

T A L L I S
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The air was heavy and grey in the early dawn, that period of limbo between night and morning when there are no shadows, no colors, only shades of grey on grey. In the distance could be heard the rumblings of lorries and the rattle and squeak of a milk-float. The always present smell of diesel was dampened, held in check by the heavy cold of the early hour. The slick sidewalks held almost no human traffic this early, only the sounds of the monster city lumbering awake for yet another day of the abuse and indignities heaped upon it by these frail, fleeting humans.

Two men got out of the parked car, stretching and talking softly. The tall, dark-haired man yawned as he watched his smiling partner walk round the car towards him.

“C’mon,” laughed Doyle, “no one’ll see us. We’ve got near on half an hour before Murph and Anson relieve us. Plenty of time, laddie,” he cackled maliciously, his breath sputtering white in the cold air.

Bodie cocked an eyebrow in contemplation, gave Doyle a quick appraisal, head to...head and, quite liking his partner’s wicked little plan, shuffled him into the dim, narrow alley, past the dust bins and into the recess of a door. The brick entryway was damp and almost private, just public enough to add to the thrill of a quick one but not enough to really risk the consequences of being seen from the street by a passerby, or, god forbid, another CI5 agent.

Doyle lithely pressed Bodie against the wall and started to snake his hands up underneath

Bodie’s multitudinous layers of anorak, jersey and shirt as he nipped at an earlobe. Bodie let out a startled yelp. “Oi, mate! Your hands are bleedin’ freezin’!”

“Just tryin’ to warm ’em up so you don’t go all limp on me at an inopportune moment,” Doyle grinned.

“Oof, get on with it, then.”

Doyle slid agile hands round and deftly unbuckled, unbuttoned and unzipped in one fluid movement. His warmed hand reached in to rub Bodie’s quickly hardening cock, sending a jolt of intense desire through the other man’s body. Feasting on the fire spreading rapidly through his veins, Bodie let out a sigh of soft pleasure as Doyle slipped the cock from the confines of clothing and massaged the hard, warm flesh.

“Hey, you just goin’ to sit back and moan or are you goin’ to do a bit of reciprocatin’ ’ere, mate?” Doyle muttered with a grin between soft nips along Bodie’s stubbled cheek and chin.

In response, Bodie ran his thumb from Doyle’s belt buckle down along the zip and over the growing bulge in his trousers, exerting enough pressure to garner a satisfied “mmmph” from his partner. He undid the fastenings and with a swiftness that caught Doyle off guard, pulled trousers and pants down past Doyle’s knees and lurched him around so that Doyle was pressed face against the damp, stone wall. Doyle gasped as the force of the cold hit his exposed extremities and his arms were twisted behind his back and held in the strong grip of Bodie’s hand. His legs were

something more meaningful, something more intrinsic to his life. But he had to keep the upper hand, he reminded himself, keep in control. To show weakness was to lose an equal amount of control and he had to have that: control of his life, of his emotions, of his passions.

“Too involved? Look mate, it’s none of your business how involved it gets,” Doyle said from the doorway.

“But it *is* my business, lover.” Bodie said harshly as he grabbed Doyle’s arm and started to propel him into the sitting room. “When you decide to dump me for some cold bitch, then it becomes my business.” His business to keep Doyle from making the biggest mistake of his life. His business to keep Doyle.

“You bastard,” Doyle growled and tried to pull away as Bodie manhandled him. “Where do you get off callin’ ’er a bitch? And what the bloody ’ell do you think you’re doin’? I told you I’m on my way out. Gerroff!”

Bodie released him, but he stayed his ground, unmoving, a mountain of strength Doyle would have to battle to get past. “I don’t give a fuck what your plans are, you’re going to listen to me *now*,” Bodie said darkly. “She’s a cold bitch and she’s all wrong for you.” And now, he thought, is our moment of truth, our reckoning. He knew then precisely where this conversation was leading, inexorably and inevitably: it was what they had become.

“Oh, and you’re all perfect for me, eh?” Doyle sparked, looking at the smoldering fire behind Bodie’s eyes and wondering what the hell was going on.

“Yeah, I am, sweetheart. I know you. I understand what motivates you, what gets you going. She doesn’t.”

“Oh, come off it, Bodie. It’s different with Ann.”

“Oh, I’m sure it is.”

“Look, I’ve got to go,” Doyle sighed. His voice had lost its belligerence, the tones sliding out smoothly, patiently, as if to calm an unreasoning child, a petulant Bodie. the muscles of his body, too, relaxed; he seemed about to step around Bodie.

“*No!*” Bodie thundered, moving towards him. Doyle looked startled, perhaps unbelieving, as Bodie pushed him onto the settee. He was even more startled when Bodie straddled him, hands on Doyle’s shoulders, one knee on the settee, the

other between Doyle’s legs, pressing firmly into his balls.

Not wanting a scene, not wanting to provoke Bodie further, he fought to remain calm, to not react to Bodie’s aggression. He sat open-mouthed, awed by Bodie’s anger and the sexual urgency suddenly rippling through him as the pressure on his genitals continued. But as hard as he tried, the instinct to resist, to fight back, swept through him and he attempted to throw Bodie off with a swift upsurge of strength. Bodie had him too well pinioned and the almost agonizing pressure of the knee in his balls stilled him momentarily.

“Come on, Ray, fight me,” Bodie taunted, shifting to put more weight on his upstart captive. Doyle tensed, trying to break the firm hold on his shoulders. “That’s it, sunshine,” he rasped, heartbeat surging, “struggle.” Bodie’s cock began to fill with the urgent coursing of blood as Doyle angrily twisted under him. “Ohh yeahh, show me how big and tough you are.” He smiled a thin, humorless smile.

Suddenly, Doyle slumped back into the cushions, all physical resistance gone. “No, Bodie,” he glared furiously. “Say what you fucking well have to say and then get the *fuck* out of here.” He kept his voice dangerously even, deceptively calm.

Bodie eyed him for a moment. He realized angrily and grudgingly that having Doyle had become akin to breathing. Bodie needed him now to keep on living in the most fundamental way. And he was not going to let Ray go.

“You can’t do this, Ray. You can’t do this to us.” Anguish and threat mixed in his tone.

Doyle narrowed his eyes. “It’ll work out,” he said purposefully misunderstanding. “When we get this thing with her father cleared up, I’ll talk to the Cow about the suspension. We’ll be back on the streets in no time, mate.” And he shook his head, as if *that* would clear up their situation, as if that could negate his body’s betrayal.

“Do you honestly think she’s going to let you keep on at CI5?” Bodie asked acidly, running his thumb along Doyle’s jawline.. “Come on, Ray, she hates what we do. You said yourself she doesn’t like *our kind*.” He glared at the man under him, daring him to contradict. “She thinks we run around all day shooting at villains,” he continued, one hand absently stroking the curve of Doyle’s neck. “And the hours. You think she’s goin’ to adjust to you always being on duty? To being on

