FLIGHT OF FANCY GAEL X. ILE

"OI, DOYLE?" Bodie whispered as quietly as was possible, considering that they were in the main body of a plane with hordes of passengers milling around with excess baggage, most of which seemed to be coming from their mouths.

"Doyle!" Bodie said again, loudly this time, his reward a baleful glare from gritty green

"What is it now, Bodie? Christ, you're not still nervous, are you? How a man who can jump out of a tiny little plane could be this nervous on a fucking jumbo jet before it's even off the ground, I'll never know."

"Language!" Bodie hissed at him, smiling with uncommon sweetness at both the young mother who had paused beside them to stare her disapproval and the snot-faced brat who was gazing at them with something that looked frighteningly close to hero worship. "And I am not nervous. But if I were, and I'm only saying if, mind, then it would make perfect sense. When I went up with any of my old lot, I had a parachute strapped to my back and I was *supposed* to end up back on the ground without the plane. Not to mention the fact that I wasn't depending on some civvy moron to fly us."

"All right, Bodie, I've got the message. You are not, and I repeat, not nervous, you only look that way and can I please have my arm back if you've quite finished squeezing it to death?"

"Oh, sorry, hadn't noticed."

"I had," Doyle muttered, rubbing his arm and wincing. "Christ, look at this lot. The flight from Hell, that's what this is going to be. There must be hundreds of kids on this fucking plane!"

"Nah," Bodie said, wincing in his turn, this time as a result of the infant squirming in the seat directly behind him and shrieking her opinion at the top of her lungs. "Can't be more

than a dozen. Just sounds like hundreds," he said miserably. He got even more miserable when the seats in front of them were claimed by an old couple, she of the hearing aid that didn't quite work, he of the 'I can hear perfectly well' school of deafness. They were shouting at other, quite sweet, really, if you liked to hear about the intimate details of life for the over 70's delivered with more decibels than the jumbo jet itself could generate. Of course, the old dears couldn't manage to get their hand luggage into either the overhead compartment-the rack was too high up-or under the seat in front of them—that being too low. Taking pity, reminding himself dutifully that one day, he'd be like that, Bodie smiled at them and stowed the bags and carrier bags and the odd little box away.

With a sigh of relief and showered with praise for being 'such a nice young man', he sat down beside Doyle, who was wiggling around in his seat like a constipated dervish. "What's the matter with you now?"

"Something—" this muffled as Doyle got himself into a very improbable position in his seat, "is digging in—" another unlikely twist, "to my backside and—" one more odd warping and if anyone had described the position Doyle was in, Bodie would've said it was anatomically impossible, although his bendytoy of a partner seemed to manage quite well, "it's bloody wet. Oh."

Bodie looked at what Doyle was holding in his hand and started to laugh. "Bet that's the first time you've ever sat on a dummy tit," he said with great wit, making Doyle glower all the more effectively.

"Excuse me, but I've lost my baby's pacifier. Have you seen it?" The American voice came from behind them, and Doyle stood up, intending to pass it over with a look that could curdle milk. One glance at the rather pretty young woman made him turn the grimace

into a charming smile, and he proffered the dummy tit playfully.

"This what you mean?"

"Yes. I'm real sorry, I guess it kind of went flying in your direction when Megan was having her tantrum. It's the terrible twos," she shrugged apologetically, reaching out for the bit of pink, orthodontically correct plas-

"You do know what we call this in England, don't you?" he said, positively oozing charm. "We call it a dummy...tit," he went on, with a lascivious stare at the pertinent, and far from false, part of her anatomy.

"She might not know what you call it," came a voice heavy with both Yorkshire and threat, "but I fucking well do."

"Lovely daughter you've got there," Doyle said, handing over the dummy tit as a pacifier and beating a hasty retreat.

"Tut, tut, Raymond old son, chatting up old married women with babies? What is the world coming to?"

