TWO COPPERS TO RUB TOGETHER

These two humorous pieces have at least three things in common. First they are both sports stories—sexual and otherwise. The first, "Own Goal", is the second in M. Fae Glasgow's ongoing sports themed series—Number one was "Sticky Wickets"—while the second begins with a more intellectual game before things begin to get out of hand. Or should that be out of foot? The second commonality is the presence of Glaswegians. Surely that isn't surprising! And finally, both tales get down to the having of tails—so to speak—in public places. Oh my!

OWN GOAL M. FAE GLASGOW

TARTAN HORDES that suspicion first began to dawn: he hadn't seen any other Englishmen since Aikenhead Road and those few had all turned right and gone along Prospecthill Road. All the English, that is, apart from him and £3£3£3 Bodie. Bodie had assured him that this was a 90 shortcut, that this was better than going along £3£3£3 the Cathcart Road, that this was the best possible way. Doyle, awash in a sea of guttural Glaswegians was having his doubts about that. Everywhere he looked were men, all chuntering away from the excitement of seeing the national football team take on the Auld Enemy on their home ground, every one of them gleefully hopeful of smashing the English to bits, a fact that gave him no end of reassurance. There seemed to be millions of them, all shapes and sizes, from the weasel to the colossus, and all with tartan scarves round their necks and flags in their hands, every man jack—every man jock? of them speaking with the unintelligibility that marked the Glaswegian to his English ears. Ears, which by the very dint of being so Auld Enemy-ish English, he was thinking of keeping well-covered. But still, he and Bodie were only on the road leading up to Hampden, it could simply be that he was jumping to conclusions and that for once in his misbegotten life, Bodie was innocent. He looked up at his companion and rephrased that: for once in his life, Bodie wasn't totally guilty. That face had

never been innocent—he had probably winked

It was when they were being buffeted by the

at the midwife. Or the doctor, if he'd thought he'd get a bigger rise out of that.

The police were shepherding them, complete with the muted roar of the Tartan Army, towards a copse of turnstiles: the turnstiles that led to the wrong end of the ground. Swept along by the lumpy mass of men, he turned a full glower on Bodie: definitely not innocent then, as if there had ever really been any doubt. He should know better, either than to trust Bodie with buying tickets or to trust him farther than he could spit. Especially when Bodie had been in his naughty schoolboy mood all week, actually managing to get a reluctantly indulgent chuckle out of Cowley. But still, Bodie'd be disappointed if he just let him away with this fiasco-and Doyle was never one to miss a good argy-bargy if he could help it. Or cause it...

He opened his mouth to give Bodie a rollicking, then shut it again. Up to his neck in Scotland supporters was probably not the best place to broadcast an English accent, especially not considering this was a Scotland v. England game, for the Cup. And most particularly not considering some of the less than diplomatic comments made about this fair city and its inhabitants by members of the England squad who had obviously found nowhere else to pack their boots but bang smack in the middle of their mouths. No, this was one of those sticky situations where discretion was the better part of valour, and as he had tumbled to Bodie's little scheme, he had possession of the ball. He'd keep

his mouth shut for the time being and get Bodie later. When it didn't mean running the risk of having his head separated from his shoulders...

Bodie was leading the way, looking for all the world as if he'd been in the Scotland end of Hampden a million times. He even looked the part, which wasn't really surprising considering the black Irish were of the same stock as the maniacal Celts that had plundered and pillaged their way through the history of this country. And judging by some of the faces around him, he'd be plundered and pillaged himself if he was found out, a traitor behind enemy lines. Despite the bitter cold and the rain dripping down his neck, he was suddenly glad that he didn't have an England scarf with him-this ravening horde would probably use it to hang him with.

But Bodie, snotty Bodie, grinning and confident and smug, he still deserved an earful. Doyle hesitated a step, getting trod on and cursed at for his rank stupidity. He caught Bodie up, still considering giving him a bollocksing in public. And why not? He could do a Glasgow accent with the best of him. He'd 'done' Cowley often enough, hadn't he? He'd fooled the Minister over the 'phone that day, hadn't he?

