

“Obvious, innit?”

Doyle, in Bodie’s opinion, not only came up with the oddest jokes in Christendom, but he also had the worst comedictiming since Larry Grayson. “What’s obvious?” he asked with a patience that would have tried a saint.

Doyle slanted a glance at him. “Bent old bugger like him, stands to reason he’d be perfect for golf. All those men holding their long, rigid shafts of iron, chasing after their balls...”

Bodie, in Doyle’s opinion, could turn such an interesting shade of puce if you told him the right joke at the right time. Especially if you’d timed it so that they were within hearing distance of their boss...

“Bodie!”

“Yes, sir?” Bodie managed, albeit sounding strangled.

“If I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a hundred times. No eating your damned sweeties or sandwiches or anything else whilst we’re on the links.” He glowered, yet again, at a Bodie whose eyes were streaming and whose Adam’s apple was bobbing frantically. “Choking, are you? Well, serves you bloody right.” Then the flint-hearted old sod turned his back and returned, with the smoothness of a spiv, to ingratiating several thousand more pounds out of the new Minister.

Behind his back, Bodie gave his boss an elegant, if two fingered, salute. Which made the Minister wink conspiratorially and smile in what was probably an attempt at friendly seductiveness, but came across as more of a bend-over-and-spread-’em leer.

“In fact,” Doyle said as soon as his partner could breathe more or less normally, just for the pleasure of seeing Bodie turn puce all over again, “you could almost say it’s right up his alley because all the men pocket their balls.”

He might be half-choking, but by God, he hadn’t gone through SAS training without learning something. Manfully, he regained control of his breathing and straightened himself to proper military bearing—if we’re willing to ignore the decided list to the left caused by a well-stuffed golf-bag—and started to give back as good as he’d just got.

“Yeh, suppose it would suit the old sod to a tee—you know, a game where the winner is the one who takes the fewest strokes to score.”

“I thought they scored at the end,” Doyle said

perfectly calmly, years of being a policeman even more useful than SAS training for some things. “But then again, the winner’s the one who sinks his balls into the shaft first, isn’t he?”

“Actually,” Bodie had gone very posh, toffee nose in the air, and being acrobatic, standing on his dignity while he was at it, “it’s not a shaft they sink their balls into, it’s the hole.”

Doyle gazed admiringly at his boss and his boss’ boss. “Gosh,” he said, as goggle-eyed as Biggles, “and at their age! I thought the old balls shrivelled up with age.” Back to his normal self, close enough behind Bodie to land Bodie right in it without revealing a whisper of what he himself was saying, “Which goes to show, I suppose, that Cowley’s a bigger arsehole than we thought.”

Bodie hoped that coughing would be less wrath-mongering than choking. Needless to say, he was wrong.

“Are you sickening for something?”

“No, sir,” Doyle said chirpily with a truly evil smile. “He’s just sickening.”

“Thank you for your opinion, Doyle. If I ever want it again, I’ll be sure to ask.” Mr. Cowley left his Minister to ‘tot up’ the score cards—politicaese for ‘cheat’—and managed to corner his two agents despite the fact that they not only outnumbered him, but there wasn’t a corner in sight. Minor details, neither of which stopped Bodie or Doyle from feeling like rats caught by a large ginger tom. “Now, there’s something I’d like to know,” Mr. Cowley asked with considerable charm, another one of those details that made Doyle’s bowels feel weak and Bodie’s bladder threaten a deluge.

“Yes, sir?” Bodie asked, edging closer to Doyle for moral—or immoral, he wasn’t fussy when he was facing Cowley—support.

“D’you like your job?”

Bodie glanced at Doyle.

“Yes, we do,” Doyle answered, an idea of where all this was leading sneaking up on him, until he realised it was only Bodie crowding him as usual.

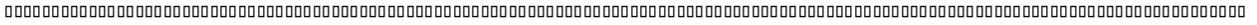
“So you’d say you enjoy your work? Enjoy having a job, a regular pay-packet, a car and flat provided, ridiculous expenses?”

Not even Doyle thought this was the moment to mention that their expense allowances really were ridiculous—ridiculously poor, that is.

“Yes, sir,” Bodie said, in absolutely no doubt where this was all leading.

