



an old dear go all of a dither, her hands fluttering to her throat. He smiled at her, which only made matters worse. Disgusted with the whole afternoon, he gave up on the people and concentrated on the surroundings. He had to admit, he'd been in worse places, thousands of them. It would have been lovely here, if you could have got rid of the people and the stupid game. Trees, all around the smooth grass where grown men were playing glorified rounders; tiny forests of flowers hugging the boles of the ancient oaks and elms and...and... He'd run right out of tree names, not even sure he'd got those two right. Never been much one for the countryside, city born and bred; give him two minutes away from the bustle and danger of city life, and he'd be bored out of his skull.

Just like now. In fact, *exactly* like now. To the point where, if something didn't happen to enliven this dusty remnant of the Raj, he was going to take his gun out and see how many stuffed shirts he could get without reloading.

Only joking, he told his conscience. But it'd be fun though, a hell of a lot more fun than sitting listening to some plummy-voiced chinless wonder rabbiting on about his 'vitally major job in the City'. Vitally major, he sneered. The only vital major he knew was Cowley. Who was going to kill both him and that idiot partner of his if they didn't start building some kind of rapport soon. And if Cowley didn't get them, then some nasty little bandito would.

Just his bloody luck.

He stretched as best he could in the hideously uncomfortable chair, casting around desperately for something—anything!—to keep him awake and/or sane.

There was sweet F. A. Wonderful, oh, absolutely fucking wonderful. There wasn't even a single bird worth watching, everything here either too old, too young or animal. Or, he thought, casting a disparaging eye over two weedy matrons, one vacuous, the other positively dense, they were vegetable or mineral. Or, looking over at some once-upon-a-time military type lying agape in his chair, they were simply dead as the proverbial doornail.

It couldn't possibly get worse, he thought, until one of the too-young birds starting fluttering her eyelashes at him. She was at the spotty age, the kind that looked as if they'd burst

if you gave them a squeeze. He darted his attention away, trying to find some half-way (or even quarter or eighth way) decent female to look at.

Even less luck than before, one of the matriarchs looking suspiciously like the newly departed.

He stifled a huge yawn, almost dislocating his jaw in the process, and gave up on the female gender, turning his mind to the male sex.

There wasn't much of that about, either. All the spectators seemed either to be veterans of the war—the Boer War, that is. Or Bore War, if you had the misfortune to speak to them—or more of the chinless wonders who all looked as if they should be called Cyril or Cedric or Dickie.

Now there was a thought. He went back to watching, or rather, *started* watching the action on the field—or was it pitch? He never could remember—ignoring the faces and concentrating on the crotches.

There weren't any. Those bloody sports cups they were all wearing hid every bit of interest and the baggy trousers revealed not a single decent bum or nice pair of legs.

Bugger it, he thought, viciously. Not that he looked like having much chance of that, though. He sighed, heartfelt and irritated, glowering around him as if he could have the game rained out by sheer bad-will alone. A movement—my god, something was actually happening out on the pitch or field or whatever—caught his attention out of the corner of his eye and he realised it was the great lump of an ex-soldier he'd been landed with. A great lump who appeared considerably less lumpen now that he was out of that stupid, pretentious bloody blazer and into a pair of white trousers and thin white shirt that was open, rather nicely, half way to his waist. The shirt was restless, moving with the slight breeze, in syncopated time with the sougning tree branches. Not that Doyle was paying the slightest bit of attention to idyllically rustic scenery. Oh, no, not him, he was far too clever by half to waste his time on a bit of wood when he had something far more interestingly male to watch.

The artist in Doyle wasn't dead yet, and he admired the picture Bodie made, striding across the green to take up position—Doyle assumed Bodie knew why, for he certainly didn't—over

to the side by the spreading oak. Whatever the reason for the move, Doyle heartily approved, making himself comfortable, all the better to watch Bodie. All in white, he seemed taller, bigger, more the heroic figure Doyle had always fancied. Long, clean lines, powerful shoulders, and a lovely firm, curving bum. Doyle stared at the muscular rump, enjoying the way the sun shone off Bodie's whites, accentuating the positive and making him itch to see if Bodie's rear would fill his hands to overflowing. Bodie stretched, took off at a run, caught the ball, and threw it back to some bloke who was standing behind the wickets.

