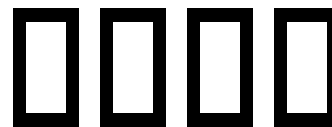


SHOSHANNA

THE EARTH THAT THEY INHERIT



Two years ago M. Fae Glasgow did a Professionals trilogy of stories entitled Grievous Bodily Harm. It was a bit kinky, delving into S/M. This piece is Shoshanna's extension into that universe. I hope you will find it intriguing and unsettling. And if you are familiar with the famous story, The Lady or the Tiger, then after you finish reading, ask yourself a similar question.



BODIE NO LONGER knew how long he had been blindfolded. He had been standing

when Doyle bound the thick pads over his eyes, and secured the cloth's edges with surgical tape so that he was lost in darkness. He had managed to stand until Doyle had begun turning him about, and he had reeled, and Doyle had sent him to his knees a moment before he would have fallen. Now he knelt, naked and unseeing, listening to the rumble of the music and the silence that was Doyle's presence in the room.

Doyle was there, somewhere; at least, he thought so. He could never hear his footsteps, but sometimes through the darkness and the music's mutter he thought he could hear the door open or close. Doyle had blinded him, and brought the box for him to kiss, and bound him, and turned him, and made him kneel. He was there somewhere, although Bodie couldn't see him, although Bodie felt utterly alone at this moment, knowing that Doyle watched him. Knowing that although he was blind there was light in the room, light that Doyle saw him by. It was as if they were in separate rooms: Doyle in the light with his lover, and Bodie alone with the stripping dark. And Doyle.

His cock throbbed heavily, and he waited. Hands bound behind his back, he couldn't touch himself, couldn't do anything but wait, and know that Doyle watched him waiting. It made him tremble, with anticipation and a little fear. The leather straps were tight around his wrists. He had

never seen them, never seen any of the things Doyle brought out of the box. Had never even seen the box itself; Doyle blindfolded him first, always. But he would bring it to Bodie, make him kiss the cold metal of the lock, before he opened it and took from it something to use. On Bodie. And again, at the end of it all, there would be the sound of the key turning, tumblers clicking into place, locking it all away, and the metal against his lips for a moment. The blindfold itself was all Bodie had ever seen.

A touch, sudden, against his thigh. Bodie jumped, and an open palm struck him across the face in rebuke. Doyle was there, then, near him. He turned his face up, skin stinging across his cheek, searching.

"You want my cock?" Doyle's voice was hoarse, harsh.

"Yes, sir."

Another slap, harder. "You want to suck my cock?"

Bodie strained to smell the damp heat of Doyle's groin. His mouth was watering, craving the hard thrust of cock inside it. "Yes, sir, please..."

"Beg for it."

But Doyle was gone; the heat of his nearness was gone from Bodie's skin. The low beat of the music muffled everything; Bodie was alone again, in the empty black. He flailed his head from side to side, not in refusal but in a desperate attempt to find something, to find himself. "Sir, please..." He hardly felt real, he was real only where Doyle touched him. Nothing touched him. He wanted to

be hit again, to feel Doyle's hand crack across his face, his stomach, the soles of his feet; he wanted Doyle's cock to make space for itself deep inside him, make him as it thrust home. "Please," he said again, and hearing the quaver in his own voice he flinched, humiliated; but even humiliation was better than nothing. And he was alone; there was no one to see. Except Doyle, watching.

His voice was shaking. "Please, sir, let me suck your cock. I can do it good. Better than anyone. Please let me suck you..." He was begging, hot with shame, on his knees and blind and begging the darkness to provide. He craned forward, hoping, rising up a little and opening his mouth, craving to be filled. The emptiness might have gone on forever, the lightless desolation he was lost in; and at the same time he knew that Doyle was watching him. Doyle saw the red wetness of his tongue and the sweat on his face, although he himself could scarcely remember his own body. He was alone, and Doyle watched him, and Doyle could withhold his touch. "Please, sir. Oh, God, please..."

Then he was gripped, hard, at the nape of his neck. His heart leaped, but he was well-trained; obediently he froze, barely breathing, while fingers dug into the tendons of his neck and the point of a knife slid down from his shoulder and along his arm, sharp and cold. Was it cutting him? He couldn't tell; it might have been parting the flesh so cleanly that it drew no pain behind it, left no blood upwelling in so shallow a slice through skin. He was that swath of flesh now, that sweep drawn from neck to arm to wrist, marked out by the pinching pain at the base of his skull and the knifepoint sharp against his pulse. A moment it held there; and then it turned and sliced upward, cutting through his bonds, jerking him backward and off-balance for a moment until the leather snapped.