“Aye. An’ if the pair of you want to have jobs to





bum of Doyle’s tight jeans to notice the look he was being given. Unfortunate, that. If he’d looked up at that particular moment, he might have had an inkling of the rather interesting turn his life was about to take.

But in truth, the only turn Bodie noticed was the angle that took them back onto the fairway, and in his books, that wasn’t interesting at all. A fact more than noticed by their boss, whose temper was fraying round the edges. “Bodie! Wake up, man, you’re not on leave yet. Here, give me—” Mr. Cowley took one look at the expression of total—real or feigned, either one was equally annoying—ignorance on Bodie’s face and reached in for the club of his choice, that being quicker by half than waiting for Bodie to finally condescend to get it for him. “Och, never mind, I’ll get it myself. You do realise, don’t you, that the game would be over that wee bit faster if you actually did what I brought you here for in the first place?”

As the Minister chose that moment to squeeze Bodie’s nether cheeks, our Mr. Bodie rightfully decided that silence was the better part of valour. Cross-eyed with the effort to refrain from shoving a number nine iron up the Minister’s hole—head first, and the handle bent, just for good measure—Bodie manfully bore his burden of being a mere sex object. A rôle, by the way, he more than enjoyed usually, but being pawed by a creep tended to take the blush off things somewhat. He could just imagine waking up afterwards, turning over in the afterglow, to be confronted by those too perfect teeth floating in a glass by the bedside. Or worse, the dentures coming loose at the wrong moment, a thought that gave him the sudden, almost uncontrollable urge, to cross his legs and cover his balls with his hands.

Cowley was digging through the pouches of his golf-bag, his back turned to the other three men, and the Minister was taking advantage of this fortuitous situation in more ways than one. While Cowley’s attention were focussed on pocketing two white balls, the Minister was trying to dig through Bodie’s pouches, showing great interest in palming Bodie’s balls, which were also firm and round but not designed to be handled quite the way the Minister seemed to think. With considerably more grace than Bodie was usually accused of, he side-stepped the amorous golfer with the enormous handicap and hastily put Cowley, Cowley’s golf-bag and Doyle between

himself and the Minister that he didn’t dare offend too seriously. After all, were he to outrage the Minister and buggery up the budget allocation, then Cowley would have his balls. And Bodie wouldn’t put it past the Cow to simply offer the Minister Bodie’s balls on a silver platter—and probably still attached to Bodie. Silver service with a difference.

“What’s the matter, Bodie?” Doyle was whispering. “Wrong time of the month?”

Bodie did a glare that Cowley would have been most jealous of. “Ha bloody ha. How’d you feel if a bloke was poking you in the bum and trying to get his hands down your trousers?”

Doyle, who’s brain had been going nineteen to the dozen while the Minister had been copping a feel of eggs that usually only came in pairs, answered, face impassive but the rest of his body deliberately transmitting sexual allure. “That would depend on the bloke doing the poking, wouldn’t it?” He paused long enough for Bodie’s ears to convince his brain that he really had heard what he thought he had just heard, and then added, as he turned away and bent over to pick up the golf-bag, his damp jeans etched across his arse, “Never complained when it was you, did I?”

At which point, Bodie could have been excused for falling over in a dead faint, if not because of what Doyle had just said, but also because someone, and not the Minister, had put his hands on Bodie’s hips. Oh my God, he wailed to himself, not fucking Cowley an’ all! Then he realised he was being shifted, quite innocently, out of his boss’ way.

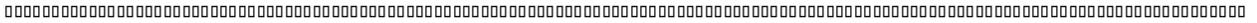
Mr. Cowley, a man of prescience as well as presence, read the expression on Bodie’s face. “If my mother were here,” Cowley said very, very quietly, “she’d have a bar of carboloc soap in your mouth before you could blink.”

Bodie managed a sickly smile, mind too busy bouncing around the farcicality of this entirely too surreal trip to the golf-course.

Cowley, taking this for yet another example of Bodie’s army training—dumb, and therefore unpunishable, insolence being an art form in some regiments—really got his dander up. “What d’you take me for? I’ll have you know I went to Edinburgh Uni, not bloody Cambridge!” And with that, in dudgeon almost as high as his dander, Cowley stalked off, so annoyed that he forgot to slice his drive and the ball flew true—and for bloody miles.

