

Merry Month of Masturbation 2007

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

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

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS, Jrock RPS

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, the real people in it are used without their permission and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of any of them. I do not believe any of this happened, is likely to happen or should happen it is simply a story created around known facts about those involved.

Tokio Hotel Stories.....	2
MMOM 01 - Desperation	2
MMOM 2 - Idol Worship	5
MMOM 4 - Red Bull	11
MMOM 5 - Heritage.....	16
MMOM 6 - The Care and Keeping of Pets.....	22
MMOM 8 - Wonderful World of Porn.....	29
MMOM 9 - Concealed	35
MMOM 11 - Double Team (Sequel to Concealed)	39
MMOM 12 - Steel.....	46
MMOM 13 - Natural Progression.....	49
MMOM 14 - Stimulation.....	55
MMOM 16 - Band Mates (Sequel to Heritage)	58
MMOM 17 - Gravity Works	69
MMOM 19 - Compliance.....	73
MMOM 21 - Stolen	77
MMOM 22 - Is It the Hair?	84
MMOM 23 - Playtime.....	91
MMOM 25 - Good Vibrations.....	97
MMOM 26 - The Evils of Alcohol.....	99
MMOM 28 - Talking.....	104
MMOM 29 - Cat With the Cream	109
MMOM 31 - Drumsticks	113
Jrock Stories	120
MMOM 3 - In the Blood	120
MMOM 7 - The Beast.....	123
MMOM 10 - Backstage	135
MMOM 15 - Delightful Torture	140
MMOM 18 - The Purity of Perfection	144
MMOM 20 - On Three.....	147
MMOM 24 - Wouldn't you like to take me home?.....	152
MMOM 27 - Frustration.....	156
MMOM 30 - Tension	161

Tokio Hotel Stories

MMOM 01 - Desperation

Pairing: none

Rating: R

Warnings: wanking :), twincest if you squint but you don't have to read it that way

Summary: Bill has a rather pressing problem.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,276

Bill had just about had it with the whole fame thing, well at least that's how he felt right at that moment. If one more person asked him about girls, he was going to deck them. Did these people have no idea what all these questions did to him and, even worse, dangling beautiful girls in front of him? He was only human and where as Tom seemed able to go out and pick up a girl just to have fun, Bill wasn't into that.

However, he was still a teenage boy and he was kind of desperate. A date with his hand in the near future was beginning to look like a necessity rather than an indulgence. They had been doing an informal sound-bite thing for some reporters and they had a walkabout autograph signing in fifteen minutes and he had a hard on the size of the Eiffel tower. Where as Tom didn't have to worry about people noticing things like that, Bill was very aware that his trousers were far too tight for someone not to see his current problem. There was no way he could walk around with his bag in front of his crotch all day, which was what he had been doing for the last five minutes as he tried to will away his embarrassing reaction.

He was trying to decide what to do when Tom wandered over.

"You're looking stressed," his twin observed; "what's the problem?"

Tom was always looking out for him and he gave his brother a tight smile for trying.

"Hard on," he said shortly in a very quiet voice since he had long since stopped being embarrassed about anything like that in front of Tom, but he didn't want the rest of the world to know.

A little smile broke onto Tom's face at that, for which Bill glared at his twin, but it was kind of funny so he couldn't really blame Tom completely.

"You, Little Brother," Tom said in a whisper, "really need to get laid."

"Yeah, well that's not going to happen in the next fifteen minutes," Bill pointed out, since the advice was completely unhelpful. "I've been trying to get rid of it for the last five minutes and, every time I get somewhere, that hotel liaison walks past and I'm back to square one."

"The one with the nice arse?" Tom said in a conversational tone. "At least you have taste."

Now Bill really glared.

"Not helping," he said shortly.

Tom rolled his eyes, still looking amused.

"Well you can't go out there," Tom indicated the crowd outside the hotel, "like this. Go back to your room and deal with it, I'll cover for you."

Bill thought about it for a second and then nodded; he didn't exactly have much choice.

"You go for the lift, I'll head off David when he comes over to find out what's going on," Tom told him, still obviously amused, but playing the big brother never the less.

"Thanks," he replied before making a beeline for the lift.

He kept his bag glued to his front until he was in his hotel room and the door was closed behind him. Then he threw the bag on the bed and shimmied off his jeans and pants in record time. He really couldn't help the groan of relief the first time he fisted his cock. Maybe Tom was right, maybe he did need to get laid; his body certainly seemed to think so. That, however, was a thought for another time, since he was very much in need of attention now and he didn't have a whole lot of time.

He leant over the bed, holding himself up on one arm while he used his other hand to create the delicious friction that he oh so needed. He knew he didn't have long, but the feeling was so wonderful he wanted to eek it out a little. If he'd really gone at it he would have been over the edge in a couple of strokes; he was that close, but he moved slowly.

"Oh god, yes," he moaned to the empty room.

Fisting his cock in a slow rhythm, he let the pressure build up inside, never giving himself quite enough to go tumbling into orgasm. He needed this to be satisfying or he'd just find himself in the same position in a few hours, which he knew from experience, because he had jerked off quickly in the shower that morning and he'd been horny again by lunch time.

Knowing he couldn't prolong it very much no matter how slowly he went, he gradually began to speed up, feeling the wonderful tightness in his balls. The memory of the hotel liaison made a good mental image on which to focus; not that he really needed it as he felt his orgasm rushing towards him. For some reason, the woman in his mind suddenly had blond hair rather than brown and she became much slimmer than he remembered, but he really didn't care as he shuddered and came all over his hand and the bed sheets.

It was such a good orgasm that it took him a few seconds to bring his body back under control and he had no choice but to stay in the same position until the motor centre of his brain began working again. He had really needed that and he couldn't help smiling to himself as he gathered his wits back together.

He wiped his hand on the sheets and then used them to wipe himself off as well. They needed changing anyway so he hid the stain in the folds and then hurriedly pulled up his clothes, shuffling into the bathroom to properly clean up with a flannel before tidying up his outfit.

Looking at himself in the mirror he did his best to wipe away the dopey, post orgasm expression and rearranged his hair simply because he could. Picking up

his deodorant he gave himself a quick spray just in case and then headed back downstairs. He felt much better now.

"Okay?" Georg asked as he walked up to the others.

"Yes," Bill said with a big smile, "why?"

He was feeling very relaxed now and he asked in all innocence without thinking the question through.

"Because you disappeared ten minutes ago looking frazzled and about to snap and now you're mellow and smiling," Gustav pointed out. "Either you've been smoking something you shouldn't or you got lucky in a very short amount of time."

Tom laughed as he blushed; there was no avoiding the subject now.

"I had a bit of an urgent problem," he said, trying not to sound too embarrassed, "but it's taken care of now."

"Bill," Georg said and patted him on the shoulder, "you need to find yourself a girlfriend."

"That's the third time this week," Gustav agreed with a laugh.

"It's not my fault," Bill protested as the others teased him; "I can't help it if my twin is perpetually horny and it rubs off on me. He gets laid, I don't, what else am I supposed to do?"

"Take care of it before it becomes a pressing issue," Georg offered a little sage advice.

"I do," Bill said, a little louder than he had intended.

That set Tom off laughing even louder and Gustav was still sniggering. Bill pouted and Georg managed to look sympathetic for about ten seconds before laughing as well. It was all so unfair; he was sure this was Tom's fault somehow and yet he was the one who suffered. It was a bitch being a twin sometimes.

The End

MMOM 2 - Idol Worship

Pairing: Georg/Bill

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking

Summary: Georg's been hiding something for a while and occasionally he needs relief, so he indulges himself in private.

Author's Notes: This is from a prompt from meridian_star who asked for "Georg getting off from posters of Bill". Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,670

Georg locked his door using the latch to make sure no one could get in even with the spare key security always had. It was very important no one could interrupt what he was about to do because if anyone found out there would be hell to pay. He had a secret vice and he was almost sure that if any of the others knew what it was it would wreck the band; either that or be wonderful, but he couldn't take the risk.

His vice was not drugs or excessive alcohol, it was far more personal. Walking over to the bed, he opened his case and calmly unfastened the lining to reach underneath and pull out a small stack of folded papers. Some of the papers in the pile were old and looking worn around the edges, others were much newer, but he knew each by heart. He placed them carefully on the bed and then stepped back slightly.

It was almost a ritual now after years of refinement. A ritual to worship what he knew he could never have. Slowly, starting with his t-shirt, he began to remove his clothes. He took everything off, all his clothes, his underwear, even the one piece of jewellery he was wearing, until he was as naked as the day he had been born. His cock was already twitching with interest, but he was not about to touch it, not yet.

Stepping back to the bed, he picked up the first of the folded pieces of paper and gently opened it up. He placed it at its proper place towards the top of the bed and then he reached for the next one. They were not stored in any particular order, but he knew how to put them on a bed of just about any size so they were spread out and ordered correctly. When he was finished he had a patch work, a patch work of Bill from their earliest time in the spotlight at the top left to a poster from the latest magazine that fans were flocking to buy in the shops that very week at the bottom right.

Just in front of him there was a gap in the patchwork, a gap big enough for him to kneel in, which he did, careful not to dislodge any of the posters he had arranged.

It had been so long that he had forgotten what it was like not to want Bill. One day Bill had gone from the sweet kid who sang their songs to the sweet kid he found himself desperately wanting, who had slowly morphed into the passionate young man that made Georg ache every time he looked at him.

He did not often allow himself this indulgence. He was terrified that one day he would slip and forget to pretend to be just a friend, so he only let himself indulge this way when he couldn't bear it anymore. He literally found Bill intoxicating and he let himself sink into the delirium knowing that for a little while he was safe.

Bill surrounded him on all sides and he took in the beauty he could see as he slowly brought his hand down to rub gently over his balls. There was something not quite mortal about Bill, especially in photographs and Georg drank it all in with his eyes. He would have given anything that was his to give to be able to kiss Bill just once and he moved his finger up over his hard length as he tried to grasp the fleeting idea of what that would be like.

He had seen Bill kiss a girl and he remembered all too clearly thinking that Bill was a truly gentle soul. If anyone ever hurt Bill, Tom would be first in line to hurt them back, but Georg would be a very close second. Their lead singer was a poet with a romantic outlook on the world and Georg wished he could be the one to stand between Bill and any chance of the shattering of illusions. He had never felt quite like this about anyone ever before, which was how he knew he was truly lost.

Beginning to move his hands in slow even strokes, he sank even deeper into his mind, using the familiar images in front of him as a meditative aid more than anything else. He knew this was wrong, lusting after his friend was just not right, but he needed release or he was going to explode at the wrong time and place. When he was like this he thought he understood what some of the fans felt when they screamed and cried and fainted; this was his only outlet and he needed it to not be like them.

When he allowed himself to indulge, he liked to take it slowly and he worked himself gently, edging on his excitement only little by little. He was hard and he could feel his pulse thudding through his body to his groin, but when he was like this he could hold himself on the edge for hours.

A knock on the door startled him out of his trance like state and he looked round.

"Georg?"

It was Bill's voice and he almost panicked. Out of everyone it could have been it had to be Bill.

"Georg are you in there?"

If it had been anyone else, he would have stayed silent, but after what he had been doing it seemed almost sacrilegious not to reply.

"Yes," he replied, just loud enough to be heard.

"Are you busy?" Bill asked through the door. "Tom and Gustav have headed out and I didn't fancy clubbing, but I'm kind of bored. If you're busy I can just go."

That was one of the things he loved about Bill; no matter how much the press hyped up their lead singer, Bill never took his friends for granted.

"No," Georg called back, he knew all too well what it was like to sit in a hotel room on your own and he wasn't going to put that on Bill, "just wait a sec."

He hurriedly grabbed everything, rapidly folding all of the posters and, throwing them in his case, which he in turn put on the floor. Then he took his clothes and threw them on a chair before grabbing a hotel robe and throwing it on. After this he hurried to the door and opened it.

"Sorry," he apologised, letting Bill in, "I was about to jump in the shower. I won't be too long; you can watch TV or something."

Bill grinned at that, obviously pleased.

"Thanks," Bill said, grabbing the remote from the side and sitting demurely on the bed.

"I haven't checked the mini-bar yet," Georg said, realising that the room smelled of sex and praying that Bill wouldn't notice, "save me some vodka if there's any in there."

Then he disappeared into the bathroom and turned on the shower. At least he could wash away any evidence of what he had been doing before he went back out to watch TV with Bill. Somehow he had to get back into friend mode before he stepped out of the room and back into the other one. It took him almost all of the fifteen minute shower to calm himself down and he did his best to push any thoughts about Bill as anything but his band mate out of his head.

He finally walked back into the other room calm and ready for an evening of making fun of the hotel TV. The TV was on, but Bill was not sitting on the bed where he expected his friend to be. Bill was kneeling on the floor next to his case, holding a small poster of himself. Bill looked up at him with a confused little frown.

"It popped open," Bill said as if a little embarrassed to have been caught. "I saw these fall out."

Bill held out one of the folded posters. It was clear that several of them had been examined.

"Are they all me?" Bill asked, sounding perplexed.

Georg didn't know what else to do, he nodded.

"Why?" was Bill's next question.

It was said so innocently and faced with such complete confusion, Georg could not lie. His worst nightmare was coming to pass, but he just could not look into Bill's wide, brown eyes and lie.

"I'm in love with you," he said in a voice that was only just loud enough to be heard above the TV, "I have been for a long time."

Bill's mouth opened in a tiny, astonished 'O' shape. What did not happen was Bill appearing horrified and running for the door and Georg began to hope just a little that he could salvage the situation. He didn't know how to approach it all, but he let himself believe that maybe they could both live with this. He would give up anything for Bill, even his posters, if it made his friend uncomfortable.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Bill asked eventually.

That made Georg laugh, since he was completely on edge.

"Because I thought you might hate me," he said honestly. "I couldn't risk the band; we've all worked too hard for too long."

Bill stood up, clearly thinking about this.

"So you have pictures of me," Bill said still holding one of the posters.

It wasn't a question and Georg could only assume Bill was sorting everything out in his head.

"What were you really doing before I knocked?"

That was another thing about Bill; he could be as dense as anything one moment and more perceptive than you ever wanted him to be the next. When Bill really cared about something, nothing escaped him. Georg felt himself blushing and he just about became mute. Bill walked up to him and he felt as if the whole situation was slipping away from him.

"What do you do with my pictures, Georg?" Bill asked firmly.

Bill didn't sound annoyed, but his tone did suggest that he would become so if his question was not answered.

"I was naked," Georg said helplessly, "what do you think I was doing?"

For a few moments Bill stood completely still and Georg waited for the explosion. When it didn't come it was almost worse.

"I make you do that?" Bill asked.

Georg wasn't sure how much worse this could get.

"Please, Bill, don't..." he tried to reason with his friend.

"Answer the question," Bill said in a clipped tone.

Georg almost gave up then, but he didn't know what would happen if he refused to answer and he was terrified Bill would never forgive him.

"Yes," he said, defeated.

"Show me," were the next shocking words from Bill's mouth, so shocking in fact that Georg stood there with his mouth open for a good thirty seconds.

"What?" he asked and his voice kind of squeaked.

"Show me," Bill said again. "I want to see what you do. The real thing has to be better than posters, right? So show me."

"Bill..." Georg couldn't believe this was happening.

"Georg," Bill interrupted him in a warning tone; "show me."

It was all rather surreal as Bill walked to the bed and sat down towards the head end looking at him with such an intense expression that he had no choice but to obey. Really not believing he was doing it, he slowly unbelted the robe he was wearing and no matter what the rest of him was thinking, his cock seemed to like the idea. Bill had eyes that could eat you alive and Georg felt his will draining away as his friend watched him intently.

He let the robe fall to the floor, feeling Bill's gaze like fire on his skin and he slowly knelt on the bed. It was strange; now that he was naked, he did not feel self-conscious and it was almost as if he was in a dream, a perfect dream that he didn't want to end. Bill was right, the real thing was better than posters and Georg let himself look at his friend. It was downtime and Bill was wearing his hair down with very little makeup, but there was still something otherworldly about him. Georg could see heat in Bill's eyes and he let himself burn with it.

He had no idea what was going on in Bill's head, all he knew was that he had Bill's undivided attention and he liked it. This didn't make any sense in his mind and part of him didn't really believe it was happening, which was a more than liberating experience.

His body had responded already, quite willing to leap back into action after having been interrupted, and he reached down to run his fingers over the head of his cock. There was already a bead of pre-cum on the tip and he ever so slowly smeared it down over the slit, moaning quietly at the throb of arousal it sent through him.

That was something he didn't usually allow himself; sound. You could never tell how thin the walls of a hotel room would be and he had trained himself to be quiet to keep his secret. With Bill only feet from him this seemed irrelevant now.

He put his head back, looking at Bill through heavy lidded eyes and he stroked himself firmly. There was no way he could make it last now, he could feel it. This was not going to be slow and languid, but rather fast and furious as his real live audience watched him. He did not really feel as if he was in control of his own movements as he rubbed his fingers lightly over the head of his cock, reaching for his goal quickly.

He was a stone rolling down a steep hill, gathering speed as forces a stone could not possibly know took hold of it and increased its flight. Even if he had this for only now, he wanted it so badly and he wanted Bill to know how deep his desire ran; how much he loved him.

When it came, his orgasm took away any resemblance of control he had left. He tensed from head to foot, almost surprised to find the peak so quickly and then he came all over his hand and the bed, falling forward as his body quaked with muscle spasms. The pleasure was incredible and he breathed Bill's name as if it was a prayer. Only now did he close his eyes and he hung his head, not knowing what was to come.

After a few moments silence to gather his thoughts back together, he made himself look up. No matter what Bill thought of him he had to face it or it would destroy them both. Bill was still watching him and there were so many emotions in Bill's expression that he didn't know what he was seeing. He just remained perfectly still, afraid to break the tableau.

When Bill moved it almost made him jump and he pushed himself back on his haunches, wiping his hand on the bedclothes as he did so. Bill crawled over the bed to him before kneeling up and pulling something out of a back pocket. Bill held up what was in his hand and leant forward to whisper in Georg's ear.

"I've fancied you since I was fifteen," Bill said quietly, "and that performance was the hottest thing I've ever seen."

Bill was holding a picture of him, an old, crumpled, well used picture of him. Georg wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry, so instead he reached out and dragged Bill into the most intense kiss he could manage. Bill tasted exactly the way he thought he would and so much better at the same time. He had been willing to give all he had for that kiss and he was pretty sure he had just given his soul.

The End

MMOM 4 - Red Bull

Pairing: Tom/Bill

Rating: NC17

Warnings: twincest, wanking

Summary: Someone let Bill have too much Red Bull.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 2,062

Tom looked up from checking one of his guitars when Georg stormed out of one of the dressing rooms looking murderous.

"Who kept giving Bill Red Bull?" Georg demanded very loudly and Tom saw one new roadie looking shocked.

Tom stood up, since he knew who was going to have to deal with this.

"You idiot," Georg all but roared at the unfortunate roadie; "he's allowed two and only two before a concert. There are six fucking empty cans in there."

Tom got between Georg and the clueless roadie.

"I didn't know," the poor man said as if his life depended on it.

If Tom hadn't been there it might have, since there was nothing that could drive someone to murder like a caffeine saturated Bill and since Georg couldn't kill Bill, the roadie would make a good substitute.

"I'll handle this," Tom said calmly and gently pushed Georg over to the other side of the area.

"I don't care what you do," Georg said with a rather desperate glint in his eye, "but get him down from the ceiling before the concert or we'll have to play at four times the speed."

Bill not on large doses of caffeine could be fast and intense; Bill on more than two cans of Red Bull was kind of like a natural disaster leaving devastation in his wake. Only twice had Bill ever managed to get his hands on that much Red Bull at one time before and the first time they had had to lock Bill in his hotel room and barricade the door until he came down. The second time Tom had stumbled onto the solution out of pure desperation since they hadn't had a hotel room to lock Bill in.

Turning towards the dressing room, he adjusted his mindset for the task ahead and began to walk towards the door.

"Don't do it again," he said firmly to the still shocked looking roadie and then entered the arena.

Gustav was backed up against the wall looking shell shocked with Bill standing in front of him talking at about three times normal speed. When Bill was like this, he could talk for hours without anyone else entering the conversation and if exposed to it for any amount of time, it could permanently addle someone's wits.

"Bill, come talk to me," Tom said in a perfectly normal tone and moved to the opposite side of the room.

Gustav looked so relieved when Bill turned, grinned brightly and began to bounce across the room, that Tom would have laughed if he hadn't been busy preparing for the onslaught. He motioned with his eyes to the door and Gustav got the hell out of dodge with the speed of a small ballistic missile.

"Tom," Bill greeted with way too much enthusiasm and then began to spout words at such a rate that even Tom couldn't decipher them.

There was only one way to shut Bill up when he was like this and Tom did what the situation demanded. Completely ignoring anything Bill was doing, he stepped up to his twin, grabbed Bill firmly behind the neck and pulled his brother into a scorching kiss. Bill went silent instantly, stiffening for a moment and then relaxing into the kiss. Tom kissed the best way he knew how for a good minute before pulling back. Bill went to talk again, but he held up his hand and since Bill was still recovering from the kiss, Bill did actually stay quiet.

"Drop them," Tom said shortly; there was no point in being overly complicated now.

Bill opened his mouth to say something, but Tom held up his hand again; if Bill started talking, his brother would not stop.

"You're on a caffeine high," he said firmly; "an idiot roadie gave you a can of Red Bull every time you asked and you didn't keep track. I will now get you down from that high."

For a moment Bill looked like he might protest, but then Bill sighed and Tom knew he would be victorious. Bill didn't like to be told what to do, except in certain situations, at least that is what Tom had discovered. He had kissed Bill the first time out of self preservation; it had been a last ditch attempt to shut his twin up. He'd then remembered the thing that would calm him down the most and acted on the impulse. Bill had enjoyed it and Tom had actually discovered the whole following instruction thing on other occasions when it had been less of an emergency.

"Drop them," Tom said in a tone that just dared Bill to protest.

When his twin rolled his eyes and moved Tom let himself enjoy the spectacle as Bill undid his belt, then his jeans and pushed them and his underwear to the floor. Bill might have been mistaken for a girl when dressed, but there was nothing girlish about Bill without his clothes. Tom was not normally into boys, but there was something about Bill that drew him like a moth to a flame.

He picked up some stuff from the makeup table and took the step back to Bill. Moving very slowly, exaggerating his movements, he placed his hand on Bill's already hardening cock. Bill made a little sound, but Tom was not having that.

"Sssh," he said sharply; when Bill was in his current condition, talking seemed to be an almost subconscious need and Tom had decided that he was not about to risk any sound out of his twin at all.

He watched Bill bite his lip and could not help smiling; he literally had his twin in the palm of his hand.

"If you want more of this," he said, moving his thumb slowly over Bill's cock, "you're not going to make a sound. Do you understand?"

Bill's eyes were very wide and round, but his twin nodded and Tom smiled in approval. He moved so that he was standing beside Bill, flush to his brother's side so that he had an easier angle from which to work. He was so close he felt Bill shiver as he moved his hand in a smooth up and down manner. It didn't take long before Bill was hard in his hand as he handled his twin the way he knew drove Bill just about insane.

It made him grin to himself as he heard the tiniest, breathy sounds coming from Bill; he had just about asked the impossible after all. Keeping silent would have been difficult for anyone, for Bill it had to be torture. Bill's eyes squeezed shut and Tom watched his twin's lip go white as Bill chewed on it, desperately trying to stay quiet as he ran a finger tip down the slit of Bill's cock. Bill was already slick with pre-cum and Tom had only just started; he was going to enjoy this.

Tom knew that the upper side of the head of Bill's cock was very sensitive to any touch, because he was exactly the same and he had tried it on Bill the first time. If he rubbed too hard it would be uncomfortable, but he knew how far to push it and he concentrated most of his attention on the slick slit with just a little on the top, moving his hand all the way down Bill's cock and back up with every third stroke or so. Soon Bill was leaning against him heavily, almost as if his twin's legs were not holding him properly.

"You're almost there, aren't you, Bill," he said in a little whisper. "All that energy is focused in only one place and you want to let it go. You're going to come when I tell you, Little Brother, and you're going to come so hard you won't even remember what caffeine is."

Bill made a little whimpering noise at that, but Tom decided he would let his twin get away with that.

"Are you ready, Bill?"

He didn't really need to ask, because he could feel it. Every muscle in Bill's body was tensed ready for the coming overload and Tom knew all he had to do was touch Bill once more and it would be over.

"Now, Bill," he said in his best commanding tone and fisted Bill once more.

Now Bill let out a loud, breathy cry and Tom quickly employed the tissues he had in his other fist as Bill shuddered against him and came in his hand. Tom had known he was lost the first time he had seen Bill come from his touch; there was nothing in the world he loved as much as the bliss filled expression Bill had during orgasm. Some girls he had been with had looked like they were in pain, but Bill looked as if he had found Zen-like ecstasy.

Only when he was sure Bill could balance on his own did he drawback from his twin and turn to dispose of the rubbish in his hand. He felt vaguely tingly himself, even though it had been Bill who had just had the mind blowing orgasm, and he wasn't sure if it was the twin thing or just the adrenaline. Whatever it was, he liked it and he knew he would keep coming back for more.

Bill had a rather dopey smile on his face when Tom looked up from throwing the tissues into the waste bin; quite a contrast to earlier and Tom grinned, knowing he had succeeded again. He had no idea what Georg or Gustav thought he did to bring Bill down from a caffeine high, but he could imagine their faces if they ever found out. His more wicked side wondered idly if the fallout would be worth it just

to see their expressions. He perched on the edge of the makeup table as he enjoyed the idea before discarding it to the same place as most of his reckless thoughts.

"Try not to look as if you've just had the best orgasm of your life when the others come in," Tom said with a laugh, as Bill rather clumsily tried to put his outfit back together.

"I make no promises," Bill replied and grinned.

The fact that the words came out at Bill's normal speed was the first victory.

"No more Red Bull," Tom said and waved his finger in a stern fashion, which just made Bill laugh.

"If I get that every time I might have to OD more," his twin said in a completely unrepentant tone.

"Not unless you want Georg to kill someone and Gustav to end up in a nut house," Tom replied and he wasn't quite sure he was joking.

"Am I really that bad?" Bill asked with a rather quizzical expression.

Having asked Bill about it before, Tom knew that, as far as his brother was concerned, everything happened at normal speed when Bill was on a Red Bull kick.

"You have no idea, Little Brother," Tom said and grinned again. "A nuclear warhead might have less of an effect than you on caffeine. You really think I'd have started groping you otherwise?"

Bill gave him a huge puppy dog eye look.

"You mean I'm not irresistible?"

Tom almost fell off his perch laughing at that for which Bill hit him gently on the arm.

"You're such an ego boost," his twin said and laughed as well.

"Someone has to keep you in line," Tom replied.

"Oh yeah, I seem to remember it being you who told the world they could call you 'sex god' if they wanted," Bill observed with one raised eyebrow.

"Tell me I'm wrong," Tom said and wiggled his eyebrows before standing up and heading for the door. "I'm going to sound the all clear and, as much as I love you, wash my hands. Don't drink anything that isn't water until the show, or I might have to kill you. I would miss you, but I have to think of the greater good."

He laughed when a t-shirt hit him on the back of the head.

"We'll see who dies after the concert," Bill said in a very cocky tone.

"Promise?" Tom asked and gave his twin a sexy grin before he opened the door and ventured into the corridor.

"Hell yes," Bill shouted after him.

The End

MMOM 5 - Heritage

Pairing: Bill/Tom/Gustav

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: dubious consent, wanking, creature!fic

Summary: Gustav ends up in the middle of something he was never supposed to know about which has some rather unexpected consequences. Will he be able to get past it?

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 2,436

Playing the PS2 against Bill was usually a laugh and Gustav was enjoying it until he began to feel a familiar sensation run up his spine. The problem was that he didn't usually associate arousal with killing demons on a games console. For a while he tried to ignore it, hoping that he was imagining it, but, when they both died spectacularly at the end of the level, he slowly put the controller on the table. Bill was laughing even though they had just been pounded by the end of level baddy and Gustav made himself turn and look at his friend.

Bill hadn't done his hair yet, it was tucked behind his friend's ears to keep it out of the way and Gustav found his eyes zeroing in, surprised by what he saw. The top of Bill's ears were gently curving upwards into soft points and Bill's skin was paler than usual. There was a sort of ethereal glow to his friend that was like a candle flame to a moth and Gustav found himself leaning towards Bill without his conscious consent.

Loud swearing from further down the bus broke him out of his partial trance and then Tom was charging through the door, slamming it behind him and turning the lock.

"Bill, we've got trouble," Tom announced shortly in what Gustav thought was a very lovely sounding voice.

Gustav saw Bill look at his twin and made the mistake of doing the same thing; Tom wasn't wearing his hat or sweatband and where Tom's dreads were pulled back, gently pointed ears were also visible. Gustav felt as if there was a tangible force pulling him towards the twins and it was very hard to hold himself in place.

"Of fuck," Bill said, reaching up and touching his ears as if to see if it was true.

Gustav only just managed to stop himself sighing as Bill's black hair shimmered in the light. He didn't think he'd ever seen anything quite as beautiful as Bill and Tom next to each other. The way they complimented each other was just magnificent and he couldn't have looked away if his life depended on it.

"Oh shit," Tom said looking directly at him, "you've got Gustav."

When Bill looked at him he smiled dreamily, since he had both of their attentions.

"No, no, no, no, no," Bill said rapidly, "this cannot be happening. The blue moon isn't until next month, why is this happening now?"

"Mum said there might be effects," Tom replied, still looking at Gustav intently.

"But she never mentioned this," Bill protested.

Tom moved away from Bill to the other side of the bus and Gustav frowned; he preferred them together. It was more difficult to keep looking from one twin to the other.

"Uh-oh," Bill said concentrating on him again. "I think you've got him too."

"Shit," Tom seemed to be in agreement.

"What are we going to do?" Bill asked and Gustav barely noticed how worried Bill sounded, because he was so enamoured of Bill's voice.

Bill's voice was slightly higher than Tom's and when they spoke together they blended magically.

"He's enchanted," Tom said, moving back beside Bill, which made Gustav smile again.

"I can see that," Bill said with a frown, "but what are we going to do about it?"

Tom looked awkward, which Gustav thought was adorable.

"There's only one way to break a Fey enchantment," Tom pointed out.

Bill appeared kind of scandalised, which Gustav also thought was adorable.

"We can't do that to Gustav," Bill said, sounding scandalised now as well as looking it.

Tom put his hands on his hips and Gustav found himself moving forward slightly as if the gesture was an invitation.

"We don't have a choice," Tom said, not looking quite as worried as Bill, but then Gustav knew Tom never did.

"Tom, there has to be another way," Bill protested and Gustav really didn't care as long as they kept gazing at him.

"Look at him, Bill," Tom said in a firm tone that made Gustav shiver, "he's too far gone. Mum was very clear on the one and only thing that'll break the enchantment."

"But.."

"No buts," Tom replied, "we can redo the glamours later, but we have to fix Gustav first."

"And what if it happens again?" Bill asked and seemed to be annoyed. "We can't go around molesting everyone."

Tom shook his head and Bill turned to his twin.

"We'll use stronger glamours," Tom decided with a resolute tone, "but right now we need to deal with this."

Bill didn't look pleased, but eventually nodded and, when Bill looked back at him, Gustav found himself grinning again; he liked it when Bill looked at him.

"He's never going to forgive us," Bill said mournfully and Gustav really wanted to wipe his friend's frown away.

"It's not exactly our fault," Tom replied and Gustav nodded in agreement; not that he knew what wasn't the twins' fault. "It's not as if we tried to enchant him; it was an accident."

Bill frowned and shook his head and Gustav did sigh as Bill's hair shimmered this time.

"It'll have to be both of us," Bill said in a resigned tone, "since we've both enticed him. I just hope he'll talk to us after this is over."

"Yeah," Tom said, moving away from Bill and sliding down the other side of the table and round to the other side of Gustav.

When Bill shimmied up beside him as well, he decided that this made him very happy, even if it was difficult to look at both twins at the same time. He looked into Bill's eyes as his friend placed a gentle hand on his thigh and it was almost as if Bill's eyes were glowing gold behind the deep frown.

"Sorry," Bill said quietly and then leant in, kissing him lightly on the lips.

The electricity running up his spine almost took his mind away as he moved into the kiss, moaning quietly. As it turned out, Bill was an incredible kisser and Gustav wanted to melt into the touch, but he found his face being turned away as long fingers took hold of his chin. Then he was kissing Tom instead and it was different, but the same. Tom was more forceful than Bill, but the electricity through his nerves was identical.

When he felt his t-shirt being lifted, he shifted to make it easier without breaking contact with Tom. Clever fingers made their way up his chest and he all but purred into the kiss. When Tom broke away and started kissing his neck, all he could do was let it happen, because he had no idea which way to turn. Tom nuzzled and kissed his neck and he felt his t-shirt being pushed up about as far as it would go and a tongue stud was employed on one nipple while the other was assaulted by fingertips.

In his wildest dreams he had never imagined that Bill would know how to use the tongue stud so well.

"Oh god," Gustav moaned as the twins started to take him apart.

This was everything he had seen in their beautiful eyes and more.

"Just relax," Tom whispered in his ear, "we've got you."

He was floating in a haze of arousal and he had no intention of doing anything but let the twins have their way. If they stopped touching him now he thought he might die. When fingers released the button on his shorts and then pushed down the zip, he lifted his hips to allow the material to be moved out of the way. He was rather pleased when a hand took either side of his shorts and his underwear and removed both at the same time. He was dimly aware that one of the hands belonged to Tom and one to Bill and that the two were working in perfect harmony, but he didn't have enough brain power to really admire the synchronicity.

Tom began nibbling on his ear and Bill was still gently assaulting his nipples and, when one hand took hold of his cock and another began stroking his balls, he arched off the seat into the touches. He didn't remember ever being as stimulated, but then he could barely remember his name at that moment. If they kept doing that, he wasn't going to last for long and he tried to tell them, but no coherent words would come out of his mouth.

Long nails traced light patterns over his balls and he knew that had to be Bill's hand and there were definitely calluses on the fingers playing with the head of his cock, which had to be Tom's. He had thought he was hard after just seeing the twins, but now he felt like he was going to die if something didn't release the pressure soon. He lost all track of time as Bill and Tom brought him closer and closer to orgasm and he didn't know if it had been a minute or an hour when he finally bucked up, screamed into the mouth that was suddenly attached to his, muffling the sound, and then everything went away in bright light.

====

Gustav opened his eyes slowly and found himself leaning against the side of the bus at the end of one of the padded benches. He felt relaxed and content until his brain caught up with the fact that Bill and Tom were both sitting on the other side of the bus looking at him with worried expressions. He looked down at himself as his last memories became clear and found that he was fully clothed and for a brief moment he thought he might have been dreaming, but his clothes didn't feel quite right, as if he hadn't helped straighten them. The twins were looking normal now, but they were also looking nervous.

"Did that happen?" he asked slowly, unable to shake the doubt even though all the evidence was adding up in his head.

Bill nodded slowly.

"It happened," Tom said in confirmation and Gustav was at least grateful that the twins seemed to be being upfront.

He remembered the whole thing and he remembered what had been said even though it was as if he had been a completely different person. It put so many questions into his head that he wasn't sure what to ask or what to say.

"You're ...," he didn't quite know how to say it, how did you ask two of your best friends if they were human.

"Not quite human," Tom finished for him which made him very glad.

"I heard you say something about Fey," he said slowly, leaving the other rather outraged thoughts flying around his head for later, "I've never heard of Fey."

"Fairies," Bill said quickly, "or Sidhe, there are lots of different names, depending where you are in the world. Mum's full Fey, we're half and there's a blue moon coming up which messes with our magic."

"Magic," Gustav repeated the word, because he was having trouble dealing with it.

If he hadn't just sat there and had his wits addled by who knew what he would never have believed it was remotely possible. At the core he was a practical person and this just didn't make sense.

"Magic," Tom repeated with a nod.

"We don't have that much yet," Bill said, speaking rapidly like their lead singer sometimes did in interviews when he was nervous, "just enough to hold the glamours in place so we look normal and don't affect those around us. Mum says we'll get more as we get older."

Gustav's mind stalled on the 'affect' part of the conversation.

"About the affecting," he said slowly, "what happened?"

"A revealed Fey has power over a human," Tom took up speaking as Bill blushed a lovely shade of red. "It's a throw back to when Fey needed humans to breed, or at least that's what Mum said. Two Fey used to need a human to conceive, that's not true anymore, but the power is still there. Because of the blue moon our glamours fell so you got the brunt of our powers."

That sounded vaguely sensible if he accepted the fact that magic and fairies existed.

"And your solution was to..." he couldn't help blushing as he remembered the overwhelming pleasure of the twin's ministrations.

"It was the only way," Bill told him, interrupting him and speaking even faster than before; "the power of the enchantment only ends when the person enchanted has ... umm ..."

"Come," Tom finished, ever the more blunt of the two. "If we could have released you any other way we would have."

"But we couldn't," Bill said, looking down, obviously embarrassed, "sorry."

Gustav looked at his two friends, both of whom looked very anxious and he could almost feel the remorse, especially from Bill. He was sitting there feeling outraged when it began to occur to him that he had actually enjoyed himself. Yes it was weird, yes it hadn't been his conscious choice, but until his brain had caught up with his awakening body he had been feeling relaxed and content.

It was difficult to resolve, because the two views were at such odds. He knew for a fact that Bill and Tom would never have just taken advantage of him; they had had each others' backs for far too long for that. Which meant that this whole thing had been an accident.

Thinking about it, he realised he could continue to feel outraged and possibly wreck the band, or he could accept that this had happened, accept that he had liked it and move on. The bigger picture really was that Bill and Tom, were a race that most people thought were legend. That was kind of amazing and he let himself dwell on that instead. Ever philosophical about certain things he made up his mind.

"Tell me more about the Fey," he said leaning forward.

Bill looked completely amazed and so did Tom for about a second and then the older twin raised an eyebrow. Gustav just looked at his friend and raised his eyebrows back.

"There are only a few thousand full Fey in the world," Tom began speaking and Gustav was pretty sure they understood each other even though Bill look completely bewildered, "and our mum is one of them..."

Gustav put his arms on the table and settled down to listen; he expected this to be even more interesting than the morning so far.

The End

MMOM 6 - The Care and Keeping of Pets

Pairing: Gustav/Bill, Bill/Gustav/Georg

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: toys, furry, threesome

Summary: Sometimes Bill just likes to be looked after and pampered.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This one actually came from a conversation several of us had about tails - my brain just took it to the extreme :).

Word count: 3,691

Bill walked out of his room dressed in only a pair of jogging bottoms and a t-shirt. He had showered and was now squeaky clean, and what anyone who saw him might have thought was a little strange was that he had done his hair and put on light makeup even though he was only casually dressed. Stepping across the hall quickly in bare feet he knocked on Gustav's door.

Georg and Tom had both headed somewhere more exciting, since they all had a day off the next day and could afford to party the night away, but Bill and Gustav had returned to the hotel. Their night was going to be a little lower key.

When Gustav opened the door, Bill smiled brightly and walked past his friend into the room as Gustav shut and latched the door. The first thing Bill did when he stopped in the middle of the room was shimmy off his t-shirt and then push down his trousers, stepping out of them quickly. That left him completely naked, since those were the only two things he had been wearing. As Gustav came up next to him, his friend gently stroked his arse and he couldn't help but shiver a little.

There were several things spread out on the bed and Bill stood there quietly, waiting as Gustav moved to pick up the first. When Gustav held it up, he reached out his arm and let his friend pull it on, the soft, black, furry material sliding over his skin until it reached over his bicep. There Gustav laced it so it would not slip and Bill's left hand was now encased in a furry mitten with soft little fake grey claws. The mitten prevented any of his fingers moving normally and, once Gustav had picked up and put the second one on him, there was no way he could get either of them off without help.

He lifted first one foot and then the other as Gustav helped him into small, skin tight furry slippers, also with tiny fake claws. Gustav was always so gentle with him and he shivered a second time as his friend stroked up his leg as the drummer stood up again. Gustav smiled at him warmly before turning back to the bed and picked up the headband with the furry black ears. Bill hunched slightly so it was easy for Gustav to place the ears on his head, pushing them behind his ears through his floppy hair.

So far Gustav had said nothing to him at all, but then they didn't need words; this was familiar and comfortable and quiet, which was really the point.

"Hop on," Gustav finally broke the silence and patted the bed at which point Bill climbed onto the firm mattress on his hands and knees.

There was only one thing left for his transformation from Bill the lead singer to Bill the pet and it was what made his cock throb with pleasure and begin to harden. What was a cat without a tail? He spread his knees apart, let his head drop and waited for Gustav to continue. The first he felt was a single blunt finger stroking lightly over his entrance, gentle as ever and more requesting entrance

than demanding it. The finger was soon joined by cool lube and Gustav slowly pushed into him.

"You're tense tonight," his friend said quietly, "this may take a while."

Bill just made a light purring noise in the back of his throat as he savoured the delicious sensation of Gustav's finger moving slowly in and out of him. He really didn't care how long it was going to take; he knew Gustav would never hurt him and this would be done and that was all that mattered. Like this he didn't have to worry about being the front man, the leader who always had to have something to say; in fact with Gustav he didn't have anything to say at all. Here Gustav looked after him, cared for him and all he had to do was give his silent love in return.

He did his best to relax, letting go the tension and the excitement of the earlier concert and embracing the calm that Gustav seemed to exude when they were together like this. His friend and lover worked him with one finger carefully for a long while before eventually pushing a second in as well. Bill was used to this, his body knew how to react, but it still took time before Gustav's fingers were moving in and out of him easily. Only then did Gustav pick up the final item from the bed; a pear shaped black butt plug with the most magnificent glossy black tail attached.

Bill loved his tail; it was beautiful and soft and he had spent long minutes admiring the way it looked when in place in front of the mirror on previous occasions. He liked being Gustav's pet, it made him feel loved and desired and almost as beautiful as his tail. He didn't actually know where Gustav had found all of his costume, but Bill had been entranced from the moment he had first seen it all.

