

# Merry Month of Masturbation 2009

**Author:** ([Beren@dtwins.co.uk](mailto:Beren@dtwins.co.uk)) (beren\_writes at LJ)

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

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## ***MMOM 01 – Bill TV***

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Bill/Tom

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** twincest, toys

**Summary:** The fans have Tokio Hotel TV, Tom has Bill TV as his twin tried to convince him that they are meant to be.

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

**Word count:** ~3,000

Tom found the pen drive in his suitcase when he opened it and his hand began to shake as soon as he saw it. It was Bill's pen drive, that much being obvious because of the word "Bill" inscribed on it in an abstract script, rendered in black sharpie. If anyone else had found it they would have immediately given it back to Bill, but Tom knew he was supposed to find it. In fact he was supposed to find it, plug it in to his laptop and watch what was on it. The only problem was that what was on it filled him with such conflicting emotions that he really wasn't sure what he actually wanted to do.

Hand still shaking he picked it up and just stared at it as if it might bite him. This had been going on for a couple of months now, ever since a drunken kiss between him and Bill that should have just been a joke, but somehow hadn't turned out that way. Tom had immediately told Bill that it actually was a joke and fun, but Bill wasn't his type, but he had never been able to lie to Bill.

The first time he had found the pen drive it had had a little note saying "watch me" so he had. Bill had filmed himself lying on his bed in an almost innocent pose, mostly just talking. He had told Tom, who in the video he called "my other half" so no one would know who he was talking to if the wrong person found the video, how much he loved him and how much he wanted him. The only thing that hadn't been innocent was the way Bill had stroked his hand up and down his chest in an almost reflexive way. It had still had Tom hard for hours as he refused to let himself satisfy his needs with Bill in his mind.

The second time he'd found the pen drive, right after he had tried to pick up a girl to prove a point and failed, he had given it back to Bill without watching it. He'd found it back in his case within hours and the pattern had repeated until he had given in and watched it. In that one Bill had been doing something obscene to a banana and Tom had had no choice but to relieve himself with his hand or suffer for a very long time.

The third one had had Bill slowly stripping and Tom had given up trying to pretend it didn't turn him on, but that hadn't helped with the guilt. In the fourth Bill had actually had his dick in his hand and so Tom was somewhat afraid what the new one would be like.

Bill always seemed so delighted when he blushed the next time he saw his twin after he had watched one of Bill's little episodes and it had him very, very conflicted. Bill was his brother, he shouldn't have such feelings about him, but he was having trouble convincing himself they weren't there any more. Bill clearly wanted him, in fact Bill waxed lyrical about how much in every single one of the videos. If Bill had just been after sex he could have sat his twin down and told him it wasn't going to happen, but Bill kept telling him how much he loved him as well as wanted him. It was all too much for Tom's conflicted mind.

Walking over to where he had put his laptop, he opened it and waited the few seconds it took to burst into life. Then he plugged in the pen drive and let the machine find the device before picking up the laptop and walking over to the bed. He put it on top of the duvet, sat down next to it and clicked the play option for the contents of the device. It was pointless to not watch it, Bill would just keep leaving it for him until he did and half of him wanted to see what Bill had come up with this time even if the rest didn't

He loved Bill with all his heart and it seemed he loved his twin too much as well; it was an impossible conundrum. To make Bill happy was the dearest thing to him in the world and this clearly did.

"Hello, My Other Half," Bill said, smiling out of the screen, face filling the whole screen, "I've realised that I have to have you, so I've decided to show you what I want you to do to me. It's all I have left. You know how much I love you, but I don't think you really understand how much I want you too."

Tom swallowed, looking at his brother's beautiful face completely natural and free of makeup. Bill's hair was falling softly around his face, the extensions pulled back to just leave the dark strands, curling slightly. It made Bill look younger than they were, giving him a childlike innocence that vanished the moment Bill moved back from the camera. As with the last little movie, Bill was completely naked, not a stitch of clothing to cover the perfect decorated skin.

Tom had always liked Bill's tattoos, but these days he found them fascinating. His eyes followed the curves in the one running up Bill's side as Bill slowly climbed onto the bed that was in full shot. It was impossible not to notice that Bill was already mostly hard; it was one of the things that made Tom really believe Bill was totally into this; Bill was always hard almost before he started. Tom could only guess what turned his twin on the most; he couldn't imagine it was just the thought of him, even though Bill seemed to be trying to tell him it was.

"I've been shopping," Bill said, leaning back on the bed, displaying himself to the camera, spreading his legs slightly, showing just how long they were.

The image of those legs wrapped around him flashed into Tom's mind along with a stab of guilt. He knew for a fact that Bill was a virgin, never having had the time or the inclination for quick relationships like Tom had played with and he didn't think Bill had probably thought that far ahead. The fact that he wanted to fuck his little brother filled him with shame that was only backed up by the protective instincts he had for Bill when he thought about doing that to his delicate-looking twin. Bill was not delicate, but he couldn't help the way he reacted at a core level to his twin's slim frame.

"Do you want to know what I bought?" Bill asked from the screen, grinning in that winning way he had when he had a secret he knew Tom would want to know.

"Of course I do," Tom replied, even though he knew Bill couldn't really hear him.

Bill sat there for a few more seconds, just looking at the camera and then reached slightly off screen where Tom couldn't see.

"The first thing I bought was this," Bill said and came back with his prize.

Tom's mouth went dry and his groin throbbed in a way that made him push the heel of his hand onto his cock, because it demanded that much attention. What

Bill was holding in his long fingers was a dildo, admittedly a small one, but it was black and about five inches long and it was definitely a dildo.

"I haven't done this before, so I thought, start small and work up," Bill continued to speak, running the dildo through his hands in such a suggestive way that Tom had no doubt at all Bill was going to be a master in the bedroom.

It shouldn't have been a surprise really; Bill was a perfectionist and when Bill set his mind to something there was only ever one goal and that was to be the best.

"Of course this is no where near as big as you," Bill told him from the computer, smiling all the time.

That almost shut down Tom's higher thoughts completely.

"So I had to buy another one as well," Bill explained and reached for something else off screen and came back with what looked like a real cock made out of silicone. "I think it's more the size you'll be when aroused and I bought plenty of lube too. I bought other things as well, one of which I'll show you later, but these will do for now."

Tom realised he was reaching for the screen and dragged his hand back. He wasn't allowed to feel this. His little brother should not be turning him on so much it was nearing on painful, but he could not stop watching.

"I've been reading too," Bill said to the camera, putting his purchases on the bed, "and I know it's not going to be easy, but I know I can do this. The little black one vibrates and the page I was reading said that's good for loosening things up. I did have a little practice in the shower after I washed myself for you and it seems to work."

The mental image of Bill washing himself so intimately just for him sent all sorts of messages to Tom's cock. He was almost beyond the guilt now as he lost himself in Bill's performance.

"I've loved you as long as I have known you," Bill told him from the screen, "and I want you to have everything I have to give. I am just for you and I always will be and I want to show you that."

As he was speaking, Bill moved further back onto the bed, bringing his long legs up and spreading them, while leaning back on pillows he had to have positioned earlier. It was a very debauched picture and Tom could not take his eyes from the screen.

"I read it can be fun to play with lube too," Bill said and it was just like Bill to try and learn everything at once, "so I bought different kinds, this one smells of strawberries; I know you love strawberries."

Tom watched, completely enrapt as Bill smeared lube all over the smaller, black dildo.

"Not that I think you'd want to put your tongue there," Bill said, as if the idea had just occurred to him. "I read that some people like that, but I'm not sure; you'll have to tell me what you think."

Right at that moment Tom wanted to touch and taste every inch of Bill's body, of that he had no doubt.

The way Bill moved very carefully next spoke of Bill's inexperience, but to Tom it was like watching a maestro at work. He watched every nuance of muscle as Bill gently spread himself and placed the black dildo at his entrance. It was obvious that Bill had tested the positioning of the camera well because Tom could see everything. Bill wiggled a little and Tom's breath caught in his throat as the black toy slipped into Bill's tight hole and Bill let out a low moan.

"I knew I'd like you doing this to me," Bill said, voice just a little tight and breathy, "because I know I'll like anything you want to do to me, but I had no idea it would feel this good. Guys who don't try this have no idea what they're missing. There's this spot inside, oh god, there it is," Bill's eyes fell closed for a while when he found it, "that is so incredible. Did you know that? I expect you did; you know so much more than me about this type of thing."

Tom had heard, but he had never tried anything like Bill was. His relationships were never really long enough to explore his kinkier side.

"And, oh fuck," Bill said, flicking the switch on the base of the dildo, "when it vibrates ... you ... have no ... idea."

For a while Bill seemed to lose his voice in little sounds of pleasure and breathy moans as Tom watched his twin move the dildo in and out in slow, careful strokes. It was obvious that Bill was getting looser with every pass and Tom couldn't help wondering how long it would take to prepare Bill for a cock. He wasn't quite brave enough to think of his cock moving in and out of his twin like that little black dildo, but it was close. He wanted to touch himself, but that was a step he never allowed himself; he could deal with his erection after he had watched, but never during.

Bill's cock was glistening with pre-come and he could see a couple of little drops that had alighted on Bill's stomach. They glistened in the light from the room and he found himself wondering what Bill would taste like. He had tasted girls before, but he had never tasted another man.

"It really feels loose now," Bill said, sounding incredibly aroused, "I think I'm ready for more. I wish it was you."

Bill flicked the off switch and just let go of the black dildo, allowing it to slide out of his slick hole and Tom found himself moaning low in his throat. He was so hard he had to use the heel of his hand again just to stop himself coming in his pants. Watching Bill pick up the other dildo and just as fastidiously cover it in lube had him reaching for the screen again. Somehow, even though they had never been in a sexual relationship Bill knew all of his buttons and how to press every one of them. Maybe in that they were the same, either that or Bill knew him far better than he had ever imagined.

