

# ON HEAT

## M. FAE GLASGOW

HE COULD FEEL HIS SEX STIRRING, INFUSING EVERY CELL OF HIS BODY, THE VERY BREATH SOUGHING THROUGH HIS LUNGS CHARGED AND SEARING WITH THE HUNGER OF HIS COCK. It was deliberate, this allowing the carnal beauty of his body to rule his mind, as deliberate as Nature's putting an animal on heat could never be, and that conscious decision was all that separated him from the rutting of beasts. Even the way he walked along the street, hips lilting in fleshly poetry as he neatly sidestepped the puddles that glistened in the reflected glory of shop windows, all that was conscious and measured, his attraction doled out by generous measure to any and all who cared to look.

And he chose to make them all look, and stare, and hunger. There was famine in his wake, and that made him smile, the smile itself fueling that lean attraction of his even more, until even the old women clustered beside the Walls' Ice Cream sandwich-sign left off the resettling of their water-wing breasts and tutting gossip to yearn as youth and virility passed them by. He knew it, felt it in his bones, nestling in with purring passion beside his own growing hunger. The fire licked at his belly, as his tongue licked at his dry lips, wetting them, whetting his appetite, ensnaring every passer-by in his trap. He set himself to loose even more of his sexuality, deliberately, indiscriminately, casting wide his net to trawl in every fish in the sea. And he did: not only women gazing after him with wistful lustiness, not only men staring at him with bare-knuckled envy, but now even the hostility of the men mutated into the desire to own, to possess, to sink their flesh into his and take him. He caught sight of himself in the butcher's window, his body framed by trays of meat and hanging beefs, himself a pillar of flesh in the middle. His steps halted, as he, too, was caught in his own web, then was freed by the rueful grin on his own face, wry humour rising as he laughed at his own all-unconscious honesty of turning himself into the proverbial beefcake, or side of beef, or nothing more than meat... But then he thought of being eaten, and by whom, and the flame fanned a little higher,

another coal catching fire atop the embers he had already piled with such care, one atop the other, one balanced on the other, one setting the other to burn. As he wanted to do, tonight. As he needed to do...

The remnants of his smile washed over a muffled figure, shoulders bowed by the weight of the laden string bags clenched by white-fingered hands in the drizzling dusk. The figure's voice had been muttering past the fake fur of its parka hood, muted words about having to do his mum's shopping when he should have been home getting ready for his big night suddenly dying off, extinct. Doyle passed on, all unseeing, never knowing that the teenager's life had been thrown into utter chaos by the chance of his passing, never caring that his unleashed appeal had evicted all thoughts of a young man's girlfriend from his thoughts, the lure of the back row of the local flea pit expunged. Doyle himself simply walked on, the jeans dampened and darkened by the rain making a young man's throat go dry, the taut vibrancy of Doyle's hair making fingers itch to touch as the thought of straight blonde hair had done only moments before. Another conquest, left unclaimed.

Doyle didn't regret leaving his car at home tonight—November dank it might be, but there was a primal charge in stalking black streets with their pagan flares of electric light and the crowds hurrying home. All those people for him to practice on, all that hunger for him to feed from, to take inside and use it to make himself even sexier.

His cock was hard now, chafing at the seam of his jeans, where he'd deliberately left underwear behind to free himself to rub with every long step he took. As he stretched his legs out, he could feel his cock cling, briefly, to the moist flesh of his thigh, could feel the damp heaviness of his jeans trap him, his foreskin slipping back, deliciously, that last fraction, every move an added bonus. Just like the stares he was getting, and the whistles, and the heads, turning, mouths agape or grinning, all drawn in by his sheer sexuality.

By Christ, if it worked on strangers, then it had better bloodywell work on someone who knew him best. His grin dimmed to a small, devastating smile, as he thought of the person that all this raw sex was in aid of.

Bodie. Bodie, of the wandering hands and lascivious eyes; Bodie of the pinching fingers and caressing palms; Bodie, who would cop a feel because that's all he thought he could get away with. Well, that was one man who was in for quite an education tonight. Because Doyle was going to have him, tonight. For the first time, he was going to let Bodie know that his little moves were not unwelcome. Shite, be honest. He was going to seduce the bugger and then fuck him into next week. Repeatedly. Even if Doyle himself came hard and fast, as his body was already beginning to beg him, he knew he'd be good for at least another two times. More, if Bodie could get him desperate enough, and judging by what he'd seen over the past three years... Oh, tonight was going to be good. Hard, raw sex, with none of the niceties you had to use when dealing with those of delicate sensibilities. Just him and Bodie and fucking. For he wasn't about to settle for a nice cosy handjob, nor an easy spot of frottage. No, he wanted it all. Wanted to get inside Bodie, wanted to stake his claim, fuck him, be fucked...

