

Merry Month of Masturbation 2008

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MMOM 1 - No ... Please Explain This Word

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Jost

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: none

Summary: David just doesn't know how to say no to Bill.

Author's Notes: I read the beginning of the discussion about Bill/Jost on lirren's LJ and I just had to write this :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,081

Becoming involved with Bill Kaulitz was possibly the most exciting and the most demanding thing David had ever done. The first time Bill had propositioned him was when Bill was only the tender age of fifteen, which he had answered with a very firm no. Bill had been cute, somewhat adorable, fun to talk to and a huge talent, but David had in no way fancied his young charge. He should have known at that point when he could come up with so many good things to say about a fifteen year old, that he was in trouble. Unfortunately he had very quickly discovered that no one said no to Bill forever. He had even managed to say no to Bill once Bill had begun to flower and was technically legal at sixteen. It had been harder, but David could be the ultimate professional when he had to be.

He had kept his resolve until Bill had cornered him at the twin's 18th birthday party and he'd had just a little too much to drink and then he'd had a taste of what he was missing and he'd been sunk. That was why he was currently hiding in the men's loo at the latest venue, because Bill was eighteen and insatiable and he was no longer under thirty and needed time to recover. Being on stage, even just for a sound check, made Bill horny and David hadn't recovered from the previous night yet.

"David," his heart dropped into his stomach as he heard Bill's sing song voice, "I know you're in here; it's the last place left."

He pulled his legs up and tried to make his breathing non-existent.

"I can still hear the teenage-repelling mobile ring tone," Bill said, leaning on the door, "I can hear you in there."

David banged his head against the side of cubicle.

"I have things to do," he said in a last ditch attempt to put Bill off.

The way Bill laughed at that told him he had been less than successful.

"Yes," Bill said, still laughing, "that's why you're hiding in the men's toilet. Let me in."

Wondering how he had got himself into this type of situation he gave up and reached for the lock; Bill pushed the door open almost immediately.

"You know," Bill said, leaning against the side of the cubicle and smiling in such a sexy way that David could feel his will power dribbling into his cock, "all you have to do is say no. I would never force you."

David moaned and closed his eyes; he was going to be dead before his thirty sixth birthday.

"You walk in and I forget what that word means," he admitted and knew without a doubt he could never in a million years say no to Bill.

Bill half walked, half sauntered the two steps to where he was sitting.

"I know," Bill whispered, leaning down and kissing him leisurely on the lips.

Any sense he had left migrated south at the contact and he slowly stood up, never breaking the kiss. Bill might be going to kill him one day soon, but it was a hell of a way to go. Having sex in a toilet cubicle would not be the strangest place he had ended up with Bill, but it seemed that Bill was not interested in full on sex this time, which was a blessing. The way David felt himself being pushed up against the wall and a nimble hand squirreling under his shirt told him that Bill needed a quick fix.

He had decided on 'needed' rather than 'wanted' as a description, because he had figured out very quickly that Bill was as addicted to him as he was to Bill. It seemed that once Bill had had a taste of sex, Bill was intent of having lots more and David was Bill's drug of choice. David was flattered, but he was also being run ragged.

Bill had very dangerous hands; they could go from harmlessly resting on a person's arms to darting down the front of a person's underwear in seconds; well in David's experience anyway, and they were at work now. He didn't even know how Bill managed to undo his jeans so fast, but there was a hand inside and wrapping around his cock before he could follow it. He groaned and concentrated on not sitting down again in an undignified heap.

Bill was just so good at this. Come to think of it, Bill was good at everything Bill wanted to be good at, so it really shouldn't have been a surprise. He'd known his young lover long enough to have realised that a good deal of time ago.

It was rather embarrassing to be at the mercy of someone half his age, embarrassing and incredibly flattering. He really didn't know why Bill had decided on him; Bill had told him once it was because he was the first adult who wasn't a parent who had treated him with real respect (and he was utterly shaggable), but that didn't seem to be enough. The fact that Bill declared to any and all who would listen within their tight knit group that he loved him blew his mind every time.

What was blowing his mind right then was Bill's skilful hand and before he went off prematurely he decided that it was time to act his age. No one could ever really control Bill; Bill was a free spirit and anyone who thought they were controlling him was deluding themselves, but brief moments of illusion could be attained. With that in mind, David pushed back against his eager young lover until they were up against the opposite wall and it was his turn to find a way into Bill's pants.

The soft, flexible material of Bill's rehearsal sweat pants was easy to pull down slightly and Bill giggled when he broke the kiss and looked down. Bill hadn't been wearing any underwear.

"These show up awful underwear lines," Bill said with an innocent batting of eyelashes.

David didn't believe that for a moment, but he re-instigated the kiss and wrapped his fingers around Bill's waiting erection. The way Bill moaned into the kiss and sucked on his tongue had David moaning back just as hard. He was so out of control with Bill it was silly.

The one thing that stopped him running away and nursing his abused libido was that he knew without a doubt that Bill wasn't just using him. He'd been in the industry long enough to know what meaningless sex was all about and when it came to Bill, it was never that. He hadn't been quite sure whether to believe Bill's profession of love the first time and had been ready to dismiss it as teenage over enthusiasm, but then Tom had taken him aside and pointed out what he should have already known: Bill never did anything with half his heart.

He'd then had the warning talk that if he ever hurt Bill he would lose whatever manhood he had left after Bill was finished with him. From Tom that could have been understandable, but he'd had it from Georg, Gustav and Saki as well, which had been a bit more intimidating. Not that he had any intention of ever hurting Bill; that was unthinkable.

Bill's hand was moving over his cock with deadly accuracy and he knew this wasn't going to last long, but he did have the advantage of stamina over Bill. He might not be able to keep getting it up over and over again, but he could go for hours when he wanted to; Bill on the other hand had a teenager's recovery time, but didn't tend to last long when over-excited. David upped the pace of his hand to make sure Bill would be going before him; it was a matter of male pride.

"Oh god," Bill said, breaking the kiss and putting his head back, so David moved on to kissing the long, elegant neck revealed to him; "do that again."

David was more than happy to oblige and twisted his hand just so as he pumped Bill's cock. Giving Bill his due; the hand working his cock never stopped moving either. There was something magnetic about Bill, it drew the fans and it had David completely attracted. When he was with Bill he felt twenty again, even if his body was having trouble keeping up with his mind. When they put him in his premature coffin he would have a huge smile on his face.

The little panting noises that were coming from Bill now were very familiar; they meant that Bill was very close. Applying just a little more pressure, he moved up the pace and in only moments Bill was bucking against him and making the most delightful mewling sound. The first time David had seen Bill come, he had known that there would never be another sight that could have the same effect on him and he distinctly reminded of this as his own orgasm rushed through him, despite the fact that Bill's hand had momentarily stopped moving.

Only Bill 'I-look-innocent-and-completely-debauched-at-the-same-time' Kaulitz could make him lose control like that every time.

The orgasm was wonderful; it always was, but he felt the lethargy of post sex flowing over him and he knew he had work to do. The heaven and hell mixture of loving Bill was so unfair sometimes; not that he would give it up for a second, of course. He leant against Bill and blindly reached for some toilet paper with his free hand, giving some to Bill and using some himself as they slowly let each other go. Semen stains on clothes could be a real bugger to get out, so they were best avoided; especially if he didn't want the piss ripped out of him by every member of staff between the men's toilet and a clean set of clothes.

Once that was sorted, however, he rested against Bill for a little while, just enjoying the closeness. Bill was very much a snuggler and even though they were standing in a cubicle in the men's loos neither of them tried to move away.

"I love you," Bill said quietly after a little while and David felt a smile settling across his face.

He pulled back a little way so that he could look into Bill's eyes.

"I love you too," he said and he knew that in reality Bill had had his heart since that first, inexperience proposition; it had been packed away waiting for the right time and then Bill had claimed it with their first kiss.

The world outside couldn't know, not yet, but one day he'd be able to show his joy to the world. The way Bill smiled at him always took his breath away and they stayed still, just looking at each other for sometime.

"Is it safe?" Tom's voice carried into the room and Bill finally moved.

"Yeah, it's safe," Bill called back as David watched his young lover putting himself back together, "well it will be once David remembers how to move."

David made a face at Bill; he needed a little longer to recover.

"I'm old, okay," he said, slowly readjusting himself and attempting to put his clothes in some semblance of order.

"You're not old," Bill said with a big smile and leant forward and kissed him on the nose; "you just need me to keep reminding you of that."

David had to smile; he liked the way Bill thought. He was going to have a heart attack before he hit forty, but it would be fun getting there.

Tom's head appeared round the side of the cubicle just as he had finished doing up his clothes and for about the ten thousandth time since he'd met the twins he wondered if they really were telepathic.

"You two are worse than rabbits," Tom said with a grin.

"He's worse than a rabbit," David said, putting his brain back together; "this is all your brother's fault."

"You never say no," Bill said in a superior tone and walked out of the cubicle with a smug grin on his face.

David groaned and sat back down on the closed toilet seat. Tom just laughed and followed Bill. Shaking his head, David watched the pair go; yeah, like he'd ever say no to Bill.

The End

MMOM 02 - The Things I Do For You

Fandom: Harry Potter

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: toys (sort of), swearing (a little)

Summary: Sometimes Harry finds himself going above and beyond the call of duty.

Author's Notes: Don't ask me where the mental image that started this one came from; I have no idea :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,275

"Holy shit!" Harry exclaimed and almost sprawled across the bench.

"You have a very fine arse," Draco drawled in response, "but I don't think anything that comes out of it is divine."

"Very funny," Harry growled back; "just remember who's doing who a favour here."

Standing naked in the Potions classroom was not something Harry had ever envisaged himself doing, because usually it was icy cold and there were better places for sex, but here he was nevertheless.

"I do believe we struck a bargain, Harry," Draco replied, running one smooth hand over his arse, "I think blow jobs wherever and whenever you want for the next month is payment enough for any hot blooded male."

"You love giving blowjobs," Harry pointed out, even though he knew that he never would win an argument with his partner about this, "and you never mentioned bloody cold dildos when you asked me to help."

He should have known that Draco wouldn't let that comment go without doing something and he moaned loudly as Draco wiggled the aforementioned object where it was currently lodged up his arse.

"It's not a dildo," Draco whispered in his ear while moving the intrusions slowly in and out of his behind; "it's a wand."

Harry panted and leant more heavily on the desk, spreading his legs a little; Draco was far too good at things like that. In fact he was enjoying the sensation so much that he almost didn't register what his lover had said.

"A wand?" he asked, starting back to reality. "Why the hell do I have a wand up my arse?"

"Relax," Draco soothed, trailing another hand over his naked skin and making him shiver, "it's perfectly safe. It will just make the end result more potent."

Draco chose that moment to assert a little pressure on his prostate and Harry almost forgot how to think.

"I ... don't need any help with potency," he managed to gasp out, but now that the wand was warming up, he couldn't say that he found the experience unpleasant.

When his lover of five years had come to him and begged for his help, well begged as far as Draco ever did such a demeaning thing; Draco had sucked him off until he had no brain power at all and then suggested he might like to assist, he had thought it might be an elaborate joke. Draco had told him he had been asked to make a potion of a delicate nature for a friend who was having some trouble in the area of sex; this potion required as an ingredient the semen of a virile wizard. Draco had had answers to all his questions, like why Draco couldn't do it himself; the response to which had been that brewing with one's own essence could be hazardous, and when Hermione had confirmed that the potion did in fact exist he had finally agreed.

"I never implied that you did," Draco told him, still using an incredibly sexy tone, "but I always brew the best and this will negate the fact that we had sex three times last night."

They weren't supposed to have had sex the previous evening because of what they were doing now, but when it came to each other and carnal desires, both of them had the self control of a three year old throwing a tantrum. Harry knew for a fact that Slytherin and Gryffindor had a book on where the DADA master and the Potions master would be found having sex next. At least now he knew why Draco hadn't been too angry with him.

"And tell me again why we had to do this here and not in our rooms?" he knew Draco would be very unhappy with him if he came before Draco was ready, so he was going his best to distract himself.

"Because it needs to be fresh," Draco told him, kissing a little trail up his shoulder.

"And why am I naked?" he asked the next question in his brain; at least Draco had set up a localised heating charm so he didn't freeze.

"Because I like looking at you," Draco told him and gave a low chuckle.

Draco's cauldron was already bubbling away on the other end of the bench and Harry had been waiting his turn. He knew timing was crucial as with most other potions, but now that Draco had started on him he was finding it hard to remember that this was for a reason.

"Are you aching yet, Harry?" Draco asked him, twisting the wand inside of him just the right way to make him see stars.

"Oh god yes," he replied; if he hadn't known that Draco would probably hex him, he would have taken himself in hand.

If there was one thing Draco excelled at more than potions, it was stringing him out until he was fit to go mad.

"Almost there, Harry," Draco's tone was low and hot.

When he felt Draco shift position and move around his side and his lover's free hand sliding down over his chest, he could have sobbed in relief.

"Move closer to the table, Love," Draco whispered in his ear.

There was only one thing that turned him on more than Draco talking dirty and that was Draco talking love. He knew no one else in the world ever heard such

words from his lover's mouth and he moaned in response. Draco knew how to press all his buttons.

At Draco's urging he stood up a bit and moved towards the table which had been spelled to just the right height at the end. On the table was the vessel to hold his contribution to the potion and Draco's fingers finally wrapped around his cock.

"Come for me, Harry," Draco whispered in his ear, pumping him firmly, "come for me hard and long."

Harry had long since decided that Draco used some sort of spell on him when his lover spoke like that, because he had absolutely no ability to resist. Draco fisted his cock twice more and then Harry found himself shuddering and gasping and shooting his load right into Draco's Petri dish. It wasn't the most romantic setting, but it felt so incredibly good that he really didn't care. His strung out brain had just enough brain power to be disappointed when Draco left his side, but he was far too busy riding the end of his orgasm to really care.

It took quite a long time before he began to come down and he had to assume that it had something to do with Draco's backup plan, which then led his cumbersome thoughts to the fact that the wand was still where Draco had put it. He thought that was a little inconsiderate and went to remove it.

"Don't you dare," Draco said in a voice that made him freeze.

It was the tone Draco used only when they occasionally played Master and Student and, even though he had just come, he felt his body tingle.

"Move and I won't sleep with you for a week," Draco threatened and Harry knew never to test his lover on threats. "When this is finished I'm coming back over there."

Harry couldn't help smiling; he liked it when Draco sounded desperate. Relaxing back into place, he made sure that if Draco so much as looked up from the cauldron his lover would have an eye full and then he waited. If Draco wrecked the potion because he couldn't concentrate, they'd have to do this all over again ... it was a tempting proposition.

The End

MMOM 03 - What Friends Are For

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Hints of Bill/Tom and Georg/Tom

Rating: R

Warnings: hints of twincest

Summary: Georg is not expecting the show he gets when he walks into the living room of the apartment.

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

Word count: 1,734

Georg swore to himself as he climbed the stairs back to the apartment he had left only an hour or so before. He was fuming. He should have been almost home and instead he was stuck at the apartment for another night at least because some idiot had decided to ram his car from the side. Thanks to airbags and active seats all he was suffering from was a bruised elbow, but his car was probably a write off. He was fond of that car; not as fond as Tom was of the monstrosity that his friend called a vehicle, but he had formed an attachment.

He entered the apartment quietly, since he knew the twins had said something about watching DVDs and he knew how annoying it was to be interrupted in the middle of a DVD session. Later he would vent at them and he was sure Bill and Tom would listen and be sympathetic, but it would probably have to wait a little. They hadn't had much free time lately and fun and relaxation were important things in their world, to be cherished. He almost headed straight from the entrance hall to his room, but he heard something from the living room that made him curious and he went to see what the twins were watching.

The problem was that he did not find Bill and Tom when he looked into the slightly darkened room, he found one: Tom. The TV was on, but it's large screen was paused on an almost white shot and it was radiating light over Tom's recumbent figure. Georg began to think that maybe he had returned at just the wrong moment, possibly when Bill had run out to pick something up from the local shop and Tom was taking the opportunity of being alone. None of them ventured out much without a bodyguard these days, but the local shop was used to them and the one exception.

Tom was lying on the sofa lengthways and the voluminous t-shirts Tom always wore had been discarded over the back of the piece of furniture. This wouldn't have been a problem, since although it revealed Tom's rather impressively muscled shoulders and chest to the world, Georg had seen those many times before, but Tom's big jeans and plaid boxers were pushed down as well. Tom was lying there exposed to the world and Georg found himself kind of captivated.

Had anyone suggested to him that maybe he had a little bit of a thing for their guitarist he would have told them they were insane, but he froze and couldn't look away. A little part of his brain was hoping that he was coming in at the end of an episode rather than the beginning, but his eyes were quickly informing him of the truth. Almost as if on cue, Tom's hands began to move over the flat plane of stomach towards the hard member nestled in blond hair and Georg's mouth went dry. Really he should have said something, let Tom know he was there, but surely Tom had been listening for the door. If Bill was out, wouldn't it have made sense that Tom would keep an ear out for his twin.

Of course it was possible that Bill was just in his room or something, maybe on the phone and Tom was sure Bill wouldn't be back for a while. Georg had no idea

really, he also seemed to have no motor control except in his eyes. His gaze followed Tom's movements and he felt the blood slowly begin to make its way towards his cock as Tom gently stroked himself. The little puff of breath that escaped Tom as he properly touched himself sent erotic messages straight to Georg's neither regions.

His logical brain tried to argue with his hormones as he stood there, but, since he made no move to withdraw, it was quite obvious which were winning. If it hadn't have been for the jeans pooled around his knees, Tom would have looked like some ancient Greek statue, all perfect physique and seemingly endless lines. Georg knew he would rationalise this later by the fact that he hadn't managed to get laid in quite a while, but at that moment he was man enough to admit that Tom did something for him.

He watched as Tom's hands moved over that perfect body, eliciting a little moan here and a hitch of breath there and his own body responded as if those hands were touching him. His jeans felt slowly more restrictive and his groin throbbed hotly as he took in every nuance of his friend getting himself off. It should have been illegal how sinfully hot Tom looked sprawled out on the sofa. The boldness of the arrangement was so typically Tom, which didn't help Georg's control of his own body at all.

Tom's ego had to have appeared huge to everyone outside the band, but Georg knew how much of that was real and how much was put on. Tom had a confidence about him that Georg had always admired and in private Georg had never had to complain about his friend's attitude. Knowing quite how self-possessed Tom was made Georg all the hotter. Contrary to popular belief shallow people did not turn Georg on; oh he could get off with a random girl when he needed to, but it was never overly satisfying and it happened far less than he liked to make out to the media.

The fact that he was now most definitely very turned on by his very much male band mate was a little bit of a surprise, but he was nothing if not adaptable. The voyeuristic nature of the moment wasn't helping him much with control either. The illicit nature of standing there watching Tom touch himself was making him harder than he remember being in quite a while.

As moments ticked past, Tom's movements became less controlled and Georg could hear his friend's breath becoming more and more erratic. Tom was close; of that much he was completely sure. Long guitarist's fingers seemed able to play that sculptured body almost as well as their usual instrument of choice.

What was most telling to Georg was the fact that, even though his jeans were now uncomfortably tight, he did nothing about it. He could have backed out of the room or rearranged himself, but he just stood there, captivated. All he had eyes for was Tom.

When Tom's hand sped up, Georg knew Tom was almost ready to go; he recognised the signs. It took a few more strokes, but then Tom was bucking upwards, framed by the harsh light from the TV like a spotlight, shooting creamy white droplets up onto that flat stomach and muscled chest. Georg could barely breathe as hot stabs of arousal made his cock twitch within its confinement. If Tom opened his eyes right then Georg knew he was sunk, yet complete stillness seemed to reign.

When a gentle hand touched his shoulder he almost jumped out of his skin and only just held back from yelling. Tom was sprawled on the sofa and the last thing

Georg wanted to do was alert his friend to the fact that he was there. What could have been worse, however, was that there was only one person the hand could belong to. Very slowly he looked round, scared to death of what he might see; an angry Kaulitz was a scary creature indeed.

What he found was Bill looking at him with amusement in those deep brown eyes. Bill's cheeks were slightly flushed and Georg couldn't help wondering how long Bill had been standing there as well. When Bill turned and headed into the next room, Georg followed.

"He's beautiful isn't he," Bill said in little more than a whisper.

Georg really didn't know what to say to that; how did a straight guy respond to such a question when, to top everything off, the person asking was the object's twin brother. Bill smiled at him again and it was unnerving.

"I'm not allowed to touch, but I can still watch," Bill said and sounded of all things, wistful.

That sent Georg's brain in all sorts of directions that he had never considered before; never once had he thought of Bill and Tom together in a sexual sense. Bill pulled a coke from the fridge and went to wander back the way they had come.

"If you're lucky he'll let you do both," Bill said with a raise of one eyebrow and then swept out of the room leaving Georg stunned into immobility.

Had Bill just given him permission to molest his twin?

Unable to figure out what had just happened, thanks to the fact that his hormones were all over the place and he was shocked beyond belief, he followed Bill without thinking. What he found was an innocent scene: both twins, fully clothed as if nothing had been going on, sitting on the sofa talking quietly in a way that told him no one else would understand the conversation even if they could hear it. He came up short as they both turned and looked at him.

Just for a second he considered making a run for the front door and not coming back until his brain could at least manage sensible thought.

"Weren't you supposed to be home by now?" Tom asked as if the last ten minutes hadn't even occurred.

Tom had to know he had been watching; Bill would have told Tom, but his panic began to subside as he realised it was not going to be mentioned. At least not yet.

"Someone hit my car," he said, remembering why he was here in the first place.

"Oh, poor Georg," Bill said, standing up; immediately concerned. "Was it bad?"

For a moment Georg considered not letting everything go on as if it was normal, but then he decided better of it and launched into a rant about the idiot who had hit him. He wasn't sure what was going on with the twins or what was going on with him for that matter, but that was now a topic for another time. He let Bill sit him down and then he began to tell the twins what had happened, after all, that's what friends were for.

The End

MMOM04 - Hand Solo *(I'm really sorry about the pun - Soph made me)*

Fandom: Star Wars (original trilogy film canon only)

Pairing: Han/Luke/Leia

Rating: NC17/18

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.

Warnings: incest, threesome

Summary: Han knows he has the best relationship in the galaxy and he likes to celebrate it in private.

Author's Notes: This is my sister and my husband's fault - they pointed out it was Star Wars day; May the 4th be with you. They also caused the plot bunny; I take no responsibility for this at all!

Word count: 1,566

It was hard to believe how fast things were changing now that the Emperor was dead. Of course, having won the war meant that things were less exciting than Han generally liked; bureaucracy was his least favourite thing and, since his fiancé, soon to be wife, was one of the leaders of the new power base, he saw a hell of a lot of it. He wasn't allowed to just vanish and go where ever he wanted to all the time, because he was trying to be respectable and that meant that some times he was bored; bored beyond belief. He didn't do well on the straight and narrow, although Leia was training him quite well. The old Han was turning in his metaphorical grave.

Stretching out on the bed he usually shared with Leia, he had to admit that the comforts that came with politics did suit him and, thinking about it, it was probably his need for excitement that had led him to his current relational arrangements. No one could ever accuse him of taking the easy route if something he wanted was on the harder course. Of course it helped that under her 'I am a princess' exterior Leia was just a little bit kinky and had never quite got over Luke being her brother, which made everything more interesting.

That meant that he always shared his bed with Leia and they were planning to marry and appear for all the world like the perfect couple they were supposed to, but sometimes the bed held three, Luke being the extra member. Han smiled to himself; that was why he was still in bed, hell could that kid go and where as Luke and Leia had had places to go and people to see, he was taking the time to recover lazily. The people he tended to see to help firm up the new Alliance's position usually had later hours.

As he remembered the previous evening (Luke had just come back from a rather nasty mission to one of the outlying Alliance worlds), he found that possibly his lovers had not worn him out completely. The memory of soft, womanly curves in front of him and hard, masculine lines behind him had his cock twitching slowly in interest. Turned out there were other advantages to being a Jedi if Luke's sexual prowess were anything to go by.

Han slipped one of the hands that he had had behind his head under the covers and down over his stomach, dipping into the thatch between his legs. His sex drive was almost as legendary through the galaxy as his smuggling, not that he was ever likely to be explaining that to Leia, and, as soon as he took a conscious interest, his cock sprang to life. Spreading his legs a little, he relaxed into the mattress and prepared for a nice, comfortable wank. Gone were the days where

he had to retreat to his cramped cabin and then put up with a seven foot Wookiee complaining that he stank of sex when he was done.

Luke knew the human body in a way Han had never experienced before and what the kid could do with the force was mind blowing. Then there was Leia who seemed to have a natural affinity for all things sensual even though she wasn't trained like her twin brother. Han was almost one hundred percent positive that when the pair got going they both used the force, even if Leia's involvement was mostly unconscious. It wasn't like Han had never been in bed with two people before, but no one had ever blown his mind like his current lovers.

As he curled his fingers round his cock and stroked himself slowly, he smiled again, remembering the first time he and Leia had coaxed Luke into their bed. It had been months ago now, but he and Leia had seen how lonely Luke was and they had had a long talk where both of them had confessed all their thoughts about the lone Jedi. Han had then taken on the role of seducer, which hadn't gone so well and a throb of arousal stabbed through him at the memory. He had spent a whole evening hard as a rock while trying to get Luke to open up and it had been one of the most frustrating, but incredible experiences of his life.

It was funny how worldly Luke could be in some ways, but how much of the innocent farm boy still existed in the brave warrior. When it came to sex, Luke really had been clueless; oh Luke had known the logistics of it, but the emotional and relationship aspects had been lacking in Luke's education. Han had tried every subtle technique he had known and all had been completely missed by Luke; in the end he had just grabbed Luke by the front of the ever-black tunic and kissed him soundly.

Han moaned at the memory; hell that had been a fantastic kiss. By now his cock was fully hard and he ran his fingers through the beads of pre-come, using it to lubricate their progress. Luke had kissed him back enthusiastically until logical thought had kicked back in and Han had almost found himself on the other side of the room. That was when Leia had decided to take over. His soon-to-be wife had been watching everything on a monitor in the next room and had just walked in. The look on Luke's face had been priceless when his sister had bluntly told him that Han and she wanted him in their bed.

Leia was a very impressive woman in all senses of the word. With that thought his mind filled with a memory from the previous night where Leia had been riding him, head back, breasts cupped from behind by Luke's long fingers. Han's balls tightened some more at the mental image; he was a very, very lucky man.

Spreading his legs some more, he slid his other hand under the covers as well, letting his fingers glance over his balls and then further back. He could already feel his behind quite distinctly from the evening's activities, but it didn't stop him ghosting a finger over his entrance. Luke had put more than a finger up there the previous night and his own light touch brought back the memory clearly. The best memories of his whole life included those times when he had been buried hilt deep in Leia and Luke in him. He would never say it out loud, but he liked the feeling of owning and being owned and they mixed and matched all the time, but that was when he felt most whole.

The Alliance council would go completely mental if they had known what three of their highest ranking officials liked to do at any opportunity they were given.

Lifting his hips, Han probed his entrance a little more firmly and fisted his cock; he did have to get out of bed eventually and so he needed to move things on. It

felt so good; he would never tire of sex, not with the people he loved. Thrusting into his hand, he filled his thoughts with all the wonderful memories and his mind settled on the image of Luke and Leia, wound round each other after they had left him spent. They were both so passionate and just the thought of them filled him with heat.

Two of the most powerful people in the galaxy were his and he was theirs and it filled him with love and lust and everything in between. Bucking into his hand one more time, he tipped himself over the edge, coming against the sheets and over his own stomach. The orgasm might not have been as mind blowing as those the night before, but it was more than satisfying and he lay there sated for several minutes. Getting up seemed less and less appealing as lethargy slowly seeped through him and he was almost asleep when his communicator beeped.

With a groan he rolled over, wiping himself on the sheets as he did so, since they were already destined for the laundry, and picked up the offending instrument from the bedside table.

"Solo," he said, speaking into it.

"Hi, Han," Luke's familiar voice greeted him; "we just had an unscheduled delegation arrive; Leia's going to need you in a little while."

Once upon a time Han would have complained, but Leia worked really hard, so he did his best not to anymore; not that he always managed it.

"Let her know I'll be there in a few," he replied and prepared to crawl out of bed.

"Sure thing," Luke replied and Han thought the conversation was over. "And, Han," Luke continued and surprised him; "you are one hell of a horny bastard; after last night you needed more?"

Han snorted with laughter.

"If you had your mind on the job you wouldn't be sensing what I'm up to," he countered; teasing Luke was another of the advantages of being involved with the young Jedi.

"Yeah right," Luke told him, clearly amused; "Han, I can feel you half way across the galaxy."

Han just smiled at that; he was a lucky son of a bantha, he really was.

"See you soon, Kid," he said and signed off; really lucky.

The End

MMOM 05 - Art

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Gustav

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: none

Summary: Bill has some temporary tattoo pens; what is he going to do with them?

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

Word count: 1,800

Gustav knew all too well that most of the world viewed him as the sensible one in the band, but sometimes he had to wonder if he had the sense he was born with. Buying Bill the set of temporary tattoo pens hadn't been the problem: Bill had been delighted and it had been very entertaining watching everyone who stayed still long enough being doodled on. Even he had allowed Bill to have fun and just seeing the childish enjoyment in his boyfriend's eyes had been enough to make his week. On the outside Bill was 18, in control, and could terrify the hardest record company exec with one look, but inside there lurked a ten year old very ready to come out and play when allowed.

Tom now had a very intricate Celtic knot design down one arm and a beautiful butterfly at the base of his back; that had been an interesting conversation while Bill convinced his twin to let him do the butterfly. Georg was sporting a rather odd looking panther on one bicep and an angel on the other and Gustav had a vine running all around his left arm. Several other members of the crew had various creatures and patterns over their arms as well and Bill had been happier than a bee in clover for hours.

The pens didn't run and didn't rub, but they came off with a thorough scrubbing, so no one had had the heart to object.

That wasn't the problem at all, what made Gustav think he might have lost what marbles he had left after living in close proximity to the twins for several years was his current predicament. He was naked on a bed with his hands tied to the headboard, staring up at himself in a mirror as Bill carefully considered the box of tattoo pens. Gustav really didn't want to know how Bill had a) managed to find a hotel room with a mirror above the bed and b) convinced David to book it for them.

"Black and red," Bill decided eventually and discarded the rest of the pens on the bedside table.

Gustav could only look at Bill and wonder, for the thousandth time, what he had gotten himself into.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, just a little bit nervous.

He knew Bill would never hurt him, in that he had complete faith, but Bill could be just a bit kinky when Bill so chose and sometimes Gustav found himself out of his depth. The rest of the world would probably have laughed at his predicament, but he couldn't help the fact that he wasn't overly adventurous in the bedroom by default.

"I'm going to make you mine," Bill said with a sexy smile.

Just the way Bill said it made his cock twitch, stirring back to life where the whole tying up part had made him lose a little enthusiasm. He still couldn't work out how Bill had talked him into his current position; he hated being out of control. Bill was definitely enjoying the whole thing already if the very prominent erection his lover was sporting was anything to go by.

"Relax," Bill said, climbing onto the bed and very carefully straddling him, "you're going to enjoy this."

The inside of Bill's thighs rubbed against his cock as Bill moved into a comfortable position and he let out a little gasp of air as delightful sensations radiated around his body. Things were beginning to look more promising.

"I'm trying to relax," he said, moving his hips a little and relishing the contact this caused; "but being tied up makes me nervous."

"Not for long," Bill assured him and leant down to initiate a lazy, warm kiss.

Gustav liked that even more and opened his mouth slightly, already anticipating the agile tongue he knew would take the opportunity for what it was. It had been Bill's kiss that had hooked him in the first place; even though they had been somewhat drunk and in the middle of a stupid drinking game, the kiss they had shared on a dare had brought them both up short. Bill kissed like the singer did everything else; with his whole being, and it had blown Gustav's mind; it still did blow his mind every time he was allowed to experience it.

Bill elicited something in him that no one else had ever been able to and he found himself kissing back with everything he had, despite the earlier disquiet. When Bill drew back, he made a small sound of complaint and Bill smiled at him, running a finger over his lips in admonishment.

"More later," Bill promised and pulled the cap off the black pen.

Now Gustav remembered that he really had no idea what Bill had in mind.

"Such a lovely canvas," Bill said, looking down at him, and Gustav felt himself beginning to blush.

Bill was also the only person that could make him do that.

"Where..." he never had a chance to finish the sentence because Bill leant over him and applied the pen to his chest.