"I'm so hard," Bill told him, voice almost husky in its depth, "I daren't touch myself or I'll go off just thinking about you."

This time Bill lifted his leg, positioning the dildo carefully and then ever so slowly pushing it in. Tom could see the discomfort on Bill's face and Bill made a small noise of pain for a moment. Tom wanted to reach out and stop Bill then, tell him he didn't have to do this, but of course this had already happened, it was in the past; there was nothing he could do.

"It hurts a little," Bill said, breathing heavily and shifting somewhat on the bed, "I knew it would, but it feels good too. I want it in me so much."

Speaking slowly, Tom watched Bill start a gentle rocking motion with his hips and the dildo, ever so slowly, edging the dildo in more.

"I feel so full," Bill told him, seeming to need to share the sensations, "I wish it was you, I so want it to be you."

As if that was all Bill needed, Tom watched in awe as the dildo started to slide home for real and Bill threw his head back and moaned long and loud.

"Oh god," Bill half cried, half whispered, "it's ... I can't ... I never ..."

And then Bill was coming, never having so much as placed a hand on his cock. Tom almost stopped breathing as he watched his beautiful twin shake and twitch in ecstasy, shooting his load all over his own perfect skin. Bill didn't seem to have any control over his body for long moments, having to let go of the dildo and just fall back onto the bed, riding out what was so clearly a mind blowing orgasm. Tom didn't move, he just stared at the screen waiting to see what Bill would do next.

It must have taken a lot out of Bill because it was nearly a minute before Bill moved again. Under his watchful gaze, Bill carefully half sat up and reached down, pulling the dildo out, grimacing as he did so.

"I think that bit might be easier when it's you," Bill said, still sounding a little dazed, "in fact I'm sure it will. I promise to try and last longer when you're in me. It might be something we'll have to practice."

Bill was smiling a blissful smile at the camera now.

"Now it's time to show you what else I bought," Bill said, seemingly very pleased with himself, "it's this."

Tom all but died when he saw the anal plug in Bill's hand.

"Now that I'm ready," Bill said, looking directly into the camera, "I want to stay that way. This goes in while I'm waiting for you, my beloved. I want you, no one else. I will never want anyone else and I will never love anyone else. Don't make we wait too long."

Tom couldn't believe it, he really couldn't as he watched Bill slide the plug inside himself, pushing it home and then staring into the camera. It was an image that seemed to be burned into his retina, even as the video finally ended, leaving him with nothing but his uninteresting backdrop to look at.

His mind refused to process proper thoughts as his cock throbbed and his mind played what he had just seen over and over and over in his head. Bill had just displayed himself and opened himself in a way Tom had never dreamed, both physically and psychologically and finally Tom believed everything Bill had been telling him. Bill had bared his body and his soul and it finally dawned on Tom that he had been running against an unstoppable tide. He had lost the race even before he had started it as the knowledge that he loved and wanted Bill as much as Bill loved and wanted him flowed into his mind with the force of a flood.

Ripping the pen drive out of the side of the laptop, he stood up. There was only one way this could end, one way they could both be happy, and he hurried towards the door of his hotel room. He needed to find Bill, he needed to find him right away.

The End



## ***MMOM 02 – Team Building***

**Fandom:** Primeval

**Pairing:** Becker/Abby/Connor

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** threesome, voyeurism, toys

**Summary:** Sometimes being a team goes beyond just friendship and Abby loves her boys.

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

**Word Count:** 1,615

Abby moaned low in her throat, almost matching the vibrations of the little toy currently sending the most wonderful sensations through her clit as she held it in place. The toy had been a present from Connor and she loved it almost as much as she loved him. Sometimes she needed just a little something to send her over the edge, and that was one of the things that made Connor a wonderful lover; he didn't seem to find this strange at all. The way his tongue worked one of her nipples and his fingers worked the other so both were only just the right side of painful was another reason.

When Connor had come to her and basically bared his soul, telling her he wanted to worship her, she had almost laughed at him, but it turned out he hadn't been kidding. After the first three hour session where he had given her at least four mind blowing orgasms and several small ones, a feat she hadn't even been aware was possible, she'd believed him. In her experience most men, even when they were good lovers, were eventually all about cock; Connor, not so much.

As he sucked her nipple right into his mouth and gently bit down, she whimpered, arching up into his touch. She'd never had a hint before that first time, not an inkling, but time and time again Connor proved that he knew how to make her blissfully happy. Knew more than that as well, given the smile that was often seen on Becker's face these days.

As if to remind her that he existed, she felt Becker's fingers move deeper into her, or possibly their captain was just competing with Connor. She gave him a moan as well since it was always good to encourage them. The lab bench was cool against her back, even through the material of Connor's jacket, and she used the coolness to keep herself centred. She liked to make her boys work a little; it kept them excited and going off too soon would just spoil that.

What had made her first encounter with Connor even more surprising was that she had eventually prised out of her gentle geek the fact that, at the time, he had been a virgin, an honest to god, lily white, never made it further than a little grope, virgin. She had laughed when he had confessed that he'd decided to approach the subject of sex the same way he approached any subject and done research. It seemed he had had a veritable library of books and DVDs under his bed on how to be good at sex. Abby had given him an A+ and then gone down on him as a reward.

That seemed like so long ago in their relationship now, and she was one hundred percent sure that Becker had been anything but a virgin when they had enticed him into their triangle. The fact that their captain had found Connor's little security hack that bypassed the surveillance cameras when they desperately needed to have sex, and come looking to find out what was going on, had produced some interesting stammering. After some discussion about the way

Becker watched them after that when he didn't think they were looking, they had agreed that inviting their captain in could only add to their relationship.

Abby still remembered the first time they had enticed him to join them; the look on his face when he had come, buried hilt deep in Connor was one of her favourite mental images. She played it through her head as she played with herself and let it tickle her mental senses.

"More," she said, feeling the sensations in her body building.

That drew a gentle chuckle from Connor, who was kissing across her stomach as he continued to fondle her breasts.

"You'll have to be more specific," he said before licking a stripe over her breastbone and then up over the curve of her left breast.

"More fingers," she said, breathlessly.

Becker had three in her already, but it wasn't enough; she wanted to feel stretched and aching.

"As my lady commands," Becker said and she looked up at him as he smiled at her.

At first she had thought that Becker was just plain weird when it came to his turn of phrase in the bedroom, but he never seemed to be taking the piss so it was difficult to object. The fact that he pulled his hand out of her and all but displayed it as he drizzled more lube over its latex covered surface had her all but shaking. One day the artefacts lab techs were going to realise they were down several boxes of gloves, but Abby was sure they had been sacrificed in a good cause.

When four fingers were pushed back into her, she put her head back and groaned, spreading her legs wider. She loved the burn as her muscles gave and a good portion of Becker's hand slid inside of her body as she opened to accept him.

"He has such big hands, our captain," Connor said, voice low and sexy and making her forget that she was controlling what they were doing to her. "Is there really room in that little, wet hole for all those long, clever fingers?"

That was another thing she would never had guessed Connor would be good at; talking dirty, but the boy was full of hidden talents.

She all but melted as he kissed up her throat and she moaned again, knowing that she was going to lose control. They had been working on her for nearly half an hour already, so she felt that she could let go a little now.

"Are you going to come for us, Abby," Connor whispered in her ear, but she knew Becker would be listening as well; "with your legs spread wide and our captain's hand opening you almost more than you can take; with my fingers twisting and pinching your nipples just like this?"

As he illustrated his point she cried out just a little.

"Come for us, Abby," Connor continued to speak to her, "as that little toy buzzes on your clit let it take you and scream for us."

How Connor's voice ever got to be so sexy she would never know, but she threw her head back and yelled as her orgasm broke over her. It started in her clit and reverberated through her whole body, taking it, muscle by muscle, into wonderful spasm as she arched up from the bench.

Connor placed gentle kisses over her neck and chest and Becker placed equally gentle ones over her inner thighs as she slowly came down and she felt thoroughly loved. Only when she slowly relaxed did Becker carefully withdraw his hand and Connor helped her sit up, never stopping touching her as he did.

The sex was good and the orgasms mind blowing, but she had to admit that it was more than that, that she enjoyed. Connor moved in close beside her and she wrapped her legs around Becker pulling him in as well so that they were all part of a three way embrace. When they had first invited Becker into their relationship she was sure he had thought it was just for sex, but this was not just about that and it had taken a while, but even their stiff captain seemed to realise that now.

"Let's take this home," she said, running her hands over the bare chests of her lovers.

They had the rest of their clothes still on, where she was naked, but it was very obvious that both of them were highly aroused. Given the latest mission and quite how dangerous it had been they needed the release and she was not going to take no for an answer. If anyone asked what Becker was doing she'd just tell them he had been checking out the security of her apartment.

"I like that idea," Connor replied, nuzzling her neck and she knew even without looking that those big brown eyes of his would be working their magic on Becker.

"How can I argue with that?" Becker acquiesced and she smiled to herself.

Then she glanced up at the security camera and gave a little wave. The footage wasn't going to the security booth, but the camera wasn't off.

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Lester saved the footage to his personal files and pulled the pen drive from the machine. He palmed his erection through his trousers and did his best to will it away. It would be unseemly for someone in his position to be wanking in the office. No, definitely something for the weekend this one, his wife would enjoy this footage almost as much as he had.

There had been so much upheaval in the team lately that Lester had been worried the structure might break down, but, part of the team at least, seemed to have found a coping mechanism as unique as they were. Becker was working out far better than expected and, since the unusual relationship had started, it seemed Maitland and Temple had actually begun to show some self-preservation instincts. Quite amazing really; Lester had never witnessed such behaviour before.

