

tossingsnatchesofunctuous, politically motivated praise back to the unwilling hearing of his two employees.

“...would be more than happy. My men are always more than willing to...”

“Christ, did you hear that?” Doyle spluttered. “He sounds like he’s pimping for us!”

“Don’t be too sure he’s not. We were,” Bodie said with heavy handed innuendo, “specially selected to come up here with him.”

“Nah, he wouldn’t pimp for us.”

Bodie waited, all too sure that Doyle, unfortunately, had a punchline coming.

And how could Doyle ever let his partner down? “He wouldn’t want to share you, would he, flower?”

Bodie gave that the dirty look it deserved, but didn’t bother answering. He trudged over the grass, automatically keeping his eyes peeled—as if there were hordes of terrorists lurking in the long grass of this hoity-toity bloody course! Stupid, really, there being nothing in sight but green countryside, blue sky and old men in dreadful clothes. So unless they were here as fashion police—in which case, Bodie thought Doyle would have to arrest himself—there was no reason for him and Doyle even being here, as far as he could tell. No reason at all. Apart, maybe, from the admiring, if surreptitious, stares they were getting from the Minister. Bodie blinked, slowly, the only sign he gave of a rather explosive burst of surprise. Nah. Cowley wouldn’t. And a poof wouldn’t be promoted to Minister. But then again, look at Burgess and Maclean... But still... He sneaked a glance at his partner, noted the other man’s permanent air of just-about-to-fuck or just-been-fucked and the way those jeans were tight everywhere bar the groin, where there were some definitely interesting pleats and folds, and as for that faded spot just on the inside of the left thigh... Oh, yes, Bodie decided, if the Minister was bent that way as well as being a traditionally bent politician—and weren’t all politicians crooks to some degree or other—then Doyle would be the very man to bring along for window dressing, temptation and the leverage of letting the Minister know that Cowley knew just precisely what a precarious position the Minister was in. Oh, absolutely, absolutely, that was what Cowley had brought them here for! And as the Old Man had, in a moment of total insanity, partnered him with Doyle, then he himself had to

come along as well. Mentally rubbing his hands with glee and being careful to show none of his wicked amusement, Bodie lowered his voice and attracted his nearly somnambulant partner’s attention. “Psst! Doyle!”

“Yeah?” Sounding as bored as Bodie had felt before coming up the endlessly useful tease about Doyle’s front and rear being the stuff of which Departmental budgets are made.

Then, so casually that it resounded with suspiciousness: “Have you noticed the way our boss’ chum’s been eyeing you up?” That should liven things up a bit round here, Bodie thought with satisfaction: Doyle was always so entertainingly outraged when people treated him like the sex object he pretended to be.

For once—due, perhaps, to the tightness of his jeans?—Doyle refused to rise to the occasion. “It’s not me he’s looking at, though, is it?”

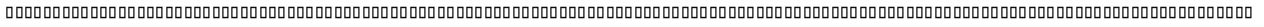
Appalled, Bodie looked up, just in time to catch the Minister measuring not the length of his shot to the next hole, but the length of Bodie’s cock next to his left thigh “Oh, great,” he groaned, immediately staring at the fascinating shade of green the grass was, “that’s all I need. Typical bloody Cowley!”

Now that finally got a reaction from Doyle. “Cowley? Cowley’s eyeing you up?” Then he shrugged, lowering his voice as they meandered within earshot of their boss and his crony with access to HM Government’s Treasury—or, to be accurate, HM’s overdraft department. Doyle gave Bodie one of his cheekiest grins. “Least it explains why you’re the old man’s blue eyed boy.”

Bodie opened his mouth to answer this outrage, and then shut it again, very firmly and with an exceedingly polite smile. Disparaging remarks about one’s boss’ sexual prowess, endowment and taste were never advisable—at least, not when said boss was already glaring suspiciously at two agents who had been well-lectured on the Sanctity of Golf and should know better than to chatter like schoolgirls on their way to a date.

But the promise of upping the budget allocation obviously must have been far more alluring than ripping his agents to shreds: Cowley just frowned at Bodie again, grabbed an iron—golfing, not steam—from the bag Bodie had dumped unceremoniously on the ground, and limited his nagging to the matter that should have been in hand but was, instead, afoot. “Here, Bodie, that’s no way to





“Obvious, innit?”