Shoulders aching, he brought his hands around and clasped them in front of his groin, not touching himself; that lesson had been well-taught. Not to touch himself without permission, not to come, not to cry out in pain unless he was told to; he was bodiless and silently, obediently desperate to be flesh at Doyle's command. He was afraid, not that he would be hit again, but that he wouldn't. Once, angry, Doyle had threatened to stop the scene and walk away, leaving him unbound and lost; he had nearly done it, and

Bodie shuddered with terror at the memory.

Something prodded at his fingers, and he opened them to take it in. Long, cool, slender and slightly curved: a dildo, plastic falsity, ending obscenely in midair without balls or body or soul. Bodie mourned the mocking gift, and waited to be told what to do.

"You want me." Doyle's voice was cool, level, and with a tinge of mockery of its own. "You want me to put my cock in your mouth. Don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Bodie responded obediently, miserably. "Please, sir..."

"Why should I?"

There was no answer Bodie could give. Why should he, indeed? He knelt, silent, and was jolted by a lash that struck white sparks from his back, and the crack of Doyle's voice, angry. "Answer me, boy. Why should I? Are you any good?"

Pain burned a pungent line across Bodie's shoulders, but the thin whippy thing wasn't what he wanted; he wanted Doyle's hand against his skin. And more. He licked his lips and let his need force the words past humiliation and fear, knowing that Doyle saw his shame and his desperation.

"Yes, sir, I'm good. I can—I can suck you so well, you'll love it. Best you've ever had. Just let me—" His voice shook. "Just put it in me, please, sir..."

"I can fuck anyone I want," Doyle said scornfully, and Bodie knew it was true. "Show me why I should bother with you."

Confused, uncertain, Bodie lifted his head. "Sir?"

"Show me. On the dildo. Show me what a good cocksucker you are."

No. Oh, no. Cold hands lifted the plastic thing to his lips, fumbling to find, good Christ, the right end; Doyle couldn't mean to make him do this. Suck the lifeless plastic, like a performing dog, playing his tricks to be watched, stared at...the dry end touched his lip and he choked, helplessly.

"You've got ten seconds," Doyle said, and his voice was far from where Bodie knelt. "Or I'll go and find someone else."

Black expanse all around him, Doyle perhaps already half out the door; he would do anything to stop Doyle leaving. Anything. He opened his mouth and put the thing inside.

"Not good enough," came Doyle's voice, and it was closer now; Doyle had come closer to him. "I like to fuck your throat, you know that. Show me

you can take me deep and hard, the way I like it. Shove it down your throat, boy.”

Bodie clutched the thing’s end in both hands, convulsively. If it brought Doyle closer to him, if it was what Doyle wanted to see him do, if it would bring Doyle’s cock in his mouth and let him stop this horrible performance... He dug his nails into the hard plastic, into the backs of his hands, and forced the thing farther into his mouth, choking, so that tears wet the pads over his eyes, but taking the whole length of it into his throat and holding it there for a moment, as long as he could, before pulling it out again with desperately-feigned reluctance.

“Oh, that’s good,” he heard Doyle say, and with a jolt in his chest he heard the deeper note in Doyle’s voice, heard how close he sounded, though when he was silent Bodie might have been alone in the universe. “That’s good, boy. Suck it.” Encouraged, hoping, Bodie put the thing into his mouth; and when a hand covered his on the blunt end and shoved it deep, gagging him again, he scarcely noticed the pain for the blessed heat of Doyle’s hand on his, forcing his fingers tight around the plastic, refusing any negotiation. “Suck it deep.” He obeyed, knowing that Doyle wanted to see him do it, able to do it with Doyle forcing him; he took it so deeply that his fist, around the dildo’s base, was against his mouth, and exulted when an alien finger traced his lips where they stretched wide before letting him go.

A little bolder now, a little daring, he didn’t pull the thing completely out. He was a good cocksucker, he’d said, and Doyle wanted to see proof; so he kept it partway in his mouth, slipping it fractionally in and out, as if it could respond to teasing. Working by touch, alone in the dark—for Doyle had left him again, and he hoped to get him back—he even put his tongue out, running it along the plastic tip, feeling the seam where the mold had joined. He knew that Doyle was watching him, watching the picture he made, and he held the dildo before his face, licking it, embarrassed but trying to prove his skill. *I’m a good cocksucker, sir, please...* Worse than the embarrassment was the fear, so he performed. “Very nice,” said Doyle, distantly approving.