The fact that all three knew they were on camera was another interesting kink he never would have suspected, but he wasn't about to complain. It was highly irregular and even he wasn't sure how they had all managed to come to such an arrangement, but he had it filed under team bonding in his head and he did not intend to analyse it further.

The End

## ***MMOM 03 – What You Don't Know***

**Fandom:** Panik RPS

**Pairing:** David/Timo

**Rating:** PG13

**Summary:** Something is going on with David and Timo, but Linke can't work out what and it's bothering him.

Something odd was going on with David and Timo, that much Linke was sure about, but he didn't know what. It had started when Timo bought himself the apartment in Berlin. David had been all supportive on the surface, but it hadn't taken a genius to realise that David hadn't really liked it. For a while the atmosphere between the two had been a little off. Then for a time it was almost as if everything went back to normal, only Linke was sure it hadn't and lately it had changed yet again. None of the others seemed to have noticed, but he had and it was really beginning to bother him.

In fact it was bothering him so much that he had faked a reason to go back into the band house after rehearsal when leaving with Franky, Juri and Jan so that he could talk to David and Timo who were still inside. Timo had wanted to practice his rap a little more, but everyone had been tired, so David and Timo were staying and the others were going home. It seemed like the perfect opportunity to Linke.

Walking through the door, he closed it quietly and then headed for the back room where they had left David and Timo. As he approached the room he heard something strange; it sounded like a groan, but he couldn't think what could be causing that. Timo often groaned when he got his lyrics wrong, but it didn't sound quite right for that, although Linke did think it was Timo. It was like the whole thing going on between David and Timo; it just didn't seem how Linke was expecting.

The incident sparked his interest and he wanted to know what was going on, so he slowed down and all but silently crept into the other room. What he saw made him stop dead and his mouth fall open. They had a sofa in the room so members of the band could relax if others were going over a particularly troublesome part of a song and Timo was on that sofa, but not quite how Linke would have expected. David was with Timo, in fact David was virtually in Timo's lap, had his hand down Timo's shorts and was kissing Timo as if his life depended on it.

Timo gave another groan and Linke knew exactly why it didn't sound quite normal; he had never heard Timo having sex before.

As quietly as he could, he backed out of the door again and as far down the hallway as he could get without knocking something over. He couldn't exactly leave, just in case one of the others happened to mention he had come back in, so instead he turned and crept to the front door, then he opened it and slammed it loudly.

"Guys," he called down the hallway, "have you seen my iPod?"

By the time he made it to the back room, David and Timo were on opposite sides of it and doing quite a good job of not looking guilty. If he hadn't been trying to decide how to react, Linke would have been impressed.

"I thought you put it in your bag," David said, looking at a sheet of lyrics as if he was really interested in it.

"I looked, but I couldn't find it," he replied, but riffling in his bag again for show. "Oh shit," he said, pulling it out from where he had secreted it the bottom, "found it."

He grinned and waved it around.

"Sorry for disturbing you," he said, turning back to the door, "had it all the time. I'll leave you to your lyrics."

Then he walked out and tried not to look as if he was running away; this was going to take some thinking about. He made it home okay and then spent most of the night thinking about what he had seen. Timo had seemed very comfortable with David's hand down his trousers, in fact a lot more than comfortable and David had seemed more than enthusiastic. Now he knew what was different about David and Timo, but it wasn't exactly the easy answer he had been hoping for. It took him until dawn was peeking through the curtains to realise that he was shocked, but, if he really thought about it, David and Timo made perfect sense.

The pair had been friends for almost their entire lives and if he hadn't thought they were both straight, Linke would have probably guessed at them making a good couple. It appeared that David and Timo had arrived at the conclusion they were perfect for each other before anyone else had woken up to it. By the time he headed to the band house, he had decided what he was going to do about the whole situation.

The first half of the day went absolutely normally, well except for the fact that Linke spent most of it watching David and Timo and seeing the small signs that everyone else was ignoring. Now that he knew what to look for, it was as if it was written up in neon. The fact that David wanted into Timo pants and vice versa was so obvious he'd have to have been blind to miss it, blind or completely oblivious like his friends.

When they broke for a late lunch, he followed David outside to get some air. As far as he could tell David needed to put some distance between himself and Timo before he burst.

"Hey," he said, leaning against the wall next to where David chose to stand.

David smiled at him, one of those killer smiles that made the fans melt and he realised that he'd seen David doing that much more often lately. In fact he thought David was happier than he'd seen him since long before the whole management fiasco.

"I just wanted to let you know," he said, smiling back, "if you need a diversion to keep the others occupied, you only have to ask."

The smile slipped on David's face and a confused frown appeared.

"And when you decide to tell the guys, I'm behind you," he added, and David still looked less than clear on what he meant.

He lifted his eyebrows when David opened his mouth to ask a question and waited for the penny to drop. Then David went a little white.

"Look," he said before David could panic, "I don't know why you and Timo haven't told us yet and that's your business, but I wanted you to know I know. I came in earlier than you think last night because I wanted to talk to both of you. I noticed something was different and it was bothering me. Now I know what it is, it's not bothering me any more."

"You ... you know," was as far as David's mental processes seemed to have reached.

Linke actually chuckled at that; David looked so shocked.

"Yes, I know," he replied and nudged David on the arm, "and you looked really enthusiastic with your hand down Timo's pants. You're still in the 'can't keep your hands of each other' stage, yeah?"

Now David started blushing. It wasn't often David was stuck for words so Linke enjoyed it for what it was.

"So, like I said," he said and nudged David again, "if you need a distraction, I'm your man."

Then he pushed off the wall and went to go back inside.

"Linke," David stopped him before he made it inside, "thanks."

Linke turned and smiled.

"Anytime," he replied and then walked inside, happy with his choice of action.

That didn't mean he wasn't going to get a picture of Franky's face when their singer found out, but that was in the future.

The End

## ***MMOM 04 – When You're Not There***

**Fandom:** Jrock RPS

**Pairing:** Gackt/Hyde

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** none

**Summary:** Gackt hid was he was in plain sight by claiming to be a vampire, but actually being one is more complicated than simply drinking blood. Hyde does not know his lover's true nature and there are steps Gackt has to take to make sure it never overwhelms him.

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

**Word count:** 2,843

Gackt stepped onto the window ledge lightly and calmly glanced down at the ground so far below. Once he had been afraid of heights, but he couldn't fall anymore and it had been so long ago he barely remembered it. Smiling to himself, he placed his hand on the catch of the window and concentrated until it popped open and he pulled the window towards him. He supposed he was lucky that Hyde enjoyed fresh air or he would have had to find another way into the luxurious apartment.

Hyde was out of town and Gackt knew this, which was why he had chosen then to visit. He and Hyde had been lovers for some years, ever since they had first met in fact, and Gackt loved the sometimes frenetic little man who had captured his heart without even trying. He was fond of Megumi as well and she of him, which was an added bonus. That Hyde and Megumi had a marriage of convenience to placate their respective parents and produce grandchildren for said parents was not a widely known fact, but their friends knew. Hyde was and always had been bisexual with a preference for men, whereas Megumi was all but exclusively lesbian. They made a beautiful, loving couple and had a beautiful son, but his conception had been about as far as their sexual relationship had ever gone. Megumi was between lovers at the moment, as far as Gackt knew, but he and Hyde had been monogamous since the filming of Moon Child.

The problem was, Gackt was far more attached to Hyde than he had intended to become. He had had many lovers before, in nearly five hundred years a being needed companionship, but Hyde was different. Vampires did not become overly dependent on humans, it was not the done thing and made their deaths harder to bear, but somehow that was the situation in which Gackt found himself. That was why he was visiting Hyde's apartment in the middle of the night while his lover was not there.

Hyde had no idea what he really was, anymore than the rest of the world believed his stories of being a supernatural creature. That, however, did not stop his instincts from coming out. Vampires were, by nature, possessive and territorial when they became, for want of a better word, obsessed and Gackt was very much focused on Hyde. He could cope with the idea of Megumi and Hyde's son in his lover's life, but he had to find ways to curb his need to possess Hyde in other situations.

As soon as his feet touched the floor he closed the window with a thought and began to shed his clothes. He had been welcomed into this place many times, it felt comfortable, but it was not his domain and he needed to feel as if it was. If he could feel as if he belonged here he could make himself believe that Hyde was truly his and stop the quiet voices of paranoia at the back of his mind. They could

not be together all the time, in fact they were apart for months at a time, but with his little rituals Gackt could stop himself doing something stupid.

He did not stop moving until he had divested himself of every stitch of clothing, leaving them strewn on the floor in a haphazard manner. Then he stood there and breathed in deeply, finding the scent of Hyde everywhere that it lingered in the apartment. He could smell others as well, Kaz and different musicians as well as Hyde's family and he slowly walked around the room, taking it all in. This was where Hyde stayed mostly when he was working so there were mostly the scents of work people and Gackt catalogued them all, making them part of his sensory memory.

Every inch of the apartment needed to be inspected, every piece of furniture and every carpet, but he stopped as he stepped into the bedroom. In this room all he could smell was Hyde and himself and sex. No matter how well cleaned and how well aired, in this room he could always smell the sex, as if it was ingrained in the very structure of the room. He knew it was his mind picking up faint hints and then replaying the smells from the past in his head, but it made no difference and he let it fill him.

His cock began to harden at the stimulus and he closed his eyes, letting the sensations, that the scents brought with them, flow over him. The thoughts of Hyde spread beneath him or thrusting into him filled his mind's eye as he let the sexual creature inside out. He allowed his full nature to rise to the surface as he stood there, letting the vampire out of the cage to take in everything there was. When he was with Hyde he could never let go completely, never be who he truly was, and only alone could he let himself be free.

