



Episode Forty-Eight

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Boxer Falls Episode 48

By Alix Bekins

Been thinking about fucking your ass for the last hour. You still all open and needy?

Vic felt his cock throb, reading Blake's text. Fuck, man, he was at work! Not that he hadn't been distracted all day, and hell yeah, his dick was hard, asshole flexing and contracting in reaction to the image Blake had put in his head. Having their morning interrupted and then being forbidden to jerk off had made the workday unbearably long. He was irritable, itchy, and needed to get off like a teenager deprived of a single moment of privacy at religious summer camp.

They texted back and forth, Blake taunting and teasing him until Vic damn near had a wet spot showing through his uniform trousers. Polyester might not stain, or even show moisture too easily, but he was leaking precome like a fucking fountain after being denied. This chastity shit sucked, but at the same time, Vic wasn't about to disobey a direct order. Not that he didn't love punishment, but Blake had an evil streak a mile wide. The "punishment" for disobedience could be to stand with his nose pressed to the wall in the corner for two hours, naked, hands tied behind his back - and then *not* get a beating all night!

Vic had managed to mostly keep his hands to himself, trying not to squirm too much, and only occasionally pressing a firm hand to his dick when he couldn't resist trying to alleviate the pressure a little bit. It just ratcheted him up even higher, of course, but it was like scratching a mosquito bite: you know you're making it worse, but you just can't stop.

By the time he got home that evening, Vic was well beyond "hot and bothered" and all the way into "hard and frustrated." Terminal blue-balls were just around the corner. And of course, Blake was twenty minutes later getting over to Vic's than he'd said he'd be in his last message.

Blake slammed the car door with a bang, irritated – no, pissed off – and in no small amount of pain. He tromped up to the front door, only to be met by Vic, naked but for his boxer briefs and with his hard dick straining the front obscenely.

"What the fuck happened?" Vic asked, taking in the brace on Blake's right hand.

"Sprained my goddamned wrist," Blake growled, dumping his stuff in the living room and heading to the en suite bathroom to take some Advil. Vic followed, watching. "Thought it was broken so I went to Urgent Care, and the doctors wouldn't even give me any fucking aspirin, those cheap bastards. Like I'm going to abuse it or some shit; they're paranoid these days."

"How'd you get hurt?"

Blake went very still. "Caught something heavy as it fell, would have cost a lot to replace. Just one of those stupid things, you know? I'm going to have to wear this fucking brace for almost a month," he said, skillfully deflecting the focus of the conversation. The "something" had been the big-lensed camera he was using to spy on Grady and Phil, and he'd knocked it off balance because he'd been slowly stroking his hard-on as he watched the other two men go at it yet again. A man could only watch other guys fuck so many times before it finally got to him! It was like having a live porno right before his eyes all day; those two must have some kind of super-Viagra or something, the way they couldn't keep their hands off of each other. Looked like their marriage was pretty damn stable, unless they were fucking each other out of a sense of guilt or something.

Not like Blake was going to admit any of that to Vic, though, even if he was going to blab about the spying fake-Conrad was having him do. Which he wasn't. Vic might be a decent guy, heart in the right place, ethics and morals and all that shit, but he couldn't keep his big mouth shut, especially when he had a big cock plowing his ass. All anyone

had to do to get the sheriff to spill his classified info was bend him over and stuff their dick in. No, Blake wasn't sharing his suspicions about the guy wearing Conrad's face until he was good and sure, and didn't care about keeping it a secret any longer.

Vic couldn't restrain a sound of frustration. "Shit, I was looking forward to finally getting my ass beat."

Damn, he was so fucking needy, Blake thought, irritated and still in pain. "Well, you don't get every damn thing you want, do you? You're spoiled, getting walloped by a big heavy strap and then fucked hard all the time. Maybe it's time you stopped being such a whiny pain-slut, and started worrying about servicing me properly, instead. I can still make you hurt, even if I can't beat your ass, you know."

Vic raised his eyebrows, thinking about all the ways Blake could hurt him good. Candle wax was messy, and he hadn't liked it that much, but maybe Blake was better at it than that trick Vic had picked up at Bros a few years ago. And he'd seen porn with electro-stim; that might be fun. Not the same a nice, good whupping, but... Blake was right, he was being a whiny brat. He just wanted what he wanted, though, right? And asking for it wasn't wrong. It had been forever since Vic had had any good bruises or the kind of pain he needed. Blake had been too busy, distracted, and not making any time for him.

