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M. FAE GLASGOW

PART III: BLESSED ARE THE MEEK M. FAE GLASGOW

HE COULD WAIT. It would come. Now? Soon? Later? He could not know. But it would come. He could wait. He knew he could.

It was the kind of party that only CI5 could get away with: no-one else had enough small print at their disposal to get the police to turn a blind eye to this sort of shenanigan.

Doyle watched it all with jaded eye and vast amusement. There was an enormous amount of alcohol being drunk, some very dubious substances being consumed, and some very uninhibited sexual groping going on. Oh, yes, the party was going well. He was, as usual, propped up against a wall, legs crossed at ankle, hips canted invitingly, and enormous 'Do Not Touch' signs plastered all over him. Again, nothing that everyone didn't expect. They all knew that Doyle was exclusive, in a relationship with Bodie that was common knowledge but only now beginning to come out in the open, thanks at long last to certain remarks made by Her Majesty's Prime Minister.

Everyone knew Doyle was monogamous, everyone saw the 'keep out' signals, but that didn't stop the occasional brave soul from trying.

"Lovely party," Murphy said, leaning an arm against Doyle's wall, his hand close enough that it was caressed by Doyle's hair. Shorter, and greyer with the passage of years, but still as thick, still as curly, although it was somewhat tamed now, until all that remained was a suggestion of the old wildness. But Murphy didn't mind: Murphy knew that every last ounce of the wildness was all still

there, just under the surface.

"Glad you're enjoying yourself." Doyle answered pleasantly enough: he actually sounded as if he meant it, no mean feat considering he hadn't wanted to host this party to begin with and had only agreed after some very heavy-duty blackmail by his former boss and his friends. At least, that's what he had told all of them. The simple truth was that Bodie had asked him to do it.

"Bodie coming later?" Murphy dropped in casually, never averse to chancing his arm with Ray, probably because he knew there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell that Doyle would even consider taking him up on his invitation.

"Bodie, as you know perfectly well, Murphy my old mate, is up in Liverpool and won't be back until the third. And before you ask, no, I'm not lonely and I definitely don't need any company to keep my bed warm. I've got an electric blanket for that. Much less trouble and it uses up a lot less energy."

"Can't blame a bloke for trying. Listen..." he hesitated, then banked on many years of friendship and asked, "is it family Bodie's gone up to see?"

"Why don't you ask him when he comes back?" Doyle asked back, knowing that noone, not even Murphy, would dare to ask Bodie about his family.

But Doyle could ask about the dreaded and dreadful Bodie clan, and did, often enough to really irritate his partner thoroughly.

Doyle was smiling to himself, and the happiness on his face shafted a bolt of jealousy through Murphy, before he controlled himself and made himself happy for Ray, and for Bodie, that they'd managed to find a relationship that worked as well as theirs did.

"It's a pity Bodie had to miss seeing in the New Year with you, though."

Doyle shrugged. "I'll survive. Anyway, we

had Christmas together, and that's the best anyone's done in years."

Only Doyle could say that to Murphy without wincing in self-reproach after. It had been one too many Christmases and birthdays and cancelled holidays that had scuppered Murphy's marriage: and not only the job, but also the fact that Murphy couldn't be faithful no matter how hard he tried.

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed your Christmas," Murphy said, a bit awkward.

Doyle gave him a steady look. "Meant a lot to Bodie, so thanks for swapping days off with me. It was decent of you."

Murphy immediately felt Doyle's forehead, exclaiming, "He's sick! He must be sick! Raymond Doyle doesn't thank people for their selfless sacrifices. Oh, I get it. Bodie made you promise you'd say thank you to me."

Doyle grinned his irrepressible grin, the one that still let him get away with murder. "Got it in one, Murph. He also made me promise that I would see to it that you had a wonderful night, and keeping that in mind," he took Murphy by the elbow and started steering him through the ravening hordes, "there is a very attractive young man I'd like you to meet. I just took him on to help me in Admin, and he is right up your alley." He looked at Murphy and then added, "I take that back. You will be right up his alley. Just be gentle with him, Murph, I'll need him back by Monday morning, at the latest, otherwise I'll never get the new employment guides done."

"So I have until Monday to do my worst to him? Lead on, MacDuff. Which one is he?"

Doyle took him over to the slender young man making such good friends with the corner, the lamp and the drink in his hand.

"That's him. Steven, and he's sweet and he's shy, and if you treat him badly and cost me the best assistant I've got, then I'll ram your tonsils out your backside for you."

Murphy leaned down and planted a smacking great kiss on Doyle's cheek and sighed, "Oooh, I love it when you're butch."

"Christ, it's obvious you work with Bodie, Murph, he's beginning to rub off on you."

"Chance would be a fine thing. Now, why

don't you bugger off and torment someone else, while I take that young man under my wing. Actually, look at the poor sod. He's terrified, isn't he?"