It was the most bizarre sensation; much more intimate than when Bill had been drawing on his arm, which was kind of logical since he was naked. He had no idea what Bill was drawing, because, the way Bill was leaning over him, all he could see in the mirror was the back of Bill's head and he couldn't lift his own to look down his body without risking a head butt moment. All he could do was lie there and shiver as the pen moved over his skin, almost tickling, but not quite. At first it was strange, but, as he became used to it, he had to admit it was pleasant. The way Bill was biting his lip and concentrating hard was also very pleasant; Gustav was a complete sucker for Bill's cute facial expressions.

Bill looked up at him as Bill finished whatever the first drawing was and then Bill sat back up straight and indicated the mirror with his eyes. Gustav looked up and at first all he could see was the heart shape in the centre of his chest, but then

his mind adjusted to everything being backwards and he realised that the heart had two letters in it, a B and a G. It made him smile; it was so typically Bill.

"I am not a toilet stall wall," he pointed out; it wasn't the sexiest thing Bill could have chosen, but it was very sweet.

Bill pouted and Gustav forgot what he was thinking about for a while.

"I'm not finished yet," Bill told him.

Then Bill began drawing again and Gustav put his head back and groaned; Bill had decided to use his nipple as part of the art. The pen was beginning to feel more and more incredible against his skin. Everything Bill drew was etched on Gustav's memory as a sensation, but he had no idea what it was that his lover was drawing. All he could do was lie there and twitch occasionally as Bill discovered a particularly sensitive spot. The more Bill touched him and created the masterpiece, the more his cock throbbed with arousal. He had never imagined how incredible someone drawing on his skin could feel.

His eyes closed without his consent and, even as he felt Bill moving down his body, he did not re-open them to look into the mirror. His mind was full of the sensations of Bill's pen moving over his flesh and he did not want to see the masterpiece until it was done. He heard Bill changing pens and the sensation as Bill coloured in some of the designs was amazing and he couldn't help squirming, but still he kept his eyes closed.

When Bill moved himself down over his legs rather than his hips, he almost opened his eyes to look at his lover, but something held him back. He curled his hands round his bonds and kept his head back and revelled in the experience of being touched in such an unusual way. Bill drew something down over his stomach as well and then around his crotch and over his thighs. He couldn't spread his legs, because of Bill sitting on them, but he wanted to and he found himself trying to lift Bill's weight.

It wouldn't have been difficult, but he knew if he interrupted Bill's creation he could upset his younger lover, so he tried to hold as still as possible. However, when Bill took hold of his cock, he couldn't help bucking upwards just a bit and he lifted his head and opened his eyes to look at Bill. He avoided looking up, but he had to see Bill at that moment. Bill locked gazes with him and smiled the most mischievous smile Gustav had ever seen and then, as Gustav watched, his friend's hand moved in a very familiar gesture.

His mouth opened in shock at the feeling and the audacity of Bill's move as Bill signed his cock.

"Mine," Bill said and Gustav was one hundred percent sure Bill meant it.

Breath caught in his throat and he felt his body tremble from the inside to the outside and, as he looked into Bill's eyes, he was overcome by the most incredible sensation. With Bill's fingers curled round his cock, pen poised centimetres from his length, Gustav came, with barely any direct stimulation at all. Even Bill looked surprised and Gustav was stunned; the orgasm had taken him entirely by surprise and he put his head back down and surrendered to it completely. Hot fluid hit his stomach as he shuddered and moaned Bill's name quietly.

When he opened his eyes properly again and looked up, he could see himself in the full length mirror. The heart was red now around the black letters and all over his torso, curling around his belly button and his cock onto his thighs was a detailed briar with three intricate, red roses. The rose closest to his crotch and the leaves around it looked like they were beaded with crystalline dew and all Gustav could do was lay there and breathe hard as he took in Bill's amazing work.

Anyone who said Bill's soul was not that of a true artist didn't know what they were talking about. Gustav had never felt so humbled in the presence of another artist's creation and he looked back to Bill, trying to show what he was feeling in his eyes. He had no words and he could only hope that Bill understood. Now he knew he was Bill's; he felt it completely and as he looked into Bill's gaze he knew Bill was his as well.

The End

MMOM 06 - The Beasts in All of Us

Fandom: Being Human

Pairing: Annie (solo), George/Mitchell

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: voyeurism, rough sex

Summary: Annie is discovering that being a ghost is not so bad.

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

Word count: 1,767

Interacting with the real world was a very odd thing for a ghost and Annie was discovering that, the longer she stayed in George's and Mitchell's company, the more it changed for her. The only way she could describe it was that she was becoming more corporeal, well actually that was the way Mitchell had described it and it seemed right, so she went with it.

Before George and Mitchell had moved in she had been able to touch things, but she didn't really feel them. Everything had one texture, one sensation to it, as if she was feeling it through rubber gloves or something. She couldn't really touch anything and nothing could really touch her, but that had begun changing. The first time a cup of tea had felt warm in her hands she had squealed and dropped it.

Things didn't feel like they had before yet; it was still as if everything was behind some sort of membrane, but touch was becoming more real all the time. It was as if her body or ectoplasm, or whatever the hell she was made of these days was coming alive again, although not completely of course. What was improving even faster than interaction with the world was her interaction with herself. Touching fingers to skin had been just as remote as touching things around her before, but now touching her own skin felt almost normal and it was wonderful.

She wasn't a naturally shallow person, but she had been virtually incapable of feeling anything for a long time and the first thing she had done when she realised what she could do was shove her hand down her pants. It had been the most amazingly wonderful experience of her short supernatural existence and she'd become so carried away that Mitchell had walked in on her two hours later. If it had been George she might have died all over again, but Mitchell had given her one of his patented smirks and walked out again.

Never in a million years would Annie have guessed what that one incident would have sparked. It was spring and, like all animals in spring, George's wolf was a little frisky. Along with being stronger, faster and not needing his glasses at a certain time of the month, their resident werewolf was a horny as hell; so horny in fact that George's usual somewhat prudish nature went out the window. Annie had discovered this rather directly when she had heard some crashing upstairs, gone to investigate and found George doing his very best to drill Mitchell through the mattress of Mitchell's bed. Since Mitchell hadn't appeared to be objecting she had just stood there in shock and watched. Then she had found herself a nice private spot and wanked herself silly.

George didn't even seem to remember most of that incident; either that or it was being politely ignored. Personally Annie thought George and Mitchell made the perfect couple. George seemed to want the wife, kids and white picket fence even though that was entirely not possible anymore; not without a reinforced kennel for 'dad' once a month, and Mitchell was striving to be as unvampire like as possible, which was also a ridiculous endeavour, so they went together perfectly.

Mitchell was about as close to a stable relationship as George was ever going to get and George could provide Mitchell with blood when Mitchell fell off the wagon, as was inevitable. The fact that they were crazy about each other helped enormously, even if they weren't about to admit it, and Annie thought the cherry on top was that she got to watch. This month Mitchell had actually invited her along.

It was the night before the full moon, Mitchell had told her that it really wasn't fair to cause so much noise and fuss without letting her share it, especially given her new developments, and George was far too gone once the moon rose to care. That was why she was sitting in a comfortable chair in Mitchell's room watching George stalk Mitchell and waiting for her libido, which wasn't quite back up to speed yet, to kick in.

Having had a quiet chat with Mitchell after the previous month, she knew that Mitchell had been expecting George's reaction to the season and was completely prepared for it, so there was no worry from that angle. Watching the way Mitchell was leading George a merry dance around the room had also allayed any of her other doubts, because Mitchell was definitely enjoying it and making George work for the payoff.

Mitchell was already missing most of his shirt and Annie was sitting curled up in the chair waiting to see what would go next. At times like this George only seemed to have eyes for Mitchell, so it wasn't like she was in the way and Mitchell seem to enjoy the fact that she was watching.

"George," Mitchell said in a playful tone, "you don't seem to be trying very hard."

"I'll show you not trying hard," George replied and lunged.

Annie was impressed that George was still coherent enough to speak; by the time she had entered proceedings the previous month George had been well beyond speech. Normally she thought of George as the cute, slightly awkward one of the group, but right about then George was anything but cute and was oozing danger out of every pore. It did a hell of a lot to kick start the warm feeling between her legs, which really couldn't have been what it would have been when she was alive, but was a good enough illusion that she didn't give a toss about the difference.

Mitchell was fast, but George, it seemed, was faster and had Mitchell pinned to the bed in very short order. How the hell George removed Mitchell's trousers Annie would never know, but the next moment the offending garment was flying through the air. Annie wasn't sure they would ever be wearable again, but Mitchell didn't seem to mind, since George's face was now buried in the vampire's crotch. Annie couldn't quite see what George was doing, but Mitchell had his head thrown back and was grabbing for the sheet on the bed, so she assumed it was good. As she watched, eyes fixed on the rutting men, she felt arousal throb through her lower regions; god her housemates were sexy.

Watching as George all but devoured Mitchell, she opened her own clothes and slipped her hand into her jeans and under the hem of her panties. In life she had been almost as prudish as George, but in death she was far more liberated and the fact that she was turned on was more than enough to overcome any inhibitions she might have had. Stretching her legs out, she dipped her fingers into her warm heat and wiggled around a little to get comfortable. Just watching her boys had made her wet, well at least in her experience it translated as wet,

and she delved a little deeper, coating her fingers before slowly bringing them back and over the sensitive little nub that had become somewhat of an obsession lately.

It felt so good and she let out a moan just as Mitchell did the same thing. Whatever George had been doing, the werewolf had moved on and was working his way up Mitchell's chest. It was kind of ironic that it was their resident werewolf who was still partially clothed having only lost a shirt so far, but Annie wasn't about to complain as she was given a good view of naked, very much erect vampire. She really, really wished she could feel other things normally, like people, because what she wouldn't have given to be between them at that moment.

She watched as George shimmied out of his trousers and boxers, discarding them with more grace than George normally had and settled between Mitchell's legs. They were all so close, three supernatural beings with different needs and wants united against an unknowing world. Mitchell let her share this much, but if her corporeality, was that even a world, continued to change, would either of them let her share more? The heat this one thought caused in her belly had her moving against her hand.

When Mitchell prepared for these night was a question she couldn't answer, but either vampires were infinitely elastic or Mitchell had been ready for a while, because as Annie watched, George lifted Mitchell's legs and pushed into the vampire in one long thrust. She imagined it was her; long, thick cock sliding into her wet hole, stretching her just as she liked. Mitchell seemed to like it too, moaning and clutching at the headboard.

So much passion in two bodies and she could feel it seeping into her. Was this what they really did for her, pouring their energy into her spiritual shell, bringing little bits of her back with its power? What would it be like to have both of them sinking into her, moving inside of her with the animal passion she could see in each of them? Or Mitchell sinking deep into her while George sank into him? She could share and share alike if George was territorial.

Such pretty, scorching images in her head to match the fast, deliberate fingers she was swiping over her clit. They were her boys; no one else would ever understand them, no one else had a chance.

Mitchell was coming undone as George thrust into him time after time. This was not gentle sex; not careful, soft loving, it was rough and raw and she could tell both her men needed it. One day she would bring them round, one day there would be gentle, loving sex as well as the coupling she was watching brought on by primal need. She would draw George from his sweet insecurities and show Mitchell that with them it was alright to be dangerous. As they gave her life, she would breathe it back into them, and with that thought she felt electricity lance through her cells as she came. She didn't need oxygen, but air still escaped her shell in little gasps and it definitely felt like she had nerves sparking all over her body.

As she looked up, George buried himself one more time in Mitchell, coming with a growl that sounded almost completely inhuman and under her gaze she saw Mitchell's eyes go full black. Oh yes, they were definitely her boys; no one else would ever be allowed to see that.

The End

MMOM 07 - Hallucinations can be Fun

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Georg/Tom, Andreas/Bill

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: hints of twincest

Summary: Sequel to "**What Friends are For**" - Georg has to deal with what he saw and heard when he walked in on Tom.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. Sorry this is late and only just under the wire - blame my boss; he completely zapped my inspiration by putting me in a really bad mood!

Word count: 2,579

Two weeks; it had been two weeks since Georg had walked in to see Tom in a way he had never expected to see Tom, and more than that, had found out that there was more between Tom and Bill than he had ever suspected. He had finally made it home a day late, he had visited with his family and then come back and they had been hard at work since. It was almost as if it had been some weird dream. Had he really seen Tom stretched out on the sofa doing what all young men do in the privacy of their bedroom and then had a conversation with Bill about watching it, or had it been some bizarre hallucination?

After fourteen days of not even the briefest mention, he was beginning to ere on the side of hallucination. Well that was until he walked into the living room and saw Tom sprawled on the sofa and promptly almost dropped everything he was carrying. Tom was, blessedly, fully clothed this time, but it didn't stop his mind from flicking back to the last time he had seen Tom in that position.

"You look like you just saw a ghost," Tom said, idly playing with the remote to the TV.

"Definitely more alive than that," Georg muttered to himself and continued walking into the room.

He had planned on playing some video games and he had food and drink supplies so he didn't have to move again; he supposed playing against Tom would be as much fun.

"Move your feet," he said gruffly, trying to hide the blush he was sure was working its way up his face.

Tom grinned at him and did as he was asked so Georg could sit down. Georg did his very best not to feel awkward and threw a bag of snacks at Tom to distract himself.

"Bill gone off somewhere then?" he asked as nonchalantly as he could.

Gustav had disappeared to talk to someone about drums and wouldn't be back until the next day, so Bill was the only other variable.

"Andreas rang; he's in town for a surprise visit," Tom said, opening the snacks and putting them on the table.

"Shopping?" Georg asked and wondered where Bill would put anymore stuff.

Tom laughed at that.

"More like shagging," Tom said and managed to shock Georg yet again, "they'll have found a nice quiet hotel room by now."

It was beginning to dawn on him that he had been allowed to see part of the twins' lives that had previously been hidden from him. He had honestly had no idea that Bill and Andreas were anything but friends. It finally occurred to him that the reason nothing had been mentioned over the last two weeks could have been because the twins were waiting for him to say something.

"I take it Andreas knows he's just a substitute for you?" he decided to be blunt.

Tom raised an eyebrow at that, looking for a moment, very like Bill.

"It was his idea," Tom replied, being completely candid as far as Georg could tell.

He found himself with a deep seated curiosity and he hoped he was not about to step into waters he did not want to know about.

"Do you mind me asking," he started off rather tentatively, "you and Bill?"

Tom was serious now and Georg wasn't sure if he had asked too much.

"We realised a long time ago that the only one either of us really wanted was the other," Tom said, again completely open about it, "but we also learnt that we were different enough as it was and people don't like different. Look but don't touch means we don't break the rules. I started sleeping with girls and Andreas offered himself to Bill; it's a workable arrangement."

Georg wasn't sure he quite knew how to deal with a situation like this.

"So why did Bill tell me that you might let me touch?" he needed all the answers before he could begin to rationalise any of it.

Tom finally cracked another smile at that, all be it a small one.

"Because he knows girls don't satisfy me," Tom replied, pulling out a handful of the snacks and dropping them into his mouth.

Georg sat back on the sofa and absorbed that information; it made a weird kind of sense. It was clear that there was a real offer on the table and it wasn't being wrapped up in frills to hide its true nature. Tom appeared to be interested in mutual sexual gratification and Georg couldn't say he wasn't mildly attracted by the offer. He was basically straight and definitely wasn't looking for a long term relationship with another man, but that didn't stop him wondering about friends with benefits. When they were on tour there wasn't a lot of time for picking up girls, no matter what Tom like to intimate to the press, and it was an offer worth considering. However, he wasn't quite sure yet.

"Fancy a game of Burn Out?" he asked, deciding that this needed thinking about.

Tom grinned and picked up one of the controllers on the table.

"Prepare to have your arse handed to you in a sling," was the response and the challenge was laid.

When Bill walked through the door a few of hours later laden with bags and followed by Andrea, Georg couldn't help it; he burst out laughing.

"Looks like I was right this time," he said seeing as it was very clear Bill had been shopping.

Bill looked a little confused.

"What's so funny?" Bill asked as Tom just gave Georg a shrug.

"Georg thought you and Andi were shopping," Tom explained cheerfully, "I said shagging."

"Oh, we did that first," Bill said as if they were all talking about the weather or something, "then we went shopping."

From the look of shock on Andreas' features, Georg had to deduce that the twins' best friend had not been apprised of his knew knowledge.

"What?" Bill asked, putting down his bags as Georg laughed again.

Georg had just spotted that Andreas had all the really heavy bags and he couldn't help chuckling when he realised Bill was on usual form.

"Using everyone but yourself as a pack horse as ever," he commented with a grin.

Bill just rolled his eyes.

"I have packages too," Bill pointed out and walked over to the sofa, plopping himself down in the almost non-existent space between him and Tom.

"Yeah, all the light ones," Andrea said, seemingly adjusting to the inclusion of Georg in the secret.

Bill pouted and Andreas relented and Georg laughed again; Andreas was wrapped around Bill's little finger as clearly as the nose on his face. The magic that both Kaulitz twins seemed to have over other people could be scary and entertaining; Georg made a mental not to do his very best to be less susceptible than Andreas.

"Who's winning?" Bill asked, looking at the paused game on the screen.

"I am," Georg said at exactly the same time as Tom did and it was Bill's turn to laugh.

"Okay, I'm going to beat you both," Bill decided and stole the controller from Tom.

That made Georg laugh even harder, because the look on Tom's face was priceless and the idea that Bill would beat either of them was bordering on ludicrous. Bill was not the world's greatest driver. Georg shied out of the way when Tom tried to steal his controller and was very glad to find that the pout Tom turned on him was no where near as deadly as Bill's.

Bill have proven himself to be not as bad at the game as Georg had feared, but Andreas had soon managed to distract Bill and the pair had disappeared in the direction of Bill's bedroom. Georg and Tom had been playing a new game for a while, but, when Tom's leg brushed against Georg's, he almost dropped the controller. It seemed the sexual tension had crept up on him and was now making itself known. When he turned his head, he saw Tom looking at him and Tom just lifted one eyebrow.

Very slowly Georg put the controller in his hand down; the invitation was obvious and the way Bill had been interacting with Andreas had definitely spoken to his libido. The last question remained; was he ready for this?

In the end the decision was taken from him as Tom moved towards him and he let his friend crawl over him. He found himself leaning back against the sofa and Tom moved in close to him, leaning over him and facing him nose to nose. Tom's tongue played with the lip ring and Georg's eyes zeroed in on the movement. He knew this was his last chance and, instead of moving away, he moved in and he found himself kissing Tom. It was an interesting experience; firstly there was the lip ring and then Tom was far more aggressive than he was used to. He'd had a couple of girls who had been demanding, but that was nothing to the way Tom kissed.

It was almost a battle as they nipped at each other and Georg brought his arms up to hold around Tom as their tongues entered into the war. It was exciting in a way Georg hadn't expected, not knowing who was in control, and he felt his cock beginning to harden. His sex drive was decided, even if his mind was still catching up.

Kaulitz flexibility came into play as somehow Tom managed to bend and grind their crotches together and Georg's brain came to the stunning conclusion that he didn't care who was in control as long as Tom did that again. He should have known Tom would be pushy; that was part of the twins' personalities that was perfectly obvious. The only person Tom bowed to was Bill.

Teeth on his jaw line and then down his neck had him mumbling his approval and he ran his hands down Tom's shirt and tried to find the bottom. When he finally did, he ran his fingers up under the material and actually managed to find skin. Tom shivered in response and gave a little breathy moan which was more than enough reward for his effort. As he used his other hand to sweep Tom's dreads out of the way and set to working on Tom's neck in the same way Tom was working on his, he began to think that he had underestimated the effect of a Kaulitz; it had only been a few minutes and he was already addicted.

There wasn't a lot of Tom, but what there was, was wiry muscle and the damn tent like shirt was in the way. Georg wanted to be able to touch and so he found the hem of the shirt again and lifted it upwards. For a little while Tom took no notice, but, when he persisted, Tom eventually sat back and pulled the shirt off in one smooth move that revealed rippling chest muscles. Georg had never really thought of the male physique as attractive before, but the promise in those muscles had him giddier than he would have liked to admit.

Tom's skin was pale now, not having seen sun in a while, but Georg really didn't care what colour it was, he just wanted to touch it. Before Tom could move back, he zeroed in on a pert little brown nub of nipple and employed his tongue. At least nipples were something he was familiar with, but the way Tom reacted was far better than any girl: Tom almost reared off his lap. He made a mental note

that nipples were definitely a very good on button as far as Tom was concerned and then spent a good few minutes testing out Tom's.

"Oh god," Tom said eventually, pushing him back against the sofa; "I can't wait any more."

Georg found his flies begin swiftly undone after the button on his jeans was undone one handed, even as Tom somehow managed to free his own jeans with the other. If nothing else, Georg was impressed with Tom's technique. He had no chance to object as fingers wrapped around his cock and pulled it free of its confines and Tom was moving in close to him again at some angle that he was sure shouldn't have been humanly possible. When he felt Tom's cock against his own, he just about died and gave up any semblance of control he had left.

It felt too damn good to care who was doing what to whom and who had the upper hand; all he wanted was more contact.

Tom's fingers wrapped around him and he realised that that wasn't the only thing Tom was holding as his cock was constricted against Tom's. Those long digits were smeared with pre-come and slid easily over his skin and, when Tom pushed against him and up, he moaned as loudly as he could. Now he was absolutely sure that Tom had done this before and knew exactly what he was doing. Georg didn't have the brain power to drive anything, all he could do was push into the waiting hand, matching Tom's movements and pray for deliverance as sexual overload approached.

He had had absolutely no inkling that Tom could be this good; as it turned out, it wasn't all mouth and he decided surrender was the better part of valour. How long it took he had no idea, because time became measured in how much skin was in contact with his own, not seconds, but eventually his body couldn't take it anymore. Groaning and gasping and rearing up, he came and to his shame he had absolutely no idea if Tom was even close. Wonderful eddies ran through his whole lower regions and little spasms darted across his whole body and it was simply brilliant.

What drew strangled noises from him was Tom thrusting against him cock to cock another couple of times and then, which was very fortunate for his sanity, Tom shuddered and came as well.

It was only the ghost of a sound and Georg almost didn't hear it, but as Tom came there was Bill's name on his lips. Georg looked up and saw Tom's eyes dart to the side of the sofa before closing as Tom rode out the orgasms. He turned his head and wasn't surprised to see Bill standing in the bedroom doorway just watching.

Georg felt no shame and no regret; he had known what he was getting into, but the twins' situation seemed wrong to him. Not wrong because the brothers should not have been feeling that for each other, but wrong because the two were clearly meant for each other. Just for a second, as the heat cleared in Bill's face, he saw sorrow. It was only a flash, but it told him everything he needed to know. As he looked back up to Tom where the elder twin's eyes were still closed, he knew Tom would never let him see what had been in Bill's eyes, but it was there just the same. It had been fun, he had definitely enjoyed it and he wouldn't mind doing it again, but something had to be done about Bill and Tom before this drove them both crazy.

The End

MMOM 08 - The Tongue

Fandom: Bagpuss

Pairing: Gabriel/Madeleine

Rating: R

Warnings: may ruin your childhood forever! (Does a cloth toad count as bestiality?)

Summary: Madeleine might be made out of cloth, but she is still a woman.

Author's Notes: I blame this one on alyse, moonlettuce and thwax. alyse and moonlettuce wrote fic about pre-school programs and I happened to turn to Soph last night and say 'You'll never guess...!' and she said 'Well the next one has to be Bagpuss'. So I present Bagpuss smut ... I'm so, so, sorry.

Word count: 692

Madeleine sat back in her chair, eyes closed and lips open in a sigh rather than a song.

The mice had been very helpful when she had told them she needed a little privacy to 'talk' to Gabriel. They had built her a little wall of books and were now around the mouse organ with Bagpuss and Professor Yaffle keeping the two older gentlemen of their company entertained while she and her toad friend had some private time.

Madeleine was a rag doll; she knew this, but whatever magic brought her to life had imbued her with the spirit of a real woman and real women had needs. The others didn't seem to suffer from the same problems and she could only assume that something to do with her make up caused her feelings.

Luckily for her, the others were very understanding, well at least the mice and Gabriel were; she knew without a doubt that Professor Yaffle would never understand and Bagpuss always knew everything, but never mentioned it. She had a sneaking suspicion that Bagpuss "thought" a lot more than he let on and dreamed about far more than Chinamen and turtles.

Rather than sitting on his pot, Gabriel was now sitting on her level, under her skirt to be precise and rather than singing, her very good friend was putting his tongue to another use. Madeleine might have looked like white cotton down there; but it definitely didn't feel like it and when Gabriel put that long, clever, toad tongue to work, she was in heaven.

"Oh," she said quietly as Gabriel hit a particularly sensitive spot.

She was all too aware that she could not be loud; the others were only just across the room, but it felt so good.

Bringing her white cloth hands round, she rubbed them over her chest. What was inside was just cloth and stuffing, but the magic running through her didn't know that and she could feel the hint of a real woman's breasts. It was a relief and a curse to feel so real, but at times like this she was glad of it.

The tension inside her had been building up for days; at least their days, she had no idea how long it had been in the real world, since they slept for indeterminate amounts of time. Gabriel had known what she needed this time before she had and had gently suggested that it was time. The toad seemed to get enjoyment out of their arrangement, but she couldn't be sure what it was; Gabriel was a very strange being; a very strange being with a magnificent tongue.

The tightness in her body told her it was almost time and she spread her legs a little further, urging Gabriel on. That tongue sped up and in only moments she was trembling in her chair and she couldn't help the little cry that was dragged from her mouth. It was wonderful to feel so alive and she could barely move for long seconds as Gabriel slowly moved out from under her skirt. Her friend gave her a toady smile and looked very pleased with himself.

"Thank you," she said, voice as warm as she could make it.

"You're welcome," Gabriel replied and gave her a little bow.

"Are you alright in there?" the somewhat shrill tones of Professor Yaffle interrupted their reverie.

"Yes, thank you," Madeleine replied, as sweet as ever, "Gabriel was just telling me a scary story. We are finished now. When the mice are free they may put the books back, thank you."

There was a pause and she wondered if the Professor was not quite as wooden as he looked.

"Very well," Professor Yaffle said eventually, "if you are sure."

"Yes thank you, Professor," Madeleine replied and watched Gabriel hop back up to his pot.

They were a strange group, given life by the magic of a little girl and a cloth cat, but they got by. As long as she could sing and occasionally have some private time with Gabriel she was happy. Maybe one day she would understand this peculiar little world of theirs.

The End

MMOM 09 - The Things We Don't Do

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Tom/Georg, Bill/Andreas, Tom/Bill

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: Twincest UST

Summary: Sequel to **What Friends are For** and **Hallucinations can be Fun** - Bill longs for Tom, but has to settle for his imagination.

Author's Notes: Soph called me a bitch for writing this one, but I'm still thanking her for beta reading it :).

Word count: 1,424

Bill watched Tom schmoosing with some nameless girl who would be forgotten in the morning, actually before the early hours really. It was one of those nights where Tom needed fast, gratuitous, groupie sex; Bill had seen the need building in his twin all day and this situation was not unexpected. They were in the bar of their hotel which had been closed for the private party which they were attending. The previous evening had been a charity concert and this evening was the party to try and pry even more money out of the rich people specifically invited to it. Tokio Hotel was one of a few acts gracing the event with their presence and Bill had been playing at being the life and soul all evening. Now he was standing in a corner enjoying a few minutes solitude.

He would have given anything to be allowed to take the girl's place, but society wouldn't let him. No one meant even remotely as much to him as his twin; Tom was everything to him, but he wasn't allowed to take that final step. The fact that Tom wanted to as well made it all the harder, but they were strong.

Just watching Tom, knowing what his twin would be doing a little later aroused him. He wasn't really jealous of the girl, because he knew to Tom she was just a fuck; he even felt a little sorry for her, but he did wish Tom was allowed to touch him the way he touched her. He could see everything so clearly in his mind; he had covertly watched Tom with a girl on more than one occasion, and it made his cock throb at the memory.

He needed to get off tonight and he was pretty sure he needed to do so soon. The problem was, Andreas was miles away and totally unaware of his need. He was pretty sure Georg would have helped out, but Andreas might only be a willing substitute for Tom, but Bill was still a faithful boyfriend. That left him with only one avenue and, seeing that the party was winding down, he decided to take it. Putting his half finished drink on the nearest table, he walked over to where Saki was waiting, ever vigilant, and asked politely to be escorted to his room.

Once inside, he threw his jacket onto a chair, kicked off his shoes and padded into the bathroom. He was in the mood, but there was no reason to rush these things; if Tom really had been there he would have wanted to look right. Taking the hairbrush, he carefully began to brush all the spray out of his hair. Then he reached for some cotton wool and makeup remover and gently removed all of his makeup before shimmying out of his clothes. His fourth action was to take the washcloth and fastidiously wash himself from head to foot. He could have taken a shower, but he didn't want to have to dry his hair.

It took him about fifteen minutes, but finally he was as clean and as presentable as he wanted to be. He was half hard and had been since he had begun thinking about what Tom would be doing and he allowed himself the indulgence of a quick

stroke. It felt very good, but it wasn't right, because he wasn't completely in the right mind set yet.

Walking naked back into the other room, he headed for the bed and climbed on, on all fours, moving as sexily as he knew how. In his head he imagined that Tom was behind him, watching. It made his skin prickle to think about it and very slowly he stretched, pushing his arms in front of him and leaving his arse in the air, legs slightly apart. He wanted Tom to see all of him, know that he belonged to him completely, before he languidly lowered himself to the bed and turned over.

Taking a pillow, he propped it below his neck so that he could see the room properly and imagine his absent twin standing there with eyes only for him. Then he spread his legs and his arms and displayed himself to his imaginary brother. Butterflies tickled the inside of his stomach as he thought about how Tomi would look at him. So much longing, so much want finally released.

He could almost feel Tom's eyes raking across him and he knew his twin wouldn't be able to resist. If they'd come this far he knew that Tomi would follow through; that was why they had limits and there was never any touching, after a show like that Tom would be hooked. That was why Tom rarely ever watched him; Tom did not have as much self control when it came to not touching.

In his mind's eye Tom stepped up to the bed, shedding hat and outer garments as he did so until Tom was only in his boxers and then Tomi climbed onto the bed right between his legs. Bill ran his hand across his chest, rubbing lightly over first one nipple and then the other; his arousal had made them sensitive and he shut his eyes for a moment, enjoying the sensation. The one good thing about Tom only being in his head was that even with his eyes closed he could still see him.

Tom's hands reached out towards him, touching his chest and ever so lightly caressing his skin. The image in his mind was so clear that it almost felt like it really was Tom's fingers, not his own brushing up and down. His cock throbbed hungrily in anticipation and ever so slowly he let his hands descend towards his crotch. Tom's hands had calluses where his didn't and he imagined the slight roughness of those little toughened patches of skin against his own. It would be wonderful to feel those calluses, even just once.

As he wrapped his fingers round his cock, the image in his mind was perfect, so that as far as he was concerned it was actually happening. Tom worked the head of his cock slowly and gently, but firmly, just the way he liked, spreading precome down the slit and making those callused fingers slippery enough to slide easily. It felt heavenly and the excitement pooled in his balls, making him tingle.

Fingers trailed over his balls, just tickling the soft skin there as his cock throbbed from the attention it was getting. He arched up into Tom's touch, pausing as if his twin's weight was holding him down. He could feel skin against skin as if it was really happening and he wanted more. He pushed against the figure in his mind, as much skin in contact as possible and drank in the sensations. He wanted everything of Tom, but even his mind could not conjure everything he needed and his excitement built as imaginary hands danced where his own did.

"Oh, Tom," he whispered feeling his twin as if Tom was leaning over him.

It was wonderful; it was what filled his dreams and as he let it fill his mind he came with Tom in every thought.

Slowly he let his body fall back to the bed, riding out the eddies of his orgasm and letting the pleasure flow through him. It was muted pleasure as his mind acknowledged that he was alone and he opened his eyes, looking down at himself as the physical peak passed. He let go of his cock and slowly ran a finger through the creamy liquid now all over his stomach. As always when he let himself indulge, he felt let down now it was over and he sighed, using the edge of the sheet on top of the bed to clean himself off. He could never have what he wanted and he sat up slowly.

If he let himself dwell on it he would become depressed, so he stood up and walked to where he had discarded his jacket. He pulled out his phone and dialed a familiar number.

"Hi, Bill," Andi's voice greeted him.

"Hey, Andi," Bill replied, trying to keep his melancholy out of his voice.

"Tom is with a groupie then," Andi said, no question in his voice, "what would you like to talk about?"

"Anything," Bill replied, pushing away his wants and focusing on what he could, "anything at all."

Sometimes he wondered what he would do if Andi hadn't taken him under his wing.