The tip of the plug slipped into his slick entrance easily and he purred again at the filling sensation, but he wasn't loose enough for the whole thing yet. Gustav worked him with it slowly, pushing it in as far as it would go easily and then twisting it as his muscles slowly adjusted. It felt wonderful, sending shocks of pleasure through his body and his cock, which was completely hard now, and he wanted to push back for more, but he knew Gustav wouldn't allow that. His lover was very careful to make sure he was never hurt, so he held himself still as Gustav slowly pushed the plug further and further in.

It finally reached a point where his body just sucked the plug the rest of the way in and he purred loudly as it pushed against his prostate and the fur of his tail tickled his arse.

"You look incredible, Bill," Gustav said in a hot tone, "look at yourself in the mirror."

So he did, glancing sideways at the mirror opposite the bed, and he could not help admiring what he saw. This was how he liked to be, how he found complete peace in their sometimes crazy world and he looked over to Gustav, pleased to see his lover happy as well.

"I think I'd like to relax and watch some TV before we do anything else," Gustav said, looking pleased with himself.

"Meow," Bill replied giving his opinion on the matter.

He was hard and aching from the insertion of his tail, but it wasn't all about the sex; it was about simply being there as well and he was in no hurry for anything else. Gustav picked up the remote and opened the cabinet containing the TV before coming back to the bed and lounging on it against the huge pillows the hotel had left. Bill waited until his lover was comfortable and then moved over towards Gustav, curling up beside his friend, resting his head on Gustav's lap. The wonderful pressure of the butt plug would keep him hard for a while yet, but he settled down with the intension of ignoring it for now.

"Good kitty," Gustav said with a smile, carding fingers slowly through his hair; "I think you deserve a reward."

Bill smiled upwards and opened his mouth when Gustav reached over and picked something out of a bag that was on the bedside table. When a strawberry flavour milk drop was placed on his tongue, he purred quietly in pleasure; Gustav always thought of everything. Sucking happily on the sweet, he relaxed as Gustav turned on the TV and picked some random film. The low rumbling in the back of his throat was a habitual reaction these days and he purred happily as they settled down to watch the film with Gustav gently stroking his hair.

He didn't really care what the film was about as long as Gustav kept stroking and feeding him strawberry milk drops.

About halfway through the film, Gustav went from stroking his hair to stroking his back and he curled closer so Gustav could reach more. He could put up with his current treatment for hours, which was one of the reasons Gustav said he made a good pet. Enjoying being pampered was something that came perfectly naturally to him.

Their film was nearing the end when there was a knock on the door. Bill sat up, startled and looked at Gustav who calmly climbed off the bed.

"Who is it?" Gustav asked, picking up Bill's clothes from where he had hung them on the floor and placing them on the chair under a coat.

"Georg," came the reply.

Gustav looked at Bill and he relaxed back onto the bed in his human ball.

"Meow," he said with a small shrug.

It wasn't as if Georg didn't know what he was likely to find, so Bill didn't care if Gustav chose to let their friend in or not. When he and Gustav had discovered their mutual kink he had told Tom straight away; it wasn't as if he could keep that from his twin, and a little later it had become obvious that keeping it from Georg would only get them into trouble as well. Both Tom and Georg had adjusted amazingly well and these days barely blinked if they found him in full cat attire curled up with Gustav somewhere. He did have a little pair of shorts that fitted over the tail that he could wear when in a communal space, which made things easier when they all lived above the studio.

If Gustav wanted to let Georg in he wasn't about to object.

"Hey, Georg," Gustav greeted as he opened the door, "something we can do for you?"

"Tom ditched me for a pair of twins we met in the club and then before I could find any more girls some arseholes turned up and tried to make the band an issue so I came back," Georg said, a little sheepishly. "Any chance of hanging with you guys for a bit?"

"Sure," Gustav said and let Georg into the room, "we were just watching TV."

"Hi, Bill," Georg greeted, walking in and throwing his jacket over Gustav's, "you look comfy."

Bill just wiggled his eyebrows and moved so that Gustav could sit back down, curling into the warmth of his lover once again.

"I swear you act more like a cat every time you do this," Georg commented, sitting down on the other side of the bed.

"Meow," Bill said in as haughty a tone as he could manage; that was, after all, the point.

Georg liked to play a game with him when he was being Gustav's pet and that was to try and make him speak. It hadn't worked yet and he wasn't about to fall for anything that obvious. Georg laughed and they settled down to watch the end of the movie.

Gustav's hand began wandering a little as they watched, and Bill was pretty sure his lover wasn't really aware of what he was doing. Bill, however, was and, when absently moving fingers brushed over one of his nipples, he felt the jolt of pleasure go straight to his cock. He was after all a seventeen year old male, so his on off switch was very light. He squirmed a little, which moved the plug in his arse which didn't help him much at all.

Gustav seemed to be oblivious to the whole thing, eyes still firmly engrossed in the film, but when he looked quickly over at Georg, his other friend had noticed him moving. A little smile played at Georg's mouth before Bill looked away again.

When the end credits rolled and Gustav flicked the TV to some music channel they were thankfully not on, he was relieved and a little nervous at the same time. Gustav stopped absently stroking him, but he knew his lover would notice his state shortly.

"Your kitty cat's horny," Georg helpfully pointed out as Gustav turned the sound down.

Bill gave his friend a dirty look for that comment.

"Which means I should kick you out," Gustav said in a conversational tone, "but you did only just get here, so that would be rude."

That was an interesting moment and Bill looked up at Gustav curiously. His lover obviously had something on his mind and he wondered what it was. Gustav let his eyes flick over to Georg and then back, lingering just long enough. They had been communicating without words so long that Bill could read Gustav almost as well as he could read Tom and he got the message loud and clear.

"Meow," he responded with a thoughtful expression.

Gustav smiled at him and rather than staying curled up and trying to hide his current problem he stretch a little and turned over. His erection was now very obvious and Georg looked surprised.

"I think Bill needs a little help," Gustav said and looked up at their companion, "don't you agree, Georg?"

Georg looked even more surprised at that, especially when Bill wiggled his arse.

"You start at that end, I'll start at this one," Gustav said and then leaned in to steal a kiss.

Since he was busy kissing Gustav, Bill didn't have time to wonder what Georg would make of that suggestion, but he found himself moaning when fingers started ghosting over his legs. The fingers were soon replaced with something soft and furry and the part of his brain still functioning realised that Georg had picked up his tail. When this caused a gentle tugging on the plug in his arse he couldn't help gasping a little.

"I think he definitely likes that," Gustav said, clearly enjoying his pleasure almost as much as he was.

"And what kitty likes, kitty gets?" Georg asked with a cheeky grin.

"Always," Gustav said with a little knowing smile.

Georg gave his tail another little tug causing the plug to move over his prostate and Bill moaned quietly. As Gustav stroked gently through his hair and played with his neck, he closed his eyes and just let the sensations flow over him. He was in heaven being touched so gently by two sets of hands and he could have stayed like that indefinitely.

That changed and he mewed quietly as Georg brushed his tail around his erection, and he opened his eyes again so he could see what was happening as Gustav began playing gently with his nipples. He didn't know which way to move or where to look and he just tried to arch into both touches. He had never been assailed by two people touching him at the same time before and it was quite honestly incredible. Georg and Gustav were very good at what they were doing and they played with him for what seemed like hours.

His arousal was rising fast and he didn't know how much more he could take. He hoped fervently that Gustav would have mercy on him, because the current sensation running through his body were going to drive him mad otherwise. As Gustav finally wrapped fingers around his aching cock what came out of his mouth was somewhere between a whine and a purr. He really needed to come and the little mewling sounds he began making were his only way to beg.

The fur of his tail danced over his balls under Georg's guidance and Gustav fisted him firmly and he knew he couldn't last. It was wonderful and he knew he was going to come embarrassingly fast, but there was only so much molestation one kitty cat could take. It was Georg employing two hands, one using his tail and the other gently jiggling his sac, which sent him falling over the edge. He came, bucking up into Gustav's hand and spilling his seed over his stomach as his eyes squeezed shut. His muscles clamped down on the plug in his arse only heightening the pleasure and making him shudder uncontrollably.

He hadn't come that hard since the first time Gustav had pushed something up his arse and he collapsed back onto the bed as little white stars danced in his vision. Gustav milked him slowly for every last drop he had and he lay in his lover's lap in a boneless sprawl as the final tremors ran through him. Right then his friends could have done anything to him and he wouldn't have had an ounce of strength to help himself.

"Good kitty," Gustav said with a loving smile when he finally opened his eyes and blinked lazily upwards.

He gave his lover a sleepy smile; he knew this wasn't over, but he felt like basking in the afterglow for a while.

"I think you may have broken Georg though."

Bill looked over at his other friend to see that Georg was sitting there still holding his tail, but with a rather stunned expression. It didn't take much to guess what was going on in Georg's mind since his friend's eyes were firmly pinned to his neither regions. Georg was exclusively a ladies man, as was Tom for that matter, and Bill was pretty sure Georg had only joined in as a game. Probably part of the try and make Bill say something game, since he knew for a fact other people tended to forget what they were saying when they came (Tom was loud through thin hotel walls) but it didn't look like it was a game anymore.

From the bulge in Georg's trousers, Bill was almost positive that it had just gone from a game to somewhat more serious.

"He's beautiful, isn't he," Gustav said with his usual calm.

Georg looked a little unsure while Bill basked in the praise.

"There's nothing wrong in admiring beauty," Gustav continued and Bill purred as his lover stroked his hair.

He could have fallen asleep there and then, but he had an idea that Gustav had something else in mind and he watched Georg out of the corner of his eye. Gustav leaned backwards and picked up a couple of tissues from the sideboard, efficiently cleaning him off with them.

"Um," Georg said, clearly embarrassed by his so obvious reaction, "I think maybe I should go."

Bill made a dismissive sound in the back of his throat; he thought that was a very bad idea. Before Georg could move, he picked himself up and basically dumped himself in his friend's lap. If Georg was that embarrassed about it, he could ignore the erection sticking into his side, but there was no way he was letting Georg run away; that made Gustav laugh.

"I don't think you're going anywhere," Gustav said, climbing off the bed to throw away the soiled tissues. "Didn't you realise he's as pushy as a cat too."

"Bill, get off," Georg said sternly, but in a kind of tight voice that made Bill think he was possibly squashing things he shouldn't be squashing.

"Meow," Bill said and made sure all his weight was on Georg's legs rather than anywhere else, but still pinning his friend down.

"That was a 'no' in case you were wondering," Gustav commented as Bill watched his lover putter around doing rather domestic things.

"Bill," Georg said in a dangerous tone.

Bill just looked up with a perfectly innocent expression. He might not be talking at the moment, but that didn't mean anyone could win an argument with him. If Georg left now it would be awkward for days and Bill didn't want his friend to go through that or have to deal with it himself. He stayed put. Georg looked about ready to do violence.

"Hurt him and you'll find out how difficult it is to remove drumsticks from your rectum," Gustav said in an almost conversational tone as he sat back down on the bed and began flicking channels.

Georg deflated.

"Before or after Tom flattens my face?" Georg asked, sounding defeated. "Okay, okay, I'll stay, but Bill, could you please go back over there?"

Bill looked up and smiled, before carefully removing himself and going to Gustav. His lover welcomed him back and began petting his hair almost immediately. He was also rewarded with a milk drop, which made him think he'd probably done just what he was supposed to. Gustav obviously had a plan, but Bill had no idea what it was. He suspected it was long term though, because he remembered the first time his lover had all but dragged him into the main room of the apartment above the studio. Their games had been all in private before that, but Gustav had insisted they not keep it completely that way. For all he knew, his lover was on a mission to broaden Georg's and Tom's horizons; Gustav could be very hard to fathom sometimes. He made a mental note to ask when not playing at being a cat and settled down to doze.

Gustav would probably screw him through the mattress later, but for now they had company. A little cat nap sounded like the perfect plan.

"So were the people you ran into in the club the same as the ones outside the concert tonight?" Gustav asked as if nothing had just happened.

"Some of them, I think, yes," Bill heard Georg reply as he began to drift off.

The tension seemed to be easing which was good and he let himself drift just above sleep as he listened to the hum of conversation. He didn't really care what his friends were talking about; it was just nice to be there and not have to say anything. Once it had been hard, but he had come to relish the lack of voice; he had plenty of other times to talk. He was relaxed and happy; life was good as a cat.

The End

MMOM 8 - Wonderful World of Porn

Pairing: none

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking

Summary: While indulging in a little porn marathon Bill makes a discovery.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 2,630

Bill was beginning to think that he just wasn't in the right mood. He was supposed to be seventeen and perpetually horny, but the movie they were watching just wasn't doing it for him. It had been Tom's idea; no surprise there, watching porn and wanking; something the four of them hadn't done in a while. It had sounded like a laugh at the time, a bit of male bonding, but Bill wasn't enjoying it as much as he thought he should have been. The whole two guys on one girl thing, which was the theme of the movie, usually made him hot, but although he was enjoying it like any red-blooded male, it wasn't giving him that final spark. He'd seen it all before, since porn was not something he was remotely new to, and, if anything, he was a little bored with it.

"Maybe I'm too tired," he finally said after the other three had sat there for a good few minutes politely ignoring the fact that he seemed to be having a little trouble.

He felt vaguely betrayed by his own body; he was a teenager, wanking was supposed to be second nature. It was all a bit frustrating, because he wanted the satisfaction of release, he just couldn't find it. Usually he was as into the porn as the other three appeared to have been, but not, it seemed, at that moment.

"Been working little Bill too hard in the shower?" Tom teased him and he swiped at his twin with the hand that was not currently occupied.

That spurred him on; no way was Tom going to be making fun of him for days. Fixing his eyes on the screen he went for it one more time, only as he concentrated on the movie he realised that the scene had moved on from where he had last been paying attention. They hadn't really bothered to figure out what porn was on, they'd just turned it on and to his surprise the woman had moved out of the picture. The two men were kissing and fondling each other and Bill felt something inside him sit up and take notice.

They were all boys, whenever they watched porn it was tits and arse with guys seeing to girls; Bill had never seen anything remotely resembling guy on guy before. It shocked him to the core when that certain something he had been missing clicked into place and he was coming all over his stomach and hand.

"Knew you wouldn't let me down, Little Brother," Tom said, still teasing him, but Bill was barely listening.

His eyes were fixed on the screen and he was trying to rationalise what had just happened. The guy on girl had left him lukewarm, but the guy on guy had got him off; that just couldn't be right, could it?

"Bill, you okay?" Tom asked, sounding concerned.

Tom had clearly not been paying attention to the movie any more, Bill was sure of it, or his twin would have noticed. He saw Georg tap Tom on the arm and point to what was still going on, on the screen and Bill suddenly decided that he did not want to be there any more. Grabbing a handful of tissues from the box on the cabinet he cleaned himself up as fast as humanly possible, all but threw himself off the bed and put his clothing back together as quickly as he could.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said hurriedly and all but ran for the door.

He needed to think. His reaction must have been just something to do with being tired and seeing something new; he was sure it didn't mean anything ... almost.

"Bill," he heard Tom calling after him, but he didn't stop, in fact he didn't pause until he was in his own hotel room.

Once the door slammed shut behind him, he stood there in the little hallway bit while his brain replayed the last few minutes over and over again. The more he thought about it, the less it made sense to him and he could feel himself becoming more and more worked up about it. He was so tense in only a couple of minutes that a knock on the door almost made his heart explode.

"Bill," Tom's voice sounded through the door, "let me in."

"Go away," Bill said pointedly, feeling mortally embarrassed and not wanting to see anyone at all.

"No," Tom said firmly; "you don't let me in I'm going to security and getting another key. Let me in."

Very rarely did Tom ever speak to him like that; this was Tom in full big brother mode and Bill stood there, torn.

"Bill," Tom's tone held a warning; Bill knew his twin would do exactly what he had said.

Reluctantly he shuffled over to the door and flicked it open, hurrying back into the room before Tom entered, sitting on the farthest top corner of the bed and picking up a pillow to hug, almost for protection. His mind was still spinning and he didn't know what to do or say.

Tom came in, closed the door and then walked towards him, sitting down no more than a foot away from him.

"Why'd you run away, Bill?" Tom asked gently, but firmly.

Bill really didn't want to answer, but he knew Tom would keep on at him until he said something.

"You saw the screen," was all he could eventually make himself say.

"So you're embarrassed because you got off while watching two guys?" Tom asked even though Bill was sure his twin already knew all the answers. "You were right on the edge anyway; you probably just saw skin on skin."

Tom was trying to make everything alright; Tom always tried to make everything alright when it came to him, but Tom couldn't take away what was in Bill's head now. If it had just been skin on skin he could have dealt with it; a little bit of

being laughed at and it would have all been over, but he knew what he had reacted to. He had known exactly what he was watching and it had been that knowledge that had given him the extra boost. His body had definitely liked the whole male/male thing.

"I didn't just see skin on skin," he admitted eventually; he couldn't lie to Tom.

Now that the idea was there, he wasn't sure it would go away. Squeezing the pillow tightly, he waited for his twin's verdict.

"So you liked guy on guy..." Tom started to say.

"I'm not gay," Bill finally voiced what was bothering him and he was adamant about it.

Tom sat there and looked at him for a while.

"I know that," his twin finally said; "unless you are a better actor than I think you are, I have seen you with girls, but, Bill, it wouldn't matter if you found out you were."

"I'm not," Bill was not having Tom think something that wasn't true.

"Okay, you're not," Tom agreed and he hoped it wasn't just to appease him, "but you definitely liked something and y'know, it's not impossible that you could like both. The movie was kind of boring."

"You got off, and so did Georg and Gustav," Bill pointed out.

Tom made a face.

"We're all tired," Tom tried again, "and maybe you are more tired than the rest of us. You have to deal with being the face of the band after all."

"Wasn't too tired when I looked back," Bill said and knew he sounded petulant now.

Tom gave him a long even look.

"Okay," his twin said eventually, "you liked the two guys. It might have been just a momentary thing, you might just like watching guy on guy, or you might be bisexual. Any of the above are okay, Bill; any of them."

The expression on Tom's face was sincere, but Bill still wasn't sure. He really didn't know why he had reacted the way he had; it didn't make any sense to him and so he couldn't work out what to do.

"Come back with me," Tom coaxed with a small smile, "and we can all have a drink and forget about the whole thing for tonight. We all need to relax."

Bill felt himself blushing.

"I can't go back," he said quietly, "you go, I'll just stay here."

Tom raised an eyebrow at that.

"If they say anything I'll beat them to a pulp," his twin promised and made him smile just a little bit. "Come on, Bill, I don't want to leave you here and if we don't go back Gustav and Georg will be worried."

The whole incident was so embarrassing, but Tom made it sound as everything was okay. He didn't want to let Tom down and so he slowly nodded. The smile on Tom's face was worth the effort it took and, when Tom stood up, so did he. He could be brave for Tom.

====

Bill moved the cover on his bunk and stopped dead as he saw what was waiting on the mattress. There was a magazine with a little yellow post-it on it and the magazine had an almost naked man on the front. He climbed in quickly and closed the curtains, turning on the little light above his head. The note was in Tom's cursive handwriting.

"You won't know for sure unless you try," were his brother's words of wisdom.

Under the gay magazine was another one he hadn't see that was more what he would expect from Tom, since there was a semi-naked, busty blond on the front. It was clear what his brother expected him to do with the magazines. For a few minutes he just sat there looking at the covers of the two publications and then he made his decision. Moving onto his knees he stuck he head out of the curtains.

"I'm going to take a nap," he announced to the bus in general, although he knew Tom would definitely know what he was really up to.

Then he retreated back inside and closed the curtains with a finality that meant the others wouldn't bother him. It had become a rule very quickly in such cramped living conditions; if the curtains were closed you only bothered the person inside if it was very important. 'I'm going to take a nap' had become code for anything from, 'I really am going to take a nap' to 'I'm wanking and don't want any interruptions'.

Carefully he removed his jeans and put them off to one side, then he sat back against one end of his bunk and pulled both magazines into his lap. He decided to start with familiar territory and opened the normal porn. It didn't take much flicking before he was definitely very much aroused and he hadn't needed to touch himself to get hard either. There was little doubt that he was still attracted to the female of the species.

Sitting back he closed the magazine and put it to the side. His reaction made him feel a little better at least; he was pretty sure it wouldn't have taken much to push him over the top if he had continued looking at the graphic pictures and it felt safer having at least some familiar territory. Staring up at the top of his bunk he tried to think of very un-arousing things so that he could continue his little experiment without a head start. It was the mental image of the entire security staff doing the can-can in pink leotards that finally did the trick.

When he was perfectly sure he wasn't aroused in any way, shape or form, he picked up the second mag and opened it. The first picture he found was of a young, bronzed Adonis of a man, leaning against a wall stark naked with his hand around his reasonably large erection. Bill felt a stirring in his loins. He turned the page and found a picture of two men very much attached to each other and he found himself even more interest.

It didn't take a genius to realise that he was definitely attracted to the male form, but he decided to be sure. Slipping his underwear down and his t-shirt up, he propped the magazine up where he could see it and then made himself very comfortable. His cock was half hard as he took hold of it and with a couple of strokes he was completely erect. It felt very good and he was tempted to just keep going with what was in his head, but he stopped himself, because this was a test.

He fixed his eyes on the picture and banished everything else from his head. He let his eyes trace the contours of sculpted male flesh and committed them to his memory as he slowly stroked himself from root to tip. There was something enticing about the tanned skin stretched over visible muscles and he found his gaze wandering all over the picture as his excitement built.

Feeling brave, he reached out with his free hand and turned the page. This picture was tamer; the same two men as in the previous picture were kissing and yet it was hotter. He had to bite his lip to stop from gasping and as he touched himself his hips bucked. Already he knew this was going to be good, he could feel the arousal building through him and it felt very nice indeed. He let himself be one of the men in the picture in his mind and he imagined the lips of the other man touching him.

He didn't think kissing a man would be like kissing a woman; it would probably be harder. Men were more forceful, at least that is what he'd been led to believe by Tom, and for the first time he wondered what it would be like to submit. That was all it took. As he touched himself, he let himself be someone he had never imagined before and his orgasm shot through him with the power of an inferno. He came, gasping as silently as he could as he shot his load all over his stomach. He realised as he lay there trying to gather his wits that this was possibly one of the defining moments of his life.

====

Bill had been thinking very hard since the previous afternoon, very hard indeed and he had come to one inescapable conclusion. Sitting around a large table with Georg, Gustav, Tom and David eating breakfast he finally let this conclusion sink in.

"I'm bisexual," he announced to the group in general.

Tom grinned at him.

"Glad you got that figured out, Little Brother," his twin said, clearly glad that he had come to terms with it.

Georg nodded in agreement before going back to his cereal and Gustav seemed completely unfazed by the whole thing.

"I've been waiting for you to say that for three years," their drummer said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Bill wished Gustav had told him about it before; it could have helped him explain so much.

Only David seemed to be having a problem; something to do with having inhaled coffee. Bill just gave David a smile as Tom helpfully patted David on the back. He was very glad he had said it; he felt much better now that it was out in the open

and he settled down to eat his cornflakes. David was kind of a funny colour, so he made a mental note not to say anything like that again when David had a mouthful of anything.

The End

MMOM 9 - Concealed

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: twincest

Summary: Georg knows that something's going on with the twins, but he had no idea what, so he decides to find out.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,658

Sequel:

The twins were the twins and Georg had long since learned that he would never fully understand how the two related to each other. It was a simple matter of having no point of reference to be able to comprehend what a twin could mean to another. However, they were his friends and he was perceptive enough to notice when something changed. It wasn't that the non-verbal communication between Bill and Tom stopped or even altered at a base level, it just gained a whole new layer. Something was going on and Georg was curious enough to find out.

That was why he hid himself in the tour bus; not an easy feat, considering the only place available was a storage compartment for luggage rather than people, and waited. By the time Bill and Tom boarded the bus, he was feeling cramped and stiff and had been ready to give up.

"Lock the door," Tom said after having checked the bus to see if there was anyone there.

Georg had a perfect view of the whole back end of the bus from where he was hidden, but he couldn't see the twins when they were down the other end. He hoped they wouldn't stay there or that they'd say something to give him a clue as to what was going on.

"What if someone comes back?" Bill asked, sounding nervous.

"Gustav's gone shopping, Georg's vanished to who knows where and the rest can wait outside for all I care," Tom said in a tone that begged no argument. "This is probably the only time we're going to get to be alone all week. Now lock the door."

"Okay," Bill agreed.

There was the sound of movement and the doors locking and then to Georg's pleasure the twins walked into his line of sight. Bill was looking rather nervous, but Tom appeared relaxed and determined. He had known the twins were up to something and this confirmed it, but he still had no idea what it was. Tom was clearly the leader in this and Georg had already decided that if Tom had got Bill into anything nasty he would kick Tom's skinny arse all the way to the North Pole and back.

What he really, absolutely, one hundred percent did not expect to see was Tom take off his sweat band and cap, throw them onto one of the bunks and then push Bill up against the side of the bus. What he expected even less was the

almost violent way Tom then crushed his lips to Bill's and the way Bill melted into the onslaught with a wanton moan.

His first reaction was abject horror; his two band mates were committing incest, but that wore off in about ten seconds when his brain caught up with a fact that his body already knew; this was one of the hottest things to ever have crossed his path. The whole dark and light thing Bill and Tom had going on, coupled with how much passion there seemed to be between the two was sending very direct messages to his cock. It felt so very wrong and yet he couldn't have stopped looking if his life had depended on it.

It didn't take more than a few seconds for his own erection to be pressing at his jeans as he watched the incredibly erotic sight of Bill and Tom making out. If he had been able to move in the slightest, he knew he wouldn't have been able to stop himself shoving his hand down his own trousers, but he was completely stuck, which made him want to groan in frustration. He almost did when Bill grabbed hold of Tom's baggy t-shirts and pulled them up over Tom's head before throwing them on the floor and attacking Tom's neck with what Georg was sure were teeth as well as lips.

The way Tom moaned long and loud, it seemed the neck was a very erogenous zone for the elder twin. Georg could not take his eyes off the pair as Bill wound fingers in his twin's dreadlocks and pulled Tom's head to the side even more, so there was more skin exposed. He had to reassess who was leading this; it was clear Tom was the instigator, but it looked like both twins were on a par when it came to who was doing what to whom. From where he was he could just about see Tom's fingers, almost reflexively playing with Bill's star tattoo.

Then, with a flick of Tom's wrist, Bill's trousers were undone and the control switched back the other way again as Tom's hand snaked inside Bill's jeans. Georg felt his own cock throbbing at the sight and he desperately needed to move, but he couldn't. Watching his two friends was torture of his own making and all he could do was suffer.

"How long have you been hard for me, Bill?" Tom whispered and the tone was so low and husky that, for Georg, his friend might as well have been blowing on his cock for all the difference it made.

It seemed to have the same effect on Bill, if the throwing back of his head and writhing was anything to go by.

"All day," Bill all but moaned. "God, I want you."

"Me too," Tom replied and Georg was almost surprised when Tom's oversized trousers hit the floor; clearly Bill's hands had been busy on Tom's belt while he was busy watching other things.

Both of the twins were very slim, but these days they were wiry muscle and Georg now had a very nice view of Tom's strong shoulders and small, pert arse. With a small shock he realised that he wasn't just enjoying the eroticism of seeing the twins together; he was admiring what was on display as well. That made him draw his thoughts back just a little, but didn't help the fact that his cock was demanding attention like a three year old throwing a temper tantrum. It was so bad that he almost considered opening the cupboard, apologising profusely to the twins and then making a dash for the bathroom. However, that was only a momentary flash of insanity.

"I wish we had time for you to fuck me," Tom groaned out as Bill did something Georg couldn't see.

That rather shocked him and he had to do another mental reassessment of the situation. For some reason the deep dark corner of his mind that had been wondering if the twins had gone all the way had assumed Tom would be the top in the relationship and it seemed he was wrong again.

"Don't give me ideas," Bill replied, by the tone of his voice, equally as lost in what the pair were doing to each other.

Bill's jeans and underwear were round his knees now and Georg wasn't sure when that had happened. It was at that point that he realised he was losing track and in his current position that could be very bad. It was just that the twins were so incredibly erotic that all the blood had rushed from his head into his cock and was refusing to come back and let him think. He really was very, very desperate and he began praying for deliverance.

When the pair shifted so that he had a perfect view of Tom's hand wrapped firmly around Bill's cock, he knew he was being punished for spying. This was his penance for daring to conceal himself and watch his friends without their knowledge and he promised whichever deity was chastising him that he would never, ever do it again if this was over soon.

It didn't look as if either Tom or Bill was in the mood to hang around if their fast movements were anything to go by, which was at least a small blessing. They were both leaning against each other and panting and Georg could barely tell where one twin ended and the other began as they moved in perfect harmony. He could see it coming and he knew what was going to happen, but part of his brain was still amazed when he saw both Tom and Bill stiffen at exactly the same time and then shudder together for long, almost agonising moments.

The twins came in exactly the same way and it was almost too much for Georg's besieged brain to cope with. He closed his eyes and begged for the whole thing to be over as his cock pressed painfully against the zip of his jeans. He was so hard it was silly and he kept his eyes squeezed shut, mentally counting down the seconds as he listened to Bill and Tom cleaning themselves and the bus up.

"Want to watch some TV?" he heard Tom ask and his heart hit the floor.

There was no way he could escape if the twins camped out in the bus.

"Umm, actually," Bill replied, "I'm hungry; let's go find something to eat."

Georg thanked the heavens for small mercies.

He listened to the pair leave and then waited the shortest amount of time he dared before falling out of his hiding place and literally scrabbling for the bathroom. The moment he had the door closed he shoved his jeans and his boxers to the floor and wrapped his hand around his throbbing cock. With the memory of Bill and Tom in his head all it took was two jerks and he came all over the porcelain sink, panting in relief.

Putting the toilet lid down he collapsed onto it, spent dick still in hand and just sat there, dazed in the afterglow. He had never had an orgasm like it. As he contemplated this it was with a sinking feeling that he realised that somehow he

had to sit across from the twins at dinner and not think about sex. He was so very dead.

The End

MMOM 11 - Double Team (Sequel to Concealed)

Pairing: Bill/Tom/Georg

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: threesome, twincest, wanking

Summary: Georg is having trouble hiding his reaction to what he now knows about the twins.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. She asked me to do a sequel to Concealed and she had been so good reading everything for me that I couldn't say no. So here it is.

Word count: 3,415

Georg did his best to act as if everything was completely normal and he hadn't just seen two of his friends all but having sex in front of him. He even managed it through the concert and food and falling into bed on the bus, in fact he managed it right up until what was for them breakfast time. That was when he couldn't focus on someone else, because Bill sat down opposite him and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Everything alright?" Bill asked in what for Bill was a very awake tone, having just fallen out of bed.

"Fine," Georg promised and looked at his friend.

He tried really hard to look Bill in the eye, he honestly did, but, the moment he looked at Bill, his mind's eye filled with the image of his friend in orgasmic bliss and he had to look away. He knew he was blushing, he could feel it, but there was nothing he could do about it. The best he could manage was fixing his eyes on his cereal.

"Shove over," Tom's voice only made it worse and he almost died when Bill did as he was asked and Tom slipped into the vacated space.

Now his brain replayed some of the details of his illicit spying exploits and, oh god, he was getting hard. Not once had he ever considered Bill or Tom in even a remotely sexual light and now that was all he could think about. He was going to be insane before the day was out, he was sure.

"You look flushed, Georg," Tom said while helping himself to Bill's cornflakes, apparently, much to Bill's annoyance, "you're not coming down with something are you?"

"Get your own bowl," Bill protested, giving Georg a little breathing room as the twins squabbled over the spoon.

"It's just warm in here," he said, managing a quick glance up.

At least the pair was paying attention to each other rather than him for now.

"But I want some of yours," Tom said and batted his eyelashes; "don't you love me anymore, Bill?"

That was it; Georg fled and didn't even bother about his dignity. He threw himself into his bunk, grabbed some headphones, turned on the TV and tried to pretend nothing else existed. He pointedly ignored the fact that anyone or anything else existed until they reached the next hotel. There was no gig that night, although

they did have interviews most of the day, but that meant they were in the hotel overnight, which pleased Georg no end. If only he could get through the afternoon, he would be safe for a little while.

====

Georg all but fell through his room door, kicking it shut behind him. He was quite honestly exhausted; who knew that trying not to think about sex could be that tiring. He'd managed to lag behind the others after their last meeting and then claim he had left something on the bus so that he didn't have to deflect any invitations to hang out with the other three or anything like that. All he wanted to do was collapse and try and forget that he had ever been as stupid as to spy on the twins.

He dumped the book he really didn't want, but had picked up to prove he had needed something from the bus, on the bed and tried to decide what to do. Room service seemed like a good idea, since he was hungry, and since they were in a hotel there was no catering that evening, and then a long hot shower.

"Hey, Georg."

He almost jumped out of his skin and he did swear long and loud as he spun to find Bill standing in his bathroom doorway dabbing eye makeup with a piece of tissue. Bill appeared quite amused by his reaction.

"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you," Bill apologised as Georg tried to gather his scattered wits, "the hotel let me in. We were worried about you and I volunteered to come see; I didn't think you were ever going to get here."

"I'm fine," he said, reiterating what he'd said to anyone who asked all day; "just tired."

He had worked out a technique of looking straight over Tom or Bill's left shoulder when talking to them, so that he could appear to be facing them, but didn't actually have to focus on them. It helped keep his libido at least a little in check. That was until Bill stepped left, directly into his eye line.

"You've been doing that all day," Bill pointed out, catching his eye and refusing to let him look away; "now stop making out you're fine and tell me what's wrong."

No one would ever accuse Bill of being a mother hen; that was Gustav's job, but when Bill got an idea into his head it tended to stick and Georg knew he could no longer dodge the bullet. The thing was he had no idea what to do or say. He opened his mouth to lie, but nothing came out; he couldn't come up with any explanation except the real one.

"Your eyes narrow when you lie," Bill said firmly as he tried to come up with something to say, "so don't even bother."

Georg briefly considered throwing himself out of the window to get away.

"I will call in reinforcements if I have to," Bill told him in a no nonsense tone.

As if on cue there was a knock on the door.

"You guys alright in there?" Tom's voice came through the barrier.

"Looks like I don't have to call," Bill said, walking towards the door without so much as asking for permission.

Georg sat heavily on the bed and watched his doom approaching as Bill let his twin in and then both came back towards him. The only small mercy was that Gustav wasn't with Tom to witness his demise. He was trying not to look directly at the pair, since, every time he did, his mind provided lurid images, but his gaze kept slipping back. He had found over the day that it really was very hard not to look at a Kaulitz when they were in the room.

"Still doing the not looking at people thing, then," Tom observed and Bill made an affirmative noise. "Georg, something's up; what is it?"

He tried to find an excuse, some viable reason that he could have for his behaviour, but far too much of his brain was occupied with thoughts so graphic they would have made a porn star blush.

"I saw," he finally blurted out.

Bill and Tom looked at each other, both not seeming to understand and all Georg could do was watch the non-verbal communication going on.

"Saw what?" Tom asked after a moment.

"You," Georg said, and saw that he still wasn't being comprehended, "together," he stressed.

Understanding dawned in Bill's eyes first and Bill looked straight at Tom.

"Oh," was all Tom said and there was a very awkward silence.

Georg put his head in his hands and tried to disappear.

"Are you going to tell anyone?" Tom eventually asked and Georg almost laughed; that was the furthest thing from his mind.

He still didn't know what to say, but he did look up at them, sort of. Bill looked like someone had just killed his dog and Tom had virtually no expression at all; Georg wasn't sure what was worse.

"No," he said and at least Bill looked a little less ready to bolt.

"But you're disgusted by us," Tom said, as if it was obvious and this time Georg did laugh.

That made both of them look at him as if he'd grown another head.

"You don't get it," he said since neither twins seemed to have asked themselves the obvious question; "I saw you; don't you wonder how?"

Tom was frowning at him now in a way that suggested there might be violence.

"I was hiding," he said pointedly; "I hid because I knew something was going on with you two and I was worried. Then when I saw what you were doing I didn't stop you and I didn't say anything because it was the hottest thing I have ever seen. I can't look at you because every time I do I see ..."

He trailed off and waved his hands, since he was not saying what was actually in his head right then.

Bill looked rather shocked and Tom's face went blank again, then, slowly, Tom began to smile, and then grin, and finally Tom began to laugh. Now Bill was looking at his brother as if Tom had grown another head.

"You're horny," Tom said through laughs as if it was the funniest thing in the world; "you haven't been able to look at us because we get you all hot and bothered."

Georg didn't think it was that funny, but even Bill smiled just a little bit. They were the ones who were committing incest; Georg really didn't think he was the one that should be the centre of ridicule. He glared as best he could while blushing. After a moment Bill hit his twin on the arm.

"Shut up," Bill said with distinct finality; "we caused this."

And then Bill walked over and sat down next to him and Georg looked sideways as Bill patted his knee.

"You going to be okay?" Bill asked sincerely.

Just occasionally Bill was rather girly and Georg decided that this was one of those moments. Unfortunately, the last thing he wanted to do was talk about his feelings.

"Apart from being perpetually horny for the foreseeable future, I'll be fine," he said, hoping to divert the soul searching before it began.

From the look on Bill's face, his friend appeared to take the hint.

"That doesn't seem fair," Bill said looking over at Tom; "do you think that's fair?"

Non-verbal conversation was once again exchanged between the twins and all Georg could do was sit and wonder what the hell was going on now.

"We're getting you all worked up," Bill continued seemingly having had the response from Tom that was required, "we really should help you out with that."

Georg's brain stopped; it did not slowly come to a halt or meander off on another thought, it simply stopped dead and caused a ringing in his ears. He just about managed a thought along the lines of 'huh' when Tom sat down the other side of him and smiled at him.

"Only if you want us to of course," Tom said with a perfectly innocent expression.

"Nghhh," was what Georg said, but he was pretty sure that the twins figured out what he meant by the single vigorous nod he gave as well.

Bill smiled at him brightly and seemingly without a second thought shrugged out of the small red t-shirt. It took Georg's bemused mind about five seconds to catch up with that as he stared in what had to be a rather stupid manner. Bill was really very beautiful to look at and he couldn't take his eyes off him.

"Just remember that he's mine," Tom said quietly in his ear, "and you can touch all you like."

Georg turned to look at Tom and found that the expression in his friend's eyes was very serious and it suddenly made perfect sense in his head. Bill had always been Tom's and Tom had always been Bill's and the two had simply taken it to the next level. Somehow that thought managed to kick start Georg's brain again.

"Really?" he asked; he definitely didn't want to step over any line even though the gentle throbbing in his underwear told him that he was very ready willing and able for the offer.

"He's bossy though," Tom said with a nod, "so you might find yourself out of your depth."

That wasn't really much of a shock, especially after what he had seen the previous day, even though at first he would have expected Tom to be in charge in the bedroom. Bill was bossy about nearly everything else, so it followed along rather nicely that Bill was the same in the bedroom. Georg was nervous and excited at the same time; he had never thought about being remotely intimate with another guy before the previous day, but his fantasies had had over twenty four hours to stew.

"He has very sensitive nipples," Tom whispered to him and Georg's hands began to move as if they had a will of their own.

Bill neither made a move to encourage him nor discourage him as he slowly reached out, but when his fingers contacted with skin, skidding over the surface of Bill's chest lightly, his friend closed his eyes and made a delighted little noise. Georg grew a little bolder and flicked lightly at what had been his target to begin with and Bill shuddered a little as he touched the hard little nub of nipple.

For a while Bill let him explore and play and then deep brown eyes opened and looked at him, making him suddenly realise that Tom may have been right about being out of his depth. However, Bill just leaned in and stole a kiss. It was not a gentle kiss and Georg could feel the passion as Bill's tongue skirted over his lips, asking for entrance. The hard nub of steel made itself felt as soon as he acquiesced and the feel of the metal brushing over his lips as Bill's tongue searched his mouth was enough to make him moan long and hard.

Bill had a very mobile tongue and Georg found himself thinking that Bill knew how to use it for kissing almost as well as his friend used it for everything else. It was no wonder that Bill could talk for Germany. When Bill put his head back and pushed against his hands again, obviously requesting that the previous play continue, Georg was almost disappointed. He wanted to play with the tongue stud some more.

He was so engrossed that he's almost forgotten about Tom, but he jumped slightly as he felt hands on his jeans and had to stop what he was doing as he looked down to find Tom's hands in his lap.

"You worry about Bill," Tom said as he looked round at his friend, "I'll worry about you."

Then Tom took his chin and made him look at Bill again,

"We'll both worry about you for a bit," Bill said and Georg faced back properly to find that he had just completely and totally lost control of the situation.

"Told you he was bossy," Tom commented and Georg jumped as Bill's long fingers wiggled into his jeans and rubbed him through his underwear.

He groaned as Bill squeezed gently.

"Been a while since we've seen you naked," Bill said, looking him up and down; "I think we should rectify that. You've been hiding your assets since we stopped being sweet and innocent."

That made Georg laugh, despite his current position.

"I don't think Tom's been sweet and innocent for a lot longer than that," he said and then gasped as Bill squeezed a little harder.

"Well since I was sweet and innocent then," Bill replied with a smile; "same principle though."

"Lift up," Tom said and Georg found himself obeying without question and his jeans and underwear were quickly pulled down.

"That's better," Bill said, pushing Georg backwards onto the bed.

Georg didn't even bother to resist and Bill urged him up the bed so that he was lying comfortably. Bill gave him a long slow kiss for that and then pulled back working at his own jeans. Tom took his brother's place, so Georg didn't have long to worry about being abandoned and kissing Tom was different because the piercing was on Tom's lip rather than tongue. He couldn't resist nipping at it and Tom moaned at him for his trouble.

"Wow, Georg," Bill said brightly, "you've grown."

He felt his cock jump at that praise and he couldn't help feeling a little self conscious when Tom pulled back to look as well. Both of the twins were focusing completely on him and it was rather nerve wracking and flattering at the same time.