Doyle, in Bodie’s opinion, not only came up with the oddest jokes in Christendom, but he also had the worst comedictiming since Larry Grayson. “What’s obvious?” he asked with a patience that would have tried a saint.

Doyle slanted a glance at him. “Bent old bugger like him, stands to reason he’d be perfect for golf. All those men holding their long, rigid shafts of iron, chasing after their balls...”

Bodie, in Doyle’s opinion, could turn such an interesting shade of puce if you told him the right joke at the right time. Especially if you’d timed it so that they were within hearing distance of their boss...

“Bodie!”

“Yes, sir?” Bodie managed, albeit sounding strangled.

“If I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a hundred times. No eating your damned sweeties or sandwiches or anything else whilst we’re on the links.” He glowered, yet again, at a Bodie whose eyes were streaming and whose Adam’s apple was bobbing frantically. “Choking, are you? Well, serves you bloody right.” Then the flint-hearted old sod turned his back and returned, with the smoothness of a spiv, to ingratiating several thousand more pounds out of the new Minister.

Behind his back, Bodie gave his boss an elegant, if two fingered, salute. Which made the Minister wink conspiratorially and smile in what was probably an attempt at friendly seductiveness, but came across as more of a bend-over-and-spread-’em leer.

“In fact,” Doyle said as soon as his partner could breathe more or less normally, just for the pleasure of seeing Bodie turn puce all over again, “you could almost say it’s right up his alley because all the men pocket their balls.”

He might be half-choking, but by God, he hadn’t gone through SAS training without learning something. Manfully, he regained control of his breathing and straightened himself to proper military bearing—if we’re willing to ignore the decided list to the left caused by a well-stuffed golf-bag—and started to give back as good as he’d just got.

“Yeh, suppose it would suit the old sod to a tee—you know, a game where the winner is the one who takes the fewest strokes to score.”

“I thought they scored at the end,” Doyle said

perfectly calmly, years of being a policeman even more useful than SAS training for some things. “But then again, the winner’s the one who sinks his balls into the shaft first, isn’t he?”

“Actually,” Bodie had gone very posh, toffee nose in the air, and being acrobatic, standing on his dignity while he was at it, “it’s not a shaft they sink their balls into, it’s the hole.”

Doyle gazed admiringly at his boss and his boss’ boss. “Gosh,” he said, as goggle-eyed as Biggles, “and at their age! I thought the old balls shrivelled up with age.” Back to his normal self, close enough behind Bodie to land Bodie right in it without revealing a whisper of what he himself was saying, “Which goes to show, I suppose, that Cowley’s a bigger arsehole than we thought.”

Bodie hoped that coughing would be less wrath-mongering than choking. Needless to say, he was wrong.

“Are you sickening for something?”

“No, sir,” Doyle said chirpily with a truly evil smile. “He’s just sickening.”

“Thank you for your opinion, Doyle. If I ever want it again, I’ll be sure to ask.” Mr. Cowley left his Minister to ‘tot up’ the score cards—politicaese for ‘cheat’—and managed to corner his two agents despite the fact that they not only outnumbered him, but there wasn’t a corner in sight. Minor details, neither of which stopped Bodie or Doyle from feeling like rats caught by a large ginger tom. “Now, there’s something I’d like to know,” Mr. Cowley asked with considerable charm, another one of those details that made Doyle’s bowels feel weak and Bodie’s bladder threaten a deluge.

“Yes, sir?” Bodie asked, edging closer to Doyle for moral—or immoral, he wasn’t fussy when he was facing Cowley—support.

“D’you like your job?”

Bodie glanced at Doyle.

“Yes, we do,” Doyle answered, an idea of where all this was leading sneaking up on him, until he realised it was only Bodie crowding him as usual.

“So you’d say you enjoy your work? Enjoy having a job, a regular pay-packet, a car and flat provided, ridiculous expenses?”

Not even Doyle thought this was the moment to mention that their expense allowances really were ridiculous—ridiculously poor, that is.

“Yes, sir,” Bodie said, in absolutely no doubt where this was all leading.