The End

MMOM 10 - Flying to the Heights

Fandom: Harry Potter

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC17/18

Summary: Harry and Draco are partners and lovers and they have yet another intriguing site to investigate.

Author's Notes: I asked Soph which fandom I should write today and she said HP and then somehow, after a little nattering we got to this :). Thanks to her for the beta as well.

Word count: 2,542

At one time Harry had thought that being partnered with Draco Malfoy was probably the worst thing that could ever have happened to him, but, as Draco pulled him out of the way of a falling stalactite, he had yet another reason to thank his lucky stars for the pairing.

"You know one day I'm not going to be there to drag your arse out of danger," Draco commented, shining the light they were carrying through the cave.

There was unknown magic in the cave system, hence their presence, and the use of Muggle torches. Draco had turned up his nose when handed the device powered by batteries, but Harry knew it was only for show, they had plenty of Muggle things at home. Draco just liked to play the pureblood at every opportunity, even though shacking up with his partner to his parents' horror was anything but traditional. The Ministry of Magic was so old fashioned that it didn't have any regulations about Auror partners becoming life partners as well and so no one had been able to say anything when their best Aurors had decided to become more than friends.

The story of how Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy had been caught necking in their office was legendary, but the simple fact that they cleared up more cases in a week than the rest of the department put together in two meant that no one had really done anything. That and Harry being the Saviour of the Wizarding World and all that.

"No, that day I'll be dragging you out of the way," Harry said and stopped Draco from walking forward.

There was some sort of sigil on the floor right where Draco had been about to put his foot.

"I don't think that's just for decoration," Harry said and bent down to look at it.

He didn't know what it meant, but these things usually meant something.

"That's the rune for flight," Draco added, crouching down beside him, "but I don't know what that one means."

Harry turned his head on the side; he could see what Draco meant, but either it was too runes joined together or it was something completely different.

"If you turned this one around, doesn't it mean sex?" he asked, squinting at the design.

He could see Draco raising an eyebrow even in the gloom.

"Trust you to know that one," his lover said and stood back up. "Well I think to find out what in Merlin's name is going on here we need to go this way."

Then Draco stepped over the sigil and began walking again. Harry took one last look at the design in case it did something now that Draco had gone past it, but it stayed exactly the way it was and so he stood up as well. When he stepped over it, he saw something flash out of the corner of his eye, but, when he looked down, there was nothing, so he put it down to the weird light levels and continued walking.

When the rock corridor opened up, he had to stop and just stare; it was a cavern and the whole of the ceiling was covered with little crystals that caught the light from their torches; it actually made it quite bright inside. There was a pedestal in the middle of the cavern covered in what looked like more writing and Draco was already peering at it. On the pedestal was some sort of artefact that looked like a cross between a wand and an abstract piece of art.

"That doesn't look like anything I've ever seen before," Harry said, placing his torch on the ground and looking at the object more carefully.

"It looks vaguely pre-Columbian," Draco said, standing close next to him and staring at the object.

"In the middle of Cornwall?" Harry countered, giving his partner a look.

"I said looks," Draco replied in a dismissive tone, "not is."

Draco walked round the other side of the pedestal and frowned.

"Does it look vaguely phallic to you?" Draco asked.

Harry couldn't help laughing at that.

"You know me too well," he said and walked around the pedestal as well; "eventually everything looks phallic."

Draco shook his head and tutted.

"This time I think it might actually be to do with sex," his lover said, still peering at the artefact, "and not all in your head."

Harry moved a little more to the right and felt a shiver run up his spine. Feeling a little dread, he looked down and saw a small glowing rune under his foot.

"Uh-oh," he said and Draco turned to look at him.

Draco looked down and rolled his eyes.

"You just had to," Draco said and they both turned to see the artefact begin to glow.

"Oh shit," Harry said and, before he could even draw his wand, the cavern disappeared in an explosion of light.

He felt his whole body go rigid and it was as if the light cut into every cell. It wasn't exactly painful, more unpleasant and his skin prickled and he felt himself

shaking. He couldn't see anything, but it felt as if the world was going round and he started falling to the floor. What he realised as he landed was that he could feel the stone a little too well and, even as the light dimmed, he ran one hand over his legs; there was no cloth on them.

"What the hell?" he asked and tried to blink away the bright spots from his eyes.

While doing this, he felt a little more and realised that he was naked. When he could finally see again, he looked over to where Draco was supposed to be and saw his partner sitting on the floor just as naked as he was.

"Well this is a new one," Draco said and slowly began to stand up.

Harry did the same and was surprised to find that he felt no ill effects; the only thing that was wrong was that his clothes were gone. The artefact on the pedestal was still glowing and he looked around the room warily, at which point he saw his clothes off to one side, neatly folded and piled up with his wand on top of them. Without really thinking about it, he went towards them and came up about a metre short when he walked into some sort of barrier that glowed gently and forced him backwards.

"Oh this is just wonderful," he said and turned back to Draco; "are we taking bets on whether this force field thing goes all the way round?"

"It's a ward, Harry," Draco said, walking up beside him and putting a hand out to the barrier and starting to trace it towards the entrance; "please don't use Muggle references when dealing with magic."

Harry just sighed and was not surprised when his guess turned out to be correct; the ward went all the way round them and the pedestal.

"We're stuck," he said and let his eyes linger on Draco's arse for a bit.

Since they were naked, he didn't feel guilty about taking a few moments to ogle a little bit. Draco had a very nice behind and, if they had been anywhere but on a case, naked, he might have taken advantage of their state of undress. As it was, he couldn't help feeling somewhat aroused and he felt his cock twitch a little. It would be unprofessional to be thinking only of sex, but Harry had no choice but to be a little distracted.

"I know what you're looking at," Draco said without turning around.

"Oh course you know what I'm looking at," Harry replied, "and if you weren't so busy looking at how pretty your hand is surrounded in green, you'd be ogling me too. Don't even try and deny it."

Draco looked round, one eyebrow raised, which was just totally unfair; his lover knew what that look did to him.

"How exactly are we supposed to write up your over active sex drive?" his partner asked.

"You usually manage to think of something," Harry pointed out; The Powers That Be frowned on them writing their sexcapades up in their reports.

Draco was a fantastic specimen of a human being and Harry just couldn't help staring; it wasn't really his fault at all. When they got out of this they were definitely not going straight back to the office.

It turned out that was the wrong thought, as he felt more blood draining from his brain and heading for his cock. That wouldn't have been too bad on its own; Draco would have made fun of him, but it was the sudden, very peculiar feeling between his shoulder blades that had him worried. Something was happening to his back and he tried to look over his own shoulder, but he wasn't fifteen anymore and hence wasn't quite that flexible.

"Oh," he said as the throbbing in his groin seemed to find its match in the top of his back.

"Harry," Draco said, coming towards him and looking worried.

"Stay back," Harry warned as the sensation continued to increase.

Quite frankly it felt amazing, like he had two cocks or something; but it was obviously very wrong, but was self-perpetuating. He could feel his cock getting harder by the moment and whatever was happening to his back was becoming bigger two.

"Merlin's balls," Draco said very loudly; "Harry, you're growing wings."

Harry would have responded if he had been able to put more than two brain cells together at the same time. He was more aroused than he could explain and he really, really wanted Draco to come closer.

"Help me," he all but begged.

The moment Draco stepped within range, he grabbed his lover and pulled him close, dragging Draco into a scorching kiss. He could feel the wings now and he brought them round, sheltering them both in an instinctive move that he didn't understand. When the wings touched Draco's skin, he thought he might die and Draco pushed against him gasping even as he panted through the sensations. What little brain he had left in an operational state was coming to the conclusion that it was quite possible he had been right about the sex rune.

He needed contact with Draco, as much as possible, and he rubbed against his lover so that they were groin to groin. Draco was definitely becoming hard as well and even as he held Draco and kissed his lover, he wasn't really surprised when he felt wings sprouting from Draco's back as well.

"Oh god," Draco moaned, clinging to him and thrusting against him just as hard as he was thrusting back.

It was totally frantic and it was more like wild beasts rutting than human beings having sex, but Harry didn't care. All he needed was Draco and the wonderful payoff he could feel coming closer and closer. The strange artefact, the wings, the magic that had to be driving them on was all irrelevant; all that mattered were the sensations.

When his orgasm hit, all Harry could do was cling to his lover and scream as it took his whole body. Every muscle shook and every cell exploded with sensation and as Draco arched against him as well, yelling obscenities in some interesting languages, the light was back, only this time it was coming from them. There was

no way Harry could keep his feet after that and he ended up in a tangled heap with his partner. His muddled mind could barely tell where he ended and Draco began and all he could do was stay slumped against his lover as sex and magic made him tingle all over.

It was only as he realised that his erection was finally fading that it occurred to him that Draco's wings seemed to be smaller and he looked round to see the same happening to him. It was more than obvious even to his uncooperative brain that the two were linked.

"Barrier's gone," Draco said eventually, words slightly slurred.

Harry took stock of his surroundings and realised they had fallen closer to their clothes, right where the barrier had been before their loss of control.

"I vote we get dressed, leave and put a quarantine on the cave," Harry said, deciding that he couldn't deal with anything else right about then.

"Good plan," Draco agreed and they slowly tried to untangle themselves.

Harry could see that the artefact was now glowing a cheerful red, but he didn't care; that had just been too weird.

"Why wings?" he had to ask even, as he climbed back into his clothes.

It was completely odd.

"How should I know?" Draco replied and was obviously as confused as he was. "Maybe whoever put it here worshiped birds."

Harry didn't argue; all he wanted to do was get out of there.

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"What exactly did you two do to the entrance of that cave?" Davis, the current head of their division asked as Harry and Draco stood in front of his desk. "The Unspeakables couldn't get in when they went to verify the artefact."

Harry looked at Draco who looked back.

"We only put up a quarantine spell," Draco said, since that is what they had done.

"It must have interacted with the local magic," Harry added; "or maybe the cave only opens at certain times. No one knew it was there before last week and it's not as if the cave entrance was well hidden."

Davis didn't look happy, but threw the report into the pile on his desk anyway.

"Okay," Davis said, "you can go."

Doing his very best to keep his humble expression on his face, Harry led the way out; Davis had given up trying to control them a long time ago. Their report had been somewhat edited and now, almost a day later, Harry was beginning to see the funny side. He was also beginning to get his sex drive back; he had been a little distracted since the incident. With that in mind, he dragged Draco into their office and flicked on the privacy wards that they had installed after the time they had been caught.

"Let's celebrate another dangerous case put to bed by the dynamic duo," he said and gave Draco his best wicked smile.

"You actually need an excuse now?" Draco asked, giving him an equally mischievous look.

"Not really," Harry replied and stepped up to his partner, "but I was a Gryffindor, so think of it as helping my conscience."

Draco took hold of the front of his robes and dragged him forward, kissing him soundly and with enough demand that Harry knew his lover was as interested as he was. Maybe when they were a hundred and three they might be able to keep their hands off each other, but that was a long way off. It was only when Harry felt a peculiar sensation between his shoulder blades that he pulled back.

"Oh shit," he said as it occurred to him it might have been a good idea to be checked out by the department healer.

Hindsight was a wonderful thing.

The End

MMOM 11 - Rose Petal

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Tom/Bill, Georg/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: twincest

Summary: Tom knows what his having sex with groupies does to Bill, but he also knows how to apologise.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,558

Tom was anything but stupid and he knew what the dark circles under Bill's eyes and the way Bill was trying to act like nothing was wrong, but was touching him every now and then meant. None of Bill's touches were inappropriate of course, but Bill was being very clingy, so clingy in fact that both Georg and Gustav noticed.

"Everything okay, Bill?" Gustav asked as they sat around a table in the restaurant having breakfast.

Bill did a very good impression of complete innocence when looking up at Gustav, but Tom could see through it. He suspected that Georg would see through it too, given all the information Georg now had.

"Yeah, why?" Bill asked, as if there was absolutely no reason for the question.

"You look tired," Gustav said and seemed genuinely concerned.

"Oh that," Bill said with a smile; "my own fault, I got talking to Andreas after the party and totally forgot what the time was."

Gustav rolled his eyes, seemingly accepting the explanation, but Georg looked at Tom, who lifted an eyebrow in reply. There wasn't exactly anything he could say even if they had been alone; if Bill was pretending that everything was all right there was little he could do. They talked about their situation a lot; they had to really, but when Bill was in his current sort of mood there was no making him open up. Thankfully Georg took the hint and turned to Gustav and began to engage their drummer in a conversation about football. It had been an accident that Georg had found out about their secret, but Tom was beginning to think it was an incredibly fortuitous one.

When he found himself a girl, Tom knew it was hard on Bill, but he had to do something to distract himself from his twin. He had been perfectly truthful when he had told Georg that girls didn't satisfy him, but he needed that full on penetrative sex and he wasn't sure Georg would be up for that. Messing around was one thing, being screwed into the bed was another entirely.

He was going to need to keep an eye on Bill, give his twin something back to prove where his love truly lay. It wasn't that Bill was insecure, it was that their constant battle between what they wanted and what was right left them both vulnerable. They were doing interviews all day and then staying in the hotel one more night before moving on to their next destination and Tom began to plan.

Their rooms were next to each other with an adjoining door; they were in and out of each other's space so often that it was the way things were often arranged.

When they finally made it back to the hotel, Tom darted back into his room after they had all freshened up and met in the corridor to go down to eat. He had told the others he'd forgotten his phone and would see them down in the restaurant, but once inside the room he set to work.

The moment he had made it back to his room, he had ordered a bottle of champagne from room service in an ice bucket, which they had brought up very quickly. He had placed it the bathroom so that if Bill wandered into his room his twin wouldn't see it; it was right next to the large bouquet of red roses that he had had delivered earlier that day and told the concierge to have put there.

He took the bottle of champagne in its tall bucket stand and took it into the main room. He opened the adjoining door and used the champagne to prop it open, then he went back and picked up the two glasses that had been with the bottle. He placed them carefully in the bucket next to the champagne and then went back for the roses. Taking one rose, he placed it on Bill's pillow and then, using the petals of the others, he made a small trail into <WHERE>?. What he would have liked to do was take the trail all the way to the bed, but he knew he couldn't do that and he used some of the petals to form an arc around the bed. Bill would understand.

Once he was done, he left his room and met up with Tobi who was waiting for him in the corridor and headed off to dinner. He had no intention of eating a huge amount, just enough to make it look as if he wasn't up to anything and then, when everyone else ordered desert, he grabbed a banana and cried off, saying he had something he needed to check on his laptop.

He made it up to his room in record time and said goodbye to Tobi who had somehow managed to accompany him even in his haste. Sometimes he thought their security should get danger money for trying to keep up with him and Bill. As soon as he was in his room, he stripped off his clothes and threw them into a pile in the corner. He knew Bill would come back to the other room alone, when Bill was feeling melancholy, his twin did not seek company other than his. He grabbed the robe from the bathroom along with a handful of tissues and placed it on the side of the bed and then climbed onto the bed, lying down and arranging himself carefully. At which point he waited.

The first thing he heard was everyone outside in the corridor returning to their own rooms and then he heard Bill's door opening. Then he heard the little gasp from his twin and saw Bill walking past the open door to the other bed. He had arranged things so that Bill would see the rose first and then catch sight of everything else and it was a moment before he heard Bill moving again. His twin appeared in the doorway holding the rose to his nose and Bill took in the whole room in one glance. Tom could tell his brother was drinking in the sight of everything he had set up.

Long manicured fingers ran over the side of the ice bucket and then up the neck of the champagne bottle. Those fingers ran up and down the cold glass of the bottle, stroking gently, and Tom felt his cock throb in response. Bill's face was impassive, but Bill's body language spoke volumes and Tom did not need any more encouragement to begin his little show.

He moved his hand down and mirrored Bill's touch on the bottle, stroking himself slowly in time with his twin. This was a performance for Bill and it felt good, urging him to do other things, but he held himself in check for what Bill wanted. Only as Bill slowly introduced another finger, using it to run over the top of the bottle did Tom use another to stoke the head of his cock. He whimpered just a

little because that particular move drove him just a little crazy. Of course, having watched him so many times Bill knew this and kept it up on the bottle for a good few moments.

He would have liked Bill to be able to cross the room, but the rose petal barrier said everything that needed to be said on that score. So he continued to watch Bill's movements and copy them himself, speeding up and slowing down even when it was almost unbearable. This was Bill's game now and he was playing by his twin's rules. Bill knew exactly how to bring him to the edge and hold him there and he was breathing hard and panting by the time Bill finally sped up. That was his permission and he sped up as well, feeling his orgasm building even more before it exploded through him and warm liquid spilled over his hand and his stomach.

Bill's hand was still on the bottle and Tom never took his eyes off it, milking himself for every last drop of come; showing Bill exactly what his twin had done to him. Bill owned him, body and soul, and everything else was just window dressing and he needed Bill to remember that. Only when Bill finally picked up the bottle and the glasses did he move from his position and he picked up the tissues, wiping himself off now that he had been given permission. Reaching for the robe he looked back to see that Bill had finished pouring both glasses and he swallowed hard as Bill licked slowly at the neck of the bottle, removing the droplet there.

His message had been seen and understood totally and he stood slowly, feeling that Bill had him in the palm of his hand. He pulled on the robe and then walked to his own rose petal line and stopped. Bill stepped up to the other side and handed him one of the glasses, looking directly into his eyes. He wanted to reach out so badly, but that was the reason for the petals and instead he clinked his glass to Bill's and drank. This was as close as they were allowed and he held himself away. Maybe one day he would crack, but not today.

The End

MMOM 12 - Skirting the Line

Fandom: Anita Blake

Pairing: mentions Anita/Nathaniel

Rating: R

Summary: There is a fine line between stripping and porn and Nathaniel has to make sure he doesn't cross it.

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

Word count: 995

To some people it probably looked as if stripping had no rules. For the more prudishly minded Nathaniel was sure that it looked like the ungodly screaming for the debauched, but there were some rules. One of the ones that Nathaniel found the most difficult these days was the 'no erections' clause. Being semi-hard was fine; it excited the customers and was not against the law, but fully hard was not allowed; that was porn. Once upon a time Nathaniel had been able to keep himself half hard for ages, once upon a time he had had iron control, but that was a time before Anita.

The Ardeur had its effects on all of them connected to Anita and Nathaniel had begun to notice these effects more and more. That was why he was holed up in the men's room ten minutes before he was supposed to go on, contemplating taking his cock into his hand. He'd only had sex with Anita a couple of hours before, but his rebellious body was hard again and nothing he could do was changing that fact. Willing away his erection was just not working, not even the thought of Damien in a short skirt and suspenders was helping, in fact, to his horror, it was having the opposite effect.

The triumvirate was doing things to his head that he had never expected and he was definitely going to have to keep his mind off of Anita and Damien while he was on stage. Glaring at himself in the mirror for his lack of self control, he turned and walked into one of the two cubicles and shut the door. This was embarrassing; he was a professional and he shouldn't have been at the mercy of his hormones.

He was wearing a very tight pair of leather shorts and he unfastened them and shoved them down before closing the toilet seat and sitting down. This wasn't going to be long and drawn out, he didn't have time, so he took hold of himself and fisted the full length firmly. A moan threatened at the sensation as he finally acted to relieve his pent up tension, but he bit his lip and refused to let this be anything but a hard and fast wank. Moaning would give the act too much value, but he did have to pant a little.

As he stroked himself more he had to admit that now he knew why he hadn't been able to will away the erection; he was desperate and he could feel it very distinctly after having started to give in. His body was humming and he fisted his cock harder. The slight edge of pain that said 'too much' only excited him more and he could feel his orgasm approaching. He liked to picture it in his mind; it was what had helped him maintain control when his profession had been sex, but now it was a simple, gratifying habit. He imagined a precariously balanced cauldron of water poised over him with a steady stream of liquid into it. The more water entered the vessel the more unstable it became and he leant back, spreading his legs as the vessel started to overflow.

The little eddies in his muscles that told him the flood was coming were tiny little spillages from the vessel and he felt heavy and tight waiting for the water. When

the vessel finally tipped up, he felt the electricity of randomly firing muscles take over him and electricity and water was a heady combination. For a moment he forgot where he was and what he was doing and without warning the marks between himself, Anita and Damien opened, flooded with sexual energy as he rode out his peak. By the time he realised what was happening it was far too late to stop it and he felt Anita's shocked and Damien's sleepy response.

[Nathaniel?] Anita's mental voice broke through the aftershocks of his orgasm.

[I'm sorry,] he apologised immediately; he really hadn't expected that to happen.

[Are you alright?] Anita asked, sounding worried.

[Yes,] he replied; he was very much alright, just a little confused, [I didn't mean ... sorry.]

Anita could be very funny about sex sometimes and he really didn't want her to be angry with him. The last thing in the world he ever wanted was Anita to be angry with him.

[Nathaniel, what's going on?] Anita asked, sounding suspicious now, which was never a good sign.

Most things sexual were nothing to make Nathaniel blush; he had done so much that there was little to nothing that could embarrass him, but he was well aware that Anita had more delicate sensibilities. However, he didn't have much choice but to be blunt.

[I was tossing off in the men's room,] he told Anita with complete honesty, [and somehow the marks opened.]

There was nothing back from Anita for long seconds.

[Oh,] was the uncharacteristically stayed response.

[I'm on stage in a minute and I couldn't go on with ...] he started to explain.

[I get it,] Anita replied very quickly, [just try not to do it again. I was in a meeting with a client.]

Nathaniel couldn't help smiling just a little; that had to have been interesting.

[You better not be laughing at me,] Anita said in a warning tone.

[Of course not,] he replied with a mental straight face.

It took quite a lot of effort to keep his amusement out of his thoughts. Anita wasn't mad at him, so now he could see the funny side.

[I'll see you later,] Anita told him and he felt her mental touch disappear, at which point he smiled, broadly.

It was only as he cleaned up his hand and went to put himself back together that he realised he was half hard again. The ladies were going to get a hell of a show it seemed, so at least the tips would be good.

The End

MMOM 13 - Plans and Passion

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Andreas/Bill, Tom/Georg, Tom/Bill

Rating: R

Warnings: twincest

Summary: Georg and Andreas hatch a plan to deal with the twins' need for each other.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 5,689

Andreas walked into the coffee shop and looked around, spotting Georg when the bassist waved at him. The hat and glasses and non-descript clothes told him the Georg was very serious about not being recognised; even he wouldn't have picked Georg out from a crowd. Walking over, he slid into the chair on the other side of the out of the way table Georg had picked.

"Hey," he greeted, "I got your message."

"Thanks for coming," Georg replied as the waitress wandered over to take their order.

Andreas was dying of curiosity; it wasn't every day you received a mysterious text from your boy friend's friend that just said: "Please meet me at the coffee shop in Tranz Road at 10am, don't tell Bill." It didn't take them long to order and get rid of the waitress.

"So what is it you want to talk about?" Andreas asked, leaning forward in his seat and speaking in a low tone so no one would over hear them.

"Bill and Tom," Georg replied, which wasn't exactly a huge shock.

"Go on," Andreas said, not really liking the fact that they were about to talk about the twins behind their backs.

Being the best friend of the Kaulitz twins had never been easy, but he had always found that the friendship was worth any pains he had to go through to keep it.

"They can't keep doing what they're doing," Georg said quietly; "it'll drive them crazy."

Andreas couldn't believe it; he had thought Georg understood. The way Georg had been around the twins had made him feel like finally there was someone else on side that could deal with this, but it seemed he was wrong.

"I thought you got it," he all but hissed back; "that's all they have..."

"I..." Georg tried to interrupt.

Andreas has been defending Bill and Tom for as long as they had been friends and he was offended that Georg would even approach him with something like this.

"Taking that away from them would kill them," he said and went to stand up.

A very strong hand grabbed his arm and forced him back into the seat and when he looked at Georg, the bassist appeared exasperated.

"God, you're as bad as Bill," Georg said, shaking his head. "Andi, I'm not talking about taking anything away from them."

For a moment Andreas wasn't sure he was following correctly and he gave himself a few seconds to readjust.

"You've seen what they're doing now does to them," Georg said very quietly; "I can only assume that Bill rings you every time Tom goes off with a girl?"

Andreas nodded; he was always there to make sure Bill had someone to talk to or sometimes at.

"And it's getting worse?" Georg didn't seem sure of that point, but Andreas had to admit it was true.

He didn't know if it was the stress of being super stars as well as the relationship, or if it was just that the twins were becoming more and more aware of how screwed up their relationship was, but Andreas did know that the strain was increasing.

"Bill used to ring me and we'd talk for an hour or so," he replied, going over it in his head, "now he rings me and we talk until dawn. I don't think he can sleep at all on nights when Tom takes a girl back to his room."

Georg nodded and it seemed the bassist's worst fears had been realised.

"I've been thinking about it a lot," Georg told him, stopping suddenly as the waitress brought their order.

They thanked the woman and took their drinks and the pastries that Andreas doubted either of them really wanted. Only once she was gone did Georg lean forward again.

"I don't think normal rules count for them in this any more than they could in any other aspect of their lives," Georg spoke carefully and quietly. "They need to be together; it's as simple as that."

For a little while Andreas sat there staring at his coffee, thinking. It wasn't as if he hadn't thought the same himself, but there didn't seem to have been anything he could do about it. He looked up again into Georg's earnest green eyes; it would hurt to let Bill go, even though he had always known he was a substitute, but with two of them maybe they could finally make the twins realise that for them the lines blurred.

"Do you have a plan?" he asked eventually.

Georg nodded.

"One that doesn't involve getting them blind drunk and locking them in a hotel room together?" Andreas added to make sure, because it wasn't as if he hadn't thought about this.

For the first time that morning Georg gave a small smile and nodded again.

"I discarded that one probably as fast as you did," Georg replied. "You can just imagine those two blaming it all on the alcohol and then going back to the way they were with guilt added on to the top and both you and me ostracised forever."

"Oh hell yeah," he said; that was exactly the scenario he had pictured.

It was kind of scary to be thinking about changing the status quo, but Andreas knew Georg was right.

"So what's the plan?" he asked, deciding that he had to jump in with both feet.

"Well our first obstacle is Gustav," Georg replied and managed to surprise him again.

"Why?" he asked. "Can't we just find him something to be doing?"

Georg half smiled at that, but Andreas couldn't figure out what was even slightly amusing.

"That would work for the start of the plan," Georg replied, finally taking notice of the drink in front of him, "but sooner or later Gustav is going to notice. If he's been in the dark he'll be pissed and irrational; that's just the way he is. You know that Bill and Tom won't be able to hide this, not from their friends. Once they've crossed the line that will be it. Anyone to do with work they'll be able to cope with, but with the rest of us they'll forget. We do not want them having to deal with an annoyed Gustav."

That sounded plausible; Andreas was pretty sure that if they let go, Bill and Tom wouldn't be able to keep their hands off each other. The twins had two very separate modes, work and relaxation and Georg was right, when they were relaxing they would completely forget.

"What about their mum?" he asked, realising that it would be the same for their family.

"If she doesn't already know what's going on between her sons then she's not the Simone I've come to know," Georg replied and Andreas had to agree with that as well.

Bill and Tom just didn't fit the mould in anything; they were one entity in two bodies and their mother had to know that.

"Okay," he said, "so back to Gustav, what do you propose?"

"Nothing fancy," Georg replied, "I just sit him down and tell him."

That wasn't quite what Andreas has been expecting.

"No breaking it to him gently or anything then?" he asked, not sure this was a good idea.

"Gustav likes people to be upfront," Georg told him; "you must know that by now."

That much Andreas did know was completely true.

"Won't he freak?" he asked, since although he considered Gustav a friend, they weren't best buddies or anything and he wouldn't have put Tokio Hotel's drummer down as someone who would simply accept incest.

He was surprised when Georg shook his head.

"He knows the twins as well as we do," Georg replied, looking more confident than he sounded, "he'll understand as long as I explain it right. He might not approve, but he'll understand and he won't make waves, then, as soon as he realises how much stress is removed because of it, he'll adjust and accept it properly."

Georg had been Gustav's friend for a very long time, so Andreas had to accept what Georg said and he only hoped they were not headed for a huge disaster.

"Okay," he agreed since there was nothing else he could do, "what's the rest of the plan, and it had better be good."

That earned him another half smile.

"I think it's not bad," Georg replied, "even if I do say so myself."

Andreas really began to wonder what he had got himself into.

Georg walked into the apartment the next day just in time to see Bill, Tom and Andreas getting ready to leave. They were off on a long needed trip to the cinema that David had managed to arrange after Andreas had suggested the need for a break.

"Hi, Georg," Bill greeted with a bright smile, "there's still time to change your mind if you want to come see the film."

"Thanks, but no thanks," he replied and threw himself onto the sofa, "I have some quality sleeping to catch up on while you reprobates are out of the way."

"Lazy sod," Tom commented with a laugh.

"Don't snore too loud or Gustav will douse you with a bucket of water," Bill joked as well.

It was nice to see the twins both so relaxed; they were clearly in brother mode and having a very good day. Georg really hoped it was going to stay that way.

"Gustav had his nose so far in that book he's reading that I doubt he'd notice an earthquake," he replied and arranged himself like he was preparing to take a nap. "Now get going so I can perfect my chosen hobby."

That made Bill laugh again and Georg was very glad to see everyone in such good moods; they had been working a little too hard lately and it had begun to show.

"If you're still comatose by the time we come back I will give you a beard with a permanent marker," Bill warned as the three headed towards the door.

"You need a new trick," Georg replied, making himself comfortable; "that got old after the second time."

"But the old ones are the best," Tom countered with a laugh. "See you later you old fart."

Even Georg had to laugh at that come back and his smile didn't leave his face until the front door closed.

The moment the twins were gone, Gustav appeared from his room and Georg sat up. He had been as up front about needing to speak to Gustav as he intended to be about what they were actually going to talk about and so his friend knew the cinema was a diversionary tactic.

"Okay," Gustav said, walking over and sitting down when he removed his feet from the sofa, "what is so important that you enlisted Andreas to help?"

"That is a question and a half," Georg replied, still trying to decide what would be the best way to start the whole conversation.

Georg stood up.

"Do you want a beer?" he asked heading quickly for the fridge.

"Yeah, okay," Gustav replied and watched him go.

He used the time it took to grab two bottles, open them and pour them into glasses to finally decide how he was going to do this. Handing his friend the second glass, he sat down and took a swig of his own.

"Have you noticed how tense Bill and Tom are lately sometimes?" he played his opening gambit.

Gustav nodded, taking a drink.

"Anyone with eyes has to have seen it," Gustav replied, sitting back in the seat. "Bill's showing it more than Tom, but they're both trying to pretend nothing's going on. Did something happen?"

Sometimes talking to Gustav was so easy; the drummer always caught on straight away.

"Not exactly," Georg replied, rearranging his thoughts to keep up the pace, "well except me finding out what the problem is. This has been going on for longer than you'd think, but they're only now beginning to crack."

Gustav seemed to accept that calmly, nodding slowly.

"How did you find out?" Gustav asked.

"When my car was smashed I came back here unexpectedly," Georg explained; he definitely didn't want Gustav to think it had been a deliberate exclusion on the twins' part. "I saw some things that made it all very clear."

It was coming to the moment of truth and he paused. Gustav waited patiently for him to go on.

"They're in love with each other," he said, giving the complete and honest truth, "and I don't mean a little bit, I mean heart aching cannot live without each other kind of love."

Gustav looked shocked at that.

"They're ..?" Gustav asked, clearly at a loss for words.

"No, they're not," Georg replied firmly, "which is the problem. They know it's wrong, but they need each other so much that they can't just ignore it. What I walked in on was Tom putting on a solo show for Bill because they allow themselves to look but not touch. For a while that must have been enough, but it's not anymore and it's going to drive them crazy."

He could see the wheels turning in Gustav's head.

"The dark circles under Bill's eyes after Tom's one night stands," Gustav said eventually; "it's because Bill can't sleep when Tom's with a girl."

Georg nodded.

"Bill is sleeping with Andreas," he continued the explanation, "but they both know Andreas is only a substitute for Tom. Tom uses the girls the same way, and since I walked in on him, a couple of times, me."

Gustav looked even more shocked.

"We've just messed around a little," he felt the need to make things clear; "nothing serious."

"But they're still falling apart?" Gustav asked, clearly still processing the whole thing.

Georg nodded.

"They need each other, not substitutes," he said, making sure his conviction came through in his tone. "I don't care what society says is right; Bill and Tom need to be together."

The expression on Gustav's face didn't appear convinced.

"And you're telling me because?" the drummer asked.

"Because Andreas and I plan to do something about it," he told his friend, "and if it works everything will change. You don't have to agree with it, you just have to accept it and ignore it if you don't like it. Most of the time they'll probably be exactly like they are now, but you know sometimes they'll forget if it's just us."

