



## Episode Forty-Six

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### **Boxer Falls Episode 46**

By: Daisy Harris

Zack perched on the sofa. The video took a second to load. He didn't know if he could watch it, but he had to. Every damn time he passed the entertainment center, the DVD case drew his attention.

The video appeared on the screen, and Zach came face to face with Gino Torres. Dark haired and gaunt, Torres flashed across the camera. He walking in front of a bound and bloody Adam. But that was long enough for Zach to see the manic obsession in his eyes.

"Shall we get back to business?" Torres asked. His voice was warm and firm. Like a nice chest or a steady hand.

On screen, Adam sobbed. His brown hair was messy around his face. He looked hopeless. Miserable. And yet Zach couldn't help but pause the action right there, and look at his face.

There was the man he loved. Zack folded to his knees, sliding off the couch. He knee-walked to the TV and touched the screen, traced a line over Adam's lips.

Footsteps shuffled outside, and Zach heard the scrape of a key pushed into the lock.

He dove to the DVD player, pressing Eject. The mechanism whirred. *Fuck, this is taking too long.*

The silver disc pushed out of the machine and Zack snatched it and popped it into the case.

Adam opened the door, and stepped inside. "Hi, hon." He must not have noticed Zach's panic, because he tossed his jacket on the stool by the counter before turning around.

Zach shoved the DVD at the holder, but the bastard caught on the edge of another case, and refused to go in the slot. He tossed it on a nearby shelf, hoping he didn't look too guilty.

"Hey, babe." Zach wiped the sweat off his forehead. He swallowed hard, reminding himself that Adam didn't know. "How was work?"

"Busy as hell." Adam poured himself a glass of Chardonnay from the open bottle in the fridge. He leaned on the counter. "How about you?"

"Oh, y'know. Heavy." Zach forced a chuckle. Ever since Phil had come home, his dads had been working Zack hard around the B&B. Grady seemed to think that being abducted made Phil some kind of weakling, because every time a delivery came, he had Zach hauling boxes from one end of the place to the other.

Zach didn't blame his dad, though. He knew Grady wanted him close. After almost losing Zach in the hurricane, and then Phil's abduction, Grady needed to know his family was safe.

"Hm. Doesn't look like you're tired." Adam raised his eyebrows, staring at the bulge in Zach's jeans.

"Oh, yeah." Nervously, Zach reached down to hide his hard on. Fuck – how messed up was it that he got turned on watching that video? Even worse, every time he thought about it he sprung wood. "All for you." He tried for a sultry smile. But Zach wasn't sure he pulled it off.

"Hm..." Adam watched him a little longer. His eyes glittered with interest. "Maybe you should show it to me."

His gaze was warm. Happy. Zach wondered if Adam's goodness could seep into him, wash away the dark fascination with the snuff film.

"Yeah, sure." Zach unzipped. His cock pushed forward through his black briefs. He hooked his thumbs under his waistband and pushed them down.

"You shaved?" Adam tilted his head, studying Zach's smooth groin.

"Oh," Zach scrambled for an excuse. He didn't understand why he'd done it. But in the shower that morning, Zack had finished shearing his jaw and then tugged his balls up to get the razor underneath.

Torres had shaved Adam at the start of the video. Then he's slapped that raw, dewy skin.

But that wasn't why Zach had taken the Bic to his privates.

No. Not at all.

"I thought you'd like it." He grabbed his dick and gave it a couple pumps. The room smelled like dish soap and chicken soup. Not anything like the musty smell he imagined for the warehouse where Torres had kept Adam prisoner.

Zach shouldn't have been thinking about the video. He shouldn't have. But as Adam got on his knees and started kissing his way around Zach's base, God help him — he did.

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The sawzall bucked against Phil's bad elbow. The noise screaming through the quiet afternoon, but the assault on his hearing was nothing compared to the shooting nerve pain that ran up his arm.

He grimaced when the branch gave way. Ever since the kidnapping, his wrist, elbow and shoulder had ached. He guessed it was from having his arm wrenched behind his back for so many hours, then struggling to get out of his bonds.

