

# C I V I L SERVANTS

BACK ALLEY  
L. A. SCOTIAN

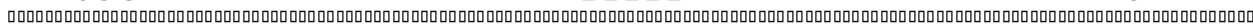
*The Professionals* and *Wiseguy* back to back. Both feature hot sex and slightly bitter endings, and both deal with the problem of trying to deny your sexuality and who you are. In 'Back Alley', Doyle's a bit ahead in coming to terms with what is happening to him and Bodie, while in 'Just a Kiss' it's Frank who both reads and misreads the situation.

ADRENALIN SURGE, fear pounding through their veins, rush of life at the sheer exhilaration of survival. Doyle was stalking in front of Bodie, bootheels staccato click-click-clicking, back rigid and taut with strain, left hand clenched into a fist at his side, pocket of light gleaming briefly on it as he walked past the back window of some anonymous pub or other. Bodie held his breath for a moment as Doyle paused, a hesitation for thought, and for a dreadful minute Bodie thought Doyle was going to opt for booze, was going to drag them in there, amongst people, back to civilisation whilst he was still so high on the surviving that he could hardly keep himself from baring his teeth in a predatory smile and howling his victory for all to hear. They were *alive!* Made it through another night, magic kissed, all the bullets flying past them, knives blunted when it came to their skin. Alive. Him and Doyle, Doyle and him, link forged stronger with every time they came through a firefight like that. But Doyle was still standing outside the back door of the pub, head cocked, listening to the noisy signs of life and frivolity from inside, as if the idea was appeasing the exultation of fear conquered that was still turning Bodie's bones to jelly.

Bodie couldn't take it, not tonight. Couldn't handle the jollity of strangers, the empty smiles, the stupidity that made them feel so fucking secure in this green and pleasant land, secure in their fatuous ignorance, blissfully unaware that not two streets away, three men had been killed and a cache of high explosives whisked out from under the noses of terrorists. And none of the morons in that pub would have the least clue of the animal within, if he were to go in there. None of them would see the danger that was still singing through him, making him more alive than those fools would ever be. No, he couldn't take it if Doyle went in there. Have to leave him alone, have to leave him, back unguarded, and how could he do that after tonight? They were a team, a pair, couldn't walk away from Doyle now. But he couldn't stay with him either, not if he were going into that pub. Not if he were going to play pleasant little civil servant with some bored chit of a girl, chatting her up, buttering her up, the slow and uncertain ascent into her bed. But he'd be expecting Bodie to come in with him, sit beside him, would give him a wink and a smile, nodding at Bodie's girl, no doubt best friend of the one Doyle'd picked for himself.

It had its lure, Doyle picking a girl out for him, Doyle





pleasantness of a woman tonight. He wanted fucking. He wanted it up his arse, wanted semen erupting into his body, wanted all that masculinity and manhood becoming part of him, wanted the hardness of cock up him in celebration of surviving even the slide of the knife. And, he turned his head slightly to see the man he knew now that he would die for, he wanted that cock to be Bodie's. Wanted it to be Bodie to replenish him with spunk, with the essence of maleness. Wanted it to be Bodie to fill him up and take away the hollow hunger of adrenalin and fear.

And if Doyle didn't move, Bodie was going to either run as if all the hounds of hell were at his feet, or fuck the poor bastard up against the nearest wall. As if the thought had been heard, Doyle looked over his shoulder, eyes glinting brightly fierce in the light from the pub. But he said not a word.

Not that they ever did. Not in the feverish afterglow of a dangerous job, not in the heat of devouring passion. Yet the wildness was still there, turning and twisting, flickering in his glance, burning Bodie as it passed over him, peeling clothing and armour away in a fell swoop. And abruptly, it wasn't god who knew what Doyle had been pondering, but Bodie.

Sex.