From the rather perturbed look Gustav was wearing it was quite obvious his friend did know.

"What if you can't get them together?" Gustav asked the obvious question.

"Then one or both of them will be an alcoholic or on drugs or locked up in a padded cell by the time they're twenty," Georg said, because it was firmly what he believed. "Neither of them can take the stress of being famous and not having what they need at the same time. It will break them."

His bluntness appeared to shock Gustav out of the awkwardness of the situation.

"You really believe that don't you?" Gustav finally asked.

Georg nodded.

"And you'll have to trust me," he replied, "because they both know how to act. I've seen what it does to them without the masks in the way and the moment I did I knew I had to do something about it."

For a moment Gustav just looked him straight in the eyes and it was unnerving to say the least. Very few people could stare down Gustav when the drummer wanted to make a point.

"I believe you," Gustav finally said. "I honestly don't know how I feel about this yet, but I believe you. What do you need from me?"

"Just the need to be somewhere else this evening when the others come back," Georg replied; he and Andreas had decided that delaying was pointless.

Gustav nodded and then drained his beer in one go before standing up.

"I can arrange that," Gustav said and put his glass on the table, "but now, if you don't mind, I think I need to think about this."

Georg just nodded back; there wasn't a lot else he could say and he watched Gustav walk back to his room while hoping that this would all work out.

As promised, when the twins and Andreas arrived back home Gustav had a pressing engagement elsewhere. Georg hadn't been able to tell if the thinking time he had given his friend had helped, because Gustav had been his normal stoic self on the way out. He knew it would drive him insane if he worried about it, so he decided to put it to the back of his mind: he had more urgent things to worry about just then. The plan was to simply socialise for a while with just a little touch of alcohol to relax everyone, but not to get anyone drunk so they could claim that's all it was.

Georg put his plan into action by challenging Bill to a game of Devil May Cry; it would take a while for them both to have a go at a level and it was always entertaining to see how many ways Bill could die in one game. Bill always played games with huge amounts of enthusiasm and there were the odd ones that Bill was good at, but the others very rarely got those out.

It took two hours of hollering at the big screen TV before it became clear that Bill for one was losing interest. Georg looked at Andreas and his partner in crime pushed Bill back onto the sofa and straddled him, going in for a kiss almost immediately. Tom, who was playing the game at that particular moment almost dropped his controller; it was clear that such displays from Bill's side were very uncommon.

"Now I think," Georg said, leaning in close to Tom where they were sitting on the floor, "they have the right idea."

It seemed Bill had had just enough fun so far not to object to Andreas' play and they were in business.

"Those two pussies?" Tom asked and raised one eyebrow. "They have no idea."

Then Georg found himself being flattened to the floor.

"We'll show them how it's really done," Tom said and then Georg found himself on the end of one of the most scorching kisses of his life.

Realising that this was probably that last chance he was going to get, he decided to embrace it for all it was worth and kissed back with all he had. Tom moaned when he bit Tom's lower lip gently, teasing the lip ring with his tongue. When Tom pushed their groins together and ground down, it was Georg's turn to groan as his cock suddenly became very interested in proceedings. If Tom was as good with girls as he was with guys, which given the practice ratio Georg thought was more than likely, it was no wonder that Tom's success rate was high.

Bill gave the loudest and most debauched moan Georg had ever heard and he knew the battle was on. What followed was quite possibly the most mind blowing makeout session Georg had ever experienced. If they had had neighbours there would have been calls to the police and somewhere along the line Georg lost his shirt. When they came up for air, he felt thoroughly kissed and thoroughly turned on.

It was time for phase two.

"Hey, Andreas," Georg called out, half sitting up, "how about we get our own back?"

"And who says we're going to let you do anything?" Tom asked in a haughty tone and Bill was nodding along with his twin.

"Because it'll be fun," Georg said with a grin.

The challenge was laid down and he knew the twins wouldn't be able to resist. Bill and Tom looked at each other and Georg was sure some sort of silent communication went on before the twins looked back at him.

"What did you have in mind?" Bill asked for both of them.

"Let's see which twin has the most erogenous zones," Georg said with an evil smirk.

"I like that idea," Andreas agreed with an equally devious smile.

Tom looked at Bill again and Georg knew they were going to agree before Tom turned back to him.

"How do we do this?" Tom asked.

"Well first we get rid of most of the clothes," Georg explained and put their plan into action; "yours are too baggy and Bill's are too restrictive, so I say we want both of you almost naked."

"Only almost?" Bill asked with a little pout and Bill's eyes were all over Tom.

"For now," Georg added, "and anyway, you don't get to see; we're going to blindfold both of you."

Bill grinned and Georg knew he had judged this right, and where Bill went Tom usually followed.

"Kinky," was Tom's comment.

That made Bill giggle and Georg extracted himself from Tom's grasp and stood up.

"I'll be right back," he said and headed for his room.

He had bought two different bandanas so they looked random and he took them from where he had put them in a drawer. He returned to the living room to find Andreas encouraging the twins to strip and he stood in the corridor for a while just watching and enjoying the view. Tom was better built than Bill, but there was a fragile beauty to Bill that left Georg a little breathless. What was really weird though, was that he stood there feeling aroused and feeling his cock throb, but what he really wanted to do was protect the two people he was watching. He was becoming surer by the moment that this was the right thing to do.

"Stop ogling, Listing and get your arse over here," Tom said, all mouth as usual.

"But ogling is one of the things I do best," Georg replied with a leer, even though he did walk across the room.

He gave Andreas one of the bandanas and then dragged Tom in for another kiss. The key to this part of the plan was to make sure both Bill and Tom were a little disorientated. Moving on to kissing Tom's neck, he spun Tom round a little and then brought up the bandana.

"Time to shut out the light," he said and placed the material over Tom's eyes.

All the while he was tying it, Tom was grinning and he span Tom around once it was done and urged their guitarist to his knees.

"Now we get to play," Georg said in a jubilant tone, "and it works like this; absolutely no talking; moaning, groaning and whimpering only."

"What about gasping?" Bill asked in a cheeky tone.

"That should be okay," Georg replied as if he had to think about it. "Andreas and I will take turns trying to find an erogenous zone with a touch and, if we do, the other will then see if they can find the same one. We'll see how identical you two really are."

"Bring it on, Listing," Tom said, still looking supremely confident even with the blindfold.

To begin with Georg and Andreas had arranged Tom and Bill so the twins weren't too close; Bill was on his knees a few feet from Tom and they were facing slightly away from each other. Georg's plan involved slowly manoeuvring them closer to each other while keeping them busy, so they didn't realise what was happening. For starters he went for an easy target, a spot on the side of Tom's neck just where it met the shoulder and the moan from Tom was a very nice reward.

Kisses, finger tips, teeth; he and Andreas used every piece of knowledge they had to pull erotic sounds out of the twins, moving them every now and then so that the pair came closer and closer. It was clear the two had no idea, or were ignoring the fact that they were only a foot apart when Georg finally put Tom back in a kneeling position facing Bill after having found a particularly sensitive

spot on the back of Tom's knee. He hadn't know about that one, but it mirrored the one Andreas had used on Bill.

They had to have been doing well, because even Bill had managed to obey the rule about no talking and both Bill and Tom were flushed and very clearly aroused. Boxers really did nothing to hide a solid erection on either of the young men.

Now was the dangerous part and Georg stepped back from Tom at the same time Andreas did with Bill and the two very quickly swapped sides. Georg let out the smallest laugh so that Tom knew which direction he was in and Andreas did the same for Bill and then they waited.

For a few seconds both of the twins just knelt there waiting for the next move, but when a little frown appeared on Tom's face, Georg knew Tom would be the first to crack. He gave another little laugh as if he was amused, even though his heart was beating a couple of hundred times a minute and he was anything but. A little grin appeared on Tom's face and it was clear Tom had taken up the challenge, bringing up one hand tentatively and reaching out.

Georg really didn't expect Tom or Bill not to catch on to who they were touching after a few seconds when they finally came into contact, but he never in a million years anticipated what happened. Tom reached towards Bill with one hand and his finger tips came into contact with Bill's chest and both of them froze. Bill hadn't even uttered a sound, but the instant skin touched skin it was like they were made out of stone.

Georg looked at Andreas; for the first time that evening he had no idea what to do. They were supposed to have moved towards each other, maybe even leant in for a kiss before they realised the truth, but they were barely in contact and it was totally clear that both were completely aware of who was touching who. It was difficult to tell if the plan was unravelling before his eyes and all Georg could do was watch.

Like mirror images of each other the twins reached up in perfect time and pulled down their blindfolds. They stared at each other and Georg felt as if the whole room was frozen in time as two pairs of brown eyes looked deep into each other. Tom and Bill didn't seem to know what to do; it was as if the simple touch had thrown them into complete confusion. The twins touched each other all the time, but it was abundantly clear that this was entirely different and Georg knew without a doubt it could be the beginning or the end.

Sharing a glance with Andreas, he moved back behind Tom and knelt down and waited for Andreas to do the same. Tom didn't even move when he leant up against the younger man, as if Tom was completely incapable of conscious movement. Reaching out Georg aligned his arm with Tom's and placed his hand over the guitarist's long fingers. Once he saw that Andreas was likewise aligned with Bill, Georg slowly began to move Tom, pushing Tom's hand flat against Bill's chest.

Only now did Bill gasp very quietly and Georg could hear Tom's breathing becoming heavier. It was as if Bill and Tom couldn't bring themselves to take it further, but they couldn't resist it either. Georg guided Tom's hand slowly over Bill's chest and Bill didn't even remotely pull away, but still the twins were like two life size dolls that he and Andreas were playing with. Neither Bill nor Tom were taking any initiative at all and Georg knew the battle was not won yet. As he continued to move the compliant hand and arm, he leant even closer to Tom.

"You two are meant to be," he whispered, barely loud enough to be heard; "the world has no rules for you."

At first nothing happened and all he could do was continue what he was doing, but then he felt it; he went to move Tom's hand one way and Tom pushed back, moving another. It wasn't a lot, but it was voluntary movement and Georg did not pull back, but he did let Tom take a little control. Gradually Tom took over and Georg's hand was only shadowing what his friend was doing, but it was still a few moments before he felt Tom slowly begin to kneel up. He did not move with his friend and simply stayed in place, letting Tom go and, almost as if they were joined by invisible threads, as he watched, Bill knelt up as well.

Bill looked honestly terrified, but Georg wasn't sure if it was because of what was happening or if it was fear that it would stop. He had seen very few things in his life that spoke to his heart quite so clearly and he moved back, very carefully so as not to disturb it. Bill and Tom were still looking into each others eyes and Tom finally brought up his other hand, using it to gently cup the side of Bill's face. There was such tenderness in the move. This was not the cool, confident player that Georg had seen with girls, or even the Tom that he had had; this was a Tom just for Bill and it took Georg's breath away just to see it.

He met Andreas' eyes from where Andreas had moved back as well and he could see the recognition there. They both knew that something had started that could never be stopped.

Tom did not move in on Bill and Bill did not move in on Tom, but achingly slowly they came together and Georg was almost sure he felt the shockwave when their lips finally came together. It started off the most gentle kiss in the world, just the lightest touch of lips, but it did not stay that way for long. Like creatures starved of what they needed for too long, Bill and Tom deepened the kiss; arms came up to cling to each other and the kiss went from a mere brush to where they were almost devouring each other.

Georg could barely breathe and he couldn't take his eyes off his friends as what they had been controlling for so long was set free. It was stronger than even he had imagined and he really couldn't believe that Tom and Bill had kept it at bay for so long. The twins were clearly desperate for each other and they were no longer being gentle. The kiss was hard, passionate and, quite obviously, not enough and Georg was almost shocked when Bill was the twin to move it on to the next level.

There was very little finesse about Bill's move; as Georg watched, his friend took one hand and shoved it down Tom's boxers, seeking what was inside. Only then did the kiss break as Tom put his head back, gasping and pushing into the touch. For moments it looked like Bill was in charge as Tom's eyes closed and needy sounds fell from Tom's lips, but the balance shifted again as Tom's eyes suddenly opened and Tom reciprocated.

It was like raw energy in front of him and Georg did not even try to look away. He wasn't really sure if it was sex or a battle as the twins re-instigated the kiss, fondling each other roughly and drawing out moans and little cries and whimpers with each touch. This was pure unadulterated need, fired by a love so powerful that Georg's mind shied away from quite how deep it had to go. With this intensity the fire couldn't burn for long and Bill stiffened first, making a strangled sound and bucking against Tom, but it was only a moment before Tom was mirroring his twin again.

Almost as if their passion was the only thing allowing them to move, once it was done, Bill and Tom came to complete stillness again. Their harsh breathing was the only sound in the room and they were leaning against each other like a precarious house of cards. For long moments the room was completely still, but then Georg realised that someone had to do something. The aftermath was almost as critical as the explosion he had just witnessed and he had no intention of letting this fall apart now.

Leaving Andreas to keep an eye on the twins, he stood quickly and headed to one of the bedrooms, where he grabbed the first duvet he could reach. He bundled it up and carried it back to the other room and, with a little help from Andreas, he wrapped it around the twins. By the time he had returned, the twins had at least moved and they seemed to have taken up the more familiar roles of older and younger, Bill wrapped in Tom's strong arms.

"Why?" Tom spoke for the first time since the beginning of the encounter.

Dazed, confused, brown eyes looked into his and Georg knew this wasn't quite over yet.

"Because nothing with that depth of love can be wrong," he said, knowing that his words would count for a lot right about then, "and because it was killing both of you."

Tom frowned for a moment as Georg helped Andreas urge both Tom and Bill to sit down in their duvet cocoon, but after a moment the expression cleared and Tom looked at him again. It was obvious Tom didn't know quite what to think, but he gave Georg a little nod, and it was good enough for him. There were going to be consequences, of that he had no doubt, but consequences could be good and bad and he had his money on good.

The End

MMOM 14 - Bathed in Blood

Fandom: Weiss Kreuz (no Gluhen)

Pairing/Characters: Aya (Abyssinian), Schuldig

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: blood kink

Summary: Schuldig is bored, until he zeroes in on a member of Weiss and find something interesting.

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

Word count: 1,036

Sex was as much of a game as the rest of life and Schuldig made it a rule to have fun. Some games were serious, like chess, but sex was more like Snap; just for fun, well most of the time anyway. There was no doubt it could be used as a tool when necessary, but that then made it part of a larger game, so it was merely a piece in a chess game and Schuldig didn't count those times. Sex in its purest form was about pleasure and nothing more complicated than that.

When he had caught the whiff of sex in one of the Weiss Kitten's minds he had felt no qualms about eavesdropping. Life had been so dull lately and he was on 'make sure Weiss don't mess up the big picture' duty and it was boring. Anything was better than just sitting there out of sight, so he attached himself mentally to the kitten and sat back to enjoy the view.

The kittens had just been on a mission; nothing to worry Schwarz, but Crawford had sent him out anyway just to make sure Weiss didn't make any ripples. At least he'd had a chance to see the assassins in action, something that always thrilled him, even if he didn't care to admit that to anyone. Schwarz and Weiss may have been enemies, evil and good, dark and light, but he could still admire Weiss' abilities. They were pretty if nothing else and Schuldig knew how to admire beauty. It was a shame that Abyssinian was so repressed; the tall redhead was full of unresolved passion that would have been so much fun to watch if the leader of Weiss had just let it out.

It had quite shocked him that it had been Abyssinian's mind from which he had sensed the tendrils of sex. Usually all he ever got from Abyssinian was work, or if he was in sight, a constant stream of abuse. As he delved a little deeper into the redhead's thoughts, it began to become clear that the evening's mission had Abyssinian rather worked up, but Schuldig couldn't work out why without alerting the redhead to his mental presence. He was just going to have to wait and see.

He mentally followed the redhead as the leader of Weiss disappeared into the building and was quite amused to find that Abyssinian was stripping off as he went. It had clearly been a messy kill, since the assassin was covered in blood; it had even seeped under Abyssinian's clothes. Abyssinian was headed straight for the bathroom and, from a quick mental cast around, Schuldig knew the kitten's friends thought their leader just wanted a shower, but something wasn't quite right.

By now he knew that Abyssinian was painfully aroused, but he still wasn't quite sure why. Clothes had all been loosened and, the moment the bathroom door swung shut, Schuldig found himself grinning as he realised Abyssinian couldn't get rid of his clothes fast enough. He was surprised that the other assassin did not immediately step into the shower, but Abyssinian leant against the door and reached desperately for the now exposed erection.

It was only as Abyssinian began to stroke himself somewhat frantically that it finally dawned on Schuldig what was off. Abyssinian had blood on his hands and it wasn't putting the assassin off, it was egging him on. Schuldig almost laughed out loud when he realised just what was turning on Abyssinian; an assassin with a blood fetish had to be the epitome of cliché. He knew it would kill Abyssinian to be a living cliché and it amused him no end.

This was too good to pass up and he let himself sink a little further into Abyssinian's mind. He could feel the arousal coursing through the almost desperate assassin and he tapped into it, letting it run through him as well. He imagined a pool of blood, as red as Abyssinian's hair and he deftly inserted the idea into the other assassin's mind. He sensed Abyssinian's excitement rise almost instantly and he could feel his own arousal growing by the second. This was one very good game and he quickly undid his belt and fly, slipping his hand into his own pants. He hadn't thought that this evening was going to turn out to be so rewarding.

He stroked himself slowly, soaking in Abyssinian's barely controlled arousal while keeping the assassin just back from the edge. He wanted this to be very good and for it to be perfect he had to be ready and it had to be really good for Abyssinian too. It could never be said that he wasn't a generous lover, even when his partner didn't know he was there; there was no faking in his world. The real burning need in Abyssinian was fantastic and the slight edge of disgust that he could feel running underneath it was incredible.

He brought himself to the very edge with his hand and with Abyssinian's arousal and then he prepared to end it. With a simple thought, he exploded the pool of blood he had created in the other's mind and mentally showered the other assassin with it. Abyssinian gasped in surprise and came and the thrill of the other man's orgasm ran through Schuldig, tipping him over into his own. It felt so good and he revelled in it; very few people ever gave him a thrill like that.

It wasn't until it passed that he realised he had not withdrawn enough and Abyssinian had come down before him. Instantly he knew that the redhead knew he was there and he felt the beginnings of anger taking over from arousal in his adversary. It was almost as delicious as the sex had been, but he knew better than to hang around. He laughed aloud now and hastily put himself together before starting his car.

"Be seeing you, Kitten," he mentally said and, still laughing, sped away.

Crawford would probably be annoyed that Weiss had found out he was there, but it had been far too much fun not to play. He'd definitely be coming back for more of this game.

The End

MMOM 15 - In the Hearts of Sinners

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: NC17/18

Rating: Gustav/Bill

Warnings: none

Summary: Gustav is not a normal teenager, in fact he's not quite human, but then neither are the twins, which is why he was given a mortal body in the first place. His assignment is to watch, protect and keep Bill and Tom unaware, only he has a little problem; he's fallen in love.

Author's Notes: Don't ask me where this came from, I just started writing and it happened :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 3,278

Looking across the room and watching Bill charm his way through people, Gustav sighed and looked down at his drink. This had to be the worst assignment in the history of assignments, and considering that there was the whole of time to choose from, that was saying something. Demons Gustav could cope with; for the most part demons were stupid, straight forward and ugly in both spirit and appearance. It was very easy to deal with them. All demons usually wanted was the downfall of humankind and they were so intent in their purpose that they missed the obvious. When he had been a demon hunter, roaming through the world destroying the enemies of the human race, life had been easy and his road obvious, but not anymore.

Watching the children of a fallen angel, now that was hard, especially considering the fact that said children had no inkling of who their father had once been. Sometimes the children of the fallen remained simply human, fragile and mortal and nothing special, sometimes they didn't; that's why they were given watchers. Gustav had never really believed that being one of these watchers was the hardest task known to his kind, but now he did.

What did not help was that he had been given the body of a three year old little boy who had fallen down the stairs and died. No one had seen fit to warn him that he would not just be inhabiting the body, but had in fact merged with the human essence within it just before the child's soul had departed. He had partially become a three year old human and had grown up as a human, which had been a humbling experience.

A demon hunter, an emissary of higher powers reduced to scraped knees and puberty; it was faintly ridiculous. It had also given him human sensibilities, which really tended to get in the way of logical thinking. Like now for instance; he should have been watching for any sign that Bill or Tom was using a power beyond mortal means, even unconsciously, but what he was actually doing was admiring Bill from afar.

He had seen real angels and they were so beautiful it hurt; once they fell, that beauty was diminished beyond recognition, but, with the innocence of children, some of that beauty came back. Bill was the closest Gustav had ever seen a child come to the true nature of their fallen parent, Tom was not far behind, but Bill was the closest, and even he did not have any defences against that. Bill had many of the trappings of humanity, vanity, a touch of self absorption and others, but the inner beauty always shone through. That was what captivated all those around Bill and Gustav was pretty sure it always would. He had begun to realise lately that he had been captivated too, hence the sigh.

"You look like a love sick puppy."

He jumped as Georg whispered in his ear; he hadn't even noticed the bassist approach, he was so sunk.

"Don't start," he warned; he was in no mood to be laughed at.

"I wasn't going to start," Georg said and smiled at him as he looked up at his friend; "I was just going to give you a piece of advice. If you want him that badly, talk to him; this is Bill, not Tom, he'll think about it or let you down gently, which has to be better than moping."

"I am not moping," he defended himself, even though that was almost what he was doing, "and it's not that simple."

Georg rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"Of course it's that simple," his friend told him and patted him on the arm.

Gustav couldn't agree: he was a watch dog, a protector and a gaoler; he could never let anything happen.

One of the major disadvantages of being given a human body was a human metabolism and Gustav realised he was just on the wrong side of tipsy when he opened his hotel room door, Bill bounced into his room and he didn't immediately throw their singer back out.

"Tom and Georg have both gone off with girls," Bill said cheerfully, bubbling with enthusiasm left over from the party.

Bill always had excess energy after having been the life and soul of any function; Gustav was of the opinion that times like that were what Bill lived for.

"Can we hang out for a bit?" Bill asked, almost innocently, but there was something in Bill's eyes. "I can't sleep yet; need to wind down first."

"Okay," Gustav said, although his whole brain was not totally in agreement with that sentiment.

Most of the protesting was, however, blown away when Bill beamed at him for agreeing.

"Thank you," his friend said and gave him a quick hug before leaping onto the bed and getting comfortable on one side.

Not sure he was sane anymore, Gustav kicked off his shoes and took up residence on the other side of the bed and handed Bill the remote. They would undoubtedly end up watching what Bill wanted to watch, so he did not feel like fighting the inevitable.

For a good fifteen minutes everything was perfectly normal.

"I've noticed you watching me," Bill suddenly said and threw normal out of the window.

"Everyone watches you," Gustav countered, doing his very best to catch normal and reinstitute it, but he was very aware that he was clinging on by his fingertips.

"Not the way you do," Bill replied and Gustav knew he had just lost his grip.

Gustav began to get a little headache behind his right eye; it always happened when he was stressed.

"Do you like me like that?" Bill could be very direct when he wanted to be.

Doing his very best to come up with a reply that wasn't 'yes' Gustav opened his mouth and then found Bill's nose only millimetres from his own. In the space of a heartbeat Bill had shifted and was now leaning over him and, even with his countless years of experience, he found himself undone by the mortal shell he had only had for sixteen. He had no idea what to say or do as the beautiful creature he was supposed to guard looked into his eyes.

"I'll take that look as a yes," Bill said with a small smile, "and I'm glad, because I've been thinking and I like you too."

Gustav actually felt his heart flutter. He was an immortal being playing at being human; his heart was not supposed to flutter. His cock wasn't supposed to throb either, but that wasn't stopping it as Bill moved closer. When lips touched his own, he was lost; this angel child had him held as fast as any power ever had. With a mortal shell came mortal wants and needs and combining them with an immortal will was explosive to say the least. He was capable of great violence in the service of good, but he was also capable of great love and when given human form that was an incredible force. Logic simply switched off and he was kissing Bill for everything he was worth.

Clothes were in the way and they were soon being shed and Bill was matching him move for move. Feeling Bill's skin against his own was like heaven and he knew because he'd been there. Bill's skin was so soft, like a girl's, and Gustav began to explore all of it he could find. He used his fingers and his tongue and his lips and Bill turned to water under his ministrations.

Bill was not a blushing virgin and Gustav knew his friend had been quite a long way with a couple of girls, but the blushing part was the bit that Bill wasn't, not the virgin bit. He would have loved to have thrown Bill onto the bed and negated the virgin part as well, but he literally couldn't imagine hurting Bill in any way and he knew Bill was not ready for that yet. Instead he pushed his hand down Bill's shorts, which was the only item of clothing Bill had left, and gently squeezed what he found there.

The helpless whine from Bill was worth all the effort and Gustav slowly began to massage Bill's balls. Sex had always been a thing to release tension before he was human, a pastime that was simply about pleasure rather than love, but now that want of pleasure and the human love clawing at his insides were combined and he wanted to give Bill every pleasure it was possible to feel.

Bill writhed under his touch as he moved his hand, using his fingers to reach at least part of his goal.

"Oh god," Bill said, bucking under his hand.

"Not quite," Gustav whispered, revelling in the feel of Bill at his mercy.

It wasn't quite enough though and he pushed Bill into the bed, removing his hand and working his way down Bill's body. In one smooth move, he pulled down Bill's shorts just enough so that Bill's swollen cock popped into view. He had no idea if Bill had thought about them going this far, but he was too far gone to care and Bill was definitely not objecting, so he swallowed Bill whole. Bill actually cried out and bucked into his mouth as he sucked hard on his prize.

Bill was panting and moaning and it seemed to almost be too much for the younger boy, but Gustav did not let up. He wanted Bill to feel the most mind blowing orgasm ever and he drove his lover on. He used suction, his tongue, the roof of his mouth and even the barest hint of teeth and Bill didn't seem to know which way was up and which was down anymore. Even as Bill's orgasm hit, Gustav felt his love pouring out of him almost like a physical thing. Warm liquid hit his throat and he swallowed, but something far more profound happened at the same time as part of him reached out and touched part of Bill, a part that was hidden from the world.

Bill yelled and arched off the bed and Gustav's eyesight vanished in a blinding light. He really didn't know what had happened and he couldn't see for a long time. About all he did manage to do was tuck Bill back in his shorts as they both lay there breathing hard and, for his part at least, wondering what the hell had just happened.

"Gustav," the worried tone in Bill's voice made him blink harder and try and get his vision back properly.

He felt Bill scabble off the bed and he finally forced his eyes into working order and basically just stared when he saw Bill standing there.

"Gustav, I'm glowing," Bill sounded panicked and had his arms held out in front of him, staring at his luminous skin.

"Oh crap," Gustav said, since he couldn't think of anything useful to say.

He'd really done it now; he'd lost control and now part of Bill was waking up that shouldn't have been woken. There was a soft white light surrounding Bill and Gustav was almost sure he could see a faint outline of big white wings; this was bad, very bad.

"Gustav, what the fuck is happening?" Bill sounded desperate, but it wasn't the tone that caught his attention, it was the way the light dimmed just a little as Bill swore.

It was the only inkling of salvation he could find in his sex soaked, barely functioning mind, and he grabbed it.

"Think of someone you really dislike," he said, grasping at the only straws he had, "and tell me everything you'd love to do with them if you had them right here at your mercy."

Bill looked like he was about to panic and was thoroughly unimpressed with his instructions.

"Trust me," he said, as the glow returned to normal.

"Um," Bill seemed to be suffering from the 'if you hadn't asked me I'd have thought of something' problem that was so common when panic was setting in,

"I'd like to get my hands on that bitch from school who used to tell me my makeup was crap and give her a make over she'd never forget."

As revenge went it wasn't overly vicious, but Gustav did see the glow diminish a little and the outline of the wings faded to almost nothing.

"Keep going," he encouraged.

"I'd like to take every paparazzi in the world and stand them in front of a hundred foot block of flash bulbs and set them all off."

It was clear Bill had quite an interesting imagination, but the light was dimming, so he encouraged more. The fact that Bill seemed to lack true malice was adorably cute, but it meant it took them a while with Gustav egging Bill on before Bill was finally back to normal.

"Oh thank god, it's gone," Bill finally said and slumped into a chair. "What the hell was that and why are your eyes suddenly yellow?"

"Fuck," Gustav said, since he hadn't been aware of that little revelation and he scabbled off the bed himself and found the nearest mirror.

His eyes were indeed bright yellow; not something you saw everyday on a typical human, and it took him a good few seconds to will them back to brown.

"Gustav, explain now," Bill said in a no nonsense tone when he finally turned back around.

It was more than against the rules to tell Bill anything, but Bill was very definitely not about to back down. That was another trait Bill had picked up from his father; an angel could stand there and be unswayed for a thousand years, which was why when they fell they fell so hard, and Bill definitely had the stubborn streak. The glowing had kind of given a lot away, so maybe he wasn't really revealing anything, since it was already out of that bag, at least that was Gustav's reasoning.

"You're the son of a fallen angel," he said, since he didn't think there was a way to do this calmly and sensibly, "and I'm an ex-demon hunter who was put into a mortal body to watch you and Tom and make sure that this type of thing didn't happen."

Bill just sat there and blinked for a while and Gustav wasn't sure if Bill believed him.

"What did you do with Gustav?"

When Bill stood up and loomed over him, Gustav realised that possibly he should have taken a different approach. Bill seemed to have the wrong idea and there was righteous indignation in those brown eyes, righteous indignation and scared fire.

"I am Gustav," he said hastily, "I've been Gustav since this body was three. I became him; you've always known me. I was put in place to make sure you don't use angel powers to take over the world and no demons get to you. Until today I was doing really well, but then you had to go and let me have what I've been desperate for, for months and now we're fucked. I'm in love with you and so my

power had a route to what was dormant inside you and now it's not quite asleep anymore."

Everything came out in one big rush, including his confession of love and then he didn't really know what else to say, so he stood there, shifting from one foot to the other, embarrassed. What saved him was a frantic banging on the door.

"Let me in," it was Tom's voice and he sounded scared, "I know Bill's in there with you, Gustav, now open the damn door."

Bill didn't seem to remember that both of them were partially undressed and went to open the door. When Tom all but fell into the room, Tom didn't seem to be paying much attention to the fact either, since Tom was only wearing a pair of boxer shorts. Tom clutched at Bill's arms and seemed to still be in the panicking stage.

"I felt," Tom said looking into Bill's eyes, "things from you and then I was glowing. Bill I was fucking glowing."

Well that answered one question; it seemed where one twin went so did the other.

"Sit down," Gustav said, coming to a decision, "both of you; there are some things you need to know."

And so he sat them down and told them everything. He told them about the powers on high; their/his/her/its (depending on your perception) messengers, the angels; the immortals that were not angels and not human; the demons; and mortal kind. He explained the balance between light and dark, good and evil and he explained Bill and Tom's place in it and the whole time the twins sat on the bed, holding each other close and listening to everything he had to say.

"And what happens now?" Bill finally asked once the explanation was done.

That was a very good question and Gustav was not sure he knew the answer.

"We go on," he said finally. "It is more likely your power will attract demons now, but that is why I was put here; to defend you. You just have to try not to use it."

Both the twins looked at him and waited as if they expected him to go on.

"That's it?" Tom asked with an incredulous expression.

"Unless you want to embrace your power and see if you can reach the heights from which your parent fell, then yes, that's it," he replied bluntly; there were no other options.

"And if one of us suddenly starts glowing?" Tom asked, clearly unhappy.

"Then bad thoughts," Bill provided that answer.

That didn't seem to satisfy Tom.

"I was about to have sex," Tom pointed out, "and I still began to glow, how much badder can thoughts be?"

Gustav wanted to shake his head and give up, but he knew he'd never do that to the twins.

"Sex isn't bad," he said, once again having to wonder at human sensibility, "that's just humans enforcing rules on something that is perfectly natural; wanting to cause pain, suffering and hurt, that's evil. Anyway, the glowing was the shock of your power waking; it shouldn't come back."

He did his best to sound supremely confident; he was almost sure the glowing wouldn't return.

"You had better be right, Gustav," Tom said, finally standing up, "because if I start glowing every time I have sex and my date faints on me, I will be a very unhappy son of an angel."

"Fallen angel," Gustav muttered, since there was quite a distinction, but that didn't seem to matter to either Bill or Tom.

"Now I'm going to go back and see if she had woken up yet and if she's still there make up some story about spiked champagne," Tom said and marched towards the door.

Tom really didn't seem to be taking the whole thing well, but what worried Gustav more at that point was he was once again alone with Bill and Bill was looking at him with big, brown, slightly worried eyes.

