



Episode Forty-Four

~This episode is sponsored by our friends at [Top 2 Bottom Reviews](#) ~

Boxer Falls: Episode 44

By: Daniel A. Kaine

Conrad's eyes widened, his skin losing much of its color as his ass hit the cold seat of a metal chair, riveted to the floor by sturdy iron bolts. A shiver raced up his spine, not least of all because his captors had refused to provide him with any clothes, leaving him with just his boxer briefs, now stained with piss and dirt, his last shred of dignity keeping him from being fully exposed.

The two muscular guards, dressed all in black, had manhandled him into the dimly lit room, where they forced him down into the seat. An acrid smell drifted through the air, and Conrad screwed up his nose, the sharp scent catching his nostrils and clinging to the back of his throat. The bindings around his hands were released, and for just a short while, he was free. Conrad fought against the iron grips on his wrists, but to little avail. With only the meager portions of gruel they were feeding him each day, he had neither the strength, nor the energy, to fight back as they rebound his wrists, tightly securing them to the back legs of the chair, before working on restraining his ankles.

Another shiver racked his weakened body, this time from the realization of what else lay in the room with him. Steel trays sat upon the equally shiny worktops, each containing various implements that would have looked more at home in an operating theatre.

The clack-clack of footsteps from behind caught his attention, and Conrad twisted his head to one side, straining for a glimpse of the new arrival.

“That will be all for now, boys,” said the feminine voice. The two men stood to Conrad’s side left the room without so much as a word, only a quick nod, and then the clang of metal and sliding of bolts as the door was locked behind them.

“What do you want with me?” Conrad asked, his breath shaky.

Aisha paced slowly to stand in front of him, leaning forward to bring her face closer, her cold, dark eyes catching the faint light from the hanging light bulb. “I told you, didn’t I? I want my revenge, and you’re going to help me get that.”

“How?” He shouted, his voice made louder by the confines of the small, stone room. What did all this have to do with him? “If it’s money you need –”

“I don’t need your money, old man,” Aisha replied, silencing him with a finger pressed gently to his lips. The touch seemed almost gentle, tender... a sharp contrast to the promise of torture that hung silently in the air, awaiting its turn. So, this was the game then? Good cop, bad cop. Play nice with the good cop, and he wouldn’t need to deal with her partner, whoever that might be.

“Then, what?” His voice came quieter.

Aisha smiled, a crooked smile that belied her evil intent. “You have information that I need. Now, we can go about this two ways. Option number one, you spill your guts and we don’t have to spill them for you.” She walked up to one of the counters and picked up a surgical instrument, its edges gleaming menacingly in the faint glow of yellowy light. “Option two, you refuse and I leave you here to get acquainted with a friend of mine. Ayudh; he can be very persuasive, and has such skill with his toys.” She placed the implement back down onto its tray.

Conrad’s throat tightened as he forced himself to swallow the lump in his throat. “What do you want to know?”

“Just the codes to access your safe deposit box,” Aisha said, again putting her face closer to Conrad’s, whose skin seemed to lose what remained of its color, turning a ghostly shade of white.

“I don’t know what you mean,” he said, though Conrad was sure from the sweat beading on his forehead, and the way his body had tensed, that Aisha hadn’t believed

him.

She frowned, and then smiled, letting out a shrill laugh. "Fine. Have it your way. We'll see if Ayudh can't loosen your tongue."

Conrad tilted back his head and drew in a long shaky breath, his fists clenched tight. The sound of metal sliding open sounded through the room, followed by heavy footsteps, as Conrad braced himself for what he could only imagine would be a very small slice of Hell.

Victor Neale sat in his office, his black boots resting on the edge of his desk, and heavy fingers drumming absently against the arm of his chair. He barely registered the young officer who knocked on his door, depositing a stack of papers before him, as he waved them off with only the barest of glances in their direction.