"Shut up, Bodie." And with that, he subsided, staring out the window at the black sky and the lights shimmering in the mist.

Bodie shut up, even managing to stay quiet right up until the moment when the seats in front of them, the ones that had been claimed by the old couple with much fuss and botheration, were currently being claimed by another couple, who were young, this time. To make matters even worse, they had yet another baby with them, this one positively puce already. And they hadn't even taken off yet. Bodie, at this point and quite understandably, groaned.

"Oh, god, what else could go wrong?" he asked, regretting it immediately as the Universe and the Captain began listing what was in the process of going wrong, even as he spoke.

"We regret to inform all passengers that there will be a...short delay before we can take off. This is due to a minor technical difficulty with one of our wing lights and as soon as this problem is all cleared up, we'll be on our way.'

There was a communal muttering and groaning, and as if he had heard the rising question, the Captain came back on and

said, "The delay to repair the light should be about forty-five minutes, and we don't foresee too big a problem in getting a flight window at that time."

There was no possible response to that, apart from a full-throated scream of dismay, but that activity seemed to be well taken care of by the ever expanding horde of squalling children crowded all around them.

"Oi, Doyle," Bodie dunted his partner, "you know how they have non-smoking sections? D'you think we could ask for the nonscreaming section?"

Doyle obviously thought that was beneath notice.

But not, however, the on-going battle between the old couple, the young couple and the stewardess—and if one were to judge purely on volume alone, the baby was winning hands down.

A second uniformed type came up, brightscrubbed face, bright eyes, bright smile, so bright in fact, that you wondered why he was on an aeroplane and not working at Disneyland. He was charming and filial to the old couple, charming and friendly with the young couple, and an absolute saint with the infant. None of which was getting anyone very far, considering that the airline had either sold these seats twice or someone had buggered up the booking system. Just to make it a really jolly little group of people, both sets of claimants simply absolutely had to be, couldn't possibly not be, in Los Angeles within the next twelve hours. Which with the way this flight had been delayed already, might be beyond all of their wildest dreams.

Doyle, with his usual eye for a bargain, piped up, waving his CI5 warrant card for good measure. "Listen," he said, only to be drowned out by stereo cries from children fore and aft. "Listen!" he shouted, actually managing to attract the attention of the somewhat tarnished-around-the-edges bright-button of a flight attendant, "I've got

"You don't know how glad I am to hear that, sir!" the perky young man said, excusing himself from the rabble in order to pay homage to the badge of officialdom, but not without sparing a smile for Bodie and making sure that he was leaning across Bodie to hear Doyle over the caterwauling complaints of scared, wet, hungry and purely sour-faced babies.

"Look," Doyle was saying, "business class and first class are always almost empty on these flights, right?"

A very telling pause, and then the steward said, "Yeesss..."

"So, why don't you bump me and my friend here into business—or first, we're not fussy, we're just trying to be helpful—and give our seats to this lovely couple?"

The flight attendant seemed doubtful, until Bodie smiled at him, reached out and gave his forearm a quick squeeze. "Go on—" he squinted, read the name badge pinned to the red braces, passed it over in favour of the little brass badge with what had to be a nick-name engraved on it, "Skippy. Why don't you see what miracles you could work? I'm sure you're *very* good with your mouth—coming up with the right words at the right time, I mean."

Skippy blushed and pushed his red-framed glasses—the ones he'd spent a fortune on because they matched his braces and his car—and gave Bodie an exceedingly cheeky grin and said, "Oh, I'm very imaginative at coming *up* with the right thing at the right time. Hold tight, and I'll go see what I can...come up with this time."

Bodie felt Doyle's eyes on him before Skippy had taken two steps.

"What was that in aid of?" Doyle said, quite reasonably suspicious. After all, it wasn't every day that your straight partner started chatting up the local gay boys.

"Nothing, Doyle, so don't look so worried, petal. I'm not going to throw you over so I can run off with our friend Skippy. It's just what I was saying to you when we got on the plane in the first place."