"How long have you been in love with me?" Bill finally said something and Gustav just knew the evening couldn't get any longer.

He wasn't going to have a single intimate secret left by the time morning came, he was sure, but he couldn't exactly take back his confession. It was time to face the music and he had no idea what would come next.

The End

MMOM 16 - After a Long Day

Fandom: Jrock RPS

Pairing: Hyde/Gackt (sort of)

Rating: R

Warnings: none

Summary: Hyde needs some stress relief.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,100

Hyde walked into his bedroom and began shedding clothes as fast as he possibly could. He had been in the studio all day; it was late and he was staying in his small apartment close to his place of work so he didn't have to fight traffic every night. They were laying down tracks for the new album and it was very hard and somewhat frustrating work at times. He may have been tired, but he was still full of pent up tension from going over and over the same things all day and he needed to let some of it out.

Having stripped off everything he was wearing, he walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower, before turning to the sink and removing the little touches of makeup he was wearing to hide the bags under his eyes. He knew he was probably over doing it, but there was so much to do and not enough hours in the day. What he wanted to do was wind down and then sleep; he only hoped he could stop his mind moving long enough to actually rest properly.

He had rung Megumi from the studio earlier so that he could wish her and their son goodnight. Now he just had himself to think about and he stepped into the shower and groaned as the water washed away some of the tension in his muscles. It had been a very hectic few months, what with everything with L'Arc and now Vamps and he'd barely had any free time. He was going to have to grant himself a holiday soon or he'd collapse in a heap like Gackt did after his shows.

He smiled to himself as thoughts of his friend came into his mind; it had been far too long since they had met up just to talk and sip beer. Gackt had been even busier than he had been; maybe he would make a surprise call on his friend and make sure they both took at least one day off some time soon.

Picking up the shampoo, he began to lather it into his hair and it felt so indulgent that he almost groaned again. There was nothing like a good head massage; it was a pity he didn't have anyone there who could do it for him. Megumi always did a fantastic job when trying to relax him, although, now that he thought about it, he couldn't help remembering the one time that Gackt had decided to show him quite how good such a massage could be. Gackt's hands were as clever in such things as they were on the many instruments Gackt played. He had had a lot of trouble that day remembering that they were just friends.

Putting his head under the spray again, he rinsed the lather off, still thinking about Gackt's sensual hands. It wasn't as if he had any intention of being unfaithful to Megumi, but he couldn't help the fact that part of him held a torch for Gackt. His friend was very charismatic and attractive and Hyde had a thing for charismatic, attractive men that, these days, he kept very well hidden. Well most of the time anyway; he looked down his body and couldn't help noticing that, tired or not, one part of his anatomy liked the memory he was replaying.

His own body liked to betray him in such situations; the number of times he'd had to hide an erection around Gackt was silly. With a sigh, he decided that fighting it

this time would be useless, and a good orgasm was one of the best things for a good night's sleep. Taking some of his shower gel into his hand, he slipped his palm down his chest and curled his fingers around his cock. It was too late to make this long and drawn out, so he played lightly for a few moments, stroking himself to full hardness and then languidly rang one finger over the head, down the underside and over the sensitive slit.

With a small child in the house, he and Megumi did not have as much opportunity to indulge as they once had and, even though he was alone, he was used to being quiet, so he bit his lip and stifled the moan that threatened as he touched himself. His body was very responsive after being denied while he worked so hard for days on end and he knew he wasn't going to have to work too hard.

Leaning against the wall, he spread his legs a little and brought in his other hand to lightly play with his balls. He was very sensitive there; Megumi had learned that very early in their relationship, but it was not his wife that filled his mind's eyes as he rapidly stroked the head of his cock, thrusting lightly into his hand as he did so. He couldn't really help where his thoughts took him, or that his was full of music and with music always came memories of Gackt.

He had never been totally straight, something that probably wouldn't have been a shock to anyone, and tonight his brain was focused on the perfect male body rather than the perfect female body. Most of the world had seen a great deal of Gackt's body and Hyde was one of those who could say he had seen all of it. Gackt was not bashful among his friends and Hyde had seen exactly what Gackt had to boast about and he had liked it a lot. Of course he would never tell his friend that.

Gackt was perfect and beautiful and Hyde sank into a very clear memory he had as he let his orgasm build. His balls began to tighten and he felt the arousal building as he fisted his whole length, biting his lip even harder. He imagined what Gackt would look like under the water where he was standing; all hard lines, muscle and perfect bone structure. What he wouldn't had given to try that back in the day. Thinking about the long, hard shaft, he was sure Gackt's cock would become when erect, he imagined sinking down onto it and that was all it took. He bucked into his hand, shooting his load onto the shower floor and feeling the lethargy of a really good orgasm following the wonderful after shots that filtered through his whole body.

It wasn't the most mind blowing sex of his life; but it made him smile. It would certainly mean he was going to sleep very well.

The End

MMOM 17 - UST

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom, Georg

Rating: PG13

Warnings: twincest

Summary: Georg chooses the wrong time to be observant.

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

Word count: 1,953

There weren't many people who could get Bill to do something once their singer had made up his mind and Georg pitied David as Bill's face set in an expression that clearly meant no. They were supposed to have the day off, but the possibility of an interview had come in at the last minute and David was trying to convince them that it was a good idea. If they hadn't been on the go for three weeks straight they probably would have all groaned and just agreed, but this was their first day off in a very long, hard few weeks and Bill didn't look like he was going to agree to anything.

"You know I wouldn't ask if there was anyway to reschedule," David tried to placate Bill and Georg winced, waiting for the explosion.

Bill had already given David a piece of his mind, which had been quite spectacular, but Georg knew there would be worse to come. They were all tired, irritable and very much in need of a good rest and Bill looked about ready to eat their manager alive. Georg was surprised when Tom placed a hand on Bill's arm, drawing Bill's attention to him. It was quite possible that Bill would explode at Tom as loudly as at David, which was why Georg was keeping his head down; when Bill was in that type of mood no one was safe.

Georg watched silently as Tom whispered something to Bill and then he held his breath, waiting for the meltdown. He was more than a little shocked when all the fire seemed to drain out of Bill and their singer turned back to David only looking as if he might badly injure David rather than kill him.

"We get all of tomorrow off, no questions, no interruptions and no last minute interviews," Bill said in a tone that begged no argument.

They were supposed to be doing something for Bravo tomorrow, but it was never overly difficult to reschedule with the magazine that had helped to make them famous. It would of course mean more work for David, so their manager did not look happy, but David knew better than to go up against Bill.

"Done," David agreed in a reluctant tone.

"I'll be ready in half an hour," Bill said and stood up before making a very spectacular exit.

Georg sat very still as he saw the expression on Tom's face now that Bill had gone. David might have escaped the wrath of Bill, but there was still Tom to deal with.

"If anything and I mean anything, so much as upsets him just a little bit tomorrow," Tom said in a tone that would have frightened a mad axe murderer, "I'll let him at you and then I will finish you off, are we clear?"

As their front man, Bill always took the brunt of the publicity and most of the time Bill thrived on all the talking and attention, but there was such a thing as too much even for Bill. Georg was quite amazed that Tom had managed to stop Bill completely exploding.

David was looking relieved and sort of terrified at the same time and Georg didn't blame their manager at all. Tom rarely made ultimatums, that was Bill's job, but when Tom did, Tom was always very, very serious.

"Tomorrow will be completely clear," David promised, although David didn't look completely certain of anything.

Then their manager made a tactical withdrawal and Georg heard Gustav sigh.

"That was close," was Gustav's comment.

"If it wasn't such a big magazine David could have jumped for it," Tom said, not sounding remotely happy about it at all.

"What the hell did you say to calm Bill down?" Georg asked; he was still amazed that they weren't in the middle of a war.

"You don't want to know," Tom replied and stood up. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

And that was it; both twins and David were gone and Georg just shook his head; he still wasn't sure the day was going to go smoothly.

Contrary to expectations, the day went without a hitch. It was a photo shoot and interview and Bill had been the life and soul as ever, smiling and being charming and acting like a professional front man. Georg watched everyone all day, looking for cracks, and the dangerous moment had been when someone harassed Gustav during a break, but David had headed that one off and everything had been almost normal.

It was when they returned to the hotel that Georg noticed something was off. The way that Bill was watching Tom was just slightly wrong and he couldn't put his finger on what it was. If he hadn't been watching them he never would have noticed, but there was definitely something different. Gustav vaguely said goodbye and headed for his room, which left Georg with just the twins to hold his attention. He followed the pair into the lift after Bill and Tom had a whispered conversation and Tom grinned at him as they went to their floor, but Bill all but ignored him.

"PMS," Tom mouthed at him just behind Bill's back.

Georg almost believed the look on his friend's face too, but there was something in Tom's eyes; he grinned back to hide his pondering. Bill left the lift so fast Georg barely saw Bill go, and Tom followed quickly, so Georg tagged along. The floor was off limits to most guests so Saki was still down in the lobby dealing with some further arrangements. Both Bill and Tom walked into Bill's room and the door swung shut behind them, at which point Georg realised he had been dismissed, which pissed him off a little, but he did realise that Bill was probably horribly on edge. None of them had all their manners intact at the moment.

He was about to walk on to his room and just forget about everything when he realised that Bill's door hadn't quite shut properly. It was a problem he'd noticed with his door as well; the whole floor had recently been refurbished and the paint was so new it caused the doors to stick occasionally and not click shut. He walked over to Bill's door and went to pull it closed when he heard what could only be called a moan.

If his brain had been fully functioning he probably would have pulled the door shut and walked away, as it was he pushed the door instead and instantly wished he hadn't. At first his brain told him that he'd just stepped into another universe and there was a brunette pushing Tom up against the wall and kissing him with all her might, but then reality reasserted itself and he realised it was Bill who had Tom pinned to the wall with his hand down Tom's trousers. Tom and Bill were so involved in each other that they didn't even notice him.

For a good twenty seconds he just stood there staring, and then he heard the lift doors opening. He looked towards them and realised that David and several other members of staff had just stepped out of the lift and were walking in his direction. The sight in front of him had broken what was left of his thought processes and the only thing that registered was that, if the others saw what he was seeing, all hell would break loose. In a fit of what he could only later blame on insanity, he stepped into Bill's room and slammed the door.

Bill and Tom looked at him in the exact same moment and Bill's eyes seemed to burn straight into him. Tom looked shocked, Bill just looked angry.

"The door didn't shut," Georg said as his scattered thoughts flew around his head, "I heard something and opened it and saw and then David ... the others ... they were coming."

Bill's expression went from angry to confused and annoyed.

"Why did you come in here?" Tom asked, clearly the only one of the pair thinking sensibly.

"So they didn't see," Georg said, since that was about as far as his brain could get.

That changed the expression on both twins' faces, now both showed surprise.

"You protected us?" Bill didn't seem to understand.

It finally dawned on Georg that that was precisely what he had done; his mind had been just about frozen, but his instinct had been to protect his two friends.

"I..." Georg didn't quite know what to say.

"Thank you," Tom said and the gratitude in Tom's voice made him swallow hard.

He wasn't sure how he was supposed to react, but he was pretty sure it wasn't the way he was reacting. Society said he should be disgusted by what he had seen, but, after the initial shock, he couldn't say he was even particularly surprised.

"You're...?" he had to be sure; what he had seen could have been an aberration ... except that Bill's hand didn't seem to have moved from where it had been.

"Since we were fourteen," Bill said with Bill's usual bluntness.

Georg blinked; he had never imagined, well not really, not seriously anyway. Maybe in the deep dark recesses of his mind he might have thought it once or twice.

"So what are you going to do now?" Tom asked, ever the practical of the two.

"Um," Georg said, totally at a loss, "can I watch?"

He cursed himself the moment it was out of his mouth, it was supposed to have been a joke, but it hadn't quite come out that way. Bill looked completely scandalised, which was quite funny, but now Tom was the angry one and looked like he might try and deck him.

"Joke," he said rapidly, "god, have you two lost your sense of humour?"

"Didn't sound like a joke," Tom said, although Bill kind of smiled.

"My brain is having trouble processing everything right now," Georg said in his own defence, "I'm sorry my delivery isn't up to scratch."

What he was having major trouble with was that it hadn't come out as a joke, because basically it had only been half of one. As every second passed, he was beginning to realise he was thinking things he shouldn't have been.

"I asked you a question," Tom said, sounding just a little paranoid.

"I'm going back to my room," Georg said, as he came to the startling decision that protecting the twins was the only thing he was willing to do, "and then I'm going to have a large drink. Then I'm going to go over every memory of you two and see what I missed and then I'm going to go on like I don't know what you two are up to. If you need my help, ask, but since you seem to have been doing so well on your own, I'll probably just mess things up."

Then he turned on his heel and left the room as fast as he could and dived for his own room. The moment he had the door closed and latched he threw himself on the bed, breathing hard and staring at the ceiling. He really wanted to put his hand down his jeans and wank himself silly, but he just couldn't bring himself to do it. It would have been two of his best friends in his head and that just didn't seem quite right. With a groan he realised he was so completely dead; he was never going to survive this. If nothing else, the unresolved sexual tension would do for him before the end of the week.

The End

MMOM 18 - Dogs

Fandom: Scooby Doo

Pairing: none

Rating: R

Warnings: inappropriate thoughts about a dog

Summary: Just occasionally, Shaggy is reminded that Scooby is a dog.

Author's Notes: Sorry, I have nothing else I can say except sorry. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 753

Every one in the whole world who had heard of Mystery Inc knew that Scooby was Shaggy's bestest friend in the whole wide world. Some people might have thought this was weird, but Scoob was more of a person than many human beings Shaggy had met over his years on the earth. Never had there ever been a friend so loyal, so funny, so perfectly suited to just hanging out, but just occasionally Shaggy was reminded that Scoob was in fact a dog.

Like the time they had run out of beer and soda and Shaggy had walked into the bathroom to find Scooby with his head in the toilet drinking the water. Or whenever Shaggy threw anything that was remotely ball like and Scooby became so excited that he'd dash after it whether it was the time or place or not. These occurrences didn't bother Shaggy in the slightest, after all, if you can't forgive your best friend for what was essentially their nature, what kind of friend would that make you?

There was only one thing that Scooby did that made Shaggy uncomfortable and, thank god, Scoob didn't do it often. However, that didn't mean that it was a complete non-appearance and, when he stood in his kitchen making two killer sandwiches and he heard a certain little whine coming from the living room, he knew what was going on.

If he'd had any will power at all he would have stayed right where he was and finished making the sandwiches, but anyone who had seen the sandwiches and what he had put in them could have guessed that will power was not one of his strong points, so he put the knife down and crept into the living room.

There, on the couch, as expected, was Scooby, for once in a very doglike pose; legs spread, head down and tongue out. Scoob was normally so human like, but occasionally Scooby slipped back into being a great dane. Most times, Scoob would leap in the shower, just like a person, but dogs had tongues for more than just licking the whole frosting off a cake in one go and Shaggy could see that Scoob had partially dropped into dog mode.

Shaggy was never sure if these things started just because Scoob had an itch or something, or if his friend did it deliberately, but it wasn't exactly something a guy could ask his bestest bud. Somehow, though, Scoob had gotten distracted, just like Scoob always did when in that particular position.

Dogs licked their nuts; it was a fact of life, but with the whole human element added in there, Scoob always seemed to end up going that little bit farther. The first time Shaggy had caught his friend with his head between his legs, he'd run a mile and pretended it had never happened. The second time he'd done the same, but the third he'd caught a glimpse of what that long tongue was actually doing and from that moment on he'd been fascinated.

This time he couldn't see anything, only Scoob's head moving in a steady rhythm, but he could hear the little noises Scoob was making and it was making him hot under the collar. How bad was that; spying on your best buddy while he was doing something like that? Maybe one day Velma would pull his face off and reveal the pervert under the mask.

As Scooby's movement's sped up, Shaggy knew he should have turned and left, but he couldn't bring himself to move. He knew what was coming next; he'd seen it on more than one occasion and he tried not to gasp when Scooby shook from head to tail and made the cutest little yipping sound. Then he heard a couple more slurps of that tongue and he was very sure he should have been leaving, but it was too late.

"Schrabby?" Scooby asked in a curious tone, looking round at him with a most innocent expression.

Mentally hitting himself, Shaggy shook himself out of his thoughts.

"Hey there, ol' buddy, ol' pal," he said, putting on the biggest smile he knew how, "just wanted to know if you want hot sauce or hot-hot sauce?"

Scooby instantly grinned at him, big tongue lolling out of that huge mouth.

"Both," was the cheerful decision.

"Right you are then, ol' pal," Shaggy replied and span on his heel, marching back into the kitchen.

Maybe if he concentrated on food his other fixation would go away.

The End

MMOM 19 - RST (Resolved Sexual Tension)

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom (reported), Georg, Gustav

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: twincest

Summary: Gustav sees the aftermath of Georg discovering the twins and has some advice for his friend.

Author's Notes: This is a sequel to **UST**, but I've tried to write it so it stands on it's own, so if you haven't read that you should still be able to read this one.

Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 2,113

Gustav walked out of his room just in time to see Georg dash across and up the hallway and disappear into his with the speed of an express train. The way Bill's door shut with a bang after Georg's retreating figure and then opened and Tom's head stuck out told Gustav all he needed to know. He had seen the way Bill was interacting with Tom since the end of the interview and he knew what it meant, even though no one knew that he knew.

"Everything okay?" he asked, since he had a very good idea what the matter was, but Tom looked a little worried, so he decided to ask, just in case.

The momentary indecision on Tom's face backed up what Gustav was already thinking; if it had been a simple argument then Tom would have already shrugged it off.

"Um, yeah," Tom said with a little shrug, "might have said the wrong thing that's all."

"We're all a bit on edge," Gustav agreed, pretending to just accept the explanation. "You don't have a spare phone charger do you?" he asked, coming up with an excuse on the fly for heading to Georg's room next.

He knew very well where all the other's chargers were; he'd seen them in a pile on the bus and he was the only one who'd remembered to bring one, but Tom wouldn't have known that.

"Sorry, no," Tom said, still looking a little unsure about what to do.

"I'll ask Georg then," Gustav said and walked down the corridor, "my phone's about to die and I can't find my charger. I'll make sure he's okay at the same time; knowing him he doesn't even remember why he stormed off by now."

He smiled at Tom and hoped his friend would just go back to Bill, because he could guess what the pair had been up to and, if Georg had managed to stumble onto them, they had to have been desperate.

"Thanks," Tom said, seemingly finally making up his mind. "We should get together later to have dinner and just chill."

"Good idea," Gustav replied with a nod, "I'll see what Georg thinks."

It had been too long since they had had a chance to all sit down and not talk work; it would be good for them. With that thought, he knocked on Georg's door.

"Who is it?" came from inside in a rather undecided tone.

"Gustav," he replied and waited.

The door opened and Georg gave him an almost convincing smile, but he couldn't help but notice that Georg seemed to suddenly be very fond of a pillow.

"Yeah?" Georg asked and Gustav could tell his friend was doing his very best not to look hopelessly confused.

"I wanted to talk to you about some things," Gustav said in a light tone, "can I come in?"

For a moment he thought Georg would give him an excuse, but they had been friends for too long for that and Georg nodded and let him in. He felt a little sorry for Georg, he remembered quite what an affect the situation had had on him and Georg was clearly having the same trouble if the significant positioning of the pillow was anything to go by.

"They're arousing, aren't they?" he chose his words carefully and Georg was so shocked that his friend almost missed the bed when sitting down.

"What?" Georg asked and almost managed not to stutter.

"Bill and Tom," Gustav said, speaking plainly, "when they're together, they're very arousing."

Georg looked like a fish out of water the way he was gulping in air.

"I saw them about a year ago," Gustav decided that if he explained Georg might manage not to die of a stroke, "only they didn't see me. From the look on Tom's face just now I would assume he knows that you know."

Georg was just staring at him now.

"You know about them?" Georg finally asked, as if it was the most impossible thing in the world. "You've known about them for a year?"

There was an edge to Georg's voice that was almost hysterical.

"I caught them on the bus once," Gustav explained and walked over and sat down beside his friend, "but I managed to make it look as if they just got away with it. Bill kept watching me for days; you have no idea how hard it was to pretend."

"You didn't say anything," Georg protested and Gustav smiled at his friend.

It wasn't as if he hadn't expected that reaction.

"Just like you wouldn't have," he pointed out. "Since I didn't hear yelling I assume you came to the same conclusion I did: there's no point in messing with perfection."

Georg was back to the goldfish impression.

He knew what his friend had to be thinking; there was only one thing to think. Bill walked the line between male and female and, at certain angles, so did Tom and

Gustav had given up feeling guilty for being turned on by either of them when he was fifteen. When he had discovered they were together, he'd given up trying not to imagine more than he had seen. He was not the most demonstrative person a lot of the time; not like Bill or even Tom, but contrary to popular opinion, he was at least vaguely in touch with his feelings.

"Look," he said, deciding that Georg probably needed some time to think about this, "don't drive yourself crazy. Just accept what they do to you," he grabbed the pillow away from Georg before his friend could stop him and there was a rather obvious bulge in Georg's jeans, "the same way you seem to have accepted what they are to each other. You might not be able to look them in the eye for a couple of days, but, trust me, it's better than the alternative."

With that, he patted his friend on the leg and stood up, giving Georg back his pillow.

"Oh and they want to meet up later for dinner," he added as he walked towards the door. "I'll see you then, or you can come knock on my door if you need to talk some more."

He turned to take one last look at Georg and almost laughed at the stunned expression on Georg's face.

"They're Kaulitzes," he said, imparting his final words of wisdom; "they exist in a bubble in space and time where the rules of the known universe do not apply; not the rules of hormones, social niceties or even physics, or how else do you explain Tom's jeans?"

That at least almost made Georg smile just the tiniest bit. Job done, he headed out and was almost positive Georg would be pounding on his door within half an hour or so.

Georg just sat there and watched Gustav leave. He really couldn't believe what he had just heard, and after having seen Bill with his hand down Tom's pants, it was all a bit much for him to deal with. Gustav knew everything; not only did Gustav know everything; it seemed that Gustav was as turned on by the idea of the twins together as he was. Part of his mind was yelling at him that this was bad and wrong and he should never, ever think of his friends like that, but the rest of him was losing the ability to think at all thanks to the insistent hard-on in his pants.

He almost undid his fly and shoved his jeans down there and then, but then he remember the small door problem which had caused this whole situation by letting him see Bill and Tom in the first place and he stood up quickly. The moment he was sure his door was firmly closed, however, he walked back to the bed and unceremoniously pushed his jeans and his boxers to the ground, kicking them off as fast as humanly possible.

His erection definitely didn't seem to care that it was highly inappropriate and by that time his brain was almost at the same point. It had been a really long few weeks, there had been no time for a little indulgence in just about anything and after Gustav's pep talk he was beginning to see that resistance really was futile.

Sitting on the bed, he considered his options and quickly scooted backwards, making himself comfortable. If he was going to do this, he was damn well going to enjoy it. Fondling his balls softly with one hand, he used his other to make

sure the foreskin was completely pulled back and then he ran his fingers over the head, finding the wetness of pre-come there already. There was no denying that he was very, very turned on and he let his fingers play for a few moments, just enjoying the light touch.

The older he became, the less he found wanking to be about instant gratification; it was about the build up as well. He could quite easily have forced himself into orgasm with a couple of rough strokes, he was that turned on, but if he was going to feel guilty afterwards, he wanted to make damn sure it was worth it.

He gave his balls a gentle squeeze and stroked the sensitive skin behind with the tip of one finger, while slowly stroking one finger from the other hand over and down the slit in the head. His cock hummed at the touch and his groin throbbed and he leant against the pillows behind him, putting his head back and closing his eyes.

There in his mind was a perfect mental image of what he had seen; Bill with Tom pinned to the wall, a hand buried in Tom's underwear, seemingly trying to devour Tom. It was one of the strongest sexual images he had ever seen, mostly because the raw passion he had witnessed was very, very real. That much had been abundantly clear by the way Bill had reacted when he had interrupted the pair. They were two of his best friends, more like family to him than anything else, but that moment in time in his head had them in a very different light.

Stroking himself a little harder, he moaned quietly and let his mind explore what he had seen and what his imagination said had to happen next. He wasn't surprised that Bill was the aggressor in what he had seen; Tom might have been the oldest, but it was Bill who ruled. Bill was the wild, wilful one of the two and Tom was the person who kept Bill grounded. He could imagine that their relationship could go both ways, but with all the stress and strain they had been under, the least shocking thing about the whole situation had been that Bill had taken the lead.

He could imagine Bill undressing Tom, throwing oversized clothes left and right before forcing Tom onto the bed, kissing all the way.

The way his cock jumped, he knew that his libido liked that mental image. He hadn't really meant it when he had asked if he could watch, but the part of his mind in control now would have killed to have been able to do so. He had never thought the idea of two boys would be so hot, but then Gustav was very right about that: no rules at all applied to the Kaulitz twins.

His drug of choice was usually tits and arse and Bill and Tom had neither, but Georg had no choice but to admit that the pure sexual energy between the two had him very, very worked up.

He didn't really know how long he kept himself on the edge, stroking himself slowly and then faster and then more slowly again as he played possible scenarios over in his head. His head was full of Bill and Tom and nothing else really mattered while he let the sexual tension in his body rise and rise. It felt so good that there was no room for guilt and finally the moment felt just about perfect and instead of just stroking himself he used his whole hand and thrust his hips up into his fist. Once, twice and then he was shaking and bucking and creamy fluid spurted onto his stomach and his t-shirt.

Orgasms were wonderful things and this one was the best kind as it reduced Georg to a pleasure filled heap on the bed. Guilt be damned; if it got him off that well he was going to do his very best to walk in on the twins again.

The End

MMOM 20 - Pollination

Fandom: [Jayce and the Wheeled Warriors](#)

Pairing: Saw Boss/Jayce

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: non-con

Summary: Normally Saw Boss would have tried to kill Jayce on sight, but for some reason, today he hasn't.

Author's Notes: Soph encouraged this one :), and she was kind enough to beta it for me too :).

Word count: 1,461

Jayce couldn't move and he was almost one hundred percent sure he was about to die. He was injured, his weapons were gone, he was alone and no one was coming to save him. All that as well as the fact that he was staring right into the face of Saw Boss added up to one thing in his head: death. The vines had him held fast, arms and legs outstretched and he could barely breathe, let alone escape. He didn't even know why he was still alive and all he had to be glad for was the Oon had escaped with the Root even as something suppressed its power.

"Well, well," Saw Boss said, reaching out and making him look up into those evil eyes, "welcome, Jayce, it is so nice to finally have you at my mercy."

If he was going to die, he wasn't going to do it begging for his life, so Jayce looked straight in Saw Boss' eyes and realised that for some reason the usually inhuman, yellow orbs had a weird pink tinge at the centre.

"Why don't you just kill me and get this over with?" he asked, doing his best to sound unafraid.

To his surprise, Saw Boss just laughed at him.

"I'm not in the mood to kill you today," Saw Boss told him, leaning close so their noses were only millimetres apart, "I find myself taken by another desire entirely."

It was beginning to dawn on Jayce that something was not exactly ordinary here. Something had called him here and something had interfered with the Root's power, leaving him helpless in the face of Saw Boss' clones and now Saw Boss was standing right in front of him and he wasn't dead yet.

"You are a very strong specimen," Saw Boss said, much to Jayce's surprise; "if you were of our kind we would propagate you to form an unstoppable army."

Jayce really began to think something very strange was happening when Saw Boss hooked one finger into the collar of his tunic.

"This," Saw Boss said slowly, "it in the way."

When smaller vines lanced out of the bigger ones, wriggling under his clothing, Jayce tried to struggle, but it was hopeless; he was held completely fast.

"What are you doing?" he demanded as the vines shredded his clothes with ruthless efficiency.

Now he was helpless and naked; the only thing Saw Boss' vines had not destroyed were his boots and although it might have been a comfort to some to die with their boots on, it didn't hearten him much. If he had been sure he was about to die it would have been more of a comfort, but he had no idea what Saw Boss was playing at.

"That's better," Saw Boss said, pink tinged eyes looking him up and down like he was some exhibit; "definitely a superior specimen."

Jayce began to worry more as Saw Boss stepped back a little, and then he saw something he really hoped didn't mean what the back of his mind whispered that it probably did mean. The smooth exoskeleton over Saw Boss' groin split and peeled back and what was revealed was a black flower with red dashes of colour over it and bright orange stamen that waved like tiny tentacles. The flower slowly emerged from the confines of Saw Boss' body as if growing to the light on a thick stem and the petal opened and closed slowly like the fingers of a hand flexing.

"Creating mindless clones is easy," Saw Boss said, moving closer again, "but sometimes cross pollination is required for evolution."

Struggling was futile as Jayce's worst fears were realised; he wasn't going to be killed, at least not yet, it was far worse than that. He considered screaming, since the very thought of Saw Boss coming any closer to him filled him with horror, but then a heavy scent from the flower hit him. It was a cloying, sticky smell and it seemed to land on his brain like a blanket. Everything became remote, even Saw Boss, and almost instantly he wasn't overly bothered by the situation at all. In fact his body didn't seem to mind at all any more as he felt arousal pooling in his belly for no reason that his brain could come up with, but it sure felt good.

It barely occurred to him that he had gone from scared and horrified to drunk and horny in under a second, all that mattered was that his cock was rapidly hardening and he wanted to get off as soon as humanly possible.

"Much better, Jayce," Saw Boss said, voice slightly booming in his ears as he struggled to concentrate on anything but the feelings in his lower body, "now you understand."

Jayce didn't understand anything, all he knew was that he was beginning to feel a little bit desperate as his arousal grew and he needed to do something, because he couldn't get his hands free to help himself out. When Saw Boss stepped up to him, he was actually glad. That heavy scent filled his mind with sex and nothing else and that was all he wanted.

When the flower closed around his cock, he gasped and bucked, because the petals were like soft rubber gripping him and the stamens looped around his cock like tiny fingers. It was just what he needed and he moaned long and hard. He had never, ever felt anything like it as the flower began to kind of pulse around his erection. The sensation of the undulating petals and the soft stamens literally blew his mind and he thought he might go insane as it went on and on.

Saw Boss was just standing there, almost passive, the only part of the Monster Mind that was moving being the flower. Jayce could barely stand it and eventually he put his head back and screamed as the most mind blowing orgasm swept through him. He climaxed inside the flower, which tightened around him even more, milking his cock for every last drop he had in him before he was finally allowed to collapse against his bonds.

He could barely breathe or think, but he could not take his eyes off Saw Boss as the Monster Mind stepped back from him again. Under his gaze, the flower shrivelled and died, its petals falling off as some of the stamen bulged and grew, becoming thick green and red vines, each with a bulb at one end. Now Saw Boss was shaking, trembling from head to foot as the vines elongated and grew to the ground, until there were six buds sitting on the dark soil. Jayce almost had enough brain power to be shocked when Saw Boss then fell over sideways onto the floor, but his thoughts were still heavy and the need for sex was gone, replaced by a need for sleep. His head lolled forward and he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer.

Jayce felt hands on his body and tried to struggle, but a calm whispering made his muscles relax even as his mind tried to wake up.

"Peace, warrior," a gentle voice told him, "your sacrifice has been recognised and you will be returned home."

"Sacrifice?" he asked, as his brain refused to work properly, even as he did his best to open his eyes.

When he finally managed to make his eyes focus, he found himself confronted by a willowy, androgynous creature who seemed to be carefully washing him with something. He was free of the vines and flat on his back on a soft blanket of some kind. The creature indicated more of its brethren who were carefully picking up what looked like giant seed pods and yet more who seemed to be doing the same to Saw Boss as this one was doing to him.

One by one the creatures with the seed pods vanished into thin air and Jayce's mind began to work again.

"You did this," he accused, as all the strange things that had happened added up in his head.

The creature merely inclined its head in a kind of nod.

"Why?" Jayce demanded, as he remembered the violation of his mind and body.

"Your children will save the universe," was what the creature told him and shocked him in to silence. "Now sleep, warrior, when you wake you will be reunited with your friends."

Jayce didn't want to sleep, he wanted answers, but there was magic in the air again and he could not fight it. He didn't really understand, but there was nothing he could do to change that and darkness over took him. At least he would live to fight another day.