The music stopped, with the rattle of the tape player halting, and he heard the sounds of Doyle slotting in another cassette. He’d never even seen the tapes that Doyle played during these scenes,

had no idea what the music was called, if it had a name at all. None of it had any words, and scarcely any melody: low, rhythmic, atonal, the instruments electronic or unidentifiable. The new tape was darker, faster than the last, not energetic or aggressive but more intimate. Ominous.

“Yes, very nice,” Doyle continued, as if there had been no interruption. “I like watching you suck that thing.” Bodie felt himself flush; he tightened his grip on the dildo in his hands, half in the shame of exposure and half in mute hope. Would Doyle touch him now, let him stop and touch him?

“But you want more than that.” Doyle said, and he sounded angry again. “You’re greedy, boy. You think you deserve more than to suck my cock. But you don’t even deserve that, do you? Do you?”

“No, sir,” Bodie muttered, miserable and afraid. Would Doyle leave him now?

“Damn right you don’t. But you think you do. You don’t just want me to put it in your mouth, you want me to fuck you. You want me to fuck your arse, boy. Admit it.”

Bodie’s gut convulsed. Was it possible that he—? Doyle rarely would, at least in a scene. And outside of one, Bodie almost never asked. Stammering, terrified of saying the wrong thing, he managed, “Yes—yes, sir. I want you to—”

“To what?” The accusing voice was suddenly behind him, and when Bodie involuntarily half-turned, startled, the lash caught him across the tops of his thighs, a burning reminder that he hadn’t been given permission to move. In front, behind; Doyle must be circling him, then, watching him from all sides.

Bodie bowed his head, stilling himself, wondering if Doyle could see the welt he felt rising on his legs. He still held the dildo, his fingers clammy with spit. “I want you to fuck me, sir.” His own voice sounded hoarse and alien. Was it really him, begging for such a thing?

“You do, do you?”

“Yes, sir.” The silence seemed expectant; he tried again. “I want you to fuck—fuck my arse, sir.” He did; at least, he thought so. He knew that Doyle wanted him to say it, and he did want to. But saying it aloud... If Doyle would only come to him now, it would be all right.

“Show me.”

Bodie went cold with shock. Doyle couldn’t mean— He nearly dropped the dildo, clutching it when it slipped, afraid of what Doyle would do to

him if he actually dropped it. But to do that, for Doyle to watch...

Doyle would watch him. He was alone with Doyle. It would be all right, and if he did it well enough, Doyle would come to him. He clung to that thought, dizzy again without sight or touch. Slowly, so slowly, he began to kneel up. His cock, hard and softer by turns since the darkness had begun, was limp and sagging, as with one hand he held the dildo upright between his feet, and set himself, with a twist of almost-nausea, to lower his arse down on it.

It was actually touching him, prodding at the dry flesh, when Doyle stopped him. "Not like that," he said, and Bodie's burst of hope for reprieve turned to bile as he heard the lilt of amusement in Doyle's voice. "Not like that, boy," Doyle repeated, sounding as if he were smiling. "I can't see you well enough like that. I can't see you fuck yourself with that thing if you're sitting on it, can I?" And the lash just touched him, lightly, with Doyle's last words, so that Bodie knew what was required, and managed to answer, obediently, "No, sir," while he hovered over the plastic point that wanted to spear him, his legs quivering as the new welt burnt over the old.

"I can't see you shove that thing up your arse like that," Doyle went on, ignoring Bodie's words. "And you'd better let me see it. If you know what's good for you."

Then he was gone. Alone, without direction, Bodie strained to hear, to smell, even to feel the faintest breeze that might be Doyle's passing; but no sound rose over the bass mutter of the tape, his nostrils were empty, and nothing touched his skin. For all that his half-real body could tell him, Doyle might have left the flat altogether. But he wouldn't have. He wouldn't have, because Doyle wanted to see him fuck himself on the dildo, and if he did it—if he could do it, Doyle wouldn't leave. If he performed, displayed himself well enough, maybe Doyle would—he was afraid to think that Doyle would fuck him, but maybe Doyle would touch him. Would come back to him, hit him or put his cock in him, save him from being alone in the dark. For that, he would do anything, would even bear the awful blind mortification of the display Doyle wanted to see him make. For Doyle. Because Doyle wanted to see it.