"My, my, not like you to hide your light under a bushel," was Tom's comment.

Georg felt arousal course through his body; he found that he liked being the centre of attention. When Bill straddled him, he liked it even better, especially since Bill was as bare as he was and the friction of skin on skin was decidedly delicious. Georg just about managed to catch a glimpse of Bill's cock before Bill had their groins pressed together and moved with a very firm rocking motion.

"Oh hell," he all but groaned out, "do that again."

Bill's laugh was a little breathless, but his friend did as he was asked. The feeling of Bill's cock next to his own was incredible; far better than any girl who had rubbed herself against him like this. He lifted an arm and let his fingers play over the back of Bill's neck, tangling in the other boy's hair as Bill continued to move. His eyes fell shut as he enjoyed the wonderful sensations.

When Bill paused, he just about managed to stop himself complaining, but he did open his eyes again and he saw a sight that made his cock throb insistently. Tom was naked as well now and was climbing to straddle him behind Bill. Tom pushed himself flush with Bill and then Bill began to move again.

It took the twins only moments to find a rhythm where Tom was rubbing against Bill and Bill was rubbing against Georg in such an amazing way that Georg almost forgot his name. The sight of Tom nestled so close to Bill that at times they were the same creature with two heads was quite honestly one of the most incredible things he had ever seen. He could see them becoming lost in each other very soon after they began, but it didn't matter, because they were letting him share it. It was wonderful and incredible and he knew it couldn't last much longer.

When Tom's arms snaked round Bill, sliding over hard nipples that Georg had been playing with only minutes before, he knew it would not be long. He could feel the pressure building in his balls; the delicious heat that signalled this was enough to send him over the edge. Keeping his eyes open this time, he watched Bill and Tom move in perfect harmony and felt the pressure of Bill's movements against his cock and it was all it took. Moaning out his pleasure he shuddered in one wave from his centre to his tips and shot hot liquid between him and Bill.

This just seemed to spur on the twins and he wound his fingers in the bed sheets as Bill continued to brush against his sensitive body, forcing everything he had from his body and then more. He had seen the look on Bill's face before; the one that he knew meant Bill was close, but he had never seen it properly on Tom's because of the angle he had been at. The pair looked almost angelic.

"Tom," Bill whispered before arching up and shooting ribbons of milky liquid onto Georg's stomach.

"Bill," Tom replied at almost the exact same moment and shuddered against his twin.

Georg watched it all and, rather than feeling excluded from what Bill and Tom obviously shared, he felt strangely honoured to be part of it. He knew why they had found each other; the twins were perfectly matched and he couldn't remotely think it was wrong. As he lay there breathing hard, watching Bill and Tom slowly returning to reality, it was suddenly about more than the sex. He could see the love burning brightly between Bill and Tom and he knew without a doubt that he would be more than willing to protect what he was witnessing. Even if they never let him be part of it again, he would never let anyone take that away from his friends. Now he knew he could look them in the eye again; and he'd save the risqué mental images for when he was alone in his bunk.

The End

MMOM 12 - Steel

Pairing: none

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, shaving

Summary: Gustav has a secret pleasure.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This fic came from a discussion about how Gustav looks like he shaves his legs. Now it could just be that he had very fine blond hair you can't see on piccies, but I don't care :).

Word count: 1,833

Finally he had some time to be alone and relax. It wasn't that Gustav had a problem with any of the other members of the band, it was just that their lives were so hectic and they spent so much time together that sometimes he just liked a little space. They were in a hotel tonight and he had managed to cry off any activities the others had planned. So far he had had a nice hot shower and then chosen his chillout playlist on his iPod for later. He had also arranged several things on the bed; a large bowl he had requested from the hotel, now full of hot water, a face cloth, a towel, a razor and a can of shaving foam.

He had already done his legs, his chest and under his arms in the shower because he used a cream for those, but there was one place he never used anything but hard steel. Gustav liked to be hairless on his body, everywhere except his arms. For him it was something that at first had started because he'd begun to get sweat rashes from all the fast movement involved in drumming and he'd read that being hairless helped. It had then become a habit and now he did not like the feeling of hair in those places he removed it from and as for the ritual of removing his pubic hair; that he rather enjoyed just for the sake of it.

He really didn't care what anyone thought of his habitual hair removal; it made him much more comfortable and anyone who thought it was odd could go and jump off a cliff for all it meant to him. The other members of the band had seen him naked on more than one occasion so they were all aware of what he did, and he knew for a fact that Bill wasn't fond of body hair either, so it wasn't as if it mattered to anyone he cared about. Of course, they had no idea how much pleasure he derived from the intimate hair removal.

After the shower he had belted his robe, but, now that he was ready for the last stage of his habitual preparation, he undid the knot and let the towelling hang loose. He carefully sat on the bed, making sure not to nudge the bowl and spill the water and then he propped himself up against the headboard. If he didn't have much time, he sometimes did this standing up over the sink, but he preferred to be reclining where he was comfortable. This was, after all, mostly about pleasure when he had a chance.

His cock was already showing an interest, since he was very familiar with the idea of what he was about to do and it always excited him, but it took a few strokes to get himself properly hard. Firmness definitely helped in making sure he didn't nick himself, so he played for a while, enjoying the feel of his fingers slipping slowly over his willing flesh.

Once he decided he was hard enough, he took the can of foam, spraying some into the palm of one hand. Then he carefully put the can back on the bed and with his free hand took hold of his engorged cock. Keeping it out of the way he spread the foam over his balls and the base of his penis, just enough to cover anywhere there was hair. He liked the feel of the shaving foam with its skin care

ingredients and smooth glide formula. It felt cool and soft and very erotic and he savoured the sensation, closing his eyes and enjoying it as he slowly moved his fingers.

His cock throbbed hotly and he smiled to himself, spreading his legs a bit more so that he could reach better. However, soon the foam was at body temperature and he moved on to the next stage. He washed his hand in the bowl and picked up the razor, still using the other one to keep a grip on his body.

The first pass was always the same and he held his cock flush to his body so that he could see the underside properly. Then he placed the razor on the top of his sac and drew it upwards, taking in the base of his cock as well. The hardness of the blades on his soft skin felt wonderful and he let himself moan just a little. He never let himself go when he was doing that, because what he definitely didn't want was an accident while doing this, but he did let himself enjoy it.

The next stroke was next to the first, divesting the area of the short growth it had gained since he had last done this. That had been a rushed affair in the bathroom of the bus and he was glad he had time to savour this now. The feeling of the sharp blades gliding over his flesh made shots of arousal shoot through his cock and into the rest of his body and the sight of smooth, hairless skin made him want to touch.

He held himself in check as he carefully finished the area in another few, gentle strokes and then he took hold of his sac and pulled it upwards slightly. The sensation of his fingers on the newly shaved area was wonderful and he let himself moan again before washing the razor off in the bowl and continuing with the delicate area of the underside of his scrotum. This was the trickiest bit and he was very controlled and very precise and his cock was twitching by the time he was done.

The urge to touch himself properly now was almost overwhelming and he took a short break, rinsing the razor thoroughly as he brought himself into check once more. Once he knew he was ready, he moved his package to one side and then the other, fastidiously removing all hair on each and then he was ready for his favourite bit. Holding his cock out straight he placed the razor against the skin of his pubic region, stoking down and to the root of his cock. This was the best bit because he could see it clearly and without obstruction and for this his eyes were as important as his sense of touch.

He liked to see the swathe he had cut in the shaving foam to the pale skin beneath and his eyes were glued to his lower body as he repeated the move slightly to the left and then to the right. His body was almost humming by the time he had removed all hair and all foam except from the very base of his cock. This was the bit he always left until last and with what was almost reverence he changed his grip on the razor again. With small, light strokes he removed the last vestiges of hair from his erection.

It was part arousal and part satisfaction that made his moan to himself as he dropped the razor back onto the towel and just looked at himself. Smooth and soft; that was the way he liked the skin of his most intimate area and, when he let go to rinse his hands of the last of the foam, his cock jumped. He knew exactly what he was going to do next and so, it seemed, did his dick.

Picking up the face cloth, he carefully dipped it in the bowl until it was soaked with the lukewarm water. Then he squeezed it out before opening it so he had the whole square of white material at his disposal. Using both hands, he placed it

over his erection and his balls and carefully wiped away any residue of his shaving, but he didn't take it away again. Once he knew he was clean, he flipped the cloth and wrapped the warm material around his cock, holding it firmly with one hand.

Now it was time for the ultimate prize.

Using the damp, warm heat he fisted his cock once and let out a long, heartfelt moan. After keeping himself in check through the whole shaving process, this was bliss and his hips involuntarily bucked up as he withdrew the cloth a little and his body decided to follow. The face flannel was cooling quickly, but it didn't really matter as he slid it over his body in long even strokes.

The slight tenderness of his freshly shaved skin against the texture of the wash cloth was wonderful and he ran his other hand over his soft, hairless balls as he continued to fist his cock. His sac was like velvet under his fingers and he let himself play, delighting in the feeling.

His mind moved through his favourite fantasy where someone else let him do this to them and that was all it took. The explosion started in his balls as a wonderful pressure, forcing its way through his cock as he came into the moist cavern made by the wash cloth and then the eddies moved through the rest of his body leaving him shaking and gasping and in heaven.

He always had the best orgasms when he let himself indulge in that particular fantasy and as lay there, enjoying the little after shocks still moving through him, he wondered what it would be like if he actually asked someone. Even though he was mostly girl orientated, it was always another male in his head when he thought of this scenario and he idly wondered if he's ever have the guts to go through with it.

Dumping the flannel on the towel with the bowl he just lay there for a while, relaxing. If he was ever going to ask someone it would have to be someone he trusted completely and who trusted him and that really only left three viable options. He smiled to himself as he imagined the look he would get from each of his band mates if he brought up that subject and decided that in the middle of a tour was definitely not the time to do it. It was possible one of them might say yes; Bill because he was curious; Tom because Gustav was pretty sure that was something Tom hadn't done yet; and Georg because Georg sometimes had hidden depths that surprised them all. Of course, according to science, it was also possible to throw a ball through a wall if you threw it enough times and random chance was on your side, so he wasn't going to hold his breath.

Climbing off the bed, he picked up all the stuff he had been using and headed to the bathroom with it. He was happy and relaxed and knew that he was going to get a hell of a good night's sleep, that is if the feeling of smooth flesh didn't keep him up all night; literally.

The End

MMOM 13 - Natural Progression

Pairing: Tom/OFC, Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: twincest, wanking

Summary: Bill likes to watch his brother with girls, but this time he realises why and it changes everything.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 3,302

In some ways Bill and Tom were very different, but even when they were different they often complimented each other. As Bill checked the connection to the laptop he wondered if this particular symbiotic relationship might have developed simply because they were so close. Tom had definitely discovered hormones before Bill and Bill had spent a good half a year just watching Tom chase girls properly and wondering what all the fuss was about. When his hormones had finally kicked in, a pattern had already developed between them which had become more defined as they had grown up. Now Tom was an exhibitionist and Bill was a voyeur.

It wasn't as if they couldn't have fun without indulging these particular kinks, but Bill knew that both of them would never quite escape the ingrained behaviour. With Bill being so picky about girlfriends in the first place he wasn't likely to be getting any soon anyway. It suited them both to keep on the way they were and Bill turned on the laptop as he finished setting everything up.

Tom had gone looking for a girl and he had just completed the setup that they always used when both of them needed some relief. They didn't always do it, but more often than not they did and had done since they had found they had the technology to do it. On the sideboard in Tom's hotel room there was a small digital video camera that Bill had carefully concealed under one of Tom's caps. There was a wire running from the camera, down the back of the furniture, along against the wall and under the adjoining door of their rooms. The other end of the cable was in the laptop and Bill could see a large part of the other room, including the big double bed.

He had already changed for bed and was wearing only a pair of boxers and one of Tom oversized t-shirts. He liked to steal one of Tom's shirts to mooch around in since his smaller ones tended to ride up and be completely useless for keeping warm. Tom really didn't seem to mind so he'd been doing it for some time now. Sitting down on the bed cross legged, he settled down to wait for his brother to return; he didn't have to wait long.

He heard the main door to the next room open and then Tom and the girl of the moment walked into shot. Tom was like a seasoned actor when it came to hitting his mark so that Bill could see everything and this was no different. Where as Bill's room already looked like a bomb had hit it thanks to him searching through his luggage for everything he needed to set up the link, Tom's room was almost pristine.

"So are you the tidy twin?" the girl asked as she looked around.

"Depends if you ask Bill or my mum," Tom replied with a quick laugh and an easy smile.

It was that slightly cheeky smile that got the girls every time and Bill could see this one melt a little more. There was the promise of so many things in that smile. When Tom stepped up to her and pulled her in for a kiss, his nameless conquest went and Bill felt the first stirrings of heat in his nether regions. Tom even turned her slightly so that Bill could see everything from his angle. It was only a few moments before tongues became involved.

It was Tom who had explained the rudiments of French kissing to him when they were younger, after an older girl had shown Tom. Bill knew all the logistics and felt that he himself was a pretty good kisser; at least his girlfriends had never complained, so he had absolutely no trouble putting himself into the little scene going on in the next room.

Uncurling his legs, he sat on the edge of the bed, eyes fixed on the screen and slowly began to rub himself through his boxers. He was a teenager; he'd been partially hard since Tom had suggested their current actions and it didn't take very much to bring him to full attention. Starting slow was the fun bit and he enjoyed watching Tom kiss as he just teased himself through the jersey of the semi-fitted underwear. He imagined it was his tongue in the girl's mouth and that her body was pressed up against him and he moaned just a little as he watched Tom actually doing it.

He knew the moment the girl pressed hard enough to feel the erection Tom was sporting under the baggy clothes, because her body language changed. She looked suddenly a little nervous as if she'd realised this was happening for real.

"You okay," Tom asked as she pulled back from him a little.

Tom might have been a player and an exhibitionist, but one of the things Bill loved about Tom the most was that Tom did care for the girls he picked up. The girls always left satisfied and Tom never pretended it was anymore than it was to get them into bed. If his chosen subject tonight was not really into it and had suddenly woken up to this fact then Tom wouldn't try to pressurise her. The girl bit her lip and looked a little awkward.

"We could just talk," Tom said with a little grin and the girl smiled almost immediately.

That song was possibly the best ace up his sleeve that Tom had; a quick reference to it never failed to make a girl giggle and blush, which is exactly what Tom's date did and shook herself out her momentary doubt.

"That might be considered a wasted opportunity," she said and stepped back to Tom again.

Bill found himself smiling as well; Tom in action was quite something to see.

After a little more kissing, Tom stepped back a little and reached up to take off the cap that was always in place. Bill saw the girl look even more excited. Something about Tom taking off his cap always seemed to get them going almost as much as Tom taking off the rest of his clothes, which made Bill smile as he played lightly with the head of his cock through his boxers. When Tom took off the black tube hat as well Bill thought the girl might come on the spot.

"Do I get anything taken off in return?" Tom asked with a roguish smile and Bill found himself pushing his boxers down as the girl shimmied out of her top.

He moaned to himself some more as his fingers wrapped around his now free cock and he fisted it hard as he watched Tom and the girl slowly undress in the other room. He liked to push himself along fast to begin with and, as he took in everything that was happening, he moved quickly, forcing the arousal to build and build until he was so very close to the edge. Only when he was panting and both Tom and the girl were in their underwear did he slow and bring himself back.

"You have a lovely body," Tom complimented.

It wasn't really as if the girl's clothes had hidden all that much of what was on offer, but under the gansta clothes, Tom was actually a gentleman. Their mother had trained them very well in that aspect of their personalities and Tom might not believe in true love like Bill did, but his twin did believe in courtesy and giving in an encounter as well as getting.

Because of the baggy clothes it was never easy to see what shape Tom really was and Bill watched the girl's eyes rove up and down Tom before his twin stepped in and pulled her close again. Tom had not picked a tall leggy blonde, but rather the girl was quite short and curvy and the ample bosom was definitely what Bill thought had attracted Tom this time. It did, however, mean that Tom had to lean down quite a long way to re-instigate the kiss now that the girl was no longer wearing high heel shoes. Bill thought it might have been an easier angle if she had been taller, but he wasn't about to complain since the kiss was scorching hot.

He spread his legs further and while he used one hand to play lightly with the head of his cock, he used the other to slowly fondle his balls. It would not do to go off too soon and he could keep himself happy like this for ages. The shots of pleasure were enough to excite him and make his moan and along with what he was watching would keep him content for as long as Tom dragged the evening out.

Bill was always impressed when Tom undid their bra's one handed and if the expression on her face was anything to go by, Tom's date was impressed too. Tom had tried to explain how to do it on several occasions, but, not having anyway to practice, Bill had never actually tried to see if it was as easy as Tom claimed. The way the girls usually reacted, Bill didn't think it was that straightforward.

Tom liked breasts; not something that would have been a shock to most of the world and Bill liked breasts too, which was why he watched avidly as Tom played with his date's. His last girlfriend and he had not actually done the deed, although he sometimes hinted that they had to interviewers to shut them up, but she had been into heavy petting, so he was quite familiar with the feeling of breasts under his hand. To watch he liked girls with big bosoms, but to touch he was never quite sure. Sometimes he wondered what it would be like to feel a smaller, flatter chest under his hands since his girlfriend had been somewhere in the middle.

He was almost in a trance, stroking himself slowly and gazing fixedly at the screen as he watched his twin move the action from standing up to the bed. Tom was very good at sex; that much had been obvious to Bill for a long time and he held himself ready as he watched Tom work. When Tom slipped the girl's underwear off, his arousal level went up a notch and he stroked himself a little harder. Tom had his date arranged on the bed so Bill could see everything they were doing and he had the perfect view of how Tom's hands were making the girl moan and slowly buck her hips. Bill found his hips pushing forward almost unconsciously against his own hand.

Time really didn't have any meaning and he sat, glued to the laptop screen as he took in every move and counter move in the sexual dance going on next door. Tom prided himself on giving his dates a very good time and had once confided to Bill that fingers often did it far better than cock for many girls. Bill took this under advisement, since he had never had an opportunity to compare, and had to admit that Tom did seem to know what he was doing with both.

When Tom finally shucked off his boxers and reached for the box of condoms Bill knew was in the bedside drawer, Tom's date looked very aroused indeed and Bill knew how she felt. He watched his brother slip on the latex sheath with growing arousal of his own. Tom had a very nice cock; not quite the same as his, but close enough and he wasn't about to deny that he liked looking at it. They were boys and the whole band had compared at one point or another and Bill thought Tom had the best cock, which was one thing he was never going to admit to the others. Gustav had the thickest cock, Georg the longest, but Bill had finally come to the conclusion that Tom's was about perfect; all the girls seemed to think so at least.

He began to stroke himself harder again as Tom positioned himself between the girl's bent legs. He moaned along with her as Tom slowly pushed in, fisting himself and trying to imagine what it felt like to be the one doing that. Tom had told him that it was one of the most incredible feelings; the soft, slick warmth, but he couldn't quite imagine it properly. He spread his legs some more and began playing further back, something he had discovered he liked more by accident than anything else and he fingered his hole lightly. He'd seen Tom do it to a girl and tried it, although he'd never got much further than brushing his finger tips over the opening.

When he'd told Tom about his discovery, Tom had admitted he liked to do it too when he masturbated, which had put Bill's mind to rest. He didn't want to be seen as odd by Tom; that would never do.

As Tom slowly thrust in and out of the girl, making her moan and roll her hips, Bill fisted his cock in time, fingering himself as he did so and it felt incredibly good. Sometimes he could keep going as long as Tom and sometimes he let himself come once and then just enjoyed the show for the rest. He thought this evening would probably be the latter.

Tom was as good at positioning so the camera could see everything as any porn star Bill had ever seen on pay-per-view and he watched closely as his twin pushed into that wet heat. He still couldn't imagine quite what it felt like as he tried to put himself in Tom's place; something just wouldn't quite gel in his mind. It must have felt really good from the noises Tom was making and the girl was joining his twin groan for groan.

He wondered what it was like to be her as he pushed a little harder at his own entrance. What was it like to have that perfect cock thrusting into you, opening you up and making you feel every inch? He found himself speeding up his other hand as he thought about that. It was much easier to picture as he brought his hand round, spat on his fingers and the pushed one into himself. He could see in his mind's eye what Tom's cock would look like sliding into him and he could almost feel the burn. It would be incredible.

The orgasm that ripped through him was almost a shock as he realised he had closed his eyes and had been fisting himself hard as he pushed his finger into his arse. It was incredible and powerful and left him panting and shaking as he shot

ribbons of warm milky fluid onto his stomach. It was possibly the best orgasm of his life and he collapsed back onto the bed as his logical brain slowly caught up with what he had been doing.

He didn't need to think very hard to know that this was big; that he had possibly just realised something that he had been overlooking for some time. Lifting his head slightly he looked at the screen and let the truth seep into his conscious mind.

The reason he could never quite get the idea of sliding into a girl into his head wasn't because he had a bad imagination. It was because he didn't really want to be pushing into a girl; he wanted Tom pushing into him. He was always watching Tom, trying to put himself in Tom's place and only sort of managing it because he didn't really want to be Tom; he wanted to be with Tom.

This was huge, so huge that he had no idea what to do and as he slowly sat up he knew he had to talk to Tom about this and soon.

Bill did his best to be patient; he cleaned himself up, put his underwear back on and paced up and down the room waiting for Tom to finish with the girl, but he couldn't wait long. Tom was definitely putting on a show and Tom's stamina was rather awing and Bill knew Tom would probably keep going for some time yet. As he watched his brother pull away from the girl to change position, he'd had enough and he was storming through the adjoining door before his brain could catch up.

Even Tom looked shocked when he came to a halt in the middle of the room and the girl dragged the hotel sheet up over herself.

"Sorry," he said, apologetic for embarrassing Tom's date, but completely unable to stop himself; "Tom, I really need to talk to you, now."

He could feel himself virtually vibrating on the spot, but he managed to turn on his heel and walk back into his own room to give Tom some space to let down his date gently. He knew Tom would, because when one of them needed the other, nothing else mattered. It was almost as if by finally thinking the thought he had been missing for so long, he had released a wild animal and he could barely hold himself still.

"Bill, what's going on?" Tom asked as he walked through the doorway.

His twin sounded worried and a little disgruntled, but Bill couldn't have cared less. The moment he set eyes on Tom, now dressed in a t-shirt just like him, he grabbed his brother by the shoulders, pushed Tom hard against the open door and kissed his twin firmly on the lips. As he did so, he plastered his body against Tom and refused to let go. At first Tom struggled and Bill wasn't surprised, his twin had not yet had the revelation he had, but he knew how to be persistent.

It took about ten seconds before Tom dropped his resistance and then Bill pushed his advantage. He kissed his twin like he had never kissed anyone before and he let out everything he had discovered and felt in that second of realisation. Tom always knew what he was feeling, his twin could always sense what was going on in his head and under the onslaught Tom melted.

When he finally drew back, Tom looked sort of dazed, but very much focused on him. He could see the recognition of what he had discovered beginning to dawn in his brother's eyes.

"I never watched her," Bill said quietly, but firmly; "I wanted to be her."

Tom stood there in silence for a long moment.

"I never performed for her," Tom finally said, "I performed for you."

It was so obvious and yet it had taken them so long to figure it out. Bill found himself smiling as he felt perfect clarity bloom in his heart and it was as if he could not stop the joy coming out. To him it felt so completely right that he didn't care about anything else. Tom was his soulmate in all things, it was just that simple.

Slowly Tom began to smile too and he found himself being pulled into a hug. There was love and protection and understanding in the embrace and Bill felt more loved than he ever had before. He was so happy he was on the verge of tears.

"Let's go to bed," Tom whispered to him and, when his twin released him, took his hand and led him towards the bed, he went without the slightest hesitation.

About this he had no doubts and he crawled under the covers with Tom ready to give his brother his whole being. It didn't matter about anything else; this was perfect.

The End

MMOM 14 - Stimulation

Pairing: none

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: toys, wanking

Summary: Tom had a little black wash bag in his suitcase that doesn't contain anything to do with washing.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,901

Tom threw himself onto the bed face down and then groaned as the hard on he had been trying to ignore and will away connected with the mattress. He was knackered and all he wanted to do was climb into bed and sleep, but he knew that there was no way in hell he was going to be able to just pass out in his current predicament. Being tired did not preclude being a teenage male with rampaging hormones and he knew his body well. If he tried to sleep now he would be lying awake for ages just waiting for his anatomy to lose interest.

Pushing himself up again, he did his very best to ignore the wonderful friction between his body and the bed and stumbled towards his suitcase. If he did his teeth and got ready for bed first at least he could then use the afterglow to fall into a deep and restful sleep. He needed a shower so he decided to kill two birds with one stone and began dragging his washing stuff from his case. As he rummaged erratically, what fell out rather than his shower gel was a small wash bag that hit the carpet with a thud. Tom's eyes zeroed in on it immediately, because that particular little black bag did not contain washing equipment.

Tom almost just shoved it back in the suitcase, but paused halfway as his body pointed out that he might like what was inside it. He had been thinking, simple, quick and then falling into bed, but, if the throbbing in his groin was anything to go by, his anatomy had other ideas. It wasn't as if it would take much longer and it would definitely be more satisfying, so he opened the bag and pulled out what was inside.

The long smooth half inch diameter vibrator was a deep pinky red, waterproof and had been a present from Bill. Not the kind of thing a brother would normally expect from his twin, but this was Bill and just occasionally Bill had bright ideas that he ran with no matter what they were about.

It would probably have shocked the entire nation to know that Tom Kaulitz, ladies man, had in fact had a male encounter in his life; it still shocked Tom sometimes. What always surprised him more was how he had rather enjoyed the whole thing. If it wasn't for the fact that men were missing some accoutrements bestowed upon the female of the species of which he was rather fond, he might have considered doing it again. As it was, flat chests just didn't do it for him, so he stuck with the ladies.

The whole thing had happened when the band had been stuck in the apartment because they were recording, but a last minute interview had come up. It had been supposed to be Bill and Tom, but Tom had started to come down with a cold and had been forbidden to leave the apartment in case it got worse, so Georg had gone instead. That had left Gustav mother henning him while the other two were out. Somehow, that Tom really didn't remember properly, that might have involved too much cold medicine and a lack of judgement, they had ended up drinking. He was still pretty sure that Gustav had very little memory of the whole

afternoon, but he had never forgotten a thing due to alcohol, so he had a relatively clear picture of it all.

They had begun surfing for porn; what else would drunk teenagers have done? Then Gustav had dared him to click on an obviously gay link that had come up on one of his badly typed searches and it had turned out to be an illustrated manual on gay sex. One dare had led to another and another and another and Tom had woken up naked in bed with Gustav when the others had come banging back into the building. They had had just enough time to cover up the fact that they had had sex and pretend to be indulging in more regular porn when Bill and Georg had fallen through the door.

Tom had of course told Bill the truth soon after and confessed to having enjoyed the whole being shagged thing, although, in the harsh light of sobriety, he didn't fancy Gustav in the slightest. Bill had listened to every word with avid interest as Tom tried to explain that he was sure he wasn't gay and then Bill had pointed out that you didn't have to be gay to enjoy having something shoved up your arse. Well Bill had been a little more lyrical than that, but that had been the gist of it.

Three days later, Bill had presented him with the little black bag that contained the vibrator and some lube. When Tom had asked his twin how Bill had purchased it, all he had received was a coy smile. Bill was usually so sweet and innocent that Tom had been shocked into accepting without argument and it had only been a few weeks later he had found out Bill had bought himself one as well. It turned out that in some things they were very much alike. He still didn't know how Bill had managed to buy them.

Smiling to himself, he put the vibrator back in the bag with the tube of lube and finished dragging his wash things out of the case. Then he took everything into the bathroom. It took him five minutes or so to do his teeth and then fix his dreads out of the way under a ridiculous shower cap so they wouldn't get wet and then he climbed into the bath and drew the curtain. He was still tired, but the water woke him up a little and, if the wonderful sensations sparking out from his cock into the rest of his body as he washed himself were anything to go by, he was very much ready for a little fun.

Buying a waterproof vibrator had been a stroke of genius on Bill's part and, as Tom pulled the toy from the bag he had hung on the soap dish, he was very glad for his twin's forward thinking. Standing up these things were always more difficult, but there was no way he was going all the way into the bedroom, sorting himself out and then coming all the way back into the bathroom to clean up before he could fall asleep. Waking up in a sticky mess in the morning was so not fun, so he could put up with a little twisting to minimise the effort required.

He moved the shower head so that it was not blasting him directly, but was rather creating a warm mist around him and then he opened the lube and smeared it all over the smooth toy. Then he put one foot on the edge of the bath and reached between his legs to position the toy at his entrance. It wasn't the easiest position, but his cock definitely liked the fiction of his arm against it.

It briefly occurred to him to turn the vibrator on, but in his current position that would have been more hassle than it was worth, so he just pushed gently and didn't worry about it. At first there was a lot of resistance, but the head of the vibrator was nicely rounded into a slim point and the lube was very slippery and, when he repositioned it a little, the resistance eased to almost nothing and he groaned in pleasure as the toy slid in.

Fate had obviously known what he needed when making him knock the bag out of his case, because it felt absolutely wonderful and he was very, very glad he'd bothered. He pushed it all the way in, sliding past his prostate and moaning out his arousal as he did so. There was nothing quite like having something hard and slick sliding up his arse and he let himself savour the sensation as his cocked throbbed in response.

Moving very carefully, he leant against the wall and swapped hands on the vibrator, using his over arm now around the back to hold it in place so he could lower his leg. He didn't want to end up falling over and cracking his head open. Once he was sure he was stable, he used his unoccupied hand to flip open the shower gel and let some pour into his palm. Then he finally did what his body had been begging him to do for ages; he wrapped his fist around his cock.

The way every nerve in his body jumped, he was well aware that there would be no slow and steady about this. With the dual stimulation of the vibrator in his arse and his fingers around his cock, this was not going to be a drawn out encounter and he didn't have the energy for one so that was a good thing. His whole body was vibrating with need and it occurred to him that he really needed this as he tested the waters by slowly fisting his cock. It was almost too much in his strung out state so he loosened his grip and let his fingers dance over the head instead.

That was better; not too much, not too little and he started to move his fingers up and down the underside of the head of his cock quite quickly. His moan was loud and heartfelt and he didn't care if the next hotel room could hear him.

Rocking his hips gently made the toy inside of him move slightly and he soon had a rhythm that had his balls tightening almost straight away. There were more sophisticated ways of getting off, but Tom was more interested in the payoff than anything else, so he drove himself on as fast as he could. His mind and body were in perfect agreement with this and, when his orgasm, hit he yelled in satisfaction, shuddering and thrusting into his hand uncontrollably. Now he gripped his cock again, milking it in the over stimulation of his orgasm until his hips stopped moving automatically and the muscles of his arse stopped clamping down on the vibrator.

His legs were a bit wobbly, what with the sexual high and the fact he was already tired, and he found himself leaning on the wall with both hands as he started to come down so that he didn't fall over. The vibrator was so far in that it just stayed in place as he stood there, breathing hard and waiting for motor control to return properly.

Only once he was sure he was not about to head butt the shower fitting did he reach back and slowly pull the toy out. It was kind of a relief and a loss at the same time and he smiled at himself as he moved the shower head back and let the water run over him again. Indulging his major kink was always fun and he made a mental note to see if he could find some more ways to do it. Maybe this time he'd be the one to return with new toys, because he'd have to get Bill one as well; it would only be fair.

The End

MMOM 16 - Band Mates (Sequel to Heritage)

Pairing: Gustav/Bill, Georg/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, Fey

Summary: The blue moon is causing problems again, this time in a much bigger way.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta - she says she thinks MMOM limited me too much and that it deserves a rewrite after MMOM is over to include more things :). Might happen - you never know!

Word count: 5,503

I am such a lucky author. pandora_gold, a very talented artist, has done fanart for this fic. Click on the teaser to see it in all its glory.

img

src="http://www.dtwins.co.uk/LJ_images/tokiohotel/pandora_gold_for_Bandmates_th.jpg" border="0" width="200" height="200"

Bill paced the hotel room literally fuming. It was the end of June; they were supposed to be home and instead they were stuck in a hotel. If it had been someone's fault he would have had a target for his rage, as it was, it had been an accident and there was no one he could yell at. Their van had been sideswiped by a delivery lorry on the way to pick them up from an interview and their driver was in hospital with concussion and, due to all the fuss, David had checked them into a hotel instead of organising alternative transport. Normally that wouldn't have been a problem, but the next day was the blue moon. He and Tom needed to be at home with their mother where things could be controlled and instead they were in a strange hotel with no signs of being home before the next afternoon.

The whole trip had come out of the blue. They had carefully arranged for some time off, but Bravo had literally begged them to be at one of their events and Bravo had been so good to them that David had cajoled them into agreeing. Things had gone spectacularly downhill from there.

He could actually feel the power of the blue moon messing with his magic, which, considering how little he had, was saying something. The glammers he and Tom were using had been put in place by their mum and it felt kind of like wearing a rubber suit as his natural form tried to push through it. He only prayed it would hold, because he had no idea what would happen to those around him if it didn't.

He had been uncomfortable and irritable since the glamour had been cast and Tom was even worse, which was saying something. He'd done his best at the interview, saying things to be cheerful and pleasant, but he knew he wasn't going to win any awards for the performance. The accident had been the last straw and he was about ready to blow.

His shoulders felt like someone had welded them out of steel he was so tense and they were beginning to hurt. He had locked himself away in his room because he didn't want to take anyone's head off with his temper, which when fully released could be spectacular. Tom had been about to do the same the last time he had seen his twin, and about then he was hoping for a miracle.

When he'd called his mum to ask what to do, all she had been able to advise was to keep as calm as possible and stay away from people. That of course was so

much easier said than done and trying to stay away from normal humans was beginning to cause Bill as much stress as everything else. His magic was swirling around his body, which was disconcerting, since he wasn't used to being able to tell it was there all the time; the glamour was driving him nuts; and his shoulders were beginning to feel like someone had them in a vice. All in all, it was a really bad day.

It was getting late and the sun was beginning to set and he watched it out of his window. He was worried, because, once the sun was down, the moon would have sway, even though it had risen earlier and both he and Tom were ruled by the moon. It wasn't quite full, but it was close enough to be big trouble. They had planned to be at home, safe with their mother in the grotto under the house. (Technically the grotto didn't exist in the same space as the house, and their mum could connect it to wherever the family were living, but under the house did as well as any description.)

Bill watched the sky turn orange and then pink and then grey and, as the last touches of sunlight left, he felt it. The tightness in his shoulders expanded down his back, making him arch and shift. It was as if someone had just connected electrodes to every muscle and made them contract at the same time. It hurt, but nowhere near as much as the terrible ripping sensation that closely followed it. It felt like the skin on his back was being torn open and peeled back and it was sheer agony. Everything else vanished from his mind as he put his head back and screamed.

=====

Gustav dropped his iPod as he heard an almost inhuman sound. He looked over at Georg, who he'd been hanging out with since the twins had locked themselves in their rooms and both of them stood up at the same time.

"Did that sound like Bill?" Georg asked, sounding very unsure.

Knowing what he knew about Tom and Bill and the blue moon, Gustav wasn't very sure what to say. If this was Fey stuff, then Tom would want to deal with it, but Tom might also need his help. It was a quandary.

"Yes, I think it did," he said eventually and they both headed for the door.

They were just in time to see Tom vanishing into Bill's room at high speed and the heads of Saki and David appearing from other doors. Tom's head reappeared only a second later round Bill's door.

"False alarm," Tom said with a smile that appeared very brittle to Gustav, "Bill woke up with a moth on his face and freaked. He's very sorry and currently dying of embarrassment."

"That was about an insect?" David sounded incredulous.

"He's a bit tense after today," Tom defended his twin; "and I think it all just sort of came out at once."

Bill wasn't as highly strung as the media often liked to make out, but it was a valid excuse and Gustav was glad when David just nodded and he and Saki disappeared back into their rooms. Gustav, however, held his position and looked at Tom, who suddenly didn't look so supremely confident.

"I'll be back in, in a minute," he said, without looking round to Georg, "I just want to make sure everything really is okay."

Tom shared a look with him before disappearing back into Bill's room and when Gustav got there the door was still open. He walked in, flicking the door shut behind him and it never occurred to him that there hadn't been a click until he came to a dead halt and Georg slammed into his back. He would have been worried about that had most of his mind not been completely taken up with seeing and trying to comprehend what was in front of him.

Tom was kneeling on the floor beside Bill, who appeared to be out for the count. Bill had little points on his ears and the almost glowing skin that Gustav remembered from the previous month, but that wasn't all. Bill's hair was long, much longer than it had been; it was ebony black to Bill's waist with what looked like silver highlights flowing through it. That would have been strange enough, but what had all of Gustav's attention was the wreck of a t-shirt hanging off Bill's slim frame and the two huge, feathered wings coming from Bill's back. The wings were as black as Bill's hair apart from the odd feather that was silver.

"What the hell?" Georg voiced approximately what Gustav was thinking.

Tom looked up sharply at Georg's voice, but it was clear Tom was more worried about Bill than who might be looking.

"Tom, what happened?" Gustav asked, slowly realising that the addling of his wits that had happened last time didn't seem to be occurring this time.

If the disturbed and worried look on Georg's face was anything to go by, Georg wasn't being affected that way either.

"I don't know," Tom said, and he sounded scared. "I can't get Bill to wake up."

Tom sounded about ready to panic and Gustav decided that would be a very bad idea. Tom was clearly in no state to deal with this, Georg didn't understand enough to do anything and so he did the only thing he could think of; he took charge.

"Georg," he said in a no nonsense tone, "go and stand by the door and whatever happens make sure no one comes in. Tom, I'll try and wake Bill, you ring your mum and ask her what's happening."

Tom appeared to be rapidly falling apart, which was very un-Tom-like, and Gustav knelt down beside his friend, handed him his own mobile phone and gently moved Tom out of the way. He started checking Bill over with what little first aid he remembered from a dim and distant memory and he was glad when he heard Tom using the phone.

Bill's back was covered in blood and he assumed it was from where Bill's wings had erupted from the skin, but there was no sign of any wounds now, just wings perfectly attached to flesh. On a quick inspection, Bill appeared to be breathing perfectly normally, it just seemed that Bill was out cold.

"Mum," he heard Tom say, "Bill's got wings."

He turned to look at where Tom was kneeling with the phone to his ear. Tom was frowning and looking confused.

"Gustav is already here," he was surprised to hear his name mentioned in the conversation.

He knew the twins had told their mother about the incident on the bus, but he hadn't expected it to be important at all. He was even more surprised when Tom handed him the phone.

"Mum wants to talk to you," Tom sounded perplexed, but Gustav took the phone anyway.

"Hello," he said, not quite sure what kind of reception he was going to get.

"Hello, Gustav," Tom's mum said in a very serious tone, "I'm very sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you an extremely big favour. I need you to look after my boys; very soon neither of them is going to be able to look after themselves."

That didn't sound good.

"Of course," he said without hesitation; if you couldn't rely on your friends who could you rely on; "what do I have to do?"

"Bill's more sensitive to magic," Simone explained quickly, "which is why he's been affected first, but Tom won't be far behind. Before he changes, you need to get him to cast a protective circle; they're going to be vulnerable until the blue moon fades tomorrow night. Tom will need salt to cast the circle - lots of it. Once it's cast, no-one will be able to go in or out of it so have him cast it around the whole room."

He could hear the hesitation in her voice before whatever she was going to say next.

"Gustav," she said after a moment, "did you enjoy your previous experience with them?"

Gustav felt himself blushing; it was a question that had occurred to him many times since the incident and he had come to one conclusion.

"Yes," he said with complete honesty; now was not the time for half truths.

He actually heard the sigh of relief from the other end of the phone.

"Thank you," Simone said and he could hear her gratitude in her voice; "that makes what I am about to ask you much easier. The blue moon is causing Tom and Bill to change; they are coming into their full heritage early. They will be virtually helpless until the change is complete and they will need someone to look after them. Their powers will be erratic while they are changing, but they may spike at any time. If you remain in the circle you are likely to end up involved with one or both of them at some point."

"I understand," Gustav said resolutely; "is there anything else I should do other than the circle?"

"Just keep them hydrated as well as you can," Simone told him. "They won't be able to eat food until this is over, but they will be ravenous when it is."

It made sense to Gustav and he was reminded of once having to look after his sister with flu.

"Don't worry," he said, trying to sound perfectly confident; "they'll be fine."

"Thank you," Simone said and Gustav felt strangely as if she was trying to hug him down the phone; "please would you pass me back to Tom now?"

"Of course," Gustav said, "goodbye."

He passed the phone back to Tom and then looked down at Bill. First things first, he decided they needed to get Bill onto the bed and make the singer more comfortable. It occurred to him that there were lots of things that needed doing and needed doing fast, since he didn't know how long they had before Tom started to change as well. He looked round and found Georg just staring.

"Georg," he said, sorting things out in his head, "the explanations will have to wait, because we don't have much time. Can you get Bill onto the bed while I get some things we need?"

Georg still appeared shell shocked, but, at the urgency in Gustav's voice, his friend seemed to partially pull himself together.

"Yeah," Georg said and Gustav let his friend take his place beside Bill and walked towards the door.

He considered just running down to the kitchens himself and getting what he needed, but he knew that salt wasn't the only thing required. In what seemed the only rational decision to him, he walked over to David's door and knocked. When David opened the door their manager looked surprised to see him.

"Hi Gustav," David greeted, "what's up."

"I need a bag of salt, a case of energy drinks and for all of us to be staying until the day after tomorrow," he said in a no nonsense tone.

David looked rather shocked.

"Pardon?" David said.

"There is no time for explanations," Gustav said, trying to make the gravity of the situation very clear; "please trust me. I need a bag of salt and a case of energy drinks as fast as humanly possible and then I need you to arrange it so that no one will try to get in or out of that room before the morning after tomorrow."

It was very clear that David wanted to ask all sorts of questions, but to Gustav's relief their manager nodded.