“Aye. An’ if the pair of you want to have jobs to

go back to on Monday, hadn't you better stop behaving like a pair of schoolboys needing their backsides leathered?"

He stalked away, and Bodie kept his face very, very straight. Until Doyle muttered, *sotto voce*: "Need your arse leathered? Told you he fancied you!" With one depressingly lithe movement—Bodie always felt like a close relative of the Chieftain tank around his partner—Doyle hefted the Minister's golf-bag and began strolling slowly after the two main players. Bodie was scowling at him, obviously trying to come up with a suitably scathing retort to redress the imbalance of insults. As Doyle went, he offered over his shoulder, "I'd watch my bum if I were you."

"I already do, Doyle."

And that made it all worthwhile. Doyle tripped over a hummock of crab grass, dropped the golf-bag, balls, clubs and all, and landed, with a satisfying wet squish, on the part of his anatomy under scrutiny.

"You're never bent!"

Bodie smiled his most sweetly dangerous smile. "Want to check my wrist, do you? Or p'rhaps you want to see if I've got any pink shirts at home. And we mustn't forget the discreet bottle of lavender in my bathroom, must we?"

Doyle got the message and back-pedalled quickly before Bodie knocked his block off for him. "Don't forget all those frocks in the wardrobe either, sweetie. All right, so you don't have to be a poof to fancy men, but get off it, Bodie, you haven't done a thing—"

"Haven't I?" Voice deliberately dropped to a purr as he leant over, hand reaching out and grasping Doyle less than helpfully and more than purely platonically. "Been watching me twenty-four hours a day, have you? Been following me home after work, checking my mates out, bugging my bedroom..." The smile widened to a grin and then was doused, Bodie putting on the bedroom face he usually kept in a jar of Vaseline by the door. "Oh, yeh, hedonist like you, bet you enjoyed that."

"How could I bug your bedroom? Cowley's too tight-fisted to just hand over a pile of bugs. Please sir, can I have some more bugs? Don't be so bloody stupid—"

Abruptly, the seductiveness was dropped and Bodie started to laugh. "Christ, but you're a gullible buggler, Doyle!" He grabbed Doyle, hauling him to his feet with much dusting off of grass, dirt

and other preferably unidentified squashed things.

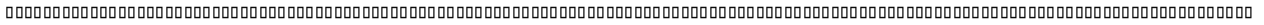
"You mean you— You were only—"

"Lost for words, petal?" Bodie lisped, still patting stray strands of grass off his partner. "Fuck, but you should've seen your face!"

"Great joke. Fantastic joke. With brilliance like that, you should've gone and been a boffin." Doyle was Not Amused, slamming golf-clubs into golf-bag with fine disregard for whether or not they would end up as bent as he'd thought Bodie was. As he had *almost* thought Bodie was, he soothed his ruffled pride. He hadn't been taken in, not completely at any rate. With another foul glare at his partner, Doyle took off his jacket—too hot today anyway—and scrubbed at the seat of his jeans. Bloody Bodie, he thought to himself, as he stuffed his rolled up jacket into some sort of long pocket on the side of the golf-bag. Face still like fizz, he shouldered the heavy bag once again and stormed off: not an easy task over rough ground with a two ton weight over one shoulder and a partner staring at your wet bum and laughing at you.

And that made him think. Not the bit about Bodie laughing at him, he was well used to that. But that bit about Bodie staring at his bum... He did, didn't he? And all that carry-on about dusting him off after he'd fallen—God, the man would put Oscar Wilde to shame! Doyle trudged on after his boss, nothing betraying the fact that his mind was so sharp he was in grave danger of cutting himself on it. Oh, yes, it all started to add up now, didn't it? All the camping about—"what are you getting your knickers in a twist for, Doyle? It's nothing but a bit of harmless fun, all us Army blokes do it. Why's it bother you so much—you're not bent, are you?" and himself making a big to-do, protecting a virtue he'd lost when he was fifteen and Mick Jamieson's parents had gone away for the weekend, leaving him and Mick alone in the house, each set of parents thinking they were both with the other ones—oh, all that camping about had been a hell of a lot more than the standard and usual romping of perfectly straight men. Unless they were at least six months from the nearest woman and their right hands were broken. Or unless they really were bent—or half bent, like himself—and copping a feel and covering up at the same time.

