

Lullaby of London

by Christy

Bodie leaned his forehead against the window, staring down into the dark street. The glass was cool against his face and he took several deep breaths in an effort to steady himself. The whole thing was a bloody shambles. God knows what Cowley would say. Actually, that wasn't quite true – he could hear that curt Scottish voice saying in tones of disbelief: "Bodie, are you out of your mind?" In the present circumstances he'd have to plead guilty. All he knew was that he couldn't work with Doyle any more. Once they'd wound up this useless stake-out he'd take some leave, just get his head sorted out. The stake-out had been going for the best part of a week. They'd had a tip-off about a drugs heist, how hard-up students were being used to smuggle the drugs in from Amsterdam. So far the only soul approaching the house was the vicar delivering the church magazine. Cowley was all for winding the thing up, moving on to something more pressing. Bodie had asked for the extra night. Even now he couldn't say whether it was because he thought something would happen or because he'd got used to the almost oppressive silence. At least it gave him time to think. Almost 3am. Wasn't this the lowest part of the night, when deep depression overwhelmed the insomniac, when thoughts of mortality crept in ...

"Bodie!" The whisper was low, husky Midlands. Bodie closed his eyes, unable to believe it. Just when he thought he was due a quiet night to brood ... He drew his gun and went to unlock the door. For a split second he considered blowing both their heads off. That was one way of solving the problem.

"Thought you might be lonely, mate." Doyle held out a carrier bag. Bodie almost snatched it, retreating to the window. The bag contained a half bottle of whisky, some packs of sandwiches and a couple of apples.

"What's this, a midnight feast?"

"Bit late for that. And anyway, you never know what'd happen with the lights out in those dorms." Bodie unscrewed the bottle and took a deep swig, feeling the liquid burning the back of his throat. Almost as an afterthought he handed it to Doyle, who was peering through the binoculars.

"So what have I been missing?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"That's what I said."

"Knew we should have jacked this in last night like Cowley said." Bodie grunted, pretending to be busy with the binoculars.

"Right little raconteur you are tonight, sunshine." Bodie grunted again and unwrapped the sandwiches. Typical Doyle, they were bloody rabbit food on brown. He'd have killed for a bacon sarnie with double brown sauce. Nonetheless, he took a giant bite out of one.

"You must be sickening for something." Doyle was watching him closely, sitting cross-legged on the mattress in the corner. Bodie wondered irrelevantly how he managed it in such tight jeans.

"What d'you mean?"

"You never complained about the sandwiches."

"Just can't get the staff these days." But it sounded flat.

"In that case, you'll forgive me if I retire to my quarters, m'lud. Wake me in an hour and I'll spell you." Doyle took off his plaid jacket and folded it up for a pillow. Within minutes, he was asleep. Bodie considered slipping away quietly and never coming back, putting as many miles as he could between him and his partner. A noise from the street brought him back to reality. A tramp weaved his way from house to house, ferreting through dustbins. Bodie sighed and took another swig of the whisky. He loathed stake-outs. All that time wasted when he could be doing ... What? Nothing ... There was nothing he wanted to do. He was rapidly coming to the conclusion that his life was a total sham. Doyle stirred but didn't wake, huddling on his side. Bodie tried not to stare, but he wasn't sure he could resist the temptation any longer ... of running his fingers through those gorgeous curls, of stroking that slightly imperfect face, of kissing that generous mouth. The whole thing was some hideous nightmare, but he couldn't hide his feelings any more. He wasn't quite sure how he'd managed it this long. He let out a half snigger, half sob at the thought of the Jack the Lad persona he'd concocted, with a different woman on his arm every week. Any longer than that and he was sure they'd guess how he really felt. Hurriedly he grabbed the blanket from the back of his chair and gently draped it over his partner. That way he wouldn't ...

"You gonna join me, sunshine?" The husky voice was sleepy and so sexy.

"Wha'?" Bodie's mouth and brain had given up working in unison.

"A man can't sleep with you gawping. Come and inspect the goods for yourself." Doyle was propped up on one arm, staring at him intently. The half-light picked out his auburn curls and uneven cheekbone. He looked stunning. Bodie walked towards him as if in a dream. He sat on the edge of the mattress and stared at Doyle. The only sound was their breathing, which sounded uncannily loud. Hesitantly he reached out and touched the flawed cheekbone, expecting his hand to be slapped away, waiting for the punch that would knock him across the room. Instead, Doyle's long fingers closed over his hand. Bodie tangled his fingers in Doyle's curls and kissed that tantalising full mouth. He felt his partner's arms wind around him and pull him close, hungry lips responding to his. Doyle was wiry, but the power in his body was unmistakable. He reminded Bodie of a tightly coiled spring. Doyle pulled away and grinned, his green eyes bright and dancing. "Hey, where d'you learn to kiss like that?"

"Practice makes perfect!"

"I'll say. Thought you'd never ask, though."

"How did you, I mean, was it ..."

"Yeah, pretty obvious. I mean, all those broken dates with the girls, sulking most of the time, and staring at me like I'd grown another head ..."

"Probably better looking than the one you've got ..."

"That's more like it." Doyle held his arms above his head so Bodie could remove his tee shirt. "Come on lover boy, let's have some action." Bodie eased him onto his back on the mattress and knelt for a moment to take in the sight he'd dreamed about. Doyle stared up at him out of wide green eyes, his unruly curls fanned out around his head like rays from the sun. Bodie rubbed his fingers through the light coating of dark chest hair, then leaned over and tongued the tight nipples. Doyle shuddered as Bodie traced down his taut stomach, then kissed the patchwork of scars on his torso, stopping at one of the bullet wounds which had nearly killed Doyle. It was then, as Ray was fighting for his life in hospital, that Bodie knew he could no longer hide what he really felt for his partner. He slid off Doyle's jeans, revealing slim, strong hips. He'd fantasised frequently about peeling down the tight denims which clung so tantalisingly to the lithe body. Looking down at his slim partner, Bodie suddenly felt bulky and clumsy.

"Ray, are you sure about this?"

"Of course. Mind you, me mum warned me about men like you."

"Oh yeah, what did she say?"

"Never trust a man who offers you puppies and sweeties."

"Not me, mate."

"What about the surefire bet on that bloody three-legged greyhound yesterday? And the choc ice you bought me afterwards?"

"Ah well, I was just softening you up ..." Doyle sniggered as his hand explored between powerful, muscular thighs.

"Nothing soft about you, sunshine."

"What about you, then, hard man?" Bodie's lips briefly touched the tip of his partner's straining cock. "Just get on with it or I'll call the police and tell 'em about the bribes!"

"Yeah, and what happens if they call in Cowley?"

"He'll probably want a full report on his desk in the morning! So you'd better get a shift on and take my particulars down ..."

-- THE END --



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