Cotten he would relent, allowing this man to be in charge--for tonight at least. Tomorrow would be a different story. Fuck, a few weeks ago he'd been ready to tell Oz to go fuck himself and help him do it, but now he wanted to kiss up to Oz and sink into the comfort he offered. What had changed? Maybe this city was to blame and he should move on, but he didn't want to. Oz had affected him more than he wanted to admit.

"Lie down, face up. I want to see you when you come."

The intensity in Oz's gaze freaked Quinn out. "I shouldn't do this. You're too in control."

"Quinn, I may be in control, but I'm not going to screw you. Well I am, but not that way. I have the reputation of being a ruthless man but seriously, I like your plucky attitude a bit too much, and I don't think I could hurt you on purpose. Ever."

"You're being too nice."

"You say that now. Wait till I feel like fucking you into the wall."

Quinn gulped as he spread out on the bed, excited beyond reason thinking of Oz playing rough. Not in some evil way, but in a possessive, *you are mine* kind of way.

"Yum, I like your body's response. Does this excite you?"

Quinn groaned, licking his lips. "Oz, you know too much about me. Just fuck me and get it over with."

Quinn watched as Oz rolled on a condom, greasing his dick with lube, and slicking Quinn's hole. "This..." Oz lined up, his dick pushing against Oz's opening, "isn't," he lowered and kissed Quinn on the lips, "fucking." Oz pushed in, stealing Quinn's breath.

Unmoving, Oz hung above him, his tanned abs held tight as he stalled, waiting for Quinn to adjust. The invasion seemed all wrong, but right in so many ways. That's what he loved about fucking. The invasion, taking what belonged to another, making them bend to his will, leaving them gasping afterwards, that's what Oz was doing to him. Taking a piece of his soul he'd never be able to replace. He'd be forced to stay with Oz forever if he wanted the Oz shaped hole to be filled. Of course, he could walk, leaving was always an option, had to be. Growing up like he had made him harsh where love

was concerned. He'd spent years building up his façade, making his outer shell impervious to attack, never letting anyone chip away any part of his soul, but Oz had snuck in and taken a huge chunk.

Quinn relaxed, allowing Oz to take whatever he wanted. The difference in Oz's face was immediate. His features softened and his hips started moving, creating a desperate rhythm, stealing Quinn's breath each time the man bottomed out, his cock hitting Quinn's prostate, shaking every cell loose until he thought he would fly apart.

Balls tightened and his toes curled. "Fuck, Oz."

"Come for me, babe." Oz reached between them, stroking him off like a pro. Quinn shattered, shooting his load over both of their chests. Oz shivered as he bucked, his hips slamming hard against Quinn's ass. "Argh, so...good."

The pulsing deep in his ass made him want to shout out and tell everyone how wonderful his lover was. Fuck, why had he let Oz fuck him like this? Quinn opened his eyes, staring up into Oz's beautiful blue peepers. "Hey," Oz murmured.

"Hey, you." Quinn's voice cracked as he spoke.

"Catch me when I fall," Oz whispered.

Quinn gulped over the rush of emotions, his head pounded and his heart ached. "Only if you catch me."

* * * *

Adam opened his computer and logged into his account, checking his email. There were a few notes from friends, a bill notice about his cell phone, and an email from his YouTube account telling him that his video had been uploaded. Must be spam. He tried to log in to YouTube from his browser but his password wouldn't work.

Shrugging off the annoyance, he vowed to take care of it later. After researching a new recipe, he clicked over to his text editor and stared at the blank screen. He wanted to write a cookbook, thought about it more than he should, but was afraid to commit. After he typed the first paragraph, which he thought sounded way too trivial and stupid, he remembered the video.

He saved his work and clicked over to his browser, and pulled up the video from the URL in his email. A wave of heat washed over him. Two people were butt ass naked, going at it like dogs in heat. He glanced around, making sure no one was watching. He

leaned in close to the screen, staring at the pair having sex. Horror at what he saw filled him, leaving him weak with disgust and fear. He and Zach were on the screen together having sex. The video was shot from outside the kitchen of the Bear&Bones.

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Rider stared at the four walls of his cell. Okay, so the room wasn't so much a cell, more like a posh resort with bars on the window, but he hated being boxed in. He missed Sam. Missed their connection and missed the sex. Only another week and he'd be out of here. Fear of change frightened him. He didn't want to grow, become more mature, and forgive others. The desire to harbor the anger and rage still filled him, leaving him raw and aching. But some of what they'd said made sense, making him wonder if he would walk out of here the same man as he'd entered.

The need to seek revenge on Yoshi still wove through him, but the thread of revenge was thin now, no longer a thick stock of yarn, instead the emotion was a tiny silk thread, fraying at the ends. What Yoshi had done, the way he'd taken Rider in and convinced him he cared, twisted Rider's gut. When Rider's defenses were down, he turned on Rider, exposing Rider's sexuality to the dorm and plastering those pictures all over the internet.

Okay, so Rider had lied to his dad about the photos and said he'd done the deed, posting him doing the nasty with another guy on purpose, but Yoshi betrayed him. Then Yoshi had to go and be attracted to Oz. Why had he done that? But worse of all, Yoshi seduced his mother, stealing not only her pride, but also a priceless heirloom, one which could never be replaced. For that, Yoshi deserved to pay.

So all this talk of forgiveness being good for him and holding a grudge, bad, he fucking hated it. He needed to get out and forget all this being nice shit. They were changing him day by day, leaving him ready to forgive and try to live a decent life. One where he respected his father and loved his brother. Hell, it was all so confusing. Being a jerk had been so easy, but did he really want to stay a jerk?