"And he's gay, and he's not quite come to terms with that yet. I'm serious, Murph, you take it easy with him. All right?"

Murphy didn't hear him, too distracted by staring at Steven Hamilton to pay attention to anyone else.

Doyle wandered off, extremely pleased with himself that he'd finally found someone who could take Murphy's mind off the divorce and onto the future: that had been more than polite interest he'd seen kindled in Murphy's face when he'd looked at Steve. Definitely good possibilities there.

Murphy taken care of, he went to have a laugh with Jim MacPherson who was standing under the truly tawdry 'Welcome 1992' banner over against the far wall. Someone, a very scantily clad someone, bumped against him as she chased her boyfriend across the room, and Doyle grinned: it was definitely a CI5 party.

It was utterly dark, and he was thirsty, but he wasn't cold, winter held at bay by some kind of heating. Warm zephyrs of air caressed his bare skin, intermittently, and he could hear a faint whir, so he knew that there must be a fan on. To keep the air fresh and sweetsmelling? Possibly.

There was a sandalwood joss stick burning, and the smell would come to him more strongly after the warm air had brushed across his skin, therefore he knew that he was positioned between the fan and the incense.

But that was all he knew. Apart from one other thing. He could wait. He knew he could.

"Aren't you going to have any of this spread, Ray?"

"Nah, Duncan." He patted his perfectly flat stomach-a stark contrast to the CI5's accountant's paunch-and intoned, "I am on a strict diet."

"And have been all your life, by the looks of

you. Well, here, have another lager then."

Doyle accepted it with a good grace he could never have managed a few years before. Then, there would have been some sarcastic comment about being offered his own beer in his own house, but now he simply ignored it, tolerating Duncan's little foible. Not that he liked Duncan Smith, but if there was one thing that working with Whitehall had taught him, it was how to put up with people he didn't like. Still, he made his escape quickly, parking himself on his sofa, leaning back and enjoying watching the world go by.

He wondered, alone in the dark, how long it would be before He came back. Not too long now, surely? He needed to use the lavatory, but he couldn't, not until He came back and gave him permission. So he would have to wait. He distracted himself by moving just enough that the chain connecting his titclamps to each other jingled and swayed, the sound music to his ears, the motion music to his body. But he wished He would come back soon, and then, instead, he schooled himself into patience.

He could wait.

He knew he could.

Quietly, without anyone noticing, Doyle slipped into his bedroom-their bedroom, the one he'd shared with Bodie since they'd bought this flat almost six years ago. That still tickled his funny bone: the price of property in London so prohibitive that two men could get away with buying a place together, as long as it had at least two bedrooms and a buy-out clause in the mortgage. This flat had been a find, a real fixer-upper in an area that was only beginning to climb back into gentility. The streets round here were filled with wellmaintained homes now, expensive cars bearing parking permits lined the streets, nannies pushed prams at ten o'clock every morning. Suburbia come to the city, and Doyle loved it. Everything he wanted within easy reach, and the perfect man to share it with.

The one and only time Cowley had come to see it had been before most of the renovations had been done, and it had almost been

beyond them to keep their faces straight when Cowley had come into the main bedroom, opened the door to the huge walk-in storage room and pronounced in complete innocence that they had a 'glory hole'. The poor old sod had had no idea whatsoever what he'd said, but he and Bodie had. They'd christened the room that night, and it had been the Glory Hole ever since.

The bedroom door well and truly shut, Doyle unlocked the door to the Glory Hole, stepping inside and re-locking the door before he switched the light on. It was, of course, painted black, and seemed to absorb both light and sound; the floor, laid with special plastic tiling; the walls, hung with wooden slats and shelves; the equipment, meticulously clean and perfectly displayed; the air, heavy with incense and leather.

And the man, kneeling, head bowed, hands and feet bound.

Doyle's heart leapt within him at the sight, and a surge of love so strong that he almost curtailed the scene to begin immediately with Bodie's favourites. But he controlled himself, and poised, instead, against the wall, just inside his Blackroom, drinking his beer.

Bodie, hearing the sound of his entrance, sensing the light, turned towards him.

"It's a terrific party out there." Doyle kept his voice distant and cool, an edge of disapproval to it. "It's your fault they're all here, and it'll be your own fault if someone gets in here and discovers you. Can you imagine what they would do if one of your staff came in here and found Mr. Bodie kneeling like a slave, with a blindfold on, clamps on his tits and trussed up like a chicken."

He watched as that frissoned through Bodie, the long heavy cock rising as the thrill of discovery seeped in.

"Can you hear the music in here?" "No. sir."

"I shall have to turn it up then, shan't I? No, better than that: you shall have to keep quiet when I thrash you."

"Thank you, sir."

Doyle took another long drink of his beer, his free hand massaging his cock through the thin grey cloth of his trousers.

"Murphy was asking for you, of course.

Told him you were up in Liverpool till the third."

"Thank you, sir. Permission to ask a question, sir?"