Bodie, tramping along in blissful ignorance, was too busy watching the damp patches on the



bum of Doyle’s tight jeans to notice the look he was being given. Unfortunate, that. If he’d looked up at that particular moment, he might have had an inkling of the rather interesting turn his life was about to take.

But in truth, the only turn Bodie noticed was the angle that took them back onto the fairway, and in his books, that wasn’t interesting at all. A fact more than noticed by their boss, whose temper was fraying round the edges. “Bodie! Wake up, man, you’re not on leave yet. Here, give me—” Mr. Cowley took one look at the expression of total—real or feigned, either one was equally annoying—ignorance on Bodie’s face and reached in for the club of his choice, that being quicker by half than waiting for Bodie to finally condescend to get it for him. “Och, never mind, I’ll get it myself. You do realise, don’t you, that the game would be over that wee bit faster if you actually did what I brought you here for in the first place?”

As the Minister chose that moment to squeeze Bodie’s nether cheeks, our Mr. Bodie rightfully decided that silence was the better part of valour. Cross-eyed with the effort to refrain from shoving a number nine iron up the Minister’s hole—head first, and the handle bent, just for good measure—Bodie manfully bore his burden of being a mere sex object. A rôle, by the way, he more than enjoyed usually, but being pawed by a creep tended to take the blush off things somewhat. He could just imagine waking up afterwards, turning over in the afterglow, to be confronted by those too perfect teeth floating in a glass by the bedside. Or worse, the dentures coming loose at the wrong moment, a thought that gave him the sudden, almost uncontrollable urge, to cross his legs and cover his balls with his hands.

Cowley was digging through the pouches of his golf-bag, his back turned to the other three men, and the Minister was taking advantage of this fortuitous situation in more ways than one. While Cowley’s attention were focussed on pocketing two white balls, the Minister was trying to dig through Bodie’s pouches, showing great interest in palming Bodie’s balls, which were also firm and round but not designed to be handled quite the way the Minister seemed to think. With considerably more grace than Bodie was usually accused of, he side-stepped the amorous golfer with the enormous handicap and hastily put Cowley, Cowley’s golf-bag and Doyle between

himself and the Minister that he didn’t dare offend too seriously. After all, were he to outrage the Minister and buggery up the budget allocation, then Cowley would have his balls. And Bodie wouldn’t put it past the Cow to simply offer the Minister Bodie’s balls on a silver platter—and probably still attached to Bodie. Silver service with a difference.

“What’s the matter, Bodie?” Doyle was whispering. “Wrong time of the month?”

Bodie did a glare that Cowley would have been most jealous of. “Ha bloody ha. How’d you feel if a bloke was poking you in the bum and trying to get his hands down your trousers?”

Doyle, who’s brain had been going nineteen to the dozen while the Minister had been copping a feel of eggs that usually only came in pairs, answered, face impassive but the rest of his body deliberately transmitting sexual allure. “That would depend on the bloke doing the poking, wouldn’t it?” He paused long enough for Bodie’s ears to convince his brain that he really had heard what he thought he had just heard, and then added, as he turned away and bent over to pick up the golf-bag, his damp jeans etched across his arse, “Never complained when it was you, did I?”

At which point, Bodie could have been excused for falling over in a dead faint, if not because of what Doyle had just said, but also because someone, and not the Minister, had put his hands on Bodie’s hips. Oh my God, he wailed to himself, not fucking Cowley an’ all! Then he realised he was being shifted, quite innocently, out of his boss’ way.

Mr. Cowley, a man of prescience as well as presence, read the expression on Bodie’s face. “If my mother were here,” Cowley said very, very quietly, “she’d have a bar of carbolic soap in your mouth before you could blink.”

Bodie managed a sickly smile, mind too busy bouncing around the farcicality of this entirely too surreal trip to the golf-course.

Cowley, taking this for yet another example of Bodie’s army training—dumb, and therefore unpunishable, insolence being an art form in some regiments—really got his dander up. “What d’you take me for? I’ll have you know I went to Edinburgh Uni, not bloody Cambridge!” And with that, in dudgeon almost as high as his dander, Cowley stalked off, so annoyed that he forgot to slice his drive and the ball flew true—and for bloody miles.