"Bodie," Doyle told him with infinite patience, which just went to prove how false the reasonable tone was, "you never did get round to telling me whatever it was you were going to tell me when we got on the plane in the first place."

"Didn't I? I was just saying, d'you think that all the blokes who work on planes as stewards are poofters?"

"Nah," Doyle said, dismissing the issue from his mind, going back to watching the workmen struggle around at the tip of the wing.

Of course, by the time two different stewards had come over to help two different sets of people, he was beginning to wonder if Bodie might be right after all.

"Oi, Doyle, listen. D'you think they have a special interview for these blokes?"

Doyle looked at him warily, thinking about how easy it would be for the air stewards to bump them off this flight completely and how likely a prospect that would be, if Bodie got started on some of his queer jokes.

"Can just imagine it!" Bodie put on his plummy upper crust voice, the one that sounded as if chins and brains had never been invented. "Now, tell me, Roger dear boy, are you a homosexual?" He changed to a high-pitched lisp. "Why, no, sir, not me, sir!" The marbles were back in the mouth. "Hmm, pity about that, we thought you looked quite fetching in the outfit. Oh, well, come back when you've been buggered a few times. We're always looking for men with experience!"

For that little effort, Doyle just gave him the filthiest of looks and then spent the next three minutes trying to disentangle a two-year old fist from his considerably older head.

"Oh, god, I'm real sorry," the mother was saying, and from this angle, when most of what he could see was the nappied bottom of a kicking and screaming toddler, she didn't look half as pretty. "I stood up to let my husband get the diaper bag for me and she grabbed you. She's got a thing for curls, haven't you, Megan?"

"Don't like curls," said blonde cherub announced, trying to eliminate these particular curls from the face of the earth and the top of Doyle's head.

"Now, now, Megan, be nice," the mother was going rather red in the face, trying to unprize her daughter's fingers without also detaching Doyle's scalp from his skull. "Let the nice man go."

"Don't like 'at man."

Bodie, needless to say, had collapsed in a puddle of total hysteria by this point, gasping

and pointing and saying incoherent things that sounded somewhat insulting to Doyle's luck with the ladies these days.

Doyle was too busy stopping his eyes from watering to pay much attention—he'd never live it down if he let a two-year bring tears to his eyes, Bodie would see to that.

"Megan!" the father boomed, making his daughter jump, and lifting Doyle up on to his tip-toes. "Let go of that man this instant!"

"Not like 'at Daddy," the grot tot replied, her composure quite recovered and in fact, strengthened by Daddy's disapproval.

"Megan..." the Daddy threatened.

"Not like 'at man, Mummy."

"That man, darling, is your Daddy and of course you love him very much now let—" a heroic tug, enough to make a lesser man weep, but Doyle was stoic through and through with stiff upper lip even if the lower one was trembling somewhat, "-the nice man go!"

A few, forlorn chestnut strands wafted down on the air flow and the sound waves from the screams of the other children, most of whom, no doubt, were just jealous because they didn't have a full-sized living doll of their own.

Doyle was beginning to think rather longingly of the gun he had had to pack. It would have been so nice to have his shoulder holster on and his loaded weapon in there. Just pull it out and blam!, no more torture.

"Ahh," the bright-faced Skippy was back. He took one look at the situation, and smiled at the angelic little girl. "Hey, would you like a pretty doll? Or a stuffed toy? See," and he reached magically into the bag of distraction he brought with him and pulled out a gorgeous fluffy white lamb.

"Not like dolls," the little girl said, entrenching her fingers all the more determinedly. "But I like lambies," she added, and everyone heaved a sigh of relief, a truce obviously in sight. Everyone, that is, save the mother, who had this very pained look on her face—almost as pained as Doyle, actually that fraught expression of someone who has a horrible feeling of what is coming next.