"You can ask."

"Will this continue until the third, sir?"

"What did your Christmas card say?"

"Sir, it read that this scene would begin on the last day of the old year and finish on the first day of the new year."

"Which means it can't go on to the third, which means you weren't paying proper attention to me.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Do you need to be punished?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Doyle leaned negligently against the wall, surveying the extreme enthusiasm, and decided to change his planned scene: he had intended to use his best belt on Bodie, then a nice thrashing, but Bodie was too keen, and too cock-sure of what was coming next. Definitely time to add a bit of spice to the scene, to throw Bodie off-balance a bit, because otherwise, they'd end up in a rut, where trust and love would be taken for granted. "In that case," he murmured, turning out the light and unlocking the door, measuring Bodie's reaction to the lack of sensuous pain, "your punishment is going to be the withdrawal of physical chastisement until I decide otherwise."

Bodie groaned in disappointment, even made a move to stand up.

"I won't be provoked. Disobey me now, and I'll untie you and tell Murphy you came home early. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," Bodie murmured, settling back down into the correct position for when his Master was present. "Permission to speak, sir."

He made Bodie wait before he gave his permission this time.

"May I use the lavatory, sir?"

"No," Doyle said, his voice a crack of the lash, and left once more, locking the door behind him.

Alone in the dark, Bodie knelt patiently, his bladder full, his cock aware of the pressure and responding to the gentle discomfort as it built up to pain. His shoulders were

aching from being pulled backwards, his ankles from being held in place by the leather shackles. All of him ached with the longing for his Master to return.

But he could wait. He knew he could.

Murphy saw him coming out of his bedroom and pounced, as playful as a cat with a mouse.

"A-ha! Coming out of the bedroom, and keeping the door locked? You've got someone in there, haven't you, Ray?"

"Oh, yeh, you couldn't be more right," Doyle said conversationally. "I've got Bodie tied up in my dungeon in there."

Murphy, of course, laughed like a drain at the joke. "Okay, okay, I can take a hint. And it is none of my business why you're keeping your bedroom locked, and I'll just take my big nose and my big mouth somewhere else."

Doyle fell into step beside him, nodding towards the almost empty balcony, and neatly sidestepping round a couple who were getting to know each other extremely well indeed.

"God, they get worse every year, don't they?" he muttered, as the cold air sliced into him and the fresh air filled his lungs.

"You mean that pair in the hall? You've got to be kidding, Ray! You must've forgotten that year your Bodie and the lovely Susan performed on my kitchen table!"

Doyle laughed with him over that, remembering not only the performance, but Bodie's mortification when sobriety returned. They'd been able to slag him off for months over that one, especially since Susan hadn't an inhibited bone in her body and joined in making poor Bodie blush. "Yeh, and wasn't that the year McCabe got arrested, and you and me went down the local cop shop waving our ID's all over the place?"

"That's right. You claimed we were investigating a smuggling ring—"

"I thought I said it was terrorism?"

Murphy shrugged. "One or the other, we never much cared back then, did we?"

"No," Doyle said, very quiet, party spirit left behind. "I never really cared much about anything at all."

Murphy hemmed and hawed for a minute, and then decided that Ray was in a rare mood indeed, and well worth the risk. "Bodie's been good for you, hasn't he?"

Doyle shot him a hard look, then softened, smiling. "It's not like you to come right out and say anything about me and Bodie, Murph.³

"It's not like you to be this communicative, Raymond."

"Touché. Yeh, you're right, he has been good for me. It's funny, I'd been in love before, even thought I'd fallen for people after I met him, but it's different with him. Goes above and beyond everything else."

"You know how much I envy you two, don't you?"

"Well, who knows, maybe you, and the young Steven?"

"Not like you to come right out and ask. The young Steven, for your information, is a suitably cautious young man."

"In other words, you shoved your great big paw down his front and he told you to sling your hook."

"No, I did not! I just talked to him, and it turns out he likes me enough that—" and that expression was back on Murphy's face, that glow of excitement, "he's coming out to dinner with me tomorrow night. He wants a proper courtship, Ray, and God help me, I can't wait to do the flowers and the walks in the parks, the whole bit."

"Sounds like love at first sight."

"Oh, no, not me. Lust at first sight, maybe, but it takes a long time for it to turn into love."

"Not always, Murph, believe me. Not always."

Even in the tree-shaded light of the streetlamp, the secret joy showed on Doyle's face.

"You look like you know something I don't know, Ray."

He turned, leaned on the balustrade, and grinned, finally secure enough in his relationship with Bodie that he was willing to open up emotionally about it to a very few, very select friends. And there was no-one more select than Murphy. "Bodie fell for me the second he laid eyes on me. And he hasn't stopped loving me since."

I thought it had to be something like that with you two. How...Hell, live dangerously, I'll ask. What about you, eh, Ray?"