He cleared his throat in preparation for a performance the West End would be proud of. "An' whit did ye dae wi' oor money, Bodie? Ah gaed ye plenty ta buy us a pair o' teeckets, didn't I the noo?"

It appeared that he might be able to fool a Whitehall minister, but as any civil servant could have told him, that took no talent whatsoever. A tartan bedecked behemoth turned on him, blocking out all light and bringing Doyle's heart to his mouth. "Wiz 'at meant tae be funny, pal?"

"Don't mind him," Bodie was saying, gathering him up, doing his 7th Cavalry bit, steering him around the monster, shouting back over his shoulder as they made good their escape. "He's a bit touched, you know," he made the universal gesture for 'round the twist', "simple. Just goes around repeating everything he hears."

And despite the unmistakeably South of the Border accent, no one put the boot in, which was surprising, considering some of the comments he'd been hearing round town all day. Well, if Bodie could open his big mouth with impunity, then so could he. Poured onto the

terraces with the rest of the mob, he found a space directly behind his erstwhile friend, raising his voice to make sure the bastard heard. "You rotten bugger! I gave you good money to buy us tickets for this game, and you didn't, did you? You took those ones Cowley didn't want and pocketed..."

It's very unnerving to be standing in the middle of a crowd, all of whom have gone quiet, listening to you. And all of whom look as if they're wondering which rock you crawled out from under and if they could put you back under it. With a bulldozer...

"Shh!" Bodie was hissing at him, leaning back, talking out of the corner of his mouth.

"You've been watching Jimmy Cagney films again, haven't you?" Doyle said, but quietly, lest his accent was overheard and his head wound up on the pitch instead of the football. "Any road, how come they're after my guts for garters, but you can get away with being English?"

"Because, Raymond old chap," this last part muttered very quietly over his shoulder in the general vicinity of Doyle's right ear, "I'm not really English. Up here, I'm Liverpudlian, which £3£3£3 doesn't really count as English, as far as they're 91 concerned. You, on the other hand, are a marked £3£3£3 man. You might even say you're a wanted man." He glanced round, batting his eyelashes and pouting passionately. "You're ever so lovely, 'andsome. Come 'ere often, do you?"

Doyle took a good look round at the gallus Glaswegians beginning the primordial chanting in praise of their national side. "Not bloody likely! Bodie, what've you got us into this time? What possessed you to bring us up the Scotland end?"

"Oooh, ducky, I like getting it up the end," more batting eyelashes, the come-hither effect rather wrecked by the incipient giggles that were threatening to choke him—like Doyle's hands, now that we stop to think about it really. "Listen, sunshine, the Cow had those tickets going begging..."

"The way you did when it was time to come up with the money to get us into the match?"

"Raymond! Accusing me of begging? How could you say such a thing to me? I'm too sensitive..."

"Too sensitive? You're about as sensitive as Maggie's knickers. Too much of a skinflint, more like."

That, obviously, pierced Bodie to the core, for he gave a display poor Juliet would have been proud of. Or embarrassed by. But still, all the borrowed money Doyle had never repaid and all the drinks never reciprocated cut an edge into the lisping campiness when he hissed his reply back. "Me? You're the one who's as tightfisted as a Scotsman's arse!"

Doyle leaned forward so that some of the rain could drip from his sodden curls down the back of Bodie's neck, resulting in a satisfyingly heartfelt shiver. "Tight-fisted as a Scotsman's arse? Bit of a mixed metaphor there, eh, Bodie? But at least it explains where you went last night, doesn't it? Tight as a Scotsman's arse? Is that what you uncovered last night?"

Bodie fought not to blush, succeeding in looking instead as if he'd just discovered what haggis is made of—after he'd eaten it. "Get off it, Ray. You know I was doing a job for the old man last

A less than gentle pat on Bodie's backside, and the whispered words: "I thought that's what I said you were up to."