"Howzat!"

Christ, that much noise for one piddling little ball, even if it were Bodie who'd thrown it. Now Bodie had come back to where Doyle could see him, and from this angle, the breeze was man's best friend. With every minor gust, Bodie's shirt billowed, revealing the slight curve of chest, the pale, hairless skin, even, Doyle noticed happily, the pink circle of a tiny nipple, just waiting to have his mouth fasten on it...

And it didn't bear mentioning what he wanted to do once he got rid of the groin-guard, either, although sucking did rather spring to mind for that as well. His eyes slitted again, not from the sun, but from the heat spreading from his crotch all the way out to the tips of his toes and the ends of fingers, which were anxiously fidgeting with the desire to touch that sweet pink nipple that kept on winking at him, every time the wind blew. The heat reached all the way up his back, the hair on his nape tingling at the mouth-watering thought of getting Bodie out of all that virginal white and into...absolutely nothing else, apart, of course, from a nice big bed.

He had to stretch his legs out and shove his hands in his pocket, before he was betrayed by either the bulge in his trousers or the roving of his hands. Although he realised he might be a bit late: he was getting some funny looks from the old bat peering at him over her bifocals and the walking pimple was looking disgustingly flushed and damp.

Hurriedly, he went back to gazing at Bodie, who was beginning to look more appealing as a partner with every passing minute. Although perhaps Cowley had had a different kind of partnership in mind... Mind made hazy by the sex

suffusing his body, Doyle was willing to consider Cowley being as lusty as he himself was and that perhaps the Old Man was prone to sitting in his office, speculating on his operatives. The way Doyle was...

Tongue dampening his lips, he was cataloguing every muscle in Bodie's body, thinking of how each and every sinew would strain when Bodie fucked him—or he fucked Bodie. There was only one aspect of him rigid when it came to sex, and that had nothing whatsoever to do with his attitude. Yeh, he thought with a sigh and a ripple of his hips, it'd be nice to be fucked by Bodie. Speaking of Bodie... That worthy was walking away from where he'd been standing, going over towards the stumps and bails and wickets (although Doyle couldn't be bothered dredging his memory over which one was which), finally stopping in front of the pile of bits of precariously balanced wood. He had a heavy brown cricket ball in his hand, and Doyle noted it absently, mind more on the strong curve of bicep and the almost architectural beauty of the columns of Bodie's neck. No, he wasn't paying much attention to the ball—it being part of the dullest game on the face of the earth—at all. Not until Bodie began to get it ready for throwing by polishing it in the traditional way.

That was when Doyle remembered why, even though he hated cricket, he never once missed a test match on telly when he could avoid it, at least not since he'd discovered what all his important little dangly bits were for when they weren't dangling any more. And certainly not since he'd discovered the West Indians either, for that matter.

Bodie held the ball firmly in his right hand, rubbing, oh so slowly, from hip-bone to crotch, hip to balls, a dark line growing where the ball had been pressed. Doyle had something growing in his groin, and it had nothing to do with transferred muck from the ground, either. He was getting decidedly uncomfortable, in a rather delectable way, sitting here in full view, watching Bodie.

He liked that, sitting here amidst the prim and proper locals, getting turned on something fierce, his prick straining against the inside seam of his jeans. Well, it was certainly livening things up from his point of view, a distinct improvement on being bored out of his skull. Although

he was in considerable danger of being thrilled to bits... This was turning into a rather pleasant way to spend a lazy Bank Holiday Monday afternoon, sprawled on a lawn chair, cock hard, eyes dreamy as he watched the man Cowley had joined him to, in sickness and in health, for better, for worse...