Fuck, he was getting old.

He released the trigger and dropped the electric saw to his side.

Leaves crunched behind him, someone walking up the path to the B&B. He turned to

see Victor Neale walking his way.

“Hey, Phil. Clearing the walkway?” Sheriff Neale chuckled, smiling. He must have gotten his ass beat recently to be in such a good mood.

“Yeah. Finally getting around to it after the storm.”

The hurricane had been a few months ago, but Phil still spent most of his days around Boxer Falls repairing the remaining damage. He hadn’t cleared the brush out back or started chopping wood for winter. If he didn’t get on it soon, Grady would figure he was an invalid and try to pin the chores on Zach.

Then the kid would get hurt, and Grady would worry. Best for Phil to get it all done before Grady could notice him slowing down.

“Grady around?” Vic asked, looking up at the B&B.

Phil wondered if Vic noticed that the windowsills needed painting. He mentally added that to his to-do list.

“Yeah. He’s in his office.” Phil stepped on the end of the extension cord and yanked out the sawzall’s plug. Then he wrapped the cord around the tool. *Ow. Ow. Ow.* Each pass of his arm plucked at some damaged muscle.

“Great.” Vic started up the path to the door.

“What’s going on?” Phil jogged up behind him.

Vic’s walk got more purposeful. “I... I don’t want to say. It’s nothing I know for sure yet.” Vic pushed into the B&B’s entryway and headed for Grady’s office.

“Fuck, Vic. You know Grady’s going to tell me anything you tell him.” At least Phil hoped that was true. Grady had been quiet lately, clamming up when Phil knew he had something to say. What if Vic confided in Grady and Grady refused to share the information with Phil?

Phil didn’t know if he could handle another secret between him and his husband. Not after everything they’d been through.

“Please, Vic.”

“Jesus.” Vic rubbed his face. “Listen, it’s nothing. Just a suspicion. And I don’t want it

getting around.”

Phil bit the edge of his lip. “About who?” That much couldn’t be classified. Someone was always suspicious of someone in Boxer Falls. It was just a matter of whom.

Vic shot a look around the room, making sure they were alone. “We should talk about this in Grady’s office.” He took a step.

Phil grabbed his arm. “Vic?”

The sheriff tensed. But then blew out a breath. “Conrad Cotten.” He held up a finger. “But this is on the hush-hush. I don’t have any proof.”

“Conrad?” Phil pulled Vic across the room to the broom closet. He clicked on the light, and pushed a mop bucket out of the way. “Come inside.”

Vic crossed his arms. “Seriously?”

“Yes, seriously.” Phil grabbed his forearm and hauled him into the room. It was five foot by six. Big enough for two grown guys, but not any bigger. He nailed Vic with a glare. “What about Conrad?”

“He’s been different.” Vic ground his teeth. His arms were still crossed, biceps bulging as if he wanted to show Phil who was boss. The posture was pretty effective, because Phil took a step back.

“Different how?” Phil had avoided Conrad since the kidnapping. He remembered the feel of Conrad’s body that night they thought they both were going to die.

It hadn’t been cheating. Or at least that’s what he told himself. And maybe Phil wouldn’t have felt guilty about letting Conrad Cotton fuck him, except every night lately he woke in a sweat – dick stiff but chest aching, because he’d dreamed of Conrad draped across his back.

“Hard to say. Little things. How he talks, cutting himself off...” Vic scratched his nose. “But it’s been since the kidnapping.”

Phil licked his lips, his nerves kicking into high gear. “Why would you want to talk to Grady about it?” The last thing Phil needed was for Grady to go poking around trying to figure out what was different about Conrad Cotten since the kidnapping.

That was easy. The difference was he’d fucked Phil.

Oh, Phil wasn't vain enough to think fucking him had been a life-changing experience for Conrad.

Okay, maybe he was...

"Grady and Conrad have history." Vic ran his fingers over a container of laundry detergent, not meeting Phil's eyes. "I figured that if anyone would know whether Conrad was himself, it would be Grady."

