

Encounters of the Close Kind

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Fandom: Panik/Killerpilze RPS

Pairing: Fabi/Linke

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: Under 18 sex, but not under 16

Summary: Fabi has a question to ask Linke.

Author's Notes: I wasn't really expecting to write this, it just wouldn't go away even though I was in the middle of writing other things :). Is a good old fashioned cliché, but it was fun to write ;). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 3,680

Linke looked up from his laptop because he felt eyes on him and he smiled as soon as he saw who it was. They were due to do a festival the next day and they'd been crammed into a cheap hotel with the other acts, one of which was Killerpilze, and standing in his doorway was the other band's sixteen year old drummer. He couldn't help noticing, however, that the usually bouncy Fabi appeared a little nervous about something.

"Hey," he said with his best laid back attitude in place in an attempt to put the kid at ease, "you going to hover there all evening or are you coming in?"

He hadn't heard the door open to let Fabi in, but then he'd been absorbed in Warcraft so he was unlikely to have noticed a small nuclear explosion unless it had occurred between him and the screen. He could only assume that either Franky or Jan, his currently absent room mates, had opened the room for the younger musician. Fabi had to have been standing there for some time because he'd only noticed the kid at all when he'd finally shut down the game. Usually it was difficult not to notice the hive of energy that was Fabi, because Fabi tended to bounce.

"You looked busy," Fabi said and suddenly seemed to find his nails incredibly interesting.

"Never too busy for my favourite drummer," Linke replied and grinned, "just don't tell Juri I said that."

Finally there was a hint of Fabi's usual smile and the kid walked all the way into the room. Linke wasn't sure why Fabi had come to see him, but he had a feeling it wasn't just idle curiosity.

"So have the others deserted you or something?" he asked, hoping to find out what was on Fabi's mind.

"No," Fabi replied, looking nervous again and sitting hesitantly on the other end of the bed, "they're downstairs in the bar trying to convince the bar tender to make some ridiculous cocktail."

That sounded like the friends he knew so well; most likely they would be attempting to convince someone else to drink whatever lethal concoction they had come up with once the bar tender had made it.

"And you're not involved in this mischief because?" he asked, since he would have expected Fabi to be egging the others on.

Fabi was staring at his nails again.

"Um," was the initial reply and Linke folded up his laptop and put it aside, because he suspected this was going to require all his attention.

There was silence for a few more seconds.

"You swing both ways, right?" Fabi finally blurted out his question.

For a moment Linke just sat there; that hadn't been what he was expecting at all.

"Who told you that?" he asked, since that was one of those things he didn't broadcast.

Fabi's face was a lovely pink and the poor kid looked like he would rather have been anywhere else.

"Um ... Franky and then Juri ... um ... when I asked them ... um ... some questions," Fabi stuttered out. "They said 'ask Linke'."

It was clear that the usually frenetic drummer was mortified. The light was beginning to dawn in Linke's head and he had an inkling of what this was about.

"Then yes," he said honestly, "I like boys and girls. I'm guessing there's something you wanted to know."

Fabi nodded, going even redder.

"How," Fabi started, "I mean, that is, when, um, how did you figure it out?"

Linke turned to face Fabi properly and made sure the kid realised he was not about to be made fun of.

"I got drunk and ended up snogging another guy," Linke replied, since that was exactly how he had first gained a clue. "Not the most romantic way to figure things out, but it did wake me up to the fact that I wasn't quite like most of my friends."

Fabi's eyes were big and round, clearly the kid hadn't expected quite such a blunt answer.

"Um," was Fabi's verbal response, but nothing sensible was forthcoming.

"And I guess you had a reason for asking?" Linke eventually prodded gently.

Fabi nodded in response, but didn't speak for a few more seconds.

"I think," Fabi said hesitantly, "that I might ... I'm not sure ... there was gay porn and I ... um."

It was definitely going where Linke had suspected it would.

"You think you might not be completely straight?" Linke decided it would be quicker if he put it into words.

Fabi nodded mutely while looking at him with big scared eyes.

"Have you talked to your brother or Max about this?" he asked, already suspecting the answer.

This time Fabi shook his head.

"They might laugh," Fabi said in a very small voice.

Linke didn't think that was true, but he knew all about paranoia. At least it was clear that Fabi had thought about it, which made him feel a little better about the whole conversation.