"But I expect an explanation the moment there is time," David said.

Gustav just nodded and went back to Bill's room. He walked in to find that Bill was now on the bed with Tom sitting next to him and there was the sound of water running coming from the bathroom. Georg appeared a few seconds later, shirtless and with a wet towel in his hands.

"We have to get the blood off," Georg said as he looked at his friend questioningly.

Gustav just nodded; it was a sensible idea.

"Tom, did your mum tell you what needs to be done?" he asked, hoping that Tom wasn't as out of it as he looked.

Tom nodded his head.

"Protective circle," was the just about coherent response.

It wasn't difficult to see that Tom seemed to be being affected by what was happening to Bill and he began to hope the salt would be there very soon.

"I had to tell David something was going on," he said while trying to decide what to do next; "he's getting the salt and some other stuff and making sure no one will disturb us until after the blue moon. I didn't tell him exactly what was happening though; you'll have to do that later."

Tom just nodded again and turned to watch Georg slowly wiping Bill's back around the feathers. The white towel was already red and he went into the bathroom to wet down another. It occurred to him as he was running the water that there were no spare towels in the bathroom now and he walked back into the other room with a plan.

"Room keys, please," he said to both Georg and Tom after he handed the towel to Georg.

Neither argued and then he headed out. Five minutes later had had everything they might possibly need from the other rooms in Bill's room, stacked up next to the bed. He had towels, spare blankets, fresh clothes, any candy and snacks they had had and anything else that had sprung to mind. He was about to sort it all out when there was a knock on the door.

Outside there was a very perplexed looking member of the hotel staff wheeling a trolley with a catering tray of red bull, a catering tray of something else that he couldn't see, with a large bag of salt sitting on the top.

"Thanks," Gustav said and immediately stole the trolley, closing the door before the poor man could object.

He dumped everything off the trolley and all but threw it back out the door because there wasn't enough room otherwise. Then he opened the bag of salt.

"Tom," he said, realising that Tom was a bit far gone to do this himself, "what do we do?"

For a moment Tom looked confused, but he was very glad when that seemed to pass.

"Sprinkle the salt around everything we want to protect," Tom said, clearly trying hard to concentrate. "When the line is almost complete I'll empower it."

Georg seemed to have decided that this was all from the twilight zone, but there was no point in questioning it, if the look on his friends face was anything to go by. Gustav just started sprinkling, starting at the door and going around the room.

They had to move the bed out from the wall and getting the salt behind the loo in the bathroom was a challenge, but he definitely wanted that in the circle, so he

persevered. In the end he made it back to the door with a little salt left to complete the circle.

"Tom," he called the moment he was ready.

"Coming," was the befuddled reply.

"Georg, time to leave," he said as they prepared to seal the room.

"We're not leaving them in here alone?" Georg sounded horrified.

"No, I'm staying," Gustav said as he watched Tom unsteadily climbing off the bed.

"Then so am I," Georg said in a very firm tone.

"You don't know what you're getting into," Tom said, sounding remarkably sentient for someone who clearly couldn't walk in a straight line.

Georg caught Tom before he fell on his face.

"Might involve sex," Gustav said, needed to get the point across as fast as possible, because they seemed to be losing Tom fast.

Georg looked surprised at that, but still had a stubborn look on his face.

"I'm staying."

Gustav was rather proud of his friend at that moment; this had to be hideously confusing for Georg not knowing anything.

"Okay," he said, going back to the door; "no time to argue."

Georg brought Tom and held the elder twin up as Gustav held the bag of salt. Tom reached out and touched the bag before nodding at him to start pouring. He could feel it tingling under his fingers at whatever Tom was doing and he completed the ring of salt. The line actually glowed as the two ends met and Gustav felt all the hairs on the back of his neck stand up on end. Tom sagged the moment it was over and Gustav was very glad Georg was there to help as the eldest member of the band just picked up Tom as if Tom weighed nothing and went back towards the bed. He couldn't help wondering how long it would be before Tom began to change as well as being affected by what was happening to Bill.

In the end, it turned out to be about half an hour. Tom had remained lying on the bed just watching Bill for the entire time and Gustav had given Georg as good an explanation as he could about what was going on before the pair of them had sat down in silence to wait. When Tom gasped and seemed to be in pain, he knew it was beginning and he stood up, approaching the bed.

"Don't come closer," Tom said, clearly hurting now.

Gustav wanted to help, but he knew there was nothing he could do and he waited with Georg by his side as Tom slowly pulled off the oversized t-shirt. He gasped as he saw Tom's back, because he could see the skin rippling as if something was growing underneath. It was clear Tom was in a great deal of pain,

but rather than scream as Bill had done, Tom shoved the t-shirt in his mouth and all Gustav heard was a muffled cry as Tom's skin suddenly split.

The feathers that erupted from Tom's back were untouched by the blood that was all over his skin and they were pure white, growing and changing with incredible speed. Gustav found that he could not look away even though Tom's muffled scream made his skin crawl and even as he watched he saw more of Tom changing. Tom's dreadlocks actually began to unravel, unwinding and lightening as they became smooth and soft hair of the palest blond. When Tom finally sagged onto the bed as unconscious as Bill; the pair looked to Gustav like fallen angels.

"Let's clean him up," he decided when his mind finally decided to work again; that had been the most incredible thing he had ever seen.

"Yeah," Georg said and they went to help their friend.

====

Gustav had taken to attempting to get Bill to drink something every twenty minutes or so with limited success while Georg did the same for Tom. Neither twin had given any indications of consciousness since Tom had passed out and Gustav was beginning to get worried after four hours. If the way Georg kept standing up, walking to the bed to check on the twins and then sitting back down again was anything to go by, Georg was worried too.

That was why when Bill moaned and moved it was an incredible relief and Gustav was on his feet in moments.

"Bill?" he said gently, reaching out to touch his friend's shoulder.

"Hmmm," was the most coherent response Bill managed, but at least Bill seemed to be reacting.

When Bill opened his eyes, Gustav was in for another shock as Bill's irises actually glittered in the light. There were threads of silver and gold through Bill's dark eyes and somehow they completed the ethereal effect perfectly.

"Gustav?" Bill asked, sounding tired and confused.

He moved forward to help when Bill tried to sit up and almost found himself knocked out as Bill's wing flared and opened from where they were neatly folded against Bill's back. The gasp from Bill seemed to indicate that Bill was more surprised about this than Gustav was and something in the atmosphere of the room changed. Bill slowly knelt up and Gustav couldn't take his eyes off his friend. At that moment he could feel exactly how inhuman Bill was; how supernatural, and he was enchanted.

The magical charge in the room had definitely gone up and it must have affected Tom as well, because, with a little groan, Tom opened his eyes as well. Identical eyes looked out of an identical face and as Gustav stood there, virtually unable to move, Tom knelt up in an exact mirror of his brother, but where Bill was dark, Tom was light. Part of his mind briefly wondered if Georg was in the same position as him, but most of his brain was focused on the amazing sight in front of him.

Bill and Tom seemed to find each other as fascinating as Gustav found both of them. They were slowly moving, looking at each other from different angles, as if they were relearning what the other looked like, and Gustav found himself holding his breath as both Bill and Tom reached out a hand to touch their brother. He could sense something was coming and, the moment Tom touched Bill and Bill touched Tom, a burst of power flared out of both of them and he found himself sitting on the floor. He had no idea what had happened between the power burst and his mind switching back on, but he decided it couldn't have been long, since both Bill and Tom were still on the bed.

He even felt a little more in control of himself as he managed to drag his eyes away from the twins and look over to where Georg was also sitting on the floor. His friend still had eyes only for the twins.

When he looked back, Bill was facing him, and he found those magical eyes scanning him up and down. Bill didn't say anything and didn't do anything, but Gustav still found himself standing up and walking towards the bed. He didn't feel befuddled like he had done the last time; he knew exactly what he was doing, but he made no attempt to stop himself. It was not remotely a surprise when Bill reached out and pulled him in for a kiss and he felt Fey magic flooding into him.

Surprisingly, it was only then, as Bill leant against him, plundering his mouth and pushing their bodies together, that he realised he was already hard. Up until that moment his own body had been rather vague in his consciousness, but then he felt the arousal coursing through him and he moaned into the kiss. It still wasn't like the last time though; it was more even and he could feel an answering need in Bill.

Without thinking about it, he let his hands run down Bill's naked chest and danced his fingers over the top of Bill's boxers and jeans. The thrust of hips and wanton moan egged him on and he released the button and fly on the jeans quickly before pushing both the jeans and the boxers down a little until Bill's erection popped free. Gustav had to break the kiss then, because he desperately wanted to see the fruits of his labours.

There was no other way to describe Bill other than beautiful and Gustav soon leaned back in to recapture the slightly pouty lips and wrap his fingers around the very willing cock. The sound Bill made when he did so was so erotic that it took away everything else from his mind. If it hadn't been for Bill's wings he would have pushed his friend back onto the bed, as it was, he had to make do with standing beside the bed as Bill knelt in front of him.

He actually felt in control of this as he stroked Bill hard and kissed his friend with everything he had; in control, that was, until Bill's nimble fingers opened his shorts and pushed inside. The kiss broke again as he gasped for air as Bill wrapped a fist around his cock and they were pumping each other. Bill leant against his shoulder, free arm draped around his neck, and he loosely held Bill around the waist as they moved together in almost perfect time. Gustav's mind was full of nothing but Bill and he knew he couldn't last. When Bill bit his shoulder and sucked hard on the bruised skin, that was all it took to send him falling over the edge and he bucked into Bill's hand helplessly.

Even through his orgasm, he was still aware of Bill and he felt the magic shift again as if his release had changed it and then Bill was shuddering against him as well. The high was incredible and Gustav found himself leaning against Bill as his legs shook with after tremors, but he soon had to take his own weight back as Bill began to sag against him.

"Bill?" he asked, mind still somewhat occupied with matters of sex, but just about coming back online.

There wasn't even a mumble in response and he began to realise that Bill was asleep again.

"Talk about rolling over and falling asleep," he muttered to himself and slowly began to try and lower Bill to the bed.

With his mind clearing, he began to realise a few things; like the fact that Tom was no longer on the bed. Having made sure Bill was okay, he stood up and looked around, quickly finding out where Tom was. Georg was lying on the floor with his jeans around his ankles looking incredibly dazed, kind of content and Tom was sprawled across him. How Gustav had missed all of this he had no idea, but it was clear while he and Bill had been enjoying themselves so had Georg and Tom. Shaking his head, he walked towards the bathroom to clean up; the least he could do was let Georg enjoy the afterglow before he helped his friend get Tom back to bed.

====

Gustav tried to push Bill off of him, but he just had no strength left to do it. It wasn't as if Bill's weight was uncomfortable, and since he'd lost his clothes again Bill's warmth was very welcome so he flopped back and gave up. He'd been surviving on sugar and junk food for nearly a day and a half, looking after Bill while Georg looked after Tom. Simone had been right when she said that the twins would be vulnerable because the pair had been out cold most of the time with only short periods of consciousness.

The fact that Bill and Tom were completely reliant on him and Georg made him feel needed like he never had been before. He had been in situations where he needed to fulfil a role or help people, but never one where he was almost the only things standing between someone else and ... well he wasn't quite sure what the and was, but he knew it couldn't be good. He knew for a fact there was no way things would ever be quite the same again.

Bill was draped over his chest, hair spread out like a blanket and wings neatly folded and Bill looked completely content. Gustav had been party to more sex in the last day and a half than he had had in many months and he just didn't have the energy to crawl away from this one. Finally admitting defeat, he decided that the hotel carpet was perfectly comfortable and let his eyes drift close. Sleep seemed like a really good idea.

====

"Gustav."

The voice calling to him was very familiar and sounded very nice, but he really didn't want to wake up yet.

"Gustav."

The second time the voice was a little more insistent, but he still couldn't be bothered to take any notice of it.

"Gustav."

The third time there seemed to be an earthquake as well, so he didn't have much choice but to reluctantly open his eyes. What he found was Bill looking down at him shaking his shoulder; Bill with normal eyes, normal ears, normal hair and no wings. It took him a while to process this, since he had become very familiar with the other Bill.

"It's over then?" was the most sensible thing he could come up with as he blinked away sleep.

Bill smiled at him and nodded.

"It's over," Bill confirmed; "thank you."

Gustav just gave a little smile; he wasn't about to deny that he had some rather nice memories of the last day and a bit.

"No problem," he said and then realised that he was lying on the bed covered in a blanket.

He turned his head and found that Georg was lying next to him still fast asleep.

"We seem to have tired you both out," Bill said with a rather impish grin, "so we let you sleep while we tidied up. Tom's gone to explain everything to David."

"Yes, well you two got to sleep between bouts of being molested," Gustav pointed out, "we didn't."

He was almost sure Bill's eyes twinkled in delight at that, but it could just have been his imagination. He would have rolled his eyes if Bill's expression hadn't suddenly become much more serious.

"Thank you," Bill said, looking him straight in the eyes, "I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"That's what friends are for," was about the only reply Gustav could come up with.

The deep gratitude he saw in Bill's face made him a little uncomfortable. Just when he thought the moment was going to become incredibly awkward, Georg gave an almighty snore. For a second he and Bill just looked at each other and then they both began to laugh. When their laughing woke Georg and he sort of grunted at them they just laughed harder.

The End

MMOM 17 - Gravity Works

Pairing: none really, mentions Georg/OFCs but has slashy overtones for Georg ogling Bill's arse.

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: waking

Summary: Georg notices Bill's arse and almost has a crisis.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This one comes from the fact that every time I see Bill with low slung trousers I really want to pull them up :).

Word count: 1,990

Georg was reading a book, since he couldn't sleep and didn't want to disturb the others. It was late, they were well on their way to the next venue, but he just couldn't seem to wind down properly. He had his curtains open, because he found the bunk with them closed rather claustrophobic, but the rest of the bus was dark, only lit by street lights that they passed. He was considering lying down again and trying to sleep when the curtains to Bill's bunk snapped back and he was given the view of one long leg unfolding to the floor.

It wasn't as if he hadn't seen Bill's legs before; there wasn't a lot of personal space on the bus, but something about the eerie lighting made him keep looking. Another leg joined the first and Georg realised that, at some point, Bill had decided to paint his toe nails and it made Bill's feet look kind of demure. For someone so tall, Bill didn't have very big feet at all.

He was going to look back at his book, since that scintillating piece of information couldn't keep his attention for long, but Bill chose that moment to appear properly from the bunk. The weather had turned cold and they couldn't have the heat up too high on the bus at night or Gustav tended to die of heat exhaustion, so Georg noted that Bill was wearing a t-shirt as well as his boxers. It was a very tiny t-shirt, however, and Georg found his eyes zeroing on the star tattoo as Bill stretched and the shirt rode up and the boxers rode down.

That tattoo was going to get him into trouble one day because his eyes always seemed fascinated with it. Just the shape of it dragged his gaze to look at it far too often. The damn star was hypnotising.

He was so busy looking that he kept staring when Bill turned and began to wander down the bus. When Bill was sleepy or not paying attention there was something very loose about the singer's joints. The way Bill walked when he was half asleep was very swaying and Georg found himself watching a small, pert arse walking away from him in what was a very girly manner. It was only as Bill disappeared to the lower level that Georg realised with a start that he had been admiring said arse and when he looked down at his lap it seemed he had been admiring it quite a lot.

He was honestly mortified. He had just been watching Bill's arse; Bill's male arse and reacting like Bill was a girl. Not only was that bad and wrong, because Bill was his friend and you didn't look at friends like that be they male or female, and it was bad and wrong because if Bill ever found out Bill would kill him; probably in a very slow and painful way that involved hair irons in unpleasant places.

He hurriedly dropped his book into his lap as he heard Bill coming back and tried to look as nonchalant as possible. From the front there was no gender confusion with the little Bill was currently wearing which was at least a relief, but the star

was still showing where the t-shirt had failed to fall back down and Georg had to keep a close eye on himself to stop from looking.

More awake now, Bill caught sight of him and gave a little wave and said something that might have been coherent speech if Bill hadn't been drinking from a glass of water at the time. Georg just kind of grunted back, since his brain was not functioning at its best and then watched as Bill vanished back into the other bunk. At least he hadn't reacted to Bill's front; that would just have been freaky, however, that didn't change the fact he still had a hard on from the other view.

Putting the book on the shelf, he carefully closed his curtains and lay down mulling over the problem in his head. He had known Bill for a long time and not once had he ever mistaken Bill for a girl, not even when drunk. Yes it was the middle of the night, yes he could blame it on the fact that his brain was just about ready to shut down, but that didn't stop him worrying.

He lay there staring at the top of his bunk, feeling the rather obvious arousal still floating around his body, and wondered if there was something about himself he didn't know.

It took him about five minutes to realise he was being an idiot.

Half the world mistook Bill for a girl; it wasn't a crime and it didn't mean he was gay just because part of him thought Bill had a nice arse. Bill did have a nice arse and if Bill ever stopped wearing trousers that made it look like he had no arse at all the rest of the world might recognise that as well.

Thinking so hard about Bill's arse didn't help the bulge in his boxers though and he realised that he might actually be able to kill two birds with one stone. There was nothing like a good orgasm to make a guy sleepy; he was amazed he hadn't thought of it earlier, and comparing Bill's arse to those of several members of the fairer sex that he had committed to memory over the years would help put his mind at rest.

First of all he reached over to the shelf for the stash of tissues he had handy just for such an urgent occasion and then he pushed down his duvet and his boxers. His cock was very much in agreement with his plan as it bobbed free of its confines. Settling down, he gave his balls a quick fondle to get his juices pumping and then he began to finger the head lightly. The slick feeling of pre-cum under his fingers was a positive sign that this was going to be good and he slid the moisture down over the underside of the head as he riffled through his memory.

There had been one girl in Poland who had had the most incredible arse. She'd been waiting outside their hotel wearing a tiny little mini-skirt that kept riding up to reveal perfect round globes. She had looked freezing and seemed to have been more interested in Tom than him, but it had meant he had had a very nice view of her behind. Pushing up against that while taking her doggy style would have been wonderful.

As he played with his cock slowly and thought about the Polish girl, he bit his lip to stop himself moaning. Now that arse would have been soft and he knew for a fact that Bill's wouldn't be. He remembered one girl who had had a small arse just like Bill's and her he had ended up in bed with eventually. That arse had been firm in his hands as he took her against the wall. She'd been a real goer too, they'd been at it all night.

His cock was aching hard now and he began fisting his cock in earnest.

The best arse had to have belonged to the French girl who had propositioned him once. Now her arse had been large and firm and perfectly round; just about perfection and she'd known how to use it. She had been into anal sex; Georg's one and only excursion into the area and that had been a very interesting night. She had been a screamer and he found himself wondering if Bill was a screamer as he bucked into his hand and came.

For a little while he lay there recovering. He felt content and relaxed and ready to sleep, but, as he cleaned himself off, he did realise one inescapable fact; he had just come while thinking about Bill. In the end though, he pulled his boxers and his covers back up, rolled over and decided to go to sleep. He was trapped on a bus with a bunch of other guys, playing on stage to thousands of screaming girls every other day and had no chance to let off any steam with the female of the species because their schedule was so tight: he could forgive his hormones for being a little confused.

====

Morning, or rather afternoon, but getting up time for them brought with it clarity, but also a quandary. Georg watched Bill standing and talking to Gustav as he slowly munched on a cereal bar. As ever Bill's trousers were hanging from slim hips that threatened to give up holding anything up at any moment and Bill's jeans failed to even remotely give a hint of any rear end. Gravity seemed to be in a state of reverse around Bill; it was the only way to explain the hair and the fact that Bill's trousers never ended up around Bill's ankles. Since Tom's clothes were on the ridiculously huge side, Georg was beginning to realise that there was quite probably a national treasure being hidden by both twins.

"Georg, are you staring at Bill's arse?" Tom sounded somewhere between amused and protective.

The question was asked in a low tone so neither Bill nor Gustav seemed to notice.

"Yes," Georg replied and Tom's expression went worryingly dark.

Georg rolled his eyes; Tom could be just a little over protective at times.

"Not like that," Georg said and then reconsidered; "well actually, yes like that, but not because I have designs on your beloved twin."

Tom didn't look as if he believed him.

"Watch," Georg said and stood up.

For a moment he wasn't sure if Tom would tackle him in some ridiculously heroic way to stop him getting to Bill, but good sense seemed to win out. Georg walked up behind Bill, took hold of either side of Bill's wide belt and before Bill could do anything about it yanked upwards. Bill gave a startled squeak, but Georg was pretty sure he hadn't crushed anything, since Bill's jean crotch had been at least two inches too low.

"That's better," he said, viewing his handy work as Bill spluttered in outrage before he went back to sit down where he had been before.

Bill seemed to have been momentarily rendered speechless, which was a miracle in itself. Georg made a mental note of his victory and prepared to be yelled at.

Tom didn't seem to know whether to hit him or not, so he was pretty sure Bill would attack verbally first.

"What?" he asked, just as Bill opened his mouth to begin. "It's a crime to hide an arse like that; the girls will go nuts if they can just see it."

That took all the wind out of Bill's sails, clearly derailing what the singer had been about to launch into. The way Bill tried to look at his own backside was rather endearing and since Tom didn't seem to be able to work out if Georg had just admitted to ogling Bill's backside or was just pointing out that girls would, there seemed to be a Mexican standoff as to reactions.

"Argh," Bill eventually said, clearly not sure what to do at all, "never touch my clothes."

Then Bill stormed off down the bus, but Georg was pretty sure his friend was looking for a mirror. Tom was clearly still trying to work out what had just happened and gave him a warning look before following Bill. That just left Gustav, who stood up from the other seats and came and sat down in the one Tom had vacated.

"So," Gustav said, sounding curious, "would you care to explain how you came to your stunning conclusion?"

Georg realised with a sinking feeling that the conversation was going down hill.

The End

MMOM 19 - Compliance

Pairing: Georg/Gustav

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking

Summary: Georg is in the mood for something other than groupies.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the bets

Word count: 2,187

There was only one thing Georg wanted at that moment and it had nothing to do with joking around and watching TV. The twins had disappeared off somewhere with a couple of girls and Georg had considered tagging along and picking up the pieces of a broken heart when the one hanging off Bill discovered that her idol wouldn't sleep with her, but he really hadn't wanted to wait that long. Tom would have to do the picking up this time. There was of course always the option of finding himself a girl, but he was in the mood for something a little different.

That was why he followed Gustav into his hotel room and walked up behind his friend as Gustav went to pour himself some water from the bottle on the side.

"Want one?" Gustav asked, apparently unaware that Georg was so close behind him.

"Oh yeah," he replied, his voice as low and sexy as he could make it.

Gustav jumped slightly, but recovered quickly and turned slowly to look at him.

"So you're in that type of mood," Gustav said, as if whatever happened next was simply inevitable.

To tell the truth, Georg was never one hundred percent sure that Gustav was overly into their occasional encounters. Gustav always seemed to enjoy himself in that there was definitely mutual physical gratification, but Gustav never objected or encouraged any of it. The first time they had been very, very drunk, so much so that Georg barely remembered any of it, but that hadn't stopped him coming back for more. Gustav never said no, always got off as much as he did, but never said anything about it at all.

It kind of turned Georg on to know that Gustav would do just about anything that he instigated, but in the back of his mind he was somewhat confused. The problem was, he wasn't sure if asking would wreck their dynamic and he didn't want to do that. The first couple of times, kissing hadn't been on the cards, but they had evolved since then and Georg liked a little kissing to really get him going, so he leaned into Gustav.

When their lips met, there was absolutely no resistance from Gustav and his companion's mouth opened to let him plunder it almost immediately. There was response there, but no instigation of any kind and it sent messages straight to his cock as he realised that yet again he was completely in control. His head was left behind a little as he had to wonder what Gustav was thinking at times like this, but his body definitely had a head start.

As he let his hands wander, he knew there would be no reciprocation. He would be doing all the work and Gustav would comply with anything that he wanted. He was pretty sure that if he decided to bend Gustav over, there and then, and screw him as hard as he possibly could, Gustav would let him and the whole thing

made him kind of light headed. They hadn't graduated to more than manual stimulation yet since it was usually all very quick between business as usual, but Georg was only just this side of positive that Gustav would agree no matter what he instigated. The whole thing fed a deep, dark urge that lingered somewhere inside of him and he knew this was one of the reasons he always came back. If he told Gustav to rub his cock for him, Gustav would do it; if he told Gustav to get on his knees and suck it, Gustav would do it and that was possibly one of the most amazing things.

It did, however, confuse Georg quite a lot, because it seemed so un-Gustav like. Yes Gustav was the domestic one of them, yes his friend was the calmest, but Gustav was anything but passive. He kissed his friend as passionately as he could and realised that, unconsciously, he was trying to get a reaction and, as he brushed his hand lightly over Gustav's crotch, it occurred to him that he was definitely getting one. There was a growing bulge in Gustav's jeans which was definitely because of him.

He had the sudden desire to make Gustav react on a more conscious level, to do something he wasn't told to do and do it spectacularly. The idea settled into his mind like a challenge.

"Let's take a shower," he decided and, taking Gustav by the hand, led his friend into the bathroom.

It was one of those shower in the bath types rather than a cubicle, so he pulled the curtain across and started the water. When he turned back, Gustav was just standing there looking at him placidly as if his friend didn't have a hard on attempting to tent his trousers. Georg decided to try for plan A.

Walking up to Gustav, he re-instigated the earlier kiss and slipped his hands onto Gustav's chest, up under the t-shirt this time. He knew his own nipples were very sensitive and he'd seen the effect playing with Gustav's could have on his friend, but he wanted a proper response this time, so he pinched and then lightly rolled one then the other with his fingers while kissing with everything he had. Gustav was breathing hard when he let his friend have the chance, but there was still no other indication.

Standing back, he decided that they needed more skin contact. Stepping forward again, he took the bottom of Gustav's t-shirt and pulled it upwards to reveal Gustav's muscled chest. If there was one thing that was true about Gustav, it was that Gustav was compact and powerful. Gustav raised his arms when urged to do so, but only when urged to do so, which made Georg work all the harder. He stripped off his own t-shirt and then went back to kissing and nipple fondling. Gustav moaned quietly once when he moved on from lips to neck and decided to leave a mark.

He was trying to make Gustav over-excited, but what he realised he was actually doing was over-exciting himself. The fact that Gustav was just letting him do whatever he wanted was making him very hard indeed and if he wasn't careful, he was going to go off before Gustav so much as groaned.

"Take off the rest of your clothes and get in the bath," he said, pulling back a little to give himself some breathing room and time to plan.

Gustav didn't so much as blink before doing as he was told and Georg found himself watching as his friend slipped off trousers, underwear, shoes and socks and then calmly moved the shower curtain and climbed in. A very obvious

erection had a lot of his attention and his brain didn't really click back on until Gustav vanished behind the opaque material around the shower.

Very rapidly, Georg decided that he needed to be naked too and stripped out of his clothes as fast as physically possible. Gustav's attitude was doing things to him that were making him forget his plan. When he stepped into the bath and closed the curtain properly, Gustav was standing under the spray not doing anything, just glistening in the glare of the electric light. All thought left Georg as his brain and body became of one opinion that this had been a very good idea and went into seek and claim mode.

Gratification, all be it mutual, was the only thing on Georg's mind as he stepped forward. They had never actually been completely naked together like this before, since their encounters didn't usually allow them to get that far, and Georg had to admit he liked what he saw. He had always been the sort of person to reach out and touch what he liked and not care what anybody thought of those preferences, which was why it didn't bother him in the slightest that he was attracted to another guy.

About then, all he was thinking about was how to get them both off in the most mind blowing way and he reached for the shower gel. Pouring some onto his hand he moved right up close to Gustav, crowding his companion's personal space as much as he possibly could before grinding his hips against Gustav's hips and his lips against Gustav's lips. It felt so very good, but wasn't all that he had in mind.

Reaching between them, he pushed his hips forward again and then wrapped his slick hand around both of their cocks. At that Gustav did gasp and the part of his brain that still cared scored himself a point, but most of him was just interested in the wonderful sensation of his cock sliding against Gustav's as he bucked forward. It felt so good and he could almost feel tension in Gustav as he moved his hand and his hips.

"Move," he said, knowing that Gustav might eventually move on his own, but wanting it now and being far too impatient to win this round.

Gustav's hips thrust forward just a little, improving the angle, but then stayed locked in place as Georg began to work them both in earnest. Nothing else mattered anymore except bringing them both off and he leaned in, resting his head on Gustav's shoulder as the water poured down on them and he did his best to hold them both firmly in his hand.

It was so good and he felt the hitch in Gustav's breathing that he had come to recognise over their encounters that meant his friend was very close. Gustav was not a go out and grab any girl type of person, but, if the speed with which his companion was reacting was anything to go by, he suspected Gustav would have needed a date with his own hand in the near future had he not stepped in. He was close himself and made his movements more pronounced to hurry himself along. Slick with shower gel his hand slipped over their cocks as his now tiny hip movements moved their cocks against each other as well and it was a very heady experience.

He could feel his balls tightening and when his orgasm hit he cried out and barely managed to continue pumping as his body shook all over. Luckily Gustav had to have been holding back with only the stamina a drummer could have, because only a moment later Gustav came with a low moan as well and Georg didn't have to worry about sensible movement anymore. He felt Gustav grab on to him for a

moment as if his companion's legs were about to give way, but that was the most demonstrative that Gustav seemed to be.

Georg leant against Gustav and tried to get his breath back as Gustav leant against him doing the same thing. Gustav's arms were lightly draped around his waist, but that was still the only indication that Gustav was thinking anything except 'okay'. Eventually Georg pulled back and looked at his friend.

"Does this satisfy you?" he found himself asking; not 'do you enjoy this' because it was blatantly obvious that on some level Gustav did, but that wasn't what Georg wanted to know.

Gustav gave him the most annoying Mona Lisa type smile and said nothing.

"Throw me a bone," he said, a little desperately, "please."

"Don't I look satisfied?" Gustav said after making him wait a little longer.

Georg growled in the back of his throat and then took a calming breath. Who knew compliance could be this frustrating.

"Of course you look satisfied," he said, somewhat exasperated, "but I need to know; do you like what we do? You never say anything about it."

"I thought that was the way you liked it," Gustav replied, still with that enigmatic little smile in place.

It was slowly beginning to dawn on Georg who was really in control now.

"I do," he said, looking Gustav directly in the eye, "but what I want to know is do you?"

For a while his friend just continued looking at him.

"You're bigger than me," were not exactly the words he hoped to hear first, "but I'm a drummer. See that wall?"

Georg looked at the wall of the bathroom, not really understanding.

"If I didn't, you'd be through that by now," Gustav told him and then grinned.

For a moment Georg didn't really know what to say as all sorts of questions piled up in his head and then he began to smile as well.

"So you'll comply until I do something you really don't like and then I'll suddenly be a wrecking ball?" he asked as the idea percolated through his mind.

"That's about it," Gustav said with an expression that was a cross between perfect innocence and possibly demonic possession.

Instantly the whole situation had a completely new layer to add to the dynamic and Georg felt his cock trying to stir at the idea. He'd need a few more minutes yet, but this was suddenly even more exciting.

The End

MMOM 21 - Stolen

Pairing: Bill/Tom (mentions Bill/Gustav, Bill/Georg)

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, twincest

Summary: Request by ladyminya: how about we have Bill dressed in one of Tom's oversized shirts, fantasizing (secretly) about Tom while he's jerking off... and perhaps Tom might have stumbled in on him doing it but not really disturbed him per se, and just watches him instead.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. Okay, so this one rather changed as I wrote it. It started off light and funny and then gained a whole layer of angst in the middle ... my muse was having fun with my brain for this one.

Word count: 3,503

Gustav threw the shirt at Bill, who caught it and grinned brightly.

"Thank you," he said, hugging the white cotton to his chest.

"I don't know why you couldn't get it yourself," Gustav said with a shake of his head; "he's your twin."

"He suspects I took the last one," Bill replied, opening out the crinkled, soiled material and spreading it on his lap.

"You did take the last one," Gustav pointed out.

"I know that," Bill said and rolled his eyes, "but I don't want him to know I took it and he's been watching me like a hawk. He'll just think you're tidying up as usual and then he'll blame the hotel laundry when it's missing."

It was all very logical and he had thought about it carefully before putting the plan into action.

"Tell me again why I'm helping you with this," his friend said shaking his head.

"Because I give the best blow jobs in Germany," Bill said and smiled his most innocent smile.

That made Gustav laugh.

"Oh yeah," his partner in crime said, "I forgot."

"How fickle are the young," Bill said grandly, as if offended, which made Gustav laugh even more.

He liked to make Gustav laugh, because Gustav was always going out of his way to make sure the rest of them did. Every now and then it was fun to make the mother hen cluck.

"Do I want to know what perverted little you is going to be doing with the stolen item?" Gustav asked, watching him as he traced the pattern on the shirt with one finger.

Bill just smiled at that.

"Perverted?" he asked, giving his best innocent expression. "Me? I am sweet and innocent; everyone thinks so."

"I refer you to the previous part of the conversation about blow jobs," Gustav said with a grin, "and I hate to break it to you, but no one in the band has thought you were sweet and innocent since you cornered Georg in the shower when you were fourteen and sucked him like a lollipop."

"He didn't seem to mind," Bill replied, smoothing out a crease in the material on his lap.

"I don't think he could think for two days," Gustav said, still watching him. "It was the shock; up until that point we did all think you were sweet and innocent."

Bill smiled brightly; he remembered that time very fondly. It had been a fun time of discovery and exploration. He'd found himself eyeing Georg one day with more than friendly eyes and, as with everything else in his life, he had decided to do something about it. Georg had looked most shocked when he'd invaded his friend's shower, but he hadn't given Georg time to say anything. It had been really very sweet when Georg had sat him down a little later and explained that he had enjoyed it, but he wasn't gay. Bill had told him that he had known that, but anytime Georg needed some guilt free gratification he was available. He was pretty sure Georg hadn't believed him until the second time.

He'd soon figured out he was very good at it and had expanded his catchment set to include Gustav as well. He liked being good at things and, since he enjoyed giving a blow job almost as much as he enjoyed sweets, it was a win, win situation. The fact that his sexuality was somewhat ambiguous had been obvious to him for a long time, and, since Tom didn't seem to have any problem with what he was doing, he couldn't see any reason to stop any time soon. He liked girls, but he also definitely had a thing for cock.

Technically he was still a virgin, since he had yet to have intercourse with male or female, but that didn't worry him. He was saving that for someone very special; what he told the press wasn't just a line. Of course the one person he wanted he could never have, which was why he had asked for Gustav's help.

There was one thing Bill could never tell Tom, one thing that was his secret and, when he had realised it, it had almost broken him. He told Tom everything and to have to keep a secret had been worse than the secret itself, which was how come Gustav was well aware of his obsession. Gustav has seen him slowly going mental and sat him down and demanded to know what was going on. Confessing the truth had saved his wellbeing and gained him a second confidant. Gustav had not condemned him and had helped him live with his obsession ever since.

"As much as I love reminiscing," Bill said with his sweetest smile, "would you mind letting me have some alone time?"

Gustav smiled ruefully.

"What I do for you," his friend said with a sigh, but Bill knew he was being teased. "Next time you can do your own dirty work."

Bill laughed as his friend walked towards the door.

"Yeah, yeah," he said with a wave of his hand, "like you can ever resist my charms."

Gustav just snorted at that.

"We need to have a talk about that ego," Gustav said and reached to open the door.

"You know you love me," Bill said and gave his friend the big eyed look, sending Gustav into the corridor chuckling to himself.

Bill smiled to himself and looked down at the shirt in his lap. At one level he knew he shouldn't want what he did, but that didn't stop the need being there and, if he had to steel one of his twin's used shirts every now and then to satisfy the need, he thought it was better than the alternative. Standing up, he walked to the bed and spread the t-shirt out on the duvet before slowly falling to his knees. He opened his arms wide, placing a hand either side of the shirt on the bed and then leant forward, rubbing his face slowly against the material.

He breathed deeply, pulling in his twin's scent as he felt the softness against his cheek and he imagined that he was lying against Tom's chest. It wasn't as if they had never held each other, so he knew what the reality felt like and he had a very clear image in his head. It did not take him long to fall into the fantasy in his head and he eventually pushed himself away from the bed.

Moving quickly, he discarded his own clothes and then picked the shirt up from the bed. He let himself just hold it for a little while, knowing what he was about to do and letting the excitement build. Then slowly he pulled the t-shirt over his head and let it fall down over his slim frame, dwarfing him just the way it always did Tom.

Unlike when Tom wore it, however, this felt elicit, because he had nothing on underneath. The cotton moved against his skin and to him it was almost electric. He had watched Tom in the shirt all day, knowing exactly what he wanted to do with it later, and he'd spent most of the day half hard. Now he felt himself becoming completely hard as he let the fabric slide over his skin.

He let himself imagine it was Tom leaning against his naked frame and he ran his hands slowly over the material, pushing it against himself. Brushing his fingers over his chest, he gently caressed his nipples, feeling the sensitive little nubs hardening beneath his fingers. Tom had strong hands from playing the guitar, much stronger than his, and he imagined that it was Tom's long fingers touching him, playing him like an instrument, and he sighed.

Tom was all around him, in his senses, and he slowly sat down on the bed, touching his body through the shirt. At one level he knew this was so wrong, but he could not stop himself wanting it and he inched back into the centre of the mattress, bringing his knees up and spreading his legs as he let his hand travel lower. The t-shirt was so baggy that it sagged around him, making it very easy to rub himself through the material. He loved that sensation and he revelled in it.

It wasn't long before he could feel a little damp spot through the material and he decided it was time to move on to the next stage. Lying back, he spread his legs a little more and ever so slowly pulled the shirt upwards. There was plenty of material and it was almost agonising as it moved over his cock, but in his mind it was Tom who was using the shirt to stroke him and that made it all worth it.

The artificially cool air was cold on his cock when it was finally free of all coverings and he lay there just feeling the exposure. He let himself believe he

was on display for Tom and his twin was looking at him as he ever so slowly reached down and wound his fingers around his erection. He was so hard now and his whole body seemed to pulse with arousal as he began to brush the head of his cock with his fingers. His fingertips were quickly slippery with pre-cum, making them almost glide over the velvety surface.

He would have given anything for it to have been Tom touching him and he tried to imagine that it was his brother's calloused fingers working him. He dug his heels into the bed, lifting himself up slightly as he brought in his other hand to alternately fist his cock and fondle his balls as he continued to play with the head using fingertips. He began to moan and groan, totally unable to keep the vocalisations inside anymore.

In his head he was Tom's, he had always been Tom's and he always would be Tom's. This was the ultimate expression of that ownership and he knew that some of his moans were Tom's name. He loved Tom with everything he had and he desired Tom in a way that no brother should and the two combined in heady passion.

With his eyes closed and Tom in his mind, he was oblivious to the rest of the world and he pushed himself closer and closer to orgasm. By now he was so aroused that it was almost painful and the tightness in his groin told him how close he was. With one last thrust into his hand he let himself imagine it was Tom's hand and that his brother was watching him with avid attention and then he came with his twin's name on his lips.

This was about more than physical release and he felt the knot that had been building inside of him undo as well as his orgasm rocked through him. The tension that always built up when he was around Tom, knowing that he could never have his twin the way he needed was gone, at least for a little while and it was wonderful. It was only then that his mind decided to pass on a small piece of information, something that he had missed while in the throws of pleasure; he had heard a door open.

He looked up and it was as if the universe came to a sudden halt. There in the doorway between their rooms was Tom, just standing there. He had no idea how much his twin had seen or heard, but Tom looked shocked and Bill knew it had been enough. He sat up slowly, trying to think of something to say, something to make this better, but there was nothing in his head. As he watched, Tom's expression went from shocked to blank and he felt himself going cold.

When Tom turned and walked away, his heart shattered and his whole world came crashing down.

It was the worst feeling he had ever felt and it took his mind and body from shock to complete despair in a heartbeat. For so long he had been holding on to the tiny hope inside him that he wasn't alone, that he wasn't the only one who felt this way, but that was gone now. In the blink of an eye he had wrecked everything and the sob that started in his chest and broke out of him was the only way he could express it.

He did not cry often, contrary to the rumours that flew around, but there was nothing he could do to stop it then. Hot tears flooded down his cheeks and he pulled the t-shirt down over himself, hiding his shame. He wanted to scream and shout, but all that would come were body shaking sobs as he pulled himself into a tiny ball, curling away from everything that had happened.

"Oh shit, Bill," were the words that gave him a clue he was no longer alone.

He had no idea how long he had been crying, but, when arms wound round him and pulled him close, he felt a fresh wave of despair loom up over him. He knew Gustav's smell very well and he let himself be pulled against his friend's broad chest and finally he could express what he was feeling.

"I disgust him," he said through his sobs, "he hates me. I forgot to lock the door and he saw. I killed us, Gustav, I won't be able to go on if he hates me; I killed us."

He found his head being lifted as Gustav took hold of his chin.

"He doesn't hate you, Bill," his friend said firmly.

He tried to look away, but Gustav wouldn't let him.

"I just saw him," Gustav told him in a very earnest tone, "he told me to come and look after you; he said he needed time to think. Bill, he's confused; he doesn't hate you."

He wanted to believe it, he really did, but he had seen that expression on Tom's face; the complete shock and then the nothing. His brother was never going to even look at him again. Gustav finally let his chin go as he burst into another bout of crying, and his friend pulled him close again. This time though, there was no comfort in Gustav's arms.

====

Bill sat on the edge of the bed staring at the wall. He had no idea how long he had been sitting there, but the tears had finally deserted him and now he was just empty. There was no future any more, he had destroyed it and he remained perfectly still, because there was no point in moving. He knew Gustav was still in the room, somewhere over by the door, and he knew Georg had been in at least once, but he really didn't care. Nothing mattered anymore, nothing that was until he heard a familiar voice.