Bodie took the driver silently, stuffed it back

into the bag and began the long hike to where Cowley had, so to speak, left his balls. And as he walked away, he was aware that Doyle was staring at his arse the way Bodie himself usually stared at Doyle. Which was when it dawned on him: this wasn't exactly the first time Doyle'd ogled him. There'd been that night down the Black Swan, when Doyle'd been one over the eight and octopussed with it, his hands everywhere as Bodie had tried to steer him towards home and up the stairs. In fact, now that he stopped to think about it—and stopped pretending, for safety's sake, that it had all been his imagination and Doyle's drunken affection for anything living—that was the night he'd been fairly sure Doyle was going to kiss him at one point. When he'd dumped Doyle on the bed, and Ray'd grabbed on, not let go of him and he'd fallen on top of his partner, discovering that those hips really were as fleshless as they looked. Only thing was, now he couldn't remember if he'd felt two hard arches under himself that night, if those hip bones had had another hard arch between them...

A glance over his shoulder, and Doyle was following, smiling. The Minister was also following, not smiling; seeing that, Bodie was surprised that there were no bruises visible. Doyle was a vicious fighter, an absolute joy to watch. Which reminded him of that day outside the warehouse down Limehouse way. Doyle'd not complained when Bodie'd 'helped' him up the steep stairs with a hand on a certain very pert part of Doyle's anatomy. Hadn't complained whenever Bodie threw his arm across Doyle's shoulder. And had actually snuggled closer that time in the car when it'd been freezing and three o'clock in the morning and Bodie'd thought Doyle was asleep...

Well, well, well. Or, as he would say when trying to get right up Doyle's nose: 'ello, 'ello, 'ello, wot 'ave we 'ere then? Deliberately, Bodie slowed his pace, falling back until he was beside Doyle, and walking so slowly the Minister had no choice but to catch Cowley up.

A surreptitious look at Doyle, but all he could see was a tangle of curls, the tip of a nose, and an occasional, wind-swept glimpse of broken cheekbone.

"You know," he began, "the Minister was lucky he didn't hit his ball into the rough."

"The Minister," Doyle replied haughtily, "is lucky I didn't remove his balls and toss them into

the rough."

Bodie couldn't keep the impassive façade up: he grinned, delightedly, not to mention delightfully. "Chance his arm, did he?"

"Chanced more than his bloody arm. He's lucky he's not singing soprano by now."

Considering Doyle's reactions to the Minister, Bodie thought it just might be prudent to not go on blithe assumptions but actually check that Doyle wasn't entirely averse to a bit of dalliance with him. Or even better, was positively keen on bonking. "Now, the question is, was it the poking you objected to, or the poker?"

Sidelong glance, wickedly amused. "It was more a pocket knife than a poker."

Which didn't answer Bodie's question at all. Which was unfortunate, because his body was rapidly leaping to conclusions of its own and was threatening a coup attempt—coup being the French word for a blow, English being a versatile enough language to turn that into a verb, and one that was entirely appropriate, given the state of Bodie's cock.

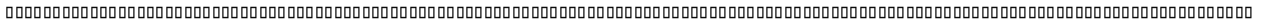
Oh, well, he'd just have to follow the example of Bruce's spider. "Bit on the disappointing side, was he?"

"I didn't bite him on any side!"

The bastard, Bodie decided, was obviously doing it on purpose. "Wise, that. Never know what you'll catch from these politicians, do you? Probably why our mums warned us against strange men."

Doyle sniggered, amused by something he chose not to share with Bodie. After all, a frustrated Bodie is far more amusing than a mocking Bodie. "Is that what *your* mum meant?"

