

Technique

By Helen Raven

They'd found Terry Wilson in his local, where he was being very generous with his earnings from the latest run to the continent. Ill-gotten? The proof wasn't overwhelming, but he went to all the right places, and he knew all the wrong people - and in CI5's experience, this was more than enough to make him worth talking to.

It was gone eleven when he left the pub, which meant that Bodie and Doyle had been waiting for him for more than two hours. They'd had other plans for the evening, and had their doubts that Wilson would be an adequate substitute.

"Well, he's left on his own," Bodie said. "Give him some credit for making our job easier?"

"What? Credit as in go easy on him? Been reading you wrong all day, then."

Bodie shrugged. "Get a proper look at him first. Decide how to play it."

Their first chance for a proper look was half an hour later, in one of the smaller rooms in CI5's basement. They stood some ten feet from the man, side-by-side, expressionless, waiting during the time it took for Wilson to give up on indignation and settle on a defiant stare. You could tell that he wasn't entirely surprised to be here - he'd planned for this, prepared himself. Refreshing to be dealing with a professional, to be spared the usual bluster and self-delusion.

What would work best? Always the most important issue. Wilson was tough, bright in his way, but not experienced. A greedy youngster who wanted everything now. They'd seen his type before - had no shortage of proven techniques.

"Reckon you'd been reading me right all along." Bodie hadn't needed to look at Doyle. They knew each other very, very well.

"Knew it. Best yet, if you ask me." Doyle ambled towards the bound man.

A doubtful sound from Bodie, who had stayed back. "Can't tell yet. Not that simple, is it?"

The smile that Doyle turned on his partner was warm, affectionate. "You know you haven't got my experience. *I* can tell."

"Yeah, hard man. Your little friend's this close to wearing me down by pure boredom."

Poor Wilson: prepared for anything except their uncomplicated laughter. "That's good, Terry." Doyle always took the lead in these sessions - it was natural and right. "I like you. We both like you. And that's important, isn't it?"

"Oh, yeah." Bodie's tone was too fervent, his gleaming gaze too intent. You could see the flicker of Wilson's thoughts, the scramble to second-guess this pair. Failure, presumably, as the old defiant stare reappeared.

"Yeah, can't be just anyone. I had a feeling about you right from the start. So I came prepared." The knife was out. Doyle loved his own speed. Always had. And he didn't

have to look to know that Bodie's erection would be visible by now. For himself, the pleasure was still (just) at the intellectual stage.

"Oh, y're one of those." A very creditable boredom. This lad would go far.

"Wrong, sunshine." Bodie had come close, was standing by Doyle's knife-hand. "Two of those."

"Yeah. Different kinds of 'those', maybe, but not in any way that'll matter to you, Terry." To Bodie: "Ready?"

"Ready." Relaxed, smiling, and in unison, they came to within a foot of the chair.

"You know your knives, don't you, Terry? But you've never been this close to one this sharp. Look." On Doyle's last word, Bodie stretched his left arm out in front of Doyle's body, the palm turned to face Wilson. Doyle switched the knife to his left hand - loving his equal skill with both even more than his speed - supported Bodie's wrist with his right, and laid a cut quickly and precisely through the meat of Bodie's thumb and right to the thumb-tip. Bodie's only reaction was a flutter of eyelashes, and the other men were not watching his eyes. Even before he lowered his hand, the blood was dripping onto the floor.

Wilson was already lost, though he didn't yet know it. Nothing in his planning had prepared him for this. They smiled at him, their smiles now thoroughly complicated.

"You're thinking, aren't you?" Doyle. The one who controlled. "We can see exactly what you're thinking. And you don't even know the whole of it yet." He sheathed the knife, then turned to Bodie, and lifted the hand. Slowly, he explored the wound, displaying it to Wilson while - this time - Bodie made small flinching movements.

"Fucking maniacs." A helpless, involuntary mutter. Poor, poor Wilson. A fair guess that a good proportion of his brain was screaming at him that he was English! In England! This wasn't... really... happening.

Doyle's policy was to ignore everything until the confession. He stroked the wound closed, but kept Bodie's hand in his as he raised his eyes to his partner's face. "Think about this, Terry. I've known this man for seven years, and I love him more than my life. But you... An hour at most, and you're not making me laugh like you did at first." Now he turned his head to Wilson, expression all bright curiosity. "Are you thinking?"

"Ray. Ray, he's thinking. Let's get started." Bodie's voice was hoarse with longing.

"Self-control, my friend. Do you remember me explaining about self-control?" Unfair of him to put his hand to Bodie's groin then. Most unfair. From Bodie's groan, you'd think he was the one under interrogation. These moments aroused Doyle more than anything else these days - eventually, no doubt, all his appreciation of sex would have to be channelled through Bodie first.

"Shit. Fucking shit." A whisper under Bodie's groan. Oh, don't say they'd overestimated Wilson. He couldn't be that close, could he?

Doyle stepped back from his partner then gave a light touch to his arm. "Where do we start then? I'll let you name."

"Thigh."

A pursing of the lips, then a slow, thoughtful nod. "You weren't kidding about going easy on him. I wonder about you sometimes. Up to doing the belt?"

"Yeah. No problem." Bodie wiped his left hand on his cords - black, not to show the stains - and was quick and efficient about removing the belt from Wilson's jeans and turning it into a gag. Doyle, kneeling before the bound and parted legs, watched throughout, his appreciation obvious.

"You want to talk to us, Terry, just nod. OK? Any time. But right now you'd be best to keep still." Doyle had a second knife - the ripper. He started the cut in the fold of denim at Wilson's left knee, then brought it along the length of the inner thigh, just above the seam, in one smooth, continuous movement. He'd had a lot of practice at this, and had never cut Bodie, not even a scratch. Wilson was rigid, staring down with wide, disbelieving eyes.

"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 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.