He did not turn and look, he did not dare, but it was definitely Tom speaking quietly to Gustav. He kept his eyes fixed on the wall, terrified of what he might see if he turned. In his despairing thoughts he could not work out why Tom had come back and in his heart he was dreading what Tom might have to say. He had condemned himself so many times in his own head as he had been sitting there, but he didn't know if he could survive Tom doing it as well.

There was the sound of people moving and then he felt someone sit down a few feet from him, but he didn't move. The wall was safe and he was quite honestly petrified. His whole body was rigid and he felt that at any moment he might bolt.

It was with growing terror that he realised the person sitting down was edging closer to him and, when a hip bumped against his own, he almost flinched away. He had no idea what was going on, could find no explanation of why Tom, because he knew it was Tom, was sitting so close to him.

"Look at me, Bill," his twin said quietly.

He stayed fixedly staring at the wall.

"Bill, look at me now," Tom's tone was so full of command that he jumped.

He didn't know if it was possible to upset Tom more than he already had, but he definitely didn't want to find out, so, completely terrified by what he was going to find, he slowly turned his head. There was no disgust on Tom's face, not hatred and for a moment Bill couldn't believe it, and then a small spark of hope burst into being in his chest. It was only tiny and he knew he had no right to feel it, but it had the effect of an atom bomb on his composure. When Tom opened his arms it was more than Bill could ever have dreamed and the damn burst again. He fell against his twin, crying his eyes out.

"I'm sorry," he repeated over and over again, still not believing that his brother was willing to forgive him.

He was a freak and what he wanted was unnatural and yet Tom was holding him, rocking him, forgiving him.

"Ssh," Tom said, cradling him in strong arms, "don't be sorry, Bill and please don't cry."

For long minutes they stayed exactly like that, Tom holding him and rocking back and forwards gently until his tears slowly stopped and his body stopped shaking. He was still only wearing Tom's t-shirt and he felt soiled and exposed, but Tom did not seem to care. When Tom moved back a little he didn't want the closeness to end, but he let it happen in case Tom thought he was trying to hold on for more than just comfort. He felt lips touch his forehead and it was as if that kiss robbed him of all strength as relief flooded through him yet again. Tom really did forgive him.

When those lips moved on and kissed away the remains of his tears he was shocked enough to find the strength to look up at his brother and, when those lips connected with his own, the whole world vanished, leaving them totally alone together. It was not a long kiss, or a passionate kiss, but it was real and Bill brought his hand up to touch his mouth as Tom slowly sat back.

"If you wanted it," Tom said quietly, fingering the edge of the t-shirt Bill was wearing, "all you had to do was ask."

Shock threatened to take away all remaining thought in Bill's head, but he found himself giving one short bark of a laugh. For a moment he thought he might be going mad and this was all in his head, but he looked into Tom's eyes and he saw only reality. There was a love there he thought he had burned away with one stupid action, but it still existed and Bill realised slowly that it was a reflection of his own.

His emotions were a rollercoaster of extremes and he did not even consider what he was doing as he all but pounced on Tom, pulling off his twin's cap, pushing Tom onto the bed and then kissing his brother with everything he had. He was uncoordinated and part of him was terrified that the bubble was about to burst, but he was more than enthusiastic and Tom kissed him back just as passionately until eventually pushing him back a little.

It was only then that he realised that the little shudders he had been feeling from Tom were laughs.

"Bill," Tom said, before he could get the wrong idea, "if you don't let me breathe, you're going to kill me."

Bill knew he wasn't exactly operating with a full deck at that moment, so he let Tom sit them up again. He was trembling in every limb and there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it. The out pouring of emotion over the last how ever long was finally taking its toll and, as Tom pulled him close again, he could barely hold himself up. He leant against Tom, taking in his twin's scent and warmth and he knew he was in the most perfect place in the universe.

His mind was still having trouble deciding what had really just happened, but his heart was perfectly sure and he relaxed. He wanted to say and do so many things; to explain to Tom how he felt and what he wanted to do, but it was all becoming more distant. He was mentally and physically exhausted and, as Tom held him, he slowly let the lethargy take over. He was safe and now he knew he was still loved and that was all that mattered. Tom understood, he recognised that now and everything else could wait for tomorrow.

The End

MMOM 22 - Is It the Hair?

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, twincest

Summary: Bill comes to talk to Tom about something very important to both of them, which leads to a little experimentation.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta - credit to Soph for the title as well :). Oh and Soph has a new acronym - CIHAS; I think it stands for Can I Have A Sequel!

Word count: 2,966

Tom walked out of the bathroom in a t-shirt and boxers and sat heavily on the bed with a sigh. He had drunk too much at the party the band had been dragged to and he was feeling a little sorry for himself even though the drive back to the hotel had mostly sobered him up. He was also a little confused and refusing to think about why. When there was a knock at the adjoining door to the next room, he wasn't really surprised.

"It's open," he said, loud enough to be heard from the other side.

They didn't share a room anymore, but more often than not Bill and he had rooms next to each other with a door in between and they only ever left it locked if Tom had a girl with him. Bill's head appeared round the door and he gave his brother the closest he could come to a smile.

"Are you going straight to sleep or can we talk?" Bill asked, seeming to be just a little on the nervous side.

Tom knew the signs, this was not about to be an idle conversation, so there was no way he was going to kick Bill out, even though he wanted to go to sleep.

"Come in," he said and stood up to put the coffee pot on, because otherwise he was going to fall asleep in the middle of whatever it was that Bill wanted to talk about.

He saw Bill walk in from the corner of his eye, but his twin didn't say anything and he continued playing with the coffee pot, trying to make it work.

"This crappy thing is broken," he eventually declared, glaring at it.

A slim arm reached out from behind him and flicked the switch on the wall and he turned to find Bill standing very close to him. Obviously he was still drunker than he had thought, because he hadn't noticed Bill's approach.

"The one in my room got me earlier," Bill said and Tom could tell his twin was trying to make him feel better.

He shrugged, as if he almost believed Bill.

"Let's sit down," he suggested, as he examined the thoughtful, but slightly worried expression on Bill's face.

When Bill got like this it was usually important, although one time it had been about nail extensions, but that had been the exception to the rule. As the coffee pot spluttered into action they both walked over to the bed and sat down.

"What's on your mind?" Tom asked in his best big brotherly tone.

Bill frowned for a moment, took a breath, went to speak and then stopped. It wasn't very often that Bill was lost for words, so Tom knew this was going to be big. He sat there and waited, because when Bill was like this there was no point in pushing.

"I think we're bisexual," Bill finally blurted out.

That was a bit of a shock and Tom reacted first as a teenage male rather than a twin, which was why he started to say: "Speak for your..."

Bill shut him up with a look that said among other things "Remember who you're talking to" and "If you finish that sentence I might have to kill you".

"I saw you checking out Georg's behind this evening," Bill said firmly in a tone that begged no argument, "and I don't blame you; he has a very nice behind."

Tom cringed, that was what he had been trying not to think about. Lately, especially when he'd had a few drinks, he had found himself looking at Georg a little too much. He hoped that Bill had only noticed because of the twin thing.

"That doesn't mean anything," Tom tried to protest.

"So if I tell you all about the other day when Georg came into my room wanting to borrow some conditioner," Bill said with a very calculating stare, "in nothing but a towel, still wet from where he'd started taking a shower, and how the water was glistening off his sculpted muscles and dripping down through those perfect abs; it's not going to do anything for you."

The mental image those words conjured up in his head was so unfair and so clear that he felt his cock twitch. He tried to banish it, he really did, but his slightly inebriated mind rather liked it and held on firmly. Tom groaned; Bill really knew how to hit below the belt.

"You're attracted to Georg," Bill said with a finality that Tom couldn't argue with, "for the record, I think I am too, but I'm not about to fight you for him."

This was all going rather fast and Tom let himself flop back on the bed, trying to get his head around it.

"I haven't said I agree with anything you've said yet," he pointed out, but he really couldn't protest too hard, "what makes you think I would care if you went after Georg."

"Because you're possessive and you'd be jealous as hell," Bill said, sounding more and more confident by the second.

"One guy doesn't make either of us bisexual," Tom pointed out; "for all you know it could just be the hair."

At that Bill laughed and Tom scowled even though he knew the reaction was deserved.

"I can just see how he'd react to that idea," Bill told him; "Georg, did you know you're attractive to other men because of your beautiful long hair? Yeah, that would go down so well."

Tom sat up again; he didn't like being so wrong footed by his little brother. He was usually the one who teased Bill, not the other way around.

"What makes you so sure you're bisexual?" Tom asked, deciding that outright denial was not going to work.

"We're," Bill corrected, "you're just a couple of months behind where I am in this."

The fact that Bill seemed to have been thinking about this for a while was a shock. Usually Bill told him everything and that his twin had never brought this up was a surprise.

"I didn't want to say anything until I was sure," Bill said a little sheepishly as Tom looked at his brother in shock, "and now I am. I thought it might be just cabin fever or something when I began to notice Georg, but I've been looking around and it's not just Georg."

Tom chewed his lip ring thoughtfully.

"You've really been thinking about this, haven't you?" he said as he began to realise that this was about as far from the crazy ideas Bill sometimes had as you could get.

Bill nodded.

"The thing that gets me is I never noticed before," Bill replied in an open tone; "I began to realise I look at guys all the time. I just don't know how long I've been doing it, because it just never registered before. I've come to the conclusion the preconceived notions of our society had me blinkered."

Tom looked at Bill very evenly.

"You read that last bit somewhere," was his conclusion.

Bill grinned.

"Yeah," Bill admitted before becoming serious again, "but I really am surprised; I would have thought I would have noticed before now. We're nearly eighteen for heaven's sake and your hormones at least have been going since you were ten."

"Maybe there was nothing to notice until now," Tom suggested, mulling the idea over in his head idly, "people can change after all. Puberty made us one track, but post-puberty is deciding to mess with our heads."

Only after he'd said it did Tom realise that he was agreeing with Bill and he put his head in his hands. He really didn't need this complication and he was still worried that it was some big hormonal mix up thanks to being with the same people day in day out without a break for months.

"You might be on to something there," Bill acknowledged just when he wished his twin wouldn't.

"But how am I supposed to be sure?" Tom asked, finally admitting to himself that this was real and Bill had a point, but not feeling totally secure in that conclusion. "It's not as if I can walk up to Georg and say 'Give us a kiss' is it?"

Bill's mouth twitched with amusement at that, even though his brother was clearly trying to maintain a serious air.

"Not unless you want your face smashed in," Bill acknowledged; "I think Georg is a problem for another day. If you decide you want to I'll help you hook him later."

Tom wasn't sure if that idea filled him with dread or glee; when Bill set his mind to something, nothing stopped his twin and he suspected Georg wouldn't have a chance, but he was a little nervous about being part of one of Bill's plans.

"If you want to try kissing a guy you could kiss me," Bill offered and startled him out of his thoughts.

For a moment he just stared at Bill and tried to decide if he had heard what he thought he had heard.

"But you're my brother," he finally spluttered out.

"So?" Bill asked as if that was no object. "It's just an experiment; it's not as if I'm demanding undying love here. Sorry, but you're not my type, I prefer my men less skinny."

Tom sat there for a bit longer, trying to work out if he should be offended or not.

"But you're my brother," was the rather ridiculous repeat that eventually came out of his mouth.

"And I'm a guy," Bill countered; "contrary to what half the world seems to think I am hiding guy bits down there."

Tom didn't know what to say.

"You can say no," Bill finally said when he just sat there doing nothing; "it was just a suggestion. I thought it might be easier to try with me and then move on to other targets when you're sure. You showed me how to wank for heaven's sake; I didn't think kissing was much different."

Put that way, Tom's shock began to ebb away, after all Bill was only suggesting a little kissing as an experiment. That couldn't really be counted as incest could it? Neither of them seriously wanted a relationship with each other beyond the brotherly one they had, so it wasn't wrong. Rather than saying anything and getting himself more confused Tom just leaned in towards Bill and put his lips to his twin's.

The first touch was awkward and the angle was wrong, but Bill fixed that by moving and Tom found himself being dragged into a kiss that very quickly turned passionate. Bill opened his mouth, flicking the tongue over Tom's lips and Tom found himself answering in kind and suddenly they were French kissing like their lives depended on it. When Bill's arms wound around him, trying to pull him closer, Tom went and put his own arm around Bill's waist. Only when his brain finally caught up with what he was doing and pointed out that he was really

enjoying kissing another boy, let alone the fact that this boy was his brother, did he pull back.

Bill's lips were pink and just a little swollen and he couldn't help wondering if his own were the same.

"Wow you're a good kisser," Bill said, seemingly totally at ease with the whole situation.

That was the thing about Bill, once Bill decided something was the right thing to do, nothing could sway him. Tom was still having a few issues, but he couldn't deny that the same was true of Bill.

"So are you," he admitted; "you should try it on more people."

That made Bill grin.

There was only one problem, they had been close, but not close enough for Tom to really be sure he wasn't reacting to just the kiss rather than the fact that he was kissing a boy. His neither regions were definitely interested in the whole proceeding, but he wasn't sure if his hormones were mistaking Bill for a girl.

"Maybe we should try that again," he suggested, feeling a little silly, "when we're a little closer. Just to make sure it's really a boy/boy thing and not just a kissing thing."

Bill didn't appear to have any objections to that if the way his twin was nodding was anything to go by.

"Let's lay on the bed," Bill decided, moving on to the duvet and spreading out his long frame; "pretend we're really making out."

Tom nodded and climbed on beside his twin. It felt very odd lying down next to Bill thinking what he was currently thinking, but this was an important experiment, so he put that aside. He really did want to know if he was bisexual and their approach might not have been particularly scientific, but Tom knew for them it would work.

As soon as he took his place, Bill hooked a leg over his and lifted up to lean over him. It wasn't quite what he had expected because if Bill had been a girl he would have been the one taking charge, but he didn't object when Bill leaned down for a kiss. The fact that he could feel Bill's erection pressing against his hip rather underlined the fact that his brother was very much male and, when Bill moaned into the kiss, it drove the last vestiges of confusion from Tom. He was very much into kissing another boy.

As they kissed, he wound his arm around Bill and hooked his leg over Bill's so that they were both pressed close and he found out why Bill had been moaning. The pressure on his erection was wonderful and he couldn't help moving his hips against Bill to find more. Bill writhed against him as well and it was more than intoxicating.

Their kiss became deeper and more passionate and it was very different than kissing a girl. They were both vying for dominance and neither of them was backing down and the kiss was hard and desperate and all about sexual gratification. When Bill's arm slipped between them and into his boxers, gripping his erection in urgent fingers he almost surrendered, especially as Bill fisted him

as well as possible from their current angle and his brain all but melted. However, he was not going to let his little brother win this one and he managed to loop his arm round to Bill's front and replied in kind.

That was the point where it became obvious that Bill had not had anywhere near as much practice with another human being as Tom had, because Bill relaxed backwards almost instantly. Tom rolled to the dominant position, but neither of them stopped what they were doing.

Having another boy's cock under his hand was very different than touching his own and very, very different from what he would be doing with a girl, but Tom liked it. He broke the kiss, gasping as he worked his hand over Bill and Bill worked him, and it was an incredibly heady experience.

He wondered what it would be like to have Georg's cock in his hand and it seemed impossible, but he was sure he became harder at the thought. In fact the idea of Georg underneath him, naked and writhing to his touch was about all he needed to go the extra step and he found himself bucking against Bill's hand and trying to muffle his shouts of pleasure in Bill's shoulder. Bill went only a moment later, shuddering against him and if the momentary pain was anything to go by, leaving teeth marks on his collar bone. It was very gratifying and for a while Tom just lay there, not moving, letting his system recover.

Eventually, however, they had to move and Tom rolled off Bill, breathing hard and trying to put his brain and his clothes back together. That had quite honestly been amazing and looking at the glassy eyed expression on Bill's face, Bill thought so too. He had never in a million years believed that he could be so turned on by another boy, but his body had just proven that wrong.

"Okay," he said as thoughts whirled round his head, "we're bisexual."

"Told you," was all Bill replied.

There was only one niggling doubt in Tom.

"You're sure this isn't some really twisted twin thing?" he voiced his doubts.

"Sure," Bill replied, sitting up; "sorry, big brother, but I wasn't actually thinking about you. How about you?"

"Georg," Tom admitted with a sheepish grin.

If Bill had been a girl he would have been rewarded with a slap in the face for that admission, but Bill just grinned. He wiped the even vague notion of Bill being a girl from his mind, because that would just have been very, very bad and very, very wrong.

"I think I will sleep like a log now," Bill said, looking very satisfied and standing up; "after I take another shower and change that is."

Bill's t-shirt looked very sticky at the front and Tom was beginning to realise his felt rather uncomfortable as well.

"Me too," he agreed, rearranging his clothes carefully.

"We'll put operation 'Get Georg for Tom' into action tomorrow," Bill said while wandering across the room back to the adjoining door; "he'll be yours within a week."

The relaxed feeling became panic for a moment, but then Tom decided it wasn't worth worrying about something he couldn't change. Bill would achieve what Bill set out to do and really it was Georg who was the one with a problem. As Tom headed for the bathroom, he idly wondered what it would be like to blow Georg.

The End

MMOM 23 - Playtime

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: toys, wanking, twincest

Summary: Tom introduces Bill to toys.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 2,874

Bill was more than a little nervous as his brother led him into the hotel room. He couldn't see anything through the blindfold Tom had insisted on putting on him and he had no choice but to trust Tom completely. That part was actually easy, he always trusted Tom, but he wasn't so fond of the dark and it made him nervous. When Tom left him to close and lock the door, he had to concentrate on the sound of his twin's movements to stop himself reaching up and taking off the cloth around his eyes.

This level of their relationship was still new and Bill couldn't really say how they had ended up properly together, all he knew was that they were and that he wouldn't change it for the world. He would rather the whole world shun and condemn him than give up Tom, which was saying something for someone who had spent most of their life trying to entertain people.

"Tom," he said a little nervously when his twin did not return to him fast enough.

"Ssh," Tom said almost immediately, whispering in his ear, "I'm here; you can relax."

Bill really would have liked to relax, but he had no idea what Tom had in mind and he couldn't help being slightly anxious. He knew Tom would never hurt him intentionally, but neither of them were overly experienced in their current area of exploration which worried him a little.

"All you have to do it relax and enjoy," Tom told him while his twin's clever fingers unhooked his belt clasp, "tonight is all about you."

That was another thing that was confusing Bill; Tom's attitude that night. He knew he wasn't the lead in this, since he was definitely a lot less knowledgeable about the whole realm of sex and relationships, but Tom had never taken charge quite like this before.

"Why?" he had to ask even as Tom leant against him, kissing his neck gently.

He needed to know why this was happening; it was just his nature.

"Because last time I hurt you," Tom replied and he went to deny that, but Tom stopped him with a finger on his lips; "I know it was an accident, but you didn't enjoy it."

That much had been true. They had had full sex a grand total of three times, the first two of which he had topped at Tom's insistence. He had definitely enjoyed that, but the assignment of roles had messed with his sense of equality between them and the last time he had been brave enough to try bottoming. The problem was it seemed that he had been brave enough to try, but not brave enough to relax enough and it had hurt, quite a lot. They'd got through it and Tom had

made sure he was satisfied by the end, but it had not been an enjoyable experience.

"You need to feel comfortable enough to relax," Tom told him in a seductive whisper and Bill was glad that his twin had not decided they were never trying it again, because Tom seemed to enjoy it and Bill wanted to figure out why, "so I am going to introduce you to the pleasure you've been missing."

Bill felt the first twitches of arousal in his groin at Tom's tone; he was still far too nervous for a proper erection, but at least his body was beginning to respond.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, as Tom started to undress him.

He'd been lounging around in his own room just watching the TV when Tom had come to get him, so he wasn't wearing any shoes or socks and, as Tom pushed his trousers and underwear down for him, he stepped out of them. He shivered slightly as Tom stood up again, breath just ghosting over his skin during the move.

"Show you how good having something up there," Tom ran a finger over his arse, "really is and we're going to start off small and work up. Then when I think you're at your limit I'm going to make you come so hard you'll see stars."

Bill felt himself tremble, but lifted his arms and helped as Tom removed his t-shirt.

"What things?" he felt like an idiot asking all these questions, but he needed to know.

"I've been shopping," Tom told him, taking his hand and leading him across the room, "and I bought us some toys."

The way his cock throbbed then told Bill that even though he was nervous he was more than a little intrigued by that revelation. Tom had disappeared in disguise only that afternoon, but he had had no idea that his twin had been out shopping for sex toys.

"The bed's just in front of you," Tom told him as he tried to imagine what his brother had bought, "I want you to climb on, on your hands and knees. Spread your legs as wide as you can, but you're going to be there for a while so make sure you're comfortable."

Bill realised he was shaking as he felt down for the bed and slowly did as he was asked. He felt ridiculously exposed as he found a comfortable position that he thought he could maintain. Not being able to see was making every sensation feel far more significant and he wasn't sure if he was shaking with excitement or fear.

"I won't hurt you," Tom said in a very serious tone, running a hand along his back.

"I know," Bill replied without hesitation.

Tom leant over him and kissed the nape of his neck for that.

"The secret to anal sex is relaxation," Tom told him, moving away for a moment, "so I'm going to teach you how to relax."

Bill hoped he was going to be a good student.

"How do you know all this?" he asked, finding himself needing to talk.

He knew Tom knew things about anal sex, because Tom had taken the lead in all their other encounters, but he hadn't actually ever asked how Tom knew before.

"Remember that redhead I was crazy about for a month or so last year?" Tom asked, rubbing slow circles along his back.

"Hmm," Bill replied, almost forgetting about his question at the feel of his brother's strong fingers moving over his skin.

"She had a thing for toys," Tom told him, "mostly to use on me. It was only when she produced the huge ones that I ran for my life."

Bill laughed at that; he had never really believed Tom's excuse for dropping the girl before. 'She's too old for me' really hadn't cut it even though she had turned out to be twenty.

"You didn't buy any huge ones did you?" Bill asked as the idea suddenly occurred to him.

"I didn't get anything I don't think you can handle with ease," Tom promised him, not laughing at him for his anxiety. "This is about pleasure, Bill."

Bill did his best to believe Tom completely, but part of him knew that last time had been more to do with pain, so he couldn't quite shake all the doubt.

"If you don't like anything I do, tell me," Tom said while massaging his arse slowly; "I want you to enjoy every moment of this."

"Hmm," Bill agreed, letting his head hang down as he felt tension beginning to leave him, "if you keep doing that I will."

Tom chuckled at him for that comment, but did keep moving his fingers in firm circles. By the time Tom moved away a little again he was happily floating in a sea of soft sensations. It really didn't register that Tom had moved until Tom was back and a dribble of something cold hit the base of his spine.

"Wha?" was about the most sense he made as the chill shocked him.

"Sorry," Tom apologised, "I was warming it, but I missed my fingers."

He completely forgot about it being cold when he felt Tom's finger move through what had to be lube, dragging it downwards and over his hole. The way his arse muscles tightened was completely involuntary, but the sensation felt so intense because he couldn't see.

"Just relax," Tom encouraged, moving the finger on and wrapping lubricated digits around him cock.

Now this sensation he knew and knew he liked and he moaned as Tom played with him. His body responded as expected and the arousal began to build as his cock hardened in Tom's hand. This was the easy bit and he could have happily let Tom stroke him to completion, which was why he groaned his disappointment when Tom stopped.

"Can't have you going off before I've finished playing, Little Brother," Tom teased him.

Bill wasn't so sure he agreed with that.

"Hurry up then," was what he said, suddenly feeling brave.

Tom laughed at his impatience.

"Oh I don't think so," were his twin's ominous words.

When Tom moved a finger over his entrance this time, he was distracted enough by his aching erection not to shrink back, and he decided it was really rather pleasant when Tom began gently pushing against him with the lubricated digit. It was when Tom pushed hard enough to breach him that he found out he wasn't as relaxed as he thought he was. The finger felt so damn big, even though he knew Tom had long slender fingers, and he couldn't help the small grunt of surprise.

"Okay?" Tom asked, stilling his hand.

Bill wasn't exactly sure, but Tom seemed to be positive this should be fun and pleasurable so he did his best to relax around the intrusion.

"Yeah," he finally said, pushing back a little to see what it would feel like.

Strangely, when he was the one doing the moving it didn't feel half as daunting. At the indication, Tom began to move his finger and it felt odd, but, as his twin continued, Bill began to think it wasn't all that bad. Tom worked on him for a little while until the finger was moving freely in and out of him and then Tom did something, crooking the finger slightly and brushed the place inside that Bill remembered as being very sensitive. He had been in a little too much pain last time to really take note, but as Tom brushed the spot this time he moaned, because it felt really good.

"Now you're getting it," Tom said, massaging his arse with the hand that wasn't occupied.

When Tom finally stopped what he was doing, Bill found himself whining in complaint.

"Plenty more where that came from," Tom said, sounding amused. "I think you'll like this."

What touched his arse felt smaller than Tom's finger, which automatically made him feel more comfortable, and whatever it was slipped in easily. It felt very good as Tom carefully moved it in and out just a little and he wanted more so he pushed back. It was then he found out why Tom had only been moving the smooth instrument a little as he felt his arse being opened a little more and he squeaked in surprise.

"For once stop being bossy and let me do everything," Tom said, laughing at the undignified noise he had made. "This one has levels and I'll move on to each when I think you're ready."

Bill just mumbled something rude. He was beginning to see what Tom meant about this being fun and, although he had been startled, it hadn't been

unpleasant in the slightest. With perfect trust, he put his head down and wiggled his arse a little to encourage Tom to continue.

Time was measured in increments of the toy after that, because Bill have no idea how long it took Tom to work the whole thing inside of him. All he knew was that it felt good and, if Tom so much as touched his cock, he was going to come, because his nerves were singing.

"I think you might be ready for something a little larger," was what Tom said to drag his attention away from the lovely sensations in his arse.

The toy was moving freely now, but in Bill's touch-sensitive world, it felt rather large as it was.

"Don't get nervous on me," Tom said, rubbing his back in a soothing motion while withdrawing the toy completely; "you'll like this, I promise."

Bill couldn't help whimpering just a little, both at the loss of sensation and the idea of anything large fitting where the toy had been. Something much blunter than the previous toy pushed against him and at first he wasn't sure it would go in, but his body gave surprisingly easily. It burned a little as it stretched him further than he had been used to, but the pleasure far outweighed the momentary discomfort.

"God, Bill," Tom said as he moaned, "you look incredible."

Bill gasped as Tom slowly pushed the rest of the toy into him, and it was quite a lot bigger than the last one all the way down, but his muscles were relaxed enough to allow it. He felt full and stretched and it hurt a little, but it didn't take him long to adjust. What took him by surprised was when a wire brushed against his leg and suddenly the toy was moving, only it wasn't moving in and out, it was rotating.

It literally bounced past his prostate and his arms collapsed as all motor control seemed to be redirected away from places that needed it. He ended up leaning on his elbows gasping and moaning. The toy stopped moving.

"Bill, you okay?" Tom asked, sounding a little worried.

That was rather a difficult question to answer.

"Yes," he finally managed to say, recovering a little, "do that again."

This time, he was a little more prepared when the toy was turned on, but it still made him moan with wanton abandon. When Tom began to slowly move it in and out as well, he all but died. He was so aroused he wasn't sure if he wanted it to go on and on or if he wanted it to be over as quickly as possible. His nerves were completely confused and he wrapped his fingers in the duvet as he came apart.

When the whine of the toy went up a level and it began to move faster, he knew he couldn't take much more.

"Please touch me," he all but begged.

It seemed that that is what Tom had been waiting for, because slick fingers wrapped around his hard shaft and began to pump. It was incredible and overwhelming and amazing and Bill had absolutely no control of the almost

scream that left his mouth as he came. As Tom had promised, he did indeed see stars and he was lucky his face was already almost on the duvet or he would have taken a header into it. His muscles had all seemingly turned to water and, as he slowly came down from the incredible high, he was in an untidy heap on the bed and he really wasn't sure he could move in any sensible manner at all.

As Tom carefully withdrew the toy, it wasn't the most pleasant sensation now that he was recovering, but he really didn't care. He was in a pleasant haze and he just wanted to stay that way. When Tom gently rolled him onto his side so that he wasn't so cramped, he went easily and blinked owlishly as his blindfold was removed. Eventually his eyes focused enough so he could see Tom and he found himself smiling rather stupidly at his twin.

"Good?" Tom asked, smiling back at him.

"Very," Bill just about managed to say.

Tom leant down and kissed him and he hummed into the kiss, still mostly in post orgasmic bliss. It only occurred to him a few moments later that Tom was fully clothed and didn't seem to be doing anything about it.

"What about you?" he asked.

"I told you," Tom replied, lying down and snuggling to him without doing anything else, "tonight was all for you. So lie there, shut up, and enjoy the afterglow before we have to tidy up."

Bill thought about protesting, but all his energy seemed to have vanished from his body, so there wasn't a lot he could do anyway. He moved into the warmth of his twin and let himself enjoy the closeness. He knew this was where he belonged and they didn't have all that many chances to just be together, so he wasn't going to ruin it. If Tom was happy, so was he and he let himself drift just above a doze.

"So when do I get to play with toys?" he muttered as the idea randomly occurred to him.

"When you're old enough," Tom replied with a chuckle.

He made a half arsed attempt to hit Tom for that, but he was far too relaxed and far too content to really manage it. He'd just have to plan his revenge for that comment at a later date; Tom wouldn't know what hit him.

The End

MMOM 25 - Good Vibrations

Pairing: Tom/Bill (one sided)

Rating: R

Warnings: twincestuous overtones, wanking

Summary: Tom has a rather intimate relationship with his guitar when on stage.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. You can't beat a bit of guitar sex :).

Word count: 1,012

Tom was hard. It didn't come as much surprise to him because he was usually hard on stage; one of the reason he would never, ever dress like Bill. Being able to stand there and hide the fact that he had a boner the size of the Berlin radio tower was one of the major advantages of his choice of clothes. He really wouldn't have cared if the girls in the audience had been able to see, but he was very glad the reason for his hard on would never be able to catch on.

At first it was the fans screaming his name that had done it, but, although that still pushed adrenaline through his system, it had lost its sex appeal with familiarity. That was when he had finally realised that there was someone else on the stage who had the same effect on him, someone that was so very familiar, but it made little difference.

Bill always came and danced with him during the performance and they moved in perfect time; they always had and they always would. It was part of who they were, but Tom had come to realise that it excited him a little more and in a less innocent way than his twin. Bill was in the music, performing his heart out for the fans and Tom knew he was in the music performing for Bill.

When Bill danced away from him this time, he knew he wasn't going to make it through the rest of the night with a little relief. The way the little tight t-shirt Bill was wearing kept riding up to reveal the star tattoo was really doing him in. His brain kept providing him with mental images of what he wanted to do with that tattoo, like lick it and caress it and he knew if he wasn't careful he was going to go from aroused to distracted.

If his hard on began to detract from his playing then Bill would start asking awkward questions after the show and probably worry about him and that wasn't going to happen. Bill was one of those people who once he got something into his head it was impossible to shift it and then Tom would have to make up some ridiculous excuse about a girl or something and he really hated lying to his twin.

That was why he shifted his guitar a little, right to the point where it aligned perfectly with his groin. There were low level vibrations in an electric guitar, mostly irrelevant to the person playing them, because holding it damped them unless you positioned it just so. Tom grinned and winked at some of the girls in the crowd as those wonderful vibrations passed straight into his cock.

There was an art to guitar wanking, an art that Tom had discovered quite young and by this stage he was very good at it. It wouldn't take him very long to bring this chorus to a conclusion.

It felt so good and, as he looked over at Bill working the crowd, being adored by all their fans, it was even better. As he played to compliment his twin's captivating singing, he closed his eyes, moving the guitar against himself as well

as using those tiny vibrations to send shivers up his cock. He was in the zone now, literally feeling every note he played with Bill's melody floating over the top.

This was one of his perfect places; legs spread wide, fans screaming, Bill's voice singing to him and guitar ghosting over his aching cock. There would only be one place more perfect and he couldn't have that, so this had to do. It was better than nameless hotel rooms with willing girls, better than being honoured with awards, better than having all the money in the world; this was living.

The music built, Bill's vocals became louder and Tom could feel the climax of the song approaching along with his own. He put his head back, chewed on his bottom lip and played the last chorus of the song. It didn't matter what notes he was playing, they came automatically, what mattered was the spiralling sensations in his body. He opened his eyes, just for a moment, to see Bill, legs spread, arm up, head back and singing as if his life depended on it. This was their place, their time and as the last bars of the song came he pushed his guitar against himself and let the combination of pressure, vibration and euphoria push him over the edge.

As Bill sang out the last note, he shuddered, feeling the tightness in his groin releasing in a hot rush and it was the most wonderful feeling in the world.

Of course there was no time to dwell on it; even as that song died away they were into another, but he really didn't mind. On stage they lived in the moment and the next moment was now on the way. He'd be a little sticky for a while, but he was already sticky with sweat so it wasn't much of a change and it was very much worth it. Grinning at the girls reaching for him over the edge of the stage, he turned and walked to another part of his area as Bill began to sing the next melody moving back towards him again.

He wasn't ashamed of what he felt for his twin; it seemed like a natural continuation of their relationship to him, but he would never tell anyone. The way Bill moved with him was still innocent from his twin's side; it was obvious, and he wasn't going to ruin that by placing his own overtones on it. He knew that if Bill ever came to feel the way he did, his little brother would come to him and tell him; it was the way Bill was, and until then he would just enjoy the rush where he could get it. If that meant his guitar being a substitute for his brother, then so be it.

The End

MMOM 26 - The Evils of Alcohol

Pairing: Georg/Gustav, Tom

Rating: R

Warnings: wanking

Summary: Tom's been involved in a drinking game and he ends up somewhere he doesn't expect.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,595

Tom was drunk and not just a little drunk; he was drunk as in very, very, very, completely shit-faced drunk kind of way. Right about then he couldn't remember what had possessed him to get into a shots drinking game with some random blonde, especially since said random blonde was not now staggering to his room with him, but he was pretty sure he had had a good reason at the time. He fished into his pocket and came back with his card key, the first problem was when he looked there were two card keys in his fingers and the second was that in his current state he couldn't remember his room number.

He knew it was just down from the lift and he knew it was on the right, but even in the short little corridor with a fire exit at the end, there were two doors that fitted the description. He dimly remembered that Bill's room was opposite his and he was pretty sure the other card key was his twin's so it seemed like a good idea to just try the keys in both doors on his side.

It took him a while to fit the first key in the slot on the door lock and the little red light kept flashing at him so with a low growl he removed it again. The world was lurching rather nastily and he knew he needed to lie down soon, but trying to hurry did him no good at all. He missed the slot at least five times before a combination of inching upwards by millimetres and leaning heavily on the door seemed to work. The little green light went on and he thanked the world in general that he didn't have to try and make it to the next door down.

Stumbling through the door, he let it slam behind him and didn't even bother turning on the light. All he wanted was a bed and to pass out in it. Not illuminating the proceedings did, however, turn out to be a mistake as he promptly fell over something and landed face first on the carpet making quite a lot of noise.

"What the fuck?" he heard from somewhere and a light went on.

It was then he began to think that maybe he had the wrong room. There was the sound of people moving, but he was still too dazed to look up.

"It's Tom," he heard a very familiar voice say.

"And he's off his face," another, also very familiar, voice said.

He would have replied, but the carpet was far too comfortable for him to move. Instead he just moaned and then lay still. He thought that maybe if he remained motionless the room might make the same concession.

"Let's get him onto the spare bed," one of the familiar voices said and two sets of hands reached to pick him up.

"Why does he have your room key again?" the other voice asked.

Tom prayed that everything would stop moving soon or he thought he might throw up.

"Because he was supposed to give it to you," the other voice replied and a little light went on in Tom's head; now he remembered why he had two room keys.

"And instead he crashed in here at two in the morning blind drunk," the other voice did not sound very happy.

"Well we can make him pay in the morning," the other replied and Tom thought that should have worried him, but they'd put him on a nice soft, solid, stationary surface and he was too happy about that to care.

Sighing he decided that the world was a nasty place he wasn't interested in any more and let himself drift to sleep.

====

Tom was in the bathroom and trying to drown himself in a sink full of cool water before it dawned on him that there was something strange about the room. As this idea slowly resolved in his mind, he very carefully moved so that he could look around. The harsh light in the bathroom was hurting his eyes and making him squint, but he could see just about enough to make out the various products on the marble sideboard. One thing that he was very sure of was that he didn't use hair straighteners of any sort.

He wasn't in his bathroom; he was in Georg's.

It was at that point that some very vague memories of the night before came back. Trying the card keys in the lock was almost clear in his mind and, now that he was no longer off his face, he remembered Georg giving him the other key and asking him to pass it to Gustav when he had the chance.

Georg and Gustav had been, Tom hesitated to call them a couple although he suspected that that was where his friends were heading, for precisely three weeks. So far, he and Bill were the only other people to know and so the pair was sneaking around. The whole card key thing had been Georg being paranoid, but somehow Tom had missed Gustav in the hotel lobby and then he had been distracted by the blonde and the drinking game and that, as they say, had been history.

He looked at himself in the mirror and decided that the best idea would be to remove himself from Georg's room as soon as possible. His reflection appeared half dead and he was pretty sure that his tongue was welded to the top of his mouth, so getting back to his own room seemed like a very good plan. However, as he checked his pockets, he realised he was key card less, which meant they had to be somewhere in the still dark room outside.

His head was pounding and he felt like complete crap, so searching a dark room filled him with so much joy. He had no idea if Georg and Gustav had been in the other bed or if it had only been Georg, since he hadn't even noticed it wasn't his room until the bathroom, but he thought whoever was there was probably still asleep. Taking the little travel toothbrush the hotel had so kindly provided along with shower caps and the like, he did his best to rid his mouth of the taste of dead rat; he was partially successful.

Then he thought about going and banging on Bill's door and borrowing a bed until it was properly morning, but the idea of a grumpy Bill scared him more than waking up to find that both Georg and Gustav were in the other bed. He thought it might have been two people who put him to bed the previous night, but he wasn't sure if it hadn't been his imagination.

Thinking about it, he decided that quietly staying in Georg's room was the best idea, but he felt a little grungy. Locking the door he slipped off his clothes and prepared for a very quick shower. He hoped the hot water would help with his head as well even as he tried to keep his dreads out of the way. It didn't take him long to at least feel a little human again and then he dried himself off with what he hoped was a spare towel (he could always get Georg one from his room when they were all awake), pulled back on his t-shirt and boxers and then wandered back into the other room

All was still quiet and he climbed into the bed on which he had been lying earlier and hoped that he could sleep while his head was throbbing quite so badly. It only took him a few minutes to drift off again.

====

Something woke Tom and he lay there feeling fuzzy trying to work out what it was, then he heard something; a very definite moan. It occurred to him that there was light coming through the gaps in the curtains and the moan had come from the other bed in the room and he did his very best not to move. At least his headache seemed to be minimal now.

There was a sigh and Tom realised that remembering two people putting him to bed had been right, because he was positive the sigh came from a different person to the moan. That meant that Georg and Gustav were in the next bed and they were definitely doing things. Tom didn't know whether to move and indicate he was awake or pretend as well as he could that he hadn't heard a thing and was still in dreamland.

"Do that again," he heard Georg whisper.

He wanted to bury himself under the duvet and pretend his friends were not making out a few feet from him. They had to think he was still soundly asleep and given the state he had been in the previous night it was a reasonable assumption, but there was no way he could fall back to sleep now.

Georg hummed in the back of his throat and whatever Gustav was doing sounded like it was very good. Having friends in a gay relationship was not an issue for Tom, lying there listening to them go at it was. He did his very best to remain perfectly relaxed, but it was kind of difficult.

When Gustav started moaning quietly as well, he really did consider interrupting them and fleeing, but part of him thought that would be kind of unfair. He was the interloper after all.

"Take your boxers off," Georg whispered very quietly, "I can't reach properly."

There was some shuffling and then the low moaning was back. To his horror Tom found that the moans were beginning to turn him on. He could feel his own cock beginning to harden as little shots of arousal snaked straight to his groin. It was a very close thing as to whether he let out a moan of his own.

"Oh god, yeah, there," Gustav said quietly, but urgently, "harder."

Tom bit his lip, chewing on his lip ring to keep himself from making any noise at all. He really shouldn't have found listening to two of his band mates get off that arousing, especially since he wasn't into men at all, but something about the sounds was bypassing any sense and going straight for his cock.

More moans, some groans and some almost illegal whimpers came next and Tom thought he might die. He was completely hard by now and was almost desperate to do something about it, but he didn't dare.

"Don't mind me, I'm just getting off to the sound of you two getting off," didn't seem like such a good way to go.

He didn't even move slightly, because the last thing he wanted his friends to know was that he could hear them.

If the shallow breathing and desperate gasping were anything to go by, Tom reckoned that one or both of the other two were close and he prayed the ordeal would be over soon. How he was going to look them in the faces after pretending to wake up a significant time after they were done he had no idea, but he just wanted this over now. His cock was throbbing and his hips were threatening to move on their own to create a little friction against the bed and the only thing he had to be thankful for was that he was facing away from the other bed.

When there was a little cry and the sound of a mattress moving, he knew one of the pair had gone, but he was too distracted to know which.

"Come on, love," he heard Georg say after a moment and had to assume it was therefore Georg who was done, "let me see you come."

Tom almost bit through his lip especially when Gustav moaned and gasped and ... Tom tried to shut off his brain as mental images of exactly what Gustav might look like at that moment tried to crowd in. He prayed that it was over now and he knew he probably looked so tense he couldn't possibly be asleep, but hopefully his friends were too involved in each other to notice. If they realised he wasn't asleep he would die of embarrassment.

"Tom," Georg's teasing tone floated across the room; "we know you're awake."

Tom wanted to sink into the mattress.

"Yeah, you were snoring until I hit you on the head with a sock," Gustav said with a laugh.

Tom gave up with a groan as he realised he'd been set up.

"Enjoy the show?" Georg asked as he rolled over to glare at his friends.

"We expected you to be out of the door by now," Gustav said, clearly finding his discomfort hilarious.