One hand slipped in below the hem of his short jacket to adjust his cock as best he could. He was wearing Bodie's favourite jeans, the ones that always tempted him so much that he didn't dare actually touch, but which always made Bodie hard just watching Doyle in them. And Doyle, trained observer that he was, had noticed. Not quite what Her Majesty's Government or the Metropolitan Police Force had had in mind for all those hours of training, but as far as Doyle was concerned, it was the most use any of it had ever been. After all, this time his observation wasn't going to net him some petty criminal or seedy terrorist; this time, oh, this time, it was going to net him Bodie, land him hook, line and sinker. Get Bodie into his bed—or rather, get Doyle into Bodie's bed. No matter. He was going to have Bodie tonight. And they both knew it.

The corner of the street was turned, revealing the terrace house that Bodie had landed himself this quarter, bright light sheening from

one bay window, the rest of the house in blank darkness. A shadow, moving restlessly, dimmed across the curtains, passing from view, passing back into sight, disappearing once more.

So Bodie was pacing then, hopefully as hot as he was, remembering that last little encounter on the stairs this afternoon. Thank Christ for lifts that took forever.

A hand on his bum, as usual, usually ignored. But today, he'd turned round, caught Bodie in the act, caught the aching smile of desire on Bodie's face. Finally dared come out and say what he'd been wanting to say.

"One of these days, I'm going to take you up on that, mate." A pause, a heartbeat to let the words sink in to Bodie's thick skull. Then—"You doin' anything tonight then?"

And the stunned surprise, the delight superseding the shock, the hand sliding down to caress him, briefly, promisingly, between his legs, fingertips touching the base of his balls.

"Am now, right?"

And it had been that simple. That quick, that easy. But scary for all that, the fear hovering just out of reach, where he could sense it, but not grab it long enough to wring its neck. Which is why he'd had two glasses of Dutch courage before he'd left his house, a shower, two shaves and a half an hour's walk, stoking his own arousal the entire way, boosting his confidence and his ego with the approving lust of strangers. All that, to beard the lion in his den and change things between them. Oh, not much, not really, just taking friendship the next step forward, he told himself, just taking it to the logical conclusion of all the camping around they'd always indulged in. Nothing heavy, nothing too difficult. Just sex...

He leaned heavily on the door bell, thumb bending backwards, even that reminding him of sex, and how Bodie's back would arch in the moment of glory, of how Bodie would lean back, if he were to sit astride Doyle, with Ray inside him... By the time the tinny voice came over the intercom, he was having to think holy thoughts to keep his body under some kind of control, but even that faint control began to fade, as he raced up the stairs, the ripple of thigh muscle and the pull of denim conspiring against him. There was a figure visible, distorted by frosted glass, through the upper half of the door where

some light still reached from the brightness of the sitting-room: Bodie's shape, burly, strong, wonderfully masculine, recognisable under any circumstances. Then the door was opened to him and he laughed, not his usual earthy chuckle, but a nervous snicker, betraying his own insecurities, as Bodie's sartorial elegance betrayed his.

"Right pair we are, mate," he said, shoving past, making his own way to the living-room, familiar with the setting if not the details of the upcoming activity. "All done up to the nines, like a pair of tarts on a Saturday night. Expecting company, were you?"

"Nah, had company last night for the match. Expecting a date tonight." A silence, short, shaky. "I am, aren't I?"

Framed by the doorway, Doyle turned his cheekiest grin loose on him, fully aware of the rampant sexuality blazoning from him. "Oh, yeh, definitely. And if you play your cards right, you might even get lucky tonight."

Bodie came up behind him, warmth touching him before he had time to grab a drink for a courageous prop. "Home-made spaghetti bolognese, straight from Gino's, salad, the best plonk Safeway had on offer and to top it all off, a cake from Sally's Bakery."

Provocative to a fault, Doyle looked at him over his shoulder, turning until they were almost kissing. As he pulled himself free, tantalising Bodie with a good look at his bum, he said, "What? Cake? Chock full of cream, is it?" And the wicked glance at Bodie's groin spoke an entire encyclopædia.