"Fancy yourself as James Bond, do you? Actually, I don't mind. It's nice to be able to talk about him, really. Me? I don't know. We'd been together for a while before I admitted to myself that I was in love with him, so Christ knows when it happened."

"Oh!" the new voice managed to blush furiously. "Excuse me, didn't realise you were with someone, Patrick, could only see you, the way the plants were..." Steven Hamilton stammered off into crimson silence, wishing the ground would open up and swallow him when he realised that it wasn't just anyone Patrick was with: it was his boss.

"It's all right," Ray Doyle said, very, very gently, making Murphy look at him in surprise. "I was on my way back in. You go ahead, give Pat his drink."

After Doyle departed, Murphy stood with his arm round his young man and gazed after him in astonishment. "My God!" he finally said, "Ray Doyle is finally getting soft in his old age!"

"Mr. Doyle? He's always like that. Unless someone cocks something up, of course."

"Ray? Our Doyle that we know and love and duck whenever he enters a room? Oh, Stevie my gorgeous young lad," and he kissed him, drawing him in amongst the profusion of plants, "let me tell you all about your Mr. Doyle, as he was when I worked with him..."

When he locked the door shut behind himself this time, he came straight over to Bodie, unhooking the chain from the wall bar, leading his blindfolded man to the toilet area.

"Get on with it," he said, pushing Bodie down, "I've not got all night."

Although he had. He'd promised Bodie 'the best night of your life', and that was exactly what he was going to give them both. He grabbed Bodie again, leading him by the balls back to the wall bar, hooking him up again, taking a few minutes just to play around with the tit-clamps, heightening the anticipation of what was coming later.

"Well, that explains the smug expression!

He turned the key in the lock, and as Bodie

relaxed into the waiting posture, he returned, silent on the special tiles, and kissed Bodie, fiercely, grabbing him by the throat and turning Bodie's head upwards, ravaging Bodie's mouth with his own. Then, silently, leaving Bodie not knowing what was coming next, he left.

After several minutes of listening with his entire body, he was certain that He had left again. That made him want to weep. He needed Master to come back. That kiss! The thought made him tingle, and he ran his tongue round the inside of his mouth, where his Master had been. There would be more of that, later, perhaps. Or not, he didn't know, his Master hadn't told him. Only promised that it would be the best ever.

He shivered, cock growing hard again, and even that was better for him than before. He shifted, felt the pressure against his groin and grinned, imagining what the ring looked like: a custom-made chased silver cockring, with engraving on the inside. 'Follow me and love shall set you free.' And with it had been the card, a typical Christmas snow scene, robin redbreast and all, but the message inside had been in Doyle's best writing, slanting and curling, beautiful to behold but almost illegible. Unless you had as many years' worth of reading it as Bodie had.

But thinking about that only made him miss his Master more. He wished He would come back.

But he could wait. He knew he could.

Doyle could hardly wait. The anticipation was getting to him, and every nerve in his body seemed to think he was a cruel bastard, making them wait like this. He was almost itchy, so tinglingly aware was he. Every time he blinked, he could see Bodie, bound and naked, kneeling waiting for him, completely helpless. Not knowing what was going to be done to him, trusting Ray with everything he was.

Doyle kept eyeing the bedroom door, sorely tempted to simply announce the party was over and toss everyone out. He fingered the keys in his pocket, and thought about Bodie.

He should wait. He really should. But instead, he went back in, taking Bodie completely by surprise.

Fully dressed, he squatted beside his naked Bodie, playing with Bodie's cock and balls as if they belonged to him, which they did, for tonight and any other night he and Bodie played this. Bodie was arching up into him, breathing hard, trying to kiss him.

Not yet. There would be no more kissing quite yet. He left Bodie alone again, but this time only while he filled the clean metal bowl with soapy water from the washhand basin. A clean towel, the cut wash cloth, his own hands scrubbed, and he was ready to begin. The lube was close to hand, of course, and he picked a brand new tube this time. The sealed bag was brought down next, unzipped with a crisp hiss, all this done deliberately, and without speaking. The very uncertainty was making Bodie's cock rise, and that made Doyle smile. What he had in mind would probably shock Bodie into next week, but the degree of trust involved was thrilling.

He undid the ankle shackles and re-cuffed Bodie's hands round in front of him, taking a few moments to indulge them both with a bit of tit-work, Bodie gasping and straining by the time Doyle was ready to go on to the next delightful torment. Doyle placed the cut cloth over Bodie's cock, the hole framing him perfectly, and grinned to himself as Bodie squirmed. Bodie, obviously, thought Doyle was in a really sadistic mood and was going to shave him: something they did only very rarely, and always to Bodie's extreme discomfort until the prickly stage of regrowth was over.

Before Doyle started, he removed the cockring, caressing it over Bodie's face and mouth, his own excitement mounting as Bodie sucked and licked at the silver band he had given him. Then, finally, he suspend it like a weight from the right tit-clamp. Only then did he start washing Bodie, paying careful attention to what he was doing, and thoroughly pleased that Bodie stifled all his protests and submitted, even though Bodie must have been convinced that he was going to be shaved again.