Staring at Bodie as he was, he saw the moment when Bodie realised that his randy toad of a partner was all dressed up and raring to go. Watched, amused, as Bodie gave him a look of barely tolerant disgust. He almost laughed when Bodie looked around to see who was getting Doyle so worked up and came up with—the same thing Doyle had, not a half-way decent bird in sight. Doyle sat and waited for the wheels to turn, as Bodie added two and two together and came up with a totally unexpected four.

It was written all over his face: Doyle, fancying a bloke?

Then: which one?

Doyle chuckled when he saw the answer to *that* dawn all over Bodie's blushing face. Laughed out loud when Bodie threw a quick glance at Doyle's crotch, then his own, with its leering line down to his balls.

But the laughter faded fast enough when Bodie stared back, a wicked light of amusement leavening those dark blue eyes. And then the show began...

Bodie did everything he possibly could to get Doyle going, and Doyle co-operated as best he could, succumbing to temptation without so much as a token fight. Nice to find out that your partner is as bisexual and uninhibited as you are yourself. Or just as randy, he really didn't care which. As long as Bodie didn't stop...

Doyle carefully crossed his legs, the gesture of defeat eliciting a broad grin from a perky Bodie, who made the 'one up to me' sign with an expression notable for its nauseating smugness. Doyle stopped watching the face with its intriguingly rosy flush and concentrated on even more interesting bits: all those muscles and all that smooth skin and all that lovely movement. He let himself drift on a wonderful cloud of sexual heat, busy little mind plotting what his busy little hands would do as soon as his rapidly more appealing partner let him. He actually glanced at one of the other men, noticing

the way his hands gripped the handle of the cricket bat, which gave him all sorts of interesting ideas on a hundred and one new uses for the cricket bat handle, which was long and thin and quite perfectly sized... He went back to watching the way the sun kissed Bodie, turning his skin faintly pink and making his hair shine with heretofore unseen waviness; started paying attention to the lovely smile and the twinkle in the eyes that promised both wit and lasciviousness. Funny how much you could start to like a person, once you realised they were as sexy as you and just as willing. And Bodie was obviously willing, or so every single fluid movement telegraphed to the impatient Doyle. He slid down in his seat, sinking into daydreams of a nature that would make the vicar blush and his wife drag Doyle into the bushes—or was it the other way round? He hadn't seen the vicar yet, perhaps that wouldn't be too bad. Not as good as his delectable partner, but not bad either.

He was almost licking his lips at the way the fair skin had flushed in beautiful contrast to the gaping whiteness of shirt, when he realised the skin, shirt and entire body were coming closer.

"Lo, mate," he said, mouth like cotton wool, he'd been panting so heavily. "Ave a good game, did you?"

Bodie planted himself in front of Doyle as if he were the Colossus straddling the Straits. All Doyle could think of was Bodie straddling him... Bodie, it seemed, was waiting for an answer, not that Doyle had heard the question. Under the circumstances, there really was only one reasonable response. "Yes," he said, "absolutely." He hoped he had agreed to something wonderfully naughty and nasty and really quite sweaty. He liked clean sweat on a man, especially if that sweat had been worked up over Doyle's body. There was something else he could say, he supposed, so he said it, eyes devouring the pout of Bodie's lips. "Who won?"

"I did," Bodie muttered, not meaning the cricket score, as some old duffer came up and pounded him on the back.

"Well done, well done, my boy. Quite a score, it's a long time since I saw a century scored on this green..."

Doyle had tuned the old fart out at the mere mention of 'score'. He knew what kind of score

he had in mind, and the only connection to cricket was the fine upstanding wickets, sticky, if possible.

They were all after the poor sod. Scoring a century was obviously an accomplishment of mammoth proportions around here—rather like the arousal that was threatening even the hefty double-stitching of Doyle’s new denims. The stupid biddy in the floral frock—or one of the fluttering females, there seemed to be hordes of them all of a sudden—was hanging from Bodie’s arm, gushing great gouts of platitudes at him, all of it punctuated by girlish giggles and the flirtatious fluttering of eyelashes.