Bodie took the driver silently, stuffed it back





disappointed, she said!—when Ray had dropped out of art school to join the police, so maybe she wouldn't be bothered if her son... He dredged his memory and deep in the murk of his brain, he found verbatim snippets of a conversation that he'd had three weeks ago when he'd literally bumped into Ray's mum on Dawes Road. And Doyle never had explained how come his mum had recognised Bodie. Funny, that was the day Ray'd actually come up with two girls, the first time they'd ever double-dated. Hindsight was making that look more like distraction than entertainment, now. And if Doyle were willing to fork out a small fortune—'my idea, my treat', he'd said, which should have set Bodie's alarm bells ringing, Doyle far outreaching Cowley in the tight-fistedness stakes—to distract Bodie from—

"Earth to Bodie, come in Bodie."

Bodie blinked, but enthusiastic as his cock was, he was a long way from coming in anything. "What?" he asked.

"I see you're still your usually scintillatingly brilliant self as always," Doyle said dryly. "But if you don't get your finger out, Cowley's going to blow his top."

Bodie wished Doyle wouldn't use words like that right now. Not when he was trying to think and his balls were conspiring with his cock to prevent anything resembling cogency from entering his mind. "What's he after now?" he grumbled, strolling over to meet Cowley half-way, a gesture that was entirely lost on a boss whose temper was not so much frayed as disintegrated.

"What the hell is the matter with you today? I asked you for my putter and you're standing there catching flies—"

The putter now gainfully employed in missing an easy shot, Bodie turned to examine the only flies he was interested in at the moment. Doyle was standing a more than decorous distance from the Minister, the golf-bag strategically placed between them. "Your shaft, sir," Doyle said, all innocence.

"Thank you very much," the Minister replied, all frustration.

Bodie actually found himself sympathising. He wished there was somewhere nearby where he could slip away and adjust himself before his Y-fronts cut his circulation—and other, less fluid but no less pulsing, parts—off forever. There wasn't

even one of those little wooden huts anywhere in sight, just flat grass, sand bunkers and a very unwelcoming water trap.

Doyle, meanwhile, had noticed Bodie's predicament, and was enjoying himself enormously, so to speak. With a very calculated roll to his walk, he strolled across the obsessively smooth green and bent from the waist, bum presented for the admiration of the world, to retrieve the Minister's ball from the cup. Still walking as if he had something wonderful and hard up his rear, he went over to Bodie and dropped the ball into Bodie's right hand. "There you go, mate," he whispered, "you can hold my balls for me."

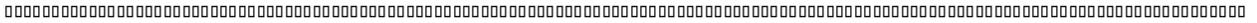
And then he turned and walked away.

At that moment, Bodie seriously considered dropping the golf-bag, balls and shafts and all, and tackling Doyle to the ground, where he could grab balls and shafts and all, not leastly Doyle's delectable rump which was twitching in front of him, flanks hollowing and rounding with every step, the jeans drying until only the crease down the middle of Doyle's arse was still wet. The dark line was so pronounced, so like looking at the shadowed cleft between Doyle's buttocks, Bodie was hard pressed to control himself. A panted groan from the Minister told Bodie 'hard pressed' wasn't a purely metaphoric turn of phrase. Hurriedly, and with a supremely quelling glower at the Minister, budgets be damned, Bodie lifted his hand from where it shouldn't be and put it where it should. Golf-bag once more over his shoulder, Bodie caught up with Cowley, not coincidentally putting Doyle out of his immediate vision and certainly out of his immediate temptation. Frowning fiercely in his concentration not to ravish Doyle right here in the open, Bodie accepted his boss' jacket, not even hearing the complaint about how hot it was and how he could use a drink.

He may not have been able to see Doyle, but he could hear him. Staccato words cutting the Minister off at the knee, but Doyle was careful how he phrased everything: the only way the Minister could complain about anything Doyle said would be to mention the fact that said Minister of Her Majesty's Government had just propositioned a member of Her Majesty's Security Forces. Needless to say, Doyle was having a whale of a time.