"Great!" Skippy said, holding the fluffy lamb out to the little girl.

"Yes, Megan like lambies," she said, with the thoughtfulness of the two year old. "Me eat lambies for 'unch."

There wasn't a lot to be said to that, was there?

Bodie decided that, the worst of his hysterics over, it was time to come to Doyle's rescue. "Did you know," he said to his partner's torturer, "that lions eat lambs?"

"Yes," she said, meaning of course, you've just told me so, so yes, I know that now.

"And lions have bijig teeth and even bigger claws."

"Yes," and she was getting interested.

Bodie leaned forward a bit more, distracting her almost enough while everyone else held their breaths and wondered if he was going to come out with something the infant monster would like but that they could also stomach. "I've seen lions," Bodie whispered confidentially, "eating lambies for 'unch." He nodded, solemnly.

She nodded back, huge blue eyes like saucers. She had obviously finally found a grown-up she could both respect and admire. After all, he had seen lions eat lambies for 'unch.

"Tell you what, if you let my friend go," Bodie went on, "I'll draw you a picture of the

"Eating the lambie?" she asked, not letting go until she was sure this man wasn't going to turn into a peddlar of cuddly toys as soon as he had what he wanted.

"Yes, eating the lambie, if that's what you

"Like lions," she said, adding as an afterthought, "eating lambies."

Bodie smiled at her, unfastened her fingers from Doyle's hair, and said to the thoroughly embarrassed mother, "Don't worry about itbut when she's older, a man called George Cowley'll be able to find the perfect job for her!"

"I must remember that trick," Skippy was saying. "Should come in handy on this flight! Uh, sir," this, to Doyle, who was still rubbing his head, and making sure he was well crouched down in his seat where the sweetfaced little monster behind him couldn't reach, while Bodie tore a page out of his notebook and did the promised drawing, complete with biiig teeth and claws and lambies for 'unch, "I've checked our manifest and it looks like I can get you two into business class up front. However, you'll have to pay for the upgrade in ticket," he said loudly, leaning forward to whisper to Bodie, "only we won't charge you anything. I have to say you'll pay or we'll have a riot on our hands in here!"

"We'll be happy to pay," Bodie said, hands on his belly like an expansive and expanding business man. "Will Access be all right? Or would you prefer a Barclaycard?"

"Oh, we'll take care of all the paperwork in the forward cabin, sir. If you'll follow me?"

Bodie winked in agreement and slipped the gruesome drawing to tiny hands that treasured it.

Doyle, meanwhile, was muttering under his breath about being careful what you ask for.

"What are you muttering on about?" Bodie demanded as they squeezed and pushed their way through grateful married couple with ungrateful infant, thankful elderly couple with extra luggage, and what seemed to be the entire cast, crew and extras from Ben Hur.

"You and 'Skippy', that's what I'm talking about. You'd best stop flirting with him before he gets the wrong idea about you, mate."

"Oh, stop moaning, Ray," and then he was laughing again. "You're just pissed off because that little girl thought you were her golly!" This statement went down like the proverbial lead balloon, garnering Bodie one of Doyle's best glares and a not so accidental whack on the back with their hand luggage. "And at least me being nice to him got us better seats without costing us a penny and anyway, once he gets us down there, he'll be back in steerage with the plebs and we won't see him the rest of the flight."

On a scale of one to ten for accuracy of prediction, Bodie had just scored a zero. Of course, if he weren't careful, it might be a hell of a lot more than a zero he would be scoring later. Not that Bodie was exactly famous for being careful...

Take-offfinally accomplished, a mere three hours after the announcement of the first

forty-five minute delay, cruising altitude finally achieved, dinner trays dispensed, Doyle sitting scowling beside him, Bodie had to laugh when Skippy came up to them, perched himself on the arm of Bodie's leather seat, back against the seat in front and said, "Hi, nice to see you again. A friend of mine—Frank, that's him over there—took my post in the main cabin for me. We...uh, swap things a lot. Everything okay up here?"