It took a couple of seconds for the implica-**92** tion to dawn on Bodie, but when it did, he for-£3£3£3 got himself enough to turn full around to face Doyle's sniggering face and let fly. "Don't be so fucking disgusting!"

"Considering what you got up to last night, isn't it you that was fucking disgusting? Or were you fucking something else?"

He didn't quite manage to suppress the blush this time, knowing full well that Doyle would be cackling like a hen if he saw Bodie's red face. "I wasn't fucking anyone, Ray Doyle, and you should know, seeing as it was your room I was stuck in last night."

Doyle, the man who could make the phone directory sound like an erotic proposition, managed to make this sound filthier than Soho and Blytheswood Square all rolled into one. "If you weren't fucking anything, disgusting or otherwise, what was all that heavin' and sighing that was going on then?"

That got Bodie to turn around, facing the pitch, keeping his blushes to himself. It was all fine and well, in fact, it was a barrel of laughs, to make comment—preferably loudly and in a crowd-on Doyle's sexual antics, it was quite another to have even the most oblique hint made

at his own. He didn't even like it when his girls kissed him in public, and that was something society had a tendency to look on with benevolent approbation, not to mention encouragement. Had to keep those little feet pattering, else the Empire would fall. Flat on its face like Doyle, if he was to have his say.

And he would, he decided, peeved. He'd get the little bastard back for turning the tables on him. Deserved everything Bodie could give him, didn't he, for spoiling the game. After all, it was a tradition, that Bodie teased Doyle and Doyle took it. It was established procedure, for Bodie to embarrass Doyle in public. He thought back to the last time he had done something to embarrass Doyle in public and amended that to it being established procedure for him to try to embarrass Doyle in public. Rotten toad wouldn't even blush, not even that time he'd managed to get him running out of the loo, RT in one hand, prick in the other, in attack stance looking for the terrorist cell that had infiltrated CI5 HQ itself. He snickered to himself, wickedly, rightly placing that at the top of his considerable lists of accomplishments, directly above the time he'd got Ray to actually pay for dinner.

Yeh. He'd get the rotten bugger for this, he thought, mentally rubbing his hands in anticipatory glee. Oh, this was going to be fun. Plus, he could always claim that it was because no one embarrassed William Andrew Philip Bodiewell, not since the Vicar at the Font, landing him with the stupid name of Billy Bodie. And people wondered why he never used his first name... Oh, well, at least the other hoodlums at school hadn't known that his mum, in an innocence so profound he couldn't fathom how she had ever managed to get pregnant, had called him Willie. And, being not only naïve but as thick as two short planks nailed together and completely unaware of the niceties of Australian English, the stupid cow had called his sister Wendy, thus neatly covering both ends—so to speak—of human anatomical details, but making sure that no speaker of Strine would have any doubt that when it came to children, she'd had one of each. He'd nearly died the day he'd met the Australian bloke and happened, in drunken sentimentality, to mention that his mum would shout out the back window, "Willie! Come in here to Wendy!" Of course, that par-

ticular bout of embarrassment had been worth it, in the end, so to speak. That night hadn't been all bad at all. He'd learned to play two up, won a fortune. And when the Aussie's money had run out, well, that had been fair dinkum as well. In fact, getting all bets paid off in the back room had made him go right off good hard cash for a while, in favour of good, hard shagging.

"Penny for them," Doyle said, wanting to know what the hell was putting such a smile of selfsatisfaction on Bodie's face when the prat should have been as red as a beetroot. He knew what Bodie had been up to—and 'up' was the operative word—in bed last night. He'd had to slip off to the lavatory for a quick wank himself, after. But Bodie should not be looking so pleased with himself: a smug Bodie was a dangerous Bodie. A swift kick and Bodie turned to look at him, an expression of outrage all over him, his next-doorneighbour's bovril all down his leg.

