A thrupp'ny bit is a multi-sided brass coin. Similarly, the two stories in this section show us two different sides to the same theme of dominance and submission. The first is a softer piece, an exploration of the breaking of barriers to let complete love and committment come through. The second story is much harder in tone, delving into the psychology of power, violence, and control. In both pieces, Bodie is the focus.

PANORAMIC VIEW

EDI N. BURGH

"Bodie..."

Having cause to distrust that spectacularly banal tone of voice, the body in the bed beside Doyle stiffened, made wary by cordiality.

"Yeh?" he finally ventured, it becoming obvious that Doyle wanted to be drawn out on whatever it was this time.

"It true what they say about mercs?"

The bombshell dropped, exploding messily between them. The stiffness now was hostility and with it, an old friend, or enemy, depending on whether one were surviving in the jungle or trying to build a home: fear slithered coldly onto the bed and under the covers with them.

"Depends on what they say about mercs, doesn't it?"

"Not about the collecting ears or any of that stuff."

"Some did that. And if you have to ask me, then you'd better bugger off now before I smash you one."

"Know you didn't, Bodie. And I'm not asking about you,"the lie laughed loudly, mocking his patent dishonesty, "just about mercs in general."

Bodie heaved a sigh, the action obviously used as often as the cliché. Like a latecomer schoolboy reciting yet again the Books of the Bible in front of his form, Bodie began intoning the answer to the unasked question. "If you couldn't get to the cities, you'd find out if the local women were available. An' if you could get your head separated from your shoulders for looking at them the wrong way or if you'd have to marry them just to fuck them, then you'd either wank or you'd wank with one of the other fellas. Some of them got to the point where wanking wasn't enough and they went on from there. And yeh, I did fuck a few blokes there and I let a few of them fuck me. Satisfied?"

Doyle leaned back on his pillows, bedside light tangling with chest hair and the moonbright glint of his necklace, as he carefully perused his oh-so-fascinating paperback. Without even needing to look, he knew that this would be a £3£3£3 proving ground for them, the moment when 25 Bodie either let him in or shut him out. And if it £3£3£3 was the door slamming in his face, then that'd be it. All or nothing, he'd told Bodie that, till he was sick of hearing himself say it. Not that it had made the blindest bit of difference: Bodie just kept on going his own sweet way, doling out the barest modicum of trust to keep Doyle sticking with him. Not for the bedroom, that laying-down-of-life trust that Bodie had tossed to him without so much as a 'catch!' when first they started as a team. No, that was only for where it was safe, on the streets where dying was the greatest risk and living something that happened by accident.

He wanted more than that, wanted the treasures that Bodie had cached behind his façade of bonhomie. Wanted to possess and be possessed, wanted an end to this 'good mates who happen to screw each other'. What they had now could be chalked up to the simple fact that shared danger, shared lives, and shared ungodly work hours could drive men to having a quick wank alongside, until the loneliness of 'women just don't understand us, mate' enriched it to wanking each other, the lovely feel of another

man's strong, sure fist wrapped around your cock. Then the need to snatch something good out of the cesspit they lived and worked in

transmogrified it into having sex with each other. Eventually even, if ignored nurturingly enough, it could bloom into fucking, as it had for them.

Fucking, that was what he had thought would have been the ultimate between them, would have been a serious commitment, would have been enough to cement them together. But all it had done was drive knowledge through his heart like a stake: the more Bodie gave him physically, the more he was able to distance himself from Doyle. Nasty trick that, using intimacy to keep your distance, but one Bodie was obviously a past master at, so good at it in fact, that it had taken Doyle months to realise what the hell was going on.

And it was when he had seen what Bodie was up to that his own sharp brain started worrying at it, chewing on it, going over it again and again, not to be satisfied until he knew. The answer, when it came, was stunning in its simplicity and frightening in its possibilities. Bodie was keep-£3£3£3 ing aspects of himself hidden because they were **26** overflowing with dirty little secrets, the kinds of £3£3£3 things a man would hesitate to admit to. And Doyle, when he saw that, sitting over a cuppa in the sitting room, watching Panorama, waiting for Bodie to get home from fetching the curry, had laughed. A programme on the telly, all serious and erudite and boring as hell, the secret to understanding the secret of his Bodie.

