

Declarations

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Tokio Hotel / Killerpilze

Pairing: Bill/Gustav

Rating: PG13

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Warnings: none

Summary: Bill and Gustav make a new friend in the form of KiPi's hyperactive drummer, Fabi.

Author's Notes: For lirren, who wanted some fluffy stories :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,689

Gustav sat in the middle of the disaster area that had once been his hotel room and wondered how bad he had to have been in another life to deserve his current fate. He had been looking forward to a quiet evening in front of the TV, with maybe a little cuddling on the side and instead he had chaos. It had all started well, Tom and Georg had declared they were going clubbing, which had left him and Bill some rare quiet time.

They were in Berlin to do a TV show the next day. It was a special on young bands, with lots of new blood and a few old favourites thrown in to compare and contrast. With the new album just about ready, it was time to jump on the publicity band wagon again and so they were doing the circuit. That he didn't mind at all; in fact it was nice to be back in the saddle properly since he had been beginning to think that Bill would never stop asking him if he was okay. It had been months since his op, but Bill had definitely taken it hard and had been watching him like a worried mother bird ever since.

He supposed that that was at least one good thing about the chaos around him; Bill was clearly finally over that stage.

Trouble had started when they had just finished dinner and were heading back to their rooms. With so many bands staying in the same hotel, security to get in was tight, so they hadn't had to worry about dragging Tobi with them and walking into the lift had been fine. It had been as the doors started to close that chaos arrived and Gustav couldn't help going over the moment in his head.

Chaos came in a compact package that Gustav recognised the moment he darted through the door to the immortal words: "Fabi, when I get my hands on you, you are so dead!"

Fabian Halbig of Killerpilze; Gustav made it a rule to at least remember the drummers of every band he came across.

There was such a huge grin on the kid's face that Gustav was sure the small drummer's face was about to split in half. It was a mischievous expression that reminded him far too much of similar ones he had seen on Bill and Tom's faces all too often. He did give the other musician points for only staring for a moment and then leaning against the side of the lift with a nonchalant, "Hey."

That probably would have been the end of it, but of course Gustav had forgotten he was in a lift with Bill.

"Oh god," Bill said suddenly, "I can't resist. Hi, Fabi right? I'm Bill, I have to ask, what did you do?"

Now with most people that would have seemed like a very forward question, but with Bill it was strangely normal. The fact that Bill appeared to be dying of curiosity and had eyes alight with mischief probably helped matters along. Gustav could see the thoughts tracking across their younger companion's face and saw the moment the decision was made.

"Nothing much," Fabi replied in a very delighted tone, "I just took a picture of Jo's naked arse and uploaded it to our MySpace page."

"You didn't," Bill said, sounding equally as delighted.

"He was prancing around in our room like he owned it," Fabi said, basking in the attention; "he deserved it."

Bill laughed out loud at that and Gustav saw a lightbulb go on in Bill's head.

"I will get you drunk and shave your head if you so much as think it," Gustav said, knowing exactly what thought was going through Bill's mind.

There was no way he was letting a prank war start in the band just as they were about to go on a promotional tour.

"He would too," Bill said in a conspiratorial manner to, as it seemed, their new young friend, "he's a big spoil sport."

That made Fabi snigger.

"Someone in the band has to be the sensible one," Gustav said and rolled his eyes. "If I let you and Tom run with something like that sooner or later someone having sex will end up on Youtube and David will have a coronary."

Bill giggled.

"It's such a shame he's always right," was Bill's comment and then they reached their floor.

"Nice to meet you," Fabi said with a grin as they went to walk out.

They were almost in the hallway when Bill suddenly stopped and turned.

"I assume you can't go back to your room for a while?" Bill said and Gustav just knew what was coming next.

"Yeah, have to let Jo cool down a bit," Fabi replied, clearly not quite following.

"Want to hide out with us for a bit?" Bill invited, clearly delighted to meet someone new with a wicked sense of humour. "We were just going to watch some TV."