Something the Reverend Malachi... Smith... Cotten... whatever the hell his name was, had said, got him to thinking. At first he thought the geezer had been mistakenly calling Conrad Cotten his son, but the more he pondered over it, the more Vic realized that he had talked about Conrad and his son as though they were two entirely different people. What if he wasn't as crazy as Vic had first made him out to be? Sure, the Reverend had proved himself to be five cans short of a six pack - maybe five-and-a-half - but something about that certainty in his voice at that time had spoken to Vic. This raving old man truly believed what he had said, that his son... What had he called him? Bruno? Bruce? Bryce! He believed this Bryce was his son, not Conrad.

Unable to shake the feeling in his gut, Vic sat up and rummaged through the drawer of his desk for small, black book. He rifled through its pages, searching for the number he needed... his contact in Salem. If this Bryce existed, Vic needed to know.

"Could you pass the salt, please?"

The words passed through Phil Boxer as though he hadn't heard them, in one ear and straight out the other. His mind was presently elsewhere, his bottom lip sucked into his mouth.

"Phil?" The mention of his name caught his attention, yanking him back into reality. Grady sat at the table opposite him, his hand outstretched. "I said, can you pass the salt, please?"

Phil looked down at his right hand, not realizing until then that he had been holding the saltshaker. When had he picked that up? "Sorry. Here you are," he said, handing it over to his husband.

"You've been very quiet lately," Grady said, regarding Phil with a look of concern. "Anything you want to talk about?"

"Not really." He absently toyed his fork around his plate, pushing the steak to one side.

"You're not eating."

It was more matter-of-fact than a question. Truth was, ever since the kidnapping Phil spent more time wrapped up in his thoughts than in the real world. Sex and food barely registered with him. No, that's not true. Sex played on his mind a lot, but not sex with his husband. That one night spent in the cell with Conrad seemed to play on loop through his mind, without any sign of an off-button.

"Look," Grady said, setting his cutlery down and standing. He moved to Phil's side, crouching down to bring their faces level, a hand resting gently on his shoulder. "I can't even begin to imagine what it was like for you, being kidnapped and shipped to Salem. Fuck, how could I when you won't even talk to me about it?"

Phil turned away from Grady's soft gaze, feeling a dark weight settle over his chest. How could he tell Grady the truth? If his husband found out about his past, would Grady want to stay with him? And yet, he hated lying to him again. Lying about his infidelities. His brain tumor. His criminal past. And, to top all that off, having let Conrad talk him into cheating once more on the man he loved. Liar, liar, pants on fire.

Phil pushed back his chair and stood, shrugging off Grady's hand. He couldn't bear to be so close. He didn't deserve it, not after the things he had done. Especially not after who he had done those things with, and not with the dark thoughts that plagued his mind. The feeling of Conrad's dick plundering his ass, as they found their mutual release, lips locked together... how could he forget? Pretending it was Grady hadn't helped in the slightest. Every movement, every touch, it was different. There had been no doubt in his mind at the time that it was Conrad rimming him, kissing him, fucking him. And he had enjoyed every second of it. What if that was what Conrad had wanted? A surge of anger flared up from deep within, spreading like wildfire through his veins. His fists and jaw clenched, the burning anger that heated his cheeks fighting back the adulterous thoughts.

He turned, and headed for the door.

"Don't you walk away from me, Phil Boxer," Grady snapped. "Please, don't you walk away."

The edge of hurt in Grady's voice made Phil pause and turn to him, noting the glassy-eyed expression he wore. "I'm sorry."

"We already lost you twice," Grady said, struggling to maintain his composure. "First the amnesia after the car accident, and then we thought you were dead, only to learn you'd been kidnapped and shipped to Salem. So, please, don't walk away now. I don't think I could bear to lose you again. I love you."

If Phil had thought the weight on his chest had been unbearable before, he couldn't have been more wrong. Three little words, crushing him beneath their combined weight. That, and the tears starting to form at the edge of his husband's eyes. And yet, Phil couldn't give Grady what he needed. The truth. Not yet, and only time would tell if he would ever be ready. What if it destroyed their marriage?