> Angola. The British mercs captured there. That's what the report had been on, telling in foul detail what these men had gone through in prison, hinting with acute BBC decorum at the ties they had formed before, during, and after. Bodie hadn't been in Angola—never mind the smoke-screen of lies he put about—but the principle was the same. And there he was, keeping his nasty little tendencies secret, giving both of them the short end of the stick because he was afraid of losing everything if he let Doyle see what else was still in this particular Pandora's box.

> That was the best part of the joke: if Doyle were right, they were perfect halves of one whole. And so it all boiled down to whether or not Bodie would trust him enough to let him in, would care for him enough to let Doyle have all of him, would be willing to let them love each other. As

obvious though the answer was, the solution was far less simple. It was one thing to be convinced that Bodie really wanted the same kind of fantasy-made-real that Doyle did, another to convince Bodie of the self-same thing. Which is why they were lying here side by side, 36 hours leave stretching languidly before them, with Doyle ostentatiously buried in 'Dispatches'.

"Good, that obviously answered your question," Bodie muttered into Doyle's silence. "I'll get some kip now, if you don't mind."

Burrowed into the bed, covers down to his waist in the summer heat, the exposed expanse of back was a tundra of tension knotted muscle. Sleep was all very well to speak of, but that back displayed that the mind was far from rest, was, in fact, hip deep in memories that roused and undermined, all in one fell swoop. There was a stab of sympathy flashing bright through Doyle, so one hand abandoned his book to stroke the shoulder that still carried the mute scar.

"Had a feeling that's how it was when it came to sex." The reassurance, verbal and tactile, ebbed some the tension out of the muscles. "But what about the Game?"

The tension tsunamied back in, crashing between them, a barrier of silence.

"C'mon, Bodie, tell us. Did the Game really go on?"

Face securely hidden in his pillow, Bodie nodded.

"'D you do it, love?"

No motion, no sound, no speech.

"Get off it, don't be such a bloody coward, mate. It's not going to scare me off, is it?" He dropped his book onto the floor, the small thud making Bodie start. Doyle soothed him, running his hands along satin-smooth skin, opening his mouth to lick his way down Bodie's spine, lapping up the lissome traces of salt sweat that dotted there like rock pools on the shore. "Did you do it, Bodie? Did you play the Game? Fuck people, did you? Wrestle them, fight them, get them down on the ground and then shove it up them, did you?"

No answer, save the convulsive shiver of arousal that rippled the skin under his laving tongue. "You can tell me," Doyle whispered, bright eyes devouring the signs of sex that were beginning to pulse from Bodie. He pushed the covers out of the way, swooping down to press

his face between Bodie's cheeks, suddenly, shockingly, sucking on the tiny bud of flesh nestled there. He plunged his tongue inside the dark depths, feeling the ring of muscle contract around him, just as he had hoped it would. Just as he had wanted to feel it do, the desire growing the more Bodie avoided anything like this.

Needing to breathe, he got to his knees, mouth and chin glistening from rimming Bodie. One finger slid in to make Bodie remember where his tongue had been. "It's not as if I'm your maiden aunt, is it? Go on, Bodie, tell me. Did you like doing it, getting the other guy down on his knees, ripping his trousers off so's you could shove yourself up him? Like that, did you? Like the way it feels. Better than with me, eh? Is it better, Bodie, when you get to force him? Better when there's a whole crowd of blokes standing around watching and cheering? Saying things? Did they pull their pricks out when they watched you, eh? Did they?"

An explosion of movement and Doyle was under him, Bodie's long legs straddling him, cock straight and hard, pointing at him with wonderful threat. "Yeh, they used to stand around and watch and yeh, I used to play the Game. Any chance I got, Ray. Loved it, I did. Liked it better than anything else. Got to where it was all I wanted, couldn't even look at a woman, 'specially not after that bastard Krivas was finished with my girl. Couldn't take what he'd done to her, so I went for men more than I used to. And it wasn't till I realised that I was fucking *hooked* on the Game that I even tried to give it up. I managed it, Ray, by the skin of my teeth, but I could go back to it in a second, so don't try and fuck around with me, all right? Cos if you do, you won't get what you expected." Behind the harshness was another truth, a lingering wound that was suppurating secrets out to where Doyle could read them.

