





"Oh, very nice." Bodie slid the fingers of his right hand into the slit. Wilson jerked and protested, and the two agents exchanged slow smiles. "You keep fit. Stuck behind a steering wheel most of the day, but you still keep fit." He stroked and kneaded, and Wilson showed no signs of getting used to this, of summoning a workable frame of mind. "Still got the tan, too, from that fortnight in Tenerife. Yeah, you're the best we've seen in a long time."

"Thought you wanted to get started." Doyle was teasing. He had the first knife again, now, and was rubbing the handle between his palms as if warming it. "Stop feeling him up, and give me room to work. Eh?" He moved around to the right side of the chair, opposite Bodie, and knelt up with the knife in his left hand, ready for the sweep from knee to groin. Bodie took a grip on the denim, held the slit open.

Wilson was giving small, hoarse near-screams. Bodie glanced up. "Hey, he's really shaking his head. Looking forward to it, I'd say."

"s what I like to hear." The knife went in just above the knee, came out after three inches. Then a thorough inspection, Doyle opening it to the full depth—about a quarter of an inch—while Bodie gazed down, breath now fast and loud. "Ah, *now* he feels it. Takes a few seconds, doesn't it, Terry?"

"God, Ray, you're good." On a breath, with a note of awe close to pain.

Doyle withdrew his hands, pressed the bloody fingertips briefly to Bodie's lips. Bodie groaned and his eyes sank closed for several seconds. "Next one'll be even better. Your favourite. Look. I can take it along this vein right up to here." A fingertip traced a curving path to within an inch of the groin. Wilson yelped, then when the knife was raised again, he started shaking his head frantically, pushing out a strangled shout with each shake. This time both agents looked at him: Doyle with curiosity, Bodie with growing impatience. "Huh." Doyle. "You'd think he was trying to tell us something."

"Just wants attention if you ask me."

"Must be. 'cos I told him what to do, didn't I?"

"Well, I heard you. And you weren't even speaking to me."

Doyle nodded, and they bent again to the thigh. Knife raised... But now Wilson's body was rocking backwards and forwards against the restraints.

Bodie looked up, then gave a sharp sigh. "Ray. He's nodding."

"No!" Doyle turned to check, then slumped. "Bastard. Terry..." A slow, disappointed shake of the head. "I thought you were one of us. Bodie?" Bodie stood and

went behind Wilson's head to unfasten the belt. At his signal, Doyle reached under the chair to start the tape recorder, and in the next second Wilson was giving them everything they'd asked for, and more. He talked for a good five minutes with pauses only to draw breath, looking straight up at the ceiling, not at them, not at his leg. When he stopped it was sudden, and he slumped forward, eyes closed. Doyle switched off the tape recorder, picked it up, and they left the room without speaking.

Still without speaking, they entered a room two doors along the corridor—another cell, this one with a hard, narrow bed. Doyle dealt with the door—shutting and securing the observation window, and turning the locks—and by the time he was finished Bodie was already in his position at the end of the bed: on his back, legs folded up to his chest, clothing hobbling his knees. Far from comfortable, but this never took long. Doyle lubricated himself with saliva and blood, and pushed in very slowly, holding his breath as he waited to discover how Bodie would be this time. Quiet? Or frantic? Or something altogether new?

Quiet. His most quiet. Not a sound throughout the steady, relentless penetration. Once it was complete, Doyle finally raised his head and sought Bodie's face, and found it turned to the wall, with eyes tight closed. It looked like pain, like desperate denial, and it was only from experience that Doyle knew otherwise. For some time Doyle had suspected that if Bodie was ever going to come from the fucking, then it would be during one of the quiet times. But it was not today, and maybe that meant that Doyle should accept that it would be never. Possibly just as well—he'd miss the ache in his jaws, the taste in his mouth, he knew he would.

They didn't linger afterwards. They never did. Crazy they might be, but not stupid. But there was always time for a kiss by the door. When they drew apart, Bodie turned and reached for the first lock, but Doyle pulled him back, not yet willing to relinquish control.

"Each time, I find I've forgotten how good you are." Bodie looked self-conscious, a sign that they were heading up to the surface, back to the ordinary world. "You make yourself so tight, as if it really had been months. Do your other men appreciate it, what you do to make them think they're the only one?" Now Bodie was blushing, head turned again towards the wall. Doyle wouldn't accept that as an answer, and the whisper in Bodie's ear was fierce. "Do they, Bodie?"

Two rapid blinks, a swallow, and Bodie was recovered, and his smile all wicked charm. "Why're you so sure you're not, eh? Reckon I could do better?"

“Reckon you’ve never known when you’re well off. Hmm.” A long, considering look—and Bodie was still grinning at him. “Of course, it’s not your place to make an approach outright—”

“No, Ray. Of course.” Mock-serious, now. Doyle wanted to take him back to the bed immediately.

“—but we both know you could have done more to tell me that you were available.”

“But everyone on the squad knows semaphore. A secret handshake?”

“When we’ve finished with this—” Doyle pointed to the tape-recorder, which was on the floor to the left of

the door. “—you’re coming home with me. I don’t care how late it is. If you’re claiming I’m the only one, it’s time you learned what that means.” He saw Bodie’s body jerk, heard the roughened breathing—more reaction than he’d got during the fucking.

“Hope it means you’ve got some plasters. I know I’m out.”

“Enough for what you’ll need. Now you can unlock the door.” Bodie looked at him, eyes intense, mouth opening—then nodded sharply and turned to deal with the locks. Doyle bent down to pick up the tape recorder, and within a minute they were back to work.

