

# CYLINDERS

*From two to three dimensions: the circle made solid.  
Hardness. Expansion. Maleness.  
Cylinders of love and lust.*



*With a cylinder so easily made a symbol for a phallus, this last major section cannot help but focus on lust primarily, with love thrown in almost as an afterthought. All four stories come from the pen of the Glaswegian and all four are Professionals tales. Not a Professionals fan? Oh, do not depart! Let this section educate you. We begin with “Not Fit For Family Viewing,” a Pros primer for the unenlightened. Have a giggle finding all the British euphemisms for that most important of activities. Carefully note the terminal randiness of the protagonists and their extended confinement in an enclosed space. The result, of course, is what is expected...plus the Glaswegian’s usual slight twist.*

*Move next to the humorous “Sticky Wickets.” This is the first in a series of stories with sports themes. “Sticky Wickets” bases the Pros relationship on a foundation of lust and also gives an answer to a question many have asked. What question? Well, read the tale...*

*Lust also figures mightily into “On Heat”—both title and inspiration stolen from Sebastian’s story of the same name. “On Heat” asks if lust can be deliberately turned into love.*

*The final story is both funny and serious. “Nor the Leopard His Spots” explores the truth of Doyle’s basic nature in a most unexpected setting...*

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## NOT FIT FOR FAMILY VIEWING EMMA SCOT

*The old woman stood back in the shadows, unwilling to risk being seen or heard. The despair she saw on the smaller man’s face tore at her heart and she wondered if the wetness glistening in the half-light was only the rain.*

WITH UNWARRANTED VICIOUSNESS, BODIE SWITCHED THE TELEVISION OFF, THE BLACK AND WHITE PICTURE FADING INTO A SMALL WHITE DOT AT THE CENTRE OF THE SCREEN, BEFORE THE OLD WOMAN COULD REVEAL HERSELF TO THE HUSBAND AND SON WHO THOUGHT HER KILLED IN FRANCE. “Christ, if I have to sit through another bloody ‘Film for a Sunday Afternoon’, I’ll fucking-well *scream.*”

“Should try reading, then, shouldn’t you?”

“Oh, that’s smart, that is. Read what? *Old Radio Times? The Sunday Supplement? Toad of Toad’s Hall?*”

“There’s a Sartre over on the top shelf.” Very mild, that tone of voice, and that was enough to warn off even the most unwary. But Bodie considered himself exempt from his partner’s temper and anyway, when he was in high dudgeon, not even Cowley himself could hold him in check.

“Sartre? Sartre!” he yelled, the volume satisfyingly loud even to his own ears. “You expect me to read some poncey Frenchman who



it's Lucas and McCabe out there, before Smurph and Jax get back from Town and put two and two together and make a video nasty of us having a leg over. C'mon, we're both walking cross-legged, and where's the harm in a bit of the greens, eh? Let's go to bed."

Stoic, Bodie withstood the temptation. Stiff upper lip and all that. Pity that there were other bits of him just as bloody stiff as well, wasn't it? But he could do it, he could resist. Wasn't as if he was a poof, was it? Then Doyle went and did it. The flat wetness of his tongue laved from the nape of Bodie's neck to the lobe of his ear; then the pointed tip darted inside, cool breath trembling behind.

Bodie heard himself groan. He swayed, a little, but it was enough to plaster his back to Doyle's front. Then busy hands were on his front, pulling his shirt out of the way, palming his nipples into mountainous peaks of pleasure, rippling across the plains of his belly to dig into the valley of his groin. He heard his zip come undone, the racket devastatingly loud over the sound of their breath, but he drowned it all out with his groan as knowing fingers eased him free of Y-fronts and cords, strong grip pulling foreskin back, narrow fingertip teasing the cleft of his cockhead.

"Still just saying no, then, are we?" the wicked whisper murmured in his left ear. "Or have you seen sense and finally started thinking with your balls?"

Bodie didn't even bother attempting words, turning round to grab Doyle, his mouth raging with passion against Doyle, kissing him breathless. But not, fortunately, witless.

"Well, c'mon on then, if you're coming," he sniggered. "Can't be having a crotch ripper right in the window for every terrorist in the world to see, can we though? Bed, Bodie."

So Bodie took Doyle off to bed, retaining enough semblance of control to wait until they were in the bedroom before ripping the seductive little bugger's clothes off him. Bodie picked him up bodily and threw him onto the bed, the flowers of the counterpane flouncing under him as the massive bed bounced.

"You look like a fucking satyr in a woodland, lying on that bedspread like that," he said, shedding his own clothes all higgledy-piggledy onto the Persian carpet. "All you need is horns."

"Already got one," came the instant rejoinder, complete with filthy chuckle. "Going to blow it for me?"

One knee on the bed, Bodie paused before clambering in. "Nah. 'M gonna fuck you."

The very motes of dust in the air stopped dancing, making the sunlight look still as a fairytale. Bodie and Doyle stared at each other, frozen by the intent. Fucking. It was the one thing they hadn't actually done yet. The one thing that would make it impossible for either of them to pretend that this was nothing more than casual sex when there was nothing else available. If they did it, they'd never be able to claim it was just a way of having company for your right hand—would they? Would never be able to think of it as nothing more than a sophisticated wank. So they both held their breaths, as the possibilities and pitfalls rode Clydesdales through their minds.

And then Doyle grinned, and the decision was made, so easy and smooth, the way their friendship had finally become. "Better get some cream, then, mate, 'cos if you think I'm goin' to let that big prick of yours up my delicate arse with nothing more than a bit of spit to make it easy, then you've got another think coming. Well, go on, then. Don't stand there catching fish. Saw some Vaseline in the loo last night. Should do the trick nicely."

It certainly did. Much, much later, sweaty and sticky and as pleased as punch with himself, Bodie lay grinning on top of the much-abused counterpane, absently rubbing the excess of Vaseline into an already glistening arse. His other hand was tangled in curls, fingertips tracing idly every nuance of Doyle's skull, getting to know him top to bottom. There were occasional, sleepy kisses pressed into his collarbone from Doyle's parted lips, and every time he felt that sweetness, he'd turn his head slightly to drop a kiss of his own amongst the twist of Doyle's curls.

The afternoon sun gradually faded into the rosy bloom of dusk, and they still lay there, Doyle drowsing, Bodie holding him close. His thoughts turned to his earlier anxieties, and he pondered them whilst he soothed Doyle's aching back with long, affectionate swaths of his hand.

Nothing wrong with lying here like this, was there?

Wasn't as if he was queer or anything.

Was it?