







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 lengthening and hardening under his hands and Doyle’s rapacious stare. “An’ the first time you 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 bugging 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 him beyond 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 philosophizing, no time for serious consideration, only feelings, only*