That hurt. Grady had been married to Phil for 30 years. And yet all of Boxer Falls still thought of Grady and Conrad as a couple.

"Grady hasn't seen him since the kidnapping," Phil said through gritted teeth. "He doesn't even know Conrad anymore."

"I didn't mean to insinuate..." Vic held up his hands.

"Yeah, Vic. You did." Phil gripped the shelf next to him hard enough to make his wrist ache. How many milligrams of oxycodone had he taken that morning? He wondered if it was too soon to take another dose. "You think Grady and Conrad have some special connection? That Grady would know what that son of a bitch was up to when nobody else does?"

"No." Vic took a step closer. "No. It's just..." Vic took a deep breath. "There's some suspicion that Conrad is not the same guy." He paused, nibbling his fingernail. "There's reason to believe he's an imposter."

Phil barked out a laugh. He couldn't help it. "You think someone got plastic surgery to look like Conrad?" The thought of two Conrads skipped through Phil's head – setting off a series of inappropriate and completely fucked up twincest fantasies.

"No. Well, I mean we don't know." Vic scrubbed his hands through his short, curly hair. He was starting to gray at the temples.

At least Phil wasn't the only one showing his age.

"I just thought maybe Grady could talk to Conrad. I'd like his perspective."

Phil shook his head. "No."

Vic scowled. "You're not sheriff –"

"He's not going." Phil took a step forward, then another. Until they were chest to chest. "I was the one in that cargo hold with Conrad Cotten. If anyone is going to find out if he's the same guy, it's going to be me."

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Adam flicked his tongue under Zach's balls. They tasted sweet. So smooth. Adam had never gotten off on guys who were manscaped, but it was a fun change of pace.

"Oh, fuck, yes." Zach's jeans were cuffed around his ankles, and he struggled to step out of them. When he got both feet free, he stepped his legs apart.

"How does it feel?" Adam stroked between Zack's legs checking how far back he'd shaved.

"Amazing." Zack raised his leg and hitched his foot on the rung of a nearby stool. He thrust, practically dragging his ass onto Adam's face.

*Subtle.*

Adam licked between Zack's cheeks. It was an awkward angle, since he was kneeling and trying to jack Zack off at the same time. "Here." He urged Zack to turn around so he was tipped over the counter with his ass sticking out.

"That's better." Adam got behind him, and pulled his ass cheeks apart. Zach was smooth all the way around his puckered asshole.

"Man, you're killing me," Zach pushed backwards. He wiggled. "Please."

When had Adam's fiancé become so demanding?

"Okay, okay." Adam licked a path up his crease. Then he did it again.

"Oh, fuck." Zach reached back, and with one hand held his cheeks open.

"Jeez, Zach." Adam chuckled. He licked Zach one more time, getting him nice and wet. Then he pressed a finger against his asshole and pushed inside.

Zach gasped. He bounced on the balls of his feet, pushing back onto Adam's hand.

This wasn't how they normally did things. Adam wasn't a huge fan of topping, and had

never thought much of doing it with Zach. But Zach was making it pretty clear what he wanted.

And he loved Zach enough to go along.

He laved around his finger, and then shoved his middle finger in alongside his pointer.

“Oh, shit, yeah.” Zack reached for his dick and rubbed. He let go only long enough to grab a bottle of cooking oil off the counter. He handed it back to Adam without looking his way. “Here.”

“Um, okay.” Adam felt a little ignored. But he was turned on enough to be erect. He popped open his jeans and got out his cock. Adam greased it up with an oily hand.

“You ready for me?” He poised his cap at Zach’s asshole.

Zach nodded. He gripped the counter and pushed backwards.

Adam gasped. His dick slipped in—like it was being sucked into a hot, wet mouth. But tighter and better. And without teeth. It felt weird at first, to snap his hips forward. But once he had a grip on Zack’s hips, and widened his stance for leverage, he got his rhythm. And the way Zack moaned and grunted and whimpered was pretty hot.

Sure, Adam wished he were in Zach’s place. But he was still hot enough that his belly got tight and his thighs shivered. Hot enough he wanted to come.