"I don't think they would," he told his companion, "but I'm guessing you want to be a little surer of this before you tell them."

Fabi nodded, less earnest this time and more nervous again.

"I'm not sure," the boy admitted, "and I'm kind of scared I'm just being a moron."

That was a feeling Linke knew all too well and could sympathise completely.

"You're sixteen," he replied with a smile, "and your hormones are all over the place; even if you are wrong you're not being a moron."

Fabi gave a little smile at that, but Linke wasn't sure his young friend was convinced.

"So, you want to ask me some more questions?" he prompted when Fabi looked awkward again.

He gave Fabi some time to gather his thoughts and just waited. He knew how hard it had been when he had realised he wasn't completely straight and talking to anyone else had been even harder.

"When, um, you like a guy," Fabi finally started speaking, "does it feel the same as when you like a girl?"

Linke smiled at that one.

"Pretty much," he replied and couldn't help grinning, "but different bits attract me, if you know what I mean."

Fabi grinned at that as well as they shared a guy moment, but the awkwardness was soon back.

"How did you know it wasn't just a one off thing?" was Fabi's next question.

That one was a little bit harder to answer, and felt more personal, but Linke was not about to leave Fabi hanging out to dry. The kid was putting a lot of trust in him and he wasn't going to betray that.

"I tested myself," he said, being perfectly honest. "I started with stuff on the internet to see if I really did like it and then I went and snogged another guy while I was sober. That answered any doubts I had, because it just about knocked my socks off."

Fabi was looking at him out of the corner of his eyes, clearly embarrassed.

"Yeah," the slight drummer replied, "I did the internet bit too. Jo almost caught me last night."

That caused Linke to smile again; he remembered the complete dread of being found out too.

"And from the fact you're here I'd say that the internet test was a yes?" he asked, just to make sure.

"Some of it I liked," Fabi admitted in a very quiet voice, "but not all of it, so I didn't know."

Linke leant towards his young friend.

"I'll let you into a secret," he said in a stage whisper; "you don't have to like all porn to swing in either direction."

That made Fabi smile again, which pleased Linke and he sat back again.

"So how did you decide who to snog?" Fabi asked in a much brighter tone, trying to hide nerves behind a little bravado, or so it seemed.

Now that was a question that Linke didn't answer right away, because, as the answer formed in his head, he realised it might change things. For a while he considered telling a half truth, but then he looked at Fabi's hopeful gaze and decided that only the real truth would do.

"I asked an older friend I knew was gay if he'd mind me experimenting," he said, making sure to hold Fabi's gaze, "and he said yes to helping me out."

Fabi nodded and looked away, clearly thinking that over and it was obvious the moment the possibilities of that admission made it into the youngster's brain. The way Fabi glanced at him and then looked away again really quickly was more than obvious, but the level of awkwardness in the room had gone way up again.

"Of course," Linke said very carefully, "you don't have to follow my example unless you really want to."

For a moment Fabi appeared relieved, but then unsure and then thoughtful.

"What should I do if maybe I thought that was a good idea?" was the eventual play.

Linke almost smiled at the tentative question, but managed to stop himself.

"You'd need to find someone you trust who can help," he replied as if there weren't overtones to the conversation, "and then ask them."

Fabi looked very hesitant then and almost more nervous than when he'd first walked into the room. Linke was not about to push; Fabi had to get there on his own, but he wasn't going to bow out either. He'd never considered the hyperactive drummer in any light but brotherly, but that was mostly because, until recently, Fabi had been completely off limits. When it came down to simple attraction he had no trouble admitting he could feel that if necessary. A heavy silence hung between them for almost a minute while Fabi stared at the hideous orange carpet, seemingly deep in thought. When the little drummer finally looked back up at him, Linke was pretty sure he knew which way the decision had gone.

"Chris," Fabi said and sounded even younger than he actually was, "would you help me find out?"

Linke smiled then, not a grin, but a warm smile he reserved for very special occasions.

"Fabian," he said in little more than a whisper, "I would be honoured."

Then he stood up and Fabi had a sudden look of a deer in headlights, but Linke didn't go over to his young friend, he walked to the door and put on the latch.

"We really don't want someone charging in here do we," he said, trying to sound completely relaxed, even though there was a sudden fluttering in his stomach.