"Couldn't be better," Bodie grinned at him, looking nowhere near Skippy's attractive face. Doyle, fortunately, was too busy listing the miseries of being up past his bedtime (although admittedly, he did have cause to complain, this being a full day after the aforementioned bedtime), burst water tanks in the home immediately before he was supposed to be leaving on a very expensive holiday, the uselessness of the parking at Heathrow, the stupidity of partners who tried to save a few quid and end up booking them on a rotten flight instead of travelling one of the marginally more expensive days with all the business travellers instead of armies of package holiday families, the serving of burned-plastic aeroplane food when all a man wanted to do was sleep and—

Skippy smiled at him and said, "Oh, that sounds *terrible*. Would you like a drink, sir?"

Doyle glared at him, pissed off at being cut off mid-complaint.

"It's on the house, sir," Skippy added, still smiling, although that may have had something to do with where Bodie's left knee was in relation to Skippy's left buttock.

"I'll have a gin and tonic," Doyle answered, not quite sure what was going on here, but sure that his partner was up to something. Before he could cast his suspicious glance in that direction, Bodie had moved and Skippy was on his way to get the drinks.

"Two gin and tonics, gentlemen." Doyle was handed his without ceremony, while Bodie's was held on to, Skippy's fingers, just purely accidentally of course, touching Bodie's around the glass. "Care for a lime?"

"No, thanks, this is just the way I like it." A call interrupted the mutual admiration society and as Skippy retreated, neat bottom filling black trousers perfectly, Doyle snorted,

"Care for a lime? You might not, but *he*," a nod at the busy Skippy, "obviously wouldn't mind a limey."

"You're imagining things, Doyle," Bodie said dismissively and quite dishonestly.

"Oi, I thought you were the one who said that all the stewards on these things were gay."

"It was only a joke. For Christ sake, why don't you have your drink and go to sleep?"

"Suppose I might as well." A bone creaking stretch, gin and tonic and ice—but no lime, lemon or any other fruit—wavering dangerously close to Bodie. Then a couple of long swallows, the glass dumped in Bodie's waiting hand, and Doyle was wrapped up like a papoose in the grey blanket provided. Also in the grey blanket provided for Bodie and both their pillows. A long-fingered white hand snaked out from the cocoon and stabbed the button unerringly; the overhead reading light went out and Doyle had become a grey lump in the window seat, and now bore a distinct resemblance to a sewing-kit Dalek. Thirtyfive seconds precisely, and the advent of sleep was announced by a tiny snore. That was it: once Doyle was asleep nothing, short of an atomic bomb or a certain Scottish accent, could wake him up.

Bodie, secure in his ignorance, sat back to enjoy the flight.

Skippy had finished clearing up after dinner and settling the other passengers down. With a last inaudible word to Frank in the kitchen area, a thorough check to make sure that he and Bodie were the only non-sleeping occupants of the forward cabin, he came back to perch once more on the arm of Bodie's seat. Bodie decided that it might not be just the flight he enjoyed...

Skippy, he had noticed, was a thoroughly attractive young man. Good-looking, light brown hair, not too short, slightly wavy. Blue eyes, made all the larger by his long-sighted glasses with their thin red frames. Slender body, set off beautifully by the tailored black trousers that suggested all sorts of wonderful curves and bulges, white shirt and red braces. There was another badge between the two name badges and this one read: Ich spreche Deutsch.

Bodie nodded at it and said, winking, "I was always better at French."

"Me too. But to be *very* frank, Greek is my speciality."

"Very active in it, are you?"

"Oh, depends," he smiled, moving slightly so that he was half-off the arm of the chair and half-on Bodie's lap, his left hand coming down to steady himself and—it's amazing what can happen purely by accident, isn't it?—brushing against Bodie's groin. He must have liked what he found there because he added, "But when it comes to the Greek thing, I can be positively laid back."