"Ray..." almost groaning, too much held in for too long to be able to bear the taunting. "Ray, Ray, for God's sake, don't be such a fucking pricktease."

Another grin. "Who said I was being a pricktease? Feed me, and you just might be what I'll have for afters, mate. Spaghetti, is it then? You mean," he went on, going into the kitchen, rescuing the tinfoil tins from the oven, shoving everything onto the old tray Bodie kept propped behind the sink taps, stopping the flow of words with the tip of his tongue in the corner of his mouth, concentrating for the moment on delivering the food to the dinette without dropping the lot and without losing the cutting edge of his sensual appeal. He took a deep breath, sit-

ting down with the slither of denim on leatherette, "You mean, something long and meaty that I get to suck to me heart's content?"

It was then that dinner went out the window as Bodie grabbed him, hauling him up from the chair, arms going round him, mouth opening against his, tongue plunging into his mouth, tasting him. Hands were on his groin, struggling with his zip, hands sliding into his jeans, bringing him out into the air, cupping him, cradling him as if he were the most precious thing in the world, inarticulate moans coming from Bodie to fill Doyle's mouth.

"Oh, Christ, Ray, I never thought you'd let me, not like this, oh, fuck, mate, I've needed you too long, can't take it slow, got to love you..."

Doyle gave himself up to the hedonism of relinquishing himself to Bodie, luxuriating in the masculinity encircling him and holding him so close and tight and strong. He let his sexuality flow out to his fingertips, enflaming every inch of Bodie that they touched, even through the protection of cloth. His own hands were very steady as he unbuttoned buttons and unzipped zips, baring skin to the chill of air and the sear of hot breath, his lips cold from the weather outside, his tongue warm and wet and laving, great swaths of wetness tingling across Bodie's naked white chest, pink nipples straining up to meet his tongue, to claim a caress for themselves. Smiling, he suckled on Bodie, feeding on the feel of flesh in his mouth and the sound of passion in his ears. And the hands covering him, hands trembling with the violence of desire, skin sussurating against his, fingertips trailing delicately down his spine, made him tremble in his turn. Oh, this was wonderful, he found himself thinking, too busy to bother with speech, knowing that Bodie understood it all without the need for anything so mundane as words. Pure, unadulterated sex, uninhibited hedonism, the promise of lust consummated in a wild and sweaty tangle between sheets that would have a faintly lingering scent of Bodie to add to the headiness of musk that was washing over him now. He tried to lower his head, to suck his way down Bodie's belly to the cock that was standing taut and straight from the gaping fold of navy blue trousers, but even as he moved, shaking hands gripped his shoulders, stemming him.

“No, not a quick knee trembler against the back of the chair. In the bedroom, c’mon, Ray, come to bed with me...”

His eyes languorous and half-closed, he allowed himself to be led, Bodie’s big hand holding his, tugging him on when he would have stopped to taste the sheen of sweat that was trickling down the hollow of Bodie’s spine and the dimple of the scar on his shoulder-blade. He pulled them to a stop, swift hands doffing clothes, laying Bodie completely naked to his sight, a symphony of whites and blacks, exquisite contrast in the porcelain skin and curving muscle, black curls at his groin and darkening cock lying against a belly the colour of a pink-tinted white rose. And Bodie was staring at him, a child at the sweet shop window, waiting for mummy to clip him around the lug’ole and drag him off home without so much as a taste. “C’mon, c’mon, Ray, don’t stop, keep going, don’t stop to think, just do it, mate...”

The huskiness made him smile, elated him that he’d been able to get super-cool Bodie so worked up that his voice wasn’t working properly. His own probably didn’t bear examining, but he’d never been one for chatting during sex, saving all that for the romantic seduction over dinner or the sweet nothings whispered lovingly after. Not that he was going to need either one of those routines, not tonight, and that was part of the beauty of it. He didn’t have to be anything else than in rut tonight, on heat, burning to fuck and be fucked, no holds barred, no questions asked, no strings attached.

In the bedroom now, the small bedside light switched on, enough to see by, not enough to destroy the mood of unfettered male sexuality. Bodie was in front of him, bending over to pull the duvet down out of the way, the movement exposing him, showing the heavy swing of balls almost hidden by the shadow of his body, revealing the budding muscle. Doyle wanted to fuck that arse, wanted desperately to plunge into it, feel the tightness around him, Bodie arching under him... He pressed the knuckles of his hand against the delicate flesh, shivering as he remembered how that particular caress felt, the firmness of the touch, the bigness of a hand rubbing with such sweet...