The smile that blossomed onto Fabi's face was equal to, if not bigger than the one that had been on his face when they had all first met.

"I'd love to," Fabi said cheerfully and stepped out of the lift with them, "thanks."

That was the point Gustav had known his quiet evening was not going to go to plan and he really couldn't have been more right. The mess around him was a declaration of that. They had ended up in his room because it was closer, but half of Bill's appeared to be in it now as well.

It had started off innocently enough, they had sat around, watched a bit of TV, talked and eaten the stash of gummies Gustav kept around to make sure Bill was always happy. Then they had flipped to one of the music channels which happened to be doing a spot on world music; the English and Russian examples had been kind of ordinary, but then the Japanese slot had popped up. Fabi had uttered one word: "cool" and that had been it; Bill had embarked on a quest.

Gustav had not had time to take in the name of the band, or what the program was trying to say, all he knew was that the band had had a very out there kind of look. What this meant was, at a base level that would get him killed if he said it out loud, was that Bill and Fabi were playing dress up.

Bill's makeup case, accessories case and a good number of clothes were spread all around Gustav's room as if they had been picked up and flung there by a hurricane. That was Bill down to the ground really; a force of nature.

Fabi now had the most incredible makeup that made his big eyes stand out even more (Bill had outdone himself); hair that was styled at the most improbable angles, no two bits going the same way; and was wearing a selection of Bill's accessories, with one of Bill's t-shirts and one of Bill's jackets. The pair had had to be satisfied with leaving Fabi in his own jeans because all of Bill's were just too long.

Bill was also made up in an even more distinct style than he usually wore, half his work, half Fabi's, and his hair was piled in an extraordinary style where the extension dreads almost seemed to have a life of their own. The outfit was also a combination of things Gustav had never seen together before and he had to admit that Bill looked stunning. That was another part of the torture all together; Bill looked positively edible and Gustav wasn't allowed to do anything about it because they had a guest. All he could do was watch as Fabi and Bill delighted in doing an impromptu photo shoot using their mobile phones.

The way the pair were posing and giggling, anyone would have thought they were teenage girls, not boys. Of course, Gustav had had many chances to find out that Bill was very much male, which, when he thought about it, really didn't help him in his current situation. Bill was beautiful all the time, but just about then Gustav was giving himself points for every minute he didn't leap on his boyfriend. The way Bill could do sinfully sexy and innocent at the same time was a combination that drove Gustav wild.

"Justchel," Bill said sweetly, turning in his direction and all but bounding over, "will you take some pictures of us together please?"

Like he could ever refuse anything Bill asked of him when said like that.

He took the mobile with a long suffering sigh that made Bill smile genuinely at him. As he stood up, he only hoped that the fact he was hard and aching was not going to be completely obvious.

"Okay," he said, finding one small clear spot of carpet on which to stand, "pose."

As if of one mind, Bill and Fabi just kind of lent on each other and before he realised what he was doing Gustav had taken the picture. There was no doubt about it, he was going to die and go to hell and take Bill right along with him, because nothing that sinful could be on earth.

"I wouldn't recommend that that one goes on anyone's MySpace," he said and took another one as the pair posed in what he could only describe as a more normal manner.

He made a mental note to get copies of some of the shots as he played dutiful friend and amateur photographer for the pair. The torture went on for a good ten minutes before Fabi and Bill ended up in a giggling heap as a more outlandish idea for a pose collapsed on them. By then even Gustav was smiling, because when Bill was having so much fun it was impossible for him not to enjoy himself as well. Bill was like that; infectious. Combining that with the bundle of energy that was Fabi was impossible to resist.

"Okay, enough already," he said with a laugh as it looked like the pair would pick themselves up and try again, "now we see if we can find the floor."

Bill pouted at him at that and he knew he was in trouble when Bill stood up and all but slinked towards him.

"But, Justchel," Bill said in a tone that went straight to his cock, "we haven't done you yet."

Gustav would have protested, he really would, but that was the problem with Bill, when Bill wanted a person's attention he had it, all of it, leaving nothing left for other thought processes.