The room lost its dimness and shone in his vision and all the smells became that much stronger. The scent of Hyde was so clear he almost could have believed the small man was actually there.

Walking to the wardrobe, he opened it and pulled a small bag down from the top shelf. It was his bag, one of the things that he habitually kept in the apartment, and he opened it slowly. The scent of lilacs hit him as soon as he did, with an undercurrent of sex. Inside was a blanket, so soft it was downy even on his sensitive skin and he pulled it out, unfolding it before draping it over the bed. He could leave no sign he had been here, but he had long since worked out a system to allow himself to do what he needed to do without Hyde being any the wiser.

By the time he was finished the blanket would be soiled, but he would put it back in its bag and the next time he was with Hyde he would take it away with him and wash it, replacing it with the other he had for the same purpose. He could have taken it with him once he was done, but he did not wish to broadcast his scent of sex all through the night when he left; he could never be sure what might notice.

Climbing on to the bed, he knelt up, feeling the blood filling his cock, throbbing through his veins and making it hard enough to ache. It had been too long since he had been able to do this and his whole body ached for it. With each passing year it became harder for him to let Hyde go after their trysts, harder to allow the man to return to the real world. He wanted to take Hyde in his arms, to make him as eternal as he was, but he did not dare. There was a whole world which humans did not allow themselves to see and Gackt could not bring himself to break Hyde's innocence.



He had already fed Hyde some of his blood, holding the other man in a trance when he did so and freezing the touches of time for a while. It would not last, not more than ten years, and he could not do it again, but he made it be enough for now.

With the thought of his beautiful lover in his mind he leant forward on to all fours, moving his hips in a slow dance. Sometimes they made love slowly and leisurely, sometimes hard and fast as if there was no time at all, but always with a passion that lived in both of their natures. Hyde shone for Gackt and always had done since the first time he had stood at the back of a smoky club and watched an effeminate man hold the whole place in the palm of his tiny hand. Hyde had gone through many changes since, so had Gackt, creating himself into a star to put himself in an equal place to the man he had wanted since that very first night.

He had marked him that night; caught him out the back of the club having a smoke, pushed him against the wall and bitten him. The marks were invisible to human eyes and he had wiped the whole incident from Hyde's mind, but no other vampire would ever touch Hyde because of them. The idea of sinking his fangs deep into Hyde's sweet flesh made him moan with want and he reached down one hand to take hold of his needy cock, resting over the bed on his other three limbs.

Hyde was his and he squeezed his eyes shut, concentrating on that thought. Pumping his hand up and down in slow even strokes, he let his mind fill with their times together and fantasies of what he wanted to do in the future. The beads of pre-come spreading down over his cock only set to remind him of the times he had pushed into a warm, wet body and claimed it as his own, the shining life of his Hyde opening and welcoming him in just as Hyde's body had so many times.

If blood was life, then love was what made that life sweet.

He drank from willing donors in the clubs in the darker parts of town to stay alive and he had never allowed himself to taste Hyde after that first night, but he remembered all too clearly. He so desperately wanted that again, but this had to do. Sex and claiming and making what was Hyde's his.

His breath was coming in shorter gasps now and his blood heated with the ideas of sex and feeding. He moved his hand faster, needing the end that he could feel in the tightening of his balls and the throbbing in his cock.

With his eyes tight closed he threw his head back and shouted his release.

"Hyde," he cried, spurting thick white liquid onto the blanket beneath him, filling the air with his scent.

It reverberated though his body and through his soul as he claimed what was his, even in Hyde's absence. His muscles twitched and his power danced over his skin at the same time, as he leant there breathing hard and letting his vampire nature reaffirm what it needed to know.

Only as his inner turmoil slowly settled did he realise something was not right. Even with the almost overpowering smell of sex now in the room he could still smell Hyde clearly. It was then that he looked up and his supernatural eyes alighted on the bathroom doorway; the one room he had not entered. Standing there, in the darkness was Hyde and Gackt froze.

"I thought I was going mad," Hyde said in a voice that seemed strangely calm for someone who was looking at a fully revealed vampire for the first time. "When I was away I would have these dreams of you. At first they were vague and unclear, but they've been getting sharper and sharper. It was always the same; you were in my home and you would always do the same thing. Only you were more than the you I knew, supernatural and with such need. I couldn't bear not knowing anymore."

Gackt did not know what to say to that, or what to do. That Hyde was there, watching him with those dark, warm eyes seemed to have interrupted the workings of his higher brain; the fact that the connection he had always felt with Hyde seemed to go both ways had destroyed what little thought he had left after that.

Mental connections between vampires were not uncommon, however, mental connections between vampires and humans were very rare. Gackt had thought himself privileged when he had occasionally felt things from Hyde, that Hyde had felt things from him stunned him. With so many years experience at life, very few situations left him not knowing what to do, but this one did.

"I remembered," Hyde continued to speak. "When I saw you there, I remembered when we first met, in that alley. I wanted you then when I saw what you were and I still feel that now. Don't hide from me any more."

Gackt closed his eyes and tried to pull himself under control.

"If I do not hide," he said eventually, opening his eyes again and looking at the man who meant more to him than any other being in the universe, "I do not know what I will do."

"I don't care," were the words that finally made him move.

His instincts told him to put his vampire nature away, to hide behind his human disguise again, but, as he slowly stood up, he resisted the urge. Hyde had asked him not to pretend and he was so very bad at denying Hyde anything he wanted. Feeling all of his power moving through his physical frame, he walked carefully towards the man standing in the doorway, until they were only centimetres apart.

"I have never felt the need for another being that I feel for you," he said quietly, leaning in and breathing in the scent of his lover. "I have loved, but never like this."

"I know," Hyde said simply.

"I want you," he said, feeling every nuance of his vampire nature and its demands, "I need you, I love you. I never want it to end."

There were many ways Gackt had imagined Hyde finding out what he really was, many reactions, but calm certainty was not something he had considered.

"Then don't let it," Hyde told him with the same forthright manner he had come to expect from his lover.

There were so many things he could have asked, so many assurances he could have required, but Gackt did not speak. For a moment he stood there, poised on the edge of forever, and then he struck with the speed and deadly accuracy of the predator he was. Hyde cried out as his fangs lanced into the smaller singer's

flesh and he all but crushed Hyde to him, drinking the sweet, sweet blood he had only ever tasted one. He was drunk on flavour and sensation and the pure presence of Hyde and he swallowed mouthful after mouthful as Hyde slowly went still in his arms.

All the restraint he had shown for so long was gone and his vampiric soul rejoiced in the new freedom as he stole away Hyde's life. That life poured into him with every drop of blood and he could feel his lover's mortal shell becoming weaker and weaker. In the end the spark of life in Hyde faltered three times before it finally went out and only when it finally died did Gackt force his own immense power into what was left of Hyde's mortal shell.

Hyde's whole body jerked in his arms as his power froze time and then began to reverse it. He felt awareness come back to his lover and then Hyde began to scream, an unearthly sound that was half supernatural and half human as power literally ripped the little singer apart. Rebirth was not a gentle process, it was painful and hard and Gackt clung to his lover, mouth still clamped onto that beautiful neck as Hyde thrashed against him. He knew what had to come and only when Hyde's scream died and fangs clamped onto his own neck did he finally pull back just a little.

He could feel the life in his arms completely now, almost as clearly as he could feel his own and he revelled in the pain of being bitten. Hyde was his, completely and without reservation and he did not try to force Hyde away from his blood. The more Hyde drank, the more of his power he shared and if he had been a master vampire creating a child he would have broken the connection almost as soon as it had begun, but that was not what he wanted. He could feel himself becoming weaker as his power ripped through both of them, but he did not want a vampire child, he wanted an equal.

All but bodily picking up Hyde, he stumbled towards the bed, sweeping the blanket out of the way and falling onto it with Hyde still glued to him. It was wonderful, it was amazing; to have taken and to be taken so completely and even as he felt Hyde's grip becoming weaker he felt his own touch with reality slowly fading.

With the new dawn would come a life he had not dared imagine, a life where Hyde was truly his, a life where Hyde knew his most intimate secrets and shared them. There would be no more pretending between them, no more half truths and Gackt let consciousness go knowing that eternity awaited them.

Then End

## ***MMOM 05 – On Your Knees***

**Fandom:** Merlin (BBC)

**Pairing:** Arthur/Merlin

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings/Spoilers:**

**Summary:** Do not chase possibly magical creatures, especially when you think they might have gone into a cave or it's your own fault when you can't get back out again.

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

**Word Count:** 3,202

Merlin sat down on a rock and watched Arthur hitting the invisible wall a bit more. Arthur had been at it for at least half an hour by now and, given that Merlin had had a feel around with his magic, he was sure Arthur wasn't going to find a way out. They had been out hunting and Arthur had seen something unnatural and followed it into the cave. Now they were stuck. As ever, it was Arthur's fault, but of course Arthur was blaming Merlin.

The entrance to the cave had looked nondescript and ordinary, but as Merlin looked away from it into the dimness further back he began to realise it was anything but. Leaving Arthur to thump against the invisible barrier, he stood up and began to walk further into the cave. Where it should have been dark it wasn't, in fact there was a low light coming from everywhere. The rock walls seemed to be glowing.

It was also more than obvious that nature had not formed the back of the cave as it was now. The walls had been smoothed off into a chamber and in the centre there was a slightly raised dais of perfectly flat rock. This place had been made by sentient beings, that much was clear.

"Merlin!" Arthur's voice snapped him back from looking around. "Where are you?"