What if the damage had already been done? Phil turned his back to Grady. "I need to go for a walk. Clear my head." He left without another word, pulling the door shut firmly behind him. "Sorry," he muttered.

"Sheriff Neale? This just came through for you from the Salem Police Department."

Vic bolted upright in his seat at the mention of Salem, snatching the papers from the Officer. He waved her off, and then moved to shut the door behind her. The damned Reverend and his words had been playing on his mind all afternoon. Thankfully he had been able to call in a favor with someone who owed him dearly, lest they found their dirty laundry hanging in public, and the information he had requested had been sent down faster than Vic's pants at an anonymous hookup.

"Well, well, let's see what we have here." He said, slouching back down in his seat to sort through the stack of papers. Bryce Smith, age 52. Adopted son of Reverend Smith. Well, at least he was telling the truth about one of his names. A photo of Bryce had been attached, surveillance photos from a stakeout, and damn if he wasn't the spitting image of Conrad. Same age too, Vic registered. Identical twins? But, everyone around Boxer Falls knew that Conrad Cotten had been a single child. Vic scratched at the dark whiskers of his chin, sensing a cover-up.

That, he could look into later. For the moment he busied himself reading through the

rest of the papers sat before him. Bryce Smith had been under the watchful eye of the Salem Police Department for some time, it seemed. Suspected links to arms dealing, though as of yet nothing could be proved. So they had sat waiting and watching, hoping to catch him in the act. Then, just a few months ago, he had up and disappeared without so much as a trace. Gone, clean off their radar like a speck of dust in a sandstorm.

Pieces of the puzzle began to jiggle around in Vic's mind. Bryce Smith had gone missing, and now his Father had shown up in Boxer Falls, on a mission to save his son. So, Bryce was in Boxer Falls? Why? Maybe he had finally come seeking his long-lost brother. Vic pondered over it some more, before deciding he wasn't going to reach the bottom of this mystery on his own. He debated phoning Conrad. To give him a warning? What were the chances Conrad knew about his twin? What if he was involved in this whole mess? Best to leave it for now. First, he would pay another visit to the Reverend. Maybe he could shed some light on the situation.

Diego Sanchez glanced up from the computer screen when he heard a knock at his door. Who could that be? He hadn't been expecting anyone. He locked the computer and turned off the screen, before heading to the front door. Peering through the small hole, his heart seemed to skip a beat before kicking into overdrive. Outside the door stood Tony, shifting about nervously as he waited for an answer.

Realizing he had been staring through the peephole for too long, and that his dick had been stirred from its slumber, Diego slowly opened the door. Tony was wearing a pair of dark jeans that molded against the contours of his muscular legs, and an equally fitting sweater. Smart, but still casual.

"Well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes, Pa." Diego said, leaning slightly against the doorframe, his dick protruding further through his pants.

"Can I come in?" Tony asked, noting the apparent erection Diego was sporting and unable to suppress the urge to wet his lips.

"Sure. Make yourself comfortable," he replied, motioning Tony to the sitting area. Damn, those jeans really hugged the lines of his firm, round ass. If Diego's cock could have popped right out of his pants, it would have done so then. He followed Tony and took up a seat on the couch next to him. "So, what brings you here?"

He tentatively reached out a hand to brush against Tony's thigh, delighting in the shuddering breath that Tony drew in. He exhaled slowly before he began to speak. "I,

uh, I was thinking about some things you said before.”

Diego’s hand brushed higher on Tony’s leg, edging closer to his groin.

“Hey,” Tony said, attempting to swat away the hand. “Would you stop that? I’m trying to speak.”

Diego raised an eyebrow, his gaze locked with the two hazel eyes before him. “Do you want me to stop, Pa?” His hand cupped the tightly constrained bulge in Tony’s pants, squeezing firmly.

A low moan escaped Tony’s lips, his eyes closed. Diego took the opening and leaned forward to capture Tony’s mouth with his, drawing the full bottom lip between his teeth.

Diego drew back briefly. “Tell me to stop, and I will.”

“Please,” Tony whispered, his cock beginning to harden further beneath Diego’s hand. “Don’t stop.”