Hesitantly, he brought the dildo out from underneath himself. He had to move, he supposed;

speaking without permission was worse than moving without it, so he didn't ask, but only lay down on his back, feet apart, his knees high. Was Doyle watching him, looking up between his legs?

"Wider," said Doyle, and, "Get it wet."

He couldn't tell where the voice had come from, couldn't even tell if Doyle had perhaps moved again as he spoke. Was Doyle watching his face, his cock, the crack of his arse? Bodie mouthed the dildo again, hating the flat artificial taste, but still grateful for the instruction; the thing's press against him, before, had told him how much it would have hurt otherwise. He would have welcomed the pain, begged for it, if it had been Doyle bringing it to him.

"Wider, I said!" The lash struck his left calf, and he reached up and pulled the leg up and back with a hand behind his knee, thigh burning with the strain, left foot waving in air. Doyle wanted to see him, so he had to. Trembling, he tried to relax his arse for Doyle's gaze, though at the same time he cringed from the thought of what he must look like, what Doyle must be seeing.

"Go on, then," said Doyle. "I want to see you get fucked."

Bodie clung to the memory of Doyle's voice. Spine curved taut and aching, he took the dildo from his mouth, spit dripping from it onto his hand, and reached over his leg and crotch to push its tip against his arse. His balls were flaccid against his wrist, and he could hardly breathe; his hand was shaking. "Sir...please..."

"Do it," said Doyle, and suddenly he was very close, his voice next to Bodie's ear. But even before Bodie could stifle an abortive turn of the head, the low, rough words were coming from somewhere below his feet. "Show me what a good fuckhole you are. Show me how much you want it, and maybe—maybe you'll get it."

Bodie gasped and desperately, before he could lose his nerve, pushed. The dildo went in an inch or so, the molded plastic cockhead cold and hard inside him, and he winced in pain, trying not to make a sound.

"Now push it in, slowly," Doyle said. Bodie cringed from the intensity of his voice, the fierce attention it implied; he couldn't bear the thought of being seen like this, ugly and degraded, a plastic cock stuck halfway up his arse. But to be alone would be worse, he reminded himself almost despairingly; Doyle wanted to see him, so it would

be all right. The force of Doyle's scrutiny was a lifeline of wire that cut into his flesh when he clutched at it.

He'd been given an order, and he couldn't imagine anything worse, at this moment, than Doyle becoming angry enough to leave him like this. He breathed out, trying to hollow himself, and pushed the dildo deeper, feeling it prod inside him, nestling obscenely in his gut. He grunted with the shock, and under the music he thought he heard Doyle's breath catch as well; the faint sound struck into him and, emboldened, he shifted his grip, pulled it out a little and pushed it back in. If Doyle liked what he saw...

"That's good," said Doyle, hoarsely, and Bodie rode a dizzy wave of hope. "I like that." It was all right; Doyle watched him and it was all right. He was doing what Doyle wanted him to, and he could bear it, in the dark. For Doyle.

"Twist it," Doyle ordered. He obeyed, and the hard tip rubbed his prostate, making his cock jump unexpectedly. "You like it, don't you?" Doyle accused. "Keep going." Bodie had frozen momentarily; but obediently he began again, pushing and pulling the alien thing in his arse, twisting it a little. Did Doyle want him to like it? Want to see him—getting off on it? The thought of Doyle wanting that, and the rubbing on his prostate, was sending a slow pulse to his groin; the motion of his wrist brushed his cock and it rolled, stiffening slightly.

Doyle was silent for a long time as Bodie worked the dildo inside himself, long enough for Bodie to begin to be afraid. Hoping to please, he gritted his teeth and shoved the thing in again, and pushed his buttocks up to meet it in a horrible parody of desire. "I like that," Doyle said then, from somewhere beside him, and Bodie almost sobbed with relief. He wasn't alone. He could bear Doyle's eyes on him, even now, as long as Doyle didn't leave him alone and blind and lost.

"You look a proper slag," Doyle told him. "Knees up, arse packed full. Proper little whore. Go on, show us how much you like it." Bodie, panting, obeyed, pushing the thing awkwardly in and out, trembling with humiliation made even worse by the knowledge that his cock was swelling, that Doyle could see him getting hard for this piece of plastic. There was scorn in Doyle's voice, and Bodie cringed, all the while longing for Doyle's voice if he could have no more of him. He whimpered, and then flinched at his own forbidden sound, half

fearing, half hoping for the blow; but Doyle only laughed.