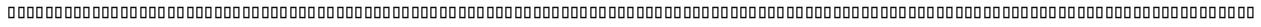
The next step between them, the hunger fed, the need met, the sweet aching of their bodies sheathed in one another. It was there, all over Doyle's face, in his eyes, in the painful bulge of his jeans. Words stoppered in his throat by the flashflood of lust, Bodie moved to Doyle, grabbing him by the arm as he passed, never slowing his steps for a second. They both knew where they were supposed to be going, to borrow Cowley's car to get home in, but now they both knew what they were actually going to do: go to just one flat, to just one bed.

Sex.

They were going to fuck, and the knowledge flowed between them without need for word, the undulating desire alive between them as tacitly and perfectly as the unison in which they worked. Shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip, they walked on into the darkness of the

alley, to the spot Cowley had claimed to have left his car. Bodie thanked everything under the sun that Cowley had picked tonight to be magnanimous, to offer his car to replace the shot-up Capri, whilst the Old Man himself went back with the one surviving prisoner. Footsteps crunching the crumbled edges of tarmac, they hurried, the hardness at their groins hastening their movements. Bodie's cock was chafed by even the softness of his underwear, and he could barely think of anything but how much more sweetly Doyle's arse would rub at him, when he was buried in him. Or how much more sweetly, with more unconfessed, insidious pleasure, Doyle's cock would rub at his own arse, when Doyle was inside him. Tonight, thankfully, and with a sigh of relief, he didn't give a shit who was going to end up on top, no need for the usual wrestling match to see who it would be. He could survive either way, as long as it was with Doyle, as long as it was Doyle's tits on his, body on his, cock on his. That was all he needed. Doyle. To hear him, feel him, drink him in, make them part of each other. Alive. Both of them, alive and whole and—together. That made him frown, as it always did. It wasn't right, somehow, to be this...needy of Doyle, to feel this aching hot tenderness inside for his partner: for this man. Doyle stumbled against him, or simply leaned in a bit closer, so that the lithe thigh muscle caressed his, making his breath catch in his throat and the snub head of his cock push his foreskin all the way back. Mouth dry, from lust, from adrenalin, from— He wasn't sure that he wanted to know what it was. Knew that he didn't want to know what it was. Forgot it, all of it, everything in the real world, everything in his job, his life, his philosophy, when he saw that distantly red gleam of Rover, tucked away almost completely out of sight. Christ, but he was going to fuck Doyle in there! On Cowley's seats, where the Old Man had been sitting not two hours before. That was where he was going to lie with Doyle, and let all this life flood from them. Alive. He turned to look at Ray, catching sight of the subtle move of cock on thigh and the whetting of lips as parched as his own.





bone and the curve of chest. Not looking at Doyle, Bodie lowered himself, until his cock was pressed against the demanding surge of Doyle's and his mouth was open, tongue laving with voracious tenderness at the claret drops. It was frightening, to be so fiercely aroused by the taste of Ray's blood, this saline thickness more exciting than the forbidden sweetness of cum. For this, surely, was more taboo still, with its baggage of Transylvanian terrors and white-skinned Baronesses who had fed upon the blood of young virgins.

Because it had nothing to do with eternal youth for him. Oh, no, this was the sexual thrill of his partner's life, spilled for him, wounded for him, seeping from the flawless skin to be consumed in lust and—

Suddenly harsh, he pulled his mouth away from Doyle's wounded flesh, moving to crouch between his legs, back bent under the lowness of the car ceiling, bodies cramped together, his own clothes as dark as the shadows at Doyle's groin. His cock echoed Doyle's, seeping and aching, balls drawn up tight, filled with the resurgent roar of need. Roughly, he tugged at denim he had never thought could ever be too tight, until now, when he wanted it out of the way, to reveal Ray to him, to make his partner vulnerably naked. But finally the jeans were off and Ray lay there, so very, very close to him, too close for him to see him clearly, only a dizzying impression now of pallid skin and brown hair, pink cock slowly reddening with lust, he found his control slipping, skittering from him as common sense had. Hands fumblingly shaky, he found the small tube of lip balm, his own lips peeling back from his teeth in feral mockery of his usual smile: funny, wasn't it, how one of them always managed to have something just like this in his pocket the day they had to go into one of Cowley's little cock-ups? Sometimes it was this, occasionally it was even a carefully unexplained and unquestioned tub of cream, the unobtrusive smallness tucked into the glove compartment, or lying ever so casually in a bedside drawer. But they always had something to make the fucking easier, to aid and abet the sliding thrust of cock into arse, or cock against cock, when they were both so