"Doyle! Watch what you're doing. Christ, what are you, a bloody dog? Someone find your funny spot, did they, Rover?"

"You managed to find a bit of a funny spot last night, didn't you, Bodie?" Doyle whispered with the puerile glee of a sex-starved schoolboy. "All these men swishing around in skirts getting to you, eh? Always knew you were a leg man, but I never knew you liked 'em hairy."

Bodie decided that now would be a really good time to bury the cheeky sod.

"That why you got us into the Scotland end? Hoping to be able to cosy up nice and close to some strapping big fella in a skirt?"

Bodie decided to bury him alive.

"Course, now the great mystery can be solved, can't it?" Doyle hadn't enjoyed himself this much in years: well, not since last night, listening to Bodie wanking his little heart out—or something considerably larger, for that matter—in the bed across the room. "What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?" he said like a vicar contemplating the Eucharist, face like a fallen angel having the time of its life. "All I have to do after last night is ask you, right?"

He was going to bury the bugger alive, with boxing gloves on and a video nasty playing, so that the priapic sod could die of frustration.

Doyle nudged him, not with his arm, but with his hips, face alight with the sheer joy of getting Bodie hot under the collar. It was, when all was

said and done, one of his favourite pastimes, getting Bodie so worked up he forgot himself and degenerated back into the same gutter from whence Doyle had come. Made life a lot coarser and a hell of a lot more fun. "Go on, Bodie, tell us. What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt, eh-Willie?"

Being buried alive was too good for the little snotter. But the nudging in the small of his back was giving him an idea for a way to revenge himself upon the randy toad. Yeh, that's what he'd do...

He reached up behind himself, not even bothering to look, the same rapport that linked them in action serving to let him gather Doyle by the back of the neck and pull him close again. He turned his head, so that his lips were a scant inch from Doyle's cheek and he noted, with a wicked amusement, that Ray Doyle was staring at him, white-eyed, caution obviously finally beginning to override humour. "Actually, Ray," he simpered, "all laughing and joking aside, I'm glad you've found me out and you're so...sympathetic. It was terrible keeping it a secret from you." Face dead serious, he was hav- £3£3£3 ing complete hysterics on the inside, watching 93 the implication blossom slowly on Doyle's face. £3£3£3 He let go, with a carefully calculated regret, turning back to the game that was unfolding in front of him while his own private game was unfolding behind him. "Better be careful," he said, rather glad that the maniacs around them were only interested in the entertainment they had paid good money for and completely oblivious to the entertaining spectacle that could have been had for free. "Can't let anyone see, petal."

And then he reached behind him with his right hand, unerringly homing in on that rather prominent part of Doyle which had nudged him with such pointed insistence earlier. He was trying to goose Doyle, but it sounded more like a cock-crow squawking behind him.

"Bodie!" this, loud enough to draw the attention even of Scotsmen involved in that most sacred of pursuits, namely defeating the English in battle, albeit the civilised mayhem of football.

"Bodie!" hissed, this time, goose-like, Bodie thought delightedly. It was working, oh, how it was working! He risked a glance over his shoulder and had the utterly, profoundly soul-inspir-

ing sight of Doyle, Raymond Doyle, blushing red enough to put a lobster to shame. Well, under the circumstances, there was only one thing to do, and he did it. Under cover of the open flaps

of Doyle's winter coat, he squeezed, and not innocently, either.

"Bodie..." whispered this time, close to him. He realised that Doyle had leant forward to hide what he was doing, perhaps to protect them both from a fate worse than death—discovered in a crowd of Glaswegians, sullying the sacred glory of beating England by being English and beating something else entirely. He squeezed again, imagining in lurid detail the look of fury and embarrassment that must have been turning Doyle puce by now. A burble of laughter escaped him, coinciding rather well with the English on the field losing possession of the ball to the Scots and the English behind him losing possession of his balls, too.

"Bodie..." Christ, if Doyle got any closer, he'd be on top of him. He chortled: he'd never seen Ray Doyle this embarrassed before, never. Oh, wait until he told Murphy. There was a good £3£3£3 fifty quid riding on this.