"Yeh, you love it. Crying for it, you are. Ought to make you take that thing back out of your arse and suck it, dirty like it is. You'd do it, wouldn't you?"

The thought nauseated Bodie; bile surged in his throat, and he knew that if Doyle told him to, he would. Would suffer any degradation for Doyle to watch, if Doyle wanted to see it. Alone in the dark, with Doyle. But, mercifully, the command did not come; instead, he thought he heard Doyle moving toward him, felt a tingle in his legs that might have meant Doyle stood nearly between them, and he longed to bring his legs together, to feel Doyle's solidity against his shins.

"Go on, boy," Doyle told him. "Make it good enough, and maybe you'll get something better than that toy. Maybe I'll let you have mine, in a while. If you fuck yourself well enough. Get it up, boy. Give us a look at that cock of yours. I want to see how much you want it." And Bodie worked to obey, screwing the cold plastic into himself, trying to find his prostate again, trying to will himself hard for Doyle to see. Surreptitiously he rubbed his wrist against his balls; not having been given permission he couldn't pull his cock. But the burning knowledge of Doyle's eyes on him helped, even as he shrank from it; Doyle wanted him hard. Doyle wanted to see him hot for it. The thought of what Doyle might give him if he pleased him made him shudder. He wanted Doyle to touch him, to hit him, wanted suddenly to be hit on the cock, to have his balls pulled and twisted until he screamed, just so they would be *there*, would be real under Doyle's touch. Gasping, he shoved his hips up to meet the dildo's thrust, twisting them so that his cock rolled against his arm, hot and aching.

"That's good," said Doyle, intently.

Bodie's cock burned. He needed to touch it, knew that he couldn't get as hard as Doyle wanted him to be if he didn't. But he couldn't. Unless—"Sir?"

"What, boy?"

"Permission to—to touch myself, sir?"

"You want to play with yourself, do you?" Bodie couldn't answer; but, thankfully, he didn't have to. "Go ahead," Doyle told him.

Letting go of his leg, Bodie took his cock in his left hand, hips juddering upward at the touch. "Hungry, aren't you?" he heard Doyle say. Blood

was rushing in his head, swelling in his groin; he was hard now for Doyle to see, still shoving the dildo in and out, squeezing his balls and pumping himself. “Yeh, you love it. What a sight you are, boy. Turning on to a plastic prick. Quite a sight, isn’t he?”

“Oh, absolutely,” said another voice.

Bodie screamed. Clawing at the floor, trying to get up in a convulsive movement that toppled him sideways as the floor crazytilted under him, the dildo wet and repulsive sliding down his leg; pain yellow hotwired through his hip as he fell and scrabbled, heaving, screaming again— “Ray? Ray, is there someone here, God, Christ, Ray—” gagging, bleeding, naked and alone and someone there *seeing* him flailing, desperate—

—and Doyle was there, pulling him backward, yanking him back against the hard reality of his own chest, fingernails in his arms, legs pinning his struggles to the mat, one hand clamping his skull and Doyle’s mouth close by his ear. “Shh, Bodie. Be quiet. I’m here.” A wrenching twist away was forcibly subdued, a leg thrown over his, until it was as if Bodie were strapped into a chair that was Doyle, with the straps Doyle’s own fingers, on the mat with Doyle’s body smothering, from behind, Bodie’s retching shudders.

“Is there someone here?” Tears were soaking the pads over his eyes, he could feel them, and although Doyle clamped him so tightly he could scarcely move he was shaking, trembling, terrified; he dug his fingers into Doyle’s arms. “Ray?”

“Sh. I’m here.”

With Doyle behind him, the whole looming emptiness before him pressed on his skin with the weight of unseen eyes; Bodie shook his head violently, wanting to run the length and breadth of the room, wanting to huddle in Doyle’s grip as if the narrow muscular arms could hide him. “Sh, Bodie,” Doyle said, and Bodie tried to obey, tried to stop shaking and choke off the screaming breath in his lungs.

Doyle’s arms didn’t loosen, even when the ratcheting heaves eased a little; Bodie’s wrists were gripped and his arms doubled and pinned against his own chest, body pinned against Doyle’s. The music had stopped; Bodie could hear only his own rasps for breath, and the heartbeat hammering at his ribs. The pads over his eyes were soaked, the tears still leaking from beneath them, and he felt Doyle’s body grappling his, his shudders vibrating

through them both until they shook together with his fear, barely calmed.