"Bastards," Tom said very pointedly and regretted it almost instantly because it made his head hurt.

"Headache?" Georg asked in a less than sympathetic tone.

If Tom had been feeling generous, he would have accepted why his friends were punishing him, as it was he really wanted to hit them.

"We know a good cure for a headache," Gustav said in a very seductive tone, which really was so un-Gustav like that Tom had to blink.

"You come any closer to me and I'm screaming for security," Tom said and stuffed a pillow over his head.

"Help, help, I'm being molested," Georg said in a terrible falsetto.

"I hate you," was all Tom muttered peering at the pair from one eye under the edge of the pillow; "if I hadn't lost my key card I'd have been gone before you woke up."

"Oh, you mean the one Georg took out of your pocket last night?" Gustav asked, picking up and waving a card from the bedside table.

Tom was just outraged enough to not worry about the pain.

"You stole my room key!" he protested, sitting up and glaring.

"You woke us in the middle of the night," Georg replied in a very unrepentant tone, "we had to pay you back. Either you took your chances waking Bill up or we got to torture you this morning."

"Either way, we win," Gustav said and climbed out of bed, giving Georg the card key before heading for the bathroom.

Tom would have shut his eyes to save his sanity when it became irrelevant as he realised that Gustav was in fact wearing boxers.

"You weren't even doing anything," Tom said in disbelief.

"No," Georg said, laughing as he did so, "but if you wouldn't mind pissing off, we'd very much like to, and just remember that next time you get drunk, use your own room key."

That was one thing Tom was not going to forget in a hurry as he slowly climbed out of the bed. He was very glad of his baggy t-shirt because he really didn't want to have to explain why he had a very prominent hard-on after having listened to his two friends pretending to get each other off. He swiped the key card from Georg's hand and picked up his clothes where he had dropped them on the floor.

He was almost out the door when he turned back.

"Thanks for putting me to bed," he said since he was grateful; they could have just chucked him back in the corridor.

Georg just waved at him and then he walked quickly to the door; he had an appointment in his own room with his hand.

The End

MMOM 28 - Talking

Pairing: Georg/Gustav

Rating: R

Warnings: wanking

Summary: Georg has a voice like sex and Gustav is not one to be left behind.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,156

Gustav walked up behind Georg and listened to his friend smoozing the two women standing in front of him. There was no doubt about it, Georg had a very sexy voice and knew exactly how to use it. If Gustav had been the jealous type he would have grabbed Georg by the arm and dragged him away, because he had absolutely no doubt that if the next word out of Georg's mouth was 'jump' the two women's responses would be 'how high'. They were really quite lucky he wasn't a boyfriend from hell or there would have been a horrible scene.

As it was, he stood there for a while, invisible thanks to the blanket of Georg's charm and enjoyed listening to his other half's lovely timbre. Of course what very few people realised, because he tended to play the strong silent type, was that when he felt like it, his voice could be more effective than a handful of Viagra.

"Excuse me, ladies," he interrupted as the conversation came to a natural pause, "I believe these are yours."

He had decided to go to the bar while Georg was doing his thing and had returned with drinks for all of them. Both women looked a little shell shocked as he handed them the concoctions, but it had little to do with the drinks. He had pitched his voice at the level he only usually used inside the bedroom and he was quite pleased with the overall effect. Just to prove that he could be as devastating as any of the others in the band, he then used his secret, secret weapon; he smiled at them.

"That is so cheating," Georg whispered in his ear.

Gustav gave his boyfriend a patented 'I'm innocent I have no idea what you mean' look and handed him his drink. Then they spent the next ten minutes trying to see who could talk one of their companions into fits of ecstasy first. Gustav scored himself points when he saw Georg surreptitiously rearranging himself so that the hard on Georg was now sporting didn't show too badly. He was only half hard himself, which had to count for something.

The game probably would have gone on longer if Tom hadn't come and dragged them away. They had an early start in the morning and even though the party was in their hotel they were under strict instructions not to stay too long. Given that they were all tired from a very long day, it wasn't actually too hard to comply and they piled into a lift as security put themselves between them and any fans that thought it might be fun to try and hitch a ride.

"I'm sure the brunette you were talking to actually went off," Bill commented with a grin as they leant against the sides of the lift and waited for it to head upwards.

"Let me guess, Georg was doing the voice thing again," Tom said in an almost disinterested tone.

Georg's voice and his ability to use it was something of a joke among them ever since it had been discovered. Gustav had been a fan ever since he had first heard it, but he'd only had the guts to finally admit it a couple of months previously. He had been rather surprised to find that Georg was willing to give a relationship a go when he had finally confessed.

"It wasn't just me," Georg said, smiling broadly.

"They were tag teaming," Bill agreed.

If there was one thing you could guarantee, it was that Bill would know everything that went on at a party. Gustav actually had no idea how Bill managed it, but there was something about their lead singer which meant Bill seemed to be made for smoozing. If you wanted to know what the third group from the right next to the bar had been talking about all evening, Bill could have told you. It was kind of freaky, but a fact you just had to accept when around Bill.

"Well that explains it then," Tom commented, just as the doors opened on their floor.

"Don't stay up too late having sex," Bill said cheerfully as they exited the lift as a group, "David will kill us all if you two can't stay awake tomorrow."

Gustav found himself smiling despite himself; when Bill had had a drink or two their lead singer had all the tact of a tactical, nuclear warhead when talking to friends.

"I wish you'd stop living vicariously through other people's love lives and get one of your own," he heard Tom say as the twins began striding off down the hallway.

The pair both had very long legs and far too much energy for Gustav to bother keeping up, so he and Georg followed at their own pace.

"I'll get a love life when I find someone to love," was Bill's response that drifted down the corridor.

It was not an unusual conversation to hear between the twins and Gustav doubted it would ever change until the day Bill was swept off his feet by a beautiful damsel or possibly a knight in shining armour; he wasn't quite sure which way Bill would eventually go. Bill wasn't gay, but Gustav wasn't sure his friend was entirely straight either. He pondered the subject for about the thousandth time as he opened his door.

"Bill so needs to get laid," Georg said as they walked into the hotel room.

"He will," Gustav said in a thoughtful tone, "when he's ready. Just be ready to have a little talk if he falls for a guy, because you know he's going to come to you or me for advice."

"Y'know I've never seen myself as a sex therapist," Georg replied with a laugh, "I'm more of a doer than a talker."

It didn't come as much of a shock when Gustav found himself being pushed up against the wall. Georg was anything but subtle. If he had known how much passion Georg kept locked behind the smouldering looks, he might have been brave enough to try for something a little earlier. The kiss was almost bruising in its force.

"We can't ... have ..." he tried to be the sensible one, "sex."

Georg stopped almost instantly looking confused and disappointed.

"Why?" was the almost petulant question.

"Because we're doing walkabouts all day tomorrow," he replied, "which kind of implies being able to walk."

They were still new at the whole sex thing and encounters had consequences, at least for him because, so far, he was the bottom. There was no way he was spending the next day walking around and sitting in the van with a sore arse. The pleasure was always worth the discomfort, but only to a point.

"Don't even try the puppy eyes," he warned as Georg's expression changed; "I can withstand Bill's so you have no chance."

Georg pouted, actually pouted and Gustav couldn't help grinning; the only one of them who could really pull off a pout was Bill.

"I didn't say I wouldn't help you out with this though," he relented, sliding his hand down Georg's front and over the prominent bulge in his companion's jeans.

The pout vanished in a second, which was great because it wasn't a good look on Georg and Gustav decided that deserved another kiss. He leaned away from the wall and captured Georg's mouth with his own while squeezing gently on the package below his hand. The main reason they had to be careful when having sex was that Georg was very well endowed, something that always made him smile, because it was all his territory now.

"You know, when you smile like that into a kiss, it can be scary," Georg commented as they broke apart.

"Just enjoying what's mine," Gustav replied, giving Georg another squeeze just to make his point.

He might have been the bottom in this relationship, well until he could coax Georg into trying things the other way round, but that didn't mean Georg was in charge. He grabbed a loop of Georg's jeans and dragged his companion across the room to the bed, pushing Georg down and climbing on top.

"Just lie back and enjoy," he said in his sexiest tone, "I'm feeling generous."

Georg groaned.

"Just keep talking like that," Georg said, "and I'll be fine."

So Gustav did keep talking. It never seemed to matter to Georg what he said, just as long as he kept his voice deep and sexy, so he launched into something he'd read on the internet the day before about drum kits. There were no complaints as he started to undress Georg.

It took him all of a minute to completely strip Georg, for once throwing the clothes in the general direction of the arm chair rather than worrying about where they actually landed. He liked his room tidy, but he was much more interested in his very well built bassist lying sprawled on the bed than anything in the room. It

took him an even shorter time to discard his own clothes and then he climbed back on top of Georg. Hands came up to try and touch him and he batted them away.

"I said lie back and enjoy," he instructed, adding just a little bit of command to his voice.

"Ooh, I love it when you're forceful," Georg said in a playful manner, but given the way Gustav felt his boyfriend's cock jump against him, Georg really did like it.

"How's this for forceful?" he asked, taking hold of Georg's cock and pumping it hard.

Georg's hips actually lifted off the bed, even with him on top; Gustav was impressed.

"Responsive tonight," he commented and did it again to see what would happen.

"You've been ... talking ... me," Georg seemed to be having trouble forming words, "into a ... frenzy for ... the past twenty ... minutes. What did ... you ... expect?"

Until that point he hadn't been quite sure what way to go, but, as he realised quite how little it would take to send Georg over the edge, he decided that hard and fast was the best approach. He positioned himself beside Georg so that he was lying flush with his boyfriend's hip. The pressure on his own erection was very much welcome and then he leaned in, catching one nipple with his teeth as he stroked Georg with his hand. He knew it wouldn't take all that long, but he didn't want it to be over too soon either, so he only stroked Georg's cock lightly.

"Nghhhh, are you trying to kill me?" Georg asked in one explosive rush.

"Only le petit mort," Gustav replied, rubbing himself against Georg in slow circles before going back to playing with the nipple with his tongue.

Georg had very sensitive nipples and he had every intention of driving Georg insane before he finally let Georg go off. So he played. It was fun and arousing to encourage moans and groans out of his lover and Georg was completely at his mercy. The friction of rubbing against Georg was wonderful for keeping himself very much in the game and when he felt the familiar tightness in his balls he knew it was time to go up a gear.

"Oh my god," Georg said loudly as he changed his grip and began pumping hard again.

He could feel his lover shaking.

"Come for me now," he said, voice low, sexy and commanding and to his delight it actually worked.

Georg thrust upwards, bucking into his hand over and over, shuddering and gasping and he felt the familiar feeling rising in his own body. As he watched Georg literally writhing in his grip, that was all it took and he felt his own body go into delicious spasms. He felt arms going round him as he shook and it was as if they were clinging to each other to keep themselves grounded. It took quite a while for Gustav to be able to even begin to relax and he finally relaxed into Georg's embrace feeling sated and happy.

"You're far too good at that," Georg said, sounding lethargic and satisfied.

"I have very good reason to be," he replied, wondering absently how long it would be before he stuck to the duvet.

There was silence for a while.

"You're not going all mushy on me are you?" Georg asked in an almost worried tone.

That made Gustav laugh; Georg was really quite demonstrative about their relationship when in private, but talking about it seemed to scare him. This amused Gustav no end, especially since Georg seemed to like his voice so much.

"Now would I do that?" he asked, looking up at Georg and giving his lover the wide eyed stare.

Georg actually looked nervous for a few seconds until he began laughing at his lover at which point Georg seemed to catch on.

The End

MMOM 29 - Cat With the Cream

Pairing: Georg/Bill

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, toys

Summary: Georg decides to test Bill's stamina.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the Beta

Word count: 1,905

Bill stretched, enjoying the slight burn in his arse as Georg disappeared to the bathroom. He couldn't help smiling as the pleasant after effects of really good sex floated around his system; there was really nothing quite like it. It was as good as the high he got on stage, even better when Georg was feeling particularly horny. He could go all day if Georg would let him, but his stamina seemed to consternate Georg, so he didn't usually even ask for round two unless Georg seemed completely up for it.

It had been a great concert the night before and he'd still been on a high when he'd woken up that morning, so he had sought out Georg to share his good mood. Georg seemed to have been expecting him and they had just had wild and passionate sex. There would probably be lude comments from whoever had the next room (he thought it was David) when they finally surfaced, because they had been rather loud.

"You really look like the cat with the cream," Georg said, walking back in from the bathroom; "you should have gone into the porn business; you'd be incredibly popular."

Bill laughed.

"I like sex," he said and made a haughty face, "but I am not an exhibitionist."

"But the question is," Georg said with a mischievous smile, "exactly how much do you like sex?"

It was then that Bill realised Georg was hiding something behind his back and he sat up a little to see if he could get a better view.

"What are you holding?" he asked, not really worried, just curious.

"Some things you're going to like," Georg promised, walking over, "and that might actually test your stamina."

Then Georg dumped several objects onto the bed and Bill found himself examining them. He knew sex toys when he saw them; he just wasn't completely sure what they all were, since he had little experience with such things. He picked up one little pink one that was attached to a chord and what had to be a controller; it was the shape of the little plastic containers that came out of vending machines for kids. Looking up at Georg, he gave his lover a quizzical look.

"Well we can start with that one," Georg said with a smile and took the controller from his hand. "I think you'll enjoy this."

Georg pressed the pad on the controller and the device in his hand began to vibrate.

"Does it go where I think it goes?" he asked, not worried about looking like a complete beginner with Georg.

"But of course," Georg replied and took it from him. "Spread 'em, lover boy, we're going to see if you like a little artificial stimulation."

The expression on Georg's face was so full of childish glee that Bill wasn't about to say no, so he relaxed back onto the bed and lifted his knees. He watched intently as Georg reached for the lube and put some on the still vibrating toy. There was no need for any preparation since he was still loose from their earlier activities, but it was still odd when Georg pushed the toy against his entrance.

"Oh," he said as the vibration snaked through his body.

His muscles seemed to like it too if the way they opened up and swallowed the toy was anything to go by and when it bumped against his prostate he gasped. It couldn't have been more than five minutes since his orgasm, but he felt himself beginning to grow hard again already.

"Like that?" Georg asked, as he wound his fingers into the bed sheets.

"Oh yeah," Bill said, letting his head to fall back onto the pillow.

Georg must have done something, because he felt the vibrations go up a notch along with his heartbeat and breathing. It was quite incredible, he could feel the vibration running all through his body, even his nose was tingling as the sensations travelled up through his bones. It was concentrated in his groin and he couldn't help squirming a little as it stimulated his prostate and hence just about everything else with almost painful intensity.

Georg leaned over and rubbed his stomach slowly in an almost soothing manner as he whimpered and moved. It was the kind of sensation that was on the edge of being too much and he had to bite his lip to stop from asking Georg to end it. Part of him liked it, liked it a lot in fact, but the rest of him was undecided.

"Still okay," Georg asked, stroking his abdomen in gentle circles.

Bill just hummed in reply as his body adjusted to the overload.

"If it's too much, just say," Georg told him, but Bill didn't want it to stop.

His body was responding to the direct sensations and it didn't take long before he was fully hard again. He had never felt something quite so intense and it demanded all his attention so completely that he literally couldn't think about anything else. It was like the first time Georg had taken him; so new and different that it forced all other things from his mind.

"Talk to me, Bill," Georg said in a low sexy voice.

That just made Bill moan long and wantonly and he didn't care if anyone next door could hear him.

"Please," he all but begged, "touch me."

"No," was the reply that managed to make it into the centre of his brain so that he actually understood it.

He looked up at Georg, not understanding.

"Touch yourself," his lover said with a small smile, "I want to just watch you enjoy it."

Bill was feeling more than a little uncoordinated, but he just about managed to unwrap one of his hands from the bed sheets and move it to his cock. The first touch was electric, since his nerves were already singing, and he didn't have a chance to feel self-conscious about being on display as he surrendered to the experience. His cock felt almost raw as his nerves tingled with the vibrations and he groaned low in his throat as he felt the arousal to the tips of his toes.

There was no thought in him except to chase the ultimate goal of release, which he could almost see in his mind's eye as his lids slipped closed and blanked out the real world. It was wonderful and he stroked himself sinking further and further into the heady experience, abandoning anything else.

"Show me how much you like it, Bill," Georg's voice drifted into his world of sensation.

He whimpered in response, spreading his legs wider and moving his hand faster. His orgasm was building inside, the heat and tightness of arousal filling him and demanding release, and he reached for it desperately. He wanted to come, he needed to and he fisted his cock fast, pushing himself on. When his body exploded it made him yell in shock, because it was as if he'd flipped a switch and it took him by surprise. His orgasm had been building, but it had not been quite there and yet suddenly he was there and he was out of control and bucking and shuddering and falling apart from the inside.

"God, Bill," Georg told him even as he writhed, "you have no idea how good you look."

At that moment Bill couldn't have cared less what he looked like, all he knew was that every muscle in his body seemed to be on fire and in spasm at the same time and the damn toy was still buzzing in his arse. He couldn't get away and it was finally too much.

"Turn it off," he was begging now, "please, turn it off."

The vibrations went down one notch instantly and then another and then another before finally going off and it occurred to part of his brain what had sent him over the edge. Georg had turned the toy up another level, but he'd been too far gone to realise it. Now he was just glad it was gone as he slowly tried to relax back onto the bed.

His muscles were still jolting in fits and starts and, now that it was no longer moving, he could feel his arse clamping down and then releasing the hard toy. It had been quite incredible and it took a long time for his body to stop feeling the aftershocks.

"I don't think I've ever seen you quite so strung out," Georg said and he opened his eyes to see his lover leaning over him. "What would you do if I turned it on again?"

Bill whimpered quietly, but he didn't tell Georg not to; he might be over stimulated, but he wasn't done in yet. Georg smiled down at him.

"You'd take it too, wouldn't you," Georg said, sounding slightly amazed, "oh, Bill, you're really something else."

He moaned a little as he felt Georg pulling on the chord of the toy in his arse and couldn't help sighing as it slipped free.

"We have lots of other things to try," Georg said, holding up the toy and putting it to one side; "maybe we'll come back to this later."

Bill just watched; his voice was lost somewhere for now and he felt somewhat boneless. He was at Georg's mercy and, when his lover showed off a long, thick glass dildo, he knew his arse was really going to ache later, but he didn't care. He just smiled like the cat with the cream and waited for the next bowl; he could take whatever Georg could dish out.

=====

Bill hummed in satisfaction as Georg pulled the slim, blue vibrator out of his arse; that had been so good ... again. He had no idea how long his lover had been playing with him this time, but his nerves were buzzing wonderfully as he came down from yet another high.

"Okay, that's it," Georg said, crawling up the bed and collapsing in a heap, "I give up; you do have an infinite capacity for sex. I didn't think six orgasms were physically possible."

With a supreme effort, Bill rolled onto his side and smiled; if he hadn't felt so sleepy he would have pointed out that they hadn't all been real orgasms even though they had felt good, but as it was he yawned instead.

"Any time you want to try again, I'm game," he said and reached over to run a finger down Georg's chest.

Georg laughed and pushed his finger away.

"That tickles," his lover said and leant forward to give him a quick peck on the nose. "I think we need to enter you in the Guinness Book of World Records."

"I can just see the look on the PR people's face if you do," Bill said as his eyes drifted shut; "they'd have a cow."

There was another laugh at that, but he was drifting off so he wasn't paying much attention.

"Okay, you deserve the nap," he heard Georg say; "I'll order us some food."

"Pizza," he just about managed to articulate the word.

"Of course," was the reply.

He was almost completely gone in under a minute.

"Bloody hell, the batteries are flat," he heard Georg say in what sounded like an amazed tone and he settled into sleep with a smile on his face.

The End

MMOM 31 - Drumsticks

Pairing: Gustav/Bill/Tom, Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, object insertion

Summary: Sometimes Gustav gets a little too focused and Bill and Tom always make sure he has a way to release tension.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This is one of the first I started and yet the last I finished.

Word count: 4,036

Gustav sat on the bed and waited as Tom and Bill filed into the room and Tom hung out the 'do not disturb' sign and locked the door behind them. He had been expecting them for about twenty minutes and they had used the key card he had given them earlier. He hadn't realised he had been in such need of some stress relief, but, when Bill had cornered him after the concert and asked politely for his second room key, he had come to the conclusion he must have been more frazzled than he thought.

It was an unusual understanding to say the least, but it worked for them. As he watched the twins walk towards him, he had to wonder how everybody couldn't see what he knew to be true.

The twins had been fifteen when he'd accidentally walked in on them having sex. There had been no way to explain it away, since Tom had been buried so deep in Bill that they had been almost the same person. At the time Gustav had mumbled hurried apologies and run for his life, but the twins had found him later and explained their position. He couldn't say that he understood it completely, not even years later, but they had told him neither of them had ever even considered another person and that this was the way they were happy. All the hype about Tom and his girls was just that; carefully constructed spin.

The way they were holding hands now, completely open, spelled it all out to Gustav. He could see it in their day to day lives as well, but it was only with him they were quite so obvious. Both Bill and Tom worked very hard to maintain their respective images. Bill the innocent and Tom the ladies man.

Tom took girls back to his room alright, but each one thought they were the special one who had had a few kisses and then spent all night talking. The only person to ever grace Tom's bed was Bill and vice versa as far as Gustav knew and he knew quite a lot these days. As it turned out, Bill was far more sexually adventurous than Tom, which had probably been the biggest shock and it was Bill who had noticed that he couldn't keep his eyes off them. He'd been more than a little scattered at the time and Bill and Tom had decided to solve the problem. Bill had invited him to watch them once and that had begun their rather odd sexual relationship.

Gustav had never actually had full on sex with either of the twins, for that they were each other's and no one else's, but they did allow him to do things to them from time to time. He had a tendency to be rather intense sometimes and again it had been Bill who had devised a plan to loosen him up. Bill had got him very drunk one night and made him confess his kinks and, before he had known it, he had found himself being allowed to live them out. Beyond his wildest dreams didn't quite cover it.

Bill and Tom had stopped a metre or so from him and he took the time to look them both up and down. They were incredible to look at, especially when there were no roles being played. Bill's hair was down, the long fringe tucked neatly behind his ear; Tom's hat was gone and the mass of dreads was in a messy pile barely being held at bay with a band. Both were in casual, non-descript clothes and they appeared completely relaxed. Gustav could feel himself relaxing just because of that.

Both twins walked over to him when he beckoned and he handed them each a leather studded collar. Bill's was red, Tom's was black and it had been Bill who picked them out nearly a year and a half before. Both twins fastened their collars around their necks and Gustav found himself smiling; when the twins were wearing those little pieces of leather they would do anything he asked within a certain set of boundaries.

The collars weren't something he had asked for, but they had been something Bill had suggested. There was a certain dynamic in the band, but using the collars changed that and let all three of them step out of their reality for a while. A person only ordered Bill to do something in real life if they wanted their balls handed to them on a plate and, in some ways, Tom was worse, because the elder twin would narrow his eyes and then take revenge at a later date. Neither Bill nor Tom was what anyone would call a follower.

"Strip," he said firmly as he decided how he wanted this to go.

Bill gave him a little smile and then turned to Tom, and, much to his delight, the pair began to undress each other. That was another thing he enjoyed about the twins, they were always creative. Garments came off one by one and were neatly folded and piled; both twins knew he really didn't like mess, and he watched every move as the pair slowly worked down to nothing. The way Bill and Tom moved together should have been illegal and Gustav felt himself becoming hard just watching them.

When the twins were both naked, they turned back to him and just waited placidly; something that sent even more shots of arousal to his lower regions. He wasn't really a very controlling person in day to day life, but something about sex brought out the slightly darker side of his personality. He simply pointed to the sofa in the room where he had already laid out towels to prevent anything ruining the upholstery.

Bill smiled again, took Tom's hand and led the way across the room.

"Side by side," Gustav clarified as the twins came to a halt in front of the sofa.

The way Bill and Tom sat down made him smile; even in that the two were very much individuals. Bill sat down carefully, almost girlishly, although Gustav didn't want his eyes clawed out with polished nails, so he wasn't about to say it out loud, whereas Tom almost threw himself into the seat. Neither method, however, changed the end effect and Gustav stood up, feeling his erection push against the inside of his shorts at the beautiful sight of Bill and Tom waiting for him.

Everything was ready and he felt his heart pumping a little faster at the idea. Tom and Bill were still holding hands and they had the most innocent expressions on their faces; if they hadn't been naked it would have almost been sweet. How they kept their hands off each other most of the time in public he really didn't know, because the twins shared a bond that was so strong he made no attempt

to understand it. That they let him witness it, let alone play in its shadow always amazed him.

"Touch each other," he told them, walking over and just standing in front of them.

"Any particular way?" Tom asked with a slight grin.

"You get one guess," he replied in kind, "and you guess wrong and next concert I'll play the lead in to the first song at double speed."

Bill moved first, loosening hands with Tom and then moving the freed hand until it was lying on Tom's abdomen. As Gustav watched with avid interest, Bill then moved said hand downwards, almost like a spider over a wall until the long, elegantly manicured fingers ran through the curly hair around the base of Tom's cock. Tom groaned in response and reciprocated.

Both twins had erections already; they were all teenagers and, as with all teenage males, Gustav knew that erections were as big a part of simply being alive as breathing. Hormones could be a truly wonderful thing when they weren't making your life hell.

Bill had closed his eyes and put his head back, as far as Gustav could tell very much enjoying Tom's ministrations, but Tom was still watching him. Tom always watched him, almost as if the big brother mentality would not let his friend stop in case he made any move that was not allowed. Gustav would rather have cut off his hand than done that, but he could understand Tom's position.

Once he was sure both his friends were into what was happening, he walked to the sideboard and picked up a metal case that went everywhere with him. To an outside observer it would be nothing special; to him it was very important indeed. He opened the case almost reverently and ran the fingers of one hand over the objects inside, gently caressing them.

There were three sets of four nylon drumsticks, one black, one red and one blue. To anyone outside their little group it would have looked like he kept a pristine case of spare sticks in case of emergencies, but none of the drumsticks had ever seen a drum kit. He wasn't sure when the fascination with drumsticks had started, but by the time he was sixteen it had morphed into quite a fetish. The blue set was his and was older than the other two, which matched the collars; black for Tom, red for Bill.

He carried the case back to where the twins were still engaged with each other. They looked like something out of some greek myth, all beauty and sexuality and, as he placed the case on the floor, Bill opened his eyes and both twins were then looking at him.

"Lift your legs," he said quietly; words seemed so out of place for what they were doing.

Tom moved first this time and Bill followed suit, sinking down to the edge of the sofa and both lifting their knees. They both knew what Gustav wanted access to and they were flexible enough for it to look effortless. All the while Gustav watched them continuing to stroke each other in perfect time with the other. It was as if the two were unconsciously in sync even in that.

It had started as a little personal experimentation in the privacy of his bedroom. He had heard someone at school whispering about how good it had felt to have something up his arse while wanking and he had wanted to try. His finger had seemed adequate for the first try, but the position had been uncomfortable even though it had definitely been worth the effort; the second time he had spied one of his drumsticks lying on the sideboard and decided to try it. That had slowly led to more drumsticks, but it hadn't been until later he had ever thought about using them on someone else.

He had had one girlfriend he had considered sex with, but when he had casually mentioned certain practices she had clearly been horrified by the idea and he had never brought it up properly. Then he had seen Bill and Tom together and the ideas had just begun to multiply; after all, he was very much aware that both twins were used to things up their arses. Bill getting him drunk had been a bit of a godsend really.

Taking the little black bag out of the corner of the case, he opened it and pulled out the tube of anal lube. Very carefully he squeezed some onto his fingers and then reached out towards Tom. There were rules to their arrangement and even though Bill was by far the more adventurous of the twins, he always had to touch Tom first and do exactly the same as he did to Tom to Bill. The fact that they let him do anything to either of them blew his mind, so he didn't balk at the rules.

Tom's skin was pale, soft and freshly washed and he felt his friend shiver as he ran the lube laden fingers lightly over the small orifice. Tom made a low sound of pleasure as he played a while, probing gently, but not really pushing against the strong muscle. When he turned to look at Bill, his other friend was watching him with interest, and he spread more lube on his fingers before reaching out to touch Bill. As soon as his hand made contact, Bill made an identical noise to the one Tom had and those expressive eyes closed as Bill's head flopped back onto the sofa.

It was minimal preparation, but he knew it was enough. Taking one of the black drumsticks from the case, he checked it carefully for nicks; as far as he knew, no one had been in his case, but he was always careful. Drizzling his fingers with more lube he spread it slowly on the stick and, looking up to meet Tom's eyes, he moved forward. The stick was slim, slippery and the bead on the end was the perfect shape so it didn't take more than a little push for it to be sliding inside Tom.

Tom made that noise again, the one that sent shots of arousal straight to Gustav's groin. He slid the stick in and watched it disappearing into Tom for a good four inches before pulling his hand back and just looking at the stick protruding from Tom's arse. He found the whole sight incredibly erotic and, if his shorts hadn't been tight before, they really were now.

Taking a red drumstick, he coated that just as well after checking it carefully and then he placed it at Bill's entrance. It slid in just as easily and Bill lifted his hips, head still back, eyes still closed, moaning quietly in pleasure. Gustav twisted the stick slowly, moving it further in and watching Bill squirm under his ministrations. Bill was extremely sensitive and responsive when it came to anything sexual, which made him a joy to watch. Tom was much more controlled, but there was an underlying sensuality the kept Gustav turning to look at the elder twin as well.

Tom was watching him closely, seemingly torn about giving in to the sensation and looking at him. He picked up the next black drumstick from the case and caressed it, searching it with his fingers for any imperfections. This time he

dribbled the lube straight onto the stick, holding it up so that Tom could see exactly what he was doing. He smeared the slick substance down the nylon rod, keeping eye contact with Tom all the time, and he could see the heat in Tom's pupils, burning like an inferno. The twins may have reacted to things differently, but there was the same fire at the core.

Reaching out, he took hold of the other drum stick, pulling it out slightly and angling it to push it back in. Tom moaned quietly, eyes flicking shut for just a moment, and then Gustav pulled the stick almost all the way out. He placed the tip of the second next to the first, watching Bill's hand still slowly stroking Tom's cock and then carefully eased the second drumstick in next to the first. Tom made an even deeper sound than before and there was resistance to the sticks. He paused, twisting the stick rather than pushing and it was not long before Tom's body acquiesced and he slowly eased the drum sticks into Tom.

The sounds Tom made were delightful and he took both of the sticks in one hand, moving them back and forwards for a few strokes. Tom made a face when he pushed a little too hard, but soon relaxed when he re-angled them and tried again. Tom looked completely debauched, half lying there, breached by the shiny drum sticks.

When he turned back, Bill's eyes were on his twin and Gustav could not help but feel a stab of arousal at the passion he could see on Bill's face. There was something almost primeval about the expression on Bill's features and it spoke to something deep in Gustav that understood even if his higher brain didn't always. That look just for Tom did not exclude him as it could have done, but even being on the edges of it was scorching.

Taking the second red drumstick out of the case, he covered the end with lube and proceeded to treat Bill in exactly the same way he had Tom. The moment he slipped the second drum stick inside, Bill's hips moved, pushing Bill's stiff cock against Tom's willing hand. Bill's free hand was gripping the side cushion of the sofa and the moans that came from Bill's mouth were obscene and sent messages straight to Gustav's cock. He was feeling the urge to touch himself already, but he refused to give in to the need yet.

Instead he worked on loosening Bill's arse with the two sticks. Tom was leaning towards Bill now and Gustav could almost feel the tension between the two. At times like this he felt like a facilitator as well as a participant and he took hold of the two sticks in Tom's arse with one hand and the two in Bill's with the other. Letting his eyes flick from one twin to the other he watched as both closed their eyes, Tom's flicking open again, but Bill's staying shut.

It was a magnificent sight and he could not help looking down at those sleek drumsticks. Something about the long shafts slowly disappearing and then reappearing did things to him that he couldn't explain. This had definitely not been what the manufacturers had made their wares for, but using them like this sent shivers of excitement through him.

He teased the twins for a good minute or two before stilling his hands and reaching for another of the black sticks. Tom, who's attention had been completely on Bill, was instantly looking back at him, eyes heavy with arousal. He lubricated the third drumstick quickly; he knew that look, although Tom would not interrupt the dynamic, Tom could not wait all that much longer. Gustav knew he was in charge only up to a point, but the power he did have made him feel fluttery inside.

The third was more difficult and he had to pull the other two almost completely free from Tom's body, easing the new one against the other two and then pushing back in. Tom made a small whimpering sound as he breached the elder twin with the hard rods and he was very careful as he pushed them in. There was real resistance now and he did not want to hurt Tom, so he worked with the utmost care. He had been to all drumsticks before, but he knew he wouldn't be making it that far that evening. He moved the sticks slowly, not pushing them too deep, only just enough, but letting them stretch Tom, who finally gave up control and trying to keep an eye on him. Tom's head fell back against the sofa, just like Bill's, as the elder twin made wordless sounds and Gustav let go of the black rods, leaving them sticking out of Tom's body.

He felt his groin tightening with arousal and desire; this sight never ceased to excite him to the very core and he had to force himself to be controlled as he took the third red drumstick.

Bill's body actually gave more easily than Tom's, but Bill was no less vocal, moving far more than Tom had. It was all Gustav could do to stop himself from moving too fast, as his need almost overcame his good sense. He would never, ever hurt either of his friends; it was unthinkable, but the whole situation was taking him so close to the edge himself.

Once the drumsticks were far enough into Bill so that they would not fall out, he let them go and sat back on his haunches, just looking at his handiwork as he breathed hard through his nose. The vision before him was possibly the most erotic thing he could imagine and, as if they could sense him just watching, both twins opened their eyes simultaneously. Two sets of brown eyes pinned him down and he was fumbling with the button and fly and his shorts even as he stared back. He didn't really care that he was smearing the lube left on his hands all over his clothes; he needed to touch himself.

He was so hard that, when his erection sprung free, he gasped in shock as it throbbed mercilessly. Wrapping his fingers around it was not a desire it was a need and it was his turn to moan as he swiped his thumb over the head, spreading the bead of pre-come over it.

He nodded at the twins, giving them permission and, as one, the pair's slow movements on each other's bodies sped up. As he touched himself, he watched them touch each other and he could tell by their faces it wouldn't be long. The drumsticks twitched as Bill and Tom moved and he knew both twins were close as he listened to them breathing and moaning at different pitches, but almost perfectly in time. Tom and Bill were almost one creature at times like this and Gustav palmed the head of his cock, watching and feeling the arousal in the room build.

The whole place smelt of sex and desire and the pheromones were almost palpable. He was reaching for his own orgasm as the twins reached for theirs and, as Bill bucked off the sofa, he knew Tom would only be a moment behind. It was like the room exploded, releasing any and all stress that had been in all of them as Tom followed his brother, shooting his load all over his stomach and Gustav thrust into his own hand, feeling his orgasm reach up and take him as well.

He put his head back, clenching his teeth and coming over his fingers as he silently shook from head to foot. Tom and Bill were far more vocal, but Gustav could feel the same passion in all of them. He would never have continued doing this if he hadn't known it was a respite for all of them, not just him.

Coming down took a long time, but when he lifted his head from where he had let his chin drop to his chest, Bill and Tom were still sprawled on the sofa. Bill had one leg hooked over the side arm now, clearly not being able to maintain the raised stance and Tom had his arms around his legs. It was impolite to leave them that way too long, so Gustav pulled himself together and quickly moved back to them.

It didn't take him too long to ease the drumsticks free of both Bill and Tom and he placed them beside the case carefully. He would clean them all, making sure they were spotless, and then he would put them away as always. He felt better than he had done in weeks and, as Bill collapsed against Tom, he couldn't help smiling. After an orgasm it was always as if Bill's bones were made of water and it would be several minutes before Bill would even consider moving. It was probably the only time that someone would ever be able to win an argument with Bill Kaulitz and one day Gustav was going to try.

"You two can have the shower first if you like," he said graciously as he moved the case and the drumsticks to a safer place; "once Bill regains the power of movement that is."

Tom grinned at him for that, reaching up and pulling the collar off.

"Could be a while," Tom replied, taking Bill's collar off as well; "you might as well go first. God you were good tonight."

He felt himself blushing despite himself; it hadn't exactly been him.

"Hmm," Bill agreed in little more than a mumble; "needed that."

"Yeah, me too," he said honestly.

It was a strange arrangement they had, but Gustav wouldn't have changed it for the world.

The End

Jrock Stories

MMOM 3 - In the Blood

Pairing: Gackt/You, Gackt/Hyde

Rating: R

Warnings: wanking, blood play, vampires

Summary: Hyde watches his lover feed.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta and lirren for the prompt: Hyde getting off watching Vampire!Gackt feed

Word count: 1,462

Hyde stayed in the shadows, using the darkness like a shroud as he paused in complete stillness. Gackt knew he was here; there was no way to hide from the older vampire, but his friend and lover did not seem to mind him watching. He had had no choice in becoming a vampire; he had stumbled onto his friend's secret and it had been that or death. Afterwards Gackt had told him that there was no way his friend could kill him; Gackt cared for him too much, which had left no other way except conversion. That was vampire law.

It had taken him several days to understand that Gackt's way had been right; he knew that as a mortal he would never have been able to handle the truth. His world view had been a little narrower than he was comfortable admitting now; becoming immortal had opened his eyes on more things than the true nature of a vampire.

Gackt was on the bed in the room, fully clothed, but so incredibly sensual that it made no difference to Hyde. The fact that his lover was not alone would once have sent him into fits of jealousy, but this was only superficially about sex and both Hyde's vampire and human nature were quiet. What was happening in the room was about blood and it excited him rather than infuriating him.

The other person on the bed was You and the violinist was sprawled across the covers, naked from the waist up and completely at Gackt's mercy. You would only remember the pleasure the same way Hyde would have had he not fought Gackt's influence that one time and won. There was no thought in You, he could tell, just bliss, and it made him wonder why he had chosen to fight free to bring him to this point.

Once he had been like You; a lover and a friend, but destined to always be apart from Gackt in the end. Now he was like Gackt; eternal, a lover forever, not like the fleeting mortals. He could not be jealous of You, because what You had was only partly the truth and, as he watched his lover slowly lick a trail up You's torso, he was aroused rather than enraged.

He lingered in the darkness, just watching, but You would not have been aware of him had he been standing in direct light. You was completely under Gackt's power and nothing would change that. Hyde remembered what it was like to be prey to Gackt's dark eyes, to fall into them and barely know what was real and what was dreams. Part of him wanted that back, as he slowly touched himself through his leather jeans, that innocence and complete surrender, but he had something different with Gackt now, something that he would not give up for anything.

Gackt was old and powerful, strong, stronger than anything Hyde had ever known, and that comforted and aroused him at the same time. His eyes watched

You writhe on the bed as Gackt touched the violinist, but his mind watched his vampire lover and the supernatural energy that surrounded them both.

He gazed on, feeling himself harden as Gackt drew intricate lines over You's skin with nails that were almost claws. His lover's vampire nature was fully revealed, but Hyde knew You was too far gone to notice anything now. There was nothing more beautiful for him to see now than Gackt in his natural state; all predator and power. The little lines bled and Hyde watched the blood, smelling it even from several metres away, and he could feel his body hardening under his clothes.

Gackt turned to him, eyes glistening in the low light in the room, and smiled, revealing long white fangs, and Hyde felt himself sway under that gaze. He wanted his lover and he wanted him right then, but he knew he could not interrupt. He stroked himself through his jeans, knowing, that if he allowed himself any more, he would not be able to keep control.

The blood beaded on You's torso and Gackt spread it slowly with his finger, making the patterns larger and more definite. Hyde was mesmerised.

As Gackt slowly cleaned You with his tongue, removing the marks made, Hyde could barely breathe. He was only vaguely aware of You's responses to Gackt's play; he was focused completely on his lover as Gackt moved over the helpless mortal. He watched as Gackt's nimble fingers unfastened You's trousers and then snaked inside and he knew what was coming. As Gackt fingers moved under the soft fabric of You's trousers and underwear, Gackt covered You's upper body with his own and leant over, slipping lethal fangs into You's throat.

Hyde could feel his lover's power flooding into You as the violinist writhed and bucked, completely lost in pleasure. It was intoxicating and he had to take a step back until he was leaning against the wall, his body soaked in the pure energy of the room. He knew the feeling of being taken from the mortal perspective as well, but it was nothing to what he could feel as a vampire. The blood made Gackt even stronger and Hyde felt himself whimpering at the onslaught.

When Gackt lifted his head with blood still on his mouth and You passed out beneath him, Hyde felt his breath catch in his throat. It was like looking at some ancient god and Hyde wanted to fall down and worship his lover. Gackt had eyes only for him now and he waited, braced against the wall for his lover's next move. When it came it happened in the blink of an eye as Gackt snarled, revealing his fangs fully and then sped into motion. Hyde found himself pinned to the wall in only a moment of time.

As Gackt held him, he knew that, if he looked, his lover would appear human again, he could feel it, but he could barely think, let alone more in those first few seconds.

"Did you enjoy that, Hyde-chan?" Gackt whispered in his ear, breathing warm breath over his skin.

His voice seemed to be stuck in his throat and all he could do was turn slightly and look into Gackt's dark eyes. He saw eternity there now; his eternity and he was moving forward when Gackt's lips came down to cover his own. He could taste the blood still in Gackt's mouth and it sparked through his senses like strong wine. As Gackt's hands travelled over his body, touching him through his clothes, he mewed quietly into the kiss, begging for more.

Once his need would have horrified him; that he could want anything so badly it would undo him completely would have frightened him to his very core. Now he revelled in it. There was no turning back from this and he did not care.

"You are mine, Hyde-chan," Gackt whispered to him while cupping his balls through his jeans, fondling them gently, "body and soul; forever."

He gasped as the fingers around him tightened almost to the point of pain before releasing quickly and sending shot of arousal all through his body.

"I know," he managed to say in little more than a breathy moan. "Show me."

Had they been human, he would have expected his clothes to be ripped from him then, but they were vampires and their greatest intimacy was different. Sex was good, but blood was better.