"And your mum didn't? Come off it, I've met your mum and she's—" He stopped, re-evaluating Doyle's mum. It wasn't that she was dippy or anything, it was just... Well, once you'd met Doyle's mum, you understood where Doyle got his... uniqueness from. Actually, that really weird conversation he'd had with Mrs. Doyle would make sense if he assumed that she thought that he and her son were... Nah. A mother wouldn't think that, not without getting all hot under the collar. Well, *his* mum wouldn't think that without having an attack of the weepies and ordering him never to darken her Christian threshold again. But then, Mrs. Doyle happily accepted a West Indian son-in-law, and she had been disappointed—



disappointed, she said!—when Ray had dropped out of art school to join the police, so maybe she wouldn't be bothered if her son... He dredged his memory and deep in the murk of his brain, he found verbatim snippets of a conversation that he'd had three weeks ago when he'd literally bumped into Ray's mum on Dawes Road. And Doyle never had explained how come his mum had recognised Bodie. Funny, that was the day Ray'd actually come up with two girls, the first time they'd ever double-dated. Hindsight was making that look more like distraction than entertainment, now. And if Doyle were willing to fork out a small fortune—'my idea, my treat', he'd said, which should have set Bodie's alarm bells ringing, Doyle far outreaching Cowley in the tight-fistedness stakes—to distract Bodie from—

"Earth to Bodie, come in Bodie."

Bodie blinked, but enthusiastic as his cock was, he was a long way from coming in anything. "What?" he asked.

"I see you're still your usually scintillatingly brilliant self as always," Doyle said dryly. "But if you don't get your finger out, Cowley's going to blow his top."

Bodie wished Doyle wouldn't use words like that right now. Not when he was trying to think and his balls were conspiring with his cock to prevent anything resembling cogency from entering his mind. "What's he after now?" he grumbled, strolling over to meet Cowley half-way, a gesture that was entirely lost on a boss whose temper was not so much frayed as disintegrated.

"What the hell is the matter with you today? I asked you for my putter and you're standing there catching flies—"

The putter now gainfully employed in missing an easy shot, Bodie turned to examine the only flies he was interested in at the moment. Doyle was standing a more than decorous distance from the Minister, the golf-bag strategically placed between them. "Your shaft, sir," Doyle said, all innocence.

"Thank you very much," the Minister replied, all frustration.

Bodie actually found himself sympathising. He wished there was somewhere nearby where he could slip away and adjust himself before his Y-fronts cut his circulation—and other, less fluid but no less pulsing, parts—off forever. There wasn't

even one of those little wooden huts anywhere in sight, just flat grass, sand bunkers and a very unwelcoming water trap.

Doyle, meanwhile, had noticed Bodie's predicament, and was enjoying himself enormously, so to speak. With a very calculated roll to his walk, he strolled across the obsessively smooth green and bent from the waist, bum presented for the admiration of the world, to retrieve the Minister's ball from the cup. Still walking as if he had something wonderful and hard up his rear, he went over to Bodie and dropped the ball into Bodie's right hand. "There you go, mate," he whispered, "you can hold my balls for me."

And then he turned and walked away.

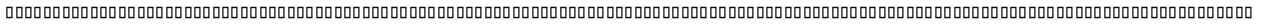
At that moment, Bodie seriously considered dropping the golf-bag, balls and shafts and all, and tackling Doyle to the ground, where he could grab balls and shafts and all, not leastly Doyle's delectable rump which was twitching in front of him, flanks hollowing and rounding with every step, the jeans drying until only the crease down the middle of Doyle's arse was still wet. The dark line was so pronounced, so like looking at the shadowed cleft between Doyle's buttocks, Bodie was hard pressed to control himself. A panted groan from the Minister told Bodie 'hard pressed' wasn't a purely metaphoric turn of phrase. Hurriedly, and with a supremely quelling glower at the Minister, budgets be damned, Bodie lifted his hand from where it shouldn't be and put it where it should. Golf-bag once more over his shoulder, Bodie caught up with Cowley, not coincidentally putting Doyle out of his immediate vision and certainly out of his immediate temptation. Frowning fiercely in his concentration not to ravish Doyle right here in the open, Bodie accepted his boss' jacket, not even hearing the complaint about how hot it was and how he could use a drink.

He may not have been able to see Doyle, but he could hear him. Staccato words cutting the Minister off at the knee, but Doyle was careful how he phrased everything: the only way the Minister could complain about anything Doyle said would be to mention the fact that said Minister of Her Majesty's Government had just propositioned a member of Her Majesty's Security Forces. Needless to say, Doyle was having a whale of a time.