Diego was upon him like a ravenous beast; licking, sucking and nipping his way from Tony’s lips, down over the coarse stubble of his jaw, round to his ear, then back down to the vein hammering away in his neck. Tony gasped as Diego’s teeth found a soft mound of flesh and bit down firmly, his body bucking half from pain, and half from pleasure. His hands were all over Diego’s body, desperate to touch, to hold on to something.

“Hands on your head,” Diego whispered, his hot breath caressing the shell of Tony’s ear and sending a shudder down the younger man’s body. “You’re all mine today.”

“God, yes,” Tony breathed as he reached up to clasp his hands behind his head, leaning back on the couch. Diego straddled Tony’s legs, hands running down the taut muscles in his chest, pausing to tweak and rub at the hardened nipples that poked out from under the sweater as if in invitation. “Ngh, fuck.”

“Too much for you, Pa?”

“No. More... please.”

Diego complied willingly, giving the sensitive nubs one last pinch, before running his hands under the sweater and up over the ridges of Tony’s abs, pulling the clothing up with him until both nipples were exposed. Without warning, Diego ducked his head

down, sucking hard on one as his hand continued its assault on the other.

“Oh, fuck,” Tony moaned, fighting to keep his hands to himself, his body jerking under the sensations of teeth grazing his skin and lips locked around him, sucking harshly.

Diego released the nipple from his hold, before continuing his attack on the other. His fingers replaced his mouth on the first, flicking over the molested skin. Tony, unable to control himself any longer, unclasped his hands, clutching at Diego’s head, seemingly unsure whether he wanted to pull him away, or to press that mouth and tongue harder against him.

Diego gave one last lick to the sore nipple and moved lower, tongue tracing the lines of Tony’s abs, their eyes locked as he drew closer to the long, hard monster of a bulge that wanted free of its cage. He worked to undo the belt, before popping open the top button. Diego hesitated, frozen as his mind registered the pink silk that struggled to contain Tony’s cock, a dark spot where the pre-cum had soaked into the thin material.

“You wore these for me?” Diego asked, a grin spreading across his face. If possible, his cock grew even harder at the sight of Tony’s huge cock, presented to him in those pink silk panties.

Tony nodded. “Thought you might like them. Do you?”

“Oh, yes. Very much, Pa,” Diego replied. “Stand. I want these jeans off so I can really admire those panties.”

Tony did as he was asked, dropping the pants and kicking them off to one side. He stayed standing, with Diego knelt before him, cheek brushing against the soft silk. Diego’s hands snaked around back, clenching the firm mounds of Tony’s ass and making him thrust his hips forward.

Tongue darting out, Diego lapped at the moist silk, tasting the sweet pre-cum. He locked his lips around the shaft, moving them slowly up and down. Tony groaned and threw his head back. His fingers stroked gently over the back of Diego’s head, encouraging him.

“Please?” Tony pleaded. Diego looked upward as his tongue ran along the length of Tony’s cock. A hand found his balls, squeezing and pulling gently on them through the panties. Tony moaned louder, his cock bulging further outward, as if to make clear what he wanted.

"Please what?"

"Suck me off," Tony replied, gasping as his balls were pulled tighter. Diego wrapped his lips around the head of Tony's cock through the silk, loving the soft feel against his mouth, contrasting with the hard organ beneath. He let his teeth graze gently over the fabric, his fingers hooking over the elastic waistband from behind to slowly expose Tony's ass. But not his cock. Oh no, he wanted to savor this experience for as long as his could.

His fingers found Tony's entrance when he froze, listening intently. A soft buzzing caught his ears, and then it was gone.

"Everything okay?" Tony asked.

Diego went to say yes, when the buzzing started up again and realization sunk in. "Shit, it's my phone. Might be Vic. Sorry, I'll be right back." He stood and moved quickly toward the other room, taking one last moment to take in the entire sight of Tony's gorgeous body, dressed only in the panties. Call better be important, or Diego Sanchez would not be a happy bunny.