Gackt gently pulled the hair away from the side of his neck, licking slowly over the exposed skin. He loved this; the soft touches, the total surrender, the anticipation of pain. Gackt's fangs were so sharp they could enter flesh without a person ever knowing anything before vampire power took away their mind, but Gackt never did that to him anymore. As lethal fangs slipped through his skin and into the blood vessel beneath, he felt every moment and it made him gasp and push against Gackt's hand. The pain was part of the pleasure, something only for him and he relished it.

Gackt did not cloud his mind with fake images, his lover did not take anything away and it was wonderful. Only he was allowed this, no mortal would ever understand what he truly had in Gackt.

"I love you," he whispered as he bucked into his lover's hand, coming as his body responded to the stimuli even though he had yet to be touched under his clothes.

Later he would go home, away from all this, and pretend to be normal, getting on with "real life", but this was the only place that was truly real. In Gackt's arms, with his lover's fangs in his neck; this was living.

The End

MMOM 7 - The Beast

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde, Hyde/Megumi (implied)

Rating: R

Warnings: werewolves, wanking

Summary: Hyde had come to a time in his life where he has to make a decision and part of that involves telling Gackt a truth he has hidden from the world.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This one isn't really about the wanking since the plot got away from me, but there is wanking in there :).

Word count: 5,664

It was pointless watching the big screen; he was just torturing himself, but he still did it. It was only a PV, but Hyde couldn't take his eyes off it. His obsession had been getting worse lately and he found himself doing this more and more often, but Gackt was so beautiful to him. He was consumed by the need and he knew sooner or later he was going to have to do something about it. Wanting Gackt was not new, he had wanted Gackt the first time he had met him, but this obsession was new and it was getting out of hand. He knew why it was getting worse, but he still didn't know what he was going to do about it.

Megumi walked up behind him and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"If you want him then claim him," she said quietly, running her fingers up the side of his neck and into his hair.

"You know I can't do that," he replied, leaning into the touch, but not taking his eyes off the screen.

"You won't have much choice soon," his wife pointed out in a sympathetic, but practical tone; "it is that or leave."

Hyde knew that was true; if he let this get much worse and ran into Gackt they would both be in trouble.

"I could take a sabbatical and wait it out in England or something," Hyde spoke some of what he had been thinking about aloud.

"There would still be no guarantee that the obsession will pass when you evolve," Megumi said calmly; "you might just be left with no ability to do anything about it."

His wife was always practical; he usually was as well, it came with the territory, but he was having trouble maintaining his judgement just at the moment. He had known that a big change was coming in his life, he had been planning for it for a little over two years, but he had not been prepared for his reaction to Gackt. He had buried any feelings he had in friendship and left it at that, but it appeared his other side was far more persistent.

"You have one chance to pass on the gift to a human," Megumi told him; "one chance to share your life-force. If you do not take this opportunity it will be gone."

"What if he doesn't want it?" Hyde asked, voicing his real fear.

"Then he's an idiot and doesn't deserve you," his wife asked quietly and then left him.

====

"Hyde-kun," Gackt greeted with a smile, "how lovely to see you, do come in."

"Hi, Gatchan," Hyde replied, having to resist the urge to do something more than hug back when Gackt embraced him. "Sorry to turn up unannounced, but I needed to talk to you."

"Nothing bad I hope," Gackt said, giving him a concerned frown as his friend ushered him into the house.

"Depends how you define bad," Hyde said as he kicked off his shoes and followed Gackt down the hall to the living room.

Gackt gave him a patented searching look after that.

"Well before we begin, can I offer you anything to drink?" his friend offered, ever the perfect host.

"No thanks," Hyde replied and took a seat when Gackt offered one, "I'm not mixing well with most things at the moment."

That made Gackt's frown deepen.

"Are you unwell, Hyde-kun?" his friend asked, clearly very concerned.

"No, not unwell," he replied, "just changing."

Gackt looked perplexed and he couldn't help feeling a little guilty.

"I think you may need to be sitting down for this," he explained carefully, "because, if you believe me, it's going to be a shock and, if you don't, I'd rather be able to make it to the door before you call the men in white coats."

Gackt looked even more confused, but did sit down.

"What is it you wish to tell me, Hyde-kun?" Gackt asked and Hyde awarded his friend points for staying calm.

"I'm not human," Hyde said, since he had decided that with Gackt, open and honest was the only way to go.

He could pretty it up, but that was the underlying crux of the matter.

"I beg your pardon?" Gackt said, clearly not believing what he was hearing.

Hyde sighed quietly; they were obviously going to have to do this the hard way.

"I'm not human," he repeated in an as reasonable tone as he knew how.

For a few moments Gackt was silent and Hyde let his friend think.

"Hyde-kun," Gackt said eventually, "I have known you for some time now and you have never before given any indication that you were anything apart from human. Your son also does not appear to exhibit any signs of an unusual nature."

"He won't," Hyde replied in an even voice; "not until he is approximately fifteen anyway. As a species we're very similar to humans when we're young, it is only as we grow older we become less so."

It was quite clear that Gackt did not believe him, but it was also clear that his friend did not wish to offend him and was trying to figure out how to convince him he was delusional without being too obvious.

"Megumi is not human either," Hyde added, just in case Gackt was wondering.

"If you are not human, Hyde-kun," Gackt said in a very careful tone, "what are you?"

"I'm a werewolf," he replied and waited for Gackt to laugh at him.

Gackt, however, did not laugh.

"A werewolf?" Gackt finally sounded incredulous.

"A werewolf," Hyde returned with a nod. "No, it is not a curse, no it is not passed on via a bite, no we are not ruled by the phases of the moon, however, we do have the ability to become wolves. We use this ability very little when we are young, but, when we reach a certain age, we change. We no longer age and we become stronger and faster and closer to our wolf. I am approaching this time now, which is why I have suddenly begun advertising that I am having certain procedures. Once this is over, certain imperfections will probably have gone and it is likely the damage from my childhood accident will correct itself."

Gackt sat there looking at him for a while, digesting what he had said. He could see that Gackt knew that he believed every word he was saying, he could also tell that Gackt thought he had lost it.

"Why are you telling me?" his friend eventually asked.

He actually saw Gackt's eyes flick to the phone.

"Because I have an offer for you that you might want nothing to do with, but I have to explain everything first," he said openly, "and if it will make you more comfortable you are welcome to pick up your mobile and prepare to speed dial someone at the first sign of foaming at the mouth."

Gackt looked mortified to have been caught.

"Here, have mine," Hyde said and pulled his out of his coat pocket, throwing it at his friend, because he knew Gackt would never pick up the other one now. "I am not insane and I am not about to do anything to you. All I ask is that you give me a chance to explain everything and do not dismiss it until I am finished."

There was silence for a few moments, but then Gackt nodded.

"I will listen," was all his friend said.

Hyde sat back in his seat and decided where to start. He had spent hours rehearsing this, but he still wasn't quite sure.

"Werewolves is what humans called us in the past," he began slowly; "and most of the legends are more mixed up race memory than anything else. We have been

around as long as humans, but we breed very slowly and have always been a very small group, so we hide. Megumi and I did not meet by chance; the whole thing was a set up, we only arranged to make it look that way. Our marriage was decided when we were children by our community; breeding is considered very carefully since the cycle is so long and conception happens very rarely. I would never, ever abandon Mei-chan or our son, but that doesn't change the fact that I'm gay."

From the expression on Gackt's face that might have been the straw that broke the camel's back.

"Don't tell me you didn't notice at least something," Hyde said bluntly; "Tetsu had me pegged from the moment he met me, but he just thinks I come from a very uptight family."

Gackt didn't say anything, but Hyde could tell his friend was thinking and picking out the signs from their friendship.

"You have always hidden it well in public," Gackt finally said.

"In public I can fake it as well as you can," Hyde said, deciding to lay all his cards on the table.

Gackt's face went as cold as stone.

"What are you implying, Hyde-kun?" his friend asked in a tone that could have frozen hell.

Hyde did not take his eyes from Gackt as he formulated his reply. He knew what he knew and he was not about to let Gackt wiggle out of this one.

"That is it very difficult to hide things from a wolf's nose," he said in an even tone. "When I first met you, you were sleeping with You-kun; his scent was all over you. That ended pretty soon afterwards, mutually, I assume, since I know you occasionally sleep with him still. You've had other male lovers as well; I've smelt them on you. You're either bisexual or gay and doing a very good job of pretending to like women as well."

Gackt did not move or say anything, so Hyde decided to plough on.

"I don't normally take much notice of what my nose tells me about things like that," he admitted, wondering if Gackt would ever thaw towards him again, "but I did with you. I couldn't help myself, because I've been hideously jealous of every man you've ever taken to your bed."

That's made Gackt's expression soften just a little bit.

"I've wanted you since the moment I met you," Hyde finally confessed, "and I think I fell in love with you on the set of Moon Child."

The ice left Gackt's face at that.

"Why have you never told me?" his friend finally asked.

"Because I'm not human and I didn't see how it could work," he replied slowly. "I did not want you to be just a casual lover, so I buried my feelings, and it was only recently I realised they were much deeper than I had let myself believe."

"But why now?" Gackt asked the only really sensible question.

"Because once I evolve," he continued his explanation, "that's what we call it, unless I do something very stupid which results in my brain being disconnected from my nervous system I'm going to live for several hundred years. Wolves mate for life. Mei-chan is my wife, not my mate. My wolf decided it wanted you a long time ago and now my wolf is coming closer and closer to the surface."

"How could a werewolf and a human couple possibly work with such different life spans?" Hyde noticed that Gackt did not sound as incredulous anymore.

"It couldn't," he said, glad that his friend had asked the pertinent question; "that's why we have a gift. We have one chance when we evolve, one opportunity to share our life-force and make a human like us."

As he watched, he saw the implications of his statement dawning in Gackt's eyes.

"Were all the pretty words ever real, Gatchan?" he asked quietly.

Gackt did not reply for a long time.

"Yes they were real," his friend said eventually; "I just never imagined you would ever be interested."

"Oh, I've been interested since the day I met you," he promised faithfully. "From everything I've told you, you must know why I'm here."

His friend gazed at him, showing no emotion and Hyde let himself be examined.

"You are offering me this gift," Gackt said slowly after a minute or so.

Hyde nodded.

"What would it mean if I accepted?" Gackt asked in a completely reasonable tone.

He could not be sure that his friend believed everything that he had said, but it was clear Gackt was at least not dismissing it completely.

"You would become like me," Hyde replied, picking his words carefully. "You would gain the freedom of the wolf, you would cease aging and I would make it my business to ensure you were happy for the rest of your life."

"I would be changed by your life force?" Gackt asked, still showing no signs one way or the other.

Hyde nodded again.

"Would we be connected?" his friend asked.

That was not the next question he had been expecting and it took him aback for a while.

"I don't know," he eventually revealed; "it is different every time. There have only been three conversions in the last two hundred years. It is possible."

Gackt appeared to take this in his stride and just accept it, but Gackt was at his most unreadable and even with his enhanced senses, Hyde couldn't tell what his friend was thinking.

"And what does Megumi-san think of you coming here?" Gackt asked in an emotionless tone.

"She told me to," he explained with ease since it was perfectly true. "I love her, she loves me, but it is a love of friends not lovers."

He made sure to look Gackt directly in the eye when he said that so that there was no doubt he was telling the truth.

"Can you prove any of this?" was the enquiry Hyde had been expecting that finally arrived.

"That's the easy part," Hyde said with a small smile.

He stood up and took off his jacket.

"What are you doing?" Gackt asked, clearly surprised by what he was doing.

"Proving what I am," Hyde replied, pulling off his shirt over his head and putting it on the chair behind him; "I do not wish to destroy my clothes. Think of it this way; if I am delusional I will be easier to subdue naked."

It was supposed to lighten the atmosphere, but Gackt just looked more worried, so Hyde stripped as quickly and efficiently as possible. His friend still hadn't moved to stop him, but Gackt looked like this was almost too much. The wolf was very close to the surface at the moment and Hyde did not have to reach far into himself to find it. Touching the wolf inside filled him with a sense of power and it was as if he could feel the cold wind blowing through the mountains and over his fur as he stared at the moon.

Megumi had once told him that her wolf was always standing in the sun in the woods when she embraced it, but Hyde's was a night creature. As he felt the shifting of bones and twisting of sinews begin in his body, it was almost as if he was standing under the stars looking into the pure dark of a primeval sky. The transformation did not hurt, although he could feel every change in his physical shape; it was more a liberating than painful experience. When fur began to erupt from his skin, it itched, but the sensation only lasted as long as it took his shaggy black coat to complete itself and that was the most unpleasant thing.

He was completely unaware of everything else as he shifted from one shape to another; it was the time when a werewolf was most vulnerable and he shook himself from head to tail as he began to come back to reality. When he opened his eyes, seeing the world as a wolf rather than a man, he found that Gackt was on his feet. There was the smell of fear coming off his friend, fear and shock and he looked up at Gackt, turning his head on one side to try and figure out what was going through his friend's mind.

Gackt's stance was shocked and scared and Hyde sat down slowly, not wanting to frighten his friend anymore. His wolf form was easily bigger than his frame as a human and there was nothing tame about his other form and he did not want Gackt to be afraid of him. Moving with intricate care he lowered himself to the floor and placed his head on his paws, wagging his tail just a little in a friendly gesture.

For a while the tableau held and then suddenly Gackt laughed; an unusual and somewhat hysterical sound, before his friend sat down as if his legs had refused to hold him anymore. Hyde stood up and risked a move towards the object of his affection, approaching like a beta in the pack would approach the alpha so as not to make the situation worse.

Gackt was staring at him with wide open eyes and Hyde made a small noise of greeting, hoping for some sort of response. It was clear to him that he had just shocked Gackt to the very core. Whether his friend had believed even part of his story it was clear he had been mostly disbelieved. In his wolf form he could not communicate well with a human and Gackt did not seem to be in any state to try so he backed away again.

The reverse transformation was just as easy and as Gackt continued to stare at him he pulled back on most of his clothes. He did not want to push and so he stood there, half dressed, waiting for some sort of response.

"It's real," Gackt said eventually.

"All of it," Hyde said, doing his best to appear completely calm.

His heart was racing as he waited for complete rejection, but he kept his outside absolutely controlled. If Gackt could not cope with this, it would destroy him, but he was not about to force anything on his friend.

"And you want to give this to me?" Gackt asked as if the idea completely bemused him.

"I want to give you everything," Hyde replied with stark honesty.

There was no point in hiding anything now; Gackt knew his most closely guarded secret. He waited as patiently as he could, trying not to fidget as Gackt continued to look at him.

"I need time to think," his friend said eventually.

It was not what his desires had hoped for, but it was better than outright dismissal and Hyde nodded slowly.

"Call me if you make a decision," Hyde said quietly as he pulled his jacket back on.

Gackt was still looking dazed, but his friend did manage a small nod before Hyde moved to show himself out.

=====

Hyde looked at his packed cases for the hundredth time as he walked towards the front door. The cases had been sitting there for two days now and he knew he was going to have to use them soon. It had been nearly two weeks with no word from Gackt and his obsession was reaching new heights. It seemed that seeing and talking to Gackt had only escalated it and he had been considering leaving for over forty eight hours now.

He was so distracted with his thoughts that he didn't even look through the spy hole to see who was outside his door, he just opened it. Megumi was out, so

somewhere in his mind he just assumed it was his wife coming home. What he didn't expect was to open the door and be hit by a very familiar scent. It curled into his nose and through his head and caused little sparks to run through every nerve in his body.

There on his doorstep was Gackt and he froze at his friend looked at him through blue coloured contacts.

"Hyde-kun I ..."

Hyde slammed the door before the instinct to jump Gackt there and then took over and turning he threw his back against the door, breathing hard. Every fibre of his being was screaming at him to drag Gackt into his home and take him whether Gackt liked it or not. It was very difficult not to follow through on the impulse and the only thing stopping him was the door. Gackt's presence had come as a bit of a shock and it took him long seconds to calm himself down enough to even consider opening the door.

Part of him knew that letting Gackt in could have huge consequences, but he couldn't just leave his friend in the hallway and, after some very deep breaths, he reached for the latch again.

Gackt was still standing in exactly the same place looking perplexed.

"Sorry," Hyde said, taking a cautious step back from the door as it swung open; "you took me by surprise and I'm having some impulse control issues at the moment."

"I should have called," Gackt said in immediate response, "it is I who should be apologising."

Gackt voice sent shivers up Hyde spine.

"Please come in," he said, doing his best not to react and took another step back, "but forgive me if I keep a little distance."

"I will leave if I am causing you problems," Gackt offered, clearly not quite sure how to react, which was unusual for the normally perfectly poised singer.

"No," Hyde said, a little too fast as his wolf firmly sat on that idea, "it's not a problem."

He backed away a little more from the door and Gackt came in and shut it. Gackt was dressed very casually, not like his stage persona, but Hyde still thought his friend looked perfect as Gackt toed off his tennis shoes. He so wanted to reach out and touch, but he did not dare.

"Forgive me, Hyde-kun, but you appear somewhat distressed," Gackt said, turning back.

Hyde had to conclude that that was Gackt's way of saying he looked like a maniac who had just escaped from the asylum, because that was how he felt.

"My visit to you sped up the evolution process," he explained as well as he could, still backing away towards the living room; "and it's not good for my control."

He almost fell over his suitcases as he failed to take his eyes off his friend.

"Are you going somewhere?" Gackt asked, sounding surprised.

"Away from you," Hyde more or less blurted out before he thought about it.

Gackt looked shocked and then a little hurt.

"I didn't want to do anything you would regret," he added quickly, "and my wolf is becoming insistent. You haven't called."

Now Gackt appeared guilty.

"I am sorry, Hyde-kun," his friend said almost instantly, "I have been thinking very hard. I did not realise how long."

With anyone else Hyde would have called a lie, with Gackt it was entirely possible that his friend had completely lost track. When Gackt became focused it was rather like a hawk finding prey; tunnel vision of the extreme.

"Did you come to any decisions?" Hyde asked, doing his best not the trip on anything else as he backed away some more, but couldn't take his eyes off Gackt.

The wild part of his nature was urging him in the other direction, but he had enough self control left to hold on ... just.

"I needed to ask you something," Gackt replied, not really answering the question.

Hyde made a noise to indicate Gackt should go on.

"Why do you love me?"

Hyde laughed; he couldn't help it. There was nothing simple about Gackt, and that had to be one of the hardest, most complicated questions ever. He really wasn't in any state of mind to answer it.

"Why do I love you," he repeated to himself as his wolf's answer echoed through his body.

He didn't know if Gackt expected something long and complicated in return or some sort of simple rationalisation, but for Hyde there was only one answer.

"You are everything," he said simply.

To his wolf the ultimate aim was to find a mate. There was nothing more important. Human sensibilities had skewed that pure instinct to find the perfect match and breed; he had already passed on his genes, but that hadn't dulled the need in him. The ultimate aim in his life was to find the one who matched him, balanced him, made him invincible against the rest of the universe. He had found that match in Gackt and that was all there was to it.

"Everything?" Gackt asked, sounding almost awed by his response.

Hyde nodded; he had no other words. Now all he could do was wait.

Gackt looked at him with those intense eyes and it took every ounce of strength Hyde had not to fall to his knees and beg.

"I accept," Gackt said finally.

Hyde felt the ball of tension that had been building in his chest since he had told Gackt the truth evaporate in an instant and with it went any semblance of control. It seemed, however, that the tension had been holding him together and he felt his legs beginning to cave in as relief so encompassing swept through him that it took his breath away. He hadn't expected to react quite like that and the only reason he didn't headbutt the floor was because Gackt was very fast. Strong arms caught him before he could pitch forward and Gackt's scent hit him head on, and for a while nothing made a huge amount of sense.

"Hyde-kun?" Gackt voice seemed to be very far away down a tunnel for a while.

Of all things he felt himself being picked up, which made him want to laugh, but he didn't have the motor control for that. The world was a little confusing right at that moment and, when it finally began to make sense again, he found that he was sitting down with his head between his knees. It occurred to him as up and down righted themselves in his head that he had just almost fainted and he was instantly mortified; he was such a big bad wolf.

"Hyde-kun," Gackt said as he raised his head slowly and looked at his friend, "are you well?"

"You said 'yes'," Hyde said rather stupidly since it was the only thing in his head.

Gackt gave him a small nod.

The relief was fading now and in its place was a burning passion that Hyde had no reason to fight anymore. As his mind and body came back into line, he let go of his instincts and just reacted.

Gackt was sitting next to him on his sofa and it took him only moments to push his friend, no his mate, back into the cushions, covering Gackt's body with his own and attaching his lips to Gackt's. For a moment Gackt felt shocked and stiff, but then his mate's body melted against his own and Gackt was kissing back with almost as much passion. It was heady and wonderful and, when Gackt opened his mouth, the battle of tongues was enough to remove any sensible thought from Hyde's mind.

When he began literally ripping at Gackt's shirt, because he didn't have the patience to unbutton it, part of him realised he was way beyond lucid, but most of him didn't care. Gackt didn't seem to care either, since his mate made no move to stop him at all. They were in the living room on the sofa, but Hyde couldn't have given a damn; he had Gackt now and that was the only thing in his head.

This was not a subtle meeting of men, or a gentle exploration; it was a carnal need burning through Hyde like a forest fire, but it was only as he attached his mouth to one of Gackt's nipples, sucking hard, and he finally managed to release Gackt's flies and shove his hand into his mate's underwear that he realised it was something else as well.

He froze, fingers wrapped around Gackt's cock, tongue about to do unnameable things to his mate's chest and he slowly looked up into Gackt's face.

"Now," he said, barely holding himself together, "it's happening now."

He could feel his innate power swirling inside of him. The energy usually locked in his cells giving him the ability to shift his shape was breaking free, becoming an entity of its own. For now it was trapped in his body, but it was building; he could feel it.

"Don't stop," Gackt whispered and that was all the permission he needed.

Lowering his head, he nipped at Gackt's chest, tasting the flesh with his tongue, learning everything about his mate. Gackt was growing hard under his hand, lifting into his touch as he moved his fingers, and he rubbed his mate as well as he could. Gackt's trousers were loose and casual, but his mate's underwear was not and it was a difficult angle to begin with. The sounds Gackt was making told him his mate was enjoying this, but it wasn't enough for him. Removing his hand, he took hold of the material of Gackt's underwear and pulled, soon being rewarded with a wonderful ripping sound.

Now, when he replaced his hand, he had plenty of room to manoeuvre and the way Gackt panted as he ran his fingers over the head of his mate's cock, this was better for both of them.

There was nothing slow or considered about this act of carnal love, as Hyde all but attacked Gackt, showering his mate with as many sensations as he could. He was hard under his clothes, hard and wanting, but this was not about mutual gratification, it was about claiming. The power inside him needed to know that Gackt was his, that Gackt would be part of him for as long as he lived, and there was no time for anything gentle or soft.

He played Gackt hard, reading his mate's every move and going for only one goal. There would be time for the joining of bodies later, for the sweet slow love making that could go on for hours; this was about acceptance and surrender and base desire. The wolf in him demanded it and, when Gackt arched into his touch, fingers digging into his back and voice crying out his name, that was all he needed.

Hyde felt his soul shatter as his power exploded through him, ripping apart cells and reforming them in an instant. It was like dying and being reborn in a single moment in time that might have been eternity and the energy flared out of him like a shock wave. When it entered his mate, he felt it, not just where Gackt's body stiffened below him, but at a fundamental level. He felt his being as it was ripped from him and forced into something that was alien, something that was not compatible. Only then did he understand quite how different he was from a human being, only as the power that defined him tore into his mate and changed what it found.

It was the best and the worst experience of his life. The sensations running through him were beyond pain and he felt Gackt slump and go limp after only moments, but he was not permitted the same grace. This was his life, his soul and he had to live through every second as it changed him and his mate. Never had he felt anything like it, not the first time he had embraced his wolf shape, not when he and Megumi had become one to create a new life. This was the most incredible feeling he had ever experienced and it made the rest of reality irrelevant for a long time.

He had no idea how much time had passed when the real world finally began to make sense again, but he was lying on top of Gackt, hand still clasped around his mate's now soft cock. Very slowly he disentangled himself from his still unconscious lover and pushed himself a little away from Gackt so he could look.

Gackt had always been beautiful to him, but there was something almost unreal about his mate now, even so close up. The small signs of age that Gackt had always tried so hard to prevent and then hide were gone and his mate was simply perfect. Lying there in the ruins of his clothes, Gackt was the most beautiful thing Hyde had ever seen.

He tried to move so that he could see more, but that proved to be a mistake. His body didn't seem to be quite under his control properly and he felt himself sliding off Gackt and the sofa before he could do anything about it. He landed quite hard on his rump and found himself collapsing backwards onto the floor as coordination failed him completely. He eventually came to a stop staring at the ceiling with no strength to move.

His higher brain wanted to help Gackt, to cover his mate up and make sure everything was fine, but his body had other ideas. He tried to roll over, to do something other than lie there, but he just couldn't put the muscle power together to do it. He was so tired it was hard just to keep his eyes open and eventually he couldn't even do that. He was too happy to be really worried and he surrendered the fight without trying too hard. If he had had more time he might have thought things through a little better, but, as he drifted to sleep, he could only hope Megumi didn't bring a friend home. If she did they were going to get an eyeful.

The End

MMOM 10 - Backstage

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde

Rating: R

Warnings: wanking

Summary: Hyde is waiting for Gackt backstage and he's horny.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,303

Hyde sat back in his chair and put his feet on the table in front of him. He had been waiting for over half an hour, but he knew that going to find his lover would only result in having to wait around in less pleasant surroundings. When Gackt was focused on something nothing could tear him away and Hyde knew he would have been the same if it was his concert that evening.

He was sitting in Gackt's dressing room playing with a cigarette he had no intention of lighting. Gackt had quit and didn't like having smoke around him now, so Hyde didn't smoke in Gackt's space. He was trying to cut down and it gave him more of a reason, so he put up with it. He was, however, becoming restless having to wait for so long.

They weren't the most obvious couple in the Japanese rock world, but they weren't the best hidden either. Everyone in Gackt's crew knew they were lovers and Hyde always had an access all areas pass to Gackt's concerts and vice versa. They were not secretive with their friends, but the public would never know the whole truth. For Gackt it would be a marketing nightmare, for Hyde he would never do that to Megumi. Their marriage was one of convenience; both his family and Megumi's family expected grandchildren and they had found each other at the right time, and being seen as rejected was not something Hyde would do to his wife, or their son.

As he looked over at Gackt's costume rack, he saw a familiar white coat and he stood up, wandering over. Sometime Gackt took things to concerts just in case and Hyde suspected the coat would not be coming out, but he fingered it anyway. It was an exact copy of the coat from Moon Child, the coat Gackt had been wearing when Hyde realised he had fallen in love with his friend. When he had gone to Taiwan he had never expected to come back with a lover, but his heart had had other ideas. It made him smile fondly at the memories.

Those had been good days: playing at being movie stars; messing around on the beach; their first kiss when he had ambushed Gackt in his trailer. He had never guessed then that he would still be as infatuated with Gackt now as he had been that first moment. At first he had thought it was almost like a holiday romance and the revelation that it was more had come when he had sat watching Gackt throw that coat on over a myriad of guns. Still he hadn't really believed it would last when they came home, but here he was, waiting for his lover nearly five years later.

Lost in memories as he was, he almost didn't hear the door opened, but he turned just in time to see Gackt walking into the room.

"Gatchan," he greeted cheerfully as soon as he saw his lover, "I was beginning to think you would be at that sound check forever."

Gackt looked almost surprised to see him, even though he was sure at least one of Gackt's entourage would have mentioned that he was waiting. It was always

the same with Gackt; if his mind was elsewhere you could tell him the sky was falling in and he's only hum a response and continue what he was doing. Hyde always found Gackt's focus and sense of commitment rather awing.

"Hyde-kun," Gackt replied, brightening straight away, "I had no idea you were here."

He couldn't help grinning at that.

"I have been waiting patiently," he said, walking over to Gackt and accepting the kiss and embrace that was immediately forthcoming, "and you know how difficult I find that," he concluded as he pulled back.

"I am most impressed," Gackt replied, playing along; "I must mark it in my diary so that when I write my second autobiography I may mention it specifically."

Hyde laughed and then leant back in for another kiss; one was never enough when it came to Gackt. If Gackt had been food, Hyde knew he would have been very fat by now. He pushed himself against Gackt, running his arms up his lover's back and deepening the kiss as much as he could. Gackt's familiar scent filled his nostrils and he let his passion flow into the kiss as he felt his body respond to the closeness of his lover.

As they kissed they clung to each other, but slowly Hyde began to let his hands wander. He loved the feel of Gackt's sculpted body under his finger tips and he really wanted to explore all of it, however he soon found himself being stopped.

"You know the rules," Gackt said, pulling back a little and giving him a rueful smile, "no sex before a concert; it makes me lethargic."

That was another thing that Hyde had never been able to fathom about his lover; how Gackt could just say no. He was perpetually horny and would quite honestly have sex anywhere and everywhere, but Gackt had times when 'no' was the only answer. Sometimes he thought maybe Gackt was part female under the perfect male exterior.

At Gackt's pronouncement Hyde put his head against his lover's chest and groaned; he really had been hoping for an exception to the rule today. He knew that tomorrow, once Gackt had had time to recover, his lover would be all over him, but Gackt had been so busy over the last week Hyde had barely seen his lover, let alone had sex and he was rather desperate. The reason he was there that afternoon rather than rehearsing with L'Arc en Ciel like he should have been was because Tetsu had kicked him out and told him to only come back once he could concentrate.

"Well I suppose that technically I don't have to have sex," Gackt said thoughtfully and Hyde looked up hopefully.

Gackt smiled at him with an indulgent, I-am-obviously-the-only-mature-one-in-the-room-but-I-will-pander-to-your-adolescent-attitude type smile and Hyde knew that his prayers were about to be answered.

"Take your clothes off," Gackt said, turning and walking towards the door, "at least I can enjoy the view."

As Gackt locked the door, Hyde very rapidly did as he was asked; it wasn't as if he needed to be told twice. He was already hard; he'd been aroused since the

moment Gackt had kissed him and it felt very good to free his erection from the confines of his jeans. Being naked with Gackt was nothing remotely new, but it always excited him, and when Gackt's eyes checked him up and down he couldn't help feeling kind of special. He knew those looks were reserved just for him.

"I have been neglecting you," Gackt said, walking back across the room, "I must make it up to you."

Hyde felt his cock jump; Gackt was very good at 'making it up to him'. Once upon a time he might have felt awkward being the only one naked, but Gackt's attitude to nakedness was so open that it never really mattered anymore. Sometimes, when they spent the weekend together locked away in one of their retreats, neither of them put on a stitch of clothing the entire time. Hyde had only forgotten and answered the door naked once.

In stocking feet, without his large soled boots, he really was a lot shorter than Gackt, but when Gackt bent his head down and kissed him it didn't seem to matter at all. The kiss was gentle at first, not much more than a brushing of lips, very much in contrast to what they had been doing, but that didn't last long. Hyde had long since learned that Gackt always asked permission in situations like their current one, and as soon as Hyde acquiesced to the kiss, that was it.

He found himself being almost bodily picked up, as Gackt pulled him closer and all but devoured his mouth, and, before he knew it, he found himself sitting on the makeup table as Gackt's hands ran over his body. He knew Gackt wouldn't let him touch back; that would be too much of a temptation to forego abstinence for his lover, so he didn't try. As they broke the kiss he leant back, placed his hands on the table, spread his legs and let Gackt in close. Gackt took the invitation for what it was and, since neither one of them was looking for long and drawn out, Hyde found his erection being grasped very firmly straight away.

He gasped at the sensations of arousal this sent through his body and he moaned wantonly as Gackt nibbled his ear and stroked him agonisingly slowly from tip to root. They were both control freaks in their own way, but Hyde knew Gackt liked to undo him completely and, safe in the knowledge that Gackt would take care of him, he let go. Sometimes they battled for dominance, but not this time. He felt Gackt smiling against his neck and he was glad they were both getting something out of this even if it wasn't sex.

"Oh," he said, letting his head fall back against the mirror as Gackt did something with his fingers that he couldn't quite follow, "if you keep doing that this isn't going to take long."

"It will take as long as I decide it should," was Gackt's cryptic reply and his lover's tone sent shivers down Hyde's spine.

Of that point he had little doubt. When they had first become lovers he had doubted Gackt's sincerity with such statements, but that had been a long time ago and he had had five years to learn that sex was one of the many things Gackt has long since become extremely good at. They were well matched: he was all enthusiasm and hormones and Gackt was control and patience. When they met in the middle it could be quite spectacular.

A few more touches and Hyde thought he might come there and then, but as part of him had suspected, Gackt pulled him back at the last moment.

"If I let you go too fast you'll never survive until tomorrow," Gackt said, pulling back a little and smiling as he made a noise of disappointment. "You sometimes have a very short memory when it comes to sex."

"I never forget," Hyde said, panting as Gackt began to gently play with his balls, "I just can't get enough of you. Some people are add- ... oh god ... addicted to drugs; I'm addicted to you."

For that he was rewarded with several firm strokes that took him right back to the edge again. One day he'd just go mad under Gackt's ministrations he was sure of it.

"Lift your legs," Gackt whispered in his ear before kissing down his neck.

He did as he was told, resting his feet against his lover's thighs as Gackt stood tall again. Gackt was sucking one finger and it wasn't hard to guess what was coming next, which made Hyde groan quietly. It was clear Gackt intended to really see to him properly. When that wet finger was lowered and flicked across his entrance, he almost came. He only managed to claw onto control, because he knew Gackt would be very disappointed if he went off early. Gackt like to think that he could control everything, even in sex, and Hyde knew that that wasn't quite true, but success always made Gackt happy, so he did his best to pretend that what Gackt believed was fact. Sometimes he had a little difficulty keeping up with the legend though.

Spit wasn't the greatest lubricant known to man, but it wasn't as if they were doing anything complicated and, when Gackt pushed, Hyde felt his lover's finger enter him easily. One thing Gackt was unerringly perfect at was finding his prostate and he almost whimpered when his lover stroked it very lightly.

"Are you ready, my Hyde-kun?" Gackt asked him quietly.

"God yes," he replied, letting his head rest on the mirror and his eyes fall closed.

"Are you sure?" his lover asked.

"Y... oh fuck!" he never managed to finish his reply as Gackt employed the finger and the hand wrapped around his cock in such a way that all rational thought evaporated in a cloud of hormones and then he was coming.

The intense rush started in his balls and shot through his cock before spreading into every nerve in his body and he lost track of what he was doing or thinking. He was pretty sure he yelled something other than four letter words, but he couldn't be sure as Gackt pumped him until he had nothing left and he collapsed against the mirror. He barely noticed when Gackt removed his finger, but then he was so enjoying the blessing-filled ride that he probably wouldn't have noticed the Imperial guard marching through the room.

"You look very satisfied, Hyde-kun," Gackt whispered to him in an amused tone, "do you think you will be able to live without me until tomorrow now?"

Hyde opened his eyes and looked at his lover.

"I might need just one more kiss," he said with a cheeky grin.

That made Gackt smile as well and his lover leaned in and placed one very chaste kiss on his lips.

"I love you," Gackt said quietly as they broke apart again.

"I love you too," Hyde said, allowing his expression to become sincere for a moment, "and not just for the sex," he added with another grin.

That made Gackt laugh and he found himself presented with a box of tissues.

"Sometimes I have my doubts," his lover told him in a fond tone.

The End

MMOM 15 - Delightful Torture

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: toys, wanking

Summary: Hyde lost a bet to Gackt so now he's paying for it.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,868

Hyde did his best not to squirm as he sat in the passenger seat of Tetsu's car, but having been sitting down through rush hour traffic it was very difficult. He wasn't good at sitting still at the best of times, but the trip from the studio to Gackt's Tokyo residence was pure hell, mostly because of the bet he'd lost at a party a couple of days previously. It had just been a stupid drinking game, but he should have known to never bet against Gackt in anything, especially when drunk.

"You okay, Hyde-kun?" Tetsu asked, glancing away from the road for a moment and looking at him.

"I'm fine," he replied, trying to sound nonchalant, "I just hate rush hour traffic. It's kind of you to drop me off, thanks."

"With your car in the shop I couldn't leave you to fight through public transport," Tetsu replied, seemingly taking him at his word. "You and Gackt decide to have a boys' weekend while Megumi is out of town?"

Hyde almost gasped as they went over a bump.

"Something like that," he said, trying to brace himself in the seat and prevent his lower half jarring anymore.

The fact that he and Gackt planned to spend most of the weekend in bed was not something he was about to tell Tetsu.

"Has Gackt made you pay up on that bet yet?" his friend asked, laughing; no one else at the party had been stupid enough to go up against Gackt.

"No," Hyde lied smoothly, since he was never telling Tetsu what Gackt was making him do, "but I'm sure it will be embarrassing and spectacular when he does."

"What on earth possessed you to do it?" Tetsu asked, still clearly amused.

"I was drunk and my friends," he stressed the words 'friends', "weren't brave enough to stop me."

"If there are photos I want copies," Tetsu said brightly.

Hyde almost laughed loudly at that; he could guarantee there wouldn't be any photos of this. Not unless he and Gackt fancied some tabloid time. That was the one rule he and Megumi had; no one could find out about their lovers. As far as most of the world was concerned they had a completely monogamous marriage, but that hadn't been true almost from the beginning. It wasn't that they didn't love each other, it was just they had certain tastes that they couldn't fulfil for each other and so they indulged elsewhere. Megumi was away that weekend

visiting her lover in Nagano and Hyde was going to be staying with Gackt while their son was having a lovely weekend being spoilt rotten by his grandparents.

It all balanced quite nicely really and if it hadn't been for the damn bet Hyde would have been quite content. As it was, he squirmed a bit more and tried to look as if he wasn't moving.

"You've really got ants in your pants today," Tetsu commented and then Hyde did laugh, because it wasn't ants that were the problem.

His doom had arrived by private courier that morning with typed instructions and a phone call from his merciless lover had confirmed that it had been from Gackt. Hyde had been hard half the morning just from the phone call and he was glad that at least Gackt had warned him so he could wear clothing that would hide his significant problem. Somehow Gackt had known his entire schedule for the day and had made sure the bet would not embarrass him in public too much, but would make his life very difficult in front of his friends. They had been rehearsing for a live show all afternoon, which was the time period where Gackt had started to demand collection on the bet.

Of course Hyde could have refused, but that would have been unsportsmanlike, so he was enduring and he would definitely get Gackt back later.

"Have fun," Tetsu said brightly as they pulled up outside Gackt's house.

"I will," Hyde replied, climbing out of the car and grabbing his bag from the backseat, all the while trying to look completely normal, "see you Monday."

It wasn't often they had an entire weekend off; in their line of work weekends were often like any other day, but somehow he and Gackt had managed it at the same time. He hoped the others had as much fun as he was planning on having.

There were two cars in the driveway, so Hyde was not surprised when You opened the door after he rang the bell. You was Gackt's best friend and, as soon as he looked into You's face, he knew Gackt had told the violinist everything.

"Don't worry," You said with a grin, "I'm not staying long."

"Good," Hyde said, kicking off his shoes, "because otherwise you might get an eyeful."

"I still can't believe you went up against Gacku-chan in a drinking contest," You said as they walked into the house; "you're half his size for a start."

"As I just explained to Tetchan," Hyde replied, doing his best to sound perfectly at ease even though most of his nerves were vibrating, "I was already drunk and no one chose to stop me."

You laughed at him too; it was beginning to feel like a conspiracy.

When they walked into the living room, Hyde came to a sharp halt. If he hadn't been hard before, then he definitely would have been at the sight that met his eyes. Gackt was bending over fiddling with something on the coffee table, which first of all gave Hyde a very nice view of his lover's pert arse. Secondly Gackt was wearing only a pair of cotton workout pants, which put the rest of Gackt's perfect body on wonderful display. If Hyde hadn't been moving carefully he might have jumped his lover there and then, You or no You.

"Hyde-kun," Gackt greeted cheerfully as soon as his lover spotted him, "you're early; traffic wasn't too bad today then?"

"It wouldn't have been too bad if you hadn't decided to torture me," Hyde replied, just a little on edge.

The way Gackt's eyes were glittering with mirth and desire made Hyde squirm a little more.

"I'll leave you two alone then," You said, clearly amused. "Just make sure both of you can walk by Monday; I refuse to make up stories about snowboarding accidents or anything similar again."

"Thank you, You-chan," Gackt said cheerfully, "we shall do our best."

As soon as You was gone, Hyde dropped his bag.

"Do something about this, now," he demanded, moving his shirt out of the way so that Gackt could see the very definite bulge in his trousers.

Gackt just smiled at him, which was a little infuriating.

"You followed my instructions to the letter?" his lover asked before he could shout expletives across the room.

"Yes," Hyde promised; he was almost ready to beg, but his pride was winning by a hair.

"You put it in before the rehearsal and you haven't touched yourself at all?" Gackt asked in a perfectly calm tone.

"Yes," Hyde said, his tone a little more desperate than he would have liked.

When he had unwrapped the butt plug that morning and read the letter he had almost died, but he was not the kind of person to sidestep a challenge. Gackt knew first hand what plugs could do to him and he'd been in exquisite torture all afternoon since locking himself in the toilet and putting the damn thing in. Gackt had planned his punishment very well and the only thing that had kept Hyde going was the hope of being released as soon as he reached Gackt's house.

"I thought you might break before now, Hyde-kun," Gackt said with a smile that was half amusement, half predatory, "I'm impressed."

"Well could you be impressed and merciful at the same time please?" Hyde knew he was beginning to whine, but he'd been hard for hours now. "Help me."

The instructions had expressly forbidden him to do anything about any arousal he might feel himself and his pride had demanded that he follow them explicitly.

"No," Gackt said and Hyde was just about ready to scream, "but I release you from the last clause of the bet."