The End

MMOM 21 - In My Head

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: thoughts of possible Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: hints of twincest

Summary: Bill is in Tom's head, Tom is in Bill's; it's the way it's always been, and Bill loves it, but just occasional it's a royal pain.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 2,126

Bill was tired and he wanted to sleep, but he had his head buried under the covers and sleep was very far from coming. Well when you were telepathic with your brother and he had a girl in his room, it was difficult to make your body behave. Bill loved the connection he had with Tom, he really did; no one could ever be as close to him as Tom. When they looked into each others' eyes they could have whole conversations and swap images and at other times feelings and sensations and impressions passed between them all the time. It wasn't something that anyone but their family knew about them, everyone else just put it down to 'the twin thing' and it was one of the joys in Bill's life, but just occasionally it was a pain.

Everyone who had ever heard of Tokio Hotel knew that Tom liked girls and Bill liked girls too, just not as much as Tom did. Bill really did believe in true love and was on the look out, but he very rarely had trouble with his libido, because when Tom went on the prowl, Bill had no choice but to mentally tag along, at least partially. Usually it was fun in a voyeuristic type of way and Bill rarely failed to get off when Tom did, because of the ghostly impressions coming from his twin. However, tonight Bill hadn't been interested.

When Tom had made noises about finding a girl, Bill had all but begged his twin not to, but Tom was horny, and when Tom was horny very little else mattered. Bill had had a photo shoot all afternoon, where the others had been hanging around the hotel they were in at the moment, and where as he was knackered, they were all bursting with energy. In the end Bill had waved them off with a smile; he really hadn't been able to begrudge Tom having some fun. He had fallen into bed and, with Tom half a city away in a club, he had been able to fall asleep, ignoring the vague things coming from his twin.

It had all worked fine until Tom had come back to the hotel and then Bill had been very rudely awoken by rather overwhelming shots of arousal running through him. He'd thrown the pillow over his face and waited to suffocate, but that had been twenty minutes previously and he was still alive, so he figured he was doing it wrong.

Tom wasn't even trying to project at him; he could tell his twin was doing his best to keep it down on a mental level, but they really weren't very good at dulling their connection. One day, if they ever did get married or found life partners or whatever, they were going to have to have very understanding other halves who could accept that their husbands were going to be horny at the same time.

Bill sighed and rolled over, trying to ignore the very prominent erection that was now rubbing against the mattress. If it had just been a matter of jerking off and then going back to sleep he would have done so, but it didn't work like that. If he jerked off and came, he'd give Tom a thrill, but Tom would undoubtedly still be horny and Bill would just get hard again. He had to wait until Tom was done too

and, with his brother in the next room doing his very best to blow a girl's mind, he could be in for a long night.

Gone were the blissful days of wham, bam, thank you ma'am; Tom had actually turned into a considerate, skilful lover. Tom really could get any girl he fancied, about that the hype was actually true, and the reason there were no tabloid headlines every time Tom did was because Tom was a really nice guy. It always made Bill smile how, behind the mouth, Tom was actually a lover of women in the true sense of the word. Sure Tom said some stupid things, but not one girl who had spent the night with Tom had run to the papers, which was saying something indeed. Bill was pretty sure that David didn't stalk them with NDAs when Tom was done.

Turning onto his back again, Bill stared at the ceiling and tried not to count down the seconds. It wasn't that he didn't like sex, even second hand, it was just he really wanted to sleep.

As he lay there, he idly wondered, not for the first time, what it would be like to be the focus of Tom's attentions. Bill wasn't sure if he was bi or just bi-curious, but the idea of being with another man didn't frighten him in the slightest. It was about as likely as him getting together with a girl, given that he was looking for 'the one'. His libido lived vicariously through Tom most of the time. He kissed the odd girl here and there, but he didn't really have the time or the energy to bother any further. It wasn't like he was a sex addict, unlike Tom.

The impressions he was getting were warm and very, very turned on, but nothing strenuous yet, so he didn't really think Tom and the girl were into it properly yet. Maybe he should start asking Tom to text him the name of the latest conquest; he felt wrong mentally referring to her as 'the girl', he was sure she had a perfectly lovely name.

His cock twitched as the feelings from Tom intensified and he slowly pushed down the covers, giving in to the fact that he had no choice in this, so he might as well get on with it.

He had no secrets from Tom, literally none, even though they pretended that they did sometimes and Tom knew he'd wondered what it would be like if they were together. Tom had considered it as well and discarded it as too dangerous and a little strange even for them, but Bill still liked to wonder. He knew what Tom's hands felt like; they cuddled all the time and often had very little on, so skin on skin was not new to him, but he didn't know what Tom's hands would feel like down there.

The feelings from Tom were quite intense now, but they were still missing something physical and Bill's money was on a blow job. If Tom and the Girl were not going to take it all the way, he might be in for a nice quick finish, but he wasn't betting on it. Tom was probably just enjoying the perks before the main event.

There was no point in trying to ignore things anymore, so he let himself indulge. He was wide awake by this point and the only thing that was going to help him get back to sleep was a mind blowing orgasm. He stroked himself a couple of times lightly, just enjoying the sensation in combination with the impressions coming from Tom; his twin was really enjoying whatever the Girl was doing and he let the slightly remote sensations ghost over his skin. Sinking into their connection, things became a little clearer and he knew Tom would sense what he

was doing. He tried to make sure he was really in tune with what was going on; he didn't want to wreck Tom's evening even though Tom had woken him up.

It was definitely a blow job and he stroked himself in time with the occasional ghosts of sensation that came through to him. Without eye contact it was never complete, but there was enough there to give him a good idea of what was going on. The blood throbbed in his cock as he let Tom's arousal soak into him and his own began to match it. On reflection this didn't seem like such a bad idea after all.

He was a bit tense; the photographer that afternoon had been a bit of an ass and it had made him a little uptight. He had slept because he was so tired, but it would be good to release some of the annoyance that he had had to hide because he was a professional.

Tom was almost on the edge now, he could tell, and he almost pushed himself over by accident as he fondled his cock and sought out Tom's arousal as well. He was saved when the intensity from Tom lessened and it became abundantly clear that the blow job had come to a halt. For a while he lay there, breathing hard and wondering what was going to come next. Tom was very happy, wherever the evening was heading next and although the edge was gone, Tom was still very much aroused. Bill found himself a little impatient; now that he had let himself become involved he wanted more.

Tom must have sensed it because there was a faint amusement in the feelings from his twin.

Playing with the shaft of his cock, he kept himself very much interested and waited for whatever was going to happen next. His whole body hummed when Tom stopped playing around and he moaned loudly, lifting his hips as he all but felt Tom sink into his date. Bill had never actually done that personally; he had gone quite a long way with girls, but never actually that far, but he knew it had to be damn good. What he got from Tom was not a completely real sensation, but he sensed enough to have a very good idea of what it felt like.

Using his fist, he wrapped it around his cock to enhance the impressions that were coming from Tom and he bit his lip as it felt completely wonderful. There was nothing quite like sex; one day he was going to have to get round to the whole shebang himself. Of course he had to find a person he wanted to be with first.

Moving his hips, he pushed his cock into his hand and out again, rather than moving his hand; somehow it linked him closer with Tom. Now he could feel the exertion that had been missing before and he could feel Tom climbing back to the heights of arousal. It felt so good and he threw his free arm up over his head, covering his eyes and he shut out the room around him. This was as good as it got, second hand at least, and he lost himself in his twin's expertise.

One thing Bill had learnt and learnt well from Tom's exploits was that girls tended to take a lot longer than boys to reach their peak. It took time and patience as far as he could tell from what he felt at times like this and what Tom had told him when he asked and he pushed his impatience aside. Tom would not be pleased if he was interrupted now.

He moved in time with what he could sense and held himself back from falling over the edge too fast. He had done that once and completely blown Tom's rhythm; his twin had not been pleased with him the next day. Only when Tom's

arousal began to spike again did he let his own excitement build. Thrusting into his hand he sped up to meet Tom's pace and he let himself attune completely to Tom. This was going to be good, he could tell already and, as he moved, he felt his balls tightening.

Tom was so close, Bill could sense it and he was sure Tom had to have already satisfied his partner, because Tom was not holding back. Bill moaned loudly and pushed himself on; it was no time for playing around. It was almost a race to see who could make it first and, with smug satisfaction, Bill felt his orgasm blossom just before Tom's and he reared up, groaning and shooting hot liquid onto his hand and stomach. The pleasure of his own sexual peak ran through his whole body, followed by the ghosts of Tom's and he knew his twin would be experiencing a very similar thing.

Little spasms touched random muscles in his body and he just lay there, enjoying every one. Sometimes he wondered what it must be like to be completely alone in your own head, but it made him uncomfortable to think about it, so he always pushed the thoughts aside. He would not give up what he had with Tom for the world even if sometimes he did get woken up in the middle of the night. To be alone would be the last thing he wanted.

The End

MMOM 22 - The Joys of Plasticine

Fandom: [Morph](#)

Pairing: Morph/Chaz

Rating: R

Warnings: none

Summary: Morph may look like a sexless blob of clay, but many things lurk under the surface.

Author's Notes: Oh god, oh god, I rang up Soph this morning and said: "What fandom shall I write today?" I expected her to say something like Harry Potter or CSI, but no, what did she say? "Morph!" I cannot apologise enough; the bunny just would not die once she had uttered that word.

Word count: 707

Being the idol of thousands of children had it's drawbacks, especially when said children thought of you as a sexless blob of clay. When he had first been "born", Morph had been innocent; his life had been innocent and he had been happy making the children happy, but then Chaz came. Chaz was made of the most beautiful cream plasticine Morph had ever seen and he had admired his cousin from the start.

He hadn't really understood it at the time, that strange feeling that ran through his when he looked at Chaz. He'd been very confused, and the day he'd found the little lump between his legs that seemed to appear sometimes when Chaz was around and then disappear again, it had scared him so much he'd gone straight to Tony. Tony had seemed very surprised, but like any good father figure had sat him down and told him about boys and girls and, well, boys and boys, and Morph had nearly died at the whole idea of it.

Being a somewhat unusual lifeform, Tony had been slightly unsure of all the details where Morph was concerned, but Morph had resolutely decided he was having nothing to do with any of that anyway.

When he looked back on it now, he laughed at himself; he had had no idea what he was missing.

He had managed to keep the whole thing secret for ages, but then one day he and Chaz had been wrestling over something; he didn't remember what and the little lump had come back. Only this time it had grown to be more of a cylinder than a lump and of course Chaz had noticed and wanted to know what it was. Morph had been mortified, but he had felt he owed his cousin an explanation and unlike him, Chaz has been anything but put off by the whole thing.

Morph remembered that day very fondly, even if he had spent a large percentage of it terrified.

Chaz had immediately wanted to experiment and had started rubbing the smooth, creamy surface between his own legs and Morph had watched, fascinated. Chaz had very successfully caused his very first erection, which had been bigger and prouder than Morph's, which Chaz had delighted in pointing out, so Morph had rubbed at his and the rest, as they say, was history.

As he looked down at Chaz's head bobbing away between his legs, he was very thankful that Tony had been honest with him when he had asked. It would have been so easy to keep him in the dark and then he would have missed out on so many wonderful times with Chaz. They still bickered as they always had done, but

Chaz was never far from him anymore and neither of them ever had to worry about unfortunate lumps for very long if the other saw.

He was pretty sure that when Tony had imbued plasticine with life, their creator had never expected them to evolve quite this far. The time Tony had found them behind the box, virtually moulded into each other (plasticine could form holes as well as cylinders) had certainly opened their creator's eyes.

They were careful; they made sure that the children would never see their more adult reactions, but that didn't stop them having them. Folly was the only one of the group still innocent now; Delilah had discovered that Gillespie could be very well endowed when led in the right direction and Morph really didn't want to know what Grandmorph got up to with the Very Small Creatures when no one was looking.

They were all formed of plasticine, which was warm and pliable and soft to the touch and it was just made for sex. He loved all the ways Chaz touched him and, with a little cry, he came in Chaz's mouth. By the looks of Chaz's very pleased expression and very prominent erection, he was going to have to return the favour, or at least offer a good hand job. Chaz always seemed to like it when he morphed his hand into a slightly different shape, so he thought he might try that.

He was very, very glad that his innocence was so long gone.

The End

MMOM 23 - I Told You!

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Georg/Gustav

Rating: PG-13

Warnings: none

Summary: Bill walks in on Georg and Gustav.

Author's Notes: I think I'm going to do a little series of "Walking in on people" fics, just for the hell of it :). Thanks to Soph for the beta and sorry this is late - we were at London Expo all weekend and then friends were over yesterday so I'm playing catch up.

Word count: 1,094

Tom was stood outside Georg and Gustav's bus while Bill climbed on board to see if that was where Bill had left his iPod. They had all been sprawled in the G's bus the previous evening to watch a movie since they were parked up for the night and Bill hadn't been able to find his iPod that morning, Tom had suggested it might be on the other bus. He hoped Bill would find it quickly, because they were supposed to have the morning off and he really didn't want to spend it looking for Bill's iPod.

The squeal that came from inside the bus probably alerted most of the northern hemisphere to the fact that Bill had just seen something. Tom, being Bill's twin, was very sensitive to Bill's squeals and this one was definitely one of delight, delight that could not have been brought on by simply finding an mp3 player. Deciding that he had to know what had caused his twin to make such a noise, he dashed for the door to the bus and climbed on board.

What he found was Bill virtually bouncing in place and Georg and Gustav sitting on one of the bench seats, both looking very red faced. It took him a second to take in the whole scene and then it occurred to him that Georg's hair looked rather mussed, as if someone had ruffled it or something. That added up with the slightly swollen lips, the pink cheeks and Bill's complete delight to only one thing.

"I told you," Bill all but squeaked, pointing at Georg and Gustav and waving madly.

When Bill had told him that Georg and Gustav seemed to be very cosy lately, Tom had dismissed Bill's suspicions with a laugh. It had been ridiculous to think that their band mates were up to anything and he'd just assumed Bill's active imagination had gone into overdrive. Now that he was looking though, it seemed that he should have listened to Bill. Really, if he thought about it, he should have believed Bill the moment his twin said anything rather than talking Bill out of it, because Bill had a nose for things like this.

"Bill ..." Gustav was clearly about to try and make an excuse, but Georg put a hand on his arm.

"Not a lot of point," Georg said when Gustav turned and Tom really didn't know what to think.

He knew the evidence of kissing when he saw it and from the way Bill was all but vibrating on the spot it was very clear that his twin had walked in right in the middle of it.

"Okay," Georg said, still looking embarrassed, "now you know."

"What are you going to do?" Gustav asked, clearly uncomfortable.

Tom could tell that both his friends were worried about this, not that he really understood why, but Bill seemed either oblivious or was deliberately ignoring it.

"How long?" Bill asked, smiling cheerfully and sitting himself down as if he had every intention of staying.

Both Georg and Gustav didn't seem to know quite how to deal with the situation.

"Wait," Bill said, thinking about it, "two months and about a week?"

Tom wanted to say something, but he was as unsure as Georg and Gustav seemed to be. The only one who didn't find this incredibly awkward was Bill, who seemed to be enjoying the whole thing far too much.

"How did you know that?" Georg asked, looking more than a little startled now.

"That's when you two stopped hugging in public for a while," Bill said with a tone of supreme confidence. "I thought there was something strange, but then you got over it."

Both Georg and Gustav looked at Tom and he just shrugged; sometimes he didn't quite get how Bill's mind worked either. Half the time Bill missed loads of things around him, and the other half Bill picked up everything; it just depended what was important to Bill.

"I didn't have a clue," Tom promised.

"He even told me I was seeing things," Bill added with a bright smile.

"Oh god," Gustav moaned and leant against Georg, "he's going to start going on about true love and hearts and fluffy kittens."

Tom managed to crack a smile at that; it was probably a good assessment of where Bill's brain was most likely going. If there was one thing that the media had right about Bill it was his joy in true love; it was one of the things that Tom found particularly endearing about his twin. No matter how much they saw of the world, how jaded it tried to make them, Bill still held to the idea of true love. Given their parents, this amazed Tom sometimes, but it was something he did not try to dissuade Bill of, not in more than a joking way.

"I'm not," Bill protested, trying to look offended, but failing, "but you two are cute together."

"Okay, Cupid," Tom decided that it might be good to give the G's some privacy, since Bill had clearly invaded personal time, "maybe we should go do what we were going to do and let our friends get back to what they were doing?"

"You mean let Gustav shove his hand back down Georg's trousers?" Bill asked with a perfectly innocent expression.

That was what was so entertaining about Bill; he could go from talking about love and kisses, to sex and shagging in seconds. Angel to devil in mere moments.

"Thank you for that mental image I didn't want," Tom complained; he really didn't want to think about Georg and Gustav like that.

It wasn't that sex between two guys made him uncomfortable; it was that he really didn't want to think about his friends in such an act. Bill clearly didn't hold the same view.

"Don't worry," Georg said, looking somewhere between pissed and relieved and Tom could only assume it was because neither he nor Bill was freaking out, "I think that moment's gone."

For a moment Tom was worried when Bill appeared a little disappointed, but then Bill smiled again.

"At least now I understand why you two were so keen on the separate buses," Tom said, perching against the table.

"So," Bill said, sounding excited and smug in the same breath, "tell me everything."

Georg looked scared and, if Tom was any judge, Gustav was looking for a solid surface to bang his head against. He had a feeling he knew why their friends hadn't told them anything yet.

The End

MMOM 24 - A Little Relief

Fandom: Virus Buster Serge

Pairing: Macus/Jouichirou, Jouichirou/Mirei (mentioned), Serge/Raven/Dona (mentioned)

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: threesome

Summary: Jouichirou can't pursue Mirei as far as he needs to because she isn't old enough yet, so Macus steps in to relieve some tension.

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

Word count: 1,526

"You're looking tense, Jo," Macus said, walking up to where his friend was staring out of a window.

Jouichirou turned and looked at him and Macus knew the expression in his friend's eyes; it wasn't as if he hadn't seen it before.

"Ah," he said, with a little smile, "that kind of tension."

Jouichirou all but glared at him.

"Of course I'm tense," his friend said in an exasperated tone, "I've got it bad for a fifteen year old who I can't touch and if Raven, Erika and Serge were otherwise engaged any more often we'd never get any work done around here at all."

Things had changed a lot since the Incubator had been destroyed, the least of which was Raven being released from captivity and reintegrated as part of the team. Macus was in charge now and Raven was his subordinate, but, when Serge had turned around and point blank refused to do anything for S.T.A.N.D. ever again unless Raven was given another chance, everyone had been surprised. They still had the aftermath to clear up; Earth was not free of the VIRUS even though its source was gone, and they needed Serge.

Macus finally had all the details on Serge and he suspected that Serge was remembering things from Milan. He knew there had been something between Raven and the mysterious Milan, in the odd moments of weakness Raven had confided in him, but he had not realised how deep those feelings had run. With Dona, yes, with Milan no. It was now quite clear that Raven, Milan and Dona had probably been a threesome, because Raven, Serge and Erika definitely were. He'd walked in on the three of them himself at least once and not even Mirei was ignorant of what the three were up to.

"They do seem to be working out their differences in a very interesting way," Macus said, feeling a little sorry for his friend.

The fact that the ladies man of the group was head over heels in love with the youngest member of the team, who was off limits for at least another few months, was ironic, but very endearing. Mirei had caught all their hearts the moment she had joined the team, but she had Jouichirou's tied up with a red ribbon and sitting in her pocket. Macus sometimes wondered if Mirei had any idea of the power she had over Jo.

"They can't keep their hands off each other," Jouichirou pointed out, sounding just a little bit petulant. "They were actually using the simulator this morning!"

Macus made a mental note to ask the trio to not use official equipment for their activities, but he didn't really think it would do any good; Serge was a rebel at heart. Right then, though, he decided that Jouichirou probably needed his help more than the rest of the team did, or Jo might just spontaneously combust.

"You know," he said, stepping that little bit closer so he encroached on Jouichirou's personal space, "I could give you a hand with that tension problem you seem to have."

Jouichirou had gone back to staring out the window, but looked at him then. Macus gave his friend a come on smile in encouragement. They had "relieved each other's tensions" before, but he wasn't quite sure if Jo would take him up on it this time; love tended to complicate such matters.

"I don't know ..." Jouichirou said in a rather confused tone; it was clear that Jo needed the relief, but was unwilling to go behind Mirei's back.

"It's just physical, Jo," Marcus told his friend; "and you need something or you're going to explode."

He let his eyes wander down to where there was a significant bulge in Jouichirou's pants. Jo was a walking hard on these days and sooner or later it was going to affect his work; Macus definitely didn't want that.

"She's a girl, you're a grown man," he pointed out, "and while she becomes a woman you need to make sure you don't do anything stupid."

Macus knew he had won when Jouichirou's shoulders sagged in defeat and he turned and waited for his friend to follow him. It was only a short walk to his office and the moment they were both inside he closed and locked the door. This was not about love and romance and hugs, it was about friendship and passion and Macus did not waste any time. Pushing Jouichirou up against the side wall, he efficiently unclipped the fastenings on his friend's belt and pushed down pants and underwear at the same time.

At first Jouichirou appeared startled, but when Macus wrapped one of his large hands around the very prominent erection he revealed, Jo's head went back, the younger man's eyes closed and Macus had to all but support his friend from slipping down the wall. It had clearly been far too long for the suffering Romeo.

"You should have come to me," he whispered in Jouichirou's ear as he smoothly pumped the cock in his hand; "you know I would have helped."

"Couldn't," Jouichirou said, through a long, desperate moan, "Mirei."

"Would understand," Macus pointed out.

Mirei was not as sweet and innocent as everyone thought from the pigtails; Macus knew this. Their resident computer genius had seen far too much of the world to be that, but Jouichirou seemed to be ignoring that point. It was a romantic notion that, at one time, Macus would have thought beyond his young friend, but now it seemed almost sweet.

"Oh god," Jouichirou groaned as Macus upped the pace a little.

"You need relief, Jo," he told his friend; "in this job we all need to make sure we aren't distracted."

"I couldn't betray her," Jouichirou replied, sounding so torn as Macus worked him.

"You're not," Macus did his best to reassure his young friend, "this is only physical."

He reiterated his point. If they had been anyone but the people they were, he would have simply encouraged Mirei and Jouichirou together, a little early; it was clear the two were meant for each other, but it would be breaking several laws, and with the regular physicals they all had to take because of their contact with the VIRUS, questions would be asked. Sixteen was the legal age of consent in Neo Hong Kong and there were some people who were rather hot on making sure it stayed that way to prevent child exploitation in the brothels of the seedier parts of the city.

Jouichirou's response to his affirmation was to groan even more loudly and Macus decided that he was not going to draw it out much longer. This was about feeling someone else's body on your own, even if it was just a hand, and he knew it would satisfy Jo, since his own hand clearly wasn't helping any more. He gave a little twist as he continued to pump and felt Jouichirou's legs become a little more unstable.

"Would it help if I said she was watching?" Macus used his last weapon.

Jouichirou's eyes shot open, staring at him and Jo came hard, bucking into his hand and spurting hot liquid over his fingers and the floor. He glanced up at the security camera in the corner of his room and saw Jouichirou's gaze follow his.

"You are not the only one wishing the law was not so firm on this issue," he explained, standing back and picking up some tissues from his desk.

Mirei had come to him, confused and frustrated after what had clearly been a close shave for both her and Jouichrou. The pair had tried simply touching, but had become so carried away that they had almost gone too far; hence the current levels of frustration.

Macus handed Jouichirou some of the tissues and watched his friend hastily putting his clothes back together and eyeing the security camera.

"This was a setup," Jo said, sounding confused.

"Mirei came to me asking if I could make sure the medicals were ignored if you two were to go too far," Macus said, walking behind his desk and sitting down, "but the controls are too tight at the moment, so I offered my assistance; this way neither of you are breaking any laws, bending some slightly, yes, breaking them, not so much. Until Mirei's sixteenth birthday I am happy to help."

Jouichirou frowned.

"But what about you?" his friend asked and he was touched by Jo's concern.

"Let's just say I have alternative arrangements," he said and smiled.

At the moment his tastes ran more to larger men with very big muscles and not much brain who could pin him to the bed when necessary, but he wasn't about to admit that aloud. There were a couple of guards who were very happy to fulfil his needs, so it wasn't as if he was going without. One day he'd probably be hit

between the eyes with love like Jouichirou clearly had been, but until then he was quite happy and it meant he could, quite literally, give his friends a hand every now and then.

The End

MMOM 25 - Cupboard Love

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Georg/Tom

Rating: R

Warnings: none

Summary: Gustav is looking for his drumsticks and finds something else entirely.

Author's Notes: Another of the "Walking in on people" fics; this is fun :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,156

Gustav could not find his spare drumsticks. These were not his reserve drumsticks, which he knew were in his stage kit, they were the back-up, back-up set that he always had because he was paranoid. He knew where he had put them, but they weren't there now, which meant as soon as he found them and then found out who had moved them, someone was for the high jump.

The regular crew would not have dared to move his stuff, so it was probably some temporary stage hand for the one gig. He tried to put himself into the place of someone who didn't know what was going on properly and decided that one of the storage cupboards, where the empty equipment boxes were stored, would be the most likely place to find his missing stuff. Leaving the stage area to Bill, who was doing a vocal sound check, he went hunting.

The first cupboard gave no joy, but there was still the second, bigger one to try, so he walked to it and opened the door. It was very dimly lit and he walked in, closing the door behind him and stopping for a while just to get his bearings. Having to cancel a concert because the drummer had fallen over a packing case and broken his wrist would not be great press. He doubted the fans would be as sympathetic to his own stupidity as they had been about Bill's voice.

Once he was sure his eyes had adjusted to the gloom, he prepared to search for his drumsticks, when the sound of whispered voices made it to his ears first.

"They're gone," one very hushed voice said, "just opened the door."

"Are you sure?" another asked and there was an undertone of something else in that voice as well.

"Haven't heard anything since the door closed," the first whispered back.

The voices were so distorted from being quiet that it was difficult to make out who it was, but Gustav was pretty sure it was Tom and Georg. What on earth Tom and Georg were doing hiding in a storage cupboard, Gustav could not guess and he just hoped it wasn't some stupid prank. They were running late; had been ever since an accident on the autobahn had meant a huge detour in the middle of the night and the last thing they needed was for the two reprobates in the band to cause chaos.

They definitely weren't going to stop him from finding his drum sticks, that was for sure. They'd just have to figure out they weren't alone when he started moving things.

"Oh god, Tom," Georg's voice was not as quiet this time, "yeah, right there."

Gustav froze again; his mind informed him of exactly what the overtones in Georg's voice were now, but he simply refused to believe it. There was no way Georg and Tom were involved; the two skirt chasers could not possibly be playing around together.

His sharp ears picked up the sound of a zip and then two muffled groans.

"Fuck," Tom said and sounded like he meant it rather than happened to be cursing. "I thought I'd go mad; four days with no privacy at all."

They had just spent the last four days travelling with barely enough privacy to visit that bathroom alone, let alone do anything else, so Gustav could sympathise. That is of course if he believed what he was hearing; it would be just like Tom and Georg to be pretending to mess with his head. He was probably supposed to go running to Bill and be laughed at, but he really wasn't in the mood. Deciding that his drum sticks could wait until he had turned the tables on his friends, he headed towards the noise, very quietly indeed. Georg tended to stumble around walking into things, but the rest of them were like cats when they wanted to be.

When he peered round one of the large cases into a small nook made by several boxes, he came to a dead halt. It was at that moment that he realised Tom and Georg were not messing with his head; in fact they were most definitely messing with each other. Georg's jeans were open and pushed down slightly; Tom's jeans were in a heap around his ankles; Tom's shirts had been removed and thrown over a box and the pair were moving against each other and thrusting into Tom's long fingered fist.

Tom and Georg; the whole idea just blew his mind even if the sight of his friends hadn't already scrambled his wits.

"I missed you," Georg said and Gustav felt suddenly very much as if he should definitely not be there.

"Me too," Tom replied, beginning to move faster.

Gustav took a very careful step backwards, careful to be as silent leaving as he had been walking over. This was a private moment he had no right to intrude into. He began thinking furiously to try and find a way out of the situation without wrecking it for Tom and Georg.

The noises from the corner started to become less coherent and more desperate and they spoke to his cock even if his brain wasn't on the same page. He was going to need a quick trip to the men's room for some private time himself if he wasn't careful.

"Oh god yes," it was Tom's voice, "yes," getting louder, "ye..." the last was almost yelled and was suddenly muffled.

Gustav had a very good imagination and he was pretty sure that Georg had just lip locked Tom to shut him up. It was kind of strange to find out one of your best friends was as exuberant when having sex as he was in normal life in such a direct way.

The kiss seemed to end when there was one set of gasping and panting and then another quickly following it. Gustav had no doubt he had just heard his friends' orgasms and he now had far, far more information in his brain than he wanted.

He needed to remove himself and soon; at least now he knew he wouldn't be interrupting.

Opening the door he stepped outside.

"Oh hell, this one's huge," he said loudly, as if talking to someone else; "let's search the smaller one first and then come back to this one if they're not there."

Then he shut the door and hoped that he wasn't breathing hard or looking too flushed. Never in a million years would he have pegged Tom and Georg as a couple, but he didn't think it was a one off thing, given the conversation he had also heard, and he doubted either of them were stupid enough to risk the band on a whim. It was simply mind blowing and he walked away trying to get his head around it. This would definitely take some thinking about.

The End

MMOM 26 - Algorithm

Fandom: Blake's 7

Pairing/Character: Avon

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: none

Summary: After the events of Sarcophagus, Avon needs to relax, even if he is on watch.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. I've been reading some B7 fanfic lately and I felt like writing a little bit :).

Word count: 1,184

Night watch could be less stimulating than Avon sometimes liked. There was no one to verbally dissect and, contrary to popular opinion, he was not a machine and could not spend every waking moment with his nose in a computer. The first hour or so was always pleasant with no ridiculous distractions from the others, but after that, time seemed to drag. It didn't help that it was the first watch after a disastrous near miss either and he was tense and in need of something to distract him.

He had been sitting there, for want of a better description, twitching, for the last hour, and even he could admit that he was about at the end of his control. Admitting that he had feelings always made him less than settled, even to himself, and it had been too close with Cally and that creature in the Sarcophagus. That thing had not only nearly taken Cally from them, it had almost killed him and Vila, and as much as he hated to admit it, Vila was too useful to lose.

"Zen," he said, finally deciding that he had to do something about his current state of mind, "alert me if anything shows on the scanners or if anyone approaches the flight deck."

"Confirmed," Zen replied with his usual mechanical tones.

Standing up, Avon walked to the seating area. All of them had tried to "celebrate" their victory earlier with false bravado and camaraderie, but it had been too close and the cracks had been showing on everyone's masks. They had sat around for a while pretending to be pleased that they had outwitted such a powerful enemy, but even Dayna had been unable to raise a smile for long.

There was only one thing that could make Avon stop thinking, even for a little while, and it was not drugs or alcohol. It was not something he did often, but it acted like a kind of reset switch to his psyche. It gave him a few moments where his mind was not working and that always seemed to refresh him, no matter what the stresses might be.

Ever precise, he efficiently removed his tunic and placed it on the seats, then he undid his belt and trousers and pushed the material down a little. He sat down and made himself comfortable; like everything else in his life, he liked to make sure he did this properly. Wasted effort was wasted effort and he did not like to waste any of his time or energy on useless pursuits.

It wasn't that he had the perfect formula for enticing his body into orgasm, but he knew what he liked as precisely as he knew how to program a computer and, just like computers, it was all in the choice of algorithm.

It was always best to start off slowly with any project; haste caused errors and errors were unacceptable. With this in mind, he palmed himself through his underwear, letting his body become used to the idea of what he had planned. He could feel himself hardening under his hand almost instantly and the familiar heat of blood pumping into his cock was pleasant enough to make him relax a little further into the seat. The way his body was responding made him doubly sure that he needed this.

Adjusting his position a little more, he reached into his underwear and pulled his cock free. He was already mostly hard and he required more contact to increase his enjoyment. He liked to be fully hard and sensitive before he began to play properly, so he efficiently stroked himself to full erection, letting his head fall back against the seat as he did so. His nerves were beginning to hum pleasantly now as the throb of arousal made his cock twitch in his hand.

There were many ways to bring a body to sexual ecstasy and Avon knew a great deal of them; he would never be second best at anything, but he was not in the mood for anything complicated. He did not relish the idea of one of the crew stumbling upon him in such a vulnerable position; it would not embarrass him, this was a perfectly natural need, but it was difficult to keep an eye on your back when you were otherwise distracted.

His need was such that simplicity was the best course of action anyway and, using two fingers, he began to caress the head of his cock. It sent jolts of excitement through his lower regions and he applied just enough pressure so it was almost too much, but not quite. He was not a masochist as a rule, but skirting the edge of such things appealed to his baser instincts.