He picked up the phone from his desk and glanced at the caller ID. Withheld number. Hitting answer, he lifted the phone to his ear.

"You'd better hope this is important. I was in the middle of something," he snapped into the receiver.

"Oh, I'll just bet you were," the voice replied, a hint of laughter in their voice. "Thought you might be interested to know I found the dirt on Victor Neale you asked me for."

Diego's body tensed for a moment. He looked cautiously behind him. Tony was still in the other room. Quietly, he closed the door behind him.

"Took you long enough. The elections are soon, and I need every bit of dirt I can get on that bastard."

"Trust me, you'll be pleased with the results. With dirt like this, you could ensure Victor never works in the police force ever again."

Shit, now that was the kind of thing Diego needed. "Can you send me the files?"

"I got them all right here, ready to hit send. Tell me, though, what guarantee do I have that you'll keep up your end of the bargain."

"You have my word. I will fulfill our agreement."

"That's not enough, Sanchez. How about I give you a little extra incentive? Think of it as an insurance policy, just in case you should decide to back out."

Diego swallowed hard. What was this man talking about? He shook his head. Whatever it was, it wouldn't matter. Diego Sanchez did not go back on his word. "That won't be necessary."

"I'll be the judge of that. I'm sending the files now. But I want to make this clear right now. If it even looks like you're thinking about going back on your word, I won't hesitate to splatter your little girly-boy's brains across the wall. Would be a real shame to mess up that pretty face of his, and especially when he looks so fine in those pink panties."

Ice-cold fear seeped through Diego's veins, even dousing the heat that had burned through his groin. "You stay away from him. Or I promise I will hunt you down."

"Keep up your end of the bargain, and there'll be no need. We'll talk soon, Deputy Sanchez. Or should that be Sheriff Sanchez? Please, accept my congratulations for your soon-to-be promotion."

The phone line went dead. Diego stood frozen to the spot, silence filling the room until a small beep sounded. One new e-mail.

Conrad's vision swam, his jaw exploding in pain as Ayudh's fist connected with him once more. So far, he had refused to co-operate, and Ayudh had assured him that, for now, he was being very gentle.

"Give us the code," Aisha said once more, leaning against one of the counters.

Conrad twisted his head slightly to glare at her, despite the jolt of pain that movement caused. How did she know about that box? The information it contained was more than just a list of old contact information – old acquaintances he had long since stopped doing business with – it was the secrets of his past, wrapped up tight where he thought they would never see the light of day again. He could have burned the documents, but oh no, he had thought them safe, thought no one remained who knew of their existence. Oh how wrong he had been. Stubborn fool.

Ayudh drew his fist back once more, and Aisha shook her head. "A moment alone," she said, and her partner nodded, the door slamming shut behind him on his way out.

"Is this the good cop part of the routine now?" Conrad said. He spat blood at the floor near Aisha's feet. "I guess I'm supposed to break down and tell you all my secrets before you invite your friend back in."

Aisha smiled wickedly. "Come now, Conrad. It would be easier for us both if you just gave up the code."

"Why?" Conrad asked. "What do you think's in there?"

"Oh, I know what's in there. Don't worry though, your secret's safe with me. I only want your contact information. You see, a mutual friend of ours, Jasim Ghazzawi, screwed me over in a deal. He went into hiding, and despite my intelligence networks, he has managed to elude me thus far. Rumor has it you were quite close to him back in the day, that you knew more about his networks than anyone else."

"That was years ago!" Conrad snapped. No point in lying when the woman clearly knew everything. "I haven't dealt in arms for almost twenty years. What makes you think he'll still be using the same networks?"

"Oh, call it a hunch. Now, the code. Or do I need to call Ayudh back in?"

Conrad considered it for a moment. He could give them the code and then what? They'd use the information within to track and kill Jasim, who Conrad really couldn't give two shits about anymore. No, he had no problem with Aisha getting her man. His predicament laid elsewhere. "And if I give you the code, what happens then?"

Aisha shrugged. "That's not up to me. But if you don't give us the code..."