What a way for the vicar’s mother to behave, Doyle thought in disgust, ought to be ashamed of herself, behaving like that at a perfectly respectable cricket match. He was, naturally, completely ignoring the fact that he had basically raped Bodie with his eyes and that the front of his trousers had a bulge the size of the Eiffel Tower in it. Much to the delight of the pimply girl and Methuselah’s granny.

Hordes of females, did he say? Attila the Hun would have been thrilled to have this many troupes. Doyle looked around them again. Well, perhaps not. Although it would have kept the army on the move if they’d been camp-followers.

Doyle wouldn’t have minded being a camp follower at this point. Or a butch leader. He wasn’t fussy, just randy. And Bodie smelled wonderful, the clean masculinity cutting through the cling of lavender and eau de Cologne and the faint whiff of fertiliser. Doyle stared at him, never taking his eyes off him, not even when the rest of the players started off for the brand new clubhouse and Bodie was left in a sea of elderly admirers, each and every one of them insisting on congratulating him personally, in detail and at great length.

If he had thought it was Attila’s hordes before, now it was the Vandals at the gates of Rome, with poor Bodie surrounded on all sides and inundated with the flood of well-wishers. Doyle didn’t see what all the fuss was about, but then, he hadn’t been watching the match, had he? A sharp elbow, delivered by someone’s lace and attar of roses great-grandmother, took his breath away, so he retired, with ill grace, to his lawn chair. There wasn’t much for him to see, just

lumpy bodies in crimplene and tweed, but once in a while, the boulders would shift and he’d catch a glimpse of rounded rump or bared chest.

He sighed, happily. With everyone—including Miss Pimple—thoroughly engrossed in Bodie, he could thoroughly enjoy his own engrossment, albeit rather less demurely than they. He had just got as far as having his face buried in Bodie’s crotch, Bodie’s prick buried down his throat, Bodie’s finger shoved up his bum, when he realised a decrepit old stick was harrumphing something at him. And staring, rather pointedly, at where Doyle’s hands were.

Not to mention what they were doing.

It didn’t take much to produce a guilty startle, nor even a blush. Wasn’t every day he found himself wanking on the cricket grounds in full view. Getting to his feet, jacket draped casually to hide a multitude of sins, he slowly followed the gradually diminishing group that still hovered around Bodie like a cloud of midges.

Pain in the fucking arse, he thought. Why can’t they just bugger off and let me get my hands on him? Or me mouth—just think, rimming that lovely arse...

They must have been developing that telepathy Cowley had been going on about: Bodie turned round at that very instant and gave a deliberate and very provocative wiggle of his backside. Doyle nearly fell over his own tongue, but managed to contain himself, just barely: his zip was beginning to show the strain.

Abruptly, there was a flurry of flapping arms, as if a lion had been let loose in the flamingo enclosure and all the simperers were lolloping and limping and striding off towards the front of the club house.

“What’d you say to them?” Doyle asked, rightly suspicious.

Bodie grinned at him, glanced around, palmed the backside that had been driving him to distraction. “Nothing much—just that tea was almost over...”

“And it would never do for them to miss their cream tea, would it? Aren’t you going over as well? Not like you to miss...”

There was a very firm, very experienced hand cupping his crotch, and Bodie had moved in so close, he could smell the aphrodisiac of clean sweat. “Not going to miss my cream tea, am I? Going to have a quick shower and then you and



me'll be off back up to Town and you can give me my cream tea then, can't you?"

If I can wait that long, Doyle thought, concentrating fiercely on not kissing Bodie in public then ripping his clothes off and raping him. Except, it couldn't be rape—Bodie was far too willing for that. By the time he had his urges de-urged, Bodie was disappearing round the corner of the brick building, contrasting nicely, pretty as a picture amidst the red of the building and the lush green of the countryside. Doyle almost tripped over his own feet, he was in such a rush not to lose sight of his dessert.