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"I've got you now, Ray," he said, triumphant. £3£3£3 "One up to me, right?"

> "Oh, yeah, definitely one up to you," Doyle breathed in his ear.

> And that was when Bodie realised it really was one up to him: and that one up felt surprisingly like a prick. Tentatively, his fingers did a bit of walking and found, sure enough, that he didn't have Doyle by the short and curlies as he had thought—he had him by the long and straight. Actually, he amended, his fingers doing a rather more detailed reconnaissance, long and curved to the left a bit ...

> Doyle pressed harder into the hand that was exploring him with all the confidence of a convent girl, grinning to himself at the expression that must have been written all over Bodie's face. The bugger should know better than to feel him up like that; that would never embarrass him. It would get a rise out of him, but not precisely the kind of rise Bodie was after. Unless, of course, there had been a kernel of truth in Bodie's limp-wristed lisping. He wiggled a bit, for if the wrist was limp, the hand certainly wasn't and neither was his cock. He bent his knees as much as his li

bido, so that his groin forced Bodie to cup the sweet hardness of his cock.

Bodie pulled his hand back as if burnt, only to discover that with Doyle leaning forward like that and his own hand twisted up behind him, he couldn't move. Every time he wiggled his hand to get it free, Doyle wiggled his hips to keep him trapped. How the hell was he going to get out of this? They were marooned in a sea of heaving bodies, not one of which was heaving for the same reason Doyle was heaving and humping against him. The hair on the back of his neck pricked up—rather like Doyle, if you think about it—when the small, square man of the spilled bovril turned to look at him. Bodie swallowed, hard. Doyle pushed against him, hard, and in more ways than one.

"You little prick!" he hissed at Doyle.

"We'll have less of the little," answered Doyle, playing right into his hand, filling it with something that was less a little prick and more a huge cock. This was the best game they'd ever had, even beating that time Bodie had goosed him in the back of Cowley's car all the way from Whitehall to suburbia, trying to make him squawk. Not that he had had any intention of doing so: Bodie would've stopped if he had.

Another frantic Bodie glance around. The rumbling, roaring crowd was blessedly more obsessed with the action on the pitch than the action on the terraces. Bodie breathed a sigh of relief, for once in his life glad that England were having the pants beaten off them-which was probably not the best turn of phrase, considering the position he was in. Then he noticed that the bovril bearer was sneaking furtive glances at him and he became acutely aware of the fact that he was standing in the middle of forty thousand people, live television cameras and swarms of blue-clad bobbies. With another man's denimwrapped cock in his hand. "Where are your brains, Doyle?"

Doyle lifted up a little, then resettled himself, Bodie's hand fitting his balls like a glove. "You're holding them, mate."

"Yeh, that's fucking obvious. Get them back in your head, mate."

"Nah, like them better where they are."

And to prove his point, he rotated his hips, undulating his balls in the palm of Bodie's hands like worry eggs. And like worry eggs, Bodie

couldn't resist rolling them, rubbing them, smoothing them-realising what he was doing and jerking forward, instead of jerking off Doyle.

The man beside him was still glancing round furtively, but now he seemed to be trying to either dance a jig or do some other bizarre Scottish ritual. And behind his back, Doyle seemed to be doing a bizarre dance of his own, bucking and rubbing, trying to find Bodie's hand.

Bodie, with some of that common sense Cowley claimed he didn't possess, was having none of it. Which was, in a way, precisely the same situation Doyle was in, although Ray was trying very hard to do something about that. Almost groaning, Bodie wondered how the hell he'd managed to get himself into this pickle, even as his hand itched to grab Doyle's gherkin again.