And Bodie was whirling round, grabbing him, kissing him frantically, sucking Doyle’s tongue

into his mouth, toppling them both onto the bed, Bodie’s legs coming up and around him, scissoring, holding him as tightly as the hugging arms did.

Then Bodie stopped kissing him long enough for them both to catch their breath from where it had been cast to the four corners of the world. And speak. Saying words that it took Doyle a minute to hear.

Words that it took him longer to comprehend.

Words that he didn’t want to hear, not from Bodie, not when this was supposed to be nothing but nice, hard, uncomplicated sex. Oh, Christ, Bodie was in love with him. Was saying words he’d be embarrassed about the next morning if he’d said them to some bird. Words Doyle could never imagine hearing himself say, but, a fragment of rational mind muttered, words that he should have expected Bodie to know, and perhaps, say. After all, Bodie was the one who loved poetry, Bodie was the one who could quote everyone from Brecht to Wordsworth and back again...

“Oh, Christ,” he muttered, and something in the tone warned Bodie, froze him, made him suddenly chill under Doyle’s hands. Utterly still, he lay, for a second or two, the shock rippling through him under the skin, where Doyle couldn’t feel it, where it couldn’t betray him. Doyle heard a deep, deep breath, more a sigh, were he to be honest, then a single, soft kiss on his lips, and then Bodie was speaking again, but the words of love were gone, ruthlessly ripped apart by the gutter words guaranteed to inflame, guaranteed to wipe away any memory of the other revealing things he’d said. And if not wipe the memory away, then apologise for it, to say, tacitly by other words, that he’d never let his feelings get in the way again. Doyle let Bodie kiss him, let the dirty words work their magic, let his body run riot under Bodie’s command, while his mind warped off on a tangent, eyes bright and open, seeing the way Bodie wouldn’t look at him, seeing the smallest mark of what could be called sweat gleaming on Bodie’s face. But Doyle was being honest now, and to a fault.

If it wasn’t tears, then it was only because Bodie didn’t cry, not because the pain wasn’t enough. So.

Bodie was in love with him.

And Doyle's body was busy flying off the handle with the pleasure Bodie was giving him, better than anything he'd ever had before. So not just sex for Bodie and the best sex for him that he'd ever had. That had to be worth running the risk of having someone in love with him. Of having his partner, his colleague in love with him. Of losing a friend to a lover.

Wasn't it? But he was still being honest.

So the truth stared him straight in the eye, in the form of a Mickey Mouse alarm clock he'd bought to make his partner smile, one particularly foul day. And Bodie had smiled, not because of the clock, but because it was Ray who'd bought it for him to cheer him up. And that was no different from the way he'd felt that last time in the hospital, when Bodie'd brought him a Biggles book to keep his upper lip stiff after the appendectomy. Small things, really, stupid things, the kind of thing you do when you're so sure of your place with someone you need give no thought at all to how it makes you look.

And he'd never had that with anyone before, had he? Never had this mind-rippling passion either, not in his entire life. Never had this overspilling of warmth inside him, all that emotion, all that...

He was still being honest. So, not just loving the way he'd known he loved his friend. Not just an excess of camaraderie. Not just matey lust. He was as bad as Bodie, just a bit behind him. The same possibility was there, right in front of him, waiting with the patience of years to be acknowledged, welcomed, acted upon. He could fall in love with this man in a way he'd never dared before in his life. Someone he could—and did—trust, someone he could depend on never to walk out on him, someone he could believe would never stop loving him. Even if Bodie were to stop being in love with him, they had enough years of friendship that the amity would never die, enough years of simply loving as one would a brother or comrade that there would always be closeness, would always be a path together. The rest of his life. If he chose it. If he gave Bodie his due, if he gave Bodie what he owed him. All those times of Bodie saving his life, stepping between him and a fist or a knife or a bullet or—fate worse than death—Cowley himself. Years of giving, of taking the abuse of Doyle's bitter conscience that no-one else could lance

clean for him. Years of helping, of listening, of giving. What he owed Bodie... His body, if nothing else. A sacrifice, of a sort, a talisman to buy the future. He could fall in love with Bodie, could fuse the loving with the passion and then be in love the way Bodie deserved. But he had to be convincing, in the meantime, until he'd caught up with his good intentions and could look Bodie straight in the eye and tell him he was in love with him. So. Lies for now, until the truth came home to roost. He could do it. He had to do it, for he owed Bodie his life time and time over. Oh, what he owed him, and Bodie, all unknowing, was calling in the debt. In love. One day, he'd be able to do that, one day he honestly would be in love with Bodie, but for now, amity and lust would just have to do...