They met a couple of men on their way out, and judging by the way they greeted Bodie, they must have been on his team, not that Doyle had noticed at the time. And all he noticed now was that they were delaying Bodie's shower and therefore their return to the privacy of someone's flat and the luxury of someone's bed. He rather fancied Bodie's bed, with its fur bedspread. Be nice to lie back on that while Bodie sucked him off. Or fucked him. Yeh, he thought, all dreamy, face down on that bed, me cock in all that fur and Bodie up me and...

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Speaking of Bodie, where the hell was he? Doyle glanced around, paying attention to his surroundings, noting that the building had all the latest mod-cons, despite the primly grim Victorian exterior. The place smelled faintly of new putty and paint, and he heard a sneeze—obviously Bodie with his bloody allergies—coming faintly down the corridor. He followed Bodie's nose, until the beginnings of the unavoidable changing-room aroma wafted his way. The place was peopled with nothing more than Bodie's clothes slung on a hook and one lost jockstrap, lying abandoned under the bench. The windows were suitably high and frosted, letting the light stream in but keeping all would-be voyeurs out. And through the open doorway, he could hear water running and Bodie singing. Sort of... Sounded more like strangling the nearest be-draggled cat, but if love is blind, then lust is deaf. Doyle sat on the bench, intending to wait for Bodie, willing his body into being a good little prick and telling it to behave itself until they got back to London. His prick throbbed mutinously, reminding him that it was over an hour in the car back to London, and that was if they managed to avoid the holiday hordes coming back

from their day-trip to the coast. At least an hour, more if one of the morons had an accident, which was likely, considering what a car load of sticky, screaming brats can do to a normally quite sane driver. At least an hour, with Bodie sitting inches away from him... With Bodie sitting the length of his prick away...

That did it.

He'd never stripped so quickly in his life before, clothes dumped on the muddy floor with gay abandon and not a single thought to how he would look once he put them back on. Starkers, he stalked into the shower, the white tiles ticklingly cold on the soles of his feet, but the sight of Bodie under the shower-head was more than enough compensation. Almost as white as the tiles he was, something the Old Masters would have painted with lush brush strokes and draped in rich velvets. Doyle preferred him draped in nothing more than the cascade of water and the startlingly black hair that curled at his groin.

And as for his prick... Doyle's mouth began watering in anticipation. Such a gorgeous sight, the site so rosy and big. Lovely. Bodie had obviously been thinking about going back to London, too, for his cock was turgid and heavy, rising out from his body, foreskin only half-covering the coyly-peeping head. Doyle was across the floor so fast, Bodie didn't see him coming until there was a hot mouth on his prick and he was the one almost coming.

Doyle was in heaven, even if his knees were going to give him gyp for days after this. But it was worth it, to have the delectable bulk of Bodie's cock filling his mouth, going deep into his throat. Much though he liked women, much though he enjoyed them, a good hard cock would always be his first love. And Jesus, but he could get to love this. Bodie's hands were tangling with the streaming water in his curls, the water calm, Bodie's hands almost convulsive. Doyle leaned into the heavier body, his own hands running up and down Bodie's legs, loving the feel of the water-slicked hair, the slippery satin of skin. He felt the cock in his mouth shift angle, realised that Bodie had moved, spreading his legs to brace them against the treachery of both slippery tile and trembling passion. And that gave Doyle a very good idea indeed. He scrabbled around on the tiles, and found the bar of soap,

gone all squishy. One finger dug into it, then was lifted, unerringly, towards Bodie's backside. He heard Bodie groan with pleasure as he pressed his finger in, he himself nicely surprised by the ease of entry. It would make life so much easier if Bodie had been on the merry-go-round as often as he himself had been. Make it much easier, indeed.