* * * *

Trip's hair had grown out and he'd bleached the strands blond before returning to Boxer Falls. The facial prosthetics, and glasses would help him stay hidden, but his ace in the hole was everyone thought he'd taken off to parts unknown, disappeared after the car crash, to never be heard from again. He'd flown out west to a visit a friend who worked in show biz making rubberized prosthetics for the movie people to make them look different. His friend owed him and now he had the opportunity to finish off the Cotten clan from inside their own hotel.

He checked in easily, fooling everyone at the front desk. No one suspected Mr. Crispin, or Mike Crispin, was none other than Trip Whitlock.

He had the run of the place and could sneak around inside the hotel, keeping watch on Conrad, Oz, and that miserable ass, Rider. Oh, if he could take Rider down, Oz would follow. After the boys, Conrad would be easy to topple. Rider was an impetuous little shit, easily manipulated and confused.

Now all he had to do was set up his ruse as a man of means on vacation, there to relax and sit about the place. His guess, it wouldn't take long to track down Rider and get him into something bad. Yes, the smug sensation he experienced as he stared out his window at the grounds of Whispering Ridge was the start of something he knew would be very special.

* * * *

Adam jumped when Zach clamored through the door. He picked up his computer and rushed off to the bathroom, hiding from his lover. There was no way the video he watched was he and Zach, but it was. Who the hell would have recorded them?

"Hey, Adam?" Zach's voice was near, only inches away on the other side of the bathroom door if he had to guess.

"Yeah, what's up?"

"Want to get a pizza and we'll watch some TV while we chill?"

"I'll make the pizza." That would take time and he wouldn't have a chance to get intimate with Zach. If he didn't get intimate with Zach, he wouldn't spill about the sex tape.

Zach would be livid. From the angle it looked as though someone had been standing outside the window, holding up their camera to shoot the grainy video. Their faces weren't visible, that was the only concession. But the video had been loaded on his account. How could he explain that? Zach would think he'd planned this.

"No, I want you all to myself. I'll order a loaded pizza and we can turn on the TV for a snuggle. I miss our snuggle time."

Adam washed his hands and wasted as much time in the bathroom as seemed reasonable. He couldn't wrap his mind around this one. God, what if Zach really

thought he set this up and left? It looked bad no matter what he did. There was no way around it, he'd have to tell Zach about the video.

* * * *

Conrad opened the door to his private rooms, surprised to find Sam Kabir. "Sam, what are you doing here?"

"I want to see Rider."

Conrad shrugged, "I'm sorry, the facility won't let him have visitors until the weekend. He's most likely coming home on the twentieth. I think he's made progress."

"I really need to talk to him," Sam growled.

"I can arrange for you to see him on Saturday."

Sam stepped forward, his sneer menacing. "No, I need to talk to him now."

Tony slid up behind Conrad and grabbed onto his shoulder. Tony's chest pressed into Conrad's back, giving him comfort.

"Hey, Sam. Sound's like you really want to talk to Rider. How about you let Conrad make that appointment for the weekend, then we can all go up together?"

Sam's eyes flashed from Conrad to Tony. For a brief moment, vulnerability spun through Conrad and he hated that Sam had seen his weakness. Would Sam have really done something? He'd been prey earlier in Sam's company and moments ago, before Tony made his presence known, he'd been a little afraid. Sam was young and in shape, in impeccable shape, like he could easily rip someone's head off. The weakness angered Conrad, to have to rely on Tony shamed him a bit, but that's why he had Tony in his life. Not for his muscle, but so they had each other to rely on. Really, this relationship he'd started as a lark, a fun dalliance with the local dimwit had turned into something more. He realized Tony wasn't dumb, just gullible. The man was too sweet, too loving, the romance side too much which allowed others to take advantage of him.

"I think Conrad can speak for himself," Sam barked.

"I was speaking for myself and you didn't listen. Tony's right. We can all go down together this weekend."

"Fine," Sam bit out as he turned and stalked away.

Conrad shut the door, turning around and leaning against the hard wood. Rider would be home soon and he had to be ready for the boy. Tony was only nine years older than Rider, not enough to command authority, maybe enough to make Rider go off the deep end again. Hell, what could he do with his boys? Oz fucking around with the bartender and Rider in a holy hell of a mess. For a brief moment, he wished things were different, easier, but they weren't. He didn't have Grady, his marriage had fallen apart, his hotel had taken a hit from Rider's little stunt, but he had Tony.

Conrad crossed the room, shucking his clothes as he approached Tony. The fire of lust in the other man's gaze was enough to make him happy for now. He only hoped it stayed that way for a long time.

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Trip knew if he played his cards right and watched for long enough, he'd hit pay dirt. Sam Kabir was his ticket to the inside track. The dude thought he was cool, untouchable, but Trip had a few tricks up his sleeves that Sam was too young to understand.

He found it easy to follow Sam to the other side of town where he parked his too expensive BMW. The guy might be trying to live large, but he was hanging out in a rundown estate. Time to get to work and make something happen. He wouldn't let Conrad win this round like he'd almost won the last.

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**Will Rider come home a changed man?*

**Can Quinn allow himself to fall for Oz or will he take off, leaving behind the best thing that has ever happened to him?*

**When Zach finds out about the sex tape will he blame Adam?*

**Will Conrad stay with Tony or dump him, trading up when he tires of the young man?*

**Can Phil and Grady's renewed love last?*

**Will Trip and Sam begin working together to bring down the Cotton empire?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Sara York began writing romance with two guys after she found the genre and fell in love. She writes full time, spending her days creating stories with strong men who love other men.

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