"Oh, Christ," he muttered again, and this time, Bodie stopped completely, holding very still indeed.

"Don't look so worried, mate," he whispered, finding his voice, although it was as husky as Bodie's. "Just discovered something. I'm as bad as you are, 'cept I don't have the gift of the gab the way you do."

It dawned, slowly, on Bodie, and Doyle watched as the knowledge seeped in to him. "Yeh?" And then there was nothing he could say, not daring to repeat the insane things he'd already poured out once this evening.

"Yeh." Long pause, whilst their bodies slid against each other in the absence of their minds, skin still whispering its pleasure. Then, quickly, before they turned maudlin, before this could turn awkward, before he could betray the current truth instead of convince Bodie of a truth that was yet to be, his hand was darting down to hold Bodie's cock, squeezing. "You're rock hard. So does that mean I'll have to kiss the Blarney stone, then?" And while Bodie's smile was still just beginning, he slithered the length of sturdy torso, mouth open and nibbling, lowering himself until he was kissing, dancing kisses, all over Bodie's cock.

The hissed intake of breath, the torrent of words and obscene endearments were his reward, refuelling the heated self-lust he'd been simmering with every step on his way here. Achingly hard, his own cock jutted out from his body, the blood-gorged flesh blindly searching for flesh to bury itself in. As if hearing it, Bodie

twisted until he could reach, the softness of palm caressing and the callus where his gun rested rubbing with a tantalising edge of roughness, the contrast of sensation rubbing over him, encircling the ridges of pulsing veins.

Bodie was whispering still, his verbosity an umbrella to shade them. Legs were spreading under Doyle, offering, and he rose up, taking his weight on his elbows, mouth relinquishing Bodie with a last nipping kiss, the shiver of it running through Bodie, slowing him down, bringing him down from the peak, making him wait for the pleasure. Hands were pushing at him and it took a time before he was willing to give up possession of Bodie's body, but he yielded, flopping onto his back, cock breathing against the flatness of his body, eyes veiled as he watched Bodie scabble in the bedside table drawer, a small glass bottle finally appearing. He grinned when he saw it—trust Bodie to nip over to Soho and buy a bottle of flavoured lubricant. No revolting Vaseline for him. The small brown bottle was proffered him by hands that, frankly, shook, but he smiled.

“Nah. Want to see you do it, mate. Want to see you get yourself ready for me, get yourself all open and wide for me to fuck you.” His voice dropped to a seductive crawl down Bodie's spine. “Let me watch you, Bodie. Let me see...”

Flushed pink with a mixture of passion and embarrassment, Bodie flustered around for a minute, trying to find a way to do it without looking both stupid and unattractive, whilst his mind seemed to be busy gibbering to itself that Ray loved him, that his Ray was in love with him, that Doyle was finally his. Still fumbling with the bottle, he was drawn down into another kiss, Doyle's slender fingers magicking the lubricant out of Bodie's own clumsy hand.

“Didn't mean to make it awkward for you, sunshine,” was whispered to him, “just thought it'd be dead sexy to see you stick your fingers up your bum with me watchin' and waiting to take you. Let me get you ready, you c'n do yourself for me next time...”

And he could feel that promise singing through Bodie, knew then that he'd never be able to regret today's lies. Not when it made Bodie this happy. His fingers were as busy as his mind, uncapping the bottle, pouring a small oasis into the palm of his hand, fingers pad-

dling in the fragrance. Then he got up onto his knees, Bodie automatically rolling over for him, legs spreading wide. Carefully, Doyle poured a little of the oil, warmed by his own body heat, into the cleft of Bodie's luscious buttocks, watching, entranced, as the rivulets disappeared, a glistening glow marking their passage. His fingers followed, and Bodie quivered, groaning, when those fingers finally started the slow slide into his body: one finger, up to the knuckle, twisting smoothly, then another joined in, straightening, going deeper. Inside Bodie, they scissored open, splayed as wide as Bodie's legs, trapping the prostate between them, oscillating now, firm pressure making Bodie mutter guttural pleasure. The muscle that had snapped shut around his fingers was looser now, expanding and contracting with the rhythm of Bodie's enjoyment and the clenching and unclenching of his rear end.