So much for having to wait before they got down to the heavy stuff then. With reluctance, and a good hard suck, he pulled away from Bodie's prick, kissing the tip again, running his tongue under the foreskin when the temptation proved irresistible. Still on his knees, he looked up the length of Bodie's body, stopping when he met Bodie's eyes. He flexed the finger that was up Bodie's arse, watching the effect darken Bodie's eyes.

"M gonna fuck you," he said, quite calmly, only the bobbing of his cock betraying him. "M gonna fuck you rigid an' then I'm gonna make you cum like it's goin' out of fashion. Gonna bugger you, mate, into next week."

"Promises, promises," Bodie muttered, undulating slightly, fucking himself on Doyle's finger.

"Oh, yeh, it's a promise all right. You're gonna love it, Bodie, you're gonna scream when you cum an' you're gonna beg me for more an' then you're gonna fuck me, right?"

"You gonna just sit there flapping your gums at me, Ray, or 're you goin' to keep your side of the deal? C'mon, my little Ray of sunshine, prove you're more than just hot air. C'mon, sunshine, fuck me. Yeh," a luxurious sigh, as Doyle withdrew his finger then pressed two back in again, "yeh, tha's it. Fuck me, sunshine, get on with it, I'm ready, c'n take you any day of the week, with one hand tied behind my back..."

Now there really was a thought. But there was nothing handy and he was as desperate as Bodie to just get on with it. He wanted Bodie up against the wall, wanted him spreadeagled, but the combination of dangerously wet tiles and the difference in their height would make that too awkward for this time. Plus, it would require too much control, too much thought, and that was well beyond him by now. Sucking an open-mouthed path up Bodie's body, he manoeuvred them until he had Bodie in a satisfyingly appropriate position: flat on his back on

the floor. He spared a moment to check that this, due to present surroundings, was the best way, even if it would wreak havoc with Bodie's back tomorrow. Ah well, they could always tell Cowley it had been the cricket bat that had done that.

There was yet another thought: he'd have to remember to pinch one of the cricket bats and take it home, for when they were feeling a bit adventurous. But right now, he had Bodie under him, spread wide, red cock arching big and hungry up over the whiteness of belly, black hair glistening with diamond drops of the water that was showering down beside them. He fumbled, found the soap, glad it was Imperial Leather and not carbolic. A satisfyingly hefty dollop on his finger, and he watched, fascinated, aroused almost beyond control, as his fingers were swallowed up by Bodie's body. They were both breathless now, Bodie flushed, a darker V of red where his shirt had been open out on the Green all afternoon. Doyle leaned forward to lick it, tracing the muted shift of colour with the wetting lave of his tongue. Bodie tasted wonderful, a faint hint of salt where he hadn't had a chance to wash before Doyle had interrupted him.

The muscle around his fingers was dilated now, breathing in rhythm with Bodie's lungs, pulling at him. Doyle didn't even notice the protesting of his sore knees as he knelt up, positioning the dark claret of his prick against the utter whiteness of Bodie's arse. He leaned forward, his cock sliding in easily, the flesh stretching before his eyes and before his hardness to suck him in. He groaned, heard Bodie groan, and neither one of them was feeling any pain. Bodie was squirming under him, legs thrashing, until Doyle grabbed them, putting them over his own shoulders, bending Bodie double beneath him. They were so close now, so very close. Bodie was unexpectedly supple for a man so big, and all Doyle had to do was lean down a little more and they'd be able to kiss... If Bodie didn't reject it, if Bodie didn't turn away. Doyle hesitated, unwilling to risk the rejection, unwilling to push Bodie in case he made him feel threatened. For if Bodie felt threatened, not only might this never be repeated, even if it were, it would probably never be allowed to go beyond casual fucking.

And Doyle wasn't the least bit surprised to realise that he really wouldn't mind getting very, very serious about this man. His hips thrust slowly, Bodie pushing up to meet him, to make sure that he was in as deep as he could go. But it wasn't enough. His mouth was too empty, bereft of sensation and he wanted to fill it. He moved forward, wishing he knew Bodie better, wishing he could take the chance, deciding to settle instead for the taste of his skin.