Not this time. This time, he had something

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far more interesting in mind, and something far more challenging for Bodie. Something for Bodie to test himself against, to push his limits and give him the exhilaration of being able to take it all. The bathing was finally done to Doyle's satisfaction, and he emptied the bowl out, bringing it back with him, just in case it was needed. He didn't expect many sordid details, but he hated interrupting a scene to take care of banal details. The towel was laid aside, and then he bent over Bodie, one hand tugging on the clamps, while he kissed Bodie breathless.

"Thank you, sir," Bodie managed when his mouth was his own again.

"Don't mention it." And that wasn't a polite cliché. He kissed Bodie again, thrusting his tongue into Bodie's mouth, and when he was finished, Bodie contented himself with a smile.

"That's better," Doyle said, moving back down Bodie's torso, keeping one hand on him all the time, reinforcing the bond between them. "Are you ready to serve my pleasure?"

"Yes. Master."

"Any pleasure at all?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you yield to me completely?"

"Yes, Master."

"Then remember that. No matter what I do to you, no matter what happens, remember that you have no control over anything I choose to do to you. You have no choice but to trust me."

He picked up the K-Y and, still being careful to practice the 'clean system', he began to lube up the new toy. He had used its partner on himself a few weeks ago, so he knew precisely what Bodie was going to feel, down to every quiver of pleasure and shiver of fear. Wiping his hands to make sure they weren't likely to slip, he took Bodie's cock in his left hand and picked the Foley up in his right. His hands were shaking with excitement, so he stopped for a minute or two, calming himself with deep breathing. Bodie was swelling in his hand, but that wasn't going to be a problem.

His hands were steady again, although his heart was pounding as fast as Bodie's. Carefully, knowing how frightening it was the first time, he slowly inserted the catheter into

Bodie's cock, taking his time, drawing the sensation out, his own cock getting hard at the sight of the tubing disappearing into Bodie, possessing that ultimate, final bastion of the male.

Bodie screamed.

"Shh," Doyle said, "it's all right. You'll be fine in a minute."

Bodie squirmed, trying to pull away, fighting Doyle, fighting his Master.

Although it was in his rights as Master to punish Bodie very severely indeed, all Doyle said was, "Can't take it, then?"

"I can't—"

"Do you want me to stop? Do you want to admit defeat?"

A long silence, and all the while, Doyle was easing the catheter into Bodie, the tubing disappearing inch by slow inch. And now, Doyle knew, the minor irritation of insertion would be over, and the feeling of fullness would be overwhelming him. He knew how it felt, physically, but could only imagine how it felt, emotionally. It was the most tightly guarded part of a man's body-his arse and mouth were easy to yield in comparison. But to let someone else possess his prick, when he himself was blind and bound, that was quite incredible.

A tiny trickle of liquid into the bowl showed that the Foley was in all the way, and he used the hand-grip to inflate the air bulb that would hold the catheter inside. Bodie groaned, and Doyle stopped, asking, "Everything all right?"

"Oh, yes, Master, yes!"

"What does it feel like?"

"It's as if you're inside me, inside my cock somehow. I feel...I feel as if you're part of me, as a man..."

"I'm going to leave it in, Bodie," and he bent down, sucking at the join of cock and catheter, Bodie arching in exquisite pleasure every time he flicked his tongue over the blend of latex and flesh. "And while you're lying there, I'm going to go and have a few drinks. When I've had enough beer, I'm going to come back to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

Doyle's footsteps were silent, but the door locking was loud in the silence of his leaving.

Bodie lay on the floor, the tube up his cock, his manhood a toy for his Master's pleasure. In the dark, he smiled. His bound hands found his cock, fingered the tube curiously and with rising excitement. He squirmed, and that set his cockring swaying against his chest, his nipple coruscating in delicious agony. He cupped his cock, cradling it close to his body, the tube trailing along his inner thigh. He was shivering with anticipation, and fear. And gratitude, that he had such a good Master, one who never let him become lazy or complacent. He could take this new delight, he was sure of it. And he hoped it wouldn't be long now before his Master came back to take His pleasure. Impatience gnawed at him.

But he could wait. He knew he could.

Playing the perfect host, Doyle went from room to room, making sure that everyone had a drink and that no-one was in any imminent danger of doing themselves a mischief, unlike the year Davidson had managed to get his foot stuck in the toilet. He nodded a hello at Murphy, unwilling to disturb his old friend when said friend was obviously progressing by leaps and bounds with the beautiful young Steven. Half-an-hour later, the old year was drawing to a very rapid close, and Doyle made a last round, handing out drinks to toast in the new, switching the television on to show some odd Scottish heuching and teuching to see out the old year, and then discreetly dropping a couple of condoms into Murphy's pocket in case he overcame Steven's shyness with sufficient enthusiasm.