Fabi looked so innocent sitting there on his bed and it hit him what a responsibility this was. As an after thought he pulled out his phone and very quickly sent a text message to Franky saying that he and Fabi were having a serious talk and no one was to try and barge in. He knew that since Franky had been one of the ones who had sent Fabi to him, his friend would know what the talk was about and make damn sure they were not interrupted. That done, he put the phone on the table in the corner and walked back to the bed, sitting down a little way from his young friend.

"No one will bother us until you want them to," he said in explanation and then paused for a moment. "Now it's your move."

The expression on Fabi's face then was priceless; clearly the youngster had not expected that.

"What should I do?" Fabi asked totally wrong footed.

"Well if I was a girl, what would you do?" Linke asked, knowing that this was going to be awkward, but also realising that Fabi had to be in the driving seat, at least to begin with.

"But you're not a girl," Fabi pointed out, "which is rather the point."

That made Linke smile.

"Just start from that as a reference point," he said, giving Fabi a good once up and down with his eyes, just to heat things up a little, "and then go with the flow. If it feels wrong, then you have your answer."

There was a pregnant pause, but eventually Fabi moved, standing, turning and then kneeling on the bed. Linke just waited, since he knew that that moment was not the right one to step in. Almost as if he might bolt at any moment, Fabi very carefully placed a hand on his shoulder and then leant in. Linke saw the

youngster's eyes close as lips came towards his and he moved forward very slowly, meeting Fabi's move and accepting the hesitant touch of Fabi's mouth. He could feel Fabi trembling slightly and in the back of his mind he wondered if Fabi had had any practice at this at all. It was almost as if the young drummer had no idea what to do in the slightest.

Linke made a decision then and he brought his arms around Fabi, dragging the skinny drummer towards him and deepening the kiss. Fabi made a surprise little squeak, but did not pull away and Linke continued to kiss the younger musician. On impulse he danced the tip of his tongue over Fabi's lips and felt them open almost instantly; proving that his companion was definitely not completely inexperienced. It seemed that that was all that was required to break the ice as Fabi relaxed against him and began kissing him in earnest.

He found his tongue being sucked in a very less than innocent way that sent messages directly south and he had to shift to prevent doing himself a mischief. Now he could feel Fabi's energy; the seemingly unlimited source that usually kept the little drummer bouncing from one thing to the next. It had always amazed him and now it invigorated him and he had to pull back when he found his hands beginning to wander all by themselves.

Fabi grinned at him as they parted, eyes bright with enthusiasm.

"I'll take that as a sign that you don't find this whole thing wrong," he said, looking into Fabi's flushed features.

The success seemed to have bolstered the small drummer's confidence and Linke could see his friend's usual personality very close to the surface.

"Not totally wrong, no," Fabi said, sounding more than a little excited, "but I don't think I'm sure yet. Maybe a little more?"

And then Linke found himself being pushed back onto the bed, where he landed with an umph and found himself being pinned down by Fabi climbing onto him. Not that he had time to complain as he accepted Fabi's enthusiastic attempt to re-institute the kiss. It wasn't his fault that having a lap full of energetic, squirming drummer completely zapped any self control he had been exerting on himself. His hands snaked up Fabi's back as if they had a mind of their own and he lost himself in the young drummer's kiss for quite some time. It was only when Fabi ground down and made them both moan that Linke finally realised what he was doing.

"Fabi," he said, pushing the youngster away from him even as Fabi tried to do the same thing again.

Fabi moaned in frustration when he was denied.

"Fabian," Linke tried again, wanting to get through the hormonal haze they both seemed to be in, "think for a second. You might regret this; this is more than kissing."

The eyes that looked down at him were slightly glazed, but Fabi did appear as if he was listening to him.

"I won't regret it," Fabi told him and seemed completely sincere, which was almost Linke's undoing, "will you?"

For a moment Linke just stilled and then his cock throbbed and he really couldn't bring himself to say yes.

"Only when your brother finds out and tries to kill me," he muttered, even as he pulled Fabi back down towards him.

The touches of Fabi's hands were not innocent, but they weren't practiced either and the enthusiasm of youth ran through every moment, doing things to Linke that made his baser instincts rage. However, he wasn't quite expecting the urgent, strong fingers that ferreted down the front of his trousers after they had been kissing for a while. It was direct if nothing else and it made Linke gasp and arch into the touch. He couldn't help it, it just bypassed every control he had.