“You ready, mate?” Doyle asked, pausing, his own cock weeping with frustration.

“Fuck, yeh. C'mon, Ray, get it in me. Right in me. Been too long since anyone fucked me. Want you.” He was pushing up now, hollowing his spine so that Doyle's hands slipped from his backside to the small of his back, pulling Ray in closer between his legs. Doyle began to nudge his way in, could tell when a wave of pain hit Bodie and knew, too, when the pain had passed on to an aftermath of gut-liquifying pleasure.

Doyle knelt forward, easing his path in ever deeper, the redness of his cock being devoured by the whiteness of Bodie's arse, until the auburn curls at his groin were pressed flat against oil-soft skin. The ring of muscle held him tight, moist flesh caressed him, but there was nothing against the head of his cock save the untrammelled depths of Bodie's body, nothing at all between him and Bodie's heart. His hips bucked forward, jamming him in deeper, the need to fuck commingled with the need to touch Bodie all the way up to his heart. His sweat was dripping from him, dropping onto Bodie, mixing with the glistening wetness on his back. He could barely hear what Bodie was saying, but the meaning was beyond doubt.

Bodie loved him, beyond all else. And what Doyle was doing was making him ecstatic. It was enough. Joined with his own friendship and love, Bodie's joy was enough. The pleasure took

control of him then, moving his body as it would, bringing him closer to the peak. He reached round, hand grasping Bodie's cock, pumping it in echo of the way his own body was pumping inside him. Kept on doing it, as Bodie's voice trembled off into inchoate moanings and the pungent odour of cum exploded into the room as Bodie spent himself into Doyle's hand.

He slowed his movements then, taking a bit more time, giving Bodie a chance to relish the feel of him inside the sanctum of his body, giving Bodie time to engrave it upon his memory. Doyle wanted this to be special, wanted this to be something never forgotten: the first time they had made love, even if it had started as nothing more than him going on heat, a tom-cat strutting along the street on his way to mate. He allowed the pleasure in him to build, allowed the sweetness to gather in his balls, howled as it became too much for him to contain and he came, streaming inside Bodie, his own cum making the channel slippery wet.

He opened his eyes to a vista of white skin, fine pored and delicate as a woman's, the soft skin of a man who's lived in the tropics and never dared the sun. Experimentally, he licked it, tasted his own sweat and the difference that was Bodie's, and his hand smoothed along the still sensitized flesh.

"Lovely," he whispered, barely enough breath even for that. "Absolutely fan-fucking-tastic."

"Love you, Ray."

"Yeh, know you do. Your taste's as good as mine."

And although hadn't actually said it, he knew Bodie would take that as a mutual declaration of love, sentimentality not exactly something either one of them was known for.

"And you're almost as heavy as I am. Shove

over, will you—" and he was moved and turned and cradled "—and let me hold you. Love you, mate, always wanted to tell you, just couldn't think of how. Then when you made it dead bloody obvious this afternoon that you were going to be coming over here tonight to go to bed with me, couldn't believe my luck. Never thought you'd be willing to take the chance to have it off with your partner. God, used to kill me watching you with the birds, and I used to want to do murder when I saw you pick a bloke up. Glad you finally wanted to chance it. Glad you love me."

He closed his eyes, letting Bodie think he was drifting off to the sound of voice and the feel of kisses, but once the time had passed and the heartbeat under his ear had slowed into sleep, he opened his eyes again, staring at the clock he'd bought to cheer his best mate up.

Fidelity and commitment. He hadn't thought of that. All he'd been concerned about this afternoon was a good hard shag, then Bodie'd dropped his bombshell. No birds, no other fellas, that was how Bodie needed it to be. No real surprise there, if he'd given it a moment's thought; he knew how bloody possessive Bodie was about his girlfriends. Should've seen it coming, just as he should have seen Bodie falling for him long before it happened. Would have, if he'd bothered to stop and think about it. But he'd committed himself now, good and proper and there was nothing he could do about it. Plus, it was only a matter of time before the combination of loving his partner and fancying him would turn into being in love with him and wanting to forsake all others, for richer and poorer, sickness and health...

It was only a matter of time.

Wasn't it?