The door opened again. Conrad's head drooped. If he gave up that code, he was as good as dead. He'd need to hold out a while, at least until he could think up a way out. Perhaps someone would realize that he was still missing, some imposter taking his place, and come looking for him. Who was that man anyway?

Vic made his way silently through Lenox Ridge, being escorted to the room where Reverend Smith was waiting. The nurse opened the door for him, and he walked in. Click, the door went behind him.

"Oh, it's you!" The Reverend almost bounced out of the bed, his long, wiry gray hair a mess of knots and waves. "Did you bring me any cheese?"

Vic clenched his fists, resisting the urge to try and knock some sense into the old fool. "I didn't come here to talk about cheese," he said, almost growling. "I wanted to talk about your son, Bryce."

The mention of his son's name seemed to almost sober the Reverend, his back straightening and his eyes hardening. "Have you found my son?"

Vic shook his head. "Reports say he skipped out of Salem a couple of months ago. Hasn't been seen since. You think he's here... in Boxer Falls?"

"I know he's here. Devil led him right here, I can assure you."

And there he goes again with the crazy talk. "What makes you so sure?"

"Because, ever since Bryce found out he was adopted, he's been obsessed with finding his family."

Vic scratched at his stubble. "So you think Bryce came here looking for the Cottens? Well, I hate to say it, but Mr. and Mrs. Cotten Senior passed away a few year's ago. Still, he's got his brother, Conrad."

"Cotten Senior?" The old man asked with a chuckle. "No, no... he wasn't looking for them. Just Conrad. Their parents passed away when they were still infants."

Vic's mouth hung open in shock. "You're telling me that Conrad Cotten isn't a true Cotten?"

Reverend Smith sat on the edge of the bed. He motioned to the chair on the other side of the room. Vic took the seat, his mind still absorbing what he was hearing... that is, if the old fool could be trusted.

"Bryce was so angry when he found out he had a twin, and an identical twin at that. Hated me for keeping it from him. But he hated even more than Conrad had been adopted by the Cottens. He was probably showered with wealth since the moment he set foot into their household, and Bryce..." He let out a long sigh.

"Bryce is jealous of Conrad?" Shit, maybe should have phoned Conrad after all. Who knows what a jealous twin could be capable of?

"The darkness took hold of his soul that day. I came to cleanse his darkness, and that of Boxer Falls." The old man tilted his head to one side, as if considering something. His eyes looked wistful, and then he turned back to Vic. "You sure you don't have any cheese?"

Oz Cotten parked up near the site of the Bear and Bones rebuild, his eyes scanning the scene until he spotted a head of copper hair sat off to one side.

"What you doin' here?" Quinn asked, looking up as Oz approached him, a plastic carrier bag in one hand.

"Thought you might be hungry. Word is you've been spending all day here helping with the reconstruction."

Quinn took a moment to take a whiff, the warm scent of cooked meat and spices drawing a long sigh from his mouth. Dot and Ira had been round with sandwiches and coffee for the workers, but damn if he wasn't famished. Still, he couldn't ignore the throbbing ache between his legs. "I can eat later, rich boy. Right now, I got an all-you-can-eat buffet waiting just for you."

As if to make things clearer – though he was sure Oz got the reference – Quinn stood and took a step forward, his cock pressing against Oz's legs. "Sounds tempting. What's on the menu today?"

"Cock-au-Quinn, of course. My specialty."

Oz licked his lips, feeling his cock harden in response to the growing club pressing into him. "Sounds delicious. So where do you wanna go, your place or mine?"

"Why bother goin' anywhere?" Quinn asked, a smirk decorating his face. "We wouldn't want the buffet to go cold now, would we?"

"You have a point," Oz replied, his eyes darting left and right. Most people had already packed up and left for the day. Only a few stragglers remained at the building site. The risk of getting caught played on the back of mind, a very real danger. And yet, the thought turned him on immensely.

"Don't worry, rich boy. Barely anyone here now. No one is gonna catch us."