Duty done, he returned to his Blackroom.

Bodie was lying on his back, precisely as he had been left, and Doyle felt a jolt of pure love run through him: to see that mind-boggling degree of trust, and all of it for him! Lust joined the love, and he walked over to Bodie, using the toe of his boot to nudge the heavyhanging balls, bending over to jiggle the catheter just enough to produce an incredible sensation of fullness and possession.

"All right down there?"

"Wonderful down here, Master."

He brought his foot down, fairly gently considering Bodie's insolent humour, on the unprotected balls. "The only cheek I'm interested in from you is your arse."

"Sorry."

Doyle raised an eyebrow at that and lowered his foot at the same time. It wasn't often that Bodie was this pushy in a scene, and if it hadn't been for how well he'd accepted the catheter, Doyle would probably have walked out then and there and left Bodie to stew. But he'd promised Bodie the best night of his life, and he knew what Bodie wanted.

"On your knees."

"Thank you, Master."

He used the best belt after all, then the crop, and finally, because Bodie had made such a point of being disobedient, he brought out the braided leather cat-o'-nine-tails. It wasn't often they used it, for it took a while for Bodie's fine skin to lose the last of the tell-tale signs and sores the cat left, but there were precious few Government staff working on Friday, and he and Bodie weren't among them. Oh, the benefits of no longer being on the active roster! He could do as he pleased, without having to consider an inadvertent uncovering of their secret perverse vice by something stupid like a trainee hurting Bodie and forcing him to go to the CI5 doctor. He drew the long thin strands of leather across the palm of his hand, the whisper of the cat exciting him as he gazed at the glorious red welts it had left on Bodie's back.

Then, muffled by the distance, he heard the party crowd starting the count-down, so he gave Bodie one last kiss of the cat and brought Bodie to his feet.

Doyle took a mouthful of drink, and held Bodie's mouth open, pouring the beer from his mouth into Bodie.

"Happy New Year," he said, and kissed him, slow and deep and loving, Bodie's bound hands pressing between them, Bodie rubbing at his Master's cock through the softness of Italian trousers. Suffused with the goodwill of the season, Doyle overlooked the infraction. He stroked Bodie's cock, fingers continuing along the length of the catheter as if it were all Bodie, as if Bodie's cock had grown to heroic

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proportions.

"I've got something special planned for later, if you're good."

"I'll be good, Master, I promise."

Doyle squeezed Bodie's cock, and Bodie twisted and turned, the fullness driving him crazy, making him frantic for more.

"Like that, do you?"

"Oh, yes, Master."

"Well, if you earn it, I'll get a bigger one for you."

"Thank you, Master."

"But we'll have to wait and see." He held Bodie in his arms, running his hands over the pattern of raised welts and heated hollows of Bodie's back, aroused by the marks he had left and by the murmured pleasure of his lover. But despite his own desires and Bodie's needs, he had to leave: had to attend to the party, had to see to it that everyone got home. More importantly, he had to make sure that everyone left-and soon. He tugged on Bodie's clamps, flicking the dangling cockring to make it swing, heavily, the rhythm rippling through Bodie's entire body.

Before he gave in and fell victim to his own desires, Doyle left, quickly, else he would have stayed and the guests be damned. But that wasn't on the cards: it was one thing for Bodie to fantasise about being caught in full scene, but it was Doyle's responsibility to make it seem likely while protecting Bodie completely.

Still, he paused at the door, turning to gaze at Bodie and it was only with an effort of pure will that he was able to leave.

Bodie heard the door close again, and curled up to wait, the tubing reminding him how lucky he was to have a Master who could own him so thoroughly.

Still, it was only with an effort of sheer will that he was able to obey his Master's standing orders and refrain from masturbating. His pleasure was not his own, it belonged to his Master and he was here to please no-one but Him. But he wanted to feel his Master on him once more. He wanted-desperately-to experience whatever new delicate torture his Master had found for him.

But he could wait.

He could wait.

"You in a rush by any chance?" Murphy asked as Doyle escorted one of the women from Tactical through the front door before she had finished saying good night, resulting in a very graphic and absolutely anatomically impossible suggestion-unless you were the legendary Philips from Communications.

"Who, me?" Doyle asked with the kind of innocence that convinced the people who hadn't met him until after his settling down with Bodie had worked its magic. Murphy, of course, having known Doyle from old and well able to remember the stroppy little bastard who must still inhabit the lithe form, wasn't in the slightest bit convinced.

"You're like the cat on a hot tin roof, Ray."

"Pardon me for breathing! And would you care to go home now? Some of us would like to get to bed, you know."

"Oh, am I the last one?" Doyle wasn't the only one who could fake innocence, obviously.

"Are you the last one? Of course you're the last bloody one, you're always the last bloody one. Now why don't you go home and get some beauty sleep-if you want to nail young Hamilton, you'll need it!"