Vic blew out a breath of air, exasperated, but willing to concede the point. "Yeah, maybe I am. What can I say, I miss being hurt by you, being used and having to take whatever you give. I love that shit. But you're right, you're in pain and I've got two good hands - I can take care of myself." He paused and raised an eyebrow at Blake.

Blake smirked. "Permission *not* granted. Take off those shorts and get on your knees."

Mouth grinning and cock throbbing, Vic obliged eagerly. He crawled over to Blake and had his hands on the other man's firm thighs before Blake had finished toeing off his shoes. The bathroom was crowded and didn't smell so great, but it was perfect, a little bit raunchy and a whole lot sexy. Public bathroom floors were too gross to crawl around on, no matter how fat and juicy the dick of the stud wanting it sucked, and Vic couldn't think of why he and Blake hadn't done this here before.

The hard tiles under his knees hurt, and he shifted around on them, swallowing down Blake's cock like the eager little slave he was. Maybe he'd get some bruises out of this after all, even if they were semi-self-inflicted. He hummed happily, making wet slobbery sounds as his own hard dick throbbed where it hung untouched between his thighs. Blake's good hand grabbed his hair and twisted, digging his fingernails into Vic's scalp and pulling. Yeah, this was good. He hurt, and it wasn't the beating he craved, but it would work.

Blake's eyes slid closed, losing himself to pleasure, sliding his cock through the wet cave of Vic's mouth until it bumped the back of Vic's throat. The Advil was starting to work, or maybe it was the endorphins, because he didn't give a shit about his hand and all the blood throbbing in his body was in his groin right now, where it belonged. He hadn't been able to finish jerking off at the shop, had barely managed to get his dick tucked back in one-handed so he could drive himself to the clinic. Goddamned Grady and Phil, and fake-Conrad, and his stupid-assed job. Blake growled a little in frustration, thrusting his hips forward as he grabbed Vic's hair and yanked his lover's head down until slobbery lips brushed against his ball sac.

Vic's eagerness might not be the same as the romance Blake had been watching all week, but at least it wasn't the same old scene as usual. Yeah, Blake got off on topping, and he liked what he had with Vic, but... watching Grady and Phil was making him want things he hadn't had in a long time.

Blake felt his nuts begin to tighten and he groaned again, letting the wave of sensation scoop him up and carry him to the crashing culmination. "You're so good at that, boy," he panted, and Vic moaned back, creating a pleasurable feedback loop. "So good I'm gonna let you get yourself off. Think you can come when I do?"

Vic made a noise of enthusiastic agreement, and wrapped a hand around his dick, working it in a frenzy as he bobbed his head on Blake's shaft.

Moments later Blake was shooting his spunk down Vic's thirsty throat, as Vic splattered his all over the floor in sticky gobs. Blake's hand turned gentle, cradling Vic's head against his thigh as they both gasped for breath, letting the aftershocks jolt through their bodies.

Steeling himself, Blake pushed Vic's head back, none too gently; that wasn't why Vic wanted him after all. He was here to top, to be in charge, to give Vic what he needed. And if Blake needed something else, well, he was an adult; he'd just have to man up and go look for it somewhere else.

"Good boy," he said, and let his lips twist into a smirk that hid the tired resignation in his eyes. "I sure hope that floor wasn't too dirty, 'cause you're going to clean up that nasty mess with your tongue." He tried not to sigh as Vic gave a happy moan and bent his head to begin. The man did look damn good on his knees; maybe they could turn this into something more that it had been, after all....

"What do you mean, he's gone?" Aisha asked into the phone clutched in her hand. She leaned back into the plush chair behind her desk and closed her eyes. "Think very

carefully before answering me, and think about what results may arise from your actions. Are *you* telling me that Conrad has escaped?"

The male voice at the other end of the line quivered a bit, obviously afraid. "Ma'am, he was tied to the chair; I supervised it myself. He must have somehow gotten loose and overpowered the guards. We found one unconscious, in just his underwear."

"I see. Who was on duty?" she asked. She crossed her long legs, taking a moment to admire her new Giuseppe Zanotti stiletto boots. They complimented her brushed-silk blouse perfectly.

There was a long pause, and the answer came tinged with resignation. "Grimes and Knight. They're still unconscious."

"Kill them. Now," she added when there was a pause. There was no room for error in her employ; these people had to learn the price of failure. And this, this was more than failure, it was a disaster. "Now," she repeated, raising a delicately arched eyebrow, wondering if she was going to have to deal with matters herself.

Two shots, muted by a silencer, were audible over the phone. The sound of a man breathing heavily came over the line, and then a slightly muted voice. "It's done."