Then Bodie kissed him. Hard, open-mouthed, devouringly, tongue rasping against his, all the passion between them flowing in an endless circuit and suddenly, it was too much, his control completely gone. His hips jabbed forward, plunging him into Bodie's body, as Bodie's tongue thrust into his mouth, Bodie's arms locked tight around them. He was moaning, the sound delving into Bodie's mouth to become a part of him, bringing them closer. He could feel his balls quiver, drawn up tightly, barely brushing against Bodie's arse now. There was a burst of hotness against his belly and chest, Bodie shuddering into sudden stillness beneath him, mouth falling slack with the nirvana of release. Doyle held himself equally still, even though his body was screaming at him, holding himself on the very edge of orgasm, until every nerve was alive and every muscle tingling. Then, only when Bodie had come back down to earth and was looking straight into his eyes, did he begin to move again, short, sharp thrusts, pumping into Bodie, fucking him hard.

Everything was focussed on the pleasure, shivering through him, rippling across his skin and then he came, pouring himself into Bodie's depths. All the starch went out of him and he collapsed, heavily, onto Bodie, moving only when Bodie shifted him around so that they were lying side by side and Bodie was no longer tied in knots.

He was going to say something, when they both heard something that made their blood run colder than the long-forgotten water.

A man's voice, the colonel from Bodie's old mob, making noises about tea being over and why the hell hadn't Bodie come.

They weren't about to tell him, were they?

Bodie hastily jumped back under the shower, yelping when the coldness of the water hit him.

"What're you doin' that for, if it's so bloody cold?" Doyle asked, stumbling none too steadily to his feet.

Bodie looked down at himself, at his cock that still hadn't gone back down to its usual flaccid state and at the cum and soap that clung to him. "Cos me wicket's all sticky, that's why." He grimaced as the soap made its presence felt in other, also sticky, parts of his body. "An' that's not the only bit that's sticky neither. Christ, but it was worth it, wasn't it, sunshine?"

He was never going to be able to hear that particular nick-name without realising precisely where Bodie had coined it—and he refused to be held responsible for what would happen when he remembered precisely what they had been doing at the time.

"Shove over, I've got a sticky wicket of me own to wash, mate." Not that he spent much time over it, which was hardly surprising considering the water was turning him blue and there was a colonel who was going to risk getting all wet any second now, if Bodie didn't show his face.

Not to mention all the rest of him that was on luscious display.

Rinsed off first, by simple dint of shoving Bodie out of the way, Doyle wandered nonchalant as Maurice Chevalier into the changing room, giving a cheeky 'd'you always hang around men's changing rooms?' look at the taken-aback colonel, ostentatiously turning his back to hide his charms.

It went downhill from there, until Bodie had bundled him into the car, Doyle still shouting insults, Bodie still shouting apologetic excuses, all of which involved some mysterious blow to the head.

"Haven't had that yet," Doyle muttered, taking the wind out of Bodie's sails, stopping the argument before it could get started.

"You what?" Bodie squawked, less than refined.

"Said, I haven't had that yet." Choosing to interpret the look of shock on Bodie's face as ignorance rather than rank disbelief that someone could be saying such things whilst driving past the local church with the car windows rolled all the way down and all the passers-by turning to stare at them, Doyle elucidated, one part of his busy little brain paint-





ing pictures of them sucking each other off. “You haven’t given me head yet. But you will, won’t you?”

“Oh, I’ll give it to you all right, mate, just as soon as we get back to London.”

“Yeh, you will.” Doyle granted him a dream-

ily sexy smile, full of more than eastern promise, contemplating what a nice way this was to build a truly spectacular partnership.. “Yeh, you definitely will, won’t you...” a pause of precisely the right length, then he grinned, reminding them both, “sunshine.”