"Back here," he called out and let his eyes scan the walls again.

It was then he realised that the far wall had carvings on it. The dim light made them difficult to see from where he was standing, so as he heard Arthur walking towards him, he wandered over to have a closer look.

"This," Arthur said from behind him, "is not normal."

"I think the invisible wall at the entrance might have given that away," Merlin replied, looking at the carvings as well as he could.

Given their predicament, he should really have been worried, but the thing was, the cave was not giving him any bad feelings. There was magic here, it tickled his senses, but it didn't feel malevolent or dark, just what Merlin could only describe as curious.

"We should find a way out as soon as possible," Arthur said and Merlin wondered if stating the obvious was part of leadership.

"I don't think there is a way out except the way we came in," he replied, turning and looking across to where Arthur was standing.

Arthur did not look overly impressed with his pronouncement.

"Well unless you know how to remove magical barriers," Arthur said, sounding even less impressed with the idea of magic, "I suggest we look very hard to find one."

"Actually," Merlin replied, pointing at the wall, "I think this might be of some use. The first two carvings on this wall show people coming into the cave and then what I think is the barrier going up. The rest might show us how to get rid of it."

Finally Arthur looked as if he was ready to stop hitting things and try for a more thoughtful approach. In Merlin's opinion he was going to have to train Arthur out of the whole charging in with swords thing before his prince would make a truly great king. He was well aware that it was part of the whole warrior thing Arthur had going on, but there was a time and place for swords and a time and place for thinking and Arthur was far too fond of the first.

"Why would someone make a trap and then leave instructions for getting out of it?" Arthur asked derisively, but did walk over towards him.

"It might not be a trap," Merlin pointed out, going back to looking at the carvings.

"Merlin," Arthur said as if talking to an idiot, "we walked into a place with no other way out that was suddenly blocked; that is the definition of a trap."

Merlin frowned at the wall and didn't reply immediately.

"Or protection," he said, moving along to look at more carvings, "these people look willing, not as if they've been forced into a cell."

He peered at the carvings some more.

"I think this one is a lord of some kind," he said, pointing at one of the crude figures. "Oh," he added as he moved to the next picture, "and this one is a subordinate or servant since he's kneeling in front of the other."

He moved on and felt his face colouring.

"Um," he said looking at the picture and then the next one.

"What?" Arthur asked, a little annoyed by the sounds of things and backed this impression up by pushing Merlin out of the way.

Merlin couldn't help feeling embarrassed as Arthur saw what he had just been looking at. The carvings had looked perfectly ordinary really, and then suddenly they weren't. The picture that had first suggested anything was after the one where the subordinate had knelt down, because what Merlin had thought at first glance was a dagger or something, on closer inspection was actually the superior figure's cock in his hand. In the picture after that the superior figure appeared to be coming, as far as Merlin could tell, a lot all over his subordinate.

"That's ... that's ...," Arthur seemed to be a little shocked. "How does that have anything to do with getting out of here?"

Just so he didn't have to look at the more interesting pictures, Merlin moved along to try and answer the question.

"I think," he said, trying to ignore the ideas that the carvings caused to run around the back of his mind, "that it might be some sort of fertility ritual. Look, after that," he waved vaguely at the explicit pictures and did his best not to think about them yet, "there's something coming out of the one on his knees and then they're leaving the cave. The barrier is protection for the ritual and it disappears when they're done."

When he dared look at Arthur, he was being looked at in turn.

"Well how do we convince this trap that we did that," Arthur asked and pointed directly at the pictures in question, making Merlin blush again, "without actually doing it?"

Merlin shrugged, he had no ideas at all. Actually most of his mental functions were stuck on what was in the carvings and he was having trouble thinking around the subject.

Quite a while later, he wasn't having much more luck and the way Arthur was glaring at the entrance again, he didn't think Arthur was doing any better. The fact that in his head the little figures had somehow morphed into him and Arthur wasn't helping his thought processes and the fact that when he had managed to get a little away from Arthur and tried his magic against the magic in the cavern and come away knowing there was nothing he could do had reduced any option he could conceive.

"There's no way out," he said with the finality he was feeling.

"There has to be," was Arthur's immediate response.

Arthur seemed very adamant about that, but Merlin found his eyes flicking back to the wall carvings he had been trying to ignore for the last few minutes. Then his eyes went to the raised dais in the middle of the cavern that was clearly where the activities depicted were supposed to take place.

"We could ..." even he was surprised to find the words coming out of his mouth.

Something flickered across Arthur's features and Merlin couldn't quite tell what it was, but he was surprised when Arthur looked away.

"You are my servant, Merlin," Arthur said, facing the entrance again, "and it would be wrong of me to put you through something like that. There is another alternative, we just have to find it."

The thing was Merlin was beginning to realise something, something he had been trying to ignore for a while before the cave incident.

"What if," he said slowly and paused when Arthur turned to look at him.

"What if what?" Arthur asked.

"What if," Merlin began again, deciding to take his future in his hands, "you weren't putting me through it?"

Arthur frowned.

"What if I didn't mind?" he added, feeling incredibly exposed.

Being attracted to another man was not a new thing for him, but he had realised his attraction to Arthur was entirely inappropriate. Arthur was his friend and would be the king, so far out of Merlin's reach as to be ridiculous, and he had decided long ago to ignore what he felt. That he had had dreams about Arthur, dreams that were even more explicit than the cave's idea of art, had been something he had tried to forget. That more than a little part of him liked what he had seen was not a thing he could ignore anymore.

Arthur just stared at him.

"You would willingly do this?" Arthur asked him.

"More than willingly," Merlin admitted since he knew that Arthur had strange ideas of honour that would not let him take advantage of Merlin even if it meant their lives. "Arthur," he added quietly, "I am yours, I have been for a long time, and I know you have no interest in me, but you need to know that this would not bring me humiliation or pain."

He dropped his head, unable to look at Arthur anymore. This was part of himself he hid even from his own thoughts much of the time and it was difficult to reveal it. He heard Arthur moving, but he did not look up until fingers touched his chin and lifted his head. Arthur's intense blue eyes bored into his own and then Arthur was leaning towards him. When Arthur's lips touched his, his eyes slipped shut without his conscious consent and he felt something light within him that he had not known was there. He also felt the magic of the cavern shift.

It was only a short kiss, a mere brush of lips really, but it made Merlin's legs shake. He could sense the restraint in it.

"We have both been fools," Arthur said as Merlin once again opened his eyes. "If you are mine, Merlin, I am yours also. This was not how I would have wished us to realise this."

"This may have been the only way we could," he replied, finding his voice in the soft sincerity of Arthur's words.

There was so much Arthur did not know about him, his magic for a start, but he knew that would have to be a discussion for later. Not too much later, but they needed to be free of the cave first.

When Arthur went to move towards the dais, Merlin followed his prince and very carefully began to do what he had done many times before; he removed Arthur's armour. Somehow it felt far more intimate than it ever had in the past. Arthur just stood there, moving when necessary and let him work without comment. When that was done, he gently loosened the ties on Arthur's breeches before slowly kneeling down in front of the man who owned him. 'Two sides of the same coin', the dragon had said and Merlin knew it was true with every fibre of his being.

As quickly as he could, he pulled off his own tunic and knelt there, naked to the waist as the illustrations had shown. The wall carvings seemed to describe a simple ceremony; there were no indication of ritual words or anything like that and so he moved as boldly and as simply as he dared. Looking up into Arthur's face he reached out and, almost reverently, loosened the ties the rest of the way, opening Arthur's breeches and reaching in to release Arthur's cock from its confines.

He had seen Arthur hard before, sometimes things happened and he had undressed Arthur enough, but he had never been allowed to look before. That Arthur was completely erect already was not as much of a shock as it probably should have been, but Merlin found himself fascinated as he knelt back and let his eyes roam. Arthur's cock was thick and heavy, surrounded by golden curls at its base and Merlin felt a desire to reach out and touch, maybe even taste, but that was not what the ritual had shown.

As if of one thought, Arthur curled his own fingers around his erect cock and Merlin felt the magic in the cave shift again. This time it reached out to touch him and, from the little gasp from Arthur, he thought it had touched his prince as well.

"Keep going," he said, knowing that they were headed in the right direction.

As he watched, Arthur slowly began to stroke himself and it was the most entrancing thing Merlin had ever seen. He had imagined seeing this, but the reality was far more intense and he felt his own cock twitching in his breeches. If he had not been so focussed on Arthur, he would have reached down and touched himself as he felt the need course through him.

He also felt the magic of the cavern begin to seep into his body, coming up through the floor and curling in his belly. It only added to the sensations running through him at the sight of Arthur and the way Arthur's breathing sped up told him Arthur was probably feeling the same thing. As Arthur's pace picked up, the feeling of the magic intensified and then Merlin began to feel something else, something that made him close his eyes: he felt his own magic stirring.

It danced inside of him with the foreign power and it made him gasp.

"Merlin?" Arthur asked anxiously.

"Don't stop," was all Merlin could bring himself to say, keeping his eyes tight shut as the two powers moved through his body.

It did not hurt, but it felt so raw and new that he could not do anything about it. He was not in control and he could barely keep his own magic from bursting out of him as the ritual continued. His eyes were unnecessary to know that Arthur was climbing closer and closer to climax; he could feel it. His own arousal was secondary to the magic making his nerves sing, but it was building in the same way Arthur's was, even without manual stimulation and it began to dawn on him that maybe this was not as simple as he had thought.

His magic was following the foreign power inside of him and it seemed to want to reach out to Arthur. This was not an ancient fertility rite, it was something else, something deeper and Merlin knew he was caught by it for better or ill.

The sound of Arthur's hand on his flesh filled his ears and the smell of sex filled his nose. All he could think of was Arthur and he did not need the quickening of Arthur's breath to tell him Arthur was close.

