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Bodie pulled back, letting Doyle calm down a little, then he put three fingers into him, stabbing him, fucking him like that, until the hole was loose and ready, sucking at him, Doyle clutching at him as he pulled free.

"Ready?" he asked, Doyle's legs over his shoulders, his own cock poised at Ray's arsehole, the slickness irresistible.

Doyle pushed up, and the first inch of Bodie's cock went into him, then all of him, as Bodie thrust hard, going straight in, hands braced on either side of Doyle's head, Bodie's belly hard against Doyle's cock and balls, Bodie's cock hard inside Doyle's body. Bodie pounded into him, Doyle meeting every thrust, the two of them finding the right rhythm, pleasure spiralling. Doyle's hands were urging Bodie down, his cock finding a deeper angle as Doyle's open mouth met his, as Doyle's tongue claimed his mouth, and they kissed for the first time, their chest and bellies pressed together, Doyle's hot seed splashing, making them slick, Bodie's cock sliding in and out of his arse with ferocious passion, until his whole body stiffened, and he spilled

himself inside Doyle.

Then there was silence, only the sounds of their breathing, and flesh slipping from flesh, and two people becoming separate once more.

Bodie lay beside Ray on the bed, as he had done when Ray had come home from hospital, as he had done when he himself had come home from his sojourn with the bedpans. They weren't touching now, as they hadn't touched then, and the doubts began, chilling him. Maybe the gun didn't mean anything. Perhaps Ray had simply left it behind because he was off duty for the day. Perhaps he was going to put it back on the minute he got back to London and the old life, and this was going to be a one-off, a temporary giving-way to temptation.

Or maybe it was pity. That fucking postcard! Christ, what if Ray were here out of pity? He wouldn't put up with that, would sooner watch him walk away than have it be that.

"Ray?" he asked, softly, almost fearful of bringing speech in to disturb this fragile silence between them.

But Doyle said nothing, and Bodie lay beside him alone, waiting for the moment when he would hear Ray get up and dress and leave.

The bed dipped, and he thought to himself, this is it. He's getting up, he's leaving.

Then he felt Ray close beside him, sensed Doyle leaning over him. Felt the kiss pressed to his mouth.

And knew that this was never going to end.