Already he could feel the coil of his orgasm building, swirling around his loins and tightening his balls. It had been too long since he had properly indulged and it showed in his lack of adequate control. It was unfortunate that he was at the mercy of his body's baser needs, but sometimes these things were necessary and even Avon did not think he could order his body to obey him completely all the time.

Speeding up his movements, he used one finger to flick over the head as the others and his thumb worked the shaft. It had less style than he would have liked, but it felt better than even he had expected. Clearly his original estimation of the situation had underplayed quite how pleasant the whole thing would be.

As with all things he did, he knew what he wanted and he knew how to get there and, given his position on the flight deck, he did not allow himself to be so open for long. He allowed himself one moan just before the end as his balls tightened, his body shook and pleasure ran through every cell as he completely surrendered to his orgasm. He felt the moment he had needed, the time when his mind cut off and there was only the physical left, nothing logical or intellectual at all. It was the one time he could be totally open and it lasted only a moment, but it was everything he needed.

Avon just sat there with his eyes closed for a while, waiting for all his faculties to come back online. He could already feel the desired effects coursing through his body as the tension of recent events flowed out of him.

[You should do that more often,] Cally's mental voice drifted into his head, sounding as relaxed and content as he felt; [you project in a quite remarkable way when you do.]

For a moment he considered being annoyed at the intrusion, but decided that it was not worth the effort.

"I am so glad to be of service," he said aloud, even though he knew Cally would not hear him.

He couldn't help a small smile though; if he had reached Cally, then he was clearly very good at what he did. There was nothing he liked more than being the best.

The End

MMOM 27 - Breaking Point

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom, Georg/Gustav, Bill/Tom/Georg/Gustav

Rating: R

Warnings: twincest, group sex (reported)

Summary: David knows the band is at breaking point and he's doing his best to help them, but it might be too late.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This is another of the "Walking in on people" series, but from a different angle.

Word count: 2,315

David was worried, for the first time he was really worried about the band not holding together. Through everything else the media and the industry had thrown at Tokio Hotel, Bill, Tom, Georg and Gustav had all pulled together, but lately the cracks were beginning to show. With the strain of Bill's illness and all the demands the record company had been making on the band since, there was too much stress on the boys. Tom and Bill were bickering all the time, and it wasn't just the normal twin fights; they were all used to those, it was something else; Georg was actually beginning to look depressed and in conjunction with the laid back bassist that was like Mickey Mouse turning out to be a beer swilling, chain smoking, child molester; and Gustav just wasn't talking to anyone, at all.

He'd managed to wrangle them a day off in the crazy schedule, but there hadn't been time to arrange for them all to go home, so he'd left them in the apartment the previous night. It was now coming on to lunch time and he had meant to leave them alone all day, but he couldn't help worrying about them. It was his job to stay between them and as much of the shit from the industry as possible, but now that the twins were eighteen it wasn't so easy. Bill point blank refused to let him shield them as much as he once had done.

In David's head he still sometimes thought of them as the innocent teens he had first met; they were his boys and he wanted to protect them, but everything seemed to make it harder and harder.

Putting the key in the lock, he quietly opened the apartment door. He didn't want to disturb them if they were still sleeping, which he hoped they were, because all four had been running on empty. It was so hard for the boys to go out and just relax, but he'd managed to arrange for a cinema to close one of its screens to the public so that they could all go and see the latest Indie film that evening if they wanted to. He knew Gustav had mentioned it the one time David could remember their drummer speaking in the last week, and it was the one time Bill had actually been animated when not in front of a camera when it had been mentioned.

As he stepped from the hall into the living room, he came to a complete halt and just stared. The room was trashed. It wasn't just a little bit trashed either; every stick of furniture was overturned; the TV was on it's face in the corner; everything that had been in the cupboards was strewn all over the floor and it basically looked as if a bomb had gone off in the middle of it. This was bad, this was very bad and David really didn't know what to do.

There had been tantrums before; every once in a while everyone needed to let off a little steam, but there had never been this much devastation. The biggest incident to date had been when Bill had seen a nasty, bitchy segment on TV and snapped and managed to tip the TV onto its side. With that one Bill had been so shocked at what he'd done he'd burst into tears and that had been the end of

that. This; this was something entirely different; everything had been systematically destroyed.

David's worry spiked and he began to pray that it wasn't too late to fix things. He should have seen this coming with better foresight and done something about it earlier; he would never forgive himself if he was too late to help.

As he stood there trying to decide what to do, he heard a moan and his eyes flew around the room. Someone was in amongst all the devastation and they sounded muffled and in pain. If one of his boys was hurt, he had to find them and do what he could for them. The problem was the room was so trashed that he had no idea where they could be and he definitely didn't want to make it worse by stepping on them. He heard the moan again and carefully made his way in the right direction; it sounded as if it was coming from the other side of the upturned sofa.

When he peered over the wrecked furniture, prepared to find one of his charges bloody and bruised, his eyes almost popped out of his head. It was so not what he was expecting and he dropped everything that he was holding, including his phone where he had been ready to dial for assistance and just stared.

Georg, a very naked Georg, had an equally naked Gustav pinned to one of the discarded sofa cushions, kissing Gustav senseless while having one, possibly two fingers buried in Gustav's arse. From the look of things Gustav was enjoying it very much indeed if the very prominent erection was anything to go by, that was, up until the point where David's phone bounced off the back of the couch and glanced off Georg's shoulder.

Georg looked round at him instantly and froze.

"David!" was the confused exclamation.

He had told them he wouldn't bother them all day and he'd only come over to tell them about the cinema and to appease his own worry that they were all okay, so Georg was clearly shocked to see him. Of course that probably had a lot to do with the compromising position he had just found them in as well. He noticed that at his name, Gustav's gaze was on him as well.

"I... um..."

What could he possibly say in such a situation.

"Ow, my head," that was Bill's voice and he turned to see a mop of black hair appearing from behind a fallen cabinet.

He didn't have to be a world class observer to notice that the shoulders attached to the head with the unruly hair were bare, or the fact that Bill had a huge hickie on one side of his neck. David didn't know what to think, let alone what to say. Then when a head full of blond dreadlocks appeared just behind Bill on top of shoulders that were equally naked, the last rational thought he had left fled his head. He really couldn't be seeing what he thought he was seeing; that wasn't possible.

"Oh," Tom said on seeing him and, as he watched, a protective arm curled around Bill's shoulders.

His eyes flicked from Georg and Gustav, who were still frozen mid sex to Bill and Tom who looked equally debauched, but not quite as compromised. David had no

idea what he had walked into and he had no mental processes to deal with it. His first instinct was to turn, walk out, and pretend he hadn't seen any of it, but he was pretty sure that simply wouldn't work.

"Look," Bill said, extricating himself from Tom's embrace and standing up, "we can sit here and stare at each other all day, but I need an aspirin. We can talk about this in a minute."

Bill was completely naked, just like Georg and Gustav; that much was perfectly obvious the moment Bill stood up and David felt several of his long held principles shattering. When Bill grabbed what had to be one of Tom's t-shirts from the wreckage and threw it on, David noticed the clothes strewn around the room for the first time. He had been so busy worrying about what he was seeing that he hadn't noticed the obvious.

Leading by action as ever, Bill stepped over the fallen cabinet, picked up a second of Tom's t-shirts and passed it to his twin, and then walked towards the kitchen. David watched every move, because he couldn't do anything else.

"Come with me," Bill said, looking at him, "this will probably be easier if you're not looking at naked people."

David really wasn't so sure, but he left everything where he had dropped it and meekly did as he was told. He had no contingency plan for this, it just didn't fit with his world view and he didn't have a clue what to do. He watched Bill flick on the coffee pot and then go to the cupboard and pull out some pills before filling a glass with water.

"What the hell happened?" he finally managed to form a coherent question as Bill popped two of the pain killers.

"We had a huge row," Tom's voice just behind him made him jump and he turned to find himself hemmed in.

Tom was in the doorway and David didn't think he was going to be allowed to leave anytime soon.

"I lost it," Bill said in a voice that sounded far too calm, "big time. I screamed at everyone and we were all so on edge, they began to scream back. That's when we trashed the living room."

That much at least made sense; it was what David had been afraid of, but it didn't explain the nakedness.

"Then we ran out of furniture," Gustav joined the conversation and Tom moved into the room as the other two appeared behind him.

"Most of us were pretty homicidal by then," Georg added, and the strangest thing was, no one of the four sounded remotely repentant; "so I kissed Bill."

David's brain did a back flip; that just didn't logically add up.

"How do you get from homicidal to sex?" he blurted out the question before his thoughts had time to catch up.

"It was the only thing that had equal appeal as killing him," Georg said as if it made perfect sense.

"But you weren't with Bill this morning," David pointed out, trying his very best to get his head round the situation.

"Nope," Bill took over again, "we all had sex with each other, but we kind of paired off to sleep."

"It was a very liberating experience," Gustav added and David looked at all of them properly for the first time.

It was only then that it occurred to him that the whole band did appear a hell of a lot more relaxed than since before Bill's illness. If they hadn't all been looking at him, somewhat worried, they could have been called content.

"And was this a one time thing?" he asked, even though he suspected the answer from what he had already seen.

His mind was beginning to turn again and he was doing his best to think like a manager and a friend.

"I don't know about the others," surprisingly it was Gustav who spoke first, "but I'd like to keep my options open."

"It brings us together," Bill added with a nod, "we need that."

"But I don't think we'll need to destroy the living room every time," Tom added and gave him a twisted smile.

All the possibilities of them getting caught; the possible scandal flew through his head, but David just couldn't form the words to condemn them. He sat down and laughed, a little hysterically; this was so far to the left of normal that he didn't know what to do or say. He had known every member of the band was on edge and the state of the living room proved that, but he had had no idea they would find a solution themselves, that was at the same time so easy and so complicated.

"No one else can know," was about all he could think to say as he realised that he was indeed going to cover for them.

'Group sex', 'incest', 'gay': all those words flew through his head as he imagined the headlines if this got out, but, even as he thought about it, he began to form contingency plans. In the back of his mind he wondered if the band would want to go back to using one tour bus now.

"We had already figured that out," Gustav said in a tone that suggested he thought David was an idiot for having to point that out, but the expression on Gustav's face was grateful and that's all David needed. "I'm going to shower."

Clearly Gustav had decided that the conversation was as complete as it needed to be.

"I'll come with you," Georg said and almost managed to make it sound innocent.

"Who said you were invited?" Gustav asked, completely deadpan.

Georg grinned and David had never been so pleased to see the 'I can melt your pants with one smile' grin in his life. It was so normal that it made him happier than he could explain.

Gustav made a put upon sound and rolled his eyes, but indicated that Georg should precede him out of the room. It was such a Gustav thing to do that David almost smiled; he hadn't seen Gustav do the put upon routine for weeks.

When the pair left, he turned back to find something else he hadn't seen in a while; Bill and Tom were standing in the corner talking quietly. He wasn't sure what they were talking about, but it seemed to be important by the way they were acting, so he took the time to sort his head out. If the four were going to keep this up he was going to have to make sure that they could move between each other's rooms easily in hotels. He would have to tell Saki, but the boys wouldn't have to know that. It would take some planning and some covering up, but it wasn't an impossible task.

"David," he looked up as Bill spoke to find Bill and Tom both looking at him in a little more than friendly way, "you've seemed kind of stressed lately."

The End

MMOM 28 - Reactions

Fandom: Blood Ties

Pairing: Mike/Henry

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: none

Summary: Mike no longer reacts to Henry the way he knows he should, but he can't help himself.

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

Word count: 1,348

Henry had Mike shoved up against the wall in a second, fangs bared and eyes black and Mike felt himself react instinctively almost immediately. Henry was very pissed off, and a pissed off vampire should have scared the shit out of him, but unfortunately for him, Henry was not having that effect at all. He really didn't know how to explain it; he wasn't attracted to men, well only very rarely, and he hadn't been attracted to Henry at all until Henry had bitten him that time. Something about that incident had messed with his head and now Henry did things to him that were very inconvenient.

He had provoked Henry, deliberately provoked a vampire for heaven's sake, just to get the reaction he had. He was seriously losing it. Sooner or later Henry was going to snap his neck like a twig and be done with it, no matter what Vicki would say on the matter.

"Why?" Henry all but growled at him. "Why do you keep pushing me?"

It was then quite obvious that Henry had noticed his behaviour and Mike didn't know what to say. In fact he was so unsure that he didn't fight back enough or move out of the way and Henry's hip came into contact with his groin. He couldn't help it, he really couldn't, the tiniest moan escaped him and Henry froze.

The vampire blinked at him, eyes still black, but expression instantly curious rather than angry. Mike just remained perfectly still; there wasn't a lot he could do or say.

"You seem to have an interesting reaction to being threatened," Henry said eventually, hip still pushed against him.

It was a delightful agony to have that pressure on his hardening cock and Mike didn't reply.

"You've been provoking me over and over again until I snap," Henry continued to speak, looking right into his eyes. "Do I get you hard when I'm like this, Mike?"

Mike just did his best to swallow as his mouth dried out completely; what was he supposed to say? It was too late to deny it a second after the question had been asked and he knew that Henry now knew the truth. There wasn't anything he could say; he didn't understand it himself. All he really knew about then was that the contact with Henry's thigh was making him so hard it ached.

"I could," Henry said, moving back a little and letting those black eyes run down his body, "help you out."

That was what Mike had been afraid Henry might say, because he didn't have the will to say no.

"Of course," Henry continued with a sexy smile, "I'd want something in return."

The way Henry's eyes fixed on his neck and the vampire very obviously ran his tongue over one fang; Mike knew exactly what the something would be. He had no words; his voice was stuck somewhere along with his rational thoughts and he just barely managed a nod. He didn't know why Henry did this to him; he didn't know if it was raw human passion or some weird vampire thing, but what scared him more was that he really didn't care.

Henry reduced the pressure, keeping him against the wall, but did not release him completely. He was still being held in place and he knew Henry could squash him like a bug anytime Henry so chose. It was almost like he didn't have a choice, almost, and that made his heart beat all the faster.

There was still a corner of his mind that was capable of logical thought, but there was a mental brick wall between it and the rest of his hormonally charged thoughts and he barely knew what it was trying to tell him. Held in place by Henry's arm, he didn't remotely resist as Henry used the other hand to undo his belt, release his fly and then carefully slide into his underwear.

Mike could barely breathe as Henry's fingers began to gently rub him. He was rock hard already; he didn't need any help getting there, but it felt so good. He wanted to let his head fall back and his eyes close, but there was something about Henry in vampire form that kept his eyes very much glued to the other man.

"Have you been holding out on me, Mike?" Henry asked in a low, husky voice that sent shots of delight straight to Mike's groin.

He was sure he looked a complete idiot, flat against the wall and quite incapable of speaking, but he simply could do nothing except stand there and breathe and even that was difficult. There was adrenaline all through his system as his instincts fired in the presence of such a lethal predator and that was mixed with enough hormones to turn him into a gibbering wreck. Even if he'd tried to speak, he was pretty sure it would have been nonsense that came out of his mouth.

When Henry pulled him from his underwear, he whimpered; him, the tough cop, actually whimpered.

"Oh, Mike," Henry said, still looking at him with those dangerous, black eyes, "you're so wired you're going to pop any second aren't you?"

Mike would have been embarrassed if he'd had the brain power; he felt like he was fourteen and fumbling around in the dark with his first girlfriend. He definitely knew he didn't have any stamina when it came to Henry; every other time it had taken a couple of quick tugs while shut in the men's bathroom to give him some satisfaction; that was just what Henry did to him.

"This is going to taste so good," Henry told him, showing him fangs in a wide smile; "screw all that virgin legend shit; blood tastes much better after sex. Did I ever mention that?"

Mike shook his head, but he really didn't care, because Henry was stroking his cock and every brain cell he had was descending to his cock. He was "going to pop" as Henry had so eloquently put it and that was all there was to it.

Henry's fangs sank into his neck at the exact moment his orgasm hit and Mike didn't know which way was up, which way was down or even if up and down existed anymore. His body flooded with pleasure and just an edge of pain and he was floating away on a tidal wave of bliss. It was completely wonderful and utterly mind blowing and then he passed out without being able to do the slightest thing about it.

Light filtered into his eyes as Mike slowly blinked and discovered that he was lying down. It took him a good few seconds to gather his wits and remember where he was and what he had been doing and as he did so he sat up slowly. He was on Henry's couch, covered in a blanket with his pants put back together and his jacket removed; clearly some time had passed and Henry had made him comfortable. Seeing the glow behind the blinds, he realised it was daylight outside and he looked at his watch: it was 6:30 in the morning. He had slept for five hours.

As he swung his legs off the sofa, he saw that there was a piece of paper on the table and he picked it up. It was covered in Henry's ornate handwriting:

Sorry to leave you all alone, but you didn't seem to want to wake up and you know what a problem I have with dawn. That was an enlightening experience; I'm not sure I've ever had a partner as responsive as you. You never cease to amaze me. Next time you want to play, just ask; it's safer for both of us and I can play the big bad vampire if you want me to.

Henry

P.S. I won't tell Vicki if you won't.

Mike couldn't help smiling just a little; he really wasn't sure what he had gotten himself into, but he sure as hell didn't want to let it go.

The End

MMOM 29 - Together Forever

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: R

Warnings: twincest

Summary: Bill has fears that sometimes overwhelm him just like any other person and his deepest one is losing Tom.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta

Word count: 1,680

Bill couldn't find Tom. He had asked Saki first and their security chief had just shrugged at him. It had gone downhill from there. When he had been through most of the staff asking, he had reached Gustav and his friend had just shrugged and told him Tom was gone. Georg had done the same and Bill was almost frantic by the time he found his mother. No one would tell him where Tom had gone.

"Mum," he said rather desperately, "where's Tom?"

"Oh, Sweetheart," his mother said and wrapped him in her arms, "Tom's gone."

Bill tried to pull away; he knew Tom was gone, but he needed to know where. His mother's arms didn't budge and the embrace began to feel cold and hard, not loving and warm.

"Mama," he said, trying to free himself, "I have to find Tomi."

"You can't, Sweetheart," his mother replied, still not letting him go, "Tom is gone."

Now Bill began to struggle; something was very, very wrong. He had to get away, he had to find Tom, but he couldn't move.

"You stay with me, Bill," his mother said in a frighteningly calm voice, "I'll look after you."

Her grip was like a vice and Bill could barely move. He was afraid, really afraid and he needed to find Tom. Everything around him was going black as he panicked. He was nothing without Tom; he needed Tom, they had to have each other.

Bill's eyes shot open and he found himself wrapped tightly in his duvet, heart pounding in his ears as he gasped for breath. For long seconds he stared into the dark as his mind pushed away the nightmare, but he realised, even as it began to fade, that he was still shaking.

It took some effort to unwind himself from the duvet and he pushed it aside, sitting up and pulling his knees towards his chest. He hated nightmares, but they still happened occasionally and this one seemed to want to linger. To his surprise, when he put his face in his hands he found his cheeks were wet and he realised he must have been crying in his sleep. The dreams where he lost Tom or couldn't find Tom were always the worst and he knew he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep for hours. He was going to be a wreck the next day and they had a full schedule.

As he sat there in the dark, trying to banish the horrible feeling in his chest the adjoining door to the next hotel room quietly opened. Low light from the next room framed Tom in the doorway and he looked over, knowing Tom could see him in the dimness.

"I thought something was wrong," Tom said quietly, slipping in and closing the door; "nightmare?"

"Yeah," Bill replied, never more glad to see his twin, "I think that stupid article about us all dying got into my head."

There had been yet another rumour that they had all been killed in some horrible accident and at the time Bill had laughed at it like the rest of them, but his brain had clearly not discarded it so easily.

"Shove over," Tom said, climbing onto the bed.

Bill made room and all but sagged with relief as Tom wrapped him in a warm hug.

"Want to tell me about it?" Tom asked, pulling the duvet back around them.

"Same old thing," Bill replied, feeling a little stupid, "I couldn't find you and everyone just kept telling me you were gone."

Tom's embrace tightened for a moment.

"You know I'll never be gone, right?" Tom said in little more than a whisper.

Bill adjusted his position so he could wrap his arms around Tom as well.

"Yeah, I know," Bill replied, letting Tom's warmth chase the demons away.

He knew his mind would keep turning, even with Tom there it tended to do that, but it was much more remote now. After a little while, when his heart was finally back to a normal rhythm rather than pounding like a jack hammer, Tom urged him to lie down, snuggling up next to him when he complied and pulling the duvet back into place over them. He felt secure, but sleep was still a long way off.

"When going to sleep it helps if you close your eyes," Tom said and he turned to look at his twin from where he had been staring into space.

"I can't yet," he admitted, feeling a little stupid, but knowing that as soon as he closed his eyes he would be back in the dream.

"You think too much," Tom said, moving a little closer; "that's your problem. What you need is something to make you not think and then to relax."

Bill half smiled; he was in total agreement about that, the problem was he couldn't think of something that fitted the need.

"Don't read too much into this," Tom whispered into his ear; "it doesn't mean we're getting married or anything."

Bill would have turned to ask what on earth Tom was talking about now, but it was then that he felt Tom's long fingers snaking across his stomach. When that clever hand dipped into his boxers he wasn't overly shocked, but he did gasp a little in pleasure as Tom found his cock.

It wasn't like they had sex all the time or they were a couple like that; in fact incidents like this were rare, but they had long since discovered that they could take comfort in each other. It was more an affirmation of their togetherness than a need for carnal pleasure and Tom obviously thought Bill needed it now. If their parents or Georg or Gustav or anyone had ever found out what they occasionally did, no one had ever made an issue of it.

As Tom wrapped his fingers around Bill's limp cock, sending little eddies of pleasure through his body, Bill felt comforted more than anything else. He began to harden immediately under Tom's touch and he let all the breath flow out of his body as his twin slowly stroked him. It was a moment of perfect safety, perfect togetherness and it meant more to him than the jolts of arousal flowing through him.

He had done the same for Tom on more than one occasion, like the time Tom's one and only long term girlfriend had dumped him. It was a demonstration that there would always be one person that would never leave and Bill needed that now. Every caress chased away the horrible dream, destroying it with the intimacy that existed between them.

He shifted on the bed, moving as close to Tom as he could so that his side was aligned perfectly to Tom's chest and legs where Tom was half rolled up onto one elbow. Closing his eyes he pushed his face against Tom's chest and let out a whisper of a moan. Tom knew how to touch him almost as well as he knew himself and it felt better than his own hand, because it was Tom's.

Tom freed him from his boxers almost as soon as he was fully hard and he pushed the duvet down so that it was clear of his body. It wasn't that he was displaying himself in the little slivers of light from outside the window, it was more he needed to feel Tom's eyes on him. There were no barriers between them, nothing they wouldn't do for each other and he needed that.

"God, Bill," Tom whispered in his ear, "when I see you like this I sometimes wonder why I'm into girls."

Bill knew exactly what Tom meant; he had felt the same. When he did something like this for Tom it was like the beginning and end of everything. No matter where life took him or what it showed him, he always ended up back at Tom; Tom was the perfection he sought in this reality. At moments like this Bill thought he could stay wrapped in Tom forever, never needing anything else in the whole world.

When they were together nothing could frighten Bill, nothing could shake his world view and he felt that being reaffirmed through every cell in his body as Tom touched him. The pleasure was building, but it was almost secondary to the feeling of completeness that was spreading through him.

When his body shuddered and his muscles turned to liquid as he came, hard and sure, it was wonderful and he loved it, but it was the fact that Tom had done this for him that made him smile and relax back to the bed in contentment.

"Don't move," Tom whispered into his ear and was quickly gone from the bed.

Bill did not even open his eyes, he didn't need to; he knew without a doubt that Tom was coming back. He floated in his own little pool of bliss until Tom returned and only then did he open his eyes as a warm wash cloth ran over his stomach. Looking up, he saw his twin smiling down at him the same serene smile he could

feel on his own face; it was a smile that reflected the certain knowledge that they were one and always would be.

They didn't need words and he just watched, letting Tom dry him off and help him pull his boxers back into place before they snuggled down together. The duvet cut out the slight chill of the night air and Bill rolled against Tom this time, hooking one leg over his twin and laying an arm across Tom's stomach. He was completely relaxed now in only the way Tom could make him and so was Tom. There was no need for instant reciprocation; that wasn't the point, he would pay Tom back when Tom needed him, what mattered was that the black shadows of the dream were gone. They would both sleep well now; nothing could touch them when they were together.

The End

MMOM 30 - Fanning the Flames

Fandom: Blood Ties

Pairing: Mike/Henry

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: none

Summary: Sequel to **Reactions** - Mike just can't resist Henry's allure and Henry seems to enjoy making him remember that every time they meet.

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

Word count: 2,555

Mike was beginning to think that Henry was trying to get him killed by making sure he was distracted all the time. Ever since their encounter at Henry's place where Mike had given away his attraction to Henry, Henry had been teasing him mercilessly. Even when they were with Vicki, Henry would turn to him and there would be just a flash of those black eyes and he was damned if he could stop himself reacting. It was as if his dick was hardwired to Henry's fangs or something equally as unsettling.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Mike hissed at Henry as Vicki examined the possible crime scene and Henry flashed his eyes at Mike one too many times.

"Teasing you," was the blunt and honest reply and it was backed up by the smirk that had somehow gone from annoying to sexy in Mike's head and he just couldn't figure out how to change it back.

"Now?" Mike asked incredulously.

It just seemed completely inappropriate, but then who was he to guess what went on in the head of a vampire?

"Next time you visit me," Henry said, letting his eyes flash black yet again, "I want you just as tasty as last time."

Being outraged seemed like a very good idea, but Mike found his cock was talking to him a little louder than his sensibilities.

"We're working," was about the best he could manage.

Henry's smirk just broadened a little.

"The one thing I have never doubted your ability to do is keep Vicki out of trouble," Henry told him and shocked him almost as much as everything else that had been going on lately.

He would have said something, but he didn't have enough time to formulate any words.

"Henry," Vicki called and drew both of their attention, "I think you need to see this."

Henry flicked back into serious mode instantly and left his side, walking straight to where Vicki was bending over something. Mike had to blink for a moment at the sudden change and then he put himself back into a mindset for work as well and pulled out his gun just in case.

Two days later, the city was down one demon and Mike was going quietly insane. He knew where he was going before he climbed into his car and started it; there was only one place he could go. Even though he knew Henry would be waiting for him with that smug grin, he had to show up; he was an addict and that was it. He had made a simple decision and that was that; if he was addicted, he might as well enjoy it.

Henry let him in without saying anything, but the smirk was firmly in place. Surprisingly there were no wisecracks and no flashing of the fangs, for which Mike was eternally grateful.

"Make yourself at home," Henry invited and turned to walk back into the living room.

It was then that Mike decided he'd had enough of being led around by the balls. He knew it wasn't going to change much, but he was anything but a passive man and so he decided to do something about it.

"Fitzroy," he said, jogging to catch up with the vampire.

Henry turned just as Mike reached his goal and, as soon as Henry was facing him, he lifted his arms and pushed. For a moment Henry looked startled, but the vampire didn't attempt to stop his fall as he went backwards onto the couch. Mike followed Henry's fall and actually climbed onto the couch, so he had Henry pinned beneath him.

"You do know I can throw you across the room if I want to?" Henry said, looking up at him with raised eyebrows.

"That's what makes this all the more exciting," Mike replied and he wasn't bullshitting either; the moment he had acted, he had felt his arousal begin to build.

That made Henry smile and, in the blink of an eye, Mike was looking at vamped out Henry rather than human Henry and his cock throbbed hotly at the sight.

"You get more and more interesting all the time," Henry said, smiling and showing a lot of fang.

"I've always been interesting," Mike replied; "you just never bothered to notice."

Henry all but grinned then and Mike felt like he was looking at a smiling lion. He really didn't get his total obsession, but there was no arguing with it and, when Henry lifted his hips and ground up between his legs, all ideas of trying left him. It felt so incredibly good and he was self aware enough to know that he would keep coming back given the chance.

"Do you want to play a little more this time?" Henry asked, all vampire and pure sex.

It was Mike's turn to smile. The whole idea of vampires still made him very nervous and the adrenaline was trickling through his system, right along with a healthy dose of testosterone.

"The blood alone not doing it for you?" he asked, wanting to provoke Henry just a little.

"Maybe I'm just a little more sophisticated than that," Henry replied and then very suddenly Mike found himself moving.

It was a bit of a blur and then he realised he was flat on his back on the couch and Henry was on top of him, rather than the other way around. He was pinned down and one of Henry's legs was rammed between his thighs and pushing quite hard against his crotch. The adrenaline was no longer trickling through his system and he had to give Henry points for finesse as those black eyes bore into his own from only a couple of inches away.

Mike could barely move, which was doing the most incredible things to his libido, but he wasn't quite ready to give up yet. Something in him still needed to prove he was not completely helpless against this whole situation. About all he could move with ease was his head, and, before he really considered what he was doing, he clamped his teeth on Henry's neck, bit down hard enough to bruise and then sucked. He hadn't given anyone a hickie in quite a long time, but for some reason the very masculine core of him demanded that he leave a mark, even if it wouldn't be there for long.

His actions resulted in a little more than he had been expecting. Henry shuddered from head to foot, almost as if Mike had just connected the vampire to an electrical charge and the growl that came from Henry was neither remotely human, nor controlled. Henry ripped away from him, holding him down hard at the shoulders with very strong hands.

"Fanning the flame can get you burnt," Henry said in a very husky voice.

"Then burn me," Mike replied and even to his own ears sounded like a teenager who'd managed to have one too many beers.

He was definitely drunk on something and the toothy smile Henry gave him did nothing to quell the throbbing in his cock. It was a little scary to realise that he didn't care what happened next, just as long as Henry didn't leave him hanging.

"Mikey," Henry said in a tone that was strangely un-mocking, "I would love to screw you through the couch, but I think we're both a little too excited for that to be good for you."

Mike wasn't sure he agreed, but, when Henry ground against him from above, all his thoughts vanished for a few seconds and he moaned.

"Be a good boy," Henry whispered in his ear, "and don't move."

Then the weight was gone from above him and he was free to change position, but, before he had even had time to gather the wits to do so, he found his pants being unfastened and pulled down, along with his underwear. He only had enough time to register he was being half stripped and then Henry was back, only either his brain had flipped out for a little while, which was entirely possible, or Henry was even faster than he thought, because, as Henry once again pinned him into the couch, they were skin to skin.

He reared up as well as he could as Henry pushed against him and he felt his cock rubbing past Henry's. The vampire was just as hard as he was and the faint notion that Henry was just playing with him disappeared in a puff of raw sex.

"Why, oh why," Henry growled, grinding down against him, "didn't we do this month ago?"

Mike could only agree as his body hummed at the contact he had with Henry. He could feel the raw power in the flesh pressed against his own; it was like he could see everything that was under the human mask even though all that showed were the eyes and fangs. Elemental was the only way he could think to describe what they were doing as they rutted against each other. There was no finesse, no control on his part and he could tell that Henry was barely containing the fire above him and it excited him even more to realise what an explosive combination they made.

A small corner of his mind wondered if Henry was always like this in bed or if he did to Henry something similar to what Henry did to him, but he didn't have many spare thoughts for pondering. The arousal coursing through him was tightening, curling around his balls in a very familiar way and the only consolation he had was that he had lasted a bit longer than the previous encounter. He was almost ready for Henry's head dipping down at the exact same moment his hips bucked up and he felt the first touches of his orgasm, but there was nothing in the world that could brace him against the sensation of Henry feeding.

As his body surrendered to his sexual peak, he felt fangs slice into his neck and it was as if he could sense the blood being drawn from his veins. It was pleasure and pain in such a combination that they sustained each other and he thought he might have cried out as he writhed against the strength pinning him down. None of his foreknowledge stopped the blackness from engulfing him though and, just when he thought he couldn't take any more, his brain shut down.

Raised voices greeted him when he swam back to consciousness. He was still on the couch, covered with a blanket again and he had the distinct impression it hadn't been that much time since he had passed out in this case. A quick look at his watch told him it hadn't been more than fifteen minutes.

"I did not do anything unspeakable to him!"

He heard Henry's voice from somewhere behind him and craned his neck to look around. His heart dropped through the floor. There, looking completely furious, was Vicki; they were in so much trouble.

"Mike is naked in your living room," Vicki said in a very controlled tone.

Mike knew Vicki well enough to know that was a very, very bad sign and he squashed the desire to point out he was only semi-naked. Henry had obviously had time to clean him up and make him comfortable before Vicki had arrived and he had regained his underwear, but lost his shirt; he could only assume they'd made a mess of it. Why Henry had let Vicki in he had no idea, but knowing Vicki, it probably hadn't been Henry's idea.

"Quite willingly, I assure you," Henry said and Mike had to wonder how long the argument had been going in circles.