"Merlin," his name was whispered almost like a prayer and then he felt hot liquid hit his face and his chest.

The magic inside him exploded and his eyes opened in shock, staring up at Arthur. He knew his eyes would no longer be their usual blue, but all he could do was gaze into Arthur's face as his magic and the cavern's magic flew out of him



into the air, reaching out to Arthur. He felt it touch his prince as if there was a direct connection between them and for a tiny moment in time he felt the reality of Arthur. In less than the time it took for his heart to beat once, Arthur was revealed to him and he was all too aware he was revealed to Arthur, and then it was gone.

The connection ended, the magic of the cavern released him and he felt his eyes rolling back into his head. It was simply too much for him and he felt himself falling sideways before there was nothing.

Waking up was far less dramatic.

He opened his eyes to see a cheerful fire and found himself lying on a bed roll, covered in a warm blanket. He was outside in the forest and it seemed Arthur had made camp.

"I thought you would sleep all week," Arthur's voice finally made him move and he looked over to see his prince watching him from a few feet away.

"I feel as if I have," he replied, finding that he was clean and dressed and feeling rested.

Not sure how to react he slowly sat up.

"You were right," Arthur said, poking the fire with a stick, "once we performed the ritual the barrier dropped to allow us to leave. Since you refused to wake, I brought us out and did your job for you."

It was a little dig, but Arthur's spirit did not seem to be in it.

Their eyes met and Merlin realised that they had been changed forever.

"I know you, Merlin," Arthur said after a few moments silence; "I know you like know man should be able to know another."

"And I know you," Merlin replied with the same sincerity he could see in Arthur's features.

He knew what it meant as well; Arthur knew the whole truth about him.

"You are everything I have been taught to fear," Arthur said quietly, looking back into his eyes again. "You are made of the magic my father hates."

Merlin's heart tightened.

"But I am not afraid," Arthur continued to speak, "and I could never hate you. Why is that, Merlin?"

The confusion in Arthur was a surprise and Merlin moved, reaching out and placing a hand on Arthur's arm.

"Because you are strong and brave," he said, speaking from the heart rather than trying to think through his words, "and you cannot hate without reason. I love you," he saw no point in denying the whole truth since Arthur had already glimpsed it, "and, at least until today, you loved me."

Arthur looked at him for long agonising moments. There was no window into Arthur's soul for him to see through now, no magical connection, and all he could do was wait.

"This place is not about fertility," Arthur said eventually and looked over towards the cave entrance.

"No," Merlin agreed, "it is about truth and honesty. I think it is a test."

"The question is," Arthur replied, "did we pass?"

Merlin looked into blue eyes that bored into his own as they once again shared their gazes. Slowly he knelt up and this time he leant forward to place his lips over Arthur's. The kiss was as soft as their first, holding the passion at bay, until Arthur grabbed him by both shoulders and dragged him in. After that it was a haze as Arthur demanded the passion from him and there was teeth and tongues and desperation and they only broke apart when they could take no more.

"Yes," Merlin said, clinging to Arthur as tightly as Arthur was holding to him, "I think we did."

The End

## ***MMOM 06 -Extending the Curriculum***

**Fandom:** Harry Potter

**Pairing:** Harry/Draco

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** explicit sex

**Summary:** Back at school to complete his education, Harry doesn't like life to be boring, that's why he teams up with Draco Malfoy for his final year DADA project.

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

**Word Count:** 3,452

Most of the Wizarding world had been shocked when Harry applied to return to Hogwarts and actually do his seventh year. They had appeared more so, however, when one of the others to apply for the same thing was Draco Malfoy. In fact most of those either not incarcerated or otherwise indisposed had also applied, which was why Hogwarts had decided to simply turn back the clock. As far as the curriculum was concerned the previous year did not exist and other than a double number of first years than normal, Hogwarts went on as normal.

The first term had been interesting as far as Harry was concerned and he had enjoyed simply being a pupil. He had missed out on a lot of just being a teenager thanks to Voldemort and now that the old bastard was dead he intended to catch up. That was why on the first day of the year he had declared a truce with Malfoy and they had spent the best part of the first term taking the piss out of each other in an almost friendly manner.

Malfoy still had his pureblood pride, but the war had changed him a lot. It had changed them all. It seemed to Harry like everyone just wanted to be normal for a while. He and Ron, with quite a lot of help from Hermione, had decided to rekindle the Marauder spirit and they had secretly pranked half the school already, but Harry made very sure to keep the pranks funny, not cruel. Most of the school looked forward to their endeavours, even the victims it seemed.

Malfoy had spent a whole day with hair to his knees that refused to be cut the previous term, and rather than flying off the handle about it, had tied it into a long pony tail and charmed it to grab at the lower years when they walked past. Even Headmistress McGonagall had been seen to smile at that one.

That was why when Professor Limington, the new DADA professor declared they had to pair up for their final year project, Harry walked over to where Malfoy was sitting in the classroom.

"Hey, Malfoy," he said and grinned, "fancy doing something really interesting?"

He knew that Ron would partner Hermione and he didn't want to end up with someone as a partner who would look at him in awe, which left Malfoy as the best candidate. The fact that Malfoy was by far the most intelligent person in the class after Hermione helped as well. Now that he wasn't expending all his energy on trying to be a prat, Malfoy was actually proving to be an amazing student.

Harry could see the shock in Malfoy's eyes at his approach, but nothing showed on the Slytherin's face.

"And why, pray tell," Malfoy said in his usual superior drawl, "would I lower myself to working with you, Potter?"

Harry just grinned.

"Because I have aced every DADA test this year and I think you're bored," he replied, sitting himself on the desk as the other students milled around trying to not look as if they were paying attention to the conversation. "Let's do something different and shock the socks off everyone."

He saw the light of interest in Malfoy's face.

"I get to pick the topic," Malfoy said, not letting him off easy of course.

"As long as it's not dark I'm up for anything," Harry replied and he really meant it; "I've had enough of dark for one lifetime."

"Likewise," was the surprising answer. "Okay, Potter, you're on; I hope you don't mind a little grey."

Harry's grin broadened.

"Oh grey I can cope with," he replied and hopped off his perch to take the seat beside his new DADA partner.

Ron was watching him from next to Hermione as if he might have lost the plot, but he smiled and waved and waited for everyone else to settle down. Limington was going to outline the requirements of their projects a little more and then they were free to go to the library and start looking for ideas. Harry already knew they needed to produce a three foot proposal by the beginning of the next week.

Limington spoke for a good half an hour about what would and what would not be acceptable and Harry almost fell asleep. It seemed that the long and short of it was that they had to investigate the defensive magics available and then come up with their own idea for some sort of defensive spell. It could be a block for a duel or a shield for a hiding place or a counter attack, anything, as long as it was a defence against dark magic or dark creatures. When they were finally freed to go and look for ideas, Harry looked over to his friends and Hermione appeared to be about to burst with excitement.

"Come on, Potter," Malfoy said, climbing to his feet, "let's go, I know just the thing."

The way Malfoy's eyes were sparkling with delight would have once worried Harry, but now he was intrigued. He followed Malfoy into the hallway and was surprised that his Slytherin partner was not dashing for the restricted section with everyone else from the class. Instead, Malfoy led him towards the dungeons.

"I have the book we need in my room," was all Malfoy said as they walked, and unlike previous years, Harry did not think he was about to be tricked and hexed into oblivion.

"Are you going to give me a clue?" he asked as they moved quickly through the halls.

"I don't think anyone's capable of that," Malfoy replied with his usual tone, which actually made Harry laugh.

"Well pretend it is," he replied and moved up so they were walking shoulder to shoulder.

He had long since given up pretending he didn't know where everything was in the castle.

"Not until I have you safely behind closed doors," Malfoy replied, clearly amused by his reaction.

The fact that Malfoy had a very well developed sense of humour had been rather a shock when they had first declared peace, but by now Harry was used to it. The fact that he wasn't angsty and worrying about who would try and kill him next seemed to have shown a different side of him to everyone as well. War was not good for those at the centre of it and Harry was very glad it was over.

They entered the Slytherin common room without any pretence of hiding away passwords or any such nonsense and then Malfoy led him towards a back corridor he had never been down. There were many doors leading off it and his companion took him to one that was ornamented with what Harry recognised as the Malfoy crest.

"Your own room then?" he commented, not in the least bit bothered by it.

"It's a family thing," was Malfoy's response as he opened the door and led them in; "if a Malfoy is ever sorted into Hufflepuff I think most of my relatives would rise from the grave and point out the error."

Harry grinned, even though it hit home that he had not been the only one living with expectations since he started at Hogwarts.

The first thing he noticed was that the room was not green, well not as green as he would have thought. It had some deep forest green here and there, but it was mostly gentle blues with just a hint of the house colours in significant places. Harry liked it, it was peaceful.

"Very nice, Malfoy," he said, making himself comfortable on the one padded chair in the room, "you have taste."

"I'm not sure if I should be insulted or not, coming from you," Malfoy said as he dug around in the bookshelf to the left.

Harry found himself laughing again.

"So, do I get my clue now?" he asked, finding that he was really quite relaxed considering he was in what used to be the enemy's camp.

"Sex," was what Malfoy said and Harry had to shake his head to make sure he had heard correctly.

"Sex?" he asked and Malfoy found whatever he was looking for and turned around.

"That is what I said, Potter," Malfoy replied with a smirk, "do try to keep up."

"Which has what to do with our final year project?" he asked, since he didn't think the Slytherin was propositioning him.

"Sex magic is a very ancient and respected form," Malfoy said and presented him with the book, "and, before the advent of some of our newer spells, it was commonly used for defensive purposes; shields mostly."