Flat on his back, Bodie's familiar weight pressing him down into the bed, time flowed over Doyle, slowly, slower than the blood racing through his veins, slower than the churn of excitement in his belly, slower than the pulse of Bodie's cock. It was one of those moments that defy the rationality of the conscious mind, as impossible to explain as why one loves this person and not that. From deep within, where the mind never rests, knowledge flowed, giving him

one of those brief, bright moments where everything 'clicks' and all is revealed in stunning simplicity, all the facts sorted and resolved by the nether reaches of the mind. Quite comfortably, illumination settled in his thick skull and he felt the skin on his face move with his smile. Saw Bodie's anger wander into muddled confusion. Felt his whole being shift, a tectonic plate, leaving one continent behind and coming into its own. The thought went through him, quite distinctly, with none of the usual flurried hysteria of new ideas, the very sedateness of his understanding telling him that this was what he had known, but not told himself, from time immemorial. It wouldn't be a matter of him going under to Bodie to force the bugger into something fierce and strong and enduring. It would be he letting Bodie do that very thing, he giving Bodie what Bodie was too scared to ask for. What Bodie was too scared to want. What Bodie needed to be 'forced' into, giving all the responsibilities for it over to someone else. Vulnerability, not dominance, then, was Bodie's secret vice, anathema to a Liverpudlian hard man. He stretched a little, Bodie's buttocks warm and £3£3£3 heavy, Bodie's eyes staring at him, and all the 27 while he could feel all the lifetime's worth of £3£3£3 imbalances and seekings find their spot, turn around and around and pronounce approval of the new order.

It didn't matter to him that the wordlessness had elongated to such lengths, for his hands rested quite contentedly on the reins. He let them stroke flatly across the delicate blackness of pubic hair, nails fingerpainting stripes of pleasure along the curve of Bodie's ribs, red roses blossoming over Bodie's nipples as fingers

"You want it, then, do you," Doyle murmured, lazy as summer on the river, not asking a question, simply stating a fact evidenced by the arching of Bodie's body and the gasp of shocked pleasure coming from him, his own words answering the frightening desire that was erupting in Bodie. "Lucky, that, cos it's what I want an' all. Want you, Bodie, want you screaming under me. Want to fuck you, an' I'm going to." Fingers closed on nipple, pulling, tenting Bodie's flesh. "Hard. An' often, as often as I feel like it. All I have to do is snap my fingers, isn't it, Bodie? Cos you'll be getting it exactly how you want it, too."

tugged at them.

The look in Bodie's eyes sent power thrilling through him, awakening all the impulses once wreathed into fantasy, settling the responsibilities evenly upon his shoulders, imagining Bodie belonging to him and liking the picture immensely, a stained-glass window in his soul. "Yeh," he said, not needing to whisper, wanting it all out where they could see it, no shame and no reluctance, "that's what we want, you and me. Two sides of the one coin, eh, Bodie?"

He took Bodie's hands, wrapped them around Bodie's cock, started them moving the way he liked to see Bodie do himself, shoving Bodie then until he was supine, Doyle enthroned over him, buttocks hot against the solid flatness of Bodie's belly. "Go on, do yourself. Remember how we started? You needing it that night we were on obbo, stuck in the car, you squirming about as if you'd sat on a fucking tack. An' me pretending to fall asleep so's you could have a wank and I could get to watch. Remember, Bodie?"

"Yeh." Bodie's hands were moving now, smoothing foreskin back and forth, each time able to cover ever less of the head, cock length-£3£3£3 ening and hardening under his hands and 28 Doyle's rapacious stare. "An' the first time you £3£3£3 let me see you do it, that night at HQ, waiting for Cowley to come back. Was dead hot and you said you were going to have a shower."

> "And I stripped for you. An' you wanked yourself silly while I was in the shower having a go. Well, we're going to do something new tonight, Bodie. I'm going to fuck you, whether you want me to or not. I'm going to take you and you're going to belong to me. You're going to kneel for me, Bodie, kneel for me and beg me to fuck you hard."

> Bodie's eyes were wide, pupils drowning out the sea of blue, gaze hanging onto Doyle for all he was worth. "Like Africa. Just like Africa all over again."

> "'Cept there won't be anyone else but me." The slap cracked around the room, echoing, the livid mark of Doyle's command standing out bright as the red hand of Ulster on Bodie's white belly. "D'you hear me, Bodie? Just you an' me, I won't have you buggering off with another bloke. Unless I tell you to and unless I'm watching."

> Bodie opened his mouth to speak, but a hand covered him, shutting him up, banking the

words inside, Doyle's fingers following them. Wet as a sucked cock, the fingers explored his face, closing Bodie's eyes with their touch, closing Bodie's senses to everything but the sound and feel of Doyle mastering him with such ruthless tenderness. "Don't want you to say anything, don't want you to think. Just feel, Bodie, feel what it's like to have someone else in control."