"You certainly put Casanova in his place," Bodie murmured as Cowley lavished praise on the Minister's rather feeble tee off shot.







expression was a masterpiece of disgust, and the way he ‘accidentally’ bumped into Bodie was a masterpiece of subterfuge and seduction combined. Amazing, really what can be done in plain view when one is picking up a golf-bag, isn’t it? Grabbing Bodie by the wrist and dragging him along, all of which was a very convenient excuse to rub his thumb along the racing pulse on the tender inner side of Bodie’s wrist, Doyle started them off in pursuit of two now-distant figures who were showing disturbing signs of coming back to get them. An unnerving prospect, to put it mildly.

“So you’re not just after a quick fuck?”

“Oh, I want that all right, but I want slow fucks and long fucks and you to suck me and me wanking you off in the bath...”

Bodie wondered if the rotten sod had done it on purpose. The recitation had barely ended when they were in full view of Cowley and the Minister. And it wasn’t only the view that was full: Bodie’s underwear was in a very similar predicament, one that Bodie knew was all too apparent. Not too many things he could do about that...

“Bodie, is that any way to carry my good jacket?”

“Sorry, sir,” he muttered, but smugly, secure in the knowledge that Cowley would have liked the view even less if Bodie had *not* been carrying the tweed jacket clumsily in front of himself like that.

“Daft as a stick today. Sometimes I wonder what I was thinking when I signed you on. Here, let me have that club.”

Then Cowley was off putting about with the Minister, and Bodie and Doyle were left to their own devices. Or vices, as the case may be.

“Where were we?” Bodie asked, distracted by the discomfort of being too big for his breeches.

“Wanking you in the bathtub,” Doyle said with remarkable aplomb, considering that his breeches weren’t faring any better than Bodie’s.

“Christ, Doyle!” A deep breath, a wiggle and a wiggle, and while it didn’t come close to solving the problem, at least that reinforced seam wasn’t digging into him any more. “But d’you mean it? You want more than just a quick fling?”

Doyle had a wonderful joke on the tip of his tongue, but then he noticed the bead of sweat on Bodie’s upper lip, and the sternly clenched expression on the face. Oh, well, there’d be other chances to use that punchline. “Course that’s what I’m saying. You were the one who wanted us to be

serious, and then there you go, rabbiting on as if all it would be is a quick wank in the bushes. Typical, bloody typical. Listen, I don’t know about you, mate, but I don’t mess about with someone my life depends on.”

“No,” Bodie said, a beatific smile wreathing his face. “No, you wouldn’t, would you?”

Doyle looked at him askance. “You aren’t expecting a ring and me down on one knee, are you?”

“Don’t know about you, mate,” Bodie imitated him cheerfully, “but I find it’s easier if you go down on both knees, less chance of losing your balance that way. And it’s so much more reassuring for the bloke whose delicate prick you’ve got between your jaws.”

Doyle grinned back at him, but any comment was forestalled of a very chuffed Minister and a grimly sycophantic Mr. Cowley.

“On to the next hole,” Cowley said innocently, preferring not to know what puerile reason his two agents had for turning beetroot and sniggering. He had a fairly good idea, and that was more than enough for him. Especially since joining in wouldn’t exactly fit with the image of the dour, canny Scot he was cultivating with the Minister. The things he did for CI5! All that, and losing at golf too. Life, sometimes, was a bitter row to hoe.

This, however, was not what Bodie and Doyle were thinking.

“Interested in sports and games, are you?” Doyle asked with spurious innocence, as if he were simply making idle conversation, for they were still well within earshot of the other two men who were consulting over the score cards. “Golf appeal to you?”

Bodie edged them a bit farther away from their boss. “The only physical activities with balls and men running around scoring that appeal to me, angelfish, can’t be done in public.” There, he thought, nicely seductive, and that should put Doyle in the hot seat for once.

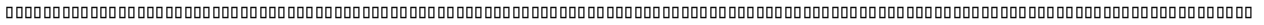
Doyle, unfortunately, hadn’t been made privy to Bodie’s plan and therefore not only didn’t do as he was supposed to, he turned the whole thing on its head. “Can’t be done in public, eh? Says who?”

Horrifying suspicion dawning, Bodie answered: “The laws and the courts and Cowley and the rule books and—”

“Since when have you gone by the book?”