"You know I'll make it worth your while," Bill all but purred and then kissed him quickly and gently.

That was usually a cue to melt, but luckily for them, Gustav's brain chose that moment to point out they were not alone.

"Um, Bill," he said and indicated with a little nod to where Fabi was watching them with even bigger and rounder eyes than before.

Bill just looked over at the petit drummer and smiled.

"Oh, Fabi's okay," Bill said with supreme confidence; "it's not like he's going to run off and sell our story to Bravo or anything."

And that was it, a fundamental declaration of friendship. They all had to be careful about friendships these days; so many people didn't want to know them for them, just for who they were in the grand scheme of things. The fact that Bill was willing to let his guard down spoke volumes and Gustav had no doubt that there would be text messages flying backwards and forwards in the days and weeks to come. When Bill made friends, real friends, he never backed away. Clearly the evening had been more significant than Gustav had first realised.

"You two are, umm, together?" Fabi seemed to need some clarification.

"Yep," Bill said and bounced back across the room, "have been for over a year, but you know what management's like 'think of your image', 'remember the band'."

Bill did a very amusing impression of David.

"One day I'm going to stick my fingers up at marketing and declare that I found my 'one' ages ago," Bill said as if delighted to be able to tell someone new and Gustav felt his heart flutter at the off hand declaration of love.

So many people looked at Bill and just saw the clothes, the beautiful face and the hair. Very few knew the depths that were underneath and every time he was reminded of those depths, Gustav loved Bill more. Bill's tone was not an indication of not being serious; it was just that such declarations came so naturally to Bill.

"Good for you," was what Fabi said and smiled.

The really good thing about the way Bill read people was that Bill was almost always right.

"Some gold will really bring out your eyes," was Bill's next comment and Gustav realised he hadn't managed to sidestep his doom.

"I look really stupid in makeup," he pointed out in a rather desperate tone.

"Not ours," Bill said, as supremely confident as ever and began to descend on him with eye shadow in hand.

"Swear to me you won't take pictures," was his last ditch attempt to salvage the situation.

Bill and Fabi looked at each other and he was reminded scarily of the twins.

"Okay," they said cheerfully and with a groan he sat down and surrendered.

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As Gustav lay in bed with Bill snuggled up beside him, basking in the after glow of good sex, just before falling asleep, he had to admit that the evening had been worth the pain.

Yes it had taken then half an hour to clean up the room after Fabi's mobile had gone off and his brother had frantically demanded to know where he was. They had packed Fabi off to his bandmates in his own clothes, but still with the outlandish hair and makeup and two pieces of jewellery that Bill had insisted looked better on Fabi than him and that the younger musician should keep. Gustav was hoping to hear about the reaction Fabi had from his friends in the morning.

In the end he hadn't looked too ridiculous after Fabi and Bill had had a go at him and there was one picture on Bill's phone that Bill had begged to be allowed to take. It had taken him ten minutes to get it all off before bed, however, the whole evening had left Bill so happy and chirpy that Gustav was not going to complain about any of it.

The fact that when Bill was so exuberant sex was amazing was a nice side effect, but Gustav would do anything to put a smile on Bill's face and that was what he had enjoyed the most. They made it a rule not to let what the press said get on top of them, but he knew that some of it had been getting to Bill, just a little and a new friend was just what Bill had needed. He wasn't sure Fabi really realised what he'd gotten into, but the kid was going to find out very shortly.

Stroking his fingers lightly down Bill's back, drawing a small, appreciative moan from his almost asleep lover, he couldn't help smiling.

"I love you," he said, as the feeling bubbled up through his chest and demanded to be spoken.

"I love you too," was the somewhat muffled response from Bill.

Then Bill snuggled closer and was still again and Gustav knew he would never in a million years let this go. If Bill wanted to stand up in the interview tomorrow and declare they were in love, he would stand beside him. If they kept it secret until the day they died he would do the same. All that mattered was that he had Bill and Bill had him. Anything he had to do for Bill was worth it, anything at all.

The End