Face glistening, mouth gaping, hunger written large upon him, Bodie lay under Doyle, completely inert, responding with languorous preciseness wherever Doyle moved him. And Doyle watched him, experiencing not only his own body, but every sensation in Bodie, also. It was obviously such luxury for Bodie to give it all up, as he had before, but to do it in safety, with a man he could trust. It was up to Doyle to prove that he wasn't going to take advantage, to show that he wasn't laughing at him behind Bodie's closed eyes.

Doyle stared at him in rapt fascination, so attuned to Bodie that it was as if he could hear his thoughts, feel his pleasures, know his fears.

A hot mouth was on him, following in the path blazed by the wet fingers, tongue dipping into his mouth far too briefly, the scantest of kisses. Then he was shivering, uncontrollably, as limber tongue caressed his ear and warm breath set his nerves dancing and gambolling with delight. The old addiction made his belly hollow with need, physical manifestation of an emotional weakness he was too leery of confessing here in the real life of London, far away from the Daliesque melting of Africa. But the risks, letting someone in like this, letting someone see him exactly as he was, no machismo beneath the surface bravado, just a little man wanting to be led and pampered and cared for—balance for the cruelty and strength he was in his career. But when it came to his emotions, not an atom of machismo remained, and that was what terrified himbeyond endurance. Until Doyle...perhaps. Unless Doyle...

The mouth was back, sucking on him, a finger was pressing into his body, touching him inside where no one had dared since he'd come back from Africa and that touch was demanding response, demanding that he yield, that he offer that which Doyle considered to belong to him and him alone. No time, then, for philosophsizing, no time for serious consideration, only feelings, only

the moment, and to hell with the consequences. Let them be whatever they wanted to be, let whatever would happen, happen. CI5 could go take a flying fuck with the rest of the world, for all he cared. He had Doyle, and Doyle was at the helm, steering them both, just like his fostered dreams. Suddenly, the finger withdrew, then came back, bringing a friend with it and he was wonderfully stretched, gloriously stretched and he knew what was coming. He wriggled, trying to tell Doyle, trying to express with his body what his mouth was too busy to say. Harder, he wanted to scream, harder! Make it...

"Harder!" Doyle grinned as Bodie shouted it, perfect harmony with what he had seen on Bodie's face. "Like it hard, do you?" He really didn't need to ask, but he couldn't keep the words inside, needing to talk to Bodie. "That's good, cos that's how I like it as well. None of this pussyfooting we've been fat-arsing around with, eh, Bodie? Get on to the real thing now, can we, go at it like real men. Yeh, squirm when I shove my fingers up you." He scissored his fingers, spreading them, opening Bodie up, stretching him painfully wide. "Feel that? I've got you spread so wide your arse looks like a cunt, all pink and pretty. And waiting for me, isn't it? It's mine now, not yours, and I can do whatever the fuck I want to with it. Give it away, keep it all for me, plug it up when I'm not in it to make sure you don't forget who the boss is. Pity we don't have any tricks of the trade around here, though. You'll have to do something about that, Bodie, if you want to keep me happy."

Bodie's hands were dragged away from his cock, set to work on his nipples instead. Hungrily, Bodie obeyed him, keeping his eyes closed, listening to his heart's memory of Ray's face. "Pull on your tits, mate. Too flat for my taste, I like something I can sink my teeth in." Doyle laughed, sultrily, sexily, at the arching of Bodie's body as the words registered in Bodie's brain. Laughed again, as Bodie writhed, hands tugging at himself, arse pushing up to trap Doyle's fingers in deeper.

Doyle pulled himself free, Bodie's body slurping shut behind him. "Say it," he whispered, a satyr in the garden, leading the far from innocent farther astray. "Tell me what you want. Beg me, Bodie."

"Christ, Ray, don't fucking stop. Don't leave me empty..."

Fingers traced with cruel delicacy down Bodie's inner thigh, promising, promising. "This what you want? What we've been messing about with the last couple of months?"

"Shite, no. Want it hard. Want you to fuck me, Ray."

"You want any Tom, Dick or Harry to fuck you?"

"No, has to be you, mate. Has to be...Can't trust anyone else that much..."