"Oh please, Mr. Barnes. You didn't get where you are by being squeamish. When someone makes a mistake, the first thing you do is clean it up. Now, where is Conrad?"

"Security feeds show nothing, it appears he took a taser from the guards, and used it on the cameras. But there's a car missing from the lot, Knight's."

She rolled her eyes. "And? Surely you have enough sense to have located it with the GPS? I didn't ask where the car is, I asked you where Conrad is, and I expect an answer."

These idiots were going to fuck everything up. That was the problem with Americans, they seemed to think their pathetic lives were more important than her needs. Ridiculous. She had half a mind to simply tranquilize Sam and cart him back to Mumbai and be done with this whole idiotic mess. It was a waste of her time.

"I'm working on it, Ma'am," Barnes answered, knowing it was the exact opposite of what she wanted to hear.

She hung up without answering and rose from her chair. You simply couldn't count on these people, and while she didn't mind getting her own hands dirty, it was annoying

that that had become the standard operating procedure around here. It was simply unacceptable.

Aisha crossed the office to the chair her coat and handbag had been tossed across. She pulled out the Sig Sauer P238 she kept for times when elegance was either unnecessary or uncalled for, and made a moue of distaste. She hated having the team in to get blood off the walls; the bleach they used smelled horrid. A glimpse of the card her acquaintance had tucked into her purse caught her eye. She was going to have to contact him, and probably better sooner than later. And she did so hate the smell of the bleach – anything to delay it a moment longer.

She turned over the card and found the tiny numbers scribbled into the design around the edge of the Queen of Swords. As usual, she reached the answering service, not him. Her message was curt and to the point: “Conrad has escaped. I will contact you again when he is back in custody.”

Hanging up with a final-sounding click, she tossed the phone onto her coat. It landed on top of the card, cross-ways. Taking a deep breath of the deeply annoyed but resigned, she and her Sig headed to the security office to deal with her incompetent staff. All these weeks, and suddenly their carefully laid plans went to shit. It was massively irritating.

The highly waxed floors of the corridor gleamed under the fluorescent lights. Turning a corner too quickly, Aisha’s gorgeous new boots slipped. The stiletto heel broke off of her left foot, knocking her wildly off balance. She teetered for a long moment, years of mixed martial arts training and dance classes kicking in to automatically help her regain her footing. The sudden, startling blare of the alarm system eliminated that possibility, however, and she jerked to the side as she fell.

One hand slid down the wall, desperately clutching, as the other instinctively tightened on the gun, squeezing off a shot. The bullet ricocheted off the floor, the wall, and landed harmlessly down the corridor. “Fucking boots,” she thought as she fell. Today really wasn’t going her way.

She crashed down hard, landing on the broken-off metal stiletto from her boot, which had somehow landed pointing up, and it hit her dead-on in the temple, sliding into her brain and severing gray matter like so much French pâté. It rendered her lifeless, without even a final twitch.

Across town, Cathy looked up from the receipts she was filing in Beltane’s office, and

laughed unexpectedly. She'd just had the best feeling, a wash of relief and joy and almost visceral pleasure. Not quite like an orgasm, but a little rippling shiver of delight through her body. They didn't happen very often, but they were a delightful manifestation of things in the universe shifting back into balance.

She didn't know what it was, or where, or how it affected her life, but she knew it was good. And she had the strangest desire to check out the online offerings at Sierra Trading Post and see what boots they had. Who knew - maybe the universe was telling her there was a good sale on!

The fact that it turned out that his father, Conrad Cotten himself, had an evil twin somehow bothered Oz less than the fact that he'd forgotten himself enough to make out with his - well, not his *boyfriend*, they'd decided not to use that word. His Better Friend With Benefits, or whatever, then - in front of his father.

"Dad," he said, clearing his throat awkwardly in the silence that had fallen between them. Quinn had disappeared into the kitchen with the still-snoring would-be kidnapper to see if he could find some soup for Conrad. The man was obviously dehydrated and malnourished and God only knew what else had been done to him. It made Oz feel sick to his stomach, no matter how annoyed with his father he'd been for the last several months. Years, even. But still, Conrad was his father.

And you shouldn't be licking your BFWB's tongue in front of your father. Especially once you were out of high school.

"Got something you want to say, son?" Conrad asked. The adrenaline of his escape was receding now that he was safe, and with his son and his son's lover nearby to take care of things, his strength was fading fast. He was surprised he'd had enough energy to make it out of the compound, now that he thought of it. His hands were starting to shake, and he clenched them in his lap so Oz wouldn't see. The best defense was always an offense. "Your little boyfriend's good in the kitchen, then, as well as the bedroom?"

