



























the same thoughts, mind chewing over the problem of how to make sure that Bodie didn't get any stupid ideas about leaving, or ignoring this, or pretending that it didn't mean anything. If the stupid bugger so much as mentioned this being just for fun, he'd kill the sod. Slowly, and imaginatively. But for now... His thumb traced the elegant arch of Bodie's collarbone, followed it to the hollow of his throat. Which simply could not be resisted. Barely needing to move, Ray leaned forward and kissed Bodie there, quite, quite tenderly. And when Bodie didn't hit him, he kissed him again, a little higher, and then higher still, again and again, small, tender kisses, until he was kissing all around Bodie's mouth, and Bodie's arms were clutching him tightly, and Bodie's mouth was open, and Bodie was kissing him with a fierceness of emotion that neither one of them was quite willing, as yet, to name. Although they both knew it for what it was, knew it and welcomed it, even as they feared the vulnerability it brought. But that was something to talk about later, when they had had their fill of kissing and holding and sex.

Spread eagled across Bodie's body, Doyle arched

his back and rubbed their cocks together, and Bodie sucked his nipples and kneaded his arse, finger promising where his cock was going to go. "Bed," Doyle said hoarsely, pulling himself away, reaching down to grab Bodie by the hand and pull him to his feet. "Begging for trouble, doing it amongst all this stuff," meaning the spilled nails and screws and stacked dividers surrounding them, "and the only screw I want in me," he took Bodie's cock between his hands, thumbs pulling the foreskin back, his own cock kissing the exposed head, "is this one. So come on then, into the bedroom, where you can fuck me properly."

Bodie turned Doyle around, giving him a shove in the right direction so that he could follow along behind, eyes glued to the aforementioned behind of his choice, cock swelling in anticipation of being buried in that luscious construction. "Tell you something for nothing, though, Ray," he said, unable to resist reaching out to grab what was soon going to be his.

"Oh yeh?" Doyle, looking over his shoulder at Bodie, sun setting through the window gilding his skin. "And what does Confucius say then?"

"You and me doing this together—beats the hell out of Doing It Yourself."