The fingers were pressing harder now, skimming the sensitive line leading from tight-drawn balls to lonely arse. "Why not, Bodie? Why can't you let anyone but me do this to you? What's this all about, mate, that you can't even let someone else see you like this? Lots of blokes get fucked all the time."

"But they..."

The words dried up to desert, a sere wind cutting between the two men, bed becoming battlefield.

"Tell me."

"No."

"Tell me, Bodie."

"Can't."

"Yes, you can. Tell me!"

"Won't."

£3£3£3 29 £3£3£3

A silence so deep, a dropped stone couldn't cause a ripple. Doyle felt the strands beginning to unravel, felt Bodie retreat, shutting himself away, rebuilding the castlements that stopped the pair of them from ever getting beyond a relationship of congenial fucking. He watched as Bodie's face stilled, expression fading like dusk into the featureless night of the city sky. And the body grew still, too, arousal dimming, becoming limp and flaccid, all the tension drained and strangled by fraught emotions. Fear muddied everything. For Bodie, not for Doyle. Doyle's fear cast a harsh glare of clarity on what they had and how little that would become in a matter of a few years. If he couldn't force Bodie into honesty, if he couldn't bare the secrets and let the darker desires bond them long enough for them to really trust...then love would lie fallow, seed cast upon the proverbial stony ground. And he was having none of that.

Roughly, angrily, he tipped Bodie over onto his belly, positioning him in the humiliating

posture of a boy, not a man. Over his knees, he wanted him, and he pulled and hauled until Bodie landed across him, Bodie's cock trapped between Doyle's thighs, his own cock digging into the vulnerability of Bodie's belly. Blue eyes glowered up at him with the cutting edge of sapphire, but Doyle grabbed hold of silken black hair and shoved, forcing Bodie to face forward into the icefloe of the bedding. It was an incredible feeling, being so much in command, feeling so much the man, with his bigger and heavier partner ensnared. He raised his hand, pausing, holding it on high, waiting, waiting, spinning the moment out until it was as fine and brittle as decorative sugar and then what his subconscious had been waiting forhappened.

"For fuck's sake, Ray, do it!"

An explosion in his chest, a great upwelling of feeling: love, tenderness, dominance, a huge knot of cherishing desire at this eruption of need from Bodie. It was what he had wanted, what they had both needed, acknowledgement of the unique layer that Bodie and he could share to make them both whole, and one, forging them **30** together on this particular anvil. Doyle brought £3£3£3 his hand down, a stinging pain shooting up his arm as the pleasure from it shot through Bodie, flashflooding all the way to Bodie's cock, springing there, rising, between not Bodie's legs, but Doyle's, where Ray held Bodie's manhood in the ultimate trust. With every cracking slap of his hand, rose-red bloomed on Bodie's white arse and the rose-red delight of arousal bloomed between Doyle's legs, the hard fact of Bodie's willing submission.

The light dappled on them as if they were painted by Renoir, but the only art Doyle cared for was the exquisite stroke of his hand, painting red pleasure on Bodie's arse, painting the most sensuous impressions of ecstasy through every vein of his body. Doyle was so alive, it was dizzying. Every corpuscle was awake and feeling pleasure, his nipples tingling as though a wet, wet mouth was sucking them, his cock tight and hot, pressing into Bodie as he could feel Bodie pressing into him. It was almost as if he had two cocks, his own, with its familiar, tightcoiled pleasure, and Bodie's clenched between his thighs where his own usually snaked. Two cocks, both hard and haughty, both filled to

overflowing with lifeseed, both a multiplicity of pleasured nerves.

But he didn't want to come like this, joined only by skin on skin and sweet hardness on muscle. He wanted to be in Bodie, wanted to be part of him, take him, own him, win him to have and to hold forever... Wanted to feel the buttersoft flesh melt before him, letting the hardness of his cock cut through it, parting Bodie, splitting him in half with only Doyle able to put him back together again, Bodie useless without him, Bodie needing him forever, a place where Bodie could finally belong and put an end to the gypsy wanderings that had begun their scarring tattoos long ago when he was only a frightened, underfed child.