It took Hyde a moment to comprehend what his lover was saying in the usual round about way and then it took him less than ten seconds to shed his jeans and his underwear. A second after that he was moaning in relief as his fingers wrapped round his cock and the wall was the only thing holding him up as he

leant against it. He didn't care what he looked like, he didn't care if he made a mess of Gackt's floor, all he cared about was curing his very bad case of blue balls.

The plug up his arse was spreading him and filling him and bumping his prostate with every move he made and he was just about insane with arousal. How he had managed to sing all afternoon was beyond him as he sagged in complete bliss, stroking himself as fast as he dared. It wasn't exactly a performance of finesse and it took only moments before the muscles in his arse clamped down on the plug, his hips bucked forward and with a shout he shot ribbons of cum over Gackt's shiny wooden floor.

After being hard for so long, the whole thing made him rather light-headed and he slowly slid down the wall, breathing hard and seeing spots in front of his eyes. It had been an incredible orgasm and the aftershocks were delightful, but he wasn't quite sure it had been worth the build up.

He came to rest sitting on the floor with his legs spread and his knees raised and he couldn't have moved if he had wanted to. All his strength seemed to have just left him and he was helpless as Gackt approached.

"I don't think I have ever seen you quite so desperate or beautiful," Gackt said, kneeling down beside him; "I think perhaps I should goad you into betting with me more often."

"Bastard," was about the most coherent thing Hyde could manage.

Gackt smiled at him and it was almost worth the whole afternoon of torture. It did, however, occur to his dazed mind that Gackt was making no move to release him from the intrusion in his arse. That had been the first clause of the bet; Hyde had to put the plug in, but only Gackt could remove it. With a sinking feeling he began to think this was not over.

"Aren't you going to?" he asked and vaguely waved in the direction of his neither regions.

Gackt just looked at him and there was fire in his lover's eyes.

"I was going to give you time to recover first," Gackt said in a tone that had Hyde thinking his recovery time might turn out to be a new record, "because the moment that comes out it is being replaced by my cock. Of course if you are ready now, I am quite willing to oblige."

Hyde surrendered and simply whimpered.

The End

MMOM 18 - The Purity of Perfection

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde

Rating: R

Warnings: wanking

Summary: Gackt is considering his body and his life.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,215

Standing in front of a full length mirror naked was probably not something most people did, but for Gackt it had become something of a habit. He'd been to the spa only the previous day and everything was just about perfect, no hair where there shouldn't be hair, no blemishes; nothing to mar his smooth skin and yet still he looked. He examined himself for anything out of place, anything not just right and he could not help imagining what other people saw when they looked at him.

Did they see a plastic mannequin put on display for them? A clothes horse paraded out into the lime light for the photographers and then wound up to sing for them like some giant toy?

Sometimes that's how he felt.

It wasn't that he didn't love his life, he had worked hard to be where he was and he loved to sing, to perform, but sometimes being perfect was difficult. He always had the latest fashions when a lot of the time he would have preferred just to wander round in an old pair of jeans and a comfortable shirt; his hair was always perfectly arranged when sometimes he wished he could just fall out of bed and not bother; and his life was all carefully planned when just occasionally he wished he could simply go for a walk and be completely anonymous.

He wouldn't change who he was, it was just that occasionally he would have liked to be able to step out of being Gackt the rock star and into just being Gackt. A holiday from being famous.

He smiled to himself at his ridiculous ideas; he could just imagine his ego if he went out and not a single person recognised him. Of course very few people ever saw him like this and those that did were mostly the significant friends who did look at him as just Gackt.

The moments in front of the mirror were his bow to nervousness, his acknowledgement of his need to make sure that he was perfect, even under the clothes. He was not scared of showing off his body, but every now and then he liked to make sure what he was showing off was worth seeing. However, there was only one person he really enjoyed showing off for; one pair of eyes before which he felt completely naked. Even without clothes, he always pulled a cloak of persona around him, whether he was the goofy friend at the spa, the professional hurriedly stripping down to change costumes or the superstar posing for a magazine shoot, he was never completely open. Only one person could peel away every layer and see his soul.

Letting his eyes run up and down his body, he tried to see what his love saw. The man he loved; the one who meant everything to him even though the world would never know and would never understand; under his gaze he was truly naked. His love always told him he was beautiful, always worshiped him with his gaze, but what was more important was that there was nothing hidden. His love

always knew what he was thinking just by looking at him; he could read every nuance of his body language and tell instantly what was really Gackt and what was persona for the masses.

They would have long conversations on the phone when they couldn't be together and discuss what they had been doing. If he had appeared on TV they would talk and his love would laugh at the cracks in his armour when he failed to curb his enthusiasm about something. He could hide nothing from the one who had his heart and it had been a very long time since he had wanted to.

Under his love's attention he felt truly desired.

As he looked at himself in the mirror, he could not help remembering the last time they had been together. It had been a rushed meeting, a frantic crossing of paths in a hotel room as he went one way and his love went the other in their frenetic lives. He felt his body stirring as he recalled the almost desperate removal of clothes, the animalistic desire that had almost destroyed one of his favourite shirts. They had been wild, both pumped up from a crazy work schedule with screaming fans, both full of desire for the other.

He watched himself closely, seeing his body react as he let his mind fill with the recollections of touches, smells, feelings from that meeting. He always remembered them so clearly, each one ingrained on his memory as if at those times in his life he was so alive that they were impossible to forget. His body remembered too and his cock twitched as it slowly hardened. He could feel the blood pumping and the arousal building and he ran his hand down over his stomach, fingers splayed, until they reached his cock.

No one had ever engaged him like his love, made his physical desires so totally in tune with his mental ones that they blended so perfectly. He could become hard just by thinking about the energy in his love, the heat in his love's dark eyes and, as he wrapped his hands around his cock, he had so much more in his mind's eye to fill him with desire.

For his true friends he would do anything, including laying down his life if it was ever necessary; he never gave only part of himself. For his love he would give his soul.

The arousal in him burned.

He had loved before, loved and lost and found that their love was not as deep as his own, but in this he knew that what he felt was returned. Their lives were such that they could never have just them, never be simply a couple, but that didn't matter. When they were together the rest of the world didn't exist; they were each other's escape and Gackt had no doubts that they would continue to be until one of them died. Some would probably have called him an idiot for that belief; the world of fame was so temporary, but even as he felt the physical gratification of touching himself, he believed it was true with every fibre of his being.

He stoked himself firmly now and fast, needed some physical acknowledgement of what he was seeing in his mind's eye, of what he was feeling. Nothing could touch him so deeply as one memory of his love and he pushed himself to completion with a single moment from their last meeting remembered with perfect clarity. He came with the name of the love of his life on his lips and an image of him in his heart and mind.

Looking at himself in the mirror he saw aesthetic perfection created by hard work, sacrifice and the expertise of many people, in his heart he knew true perfection created by love, desire and kindred spirits.

His mobile rang, interrupting his thoughts and he picked it up with his clean hand. When he saw the caller ID he smiled.

"Moshi, moshi, Hyde-chan," he said warmly as he put the phone to his ear; "I was just thinking about you."

The End

MMOM 20 - On Three

Pairing: Hyde/Gackt

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, phone sex

Summary: Hyde is stuck at the recording studio and has to call Gackt to cancel their date.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,967

Hyde crept out of the studio as quietly as he could; they had been recording all day and Tetsu was keeping them all night, because they hadn't quite found the sound their leader wanted. Tetsu could be a right little warlord when he wanted to be, but, since Hyde knew he was just as bad when recording his solo stuff, he wasn't about to say anything to Tetsu's face. The main problem was that he was supposed to have been going out with Gackt that evening with the promise of hot, passionate sex and now he had to phone and cancel.

The way Tetsu was, they weren't going to get a proper break for hours; not even Ken's whining about cigarettes was going to help, because smoking breaks were being dealt out with military timing and regimen. Ken could smoke and play at the same time and had done so on many, many occasions, but Tetsu seemed to be feeling very pissy, because anything but music had been banned from the studio. Tetsu had given them five minutes, no more, to drink, smoke and do whatever else they might need to do before returning to work, which was why Hyde was sneaking off to somewhere quiet.

He speed dialled Gackt's number and waited for his lover to pick up.

"Moshi, moshi, Hyde-chan," Gackt greeted in cheerful tones almost straight away.

"Gatchan," Hyde replied, delighted to hear his friend and lover's voice, even if it was over the phone, "I am very sorry, but I will not be able to make our date tonight. Tetchan has us locked in the studio and no amount of pleading is going to make him see sense. I expect to be still here at breakfast tomorrow."

"Ah," Gackt replied, in a tone that for anyone else would have been completely neutral, but to Hyde meant that his lover was rather disappointed.

"I will make it up to you tomorrow if you are free," Hyde said quickly.

He was supposed to have been going to a party with the rest of the band, but after one of Tetsu's almost psychotic recording episodes none of them would be going near it.

"I believe that can be arranged," Gackt said, sounding a little brighter, "we do not have a chance to see each other often enough."

"Tell me about it," Hyde replied, glad that they had settled that so easily. "I was so looking forward to tonight."

"As was I," Gackt replied, "and now I will have to sit in the dark alone and watch old PVs to keep myself company."

Hyde laughed; Gackt really wasn't that overdramatic, but his lover was very good at pretending to be.

"And I will be stuck in a studio with a mental bassist while suffering the worse case of blue balls known to man," Hyde countered in kind.

Which may have also been a little over dramatic, but wasn't that far from the truth.

"You have a small problem then, Hyde-chan?" Gackt asked in an almost innocent tone.

"Firstly, it's not small," Hyde replied just to maintain his male pride, "and secondly, yes I've been hard every time I've thought about tonight all day and now I can't do anything about it."

"My poor, Hyde-chan," Gackt replied, voice having dropped a few levels, and it slowly dawned on Hyde that Gackt was now using his bedroom voice, "that is just not fair."

Those tones always went straight to Hyde's cock and he felt himself becoming hard almost instantly. Embarrassing erections had been something he had thought he'd left behind with being a teenager until he'd started seeing Gackt. Gackt just did something to him, reached right into him and flicked his switch to on, on and more on, no matter the time or place.

"I hope you don't plan to hang up now," he said, as all plans of sneaking back to the studio quickly left him; "because I'm in rather an awkward position."

"I would never abandon you," Gackt replied, still in that incredible sexy voice, "and I cannot leave you in such a predicament when it is clearly my fault."

Sometimes Hyde loved Gackt, other times he wanted to worship at his lover's feet. Phone sex was not something he had expected this time, but it was something they were both very good at, since they spent a lot of their time to each other on the phone when on different continents. Hyde would have been perfectly happy to admit that he was obsessed with Gackt had he been able to tell anyone.

"Oh god, Gatchan," he said, leaning back against the wall and rubbing his hand over the bulge in his trousers, "you know how much I love you, right?"

"Of course, Hyde-chan," Gackt replied, tone very warm as well as very sexy, "which is why I could not possibly leave you as you are. It would be a crime not to satisfy you, My Love."

Hyde thought he might have melted at that and been instantly reformed again with an even greater ache in his groin.

"I was about to step into the shower when you called, Hyde-kun," Gackt told him in that dark velvety voice, "and I am standing here naked and hard for you."

The mental image was so clear in his head that for a moment Hyde considered trying to reach out and touch. He had every inch of Gackt's body committed to memory and, with his lover in his head, he stroked his erection through his clothes and gave a small breathy moan.

"That is just how I like to hear you," Gackt told him in that wonderfully mellow, sexy tone; "I want you to come undone for me. Touch yourself for me, Hyde-chan, let me hear what you sound like when you think of me."

It was difficult to undo his trousers with only one hand, but Hyde managed it very quickly, dipping his hand into his underwear and wrapping his fingers around his cock as fast as humanly possible. He moaned again as his dick throbbed in response and sent the most wonderful sensation through his crotch.

"Gatchan, I could go right now, just imagining you," he said, enjoying every moment of this little game.

"I can hear it in your tone," Gackt replied, sounding pleased, "but you won't come yet, Hyde-chan, not until I tell you."

Just that idea made Hyde whine in the back of his throat and push his underwear down to get a better grip on his cock. When Gackt was commanding, it sent messages to every erogenous zone in his body. Most of his friends knew him as something of a control freak, but with Gackt he sometimes liked to give that up.

"Not until you tell me," he whispered, fisting himself, but knowing he was not the one dictating this even though it was his fingers on his cock.

"Stroke yourself slowly for me, Hyde-chan," Gackt told him in tones that could have made him come on the spot, "and let me listen to you moan while I run my hand over my aching cock."

That was one request Hyde had no trouble complying with, since the very idea made him groan and pant and make all sorts of interesting noises that he was very glad he did not have to explain to anyone else. Passion was one of the things that underlay their relationship and he could feel that passion now. They were connected by an invisible microwave signal, but it was as if they were in the same room.

"Harder, Hyde-kun," Gackt urged him on and he couldn't have stopped if he'd wanted to.

The rest of the band could have found him and he still wouldn't have taken any notice. In his mind he was with Gackt and when he was with Gackt, Gackt had all of his attention. He moaned wantonly; he was so close.

"Are you ready, My Love?" Gackt's voice was low and commanding. "I want you to come for me when I count to three."

Hyde moaned again low in his throat; one day Gackt was going to kill him.

"Do you understand, my Hyde-chan?"

"Yes," he groaned back, fist moving rapidly on his body.

"On three, Hyde-chan," Gackt told him and he could feel himself so close to the edge.

"One."

Gackt's voice always had the most incredible power over him and Hyde knew his body was teetering on the knife edge of orgasm.

"Two."

The slow count was driving him insane. The pressure in his balls was almost unbearable and yet he was well aware that his body would respond to Gackt's timetable.

"Three."

It was like connecting him to the mains; he bucked into his hand, shooting his seed all over his fist with Gackt's name on his lips. His whole body was alight with pleasure and release and the phone stayed glued to his ear more by reflex than planning. No one else had ever made him come like that even while he was actually in their presence and Gackt was definitely the only person who could make him lose control in such a spectacular manner over the phone.

Slowly he slid down the wall, breathing hard and trying to rediscover sensible thought.

"Gatchan, you're amazing," he said eventually, just sitting on the floor and doing his best to make his breathing come under control; "and I promise I will pay you back tomorrow evening."

"Of that I have no doubt, Hyde-chan," Gackt replied, tone warm and completely normal; "you are a very fair person."

As ever, Hyde was staggered by Gackt's control; to go from smouldering sexy voice to normal like that was quite incredible, but then he had meant what he said.

"I love you," was all he could think to say.

"And I you," Gackt replied and he could hear the smile in his lover's voice, "but I'm afraid I must go now. Belle is waiting for her food and has been very patient with us while we have been on the phone."

"I thought you said you were about to take a shower?" Hyde replied as his brain decided to kick start at possibly the wrong moment.

"I lied," Gackt told him in such a way that it made him giggle.

He was sure Gackt was going to turn him into a teenage school girl at some point.

"Then I owe you even more," he replied; "thank you, Gatchan, I will see you tomorrow."

"I look forward to it, Hyde-chan," his lover replied; "until then."

"Bye," Hyde said and pulled the phone away from his ear.

He wasn't sure he could walk yet, so he decided to sit there for a little while to recover.

====

Hyde all but bounced back into the studio; he was now raring to go. He was of course ten minutes late because it had taken him that long to put himself back together, but he really didn't care.

"Hyde-kun, what have you been doing?" Tetsu said, glaring at him in only the way Tetsu could when in his current mood. "We have been waiting for you."

"Having phone sex," Hyde said in a completely unrepentant tone, "it was very satisfying."

Ken and Yuki both looked incredibly amused by that answer and Tetsu didn't appear to know what to say to it. It was clear that Tetsu didn't know if he was serious or not, which was just the way Hyde liked their group leader.

"Are we going to start then?" he asked in a perfectly innocent tone, as he took his place at the microphone.

Tetsu really did look perplexed, so he smiled sweetly at his friend; that made Tetsu frown darkly.

"On three," Tetsu said and Hyde almost died laughing.

The End

MMOM 24 - Wouldn't you like to take me home?

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, cross dressing, bad language

Summary: Girls with pigtails in car parks late at night are usually a recipe for headlines, but not in this case.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,619

Gackt looked over to his car and was rather annoyed to see someone leaning against it. He only hoped it wasn't a fan, but, from the back view, he could see pigtails and a school uniform, so he didn't hold out much hope. How a fan had made it past the security around the studio he had no idea, or why they would be there at nearly midnight; it really wasn't something he needed right at that moment. He just wanted to go home and do something other than be Gackt: star for a while.

Plastering a neutral expression on his face, he walked towards his car and decided how best to ask the girl to please not lean against the vehicle. He didn't like anyone touching his car and he could just imagine the scuff marks the ... his thoughts stopped as he walked round the car to see a very short skirt over some very shapely legs. It did not look like a normal school uniform and he wondered if he should call security. Skirts that short were usually trouble. However the girl in the short skirt was so tiny, with long dark hair falling over her face where it wasn't in the ribbon tied bunches, he would have felt silly calling for security to remove such a small threat.

Once again he schooled his features and walked forward.

"Good evening," he said politely, not yet opening the car, "can I help you."

The girl gave a small giggle, turning her head towards him, but not revealing her face from behind the hair. Gackt felt something akin to recognition; there was something familiar about the girl, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out where from. The little blouse was tied up over a flat stomach and the edges of a little lace bra were showing where it was opened very low and Gackt did not make a habit of chatting up girls in such outfits, but something was nagging at him.

"If you would not mind moving, I would like to go home please," he said, hoping that polite and to the point would work.

For a moment he thought it had worked when the girl pushed herself away from the car, but then she paused, standing next to the driver's door.

"Wouldn't you like to take me home as well?"

Gackt froze; that was not a female voice even though it was soft and lilting in an imitation of a woman. He knew it was not a female voice, because he recognised it, and, when the "girl" looked over at him properly, head cocked coyly to one side, he felt his mouth going dry. There was delicate makeup on the eyes and a light pink gloss on the lips, but the face he was looking at was very familiar.

"I can make it worth your while," the "girl" said, stepping towards him with a mischievous little smile.

He was so surprised, that his companion made it all the way to where he was standing and was running one finger down his shirt, flicking over each button before he gathered enough wits to do anything.

"Hyde-kun?" he asked, completely shocked.

"You can call me Hi-chan," Hyde said, blinking at him almost innocently; "I have always wanted to meet you, Gackt-sama."

Gackt was not usually slow, but it was only then that his brain recovered enough to catch up and he figured out the game.

"I am pleased to meet you, Hi-chan," he replied in a polite, but neutral tone, "however, I really must be going home."

Hyde moved very subtly when he attempted to step round his friend and often times lover and prevented him moving past.

"I would be very grateful to ride with you," Hyde said, looking anything but innocent, "in fact I could be grateful now if you would permit me."

Hyde reached out to touch him again, this time fingers coming to rest on the belt of his trousers. Gackt knew he was the last to leave, the only people left in the building were security and the CCTV camera would only be barely picking them up. Knowing Hyde, security had been paid to look the other way as well.

"I really am in a hurry," Gackt said, still in a pleasant tone, but deciding that he would play hard to get.

Hyde's hand moved lower, brushing every so lightly over his crotch. It sent little shots of electricity through him, but he remained passive, even though he could feel the blood beginning to pump into his cock. Hyde really was beautiful as his lover looked up at him through long eyelashes.

"Do you not desire me, Gackt-sama?" Hyde asked, fingers moving back and lingering over his slowly growing erection. "It would make me very happy to do anything for you."

Gackt let himself smile just a little and Hyde must have taken that as a signal to become bolder because the pressure on his groin grew.

"And what exactly is anything?" he asked, really beginning to warm to the game.

Hyde was very good at role play, as Gackt had found out on several occasions, but this was probably the most daring. He found it exciting, especially since they were technically in a public place.

"The moment you lead me into your house, Gackt-sama, I will fall to my knees," Hyde said in a low, seductive voice and Gackt felt his belt being released. "I will take your hard member from your clothes," as if to illustrate he found his fly being undone and his trousers being opened, "and then I will take you in my mouth and suck you until you beg me to stop."

Hyde's hand snaked into his underwear, rubbing slowly, and it took a lot for him to maintain his composure. Only years of standing in front of cameras pretending

to be stoic when he wanted to laugh like a loon or snigger with glee saved him from moaning in wanton abandon.

"And why would I do that?" he asked, voice tighter than normal, but refusing to give in to the wonderful sensation Hyde's fingers were causing.

"Because after that, Gackt-sama," the way Hyde said his name like that was sending all sorts of signals around his body, "I will slowly take off my panties," Hyde continued to speak, rubbing more firmly, "I will lead you into the lounge and I will lean over the back of the couch so that you can fuck me as hard as you like."

Such harsh language out of such an innocently made up mouth caused his cock to throb even harder. Hyde really knew the way through his defences.

"I have prepared myself for you, Gackt-sama," Hyde said, leaning in to him and doing something with the head of his cock that made Gackt's composure finally crack.

He moaned as Hyde used guitarist's fingers to their utmost and Gackt felt himself becoming even more aroused. The mental image of Hyde spread out before him over the back of his couch, ready and waiting, was just too much. How he was going to survive the drive back to his Tokyo residence he had no idea; he wanted to throw Hyde over the bonnet of his car and fuck his lover there and then. Even the little voice in the back of his head screaming about the paintwork wasn't helping.

"I can satisfy you, Gackt-sama," Hyde told him, still playing with his cock, "will you please take me home?"

And then Hyde dropped to one knee so suddenly that Gackt was taken by surprise; he felt air on his cock and then warmth around the head and his system seemed to be way ahead of his brain. To his shock he felt his hips buck once and he was coming. He was so honestly surprised that he just stood there gasping as Hyde made sure he was very clean by virtually devouring him. He had always known Hyde was good, but he'd never realised Hyde was that good. Usually he was very much in control of his own body, but that had to have been the most unexpected orgasm of his life.

He was still dazed when Hyde stood up, put him back in his trousers and demurely straightened the obscenely short skirt. The little satisfied smile on Hyde's face would almost have been endearing if Gackt hadn't known what his lover was smiling about.

"I drive quite well, Gackt-sama," Hyde said, maintaining the image perfectly.

That shook him out of the haze and he raised one eyebrow.

"I drive very well, thank you," he said, quickly zipping his trousers back up and straightening his belt.

"You were just looking a little dazed, Gackt-sama," Hyde told him with another tiny smile.

Gackt looked at his lover levelly.

"I am fine," he said in a pointedly tone, "and I am not sure I wish to have you in my car."

Two could play the tease your partner game.

A lovely pout appeared on Hyde's face.

"Are you sure, Gackt-sama?" was the next question and Gackt couldn't help but look as Hyde played with the hem of the short skirt making it even shorter.

He could see the edge of what looked very like little frilly panties, little white frilly panties with tiny pink flowers. Hyde was definitely looking to be screwed into the middle of the next week as Gackt felt his body trying to respond again even after only such a short at time. The drive back would give him just about enough time to recover properly.

"Get in the car," he said, because he already knew he'd lost this battle.

The End

MMOM 27 - Frustration

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, toys

Summary: Hyde is about to have a lesson in control.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,236

Hyde had had Gackt pegged as a controlling bastard from the moment he had met him; like knows like after all, but this really was the limit. Gackt had taken advantage of the fact that he was a very heavy sleeper when he was tired and he'd woken up tied to the bed. They had both been exhausted the previous evening, so, even though they only had a couple of days in their secret hideaway when no one would come looking for them they had elected to sleep, rather than have sex.

It wasn't the first time Hyde had been tied to the bed; that wasn't what was bothering him, it was the fact that he hadn't been asked and hence had had no say in the matter. Well, that coupled with the fact that he had also woken alone a good half an hour previously and so far there had been no sign of Gackt, no matter how loud he yelled. If truth be told, waking up tied to the bed had been kind of exciting, but being left there to stew definitely wasn't.

He was going to kill his lover, just as soon as he could work loose.

"Good morning, Hyde-kun," Gackt's voice pulled him out of a bout of staring at the ceiling and imagining the best way to kill Gackt, slowly.

His latest idea was to shave off his lover's eyebrows, take pictures, publish them and just let Gackt die of shame over agonising weeks.

"I'll give you fucking good morning," Hyde all but snarled back; "what the fuck do you think you're playing at?"

Gackt didn't so much as bat an eyelid at his tone, just walked into the room and calmly sat down on the edge of the bed next to him. In fact his lover smiled at him sweetly in a way that, had Hyde not known Gackt very well, would have made him think that his lover was kind of absent. The problem was, was that expression didn't mean Gackt was unaware of what was going on, it meant his lover was calmly carrying out a plan that nothing and no one could redirect him from.

"I assure you," Gackt said pleasantly, "that you will enjoy this; eventually."

As if to illustrate, Gackt ran a finger down his chest, taking the light sheet that was his only cover with it and only stopping just above his waist.

"But you must be patient, and you must do as you are told," Gackt told him simply.

Hyde was not really one for obeying orders, but, if there was one thing he knew about his lover, it was that, when Gackt said things in that tone, they were completely true and very much heartfelt. It was a conundrum and Hyde was not sure what to do. He really, really did not like being this far out of the control loop and he definitely didn't like the fact that Gackt had not remotely consulted him

about this, but, if the way his cock was beginning to stir was any indication, his body knew Gackt better than his head did at that moment.

"Define enjoy," he decided that he needed more information.

"You will come so hard you might even pass out," Gackt promised without the slightest trace that there was any exaggeration going on.

The throb that sent to his groin almost decided Hyde on his course of action.

"And if I say I want nothing to do with it you'll let me go now?" he hedged.

"Of course," Gackt replied with a nod, "although I would be most disappointed that you did not trust me."

That was hitting below the belt and Hyde closed his eyes, knowing that he was defeated. Gackt could be such a sneaky bastard sometimes.

"What do I have to do?" he asked, opening his eyes again and looking at his lover.

Gackt gave him a smile that was almost worth the whole thing.

"You need to be sitting up a little more," Gackt told him, "and I'll have to loosen the restraints, so if you'll behave and let me do that it will be a good start."

"I'll behave," he replied, even though it was the last thing he wanted to do.

Gackt then proceeded to loosen where his arms were tied, propped him up a little on some pillows and then refastened the restraints, so that he was held in place. He could now see the whole room without bending his neck awkwardly, but he had no idea why.

"Now open your mouth," Gackt said in as pleasant a tone as ever, so pleasant in fact that Hyde did as he was asked without thinking about it.

That was why he was rather shocked when a leather gag was pushed into his mouth. The shock lasted for about ten seconds before he began protesting, but of course all that came out was an unintelligible mumble. When Gackt stood up and walked away while he was still protesting, he protested louder, but any sound was muffled to such an extent that it was mostly pointless.

"I am sorry, Hyde-kun," Gackt apologised while moving an ornate wooden chair from the side wall to the end of the bed, "but I do not think you will be able to keep quiet, and I wish you to be watching, not talking."

He would have told Gackt what he thought about that idea, even through the gag, but, just as he was about to, Gackt calmly unbelted the robe and took it off. That left Gackt completely naked and, even though he was intimately familiar with his lover's body, Gackt was quite frankly breathtakingly beautiful naked and Hyde found himself staring despite himself.

He was still staring when Gackt folded the robe over the back of the chair and almost demurely sat down, however there was nothing demure about the way Gackt then sat back and spread his legs. Hyde's mouth would have dropped open if it hadn't already been open and, when Gackt looked directly at him, he felt his cock stirring into full life.

Gackt didn't say a thing, just calmly reached down and brushed each of his hands up the inside of the respective leg. Hyde couldn't help but watch every movement and he found himself holding his breath in anticipation and breathed out noisily through his nose as Gackt slowly began to stroke himself. He felt his arousal building in equal measure with Gackt's as his lover's cock slowly expanded into full hardness. Usually he was far too involved in proceedings to be able to simply watch and he found himself fascinated.

The nickname of Magnum might have become a joke among the fans, but Gackt was definitely very well endowed; Hyde had had trouble walking several times to prove that. As Gackt stroked himself, it was as if Hyde could feel every touch himself and he found himself pulling against his restraints in a bid to reach what he could see. His reactions were completely unconscious and, when he caught himself, he tried to relax back onto the pillows propping him up, but, as time went on his, determination would only last for shorter and shorter periods.

Gackt was stoking himself and playing with his own balls when Hyde decided he had to say something, but in his excitement he had forgotten completely about the gag and all that came out was a gurgle. It was frustrating and yet vaguely exciting at the same time; he could not move and he could not speak and Gackt was displayed in front of him like a delight of heaven.

His arousal was beginning to be uncomfortable and he glanced at the sheet covering to see it tented. He was very, very definitely erect and he desperately wanted to touch himself. The fact that he couldn't was almost torture.

He was held in a world of arousal that he couldn't quite reach out to for long minutes as Gackt watched him looking back. The way Gackt played with himself was so completely designed to turn him on that he found himself moaning around the gag. At that moment he wanted Gackt more than anything else in the entire world.

When Gackt lifted one leg and put it over the padded arm of the wooden chair, Hyde heard the bed creak as he pulled at his restraints. Now his lover was on show to him and, unless his eyes were deceiving him, there was something on show he had not seen before. He could not see what this new development was, but as Gackt moved the hand on his own balls backwards Hyde knew something was coming. Gackt looked to be in heaven, even as his lover's eyes remained as fixed on him as his were on Gackt.

He knew the expression on Gackt's face; Gackt was close and he found himself trying to move forward again. As Gackt took hold of something with the hand that was not still languidly moving up and down, Hyde held his breath again. He could almost feel his own orgasm, but it, like everything else, was just out of reach as Gackt surrendered to his own, pulling on the something. As Gackt came, Hyde saw his lover shuddering uncontrollably as Gackt pulled a string of anal beads from his arse.

It was an incredible sight, seeing the man he loved completely abandon the tight control that was usually in evidence even in private. Hyde was captivated and desperate at the same time and he wanted to touch himself and Gackt and he could do neither. He moaned along with Gackt and pulled at the bonds holding his arms. As Gackt's head fell backwards in complete release, he whined in the back of his throat so desperate that he didn't care about his dignity.

He was willing to beg, in fact he was willing to do anything if Gackt would just touch him. That had been the hottest thing he had ever seen and, if his lover didn't touch his aching cock soon, he was going to go mad. The pressure in his groin was almost unbearable and, if he'd been twenty years younger, he might have already gone without being touched and he was cursing the stamina that came with age.

As Gackt slowly lifted his head and opened deep, dark eyes, Hyde thought he might honestly be in hell. To be within reach of someone that desirable, that adorable and not be able to do anything about it was the closest to eternal damnation he had ever found. He had no will left to protest against the gag, all he could do was plead with his eyes.

Gackt uncurled himself from the chair and slowly stood up, seemingly completely ignoring the creamy spurts all over the toned muscles that Hyde could not help looking at. When his lover stepped round the bed and sat down beside him, he could have cried and, as Gackt pulled the sheet down, dragging it over his erection, he did whimper. The gag made it more difficult to breathe and he felt light headed, since, if he had been able to, he would have been dragging in big gasps.

Dark eyes looked him up and down, making his wait even longer, and he whimpered again as his need removed just about any control he had left. When Gackt wrapped long fingers around his cock, he let his head fall back and he almost cried with relief. It felt so good that he literally didn't care about anything else. The sensation of being touched by the incredible creature who had just shown him the most intimate sight demanded his whole attention; there was nothing else.

Gackt had been right; words would have ruined this.

He bucked up into the hand holding him firmly and came harder than he had done since the first time Gackt made love to him. His cry was wordless and muffled, but no less real than if he had not been wearing the gag and he was oxygen starved enough that he did black out for a moment. His head span and his mind seemed to blink off and then on again as the most wonderful feelings took him to the gates of heaven and then brought him back again.

He found the gag being released as he began coming back to himself, but he discovered he had nothing to say and he lay against the pillows breathing hard and putting out recall messages to his scattered thoughts. When Gackt leant down and kissed him, he kissed back more out of instinct than any real idea of what he was doing.

"You looked amazing just lying there completely focused on me," Gackt told him quietly, looking directly into his eyes.

Hyde would have replied, but he found he still had no words and all he could do was blink. Gackt smiled at him as if there was complete understanding there and then began to undo his bonds.

"I thought we could take a nice long, hot shower," Gackt said in a conversational tone, "and then, maybe have a little breakfast. After that I have a new song I would very much like your opinion on, since it is about you."

Hyde blinked again.

"Okay," was about as much of a reply as he could manage.

The End

MMOM 30 - Tension

Pairing: Gackt/Hyde

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: wanking, toys

Summary: Gackt has been working too hard, Hyde is going to do something about it.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 2,228

"He's in there."

Gackt heard You talking to someone, but he was more interested in the musical score in front of him, so he wasn't paying much attention. There was something not quite right about the chorus riff and he knew he needed to change it, but he wasn't sure how. The next thing he noticed were hands settling on his shoulders and he almost shrugged them off in irritation.

"Give me a couple of sticks and I could get a beat out of these boards," a very familiar, rather sultry voice whispered in his ear.

Now he did finally snap out of it and looked round to see Hyde standing behind him. That was the moment when he knew he might have stepped off the planet for a while. He was in a creative phase and he'd been writing songs for ... well he couldn't be quite sure, but it was clear it had to have been some time. Once upon a time, You had just waited until he collapsed over the keyboard and then dragged him to bed, these days his best friend simply called in the big guns.

"Time you put the music down, Gatchan," Hyde said with an indulgent smile.

"But I just have to finish this..."

Hyde gave him a look and he put the music down; his lover of four years now might have been small, but no one could say no to Hyde. Well except maybe Megumi, since even Hyde admitted his wife had him neatly wrapped around her little finger. Gackt was very glad Megumi approved of him or he was sure Hyde would suddenly be unavailable all the time. He had been most shocked when Megumi had all but requested references when he and Hyde had become lovers. Gackt did not pry into how Hyde's marriage worked, but it was more than clear that Megumi had known all about him from the moment it started.

"Shower first, I think," Hyde decided and took him by the hand.

He was normally very fastidious about personal hygiene, except when he forgot about everything except his music. When he was sequestered in his study he only ate because You literally shoved food under his nose. Anything that could be remotely considered a distraction was forgotten, which meant he probably looked and smelt like a wild man. Very rarely did he do anything meekly, but in this case he followed along like a child in crocodile, letting himself be led up the stairs to his bathroom.

His mind was kind of absent at the moment; he'd been thinking about music so much that, now it was gone, there didn't seem to be anything left in his head. It wasn't that he felt tired, just kind of empty as if he had poured everything out of himself. He just watched Hyde turn on the shower, test the water and then come back to him and start removing his clothes. He thought that perhaps part of him

liked being looked after, because he felt rather warm inside as his lover carefully stripped him. When he was pushed into the shower he went without argument.

"Stand there, don't drown, I'll be there in a second," Hyde said and shut the cubicle door.

Gackt wondered briefly if Hyde thought he was an idiot, then he realised that he was in fact still standing in the exact same spot he had been put and, if he had been facing the other way, breathing water might have been a problem. Possibly Hyde knew him better than he knew himself at the moment.

When a very naked Hyde stepped into the shower with him and put several things onto the small shelf on the wall, he perked up somewhat. His mind liked the idea of his lover naked very much, even though his body seemed to be a few steps behind.

"Teeth," Hyde said and handed him his electric toothbrush with paste already on it, "sorry, but there is no way I'm kissing you yet."

Even in his current state, Gackt could sympathise with that. He put the brush in his mouth and turned it on as Hyde urged him to turn round. When strong, firm fingers began massaging shampoo into his scalp he felt himself melting somewhat and he did moan around the toothbrush.

He continued to melt while Hyde washed him, shaved him, dragged him out of the shower and dried him. By the time Hyde led him into the bedroom, he would have quite happily walked off a building if Hyde had told him to. His creative phases really weren't good for his residual brain power and he followed along because that was about all he was capable of doing. The problem was any normal person would have fallen asleep, but his brain had been on for so long that it did not want to turn off. He had no doubt that would be something Hyde would set about solving next.

"Lie down on your front," Hyde said, patting the bed, "we'll work on your shoulders next. You're so tense they could put you in a shop window and no one would be able to spot you amongst the mannequins."

Hunching over a piano did terrible things to neck and back muscles and, now that Hyde mentioned it, he did feel rather like he was made of wood. Lifting his arms to pillow his head as he tried to find a comfortable position was actually difficult and he groaned quietly as he did it. It was funny how he never really noticed his body when he was following his art, but it definitely made him pay once he was done. He felt the bed dip and the smell of lavender reached his nostrils.

"This is going to hurt," Hyde warned and then fingers were trying to drill through his muscles.

Gackt groaned long and hard as Hyde's hands came into contact with knots of muscle so tight it felt as if he was a wound spring. It did hurt, but in an oh so good way as Hyde's oiled fingers set to work unwinding him. Gackt had once asked Hyde where his lover had learned to be so good with his hands and had received a brief explanation about an old girlfriend, but Gackt was definitely thankful to the nameless woman because Hyde's ministrations felt like heaven. As the knots began to release, the slow firm movements actually began to feel wonderful.

"You were one big knot of tension," Hyde commented, working down his back and making him purr; "you're getting too old to keep doing this to yourself."

Gackt made a noise about that; he was not too old for anything, but he was too content to say much.

"I know you're not old," Hyde continued as if his lover had understood him perfectly, "but people over twenty five should not do this to themselves. I will not let you burn yourself out."

Gackt hummed; he supposed he deserved a little scolding. He was sure that once he was properly with it, You would have some things to say as well, but he couldn't bring himself to care as Hyde found another knot and released it. Sometimes he wondered if he deserved all the love and attention of his friends, but right about then he was just enjoying it.

Hyde massaged him from head to toe, releasing muscles that had cramped from sitting too long in front of the piano, and he was kind of hypnotised by the time his lover moved back to massaging his arse. It felt really very good and it almost made his mind begin to shut down, but not quite. When a slick finger danced between his arse cheeks, he opened his eyes again and lifted his head, humming in pleasure at the sensations the touch sent through him.

"Relax," Hyde told him, rubbing small circles at the base of his spine; "just enjoy."

Gackt didn't have a chance to really formulate a reply as he felt the probing finger slowly sinking into him and he relaxed into the sensation automatically. They were very practiced at sex and his body knew what to do without much urging. Doing as he was told was easy and he let his head fall back onto his arms and enjoyed the delightful feeling of his lover playing with his rear. He didn't really consider where the play might lead, because he wasn't thinking that far ahead.

Hyde was up to two fingers and Gackt had sprawled somewhat on the bed when his pleasure was taken away and he grumbled quietly in complaint. He was rewarded for that by being laughed at.

"I'm coming back," Hyde promised him.

What did come back, however, was not Hyde's fingers. Something cold and hard touched his entrance and he couldn't help starting slightly.

"What's that?" he asked, as the something cold pushed into him.

"You'll find out," Hyde told him, "it'll be good and then you'll sleep."

"What about you?" was his next question.

"We're worrying about you at the moment, and this is the best way I know to make you relax properly," Hyde told him, moving what had to be a toy in and out of him slowly.

It felt wider at the tip and further down and his body closed around it. Whatever exactly it was it was very pleasant. Hyde was right of course; he always felt at his most relaxed after sex.

"Oh god," he said in an almost explosive out rush as the toy suddenly began to vibrate.

Now he knew which toy it was; it had taken Hyde sweet talking him to let his lover use it the first time and since then he had been rather fond of it. It felt different when he hadn't seen it first, but his muscles still began to turn to hot liquid under the onslaught.

"Knew you'd like it," Hyde said, leaning against him, naked flesh only adding to the wonderful feeling running through him.

Any tension left in him was leaking away with every movement of the vibrating probe in his arse and he didn't even try to fight it. His body had been responding before to Hyde's touch, but now he felt his cock hardening rapidly. He moved against the cover on the bed, needing the friction.

"Roll over," Hyde said, gently pushing at his shoulder.

He really didn't want to lose any of the sensations he was currently feeling, but eventually he moved. When Hyde let go of the toy, he gasped as it moved deeper inside him and he all but collapsed onto the bed as Hyde took charge again. It felt so good as Hyde settled between his legs, leaning over him and moving the toy in slow thrusts, making it buzz over his prostate. When Hyde began nuzzling the inside of his leg, he moved without any conscious thought towards the sensation. He so wanted Hyde to touch him elsewhere, but his lover stubbornly moved away slightly, nipping the inside of his thigh and then kissing the same spot.

That was a veiled instruction to behave and so he settled back on the bed with a moan. He moaned again, louder, when he was rewarded and he felt Hyde nuzzling his balls. Hyde had a wicked mouth and knew how to use it and Gackt found his body tightening as his lover slowly licked a swathe over his lower body. When fingers wrapped around his cock as well, he was very close to ecstasy and Hyde coordinated the triple pronged attack with perfect timing.

His cock was hard and aching and throbbing with need as Hyde alternately teased him and palmed him firmly. He'd all but forgotten that any music existed except the rhythm of his body and he was losing the ability to think of anything but what Hyde was doing to him. It was liberating after such complete focus during his writing and, as Hyde urged him on, he let the arousal take him.

Time became surreal as Hyde held him down and took him to the next level. He could feel his body reaching for orgasm and the tension that Hyde had spent so long removing was building into different areas as he lifted into the touches. It was a pressure like none other and it consumed him as his Hyde played him like he had played the piano earlier. The crescendo came and he spilled his seed to the tempo of his heartbeat, lifting completely off the bed and taking Hyde with him. He tensed from head to foot and gripped the sheets as if his life depended on it and let the spasms run through him in wonderful waves.

It seemed to take him forever to come down and he collapsed back to the bed feeling as if every fibre of his being was now spent. Any brain power he had had was gone and he felt exhausted. All he could do was lay there as Hyde slowly pulled away from him, removing the stimuli on his body and leaving him breathing hard and slowly trying to make sense of the world again. Now he was tired and he let his eyes drift close.

"Sleep, Gatchan," Hyde told him, "you need it."

At any other time he would have protested, but Hyde had found the one way to shut his brain down. He could feel Hyde moving beside him, but he never had a chance to figure out what his lover was doing as he succumbed to sleep.

"Thank you," was all he managed to say as the world disappeared in blackness.

The End