









creepy-crawlies couldn't get him. But he'd settle for burying. Only fair, since that was what he'd done to Doyle.

The gun was warm and round and phallic in his mouth, the trigger crooning to him, seductive voice of escape, enticing voice of oblivion.

The ultimate pain-killer.

His finger trembled, faintly, as it never had before, not on the trigger of a gun. But this time, there was a tremor there, as his eyelids flickered, as the tears he had never in his life spilled flickered and threatened to fall.

A deep breath, and with it, the serenity of knowing it would be his last.

His fingers tightened.

His body slumped.

HE SHUT THE DOOR VERY QUIETLY BEHIND HIM, disturbing not so much as the staleness of the air. The stain on the carpet was untouched, the chaos still scattered underfoot. Polished shoes shining, he picked his way through the miserable debris, heading instinctively for the bedroom. He knew, had perhaps known even before Bodie had walked out of his sight, that he would find him here.

And how he would find him.

His face falling older and more haggard as he saw no more than he expected, Cowley turned away to begin the processing of death all over again.

*for Weed from Bill and Ben*