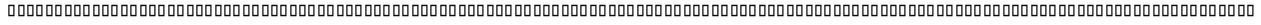
wild that spit didn't keep them wet for long enough. Curling his body over under the confines of the car roof, he shoved his left knee between Ray's, his right leg braced stiffly immobile between the back seat and the driver's seat, his strength holding them steady. His fingers were slippery now, snaking inside Doyle, the enraptured face going wilder with every twist of the screw, those fingers scissoring and turning this way and that, loosening a mouth of muscle that was already eager. The pink hole became a maw, Doyle's face staring at him with the fixed glare of extreme passion, breath panting so loudly that Bodie could even hear it over his own. And the words—those, of course, were silent. Never spoken, never uttered, never brought out to face the light of day, no matter when they did this, no matter where. That face wanted more, the arse impaled on his stiff fingers demanded more, slim hips gyrating to suck him in deeper, his knuckles digging into the tautly hollowed muscles of Doyle's rump. He was going to have Doyle, lay claim to him, brand him with his invisible mark there, deep in his soul where no-one would ever see it, but he'd know.

They'd both know. Both, and the thought ambushed him as the groan fled lushly from Doyle even as Bodie's fingers abandoned his arse, the pink vulnerability sucking at him with blind desperation. But Doyle wasn't blind, those green eyes watching him with terrifying knowledge as if Doyle could see all the way into the darkest corner of his being. The secret stirred, redolent as a beast, and Bodie stared at Doyle, locking them gaze to gaze, hand to hand as he gripped the strong hands in his own, and then, finally—

He was thrusting inside him, no long slow penetration, not for the two of them, it was never like that. Eyes widened as he refused to let Bodie go, rejecting his body's urge to close in on itself and miser the ecstasy away in the secret pleasure places, he stared up at blue eyes gone dark with passion as Bodie plundered his body. He wanted to watch this, wanted to see the moment as well as feel it.

He wanted, quite terrifyingly, to *know* Bodie. To see him, and not just like this, face twisted





quick shag in some dark corner, rubbing hard and fierce and feral against each other till they came, still with trousers chastely zipped, half the time.

Except—they hadn't done it like that in months. Oh, that was how it used to be, right back at the beginning, when they had first discovered that the adrenalin rush took them both in exactly the same way, sitting in a small dark room together, hiding out for god knew how much longer, and the fear and the thrill making them both so hard. God, he could still remember hearing it, the almost-silent sound of Bodie's hand rubbing across those cords of his, and his own eruption of desire at the image that had come with the sound. Thoughtless, that night, pure survival instinct, the urge towards sex. Nothing more than a furtive wanking, side by side, never touching, but listening to each other, the sounds of their breathing, the rub of hand on prick, so attuned that he would have sworn blind he had heard Bodie's cum splash on the floor.

Cleaned up by now, he struggled his clothes back on, squirming around until he was decent once more, grateful for Bodie's silence, unwilling to even attempt conversation after tonight. Beside him, Bodie was moving, getting out of the car, going round to the driver's side, getting back in without so much as a glance at Doyle. Careful but quick, Doyle checked the back seat for anything that Cowley might find and use to hang them with, but most of the damage seemed to have been done to the tail of his own shirt, a damp patch clinging stickily to him. Yet better that than Cowley so much as suspecting them.

Fuck it, they could be tossed so far they'd bounce for what they'd just done! Never mind the fact that they weren't queer or anything: HM's Government would brand you as a shirt-lifter or a nancy boy for so much as looking at another bloke for too long. Unless you were both from the right public school, of course. A quick look at the back of Bodie's head, and he was scared by the pang of tenderness that undermined him at the sight of Bodie's hair curled by sweat and rumbled by his hands.