Vicki's eyes narrowed a little and she looked only just the right side of rational, so much so that Mike considered closing his eyes and pretending to still be asleep. Of course abandoning a comrade in the midst of battle was not his style and he took a deep breath, preparing to enter the fray.

"Mike doesn't even like you," Vicki clearly seemed to be really worried for him, but there was an edge to her voice as well.

As Mike fortified himself for the mission at hand, it dawned on him what the edge was and it surprised him so much that he sat up.

"She's jealous," he said, and about a second later realised he said it out loud.

He could only blame it on the left over fuzz of his orgasm, even though it had been quite a long time ago. If he'd been in his right mind he never would have said that quite so loudly he was sure.

"What did you say?" Vicki sounded more dangerous than Henry ever could.

Mike turned very slowly to see both Henry and Vicki looking at him and he realised there was nothing for it now. He stood up and left the blanket on the couch; he was not against using distraction techniques when necessary and, the way Vicki's eyes travelled across his body, he knew it was working for a little while.

"Give it up, Vic," he said, walking over to the pair, "I know that tone of voice; you're as jealous as hell under all the worry, which, by the way, is unfounded."

Vicki clearly wasn't sure how to reply to that.

"Nonsense," was the rather pathetic attempt as a comeback.

"Jealous?" Henry asked, looking at him for confirmation.

It felt good to have one up on Henry and Vicki for a change, but Mike decided now was not the time to point it out.

"So are you jealous of him or me?" Mike asked and watch the colour rise in Vicki's cheeks.

It was so obvious he was on the nail.

"I am not jealous of either of you," Vicki said, but didn't sound completely convincing.

He looked at Henry who looked back.

"Both," they said at the same time.

Mike didn't tend to go through his whole life examining the drives of his friends, but clearly he was picking up bad habits from Henry. Vicki just glared at both of them, cheeks a lovely red, then turned on her heel and stalked to the door. Mike really didn't fancy chasing her right at that moment.

"Interesting," was Henry's comment on Vicki's retreating form.

"Not the word I would have chosen," Mike said, trying to process the new information.

"Oh it's definitely the one I think is suitable," Henry said, a sly grin appearing on those aristocratic features; "this is definitely becoming more and more interesting. What are we going to do about our dear Vicki?"

Mike looked over at the doorway and couldn't help wondering the same thing. This was a dimension he had never expected, not that he had really predicted his current situation either, and it needed some thinking about. There was no way he was losing Vicki over this, but he was pretty sure he couldn't give up Henry either, which meant there had to be another solution. He knew he would probably regret it, but he didn't really see a choice.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked and wondered when sanity had walked out of his life.

The End

MMOM 31 - The Point of No Return

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom, Georg/Gustav, Tom/Bill/Gustav/Georg

Rating: NC17/18

Warnings: twincest, multiple partners

Summary: Bill had noticed something about the relationship between Georg and Gustav and Tom is a little surprised at his twin's plan to do something about it.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta, sorry it's so late - this week has been a nightmare! Since we were at the end of the month, this one steps over the line into real sex :)

Word count: 6,955

"I think Georg and Gustav need our help," Bill said, sitting down beside Tom in the communal area of their bus.

Tom put down his bowl of cornflakes and turned his full attention to his twin; Bill rarely said such things unless he really meant them and it was usually suicidal not to focus completely. He had ended up in more trouble because Bill had decided his silence was compliance when in fact he just hadn't heard what Bill had said than any other times put together.

"How and why?" Tom asked, feeling that asking was only sensible.

"They're at that point," Bill said and even though most other people wouldn't have known what Bill was on about, Tom knew straight away.

"Oh," he said with a nod, "the point of no return. Why do you think they need our help and what can we do?"

'The point of no return' was what Bill had christened the point in a relationship where the parties involved were ready to commit properly or break up. Georg and Gustav had been messing around for some time now and Tom had had his own suspicions that his friends were thinking about more, but Bill was clearly sure that now was that time.

"They need a nudge in the right direction," Bill explained, frowning a little; "you know as well as I do they're perfect for each other. They just need to figure it out for themselves. No more hiding behind this 'friends with benefits' crap."

Tom nodded, he did agree with that; if there were two people who matched better he hadn't seen them. Georg was laid back and relaxed, sometimes too relaxed, where as Gustav was a little OCD on occasions and could be too tense, but always made sure everything was running smoothly. They balanced each other out in a way that even he and Bill didn't; he and Bill was more like two flames that continually consumed each other rather than equilibrium.

"But how do we fit in?" he asked, wondering what Bill had in mind.

Bill bit his lip.

"Here me out before you start yelling," Bill said and Tom wondered if he should be worried.

"Just tell me," Tom prompted and hoped this wasn't going to be some mad scheme, because just occasionally he thought Bill lived in the Twilight Zone and only visited reality.

"We invite them for a foursome," was not quite what he had been expecting.

He waited for Bill to grin and tell him it was a joke, but it didn't happen.

"You're serious," he said, not really believing it.

Georg and Gustav had accepted that he and Bill were a couple years ago; it was just one of those things that was, and being friends with them meant dealing with it. That didn't mean, however, that Gustav and Georg were likely to react well to the idea of a foursome.

"I wouldn't be saying it if I wasn't serious," Bill pointed out. "They've got to the point where they're wondering if sex will get better or if they've found the peak and if that is all they're interested in, what they need to realise is you can have mind blowing sex with anyone, but what they really want is each other. We can give them that insight."

Tom hated how Bill could out logic him even when the original statement his twin had made was completely insane.

"And what makes you think Gustav will not immediately deck me if you suggest this?" he asked, since he was absolutely positive he would be the one sporting the black eye if necessary.

There was a simple fact when it came to him and Bill; if anyone hurt Bill they were in for a whole world of pain, so Tom had no doubt whatsoever that he would be the target of any retaliation. Bill would leap to his defence as fast as he would leap to Bill's, but he also admitted freely that he was the most vindictive. Bill was adept at making someone pay using verbal stimuli, Tom tended to be more direct; it was a habit from when they had been outcasts at school.

"I'll talk Georg into it first," Bill said simply.

What worried Tom was that he realised in his head he was already thinking through the plan as if he'd agreed to it.

"You haven't talked me into it yet," he pointed out, as he mentally back pedalled before he let the whole scenario become reality.

"They're our friends, Tomi," Bill said in a tone of voice that Tom knew he would have to give into eventually if he couldn't make his twin see the light. "They need our help and it might even be fun."

Bill lifted an eyebrow at him and Tom began to realise that, no matter his good intentions, Bill was not just being a good Samaritan about this.

"You like this idea," he said as the thought resolved in his head, "for more than helping."

This time Bill gave him a coy little smile.

"Maybe," his twin admitted, "but I really did think it up because of Georg and Gustav and I've been talking myself into it for about a week."

That surprised Tom; Bill rarely kept anything from him that long and this meant that Bill had been thinking about this very seriously. It was as he glanced away and was trying to get his head round the whole thing that he looked up and realised that Bill was leaning towards him. There was a light in Bill's eyes that Tom recognised all too well.

"Bill," he said in a warning tone, "we need to have a sensible conversation about this."

"We will," Bill all but purred, crawling towards him across the bench seat, "but I've got an itch and only you can scratch it."

Tom swallowed hard; when Bill was in his current mood there was no resisting. The whole situation about Georg and Gustav became a little more remote the closer Bill came; Bill had that effect on him and, when Bill leant in for a kiss, he gave up thinking for then. He really wasn't in the least bit surprised when Bill's hands began to wander under his clothes: once Bill got going there was simply no stopping him.

Tom could not believe he was standing outside a bus waiting for his twin to emerge after having attempted to talk one of his best friends into sleeping with both of them. He had agreed, but he still didn't quite accept that he had done it. Part of him hoped Georg told Bill where to go jump, but another part was quite excited by the whole thing; that was the problem with Bill's schemes, they were always attractive in some way. He had no complaints about his sex life with Bill and he wasn't looking for anything else, but some fun that, according to Bill, could help his friends, was appealing on several levels.

Gustav was off talking to his drum assistant, which was why Tom and Bill had chosen that moment to talk to Georg, and Tom was on guard to make sure Gustav didn't come back unexpectedly. Neither he nor Bill thought Gustav would react well overhearing something like this; Gustav could be very conventional in some ways. The only person this could come from was Georg and that was if Georg didn't tell them to both get lost.

He looked round when there was noise near the doors of the bus and Georg appeared. Georg's expression was somewhat shell shocked and Bill was nowhere to be seen.

"Are you serious?" Georg seemed to be somewhere between confused and stunned.

Tom just nodded.

"And you believe all that stuff about band unity?" Georg asked and Tom just looked back in what he was sure was a stupid manner.

Sometimes it would really help if Bill filled him in on all the details before leaving him to deal with things.

"I just think it might be fun," he said a little helplessly.

Perversely, that seemed to be the right thing to say and Georg appeared to calm down a little. Deciding to build on this foundation, Tom chose to plough on.

"It's not as if we'll be seeing more of each other than we've seen before," he said, hoping that he wasn't sinking the boat he had just set sail, "and we've all kissed each other at least once and ..."

"We were all drunk," Georg pointed out, "and that was Bill's idea too."

Tom shut up for a moment and shrugged.

"Bill's never been afraid of expressing what he feels," he said after a little while, "and he loves you and Gustav; he's just not in love with either of you. He wouldn't suggest something like this with just anyone y'know."

From the look on Georg's face it was abundantly clear that his friend did know that this was a very special invitation.

"Look," Tom continued when it became clear Georg didn't know what to say, "if it makes you that uncomfortable just say no. Neither of us are going to mind. If you're interested, talk to Gustav about it and get back to us. It's not that important."

He gave Georg one of his patented smiles and waited. Georg hadn't said no outright, so whatever Bill had said to their friend it had been persuasive. Tom still wasn't sure if they would be taken up on their offer, but he was pretty sure Georg wasn't just going to turn around now and refuse.

"Couldn't this be a huge mistake?" Georg asked, looking worried again.

"Only if any of us go into it thinking it's something it's not," Tom said, and he did believe that.

He knew that for Bill sex and love were all mixed together, for him they had always been separable. When he touched Bill it was to show his twin how much he meant to him, how much love there was between them, when he had touched others in the past it had simply been about mutual pleasure. That was why he was the twin designated to make sure those outside their confidence did not suspect the reality of their relationship. Sleeping with the odd girl was simply a matter of practicality and a bit of fun; the fact that he always ended up in Bill's bed once he was done was the important part.

Georg nodded, taking in what he had said.

"I'll talk to Gustav," Georg finally agreed and there was a little squeak and a clap from inside the bus.

Georg looked shocked when Bill all but bounced off the bus, pecked him on the cheek and headed back to the other bus smiling broadly. Tom couldn't help but laugh a little.

"I guess you said the right thing," he said, still grinning. "Just let us know what you both decide."

Georg nodded and Tom suspected that his friend wasn't quite sure what he'd let himself in for. It was sweet really; Georg had always been ready for some sexual gratification if it was on offer and the fact that Georg was not leaping at the chance and was thinking about how Gustav might react was far more telling than anything else. Gustav had monogamy down to an art and the 'friends with benefits' label had never really fitted what the pair was up to. As he turned away

and followed Bill to their bus, he began to hope that Bill was right and this would be the pointer Georg and Gustav needed.

Tom knew the moment Georg had broached the subject with Gustav, because Gustav began giving him and Bill strange looks. Every time they were all in the same place, he would eventually feel the prickle of a stare and he'd turn to see Gustav with a very pensive expression. What surprised him was that it was two days after that started before Gustav cornered him.

"Why?" was the only question.

Tom thought about that very carefully, because he couldn't tell Gustav the real reason since that would negate the purpose of the exercise, however, Gustav would not accept just anything.

"And don't give me any crap about band unity," Gustav added while Tom gathered his thoughts.

"Fun," Tom decided he really shouldn't try and be deep; "you, me, Bill and Georg letting off some steam. You know as well as I do Bill would never think of something like this unless he had higher motives, but he did think of it and he's kind of excited by the idea, so I went along with it."

It was the truth really, it's just Gustav wasn't aware of the real higher motive. Tom did his very best to hold Gustav's hard stare; sometimes their drummer really could be intense.

"If this is a joke you will both die very slow and painful deaths," Gustav finally said and Tom breathed a sigh of relief; suspicion he could cope with.

"Like either of us have that much of a death wish," Tom said, since the whole idea was ludicrous. "There are some lines even we won't cross. This is not a joke, it's a genuine invitation."

Gustav looked at him some more and then just turned and walked away. Tom shook his head and watched his friend go; Gustav really was far too intense. If nothing else this might loosen their drummer up a little.

"Big hotel beds," Georg said with joy in his voice and threw himself onto the nearest one, even though they were all in Tom's room.

It had been a while since they had had the luxury of a hotel and the bus bunks could be a little cramped. The last few days had been crazily busy and they were just all glad to have a bit of a break and time to relax.

"Big enough for four?"

Bill used a completely innocent tone, but it stopped the room dead and Tom wasn't sure his twin had the timing right.

"Oh don't look at me like that," Bill said as even Tom turned and looked at his twin, "I know you were all thinking it. It's better to get it out in the open than brood about it. Yes or no; simple and either way we can just get on with relaxing."

Tom revised his opinion; maybe Bill was on to a good thing. It had been rather hanging over them since the offer had been made.

"Yes."

The fact that it was Gustav who spoke shocked the hell out of Tom, but really it made sense, because Gustav was the one who would have been most uptight about something like this.

"But not until we've eaten and just chilled for a while," Gustav continued and, as far as Tom could tell, no one was about to disagree.

"Food, now there's a plan," Bill said and grabbed the room service menu off the side.

They chose food, they ordered, they watched some TV while they waited for it to arrive, they ate and then they sprawled on the two beds and watched some more bad TV. It was fun in a don't-have-anything-to-do-which-is-great kind of way. They so rarely had time to just lounge around that it was precious in it's own way.

About an hour and a half after having finished their meal and having had room service take everything away, Tom was absently watching the cartoon they had agreed on when he felt fingers slowly walking up his leg. When he glanced at Bill, his twin was giving him a coy little smile.

"Time to encourage proceedings," Bill whispered to him at a level that he could only just hear over the noise of the TV.

Tom looked over to the other bed, where Georg and Gustav were happily propped up, and he smiled back at Bill; it was about time, before one of them fell asleep. Bill took this as the encouragement it was and, moving almost silently, crawled up onto hands and knees and then over him. He sat up to meet his twin and, as Bill straddled him, he lifted his head to meet the kiss Bill was offering. He could get lost in Bill's kisses and he almost did; Bill always put so much passion into everything he did and Tom was a slave to Bill's passions. Looping his hands up under Bill's t-shirt, he pulled his twin closer and deepened the kiss as much as he could. Bill was the one addiction he readily welcomed.

Only the need for more oxygen than he was managing to take in while involved in sucking Bill's tongue made him break away and the moment he did he realised they had an audience. Since that was the point, he was rather pleased.

"And we asked them to stop doing that in front of us because?" Georg looked at Gustav.

Tom grinned, when he and Bill had been fourteen they had liked kissing a lot and Georg and Gustav hadn't been overly interested in watching them. They had made an agreement that he and Bill would keep it private, which made even more sense the more they were noticed by other people as well. Not kissing in front of anyone, even those in the know, had become a habit.

"Because we were young and stupid and uncomfortable that it turned us on," Gustav said with a small smile.

If you wanted a straight answer about anything, Gustav was your man. It was funny how time changed views; when they were younger, Tom could never have imagined Georg or Gustav with another guy, let alone each other. If nothing else, fame had broadened all of their horizons.

"Going to respond?" Bill challenged and Georg's eyes lit up.

Their bassist and their drummer were still lounging on the bed, and almost as if they had planned it, Gustav laid back on the pillows and Georg leaned over him. The kiss was very light to begin with, no more than a touch of lips, but Tom found his eyes glued to it. It was like watching an ice cube melt as Gustav slowly relaxed under Georg and the kiss deepened. There was so much passion in the kiss that Tom didn't understand how his two friends hadn't realised that they were a perfect match yet. He could feel the heat from across the room and nothing burned that brightly without a solid foundation.

"Knew it," Bill breathed in his ear as if they were thinking the same thing.

When Georg and Gustav broke apart it was like the room snapped back to reality and Tom wondered if any of them really knew what they were letting themselves in for that evening.

"Now that I want to try," Bill said, climbing off of him and sauntering the short distance to the other bed.

There was an edge to Bill's voice that told him his twin was not as blasé about the situation as Bill's words may have suggested. Tom was well aware that Bill was planning everything very carefully; his twin always did, even though it was often an off the cuff plan. That was one of Bill's strong points; he could jump in with both feet and still know exactly where he was going. Tom just sat there and waited for his role to show itself.

Somehow Bill managed to climb onto the other bed and secrete himself between Georg and Gustav, sort of, but without dividing the two. Then Bill was kissing Georg and Tom was quite shocked by the stab of jealousy that ran through him at the sight. Part of him liked it a lot; Bill was incredibly hot to watch and he'd never had the chance before, but another part of him felt instantly very territorial. He finally understood why Bill was quite so passionate after every time he went through the motions with some girl. All he wanted to do was march across to the other bed and drag Bill back and he barely held himself in check.

Once Bill had sampled Georg, Tom watched as his twin turned and began kissing Gustav instead and, surprisingly, it was even hotter. There was something to be said for seeing the two most volatile of the band together, even if part of Tom did want to demand that no one touch Bill but him.

"Rules," he found himself saying and his voice was far less steady than he would have liked.

Three faces turned towards him.

"What?" Georg asked, since Bill and Gustav still seemed to be recovering.

"We need rules," Tom decided he couldn't back down on this.

Bill was looking concerned.

"Why?" his twin asked, but not in an accusing way.

"If either Georg or Gustav tries to have sex with you," Tom decided he had to be honest; this had been about showing Georg and Gustav about the relationship between them, but he was discovering it was showing him things about himself as well, "I might try and kill them."

For a moment Bill appeared shocked, but then his twin all but beamed at him.

"That's so sweet," Bill said and Tom felt his face heating up.

"Bill, only you would call insane jealousy sweet," Gustav said and rolled his eyes.

Bill didn't seem fazed by that at all.

"Well there are lots of things we can do without full on sex," Bill decided and Tom was relieved that his twin wasn't fighting him on this, "and there's nothing stopping us pairing off for more is there?"

That made Tom feel a little more comfortable again, although the way Gustav's hand was resting on Bill's hip did make him want to reach out and slap it away. The whole jealousy angle actually made it a bit more exciting; he was quite glad that in reality he wasn't taking Bill for granted. As Bill went back to kissing Gustav, Tom distracted himself by looking at Georg and he gave his friend a coy raised eyebrow; Bill was not the only one who knew how to do that. Georg grinned and rolled off the other bed, walking round to his instead.

For a moment it was almost awkward, but then Tom reached out and grabbed the front of Georg's t-shirt and dragged his friend down on top of him. He could play the game as well as Bill and he deliberately thrust up against Georg to make his friend moan and then plundered the mouth that was open and touching his own.

It wasn't like kissing Bill at all; Bill was simply more delicate than Georg. Holding to Bill was in some ways like holding to a bird; Bill had strength despite what it might have looked like, but Bill had a very slight frame. Georg on the other hand was much more solid; not large by any stretch of the imagination, but Georg had a very male build. Georg's kiss was rougher too and Tom felt himself reacting to it and being rougher back. It was exciting and the way his cock was throbbing illustrated quite starkly that it was arousing as well.

A moan from the other bed made them break apart and Tom looked over to see that Bill had Gustav sprawled on the bed and had one hand slipped into the front of Gustav's jeans. Having been on the receiving end of that particular move, Tom could understand the moan.

"Bill works fast," Georg said, clearly rather surprised.

"Did you expect anything else," Tom asked with a quiet laugh; "this is Bill? He's fast off the mark and then he keeps going and going and going ..."

Georg looked almost worried, so Tom decided to go back to kissing his friend to make sure Georg forgot about it. He was pretty sure Bill would outlast them all if Bill so chose, but he wasn't sure what Bill was planning as yet. For a little while that was enough, but soon he needed more skin. He very much liked the touch of skin on skin and he yanked up Georg's t-shirt, urging his friend to take it off. Georg was clearly on the same page and sat back, doing just that and it gave Tom enough room to try and get rid of his tops as well. Since he was partially

sitting on his, he had to move and, by the time Georg had helped him, they had moved and he decided he wanted to be on top for a while. He pushed Georg onto the bed and set about exploring all the lovely skin that was now on offer.

Tom was trying to give all of his attention to Georg, he really was, but Bill kept making the most enticing noises and he kept finding himself being distracted. Gustav appeared to have decided to take back some control and had done so in a similar manner to him, but making sure there was more skin on show. Tom hadn't actually seen the t-shirt's go, but Bill was now kneeling up shirtless, as an equally shirtless Gustav attacking him from all angles. It was usually him making Bill make those noises and it appeared to Tom that he was hardwired to react. He realised he was only half kissing Georg's chest, because he was peering over at Bill and Gustav for what had to be the fourth time and he turned back, looking up at Georg rather guiltily.

"They are rather distracting aren't they?" Georg said with a little grin. "This is nice, but what do you say we go over there and join them."

Tom looked over at his twin where Gustav was attempting to navigate the nest of traps that was Bill's belt buckle and it wasn't a hard decision.

"Let's go," he said and prised himself off of his friend.

He climbed onto the other bed behind Bill and looped his arms around his twin as Georg chose a similar position behind Gustav.

"Allow me," he said, insinuating his hand between Gustav and the belt buckle; "you just concentrate on what you were doing."

Gustav looked at him for a moment and then gave a rather enigmatic smile and went back to assaulting Bill's nipples with more than enough attention to make Bill start moaning again. Tom released the catch on the belt buckle and then unfastened Bill's fly, while kissing his twin's neck lightly in a ridiculously territorial attempt to make sure that Bill remembered he was there, despite what Gustav was up to.

Bill had his hands wrapped in Gustav's short hair, but at that one of Bill's arms came back and long fingers rested on Tom's thigh as he worked Bill's jeans and underwear down those slim hips. Out of the corner of his eye, Tom could see Georg attacking Gustav in a similar manner.

It took some work and some assistance from Bill, but he eventually worked the clothes to such a point where he could pull them off his twin, one leg at a time. This left Bill completely naked and Tom stopped for a moment to enjoy the view. In clothes it often appeared as if Bill had very little backside to speak of, but in fact it was small, nicely rounded and pert and when he moved back in, Tom grabbed a globe in each hand and began to massage.

Bill leant back against him almost instantly, legs spreading just slightly, and Tom smiled against Bill's neck, nipping lightly as he received exactly the response he had wanted. When you got down to it, in situations such as this one, Bill was a wanton hussy.

Tom could see Gustav on the other side of Bill and his friend looked up at him, from where Gustav was assaulting Bill's collar bone with little kisses and then Gustav very deliberately looked down to where Bill was sporting a very healthy erection before looking back up at Tom again. It was clearly a request for

permission and Tom just smiled his consent; part of him didn't like it, but it definitely added spice to the mix.

Gustav left off kissing and turned to urge Georg backwards a bit and as Tom watched, Gustav lowered himself into an almost all fours position and without so much as a warning to Bill, who had had his eyes closed for some time now, took a large percentage of Bill's cock into his mouth. Tom grabbed onto Bill's hips, since he knew what Bill's instinctive reaction would be, and he held Bill firm as his twin groaned and tried to buck into Gustav's mouth. It was, quite honestly, mind blowingly hot.

"Oh god," Bill panted as Gustav sucked hard and Tom could almost feel Gustav's mouth on his cock, watching it was so real.

Georg's eyes were glued on Bill and Gustav as well, as Bill all but melted under Gustav's attentions. It was as Tom let his eyes wander over Bill and Gustav and Georg that it dawned on him that this position had some much more interesting possibilities and, as soon as Georg looked up at him, he made a motion for them to get off the bed.

"Don't move," he whispered in Bill's ear and then left his twin to try and keep himself upright as he slipped off the bed.

It took him less than ten seconds to remove his own jeans and underwear and then he pulled the little bag in which he kept his supplies out of his suitcase. There were two tubes of lube, one half empty and one unopened and a whole heap of condoms. He and Bill didn't always use them, but he figured that Georg and Gustav did and he didn't want it to be awkward, so he gave a couple to Georg along with one of the tubes of lube and took some himself before heading back to the bed.

Insinuating himself back behind Bill, he let his twin get used to the idea that he was there again, while Georg did the same with Gustav. Bill and Gustav were so wrapped up in each other that Tom was pretty sure at least Bill wasn't really aware of what was coming next. Carefully opening the lube, he smeared some on his fingers and, looking at Georg to make sure they were in tune, he carefully spread Bill's cheeks and pushed two fingers into Bill. Georg did something similar to Gustav, because both Gustav and Bill moaned at the same time, which turned into a gasp for Bill as Gustav's mouth was already occupied.

Bill was always very easy to prepare. When Tom topped it never took very long to loosen Bill up, but he took his time, slowly working his fingers in and out of Bill, because he was pretty sure Gustav was not anywhere near as used to this as Bill was. He brushed his fingers across Bill's prostate while holding on to Bill's hip with his free hand, because he didn't want poor Gustav to end up choking.

"Please," Bill all but begged.

That was another thing Tom loved about Bill; his twin could keep playing for hours, or keep going over and over again, but once you got him to a certain point, Bill had no patience at all.

"Just wait a little," Tom whispered in Bill's ear, thrusting his fingers in deep as he spoke, "it will be worth it."

He watched Gustav over Bill's shoulder and it was clear that Gustav was having a few problems keeping focused on Bill's cock with what Georg was doing. The

frown of concentration was endearing in a way that probably would have got him smacked if Gustav had known what he was thinking about him. Finally Georg looked up at him and gave a little nod, at which point Tom reached for one of the condoms he had thrown on the bed. He was quite capable of putting one on with one hand and ripped open the packet with his teeth before applying the latex quickly and covering himself with lube.

His cock was aching as he liberally applied the gel; he was as ready for this as Bill was. He didn't bother looking back over to see if Georg was equally as efficient, because by that point he didn't care. Bill had spread his legs more, so Tom had a good angle, and he finally removed his fingers and lined himself up before Bill could complain about being left wanting. There was a little resistance as he pushed against Bill's entrance, but as he moved himself forward Bill opened up to let him in and he mumbled something incomprehensible under his breath as the wonderful sensation of being encased took him over.

Bill's hand was back on his hip, gripping hard as he moved until he was completely seated in Bill.

"Keep going," he heard Gustav say and had enough available brain power to look over at where Georg was slowly easing into Gustav.

The sight made his whole body throb with desire; to be engaged in something so intimate and to be witnessing it as well was like a double whammy. There was a good section of his brain and body urging him to just keep going, to pound into Bill until neither of them could remember their names, but that would negate the point, so he managed to keep himself still. Bill kept making little noises, clearly wanting more, but Bill did not move against him, so he knew Bill was doing his best to wait as well.

Gustav seemed to realise what the plan was, because it was clear that Georg's actions had mostly disconnected Gustav's brain cells, but the moment Georg stopped moving, Gustav turned his attention back to Bill's cock.

Tom wound his arms around Bill, touching his twin lightly and trying not to hang on too tightly as his control slipped when Bill's muscles clamped down on him. He didn't need to move at all, not at first as Bill panted and made small movement and kept them both very happy in response to Gustav's ministrations.

He never would have thought of being able to do this; the fact that Bill was his twin almost made it impossible to begin with and the trust it required only existed with a few people. He knew why they were doing this and it wasn't just for pleasure, but it was teaching him things about himself as well. If it was working the same way for Georg and Gustav half as well as it was working for him, then Bill's plan was flawless.

Tom continued to hold himself still even as Georg started to move in and out of Gustav very slowly. The way Georg was making Gustav make small humming noises was being transferred to him via Bill and it was quite wonderful all by itself. In fact it was Bill who finally insisted he move, thrusting back against him in a way that could not be mistaken. Once he had felt himself move inside of Bill his patience dissolved anyway and, holding Bill's hips so as not to do any damage to Gustav, he began to move.

They always fitted together so well; he and Bill were made for each other in any combination and he started slowly, but soon began to build up a little speed.

"Ngh," Bill started to make incoherent noises interspersed with the odd recognisable work, "yes ... Tomi ..."

It always pleased him to hear his name on Bill's lips in such a needy tone. He knew he would be the only one to ever give this to Bill; now that Bill knew what the thought did to him, Bill would never let another living soul touch him this way. Whatever he had thought before they had started this, he knew that now and it just made him want Bill all the more.

"Not going to last," Bill panted out as Tom drove in at just the right angle.

Gustav didn't seem to care about that and, from the little Tom could see from the position he was now in, Gustav seemed to have redoubled his efforts. Tom continued the thrust into Bill, feeling his own orgasm building. These were the times he felt most at one with Bill; they were as close as they could become to being one person again. He was not remotely surprised when Bill bucked forward, making the most delightful gasping sounds and clamping down on him, because he was right on the edge himself and he responded in kind, burying himself deep in Bill and coming long and hard.

His brain shorted out for several seconds of incredible pleasure and he barely had any control when it switched back on again. Bill was leaning against him heavily and he was holding them both up more by instinct than anything else. He loved the post sex closeness and he didn't want to give it up yet, but Georg had moved up a gear and Gustav was having trouble holding still and Tom knew, he and Bill were too close.

Urging Bill to move, he lowered them both to the bed, doing his best to remain inside Bill. It didn't go perfectly, but they ended up laying on their sides, spooned together and partially intimately joined with a perfect view of their friends. Bill took his hand, playing with his fingers as they watched together.

Gustav was still on all fours, but his head was down now and Tom couldn't really see his friend's face. It was completely the opposite for Georg and Tom could very clearly see his other friend's expression and he didn't think Georg was that far away from finishing. He thought he knew the concentrated, trying not to come look. He was proved right when Georg reached round Gustav and took Gustav's cock into his hand.

The difference between watching a porn movie and seeing his two friends doing this was the level of intimacy. Tom felt privileged to be witnessing this, which seemed kind of strange considering that he had never thought of himself as a person with that type of mindset.

"There," Gustav all but growled as Georg's new position changed the angle the pair were moving at.

Georg didn't appear to need telling twice and Tom found himself biting his lip as he watched his two friends moving closer to the edge. Gustav's fingers were wound tightly in the top cover on the bed and Tom could not take his eyes away as Gustav began to make uncontrolled grunting noises with every thrust from Georg. When he finally came, Gustav gave one short cry and then made several juddering gasping sounds as he shot creamy fluid over the bed spread. It was far more erotic than Tom would have given the whole situation credit for if asked.

Georg wasn't far behind; another few thrusts and their bassist was collapsing over Gustav's back and shuddering uncontrollably. It was at the same time

touching and incredibly hot and Tom realised he was biting his lip too hard and went on to playing with his lip ring instead.

It was quite some time before Georg and Gustav finally moved, pulling apart and falling down onto the bed, avoiding the mess. They both looked sated and happy and Tom was more than pleased, but he had to wonder if either of them realised that Bill would be up for round two in only a few minutes. He could keep Bill occupied and give Georg and Gustav a chance to recover for a while, but he doubted Bill's plans were even half done yet.

Tom sat down carefully in his bunk; it had been two days, but his backside was still delicate: Bill had kept them playing a good few hours and the toys had come out. Bill was very good with toys, either using them on himself or Tom and Tom always seemed to end up somewhat delicate afterwards even though it had been nothing but pleasure at the time. It was, however, a price he was very willing to play.

Bill walked up the aisle of the bus beaming from ear to ear in a way that said 'I know something you don't know'. It wasn't a smug grin; it was an incredibly happy one.

"Okay," Tom said, giving in instantly, "what is it?"

"Gustav's wearing a ring," Bill said.

Tom didn't follow; Gustav wasn't really into jewellery, but their drummer did occasionally wear a ring.

"So?" he asked, sure that his brain was just being slow because he'd only been up about twenty minutes.

"It's Georg's ring," Bill said and looked as if he was about to burst with happiness.

Now Tom got it.

"And you're sure that means ..?" he didn't want Bill jumping to conclusions and then being disappointed.

"I know so," Bill replied, exuding his joy from every pore, "I asked him outright. He's wearing it on the wrong finger, but it does mean what we think it means. I don't think they've really talked about it, but this is Georg and Gustav; the manliest men on the planet when they want to be, so that's not really surprising. They are officially together, together."

Now Tom smiled; that was the best news he'd heard in ages.

"Nice one, Little Brother," he said, standing up and pulling his twin into a hug.

He could feel Bill positively vibrating with pleasure. Just occasionally Bill's insane plans weren't so insane after all.

The End