Fabi stilled at that and looked down at him worriedly.

"Too much?" the drummer asked, a picture of innocence, which was amazing considering what Fabi was up to.

Linke tried to think sensibly, he really did, but he only had so much will power.

"No," he just about managed to say and then dragged Fabi back down onto him.

There was a lot to be said for first time luck and plain boldness and Linke was very pleased to find that Fabi had both. Of course, such things only went so far, but Linke was impressed with quite how hard Fabi had him and how much brain power the little drummer had stolen away from him. It would have been embarrassing to let it go on too long through, so he gathered what brain cells he had left and planned his attack. When Fabi moved to change angle, Linke tensed and then flipped them over, rather disappointed when Fabi's hand slipped out of his jeans, but enjoying the somewhat shocked expression on his companion's face.

"If you don't like something," he said, looking into Fabi's eyes, "just say."

And then he shimmied down Fabi's body, since he was older and more experienced and hence had to go at least one better than his younger companion. When he looked up at Fabi, the younger boy was looking at him with wide open eyes and appeared to have lost about two years in age. Linke just grinned his sexiest grin and released the belt and fastenings on Fabi's jeans before letting the slight drummer move just enough to lift his hips which allowed Linke to pull down the restrictive material. At the same time he pushed up Fabi's brightly coloured t-shirt and revealed perfect, smooth skin.

Fabi gasped and Linke smiled even more; there was definitely one part of Fabi that didn't need anymore meat on it. Since he had pulled down Fabi's underwear as well, he was faced with a very healthy erection, which underlined just how 'not wrong' Fabi was finding the whole situation. It was his duty to blow Fabi's teenage mind after all; he'd just decided so. With that one thought, he lowered his head and every so gently lapped at the head of the swollen cock on which he was very much focused. The way Fabi's breath hitched as if he couldn't breathe anymore sent shots of delight through Linke. When he lapped again, Fabi actually whimpered and the taste of the young drummer tingled on Linke's tongue. He was thinking of Fabi, really he was, but Linke knew he was going to enjoy this.

Taking a deep breath, he took in the scent of the luscious boy beneath him and then took as much of the ample cock into his mouth as he could and sucked.

"Holy fuck!"

Linke gave Fabi points for being able to form real words and then went to town. Fabi couldn't form words for much longer and Linke smiled as well as he could with his mouth full. He enjoyed playing the young drummer with the same care he used on his bass and with just as much skill, even if he did say so himself. His tongue was his best weapon as the moment, along with a little bit of suction applied in the right places and just a hint of teeth when he realised that Fabi liked it for a fraction of a second from time to time. Given what he'd heard Juri say from time to time he was beginning to think there was something of a masochist in all drummers.

When he set his mind to something, very little could distract Linke from his chosen course and right at that moment his plan was to drive Fabi completely out of his head. As he carefully fondled Fabi's balls, he swallowed Fabi's cock down as far as he could and hummed deep in the back of his throat. With all his groundwork it didn't take any more and he drew back quickly as Fabi cried out and spurted creamy white liquid over his own stomach.

Linke couldn't resist reaching out and touching, smearing the warm liquid over Fabi's skin just a little and making Fabi whimper until he had mercy and began moving back up the bed. All Fabi seemed able to do was lie there and breathe and Linke settled down beside his friend and watched for a while. At the back of his mind a tiny guilty voice tried to convince him that he had just debauched an innocent, but most of him was revelling in the effect he had had.

"So," he whispered in Fabi's ear, "are you sure yet?"

Fabi opened heavily lidded eyes and looked at him.

"I'm getting there," was the cheeky reply.

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"So," Franky asked when Linke slipped into a seat next to him at dinner, "how did your talk with Fabi go?"

Linke couldn't help the shit-eating grin that spread across his face.

"Oh," he said and picked up a menu, "I'm sure he has it figured out now."

He and Fabi had only been locked in the hotel room for three quarters of an hour, but he had figured out that Fabi was nothing if not a fast learner. Considering the way Fabi had bounced across the lobby to his brother and bandmate, Linke was pretty sure the young drummer wasn't going to forget their encounter quickly. Linke was looking forward to seeing the other band on stage the next day; he had a feeling it would be a hell of a performance.

The End