Murphy looked at Doyle in serious suspicion. "You know something?"

"I know a hell of a lot more fucking things than you do. Such as when I've overstayed my welcome somewhere."

Murphy chose to ignore that. "I think you're in a hurry to get rid of me because you've got someone stashed away in your bedroom, and you're scared someone's going to find out and tell Bodie."

For a second, it was a toss-up whether Doyle was going to laugh himself sick or give Murphy his head in his hands to play with and without benefit of anæsthesia. "I should clock you one for that, Murphy, but me mum always said not to clock the afflicted."

"Very droll, Ray, but I know you. You've got someone in there, haven't you? How could you mess about with Bodie, eh? I mean, you've got someone like him and in this day and age, with syphilis and AIDS, you're going to screw around?" Murphy narrowed his eyes, seeing past the fine shirt and tailored

trousers to the street-wise man he had known for years. "No," he said, abruptly convinced of the truth, "you wouldn't do anything that stupid. So what're you up to, Ray?" He laughed, making a joke of a very serious concern. "What's going on-hey, I know! You weren't kidding earlier on, you have got Bodie tied up in there."

"Well," Doyle said, banking on a friendship that had started so long ago they had both been dead keen on flared trousers and white shoes, "you know what they say. Never a truer word was spoken in jest."

Murphy stared at him in profoundest shock and then guffawed, actually leaning on the door jamb to hold himself up. "Oh, you had me for a second there, Ray, you really had me going. But Bodie—Bodie for crying out loud our big Bodie tied up and, and

Doyle was simply staring at him, in an expression instantly recognisable to those who had fought beside him on the streets, before he had moved on to office wars.

"Fucking hell, you're serious!"

"And what if I am?"

"That's sick, Doyle. Saying that about Bodie, that's really sick."

He could argue about it, he could put forward his view, he could quote statistics. He could even point out that he and Murphy had both been born in an era that called homosexuality sick and thought that bisexuality was a symptom of severe mental disturbance.

He could. But he didn't.

As Murphy himself had said earlier, Ray Doyle had matured, grown up into a man who would still fight dirtier than the next person, but now he had the sense to know which battles could be fought and won and which would merely draw blood on both sides. "I wouldn't say that," he finally said. "Bit strong, don't you think? Anyway, if it's got you that bloody nosy, I kept my bedroom locked because I didn't want that lot using my bed to fuck each other silly in and because I didn't want anyone sticking their great big noses into my business and wandering off with private stuff about me and Bodie that would embarrass the face off him."

"Yeh, well, suppose that makes sense." But the suspicion was still there, the feeling

that the truth had been told as a joke and was now being denied in seriousness. The unease was there, the total inability to comprehend something that was so completely alien to Murphy's sexuality. And the beginnings of mistrust were there, born of the insecurity of suddenly finding out someone once well known has turned into a kinky stranger overnight.

"So now your curiosity is happy, will you just bugger off and let me get to bed? Alone, in case you're still wondering."

"All right. Em, well...see you."

"You will—on Thursday. We both have to be at that fiscal allocation meeting with the Minister."

"Oh, yeh, I'd forgotten."

Doyle didn't bother mentioning that they had also mentioned going for a few drinks after. Not much point really, not until Murphy either came to terms with his suspicions or learned to live with his doubts.

"Well. See you on Thursday then."

"Okay." And as Murphy was going down the stairs, he couldn't resist rattling the keys in his pocket and adding, "I'll tell Bodie you were asking for him!"

Then the front door clicked shut with satisfying finality, and all the locks tripping into place were music to his ears.

It was time.

It was finally time.

He started stripping before he'd even turned the hall light out, kicking shoes off as he went, dropping his clothes behind him, careless of everything but where he was going, what he was going to do, but most of all, who he was going to. A smile wreathed his face as his hand turned the key to the Glory Hole, Murphy's disapproval buried with all the other incomprehenders, deliberately entombed far from his thoughts, for all Doyle wanted to think about was the man he loved, who was waiting for him. Waiting, always, for him alone.

He switched the light on, pulled off his last sock and tossed it behind him into the bedroom, then closed the door, enclosing him in this black, fertile womb with Bodie.

Hearing him, Bodie had risen to his knees, head suitably bowed, hands not touching his PART III: BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

cock, the transparent filament impaling him.

Doyle wanted to fuck him, right then and there, but there were other things to do first, other things he had promised Bodie, other things that would fulfil them both.

"All right?" he asked, checking the catheter for any signs of improper fit or insertion.

"Yes. Master."

Doyle vibrated the catheter, making Bodie jump, setting the suspended cockring and light chains tinkling musically. It was the only music he allowed in his Blackroom, everything else an annoying distraction from the source of real pleasure.

"Does that hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"Inside?"

"Nowhere at all, sir."

"No burning, no sharp edges anywhere?" "Only for the first few minutes, when I thought I needed to pee, but it's been...god, it's been fucking fantastic since then, sir."