It was all too obvious what Doyle was doing,





And then Doyle kissed him. Which put paid to all rational thought. He'd been on heat for too long today to simply shrug off the tactile contact, even a stranger would have been grabbed voraciously, but this was Doyle, who was doing a bit of voracious grabbing himself. Bodie reached down to the bum that had been the apple—or should that be apples?—in his Eden all day long and smoothed his hands over the lean arcs, fingertips finding the dampness where Doyle had landed so ignobly but so satisfyingly on the wet grass.

Doyle pushed his hips forward, canting them until he was plastered to Bodie, and could feel every detail of Bodie's body. Naturally, the fabric was a real nuisance, and Doyle scrabbled at it, fumbling with Bodie's trousers and underwear until the best bits had been exposed. He filled his hands with Bodie's cock and balls, and felt the leap of arousal under his hands. "You going to just stand there?" he demanded, light fingers playing with Bodie's balls, strong hand stroking Bodie's prick. "Get these fucking jeans out of the way. I want you to touch me, come on, Bodie, hurry!"

Bodie, for once in his life, did precisely as he was told. He hurried and then he touched Doyle, hot heat in his hands, hot tongue in his mouth, hot hands on his own cock. Enough heat, in fact, that he didn't notice the decidedly cooler breeze around his exposed assets. He was consumed by and consuming Doyle, completely forgetful of the delicacy of their situation, of the risk of being caught, seen by strangers.

Doyle hadn't forgotten, not at all. In fact, even as he kissed Bodie to within an inch of their lives, he was listening, listening, for the sounds of footsteps or voices, for encroaching danger, for the added high of discovery. His lips encountered a particularly appealing morsel of Bodie's neck and he fastened his teeth to it, biting and sucking, vampirically feasting on him. He let go of Bodie's cock, and stifled the moan of frustration by pressing his groin against Bodie's, Bodie's hands trapped between them, so that every move of Bodie's hands on Doyle's cock was as if Bodie were wanking himself as well. Doyle was trying to get his hand in Bodie's pocket, which Bodie wondered about fuzzily, but then Doyle's mouth fastened on his earlobe, and a tongue slid inside, and then there were kisses all down his neck, and Bodie basically gave up thinking as a useless pastime.

"Got it," Doyle announced breathlessly.

As neither of the hands on either of their cocks belonged to Doyle, Bodie begged to differ. Until he saw what it was Doyle was laying claim to. And laying suddenly became a very important and pertinent verb indeed.

"Sun-tan lotion?" he said, trying not to sound too hopeful.

"It's wet and it's slippery and it's the best we can get our hands on," Doyle answered, filling his cupped palm with the lotion and slathering it on Bodie's cock. "You're going to fuck me," he said. "Right here, up against this tree."

"What if someone sees us?"

Doyle kissed him deeply, his hands working magic down below. "Then you'll have to make sure you make it hard and fast then, won't you?" Another kiss, and then he was turning, his jeans lowered just enough to expose his arse, shirt tucked up under his armpits. Eyes half-closed in his arousal, he watched Bodie near him. "We can do each other slow and easy later. But I want you, Bodie, and I'm not going to wait. C'mon, Bodie, fuck me, get it up me—"

His voice melted into a groan as Bodie began the slow push inside him. There was no pain, Doyle too experienced for that, only an exquisite pleasure that spread from his arse to every inch of his body. His back was bowed as a saddle, a concave hollowed out by pleasure of having Bodie inside him and he leaned forward to give Bodie a better angle—and discovered one of the 'joys' of sex in the great outdoors that no-one ever mentions. Tree bark scrapes worse than five o'clock stubble, especially when it was a man's tender cock meeting the bark. Doyle didn't quite bark, he more howled, but it was enough to register with Bodie. "Here," he said, shoving something at Doyle. "Put that between you and the tree. Nice and thick, take care of it for you."

It was nice and thick and it was taking care of things for him—the jacket was helpful, too. But it was Bodie Doyle was concentrating on, Bodie inside him, Bodie's hand up inside his shirt, twisting his nipples, Bodie's hand down low on his belly, stroking his cock. A thrust inward, and Bodie pressed down on the base of Ray's cock, so that Doyle's belly was compressed by the hardness of his own cock without and the hardness of Bodie's cock from within. Deep in his arse, the heat from Bodie's cock spread up Doyle's spine, exploding in his brain.