"Bodie..." whispered into his ear, Doyle's groin pressed into his back, and it certainly wasn't either a pen or a roll of mints in his pocket. Bodie considered stepping forward, but there were two disadvantages to that. The first was that it would expose Doyle, so to speak and the second was that if he were to step forward in this sardine tin of a crowd, then he was going to be doing to the man in front of him what Doyle was doing to him. The bovril man chose this moment to bend down in a funny corkscrew kind of motion, grabbing a large and empty bottle of what had once been the kind of wine that doubled as a paint stripper.

The movement caught Doyle's attention for a second, then he realised what he was seeing. The funny little man beside Bodie was surreptitiously—and with the willfully blind co-operation of the people around him—unzipping his fly and pulling his prick out. Now this seemed to Doyle to be an excellent idea. Making sure he was still close to Bodie, he pulled his open coat forward, less for privacy and more as a windbreak. Then he followed the best local custom he'd seen in his life and unzipped his fly, his hand leaping in to grab his cock, although the relief he sought was quite a bit different from the bovril man.

Bodie, having no idea what he was about to land himself with, decided that this was the moment to get the situation in hand, before he submitted to the temptation and got himself in hand. All this humping the small of his back with a big prick was definitely getting to him,

and if he didn't stop it right now, he was going to end up on his knees. And not in prayer, although it was a form of worship... "Doyle!" he hissed.

Doyle's reply was lost in the sudden agonised roar of the crowd as England took possession of the ball and went streaking down the pitch to try to score.

"Doyle!"

Doyle answered, not in words. He grabbed Bodie's right hand and hauled it round Bodie's back with the practised ease of an ex-copper and shoved his cock into it.

Bodie, like the English team, was left rather unexpectedly in possession of the balls and on his way to scoring...

Doyle, unlike the Scottish team, was more than happy to lose possession, under the circumstances. He leaned forward, looking simply as if he were as drunk as a puggy, collapsing forward onto the poor sod in front of him. The poor sod in front of him was wondering how he was going to get out of this without being sodomised in front of forty thousand people. As the cock thrust through the tunnel of his fist to £3£3£3 nudge the small of his back, he started won- 95 dering how he could get through this and be £3£3£3 sodomised in front of forty thousand people without also being arrested. Doyle's cock was hot in his hand and Doyle's breath was hotter in his ear, his own cock refusing to be ignored. He might be able to tell his brain that this was just a joke that was getting too far out of handor should that be too far into his hand?—but he always did his best thinking with his balls and they were very busily telling him that this was a very satisfactory position to be in, indeed.

Doyle, on the other hand, was finding Bodie's hand to be less than sufficient and the position considerably less than satisfactory. There was a bitterly cold draft snaking icy fingers round to pry into the warmth of Bodie's hand and every rain-laden tendril was putting a considerable damper on his passion, not to mention his cock. All in all, the whole situation was in danger of collapsing, and that was something he wasn't about to let happen. After all, it wasn't every day that one of Bodie's jokes backfired so...handily, as it were. Public sex had always been one Doyle's little hobbies, indulged in on those rare occasions when a man could get away

with it without being caught. And in a crowd of Scotsmen besotted with their team playing a game with a ball, they weren't about to be paying any attention to a team of two playing with balls, were they? Especially not if he were to stumble back from Bodie thusly, then stagger forward with drunken sway, coming to rest nice and cosy and hidden flat against Bodie's back.

Bodie heard the sigh of relief against his neck and groaned as his brief moment of relief went running gaily out the door. He had, for a foolish instant, thought that Doyle pulling away like that—he refused out of hand to use the term 'withdraw', just in case Doyle read his mind and got any more ideas than he already had—signalled the end to this particularly excessive joke. To do this, in public, when they could wait until they got back to the safety and privacy of the hotel room, where all they had to worry about was Cowley hearing them... Maybe Doyle had a point. Well, judging by the prong poking his back, Doyle certainly had a point, and a considerable one at that, but perhaps he also had the right idea: Bodie would take his chance in a crowd this size any day, before he risked the 96 beady, all-seeing eyes of his boss. But then, £3£3£3 Cowley wasn't likely to have them arrested and— Doyle moved, once, a sinuous slither of his hips, and that was when Bodie realised that whilst he had been off weighing the pros and cons, Doyle had been weighing anchor, pulling Bodie's shirt free from the moorings of his trousers. It was also when he realised that where to have sex had become a moot point the instant that blunt point slid against his bare skin.