Doyle grinned, hands smoothing a path up Bodie's torso until his fingers were inside Bodie's mouth. "I promised you tonight was going to be the best, didn't I?"

"Yes, Master," mumbled indistinctly past the fingers fucking his mouth.

"Now," Doyle said, displaying his lack of Bodie's patience, hurrying to get on with the scene, "I've had a lot of beer tonight. Not enough to impair my judgement, of course, I'm too good a Master for that. But enough that I need a good piss. I need a Jimmy Riddle. Do you want to be my Jimmy?"

"Christ, yes, Master!"

"Oh, I like the way you said that. So I tell you what. I shall take your blindfold off and let you watch."

Doyle went through the same washing sequence that he had already done for Bodie, except that he took care of himself standing at the little sink. He turned round and caught the expression of undiluted, screaming desire on Bodie's face. Bodie, it would seem, had clicked as to what was going to happen next. And liked the idea.

Ready, Doyle made Bodie kneel in position, and stood in front of him, groin only inches away from Bodie's hungry mouth. One foot propped up on an impaling stool, he took his

own sweet time to insert a small gauge catheter into himself, the shimmering tube taking a lifetime to be consumed into his prick. There was a tube attached, with a glass spigot towards the middle, the handle at ninety degrees to the tube.

"Do you see what I'm doing?"

"Yes, Master," breath stirring the hair at Doyle's groin and brushing against the back of his fingers as Doyle adjusted his own catheter under Bodie's starving gaze.

"You're empty now, completely empty, not a drop left in you. And I'm going to fill you up again. I'm going to fill you the same way I do when you're lonely. I'm going to fill you up from my own body, and you'll be able to watch it flow into you."

He didn't let Bodie speak, for the expression on Bodie's face said everything that could possibly be said. "I'm going to possess you, Bodie, I'm going to own you more than ever before. I'm going to piss up your virgin cock, and then you won't be a virgin any more, because I'll have that too."

He joined the two tubes, the juncture sealing tight, and then he put his right hand on the spigot, and with his left, he gripped Bodie's chin, holding him steady as Doyle leaned forward to the opening mouth and tasted it with his tongue. Doyle released the spigot and as the first of his piss, hot from the depths of his body, flowed from him and into Bodie, Doyle pressed forward again and whispered-

"I love you, Bodie."

And as the first of the liquid sunshine began filling the emptiness in Bodie, Doyle opened his heart up and kissed Bodie, with all the love in him, the intensity of his emotion passing from his mouth into Bodie, filling him with love as his body filled him with piss.

Bodie was his, utterly and completely, controlled and dominated at mouth and cock, supremely joined to him, mouth to mouth, cock to cock. For as long as his piss flowed, as hot as cum, an orgasm of loving possession, Doyle kissed Bodie. Only after, when the flow was exhausted, did he release Bodie's mouth, taking Bodie in his arms to cherish him.

There was so much more they could do, but he couldn't wait. He tidied himself up and then he emptied Bodie, careful to make sure not to remove the catheter until all risk of irritation was passed. It would be about half an hour before urine or cum could pass the urethra without stinging and burning, and he didn't want Bodie distracted from the unique pleasures of the experience. Not this first time.

"I'm going to fuck you," he murmured into a perfectly-shaped ear, nipping at the lobe. "I'm going to fuck you and then you're going to take my fist inside you. And I'm going to make you come so hard you'll think you're in Heaven. But," he tugged Bodie's hair, tipping his face back so that Bodie's throat was as exposed and vulnerable as the rest of him, "not for at least half an hour. You're going to beg me to let you come, but I won't. You'll be screaming because I'm going to keep you on the edge."

Doyle took the cockring and slipped it on round Bodie's hardening cock and fecund balls, caressing where the burnished silver met flesh. Then began the slow, serious business of turning pleasure into pain and pain into pleasure, giving Bodie the best night he'd had in his life. He was grinning as he said again, "You'll beg me to let you come, Bodie. But I won't. Not until I'm ready to let you."

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AND AS HIS MASTER kissed him again, filling him with love again and again, desire exploded through him. He couldn't get over the stunning experience of having his Master's piss inside him like that, nor of having something shoved up his prick. It had been the most incredibly exciting thing he'd ever known. And he wanted more of it.

Perhaps, if he were lucky, his Master would use him that way again. But then he reminded himself that he was not here for his own pleasure, but for his Master's. And right now, his Master's hands were on him, pinching and kneading and nipping, doing incredible things to his cock and balls. He was being pushed downwards, his favourite belt snapping across the redness of his back, and then his Master's cock was presented for him, and he closed his eyes and opened his mouth, surrendering himself to the ecstasy of pain and the agony of love, orgasm running wild and chained through him, refused permission to bring him sweet release.

But he could wait.

He knew he could.

It would come, for his Master loved him. Soon.

He could wait.

He knew he could.