"You certainly put Casanova in his place," Bodie murmured as Cowley lavished praise on the Minister's rather feeble tee off shot.





expression was a masterpiece of disgust, and the way he ‘accidentally’ bumped into Bodie was a masterpiece of subterfuge and seduction combined. Amazing, really what can be done in plain view when one is picking up a golf-bag, isn’t it? Grabbing Bodie by the wrist and dragging him along, all of which was a very convenient excuse to rub his thumb along the racing pulse on the tender inner side of Bodie’s wrist, Doyle started them off in pursuit of two now-distant figures who were showing disturbing signs of coming back to get them. An unnerving prospect, to put it mildly.

“So you’re not just after a quick fuck?”

“Oh, I want that all right, but I want slow fucks and long fucks and you to suck me and me wanking you off in the bath...”

Bodie wondered if the rotten sod had done it on purpose. The recitation had barely ended when they were in full view of Cowley and the Minister. And it wasn’t only the view that was full: Bodie’s underwear was in a very similar predicament, one that Bodie knew was all too apparent. Not too many things he could do about that...

“Bodie, is that any way to carry my good jacket?”

“Sorry, sir,” he muttered, but smugly, secure in the knowledge that Cowley would have liked the view even less if Bodie had *not* been carrying the tweed jacket clumsily in front of himself like that.

“Daft as a stick today. Sometimes I wonder what I was thinking when I signed you on. Here, let me have that club.”

Then Cowley was off putting about with the Minister, and Bodie and Doyle were left to their own devices. Or vices, as the case may be.

“Where were we?” Bodie asked, distracted by the discomfort of being too big for his breeches.

“Wanking you in the bathtub,” Doyle said with remarkable aplomb, considering that his breeches weren’t faring any better than Bodie’s.

“Christ, Doyle!” A deep breath, a wiggle and a wriggle, and while it didn’t come close to solving the problem, at least that reinforced seam wasn’t digging into him any more. “But d’you mean it? You want more than just a quick fling?”

Doyle had a wonderful joke on the tip of his tongue, but then he noticed the bead of sweat on Bodie’s upper lip, and the sternly clenched expression on the face. Oh, well, there’d be other chances to use that punchline. “Course that’s what I’m saying. You were the one who wanted us to be

serious, and then there you go, rabbiting on as if all it would be is a quick wank in the bushes. Typical, bloody typical. Listen, I don’t know about you, mate, but I don’t mess about with someone my life depends on.”

“No,” Bodie said, a beatific smile wreathing his face. “No, you wouldn’t, would you?”

Doyle looked at him askance. “You aren’t expecting a ring and me down on one knee, are you?”

“Don’t know about you, mate,” Bodie imitated him cheerfully, “but I find it’s easier if you go down on both knees, less chance of losing your balance that way. And it’s so much more reassuring for the bloke whose delicate prick you’ve got between your jaws.”

Doyle grinned back at him, but any comment was forestalled of a very chuffed Minister and a grimly sycophantic Mr. Cowley.

“On to the next hole,” Cowley said innocently, preferring not to know what puerile reason his two agents had for turning beetroot and sniggering. He had a fairly good idea, and that was more than enough for him. Especially since joining in wouldn’t exactly fit with the image of the dour, canny Scot he was cultivating with the Minister. The things he did for CI5! All that, and losing at golf too. Life, sometimes, was a bitter row to hoe.

This, however, was not what Bodie and Doyle were thinking.

“Interested in sports and games, are you?” Doyle asked with spurious innocence, as if he were simply making idle conversation, for they were still well within earshot of the other two men who were consulting over the score cards. “Golf appeal to you?”

Bodie edged them a bit farther away from their boss. “The only physical activities with balls and men running around scoring that appeal to me, angelfish, can’t be done in public.” There, he thought, nicely seductive, and that should put Doyle in the hot seat for once.

Doyle, unfortunately, hadn’t been made privy to Bodie’s plan and therefore not only didn’t do as he was supposed to, he turned the whole thing on its head. “Can’t be done in public, eh? Says who?”

Horrifying suspicion dawning, Bodie answered: “The laws and the courts and Cowley and the rule books and—”

“Since when have you gone by the book?” It was all too obvious what Doyle was doing,