Doyle grinned into Bodie's shoulder when he heard the stifled shout of surprised arousal from his mate. He moved his hips again, using his pose of drunkenness to sling his arms around Bodie and hold on all the tighter so that he could rub his cock all the harder on soft skin. He was, at that moment, inordinately glad that he had had the 'flu last week and had nabbed Bodie's winter coat to protect himself from the cold. Right now, that coat was protecting him from a hell of a lot more than the cold, most especially from prying eyes. Bodie, poor sod, had no such protection, either from prying eyes or prying cock and had to stand there and take it. Going up on tiptoes, shivering with pleasure as his cock scraped along the pleasurable bumps of Bodie's

spine, Doyle peered over the black-clothed shoulder and there, sure enough, visible even from this angle, was the rolled line of Bodie's prick, tenting the cords that were of such an appropriate colour—bone. He lowered himself again, displaying the limpness that was so typical of the drunk, while he hid the hardness that was even more typical of his cock. Swaying with the crowd, he pressed himself into Bodie, his prick wet and slick. Gesticulating wildly, as if to comment on the game racing up and down the muddy pitch, he finally stuck his hand inside his coat, through the hole in the pocket, down to his cock. He grasped it lovingly, rolling it against the sensitive skin of Bodie's back, his hips moving faster and faster.

Christ, but he couldn't believe it! The randy toad was fucking him, as near as spit. And was that spit making Doyle so slick or was it precum? If the bastard came on him... Actually, forget all thoughts about killing him, he'd probably come himself. He shifted, trying not to cut of the circulation to some rather important bits of his anatomy, even that slight movement sending waves of pleasure through him. His groan blended in perfectly with the bereft sigh of the crowd as the game took a turn for the worse, but Bodie's game was taking an even bigger turn for the worse. Doyle was pressing into him, the feel of his body a joy and delight, and something that was in danger of sending him over the edge into making an extremely embarrassing mess of the front of his trousers. The bovril man had put the now half-full bottle back down on the concrete terrace and Bodie wondered about it. After all, if it was socially acceptable in the déclassé world of football to use a bottle when Nature called when someone was about to score, why couldn't Bodie do the same thing when he was about to score himself? Biting his lip, he conceded that wouldn't work, a discreet pee being a lot less noticeable than some bloke standing there wanking. Of course, Doyle didn't seem to be having any problems on that score: he didn't seem to be having problems with scoring at all. Bodie shuffled from right foot to left, from left to right, and realised that not only was that not helping him any, he was doing it in rhythm with Doyle, who was draped over him like a flag, all droop and no zest-if you were to exclude what was going on under that greatcoat.

The crowd were making loud booings at the English back, while Doyle was making some loud noises into his personal Englishman's back. He could feel himself on Bodie's skin, the shirt and jacket tucked down over him to keep the heat in and to hold him snug and tight. Bodie's skin was satin smooth, the shirt crisp cotton, contrast for his cock. He nibbled on Bodie's neck, enjoying the taste of him, enjoying the smell of him—loving that he was doing this out in the open, in public, a huge crowd unwitting witnesses to him and Bodie. This was something he'd fantasized over many a night, picturing himself and Bodie, but never quite like this, with a crowd cheering them on...