Harry had been hoping for something a little more dramatic than shields, but he took the book anyway.

"I think, given your raw power and my brain," Malfoy continued, "we can come up with something in the offensive line if we can figure out a way to store sex magic."

It was beginning to sound more interesting, but there was one thing Harry wanted to know.

"And exactly what kind of sex would we need for this?" he asked, since he wasn't actually all that experienced with the subject.

"Don't look so scared, Potter," Malfoy said, still smirking, "I won't be demanding your lilly white arse. All it will take for what we want is a bit of wanking; you do know what that is, right?"

Harry gave his best unimpressed look.

"I may be the Golden Boy," he replied, opening the book and flicking through it, "but I'm not a saint and I did manage to find my cock at probably about the same age you did. Will it be a joint effort or just one of us?"

The idea did actually cause a very interesting feeling in the pit of his stomach that he couldn't quite identify.

"That depends," Malfoy told him, seemingly impressed with his answer, since there was no retort. "If our magic is compatible, we can do it together, if not, I suggest we use just you since you have more magic flowing around you since you offed the Dark Lord than is healthy for anyone."

It hadn't started immediately he had killed Voldemort and had only come on over months, but Harry did seem to be a small power station of magic these days. He had spoken to Madam Pomfrey about it once, since he had had a little trouble controlling it to begin with, but she had only been able to give him theories. It was as if part of him had been busy doing something his whole life and now it was free to join with the rest of him. At first it had worried him, but these days he just accepted it.

"So how do we find out if our magic is compatible?" Harry asked, looking down at a particularly interesting illustration that he wasn't sure was physically possible.

"Chapter 2," was all his companion told him. "You can take that with you, I've read it several time. Try and read the first four chapters by tomorrow and we'll see where we can go from there. Depending on how much magic we have to play with, we can decide how we want to try and harness it."

And that, Harry realised, was it; he was being dismissed. Knowing when to retreat was the sign of a good leader, or so he had been told, so he did just that. Book in hand, he stood up, took his leave and headed for his dorm. He had some reading to do and, for once, he didn't think it was going to be boring.

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The next day he met Malfoy at the DADA classroom and they headed for the Slytherin's room.

"Did you manage to read the chapters I mentioned?" Malfoy asked as they walked.

"I read the whole book," Harry replied and handed it back to its owner.

That did get him an honestly surprised look.

"I've always liked reading," he said, pleased to have the upper hand for once, "I was just always being distracted by Death Eaters. It was a very interesting book."

He wiggled his eyebrows and for once he made Malfoy laugh.

"So, ready to find out if we're compatible?" Malfoy asked as they approached the common room.

"Let's do it," was what Harry replied and they headed for their destination quickly.

What Malfoy hadn't mentioned when he had given Harry the book was that to find out if they were compatible in a sexually magical sense it was not a matter of a simple wave of a wand, at least not the wand wizards habitually displayed. Sex magic was really very simple when it came down to it; a few runes drawn on the body, a short incantation and then some form of sex. The only way to discover compatibility was mutual masturbation.

According to the author of the book, sex magic had died out mostly due to Victorian sensibilities. It was a very potent source of magic, it just wasn't the done thing.

As soon as Malfoy's door was closed, Harry began to strip; he wasn't about to lose his nerve. When Malfoy gave him a surprised glance he just smiled and carried on what he was doing.

"If we're going to do this, we might as well get used to the naked part," he said, trying to sound much more nonchalant than he was feeling.

Sex magic was always done naked, even if all body parts were not required.

"You have a point," Malfoy agreed and also began to remove his clothes.

This project might just get them top marks, it would most definitely get them some raised eyebrows.

"I think the incantation for light would be the best test," Harry spoke as he undressed to keep his mind off what he was doing. "The book said that a compatible pair should be able to make a relatively bright glow. It's easier than deciphering wind or water."

"I was thinking the same myself," Malfoy replied and Harry couldn't help looking at the pale skin his companion was revealing.

This year was definitely treating them both better than those before it and Malfoy was still lean, but there was muscle on his slim frame. Neither of them was

playing Quidditch this year, but he had seen Malfoy running around the lake on a couple of occasions and the workouts were definitely paying off.

"Like what you see?" Malfoy asked and Harry realised he had been staring.

"Actually," he replied, deciding that he wasn't going to be coy about this, "I'm beginning to think I do."

That caused Malfoy to completely stop what he was doing. That obviously had not been the response the Slytherin was expecting.

"Don't look so shocked," Harry said, slipping off his boxers and revealing the fact he was already half hard; "it's not like half the wizarding world is exactly straight, why should I be any different?"

A stay with Bill and Fleur in France before school started had opened his eyes to many things. The fact that the notion of forcing yourself to be heterosexual was quaint to a good percentage of the wizarding world was one such subject. Harry hadn't thought he was interested in anything but girls at the time, but he was beginning to see that he might have been in error.

"Believe it or not, I didn't suggest sex magic because I'm that desperate," Malfoy said in a rather more scathing tone than usual.

Harry laughed at that.

"I know that," he replied, wandering across the room to where Malfoy was standing, "you probably wanted to test my Gryffindor courage, which you still are, by the way, but the fact that getting it up's not going to be a problem, should be a plus."

Malfoy stood there and looked at him some more and then finally shook his head.

"You're insane," the Slytherin said and continued undressing, "you are aware of this fact, aren't you?"

"Of course," Harry replied and picked up one of the wax crayons Malfoy had left on the desk.

It was very soft wax, charmed to stick to skin, and it would do very well for drawing the runes they needed. For finer magic they would need finer utensils, but they were only doing an experiment.

It took them half an hour to prepare each other, during which Harry discovered that Malfoy was ticklish. Once they were ready, Harry put the crayons down and then moved to stand in front of the Slytherin. It was simple really; they needed to join left hands, take hold of each other with their right, say the incantation together and then go for it. The fact that Harry was very much hard and aching by this point made him think it wasn't going to take long.

"Oh god," he said after they joined hands and the long fingers of Malfoy's other hand wrapped around his cock.

The fact was, the only person who had ever touched him there was him and it was very intense.



"Is there any blood left in your brain?" Malfoy asked in an almost even tone, which Harry had to respect given where his hand was mirroring Malfoy's.

"Just about enough for the incantation," Harry replied, feeling out of his depth, "but other than that I promise nothing."

"Let's get on with it then," Malfoy decided at that.

It was funny, Harry didn't feel embarrassed at all, just incredibly turned on. He had felt embarrassed in every other remotely sexual situation he had ever been in, so he was rather pleased. Looking into Malfoy's eyes, he spoke the correct words and felt the designs on his body come to life with the power of the spell. It was all he could do not to moan very deeply at the sensation and he did manage to start moving his hand in time with Malfoy.

The book had warned that the most difficult thing about sex magic was remembering what you were supposed to be doing and not losing yourself in the moment and Harry understood that now. As Malfoy's hand moved up and down his shaft, he really just wanted to melt into the touch and be damned with the rest of it. It was only the Slytherin voice at the back of his mind telling him what an idiot he would look that kept him working on Malfoy and not just letting go.

They were using a little unscented oil and it felt utterly incredible. Harry had never felt so aroused before or so sensitive and his cock was throbbing and his balls were tightening in a very embarrassingly short time. It was only the fact that he could feel his arousal linked to Malfoy's and knew for a fact that Malfoy was just as on edge as he was that made him feel less than a complete idiot.

"Merlin's balls," Malfoy said, clearly in as much of a state as he was.

"You better be ready," Harry said, voice so tight he could barely speak, "because here I come."

He needn't have worried though; the moment he shot his load, so did Malfoy and there was the most blinding flash, sending them both sprawling backwards.

Harry landed with a thump on the floor; not very comfortable when the floor was stone and his arse was bare, but that wasn't the most pressing thing on his mind. What was, was the fact that he couldn't see a thing, and not because it was dark. The simple matter was, it was too bright; he couldn't open his eyes to see anything because every time he tried he was blinded.

"I think," Malfoy said from wherever the Slytherin had ended up, "we're compatible."

"I was thinking the same myself," Harry replied and wondered how long he was going to be sitting there.

At least the stone floor did one thing for him; it gently cooled his ardour.

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The final year project of Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter went down in 'Hogwarts: A History' as one of the finest achievements by a pair of students since the founders. The tiny globes they came up with, filled to the brim with a complicated sex magic spell, were a perfect defence, bursting when thrown, not to shield the user, but the attacker and rendering them harmless for five minutes. They would

have become part of standard Auror issue if anyone else had been able to recreate the spells necessary to make them. That was the other thing Malfoy and Potter went down in history for: their stamina.

The End

## ***MMOM 07 – New Life***

**Fandom:** Highlander

**Pairing:** Richie/Methos

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** semi-explicit sex, language

**Summary:** Richie has a new life well away from his old one and no one from the old one knows he's alive, that is, until a face from the past walks in.

**Author's Notes:** Well today was supposed to be a TH day, but then this hit me as I was walking to Tesco's yesterday and demanded I write it, so TH will have to wait until tomorrow :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 3,317

Richie walked into the bar and felt several pairs of eyes turn towards him to check him out. Since it was a gay singles bar he wasn't exactly surprised and he gave Marlene, the owner, a wave and walked fully into the establishment. Marlene was a six foot four ex-hockey player who like to wear a dress and no one argued with him.

"Good evening, Sweets," Marlene greeted him as he sat down, "and what can I get for you this evening."

"I'm feeling flamboyant," he replied with a grin, "so something artistic."