"*God damnit, Dad!*" Oz took a steadying breath. "Don't think I'm stupid enough to fall for such an obvious deflection, all right? This family would have fucking fallen apart without my brains and you know it, so don't even bother. Quinn's calling 911 to get you an ambulance, because you're obviously dangerously dehydrated, and I don't even want to know what else is wrong with you." He paused for a moment and decided to just come out with it. He was sick of all the secrets and lies. "And yeah, we're together. Not just fucking, *together.*"

"So you're a queer, just like me and Rider, then. I always knew it was genetic," Conrad mused, a smug grin twisting the corner of his mouth.

Oz rolled his eyes. "Yeah, whatever. This is... What I have with Quinn's not about where I stick my dick - or where he sticks his. There's more to it, which you'd know if you'd ever had that kind of thing."

"And does that cute redhead know about your lofty romantic feelings? Have you written him a poem?" Conrad said meanly. "Bought him a car? Tattooed it on your ass? Are you in *love*, like some foolish boy?"

A muscle twitched in the corner of Oz's jaw. "I'm in love like you were with Grady, before he broke your heart and it dried up and blew away. Only I'm not as much of a jackass as you are, and I'm not going to run away at the first sign of things getting difficult." He got up, his hands balling into fists as he struggled to contain himself from saying anything else. "I'm going to go check on your soup."

Quinn hurriedly stepped away from the door adjoining the kitchen and living room and went back to the stove to turn down the boiling tomato soup.

Oz gave him one look and sighed, rolling his eyes a little. "So you heard everything."

"Kinda, yeah."

Fiddling with the button on his cuff, Oz refused to meet Quinn's eyes. "Uh, sorry? I mean, I know we just decided on the BFB's thing..." He sighed, then seemed to steel his nerves and looked up at Quinn. "I'm not trying to pin you down. And I'm not overly keen on the mushy crap, or anything. I just... What we have is more serious than whatever my dad's got going on with his boytoy du jour. At least it is for me."

"Yeah, fine I get it. Can we not talk about our feelings all the goddamned time?" Quinn asked, stirring the soup like it was going to explode if he didn't. Fuck all these tender feelings and emo shit, he needed to step the fuck back from all this shit and get some space. Maybe hook up with this Jerry bastard, still snoring on the table, and see if his beer-can dick was a real thing or if he was all talk. All these Cotten men and their goddamned drama were smothering him.

He looked up at Oz, who had that kicked-puppy look on his face. Shit, Quinn was supposed to say he loved him or some shit, right here, wasn't he? He swore under his breath for a minute, then put the spoon down. "Come here."

"What?" Oz asked.

"Just fuckin' come over here, wouldja?"

Oz hesitated, and Quinn made an exasperated noise. He crossed the kitchen, grabbed Oz by the belt-loops, and yanked him in close so their bodies were pressed together. He walked Oz back a few steps and used his bodyweight to press his lover against the wall, fucking their mouths together before Oz could turn his ridiculous sputtering confusion into any stupid words. Too much talking fucking ruined everything. Words were just lies, feelings were just uppercuts to the jaw.

"Shut up and kiss me," he mumbled against Oz's mouth. Sex, bodies, warm flesh - now those were things he could believe in.

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- Will Blake ever tell Vic that he wants more than kinky sceneing? Or will he go look for something more emotionally fulfilling elsewhere?
- Can Vic be happy without having his ass beaten? How about just until Blake's wrist heals?
- Does Barnes know that today was his lucky day?
- Who is the Tarot Killer and what was his/her connection to Aisha?
- Will Conrad ever get his soup?
- Will Quinn ever say those three little words to Oz?

- And most importantly, are there good sales on boots right now?

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

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

AUTHOR BIO:

Alix Bekins lives and writes atop a treacherous hillside in the Santa Cruz mountains. Her days start with a cup of proper British tea, and end with crocheting ridiculous socks while watching TV. Alix is a sex-positive, kinky, belly dancing bisexual pagan. (The only reason “goth” isn’t on that list is because she prefers purple or pink hair to black, and thinks absinthe is a terrible joke.) Her muses often wear the faces of her favorite celebrities and porn stars, but are nowhere nearly as cooperative. Alix is pretty sure she’s the only person in the world who wears a plastic Viking helmet as a thinking cap when she battles writer’s block. She always wins.

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