"Bend over backwards, do you?" Bodie asked, blue eyes glittering, right hand bringing Skippy's hand back to the site of its 'accident', holding it there while Bodie's enthusiasm—not to mention some other bits—grew apace.

"Oh, sometimes."

"Where'd you get the nick-name from?" Bodie asked for something to say whilst his body indulged in quite a bit of language of its own. "The *bush* kangaroo?"

"Maybe, but I usually say it's from pea*nut* butter."

Bodie slipped his left hand up over Skippy's leg, encountering the nick-named area. "I can see why," he murmured, one hand between Skippy's legs, the other trusting Skippy to hold on tight between Bodie's own legs, and then roving upwards to the braces. He fingered a nipple through the white shirt, the red braces pressing his hand close—now he knew why Skippy wore the braces, apart from just making him look extra tasty.

"Belong to any clubs?" Skippy asked him.

"A few. But there's one I've always wanted to belong to, but I haven't joined yet."

"Mmmm..." Skippy moaned, but Bodie took it to be a request for information.

"What's it called—the 50,000 foot club?" "We're only cruising at 35,000—but what's 15,000 feet between friends?"

Doyle chose this moment to snuffle and shift, blankets and pillows pushed and pummelled all over the place, a tousle-haired and sleepy-eyed Doyle appearing, accompanied by bad tempered muttering as he shoved the divider between his seat and Bodie's up out of the way, finally lying down, curled up

on his side, most of him on his own chair, his head and shoulders and tent of a blanket on Bodie's.

With a rueful glance and a shrug, Skippy made to stand up and leave. Bodie's arm shot out and grabbed him, his voice strangled. "Don't—it's okay, you don't have to leave."

The blanket was tossed back and a very tousled but very unsleepy Doyle emerged, announcing, "Yes you do fucking well have to leave, don't you, Flipper, or whatever your name is."

One look at those green eyes and Skippy remembered why jealousy is called the greeneyed monster. The economy cabin full of brats seemed very appealing all of a sudden. With an apologetic look at Bodie, Skippy decided to depart for more fertile pastures, thinking that maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to hook up with Frank again.

"What'd you go and do that for?" Bodie demanded, all aggrieved where he wasn't frustrated, some bits of him managing to be both at once.

"You, mate," Doyle snarled at him, struggling to free himself from a blanket that resembled an octopus in more than just colour, "are lucky I decided to be subtle and didn't rip your balls off and feed them to you."

"Oh," Bodie said, a wealth of nastiness in that one word. "So because you've discovered your partner is AC/DC, you're going to throw the world's biggest fit and flounce off in a huff. Well, I've got news for you—you're on a plane, and there aren't any empty seats."

"I've got news for *you*, Bodie."

"Oh, yeh? And what's that?"

"Yeh. I'm not going to throw a fit because you go both ways. I'm going to throw a fit because you didn't tell *me* and you were going to let some pretty little thing like that have you instead of coming to *me*."

Bodie sat like a fish, staring at him.

"Cat got your tongue?" Doyle said. "Well, I'm having more than your tongue. Get your arse out of that seat. Go on, Bodie, I'm not going to sit here all day. And if you don't move, I'll have you right here."

There was, Bodie thought, looking at the bright glitter of those eyes and thinking about the mile-wide wild streak that was where Doyle's back-bone should be, a distinct possibility the daft bastard might actually do it. At which point, Bodie got his arse out of his seat and went where Doyle shoved him. Which was, not surprisingly, to the lavatory.

The door snibbed shut behind them, Bodie squirmed round to find Doyle sitting on the closed lid of the toilet, his trousers down to his ankles, his cock up to his navel, and his hands immediately grabbing and undoing Bodie's zip. Before he could even steady himself, Doyle had Bodie's shirt unbuttoned and shoved out of the way, trousers unzipped and shoved out of the way, and Bodie's cock poised at parted lips.