He felt Doyle fall more heavily against him, felt the teeth nipping at him, fulfilling something he hadn't dared even acknowledge, always making sure that Doyle thought the camping up and the goosing to be just good mates having a lark. Unless he was very much mistaken, he was about to have a lot more than a lark spilled down his back. He wiggled, bouncing on his feet as if he were trying to see over the short man in front of him, as if he were interested in the passing of the ball back and forth in front of him, when all he could think about was the passing of cock and balls behind him, lush and ripe and hot on his skin. His cock was fit to burst, aching to be touched, so he shoved his hands into his pocket, only to find that there wasn't enough room in those tight cords to play pocket pool, not after all those plates of shortbread and Athole brose. He bounced a bit more, giving Doyle all the friction he needed, luxuriating in the play of cock across his skin and the only flanking play he was interested in was the game Doyle's hands were playing with his arse. His own cock was threatening to split his cords, caught tight by the fabric and he was aching with the need that was being fed by the feel of Doyle all around him, Doyle muttering in his ear, Doyle lolling in 'drunken' proximity, Doyle hard against him, Doyle's hands promising him where his cock would come later... A strangled groan bled from Bodie, as the same sound rose from this half of the ground. The mass were upset by the loss of action on the field, as control passed from the home side to the England squad, but Bodie didn't even see that happen, his eyes glazed as his own control slipped perilously from his

hands and into Doyle's, as Bodie stood there, helplessly unable to touch himself, helplessly unable to resist the mounting pleasure.

Unfortunately, mounting was out of the question, although if it hadn't been for the difference in their heights being compounded by the lay-out of the terraced stand, Doyle would probably have tried that. In that case, they should be thankful for small mercies and insurmountable difficulties. Still, Doyle thought it a pity that they couldn't ball at the football: it would have been the cherry on top. Although, with his wealth of experience, it might be closer to the truth to say that the cherry would be on bottom...

The idea of Bodie being on bottom, fucked, set him on fire. He thrust harder, letting the heat of Bodie's body stroke him, letting himself get closer to coming, letting Bodie feel every inch of him. He was promising Bodie what he'd be getting when they had the privacy to do it, showing him every fraction that would end up in his hole. He knew he was moaning, knew he was making a terrible racket, but so was everyone else. It sounded as if he might not be the only £3£3£3 one about to score, nor the only one about to 97 shoot for the goal. Another second and he'd be £3£3£3 there, just another second...

The roar went up from the crowd as the cum went up Bodie's back, drowning out Doyle's shout of triumph. The burst of semen seared him, plummeting down into his cock, making his balls as heavy as the weight lumbered on his back where Doyle, spent, had collapsed. "Move, you bastard," he whispered, desperately, his voice hoarse. "Come on, Doyle, just because you got to come doesn't mean you get to stop. Come on, come on..."

Doyle, however, having regained his senses was calmly standing up, even if his knees were trembling. Casually, under cover of the coat, he tucked himself in, tugged Bodie's shirt and jacket down, grinning as he thought of how itchy and sticky Bodie was going to be in about three seconds flat.

Right on the mark, Bodie started scratching at the icky patch on his back, where his shirt was sticking to him. "Give us the coat, Doyle," he muttered, hands crossed in front of his trousers to hide the bulge, his face as morose as the disappointed football fans all round them.

"With my delicate health? Chance'd be a fine thing."

"Doyle..." and he was just about jumping up and down on the spot, his cock making a display of itself, a tiny circle betraying where it was leaking pre-ejaculate. "Come on, Ray, don't be a rotten sod."

"Oh," Doyle said, leaning forward to whisper into his ear, "I've no intention of being a rotten sod, Bodie. I fully plan on being a fan-fucking-tastic sod."

A quick squeeze of Bodie's buttock and then Doyle turned as if to leave, coming back to say one last thing, to have the last word in their old game that had covered new ground for them today. He nodded at the disaster on the pitch where the Scotland left-half had just kicked the ball back to a goalie who wasn't there, then reached round and sneaked a surreptitious feel of Bodie's trapped cock, "This is definitely the day for own goals, isn't it, sunshine?"

And whistling, he made good his escape, doing a count-down in his mind: five more seconds and Bodie would be after him, chasing him all the way to the hotel. Where he fully intended to be caught, for by then he'd've recovered from his own goal and be ready to score again.

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