Doyle shifted a little behind him, and Bodie felt the press of his erection against his back. For a moment it meant nothing to him, until Doyle said, quietly, “Spread your legs.”

Bodie convulsed, fighting with absolute, frantic denial, alien eyes like needles piercing his naked skin; and Doyle held him down easily, rode the struggles that left him gasping. “Spread your legs,” he said again, and his voice was even, almost gentle. “Boy.”

Exhausted, almost sobbing, Bodie obeyed helplessly. Doyle’s legs opened to let him move, and when one hand let go of him and Doyle leant away, the cold air against his skin where Doyle had been was worse than any blow. He could feel the motion of Doyle handling something, the muscles shifting in his shoulders; and then Doyle’s hand was back, fingers uncurling Bodie’s clenched fist, and the dildo was put into his hand.

No. Please, God, no... “No,” he whispered, and the grip on his left wrist tightened warningly. “No, I—sir, please... Ray, please, is there someone here?”

Doyle’s fingers touched his neck and pressed, not lightly, at a spot where more pressure would leave him choking for breath. “Do it, boy.” The gentleness was gone; his voice now was as hard as the threat at Bodie’s airway. “Do it because I want to see it.”

The other voice hadn’t been familiar. At least, Bodie thought not. He shied away from the memory even as he tried to recall it; it had been a man, and he had said something about him, about how he looked. Was it someone he knew? Someone from the squad? Or had Doyle brought a stranger, or some friend of his own, into the flat after Bodie had been blindfolded? The more he tried to recall its sound, the more the alien voice slipped away from his mind’s ear; now he wasn’t even certain that it had been a man at all. A deep-voiced woman, somewhere in the room, eyeing him as he wallowed on the floor in unwitting exposure?

“You’ve got ten seconds,” said Doyle. Again. And Bodie, sobbing with fear and desperation and self-disgust, reached down, leaning forward in Doyle’s grasp, and pressed the dildo’s tip against his arse. It slid in before he expected it, greased to his surprise with something wet and slimy; he gasped and gagged at the sensation,

spasming in the cage of Doyle's arms.

"That's good, boy," said Doyle, by his ear. "Spread your legs. I want to see you take it." And Bodie obeyed, working the thing in through flesh that crawled with revulsion, terrified at every moment that the strange voice would speak again, or that Doyle would leave him alone with the unknown other, watching.

Doyle shifted behind him, digging his erection into Bodie's skin. The firm press of his body against Bodie's was a comfort; Bodie pressed back against him as if he could find refuge there from the threat before him. His back, his arms were solid against Doyle's flesh; the welt across his shoulders was a welcome pain, flaring reassuringly when Bodie twisted to push himself against Doyle. The dildo in his arse gave a sucking sound as he pulled it out, and he cringed.

"Go on," said Doyle, and strong legs levered his own further apart. "Show us how much you like it." Bodie flinched violently at the plural, afraid even to wonder if Doyle meant it literally. He was still shaking. Like it? He had no hope of getting an erection, shrank from the thought.

"Go on, boy," said Doyle again, and Bodie, through his own misery, could hear his voice deepen. "I want to see you take that thing. Want to watch you get fucked. Get it up, boy; I want to see that cock of yours." His arms tightened around Bodie, and Bodie felt a desperate resolve take hold of him. Gritting his teeth, he shoved the thing into himself and deliberately twisted it, until it struck his prostate almost painfully and he felt his cock jump in unfeeling reflex. He couldn't, not even for Doyle. But if he tried hard enough, if he shut his mind to the unknown horror of the unknown watcher and struggled with all his desperate strength to do what Doyle wanted him to, perhaps it would be all right. Perhaps Doyle would forgive him, would relent and let him stop; and anchored in Doyle's arms, fixed and solid in the hold of his body, so that he couldn't fall away and be lost, and with his shivering muffled in Doyle's unyielding grip, it was possible.

He worked the dildo doggedly, in and out of his arse. Another scrape across his prostate made his cock jerk again, pulsing, and the momentary hope was drowned in helpless humiliation, as he remembered the other, watching him. But Doyle muttered, "That's good. Do that again," and obediently he did, internal pressure and the rough sound of

praise sending another throb through him. "Good boy," said Doyle.