Doyle grinned up at him, teeth gleaming whitely. "You'd better keep your fingers crossed we don't hit any turbulence, hadn't you, Bodie?"

And before Bodie could come up with a response to *that*, his cock was sucked in to an incredibly gifted mouth. He looked down at the bobbing head and couldn't believe his luck. Not that he was going to complain about this unexpected turn of events: what was that old adage about not looking a gift horse in the mouth?

Bodie braced himself against the walls, thrusting his hips forward, groaning his pleasure as hands started playing with his arse and Doyle kept on sucking him.

Of course, there was another old adage, the one about leading a horse to water and not being able to make him drink. Bodie realised that as he was released and Doyle stretched up, covering his fingers in the hand lotion so thoughtfully provided—although not, presumably, for this particular function. But then again, considering the stewards...

Bodie was turned, and went, more than willing, bracing himself once more, locking his knees and hollowing his back so that Doyle could get his finger into him, sighing happily as the first digit penetrated him. A second finger soon followed the first, and he was wriggling around, trying to get them in deeper.

Then Doyle's hands were on his hips and easing Bodie backwards, and there was the first sweet press of cock against his arsehole. Doyle had obviously slicked himself down

too, for he was sliding in easily and comfortably, sinking into Bodie as Bodie sank down onto him. There were rather conveniently positioned handles on the wall, and Bodie grabbed on to them, holding on tight, giving himself enough leverage that he could move up and down, meeting Doyle as Doyle thrust

There was a tug at the door, the usual rattle as some nervous passenger struggled to overcome his 'relaxation' drinks and work out why the door wouldn't open.

up into him.

Buried to the hilt in Bodie's arse, Doyle held completely still, while Bodie tried manfully to both stifle his hysterical giggles and yield not to temptation. The Sisters at his old school would not have been the least bit surprised to find that his resolve lasted all of ten seconds, and then he yielded to temptation the way he usually did and started fucking himself on Doyle's cock.

Coming through loud and clear from the other side of the door, they could hear Skippy speaking very loudly and clearly indeed. "Sir. Sir! This lavatory is out of order, see, I was just putting this notice up. Why don't you *come* with me..."

And then Doyle was giggling into Bodie's back, but only until Bodie moved in a certain particularly effective way, and then Doyle buried his face in Bodie's back, his cock in Bodie's arse and wrapped his fingers around Bodie's cock. The small washhand basin light illuminated them, and Bodie watched himself in the mirror, as he moved up and down, being fucked. And stared, transfixed and impaled, as orgasm transformed his face and as his cum splashed up onto his chest,

beading palely in the light.

And he watched, as Doyle's hands slid upwards, rubbing the cum into his skin as Doyle shuddered inside Bodie, his cry surely telling half the people on the plane what they were up to.

Doyle slipped, soft, from the depths of Bodie's arse, and Bodie stood up, more than grateful for those handles, considering the shaky state of his knees. The lavatory was tiny, now that they were calm enough to notice it, barely large enough for one person, positively confining for two. They stayed as they were for a moment, one standing, one seated, both staring, as it dawned on each one of them what they had just done, and the possible consequences. And then Bodie grinned, and nodded towards the crowded huddle of bathing facilities.

"At least we're in the right place for cleaning up after."

Doyle leaned forward and licked a droplet of cum from Bodie's belly. "Yeh," he grinned up at Bodie again, an echo of his earlier pose, "suppose we are." He lapped, delicately, at the limp cock, hoping that Bodie was as fit and eager as he was.

Bodie crouched down and stopped, his face a scant inch from Doyle's and said, "How long before we get to Los Angeles, then?"

Doyle looked down at himself, then at Bodie and said, "Altogether? Oh, about sixteen inches."

It was indeed, about sixteen inches, although it took them several more hours and in the end, they never did get to see the inflight movie...