“Oh, God. Oh, God.” Zach gripped the counter with both hands, arching his back. He must have been close, because three strokes later, he came in time with Adam’s thrusts.

He flinched, so Adam pulled out.

Adam rubbed his dick, stroking the head along Zach’s crease. The spasms were sweet and low. It always felt good to come with Zach. But there was something sad about it, too. Adam swiped his dick across Zack’s back, drawing his cum in a line. It felt like he was playing a role in a porno only Zach could see.

He hoped that next time they did this, they’d be making love. Or at least looking one another in the eye.

“Oh, God.” Zach scraped himself off the counter, reaching for the paper towels. He cupped a handful over his groin. Then he handed a sheet to Adam. “Want some?”



"Yeah." Adam wiped off his sticky hands.

"Thanks." Zach gave him a smile bright enough to light the whole town.

That smile erased every last one of Adam's worries or fears or doubts. He smiled back, pulling Zach into a hug. He loved Zach Boxer. Always had and always would. And if Zach needed to switch things up every once in a while, well, Adam would learn to love that about him, too.

"Love you so much," Adam murmured against Zach's neck.

Zach kissed him hard. Pulling away, he said, "Yeah. You, too." That wink was back. The teasing.

Things felt normal again.

"I'm going to take a shower." Zach grabbed his jeans and underwear off the ground. He cupped Adam's groin as he passed on his way out of the kitchen. "Okay?"

"Yeah. That's fine." Adam smiled, watching Zach walk away. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a DVD out of place on a shelf of the entertainment center.

He went to pick it up, and his stomach dropped. It was *that* DVD. The one with Torres. It made him sick to touch it. "Hey, I'm going to throw this thing out, okay?" he called toward the bathroom.

The water had been on, but it shut off. Zach stuck his head out the door. Water dripped off his curls and into his eyes. He looked gorgeous. "Throw out what?"

Adam held up the DVD in its case. He could have sworn he'd put it with the other DVDs, way in the back with the ones they never watched. But he must have forgotten in all the drama the first day he'd seen it. He must have left it on the shelf—why else would it be there?

"This movie. It's creepy. I just want it gone." He stared down at the silver disc. Adam should have cracked it in half. Stomped it to pieces. But maybe his memories were stronger than he was, and he couldn't bring himself to touch the thing with bare hands.

"Oh." Zach blinked. "Well, unless you think you need it for evidence... Or something."

"Gino Torres is dead. Crushed by Old George in the hurricane." Adam gripped the case

harder. His knuckles white. "It's all in the past."

Zach shrugged. "If you want." He shivered in the cold. "I mean, if you want to get rid of it..."

"Yeah, I do." Adam grabbed his jacket off the chair and shoved his feet into his shoes. He opened the door.

"Okay." Zach's voice was faint behind him. Adam heard the sound of the shower starting.

Thirteen steps, that's all there was between his front door and the recycling bin. But it seemed like a mile. Rays of sunset cut under the clouds, hovering on the horizon. With a deep breath, Adam lifted the black plastic cover of the recycling container. He dropped the DVD inside. The lid fell closed, and as it did, he swore he could still hear himself scream.

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"Phil Boxer." Bryce Cotten stood from his desk. Or his twin brother Conrad's desk, to be more precise. He'd played his role well, impersonating his twin and gaining control of the Cotten Empire. He'd fooled everyone so far. But something about the grim determination in Phil Boxer's eyes told Bryce that Phil might be harder to fool.

"Conrad." Phil stepped into the office. He closed the door behind him, clicking the lock with a soft *snick*. "How've you been?"

Bryce wanted to keep the desk between them, stay on the far end where he was safe from Phil Boxer's probing eyes. But he suspected Conrad would have stepped right up to the big brute.

"Fine," Bryce said. He walked around the desk and then leaned on the polished wood. He crossed his arms. Conrad and Phil might have forged bond, having been kidnapped together. Foxhole brothers. But Conrad was a well-known and respected businessman.

Cold hearted, Bryce could manage. "And yourself?"