Painfully, fractionally, Bodie's shuddering rigidity slackened. Doyle was holding him, gripping him inflexibly, and every time Bodie's cock throbbed, whenever he felt it swell, Doyle's voice encouraged him. Bodie forced his mind away from everything that wasn't his own flesh and Doyle's, squeezed his eyes shut behind the blindfold until his solitary darkness was lit with orange flashes, and barred all knowledge of anything beyond his body and Doyle's, until Doyle's solidity was his only anchor. The dildo moved more easily within him now, and he was half hard already when Doyle's hand left his throat and reached down to enfold his shaft.

Bodie cried out, hips jerking upward involuntarily; Doyle was touching him. Was pulling his balls, hard, away from his body and then rolling them against the base of his shaft; his own wrist brushed Doyle's as he froze, the dildo half in, half out. He whimpered, trembling between the hard plastic up his arse and the fingers testing his scrotum, drawing light nail-scratch lines along his length to flick at his foreskin. "Sir," he said, helplessly, filled with a desperate, soaring hope. "Sir, please..."

"Fuck yourself, boy," was all Doyle said, but the fingers moved again, tightening on him as he hurriedly obeyed, shoving the dildo in, gasping as the surge caught him from inside and out. "Good boy," said Doyle. "You know what I want."

And he did; Doyle wanted to see him come. Wanted to see him come for the plastic thing up his arse. Wanted to watch him come—Bodie shied away from the thought that Doyle wanted him to come for someone else's eyes to watch, and focussed desperately on Doyle's voice, the only sound beyond his own sobbing breath, deep and insistent as the absent music. "Go on, boy. Fuck yourself on that thing. Such a slut, you are—I love to watch you. You love having that thing up your arse; all hard and hot for it, you are. You know you love it. Admit it—" and finger and thumb suddenly snapped tight around his scrotum, yanking until Bodie almost screamed, babbling "I love it, sir—I love it—" and he didn't know whose hand shoved the dildo deep inside him, whose hand stripped his cock, and Doyle whispered harsh in his ear, "Shoot for me, go on," and Bodie screamed again in pain and fear and sobbing release, coming with little

pleasure but with desperate, all-encompassing relief; he'd done it, he'd done what Doyle wanted, was there someone there even now seeing him coming in Doyle's hand—

—and even before he had caught his breath, before the last racking pulses had spilled from him, Doyle rolled him onto his side, pulled the dildo from his aching arse, and forced his cock inside. It hurt, Doyle thicker than the dead thing in Bodie's still-convulsing gut, and Bodie welcomed the pain, pushed back against Doyle's thrusts, clutching behind himself at Doyle's jolting hip. "That's good," Doyle was muttering, "that's so good, oh god, yeh, I love you," and in one bursting moment Bodie wanted him to say it again, wanted the stranger in the room to hear what Doyle had said, filled with pride and relief and exultant joy as Doyle stiffened and clawed at Bodie's chest as he came.

For a while he lay gasping, locked in Doyle's arms, Doyle shaking now, too, against him. Exhausted, he didn't move when Doyle's cock, limp, slipped from his arse, and Doyle's arms tightened once before opening, as Doyle pulled away, leaving him lying on the mat, streaked with sweat and his own semen. At the rattle of the tape being removed from the player, however, he heaved himself carefully up, settling as ever on his

knees. He knew he was to clasp his hands together, but before he did so he felt the whip-weals on his thighs, curiously; slightly raised, they burned when he touched them. Minor enough. His arse was sore, and his head rang with fatigue and aftershock, but the darkness no longer made him dizzy, and if he concentrated he could follow Doyle's barefoot steps. He couldn't hear any others, but that didn't mean anything; he preferred not to wonder.

Doyle came back to stand before him. Bodie waited, surprised when Doyle only stood there for a moment, silent. He heard him take a shuddering breath, but when he spoke his voice was steady.

"Will you kiss the box, Bodie?"

Doyle had never asked before. Bodie nodded, understanding the question. "Yes." He didn't want to know any more than he did. Never wanted to know if there had been someone there, watching him writhe in mortifying display, and hearing Doyle say—what he had never yet said.

The cold metal was against his mouth, and Bodie pressed his lips to it, so that they clung slightly when Doyle took it away. He knelt, listening to Doyle leaving to secure the box wherever it was kept between these times, and waited for him to come back. To take the blindfold off, and bring him home.

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