Roughly, he shoved Bodie off, grinning in feral sympathy as Bodie plunged against the sheets, rubbing so hard, so terribly hard that it had to hurt beautifully. One hand on the arse over which he claimed dominion, Doyle scrabbled about in the bedside cabinet, grabbing the tube that had only ever been used to make himself slippery and accommodating for Bodie. Now, he was going to make it serve as it would serve best this night: he'd use it to mark Bodie's submission to him, physical and emotional. Shaking fingers fumbled the cap, but then the crystal-clear gel was dripping onto his fingers like a cascade of diamonds, all bright and shining, drawing his eyes to the glitter, the shine of it tantalising, making him starve for the aching pleasure of seeing Bodie's flesh glimmer so, ready for him. Wet for him, open for him, as hungry for him as he was for Bodie.

Bodie was suddenly very still as the trembling hands touched him, was utterly motionless as he felt the slickness smoothed onto his skin, covering his buttocks with a sheen of light, massaging him with proprietorial strength, fingers tracing the outline of the spanking that lingered there. Then the fingers were rimming him, dipping into him, forcing him to open his heart even as he opened his body.

"Oh, Christ, Ray," he muttered, everything but the names of deities fled from his mind, "oh, God..."

The abject desperation in that voice steadied Doyle's hands, suffusing him with a profound confidence. "Like that, do you?" he whispered, kneeling over until his breath disturbed the

hairs on Bodie's nape. "More where that comes from, mate. Got a lovely big prick waiting for you, and you're going to take it, aren't you? I'm going to fuck you, I'm going to own you and you wouldn't have it any other way, would you? All you want is me, in you, isn't it, Bodie? Nothing but you and me, me up you, you under me, flat on your belly."

He spread Bodie's legs, reaching between to grab hold of Bodie's cock to pull it down where he could see it, a painful purple, weeping from frustration. The balls were small, tight ovals, drawn so high he could barely see them in the shadow cast by Bodie's body, quivering with every pant of breathless excitement Bodie took. Doyle loomed over him, loving the hoarse obscenities guttering from Bodie, pressing forward, downward, the head of his cock shoving into the mouth of Bodie's arse, the tight ring of muscle biting down on him, sucking at him, and then Bodie was pushing out, relaxing, just a fraction, enough to make the entry possible, abruptly tightening, enough to make it hurt.

Ruthless with love, Doyle responded, ramming home, thrusting in with one long, viperish strike, plunging into the heated darkness. He heard himself shout, heard Bodie echo him, felt Bodie shudder as the sheer enormity of being fucked overwhelmed him, making him come, orgasm blinding through him, whole body shuddering, arse clenching and milking Doyle.

Doyle held very still, biting his lower lip bloody, frantically holding onto his control by sheer force, waiting until the racking tremors had ceased and Bodie was once more still beneath him. Then, and only then, did he begin to move, fucking Bodie hard, his body shouting his message that Bodie was his, to be done with as Doyle pleased. Harder he thrust, spine almost cracking with the strength of it, muscles rippling and bunching in the dance of passion. There was nothing in the world except himself and Bodie under him, Bodie yielding, Bodie giving him his pleasure, Bodie giving him his power.

The cum was rising in him, filling his belly, plundering through him, stealing all awareness from him until all that remained was the pleasure, flooding him, flooding from him, a damburst. The cum shot free of him, into Bodie to chain him to Doyle, the liquid life reaching all the way up to kiss his heart.

And then it was over, the cataclysm, replaced by the lingering warmth, emotions running together even as his cum seeped from Bodie's body to mingle together with Bodie's cum where it lay, pooled, upon the bed. For a long time, the two men lay tangled together, with lazy kisses lavishing benedictions upon the pallid beauty of Bodie's neck and even lazier wriggles and squeezes holding Doyle within, where Bodie needed him. Where neither of them could envision him never again being...

Words had never been their strong point, discussion reserved for matters pertaining to the job and nothing else. It just wasn't the their way to talk about feelings and longings and hopes, not for two men of their age and background. So they left it all unsaid by the mere paucity of words, and allowed the moment to cement £3£3£3 around them. Eventually, Doyle slipped free of 31 Bodie's reluctant body, both of them moving with £3£3£3 languid ease until they were comfortably cradled and cradling, hands moving in slowly restless caresses, all unwilling to let the feelings go. No words, perhaps, but then, words would have only scuttled the communication.

He wondered if Robin Day would appreciate him writing to thank him and the rest of the *Panorama* team for giving him that first insight, the edge he had used to wedge open Bodie's barriers.

He touched, briefly, the tender spot where his body had been joined to Bodie, where their union had had its physical manifestation. A good beginning, something they could build on, for there was no foundation stronger than love and that was what they had each one of them unleashed tonight.