









both just kids who hadn't discovered what their pricks were for yet. Christ, get into bed beside him, Doyle with nothing on but those stretchy pyjama bottoms he wore, and Bodie himself, suddenly, almost blushing aware, that he had nothing with him he could sleep in. Nothing but his birthday suit and the future of England carried proudly before him. Bloody insane to even consider it, he told himself, stiffening his resolve, turning away so that he wouldn't have to look at Doyle and thus stood at least some chance of resisting temptation.

"You've gone off again, Bodie," Doyle was saying to him, slurring nonexistent esses, eyes owlish from the drink, mouth incredibly, invitingly soft. "Wish you'd tell me what was wrong, you great prat. Could mend it for you then." Doyle slumped back, abruptly boneless, and Bodie wanted desperately to caress the dimpling crease of Doyle's smile. Before he could, Doyle smirked at him with the delight of the drunk and said, sing-song: "I could make it aaaall better!"

With the traditional kiss? Bodie thought to himself, some memory of his mother surfacing unexpectedly, with her perfume of roses and ample bosom, all of it ensconcing and suffocating to a small boy held close to maternal love. "You, my old chum, are absolutely pissed," he said, sounding perfectly sensible when he wanted to scream in frustration. Trust Doyle to pick tonight to camp it up. In fact, if he hadn't known better, he would have said that drunkenness had given way to sodden seduction. But still, Bodie couldn't help but smile in response to Doyle's beaming face.

"Yeh," Doyle finally got round to saying, "I am. Pissed. Pickled as a newt, that's me." Eyes growing wider, "You'll stay, won't you, Bodie? Won't be able to find me way to bed else."

"Oh, come on, you, I'll see you upstairs." So saying, he bent down, looping Doyle's right arm over his own shoulder, hauling his partner to his very unsteady feet. "That's my lad, up the stairs to Bedfordshire with you. Soon have you tucked in and snoring."

And Bodie didn't actually add out loud: before the drink turns you nasty. Doyle could

be a vicious drunk—Doyle could be vicious sober, for that matter—and Bodie didn't want to be here when that started. He'd had a few too many himself, and he wasn't exactly the village vicar when he got going either. Plus, there was no saying what would happen if he got an attack of the wandering hands and Doyle was sober enough either to remember it in the morning, or notice it in the night.

So he helped Doyle upstairs, his own feet a bit on the unsteady side, but his intentions absolutely rock-solid: Gibraltar had nothing on him. Apart, perhaps, from constancy. At the bedroom door, his intentions were purely virtuous, consisting of getting Doyle safely into bed, all alone, and Bodie himself out of there with his face intact and his balls still attached to his body and not removed by some swift jab of Doyle's vengeful knee. By the time they had got as far as the edge of the bed, all the promises he had made to himself were pretending to be lemmings, leaping off the edge of the bed to plunge, metaphorically speaking, between the sheets.

Doyle, at some stage in the manoeuvrings between door and bed and Bodie's attempts to stop him, had removed his clothes and was, quite literally, bollocks naked.

And Bodie, poor Bodie was stuck there, his arms full of naked, squirming Doyle—"I can't get my sock off, Bodie, give us a hand"—and his y-fronts were full of squirming cock, his body happily betraying him in favour of the luscious Doyle. The naked, luscious Doyle. The naked, luscious and—

Couldn't be willing, he thought to himself, trying to disentangle himself from a Doyle who seemed for all the world to be undoing Bodie's shirt buttons. "What're you doing?" Bodie demanded, Liverpoolian docks back full force, his accent freed by his shock—and his fear. "Give over, Doyle, pack it in!"

"No, won't. Can't come to bed with your togs on like that. Get me sheets all mucky."

And he was giggling, Bodie noticed, not the usual filthy chuckle, but an infectious giggle, the way Doyle laughed when he was absolutely plastered. Oh, god, he thought, what did I do to deserve this? There he was, in Doyle's bedroom, with a naked Doyle in his arms, and a very enthusiastic Doyle trying to strip