Oz sighed as a hand brushed against his cock... his very hard cock that had already

decided it didn't care about where they did it, so long as it was soon. "Fine. Where?"

Quinn looked around, before fixing his eyes on the old tavern. "Inside, no one to interrupt us there."

Quinn began to lead the way, when Oz paused. "Hey, hold up. I gotta take a call," he said, fishing his phone from his pocket. He pressed it against his ear. "Hey, Vic. Can't this wait? I'm in the middle of an important meeting right now." Oz clapped his hand over the receiver. "Go inside and wait for me. I'll just be one minute."

"I'll be in the kitchen," Quinn replied, before sauntering off toward the partially rebuilt tavern. "Don't keep me waitin', rich boy."

"Oh, I bet you're busy," Vic replied. "Listen, I ain't calling for a verbal pissing contest. I've been trying to get in touch with your father. Seems there might be a bit of trouble headed his way. If you see him, tell him to call me, okay?" The line dropped.

Shit. Fucking Vic picked a great time to drop that bombshell on him. What kinda trouble anyway? Oz dialed his father's phone number. Why hadn't Vic been able to get in touch with Conrad? The phone rang, but there was no answer. Oz groaned, knowing he should head back up to Whispering Ridge and find out why Conrad wasn't answering his phone. He knew Quinn was going to be pissed about being blown off... or rather, not being blown off as the case might be.

Oz shoved the phone into his pocket and strode into the tavern, heading straight for the newly built kitchen. No sign of Quinn. A few pans had been knocked down to the ground, and the back door left open.

"Quinn?" he shouted. "You better not be fucking with me."

No answer. He moved toward the back door, cautiously opening it. Out back, a man in a black coat and hat was busy hauling something into a white van. He went to dismiss it when the man moved to one side to shut the van door. Quinn lay unconscious in the back, a trickle of blood seeping from his forehead. Oz's heart stopped in his chest. The van doors slammed shut.

"Hey!" Oz yelled, and the man in black ran for the driver's door. Oz was running straight for him as the van's engine revved and sped off down the street, leaving only dust and exhaust fumes in its wake. Shit!

Quinn opened his eyes, panic flooding his body when his arms refused to move. The rope binding his wrists chafed, burning against his skin as he struggled. His head throbbed with a dull pain over his left temple. What the fuck had happened to him? Everything was dark, pitch black.

A door slammed shut, and footsteps sounded. A glowing light appeared in the distance, slowly drawing closer. And behind it, a man in a black coat and hat.

"Who are you? I'll fuckin' kill ya!" Quinn shouted.

The man laughed. "You got guts, I'll give you that." He drew closer, the light from the flashlight burning Quinn's eyes.

"Hey, fuckin' cut that out. Get away from me. I swear if you fuckin' touch me..."

Again with the laugh. "Don't worry. I promise it won't hurt. Your death will be quick and clean, unlike the death of my son."

Quinn paused his shuffling, the ropes having bitten deeper into his wrists. "Your son? I ain't killed no one. Lemme go!"

"No. You didn't kill him. You just happened to be with the wrong man at the wrong time. I'll kill you while he watches, take everything he holds dear before I finally kill him."

"Oz." The word slipped from Quinn's mouth.

"Oz, yes. My son died because of him. I'm sorry that you had to get involved in this. It's really nothing personal against yourself. As I said, wrong man at the wrong time."



- *Just who is the man looking for revenge against Oz?*
- *How long can Conrad last before he finally breaks?*
- *Has Diego bitten off more than he can chew? And who is his partner?*
- *And is anyone going to bring the Reverend his damn cheese?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

AUTHOR BIO:

Daniel Alexander Kaine was born in 1985, in good old rainy England. When he isn't writing, he can often be found curled up with a good book, running along the riverside or working out in the hopes of developing his dream body. He enjoys canoeing and bowling, though his skill in both is questionable. Daniel hopes one day to become a werepanther and invent chocolate that doesn't make you fat.

[My Facebook Page](#)

[My Facebook Profile](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Amazon Author Page](#)

[Website](#)