Slaking a Thirst

by Hambel

Summary

The end of a good day's work. None of the good guys died today.

Doyle brings the Capri smoothly to a halt outside the Victorian building that has long since been converted into flats. He strums his fingers on the steering wheel; adrenaline from today's op still surging through his veins, he can't switch off just yet.

It was a good result. None of the good guys died today.

He slants his head towards Bodie, enquiringly.

Bodie lets out a breath through pursed lips and asks, "You coming up for a drink?" His voice is hoarse, the native Scouse tones more prominent than usual.

Doyle considers for a moment. Feels the crackle in the air, knows the real question and embraces it. "Yeah," he drawls. "I've got quite a thirst on me."

They exit the car together, the doors slamming as one. Doyle locks up and follows Bodie into the dark building. *I'd follow him anywhere*, he thinks, not for the first time. It's not something he would ever reveal, but Bodie knows. Just as Doyle knew that Bodie would be there today, protecting him when all seemed lost.

Inside the flat, Bodie resets the alarms and Doyle peels off his jacket, throwing it haphazardly on a convenient armchair. With the flat still in darkness, he stands, head bowed, letting the tension drain away. They're safe now. They're together. Watching each other's backs.

He's aware of Bodie's silent tread on the carpet behind him. He can't see or hear him, but the smell of danger, sweat and cordite isn't all emanating from himself. His muscles relax further and when a
broad hand touches his waist and a whiskered chin nudges the back of his neck, he leans back against the hard, muscled body.

"Do you want that drink now?" Bodie's voice is low and husky, seduction clear in the tones. A hand slides over Doyle's taut stomach, skimming over buttons, while the other caresses a narrow hip. The touch is gentle, soothing, arousing.

Hard to believe those hands broke a man's neck today.

Doyle swallows. He can't trust himself to speak. There's too much raw emotion. Love and war. Life and death. This is their world.

He turns around, lifting his head, looking straight into hard, blue eyes; seeing past the wall that's erected for others, feeling the need reflecting back at him. He cups the bristled jaw tenderly, pulling him forward, kissing hard, plundering Bodie's mouth with his tongue and asserting his role as equal partner, before pushing him back to stand still again.

Giving himself up to Bodie.

Bodie's nostrils flare as he draws in a deep breath of pure Doyle. His partner was almost lost to him today. Fingering the nick on Doyle's neck - a thin red line that doesn't seem so threatening now in the safe darkness of home - he remembers the feeling of despair as he launched himself forward to stop the knife that threatened to take away everything he lives for.

He lives for this man. Would die for him. Has killed for him.

He trails his hand down the wiry frame, feeling muscles constrict with the feather-light touch, splaying his fingers over soft leather encasing hard metal. The gun that was dropped today is cool beneath his fingertips and he traces the contours, feeling each ridge, each groove, knowing them to be as much a part of his partner as the faded scars scattered upon the lean, tanned body.

Anger surges through him as he realises what Doyle's carelessness could have cost them both, and he clenches his fist in the cotton at the back of Doyle's neck, and pushes the compliant body against a wall.

"I could have you here, right now," he rasps, running a proprietary hand over denim-clad buttocks, squeezing, kneading, his own erection causing discomfort, demanding release.

No sound, save for the ticking of clocks, the harshness of breath and beating of hearts. Time won't stand still. Time plods on, regardless, stoic. Counting forward, yet counting down. To the day when this all stops. To the day when carelessness could cost both their lives.

And Bodie is sure that the day Doyle is taken from him, he will willingly follow.

He steps away and shadowed green eyes meet his. Desire and darkness reflect back.

"Strip," he orders and turns on his heel to the bedroom, not bothering to check if Doyle is following. Knowing that he will.

He takes off his clothes with calm efficiency, folding them and leaving his gun within easy reach of the bed. Turning back the duvet, he senses Doyle's presence and is prepared for the rugby tackle from behind that wrestles him onto the bed.
Rolling, kissing, nipping, calloused hands stroking and soothing abused muscles, he accepts and returns it all with the same power and strength. Doyle lying full length against him, hips thrusting urgently and teeth biting at sensitive skin, he reaches across for the tube he keeps in the bedside drawer. Coating his fingertips, no mean feat with Doyle attached to the side of his neck, he parts his partner's buttocks and runs his fingers down the crack, pausing to circle the puckered hole and sliding a finger in.

Doyle groans and lifts a leg to allow easier access while Bodie works his fingers in, stretching, preparing for this thing they both want. They both need. It's more than just fucking. It's more than being partners. It's more than being best friends. But to put a name on it they would have to recognise what it is, to acknowledge it to others, and it's too pure for that. It doesn't belong to anyone else, so to not admit it to each other, means not having to explain to anyone else. This is their world.

Doyle is splayed on his stomach, perfectly-formed arse in the air; submissive yet insistent.

"C'mon, Bodie. Now!" Desperate, pleading, urging, forceful.

It's the first thing Doyle has said since entering the flat and Bodie feels the usual hunger, a surge of pleasure at the husky tones. Quickly slicking his cock, he places one hand on the small of Doyle's back and gently pushes in. Stopping when he feels resistance, he pushes again when he's certain Doyle is ready. And again. Until he's fully sheathed and they're both panting, wishing they could stay like this forever, knowing that arousal will take over and carry them to climax.

Bodie leans over and drops a kiss on Doyle's neck, his tongue lingering on the thin red line that almost marked his partner as a dead man.

Doyle pushes back and Bodie meets the thrusts, withdrawing then plunging into the tight hot channel, hard thigh muscles skimming the same beneath him. One hand rests on the pillow by Doyle's shoulder, the other roams at will, tweaking a nipple, stroking the hairy chest and feeling muscles quiver as his caresses lead downwards.

Wrapping a big hand around Doyle's cock, he's rewarded with a moan from beneath him, and starts to pump, pressing a thumb over the leaking head and running his fingers up and down the silky shaft. He can feel Doyle close, so close, and speeds up. Just as Bodie feels his balls will explode, Doyle lets out a yell and comes, shooting hard over Bodie's hand.

Not lagging behind, Bodie thrusts twice more and comes hard, emptying himself into his partner, his best friend. His.

Sated, with demons exorcised, they lie down to sleep. Safe and warm. This is their world.

Tomorrow they will do it all over again. They will fight the bad guys. They will protect the weak. They will try to save the innocent. They will take risks. They will put themselves, but not each other, on the line.

But tonight Bodie belongs to Doyle.

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