Not something he wanted to think about.

Not something that was safe for him to think about: too many times of Bodie telling him what he thought of queers. Too many times of sitting there in the cold light of morning coffee in CI5's rest-room while Bodie explained, carefully loud, to Murphy, just how common it was for men like themselves to fuck anything that was still alive after the combat was over. Rape, he'd explained, was the norm after any battle, but sometimes a man was lucky enough to find someone as desperate for the nearest convenient hole as he was. No, best not to think about kissing Bodie.

He got out, settling himself back down in the passenger seat, saying nothing, offering nothing, revealing nothing to this man he had just let fuck him. But it was only fucking, he reminded himself, as Bodie drove off with enviable calm. Blokes do that kind of thing all the time, he reassured himself, giving himself a quick mental run-down of the percentage of perfectly normal men who'd shag another bloke when there were no women available: prison, the navy, merchant navy, oil-rigs... All right, he conceded, eyes drawn unwillingly to the smoothly white hands that clenched the steering wheel with such strength, with the strength that had clutched him, lifting him up in the throes of orgasm to be hugged so tightly his ribs ached. But that was to be expected, really, given the kind of situation they'd been in tonight. He'd nearly forgotten that. He'd almost died tonight, for Bodie. Worse, though, he'd wanted to live for him, wanted not to hurt Bodie by dying in front of him...

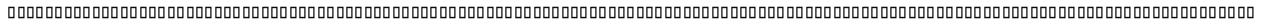
Maryjesusandjoseph, what the fuck were they getting into?

He knew, inside, where his heart was beating too quickly, the beats skipping with fear worse than that kiss of the knife. *That* was the easy kiss to cope with. But the other, and the hunger and the need and the—

With frantic fear, he turned the thought off, ignoring it, kicking at it until it retreated so far into the back of his mind, he could actually pretend he'd never even thought it at all. Christ, it wouldn't be rabid terrorists he had to worry about, not if it ever came out what he'd almost been willing to admit! Bodie would be after him with the nearest hatchet,







kissing. Christ, boy that he'd been, he'd called that love. So what the fuck did that make what he felt for Doyle?

There was no way he was going to answer that one.

Best mates, he repeated to himself, a talisman, a charm to ward off evil. He wasn't queer. Couldn't be. He'd had too many women, for starters, liked to many of them, loved more than one. But not like Doyle. That, he told himself, was different. He needed Doyle to survive, needed him—

Needed him enough to fuck him in public, and to think it was a good idea to use Cowley's car. He squirmed in his seat, aware out of the corner of his eye that Doyle was just as uncomfortable—but he had more reason to be, mind. The way he'd ploughed into him, never done it quite as hard before. Should check to make sure Doyle was all right. Not that there was much chance that he would be, not when he considered that he himself felt like one big bundle of strained muscles and bruises. He swore blind that there was a bruise across his shoulder—must've hit himself against the front seat at some point. So poor Doyle must be dying a death over there. Take him home then, give him a couple of cans of lager, hot bath, rub down with embrocation, that should do the trick.

Yes, but what about after? Or what about during? Did he honestly think it would be just exactly the same thing he'd offer Murphy after a rough oppo? Massaging that long back, that rounded rump, probably bearing the marks of their lovemaking—

He jerked the steering wheel viciously, cutting down a side street, changing direction, no longer going home, but racing to Doyle's place. It wasn't lovemaking. Hadn't been lovemaking. Would not let it be lovemaking. They weren't like that, not them. Men who made love to other men were fairies and pansies and queers and ginger beers and anything but CI5 agents who worked in what was so delicately referred to as 'other government agencies'. No queers in HM's 'other agencies', oh, no, not after Philby and his bunch. And he and Doyle weren't queer anyway. He forced himself to take a deep breath, to get a grip on himself. It had been

nothing more than a perfectly understandable rocks-off situation that had got a bit out of hand. To be expected when one partner discovers that not only is the other one willing to die for him, but that it actually *matters* to him.