Phil narrowed his eyes, stepping closer. His smile was calculating, but also something else... If Bryce didn't know better, he'd say the smile was sexy.

"Not so good." Phil's voice was so low it was almost a growl. "I think about you."

Bryce struggled to keep the shock off his face. His brother – Conrad – had sons. He'd been married. Conrad couldn't be what Phil was insinuating. He couldn't have been gay.

Because Bryce was his twin. And most definitely heterosexual.

"Oh. Well, I'm sorry to hear that." He didn't know what to say to Phil Boxer, so he settled for easing up from his desk. "But as you can imagine, I'm very busy."

Phil pressed into him, shoving a thick thigh between Bryce's legs and forcing him onto the desk.

*Oh my God in Heaven...* Conrad had been intimate with men. With Phil Boxer of all people. Bryce wanted to kill the bastard doubly now. Because if Bryce was going to get his revenge, he'd have to play along.

"Phil," he did his best to make his voice breathy. "I... I've missed you, too."

"Yeah?" Phil grabbed his thighs, roaming one palm to between his legs and the other to Bryce's ass. He pushed in with his strong fingers. "Enough to give me that sweet ass of yours?"

Bryce might have yelped, but Phil crushed their mouths together before he could get out the sound.

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Thousands of miles away, in a damp and cold cell, Conrad Cotten lifted his head. His eyes were swelled shut and his cheek bloody. Every inch of his body ached, but he could feel Phil Boxer's lips.

"Phil," he whispered. The sense of him was so sharp it was almost like they were in the same room. He smelled the burnt caramel scent of Phil's sweat and felt Phil's nails scraping to get open his pants.

Conrad hadn't believed he had a twin brother. How could he have gone his whole life without sensing his brother's existence?

Well, now he knew. He had a brother. One who was about to make love with Phil Boxer.

When Conrad figured a way to get out of this hellhole, he was going to rip that bastard

to shreds.

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Recycling didn't come until Thursday.

On Wednesday night, Zach opened the lid. Just looking, he told himself. He just needed to make sure the DVD was still in there.

He dug under the papers and cereal boxes and washed out yogurt tubs, making sure the DVD was on top. Where he could see it.

Sleep came fitfully. So Zach wasn't surprised when he opened his eyes, and his clock blinked five am.

Recycling came at six.

It must be a sign.

On quiet feet, he tiptoed to the door.

Adam breathed softly. A quiet buzzing snore that Zach loved.

But there was a difference between love and obsession. Zach should have climbed back into bed. He should have put in earplugs so he didn't hear the scrape and hum of the recycling truck when it came to take the video away.

He stole to the front door. Held his breath when the lock gave way. The air nipped his skin. Concrete bit his bare feet. He deserved it, though – for wanting to keep that damn video. What, was he going to wack off to it next time? Fuck, he hoped he never got that far.

Zach gripped the lid, telling himself that he shouldn't open it. He looked up and down the street, at the windows of his house. *God, let Adam wake up and stop me.*

A breeze blew, the Nor-Eastern coming down from the Arctic. Zach shook from the cold, but with an almighty *fuck-it*, he tore open the lid.

There were the papers, the cereal boxes, the yogurt tubs. Everything exactly where Zach had left them the night before – everything but the DVD of his fiancé being tortured. That item, the only one that mattered, was gone.

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- Will Conrad escape his captors?
- What will Conrad see through his mental link to his brother?
- Who stole Torres' snuff film? And why?
- Is Phil really going to sleep with Bryce, or is it all a ruse to determine Bryce's identity?
- Is Bryce as straight as he thinks he is? Or will a night with Phil Boxer change his mind?

**TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!**

***Boxer Falls*: The bigger they are...**

**AUTHOR BIO:**

Birkenstock-wearing glamour girl and mother of two by immaculate conception, Daisy Harris still isn't sure if she writes erotica. Her romances start out innocently enough. However, her characters behave like complete sluts. Much to Miss Harris's dismay the sex tends to get completely out of hand.

She writes about fantastical creatures and about young men getting their freak on, and she's never missed an episode of *The Walking Dead*.

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