Traffic light bleeding red on their faces, Bodie dared to look at Doyle. And the thought came to him: he kissed me. His cock stirred, his heart beat a little faster, and fear came in on bover boots.

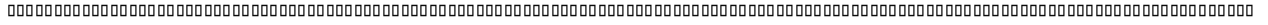
If he faced it, if they talked about it, Doyle would suss out how he felt, which is more than he wanted to do himself right now. Doyle would know, and Doyle, bless his rotten little soul, was always one for calling a spade a spade. Queer. Doyle would call him bent and he just might not be able to remember in time to say, 'yeh, but who was it who kissed who, eh, *mate*?' He might just sit there and then it would be true.

But he couldn't let it be true. He looked at the shops and pubs lining the side of the street, then at the private houses with their lights slowly going out, and thought about what it would mean if any of them heard someone laugh at him and call him queer. Oh, Christ, no, he wasn't queer. He'd beat them to a pulp if they tried that with him. As for the first pansy who fluttered his eyelashes at him—he'd kill him. Yes, he would. All right, so he wouldn't kill him, but he'd duff him up a bit. Done it before—there were faces in front of him, from Northern Ireland, that bloke down Islington and god, yes, remember him from third form, when his dad had walked in? 'He was making me do it, da, honest, he were bigger than me and I was dead scared till you came in, honest, da, I'd've done the buggger one before but I was too scared...'—do it again if one of them tried to turn him like that again.

Then, beside him, Doyle stirred—

That look on Bodie's face, when he'd kissed him, fucking hell, it couldn't have been, could it? Could it?—

—right leg brushing Bodie's, right there where Doyle's own knee had bruised him in their blind lust and the crampedness of the car. Violently, he pulled away, glowering at



Ray, precisely the way Doyle would glare at him if he messed around in public too much. So what d’you call fucking in the back seat of Cowley’s fucking car then? he asked himself hysterically, then shut that down, relegating it once again to something they did when this rotten fucking job got to be too much for any sane man to cope with. What was that phrase Ross had for it? Oh, yeh, ‘referred aggression and the need to affirm that you are still alive’, that was it. And a hell of a lot better than lovemaking.

Doyle’s place.

“You coming up?” About as much welcome in that as willingness in himself, and with an odd edge of speculation to it, far more than the simple question warranted. As if Doyle were asking him something else entirely.

“After almost twenty-four hours straight on the job?” he joked, watching the speculation burn, momentarily, into disappointment. But he went on, hurtling on without brakes, steamrolling over Doyle, over feelings, over speculations, over hopes but most of all, over his own fear-filled insecurity. “No, not me, my old son,” and he found his old grin, relaxing as he pulled it on, reassured by the familiarity of a face of his own that he knew and which didn’t threaten to pull his whole life apart. “Am going home, getting some kip, and then tomorrow, I’m going out with the luscious

Inge.” He waggled his brows suggestively, then his face froze as Doyle didn’t join in the game, as Doyle actually looked—hurt. But that wasn’t how they played the game, and anger grew in him, getting ready to burst out. But Doyle spoke first, wan smile, brittle eyes, but still, with a slow unfurling of real relief.

“The big dancer? The one who wants to work her way through the *Kama Sutra*?”

“None other,” he beamed, reassured beyond belief that Doyle wasn’t going to turn difficult on him.

“You just make sure she doesn’t get you in any knots you can’t get out of. If you’re late for briefing again, Cowley’ll have us *both* stuck in records for a week.”

“I’ll be there,” he said breezily, waving as he pulled away from the kerb, shouting, “see you, mate!” over the crunch of the tyres.

Oh, yeh, he wasn’t queer, stupid of him to even think it for a minute. Never been queer before, wasn’t likely to start just because he had a partner who reacted to danger the same way he did, now was he?

So why did it stick in his mind, why did it make him rougher with Inge than he had to be, that memory of Ray Doyle, his partner, the man who had almost died for him, the man who kissed him, left standing there on the pavement, alone?