He had never been a cocktail type of guy in his old life, but Marlene loved to make them and so he made sure to at least start off the evening with one or two. The club was out of the way and open all night, so Richie always came in to relax after a hard evening. Being one of the most exclusive male escorts in the city might have seemed like a breeze to many, but smiling all the time and being gentlemanly required a lot of effort. Sex didn't come as part of the package, but he had been known to favour some of his regular clients, which was why he spent most of his free time away from the ladies. He had discovered there was such a case as too much of a good thing.

It had taken him over a year to dip his toe into the actually picking up another guy part of the scene in the club, but he hadn't been disappointed. These days he sometimes picked someone up or let himself be picked up, and sometimes he didn't. Right about then he was seriously considering looking out for a potential playmate.

"You look tired, Sweets," Marlene commented, placing a tall blue drink with lots of fruit and umbrellas in front of him.

"Charity ball," he replied and then took a long slow drink through the offered straw, "I thought the speeches would never end."

Marlene patted him on the hand.

"That's what comes of being so top shelf, Sweets," the barman told him, "but you just sit there and we'll find a way to help you relax."

He smiled to himself as he saw Marlene give someone the eye from across the room. The bar had two types of patrons, the regulars and those just passing through, and the regulars were all at least acquaintances if not friends. That was why he wasn't surprised when a lean body leant against his own.

"Hey, Rich," said a familiar soft voice, "need a little companionship."

He looked round to the young man purring in his ear. Emanuel was a dancer and made extra cash working at Marlene's place when between jobs. Since he wasn't between jobs at the moment, he wasn't working, but they all seemed to end up in the bar sooner or later. Richie had made it to the bedroom with Emanuel on a couple of occasions and it was an intriguing prospect.

"Emi," he said, using the pet name he knew drove Emanuel completely mental, "I think..."

His train of thought was completely scattered when he felt the familiar tingle behind his eyes and he scanned the room for an exit. Ever since Paris, where he had watched Mac cut off his head, he had avoided all Immortals. It hadn't really been him, but it had kind of snapped something in his psyche and he had run. That was when he had fallen just about as hard as it was possible to fall; he'd been into drink and drugs and just about anything that kept the nightmares away. If he hadn't been locked up for petty theft he would probably still have been in the hole he had dug himself. As it was a short stay in a juvenile facility thanks to his young looks and the fact that Richie Ryan was officially dead and his juvenile records sealed so they had had no idea who he was or how old he was, helped him sort himself out. He was Richard Milan now, having completely reinvented himself, and he had a sword and was quite capable of using it, but made it his business to make sure he never met anyone he needed to use it with.

"Rich are you okay?" Emanuel asked as Richie realised there was no way he could get out of the club without being seen.

"Yeah," he said, realising he had no choice but to stay put.

Hopefully the immortal was just looking for a drink, not a fight and he could fade into the background before he was properly noticed. He had discovered in his new life that Immortals most often preferred to avoid each other, it seemed to just be ones like Mac who attracted trouble.

"Sorry, I thought I heard something," he said and managed a smile for Emanuel; "I think my brain addled this evening."

Emanuel smiled at him as Richie kept half an eye on the door.

The person who walked through it almost made him fall off his stool.

"Well, well, and I told MacLeod he was losing it," said the familiar figure.

"Adam," Richie said in shock, since this was the last place he had ever expected to see Methos again.

"Right," Emanuel said and Richie could see his friend looking between him and Methos, "I see, well I'll just be over here if you need me, Rich."

"Yeah, thanks," Richie said absently, slowly standing up and looking the blast from the past up and down.

Adam had changed hardly at all, except for his hair style, otherwise he still looked like a grad student type in jeans and a t-shirt.

"Marlene," he said, looking over his shoulder, "can you put that on my tab for me, I'll settle up Friday."

"Sure, Sweets," Marlene told him with a smile and given that the man didn't try and persuade him to stay with his new friend he came to the conclusion that the tension was as obvious to everyone else as it was to him.

"Let's walk," he said, deciding that action was better than standing there like an idiot, and then he swept out of the club without waiting for Methos to catch up.

He soon found that Methos' long legs meant the old man was not far behind him.

"How did you find me?" he asked, since it was clear Methos had known he was alive. "For that matter how did you even know to look?"

"MacLeod saw a fleeting glimpse of you in a society rag," Methos replied, completely calm in comparison to the way Richie's mind was racing. "I convinced him he was seeing things and then came to check."

Richie stopped and gave Methos a glare for that.

"And you couldn't have just let me be?" he asked, since he had been enjoying his nice quiet life.

"I was curious," Methos said with no sign of remorse. "That time was, shall we say, difficult for us all and I wanted to know if it was possible you survived."

"Yeah, well I did," Richie replied, trying to figure a way out of his current situation, "only my life wasn't much worth living for a long time and I have no intention of going back to what drove me there."

Methos raised an eyebrow at his vehement outburst.

"I don't blame you," was the surprising response, "being around the Highlander is taxing. Not that he wouldn't cull several hundred fatted calves if the prodigal son were to return of course."

Richie just glared some more; he didn't need to be reminded of that. Not going back once he had sorted himself out was one of the hardest decisions he had ever made.

"Then why are you here, if not to drag me back?" he asked, not understanding Methos' motives at all.

"I told you, I was curious," Methos replied and grinned. "Life does occasionally get boring you know."

Since Richie really couldn't imagine having been alive as long as Methos, all he could do was agree that it must get boring at times.

"So you're not going to tell Mac I'm alive?" he still wasn't sure of Methos' motives.

"Nope," the ancient man replied, "but you could be a little hospitable and offer an old friend a drink. A beer really wouldn't go amiss."

For a moment that rather stunned Richie. It was clear Methos had come a very long way to find him and now all the man wanted was a drink.

"You're odd," he finally concluded, since he couldn't think of anything else to say, "but my apartment's this way."

It took then fifteen minutes to get there, then five to find and open the beer and another five to sit down, which is when they began talking. It wasn't until that point that Richie realised how much he had missed the familiar faces of the old crowd.

"So how is it I found you in a gay bar with a pretty young thing pawing you?" Methos asked when they were on beer three each.

"Because I was about to bring the pretty young thing home and fuck him senseless," Richie replied, seeing no point in being subtle about it.

Methos actually raised his eyebrows at that.

"Let me get this straight," Methos said with a grin, "you, that would be 'Mr I'm straighter than MacLeod', are a gigolo by trade and screw gay boys in your spare time?"

That made Richie laugh, since it was a rather accurate description.

"I got bored," was all he really had to say on the matter.

"I've been hoping our Highlander would get bored sooner or later," Methos said and took a big swig of beer, "only he seems so tediously heterosexual."

That made Richie laugh again, because that was also an accurate description.

"Give him another hundred years and he'll probably get over it," he replied, still chuckling.

That Methos had been looking to get in Mac's pants didn't overly surprise him now that he was used to the other side of the coin. The fact that Mac was oblivious was very amusing.

"This is MacLeod we're talking about," Methos said and laughed as well, "maybe a millennium."

Richie lifted his bottle in a toast to that one.

"But I spoiled your plans for this evening," Methos said after a companionable few minutes silence, "I should apologise."

Now it was Richie's turn to lift his eyebrows.

"And exactly how did you plan on doing that?" he asked, since he was sure Methos would have not even mentioned it if the ancient Immortal didn't have something in mind.

Methos smiled at him; a very worrying smile, and put his bottle of beer on the table.

"Oh, I don't know," Methos said, already on the move, "I was thinking I'd improvise."

That made Richie smirk as well; he'd done some "improvising" in his time. This could be very interesting indeed.

He just sat there as Methos all but prowled the distance between them and then Methos leant over him like some gigantic hawk. When their eyes met, Richie could see the age in the other man; he could almost feel it and with the heat in that gaze, he found it arousing to be the focus of so much knowledge.

"Just let me know if I'm improvising in the wrong direction," Methos said and reached out towards him.

Nimble fingers made quick work of his fly and efficiently opened his jeans as far as they would go.

"Um," he said as Methos took hold of his already swelling cock and carefully pulled it from its confines, "no complaints yet."

This was the kind of thing he had been hoping for with Emanuel, before the fucking senseless that was, and he really didn't mind that Methos was taking Emanuel's place. The other Immortal was nice to look at and if what they said about men and noses was right, he was very much looking forward to act two. Being perpetually nineteen he had a libido set on 'on' and sex was more of a necessity than a pastime. When Methos slowly sank to his knees, Richie decided Christmas had come early and shifted a little in the chair to give his companion better access.

There was a lot to be said for experience and in the thousands of years Methos had been alive, Richie was sure Methos had had a lot of sex. As soon as those lips wrapped round his cock, he was absolutely positive.

"Oh fuck!" he said quite loudly and then just gave up and let Methos remove his brains through his cock.

Richie couldn't quite put his finger on what made the blowjob so incredible, whether it was the way Methos used his tongue, or the way Methos sucked so damn hard at just the right moment, or the way Methos' fingers slid into his underwear to play with his balls, but whatever it was, it was mind blowing. Given the people he hung around with in his spare time, he'd had a blow job or two and given his fair share, but he had never had one like the one Methos gave him. About halfway through he forgot his own name and towards the end he forgot what language actually was. By the time Methos let him come, he was so desperate he was reduced to pleading in moans and breathless pants and, when his orgasm broke over him, he was not too proud to admit that his visions whited out and he might just have lost contact with reality for a little while.

To say he was blissed out would have been an understatement and he kept shuddering and bucking for a good thirty seconds before his nerves stopped singing. It was amazing and it felt as if every molecule in his body had changed to liquid. So much so that, when he finally opened his eyes, all he could do was look into the somewhat smug features of his new lover.

"Nghhhh," was what came out of his mouth when he tried to say something.

"You're welcome," was what Methos replied and Richie just acquiesced when the ancient Immortal started to undress him.

Interesting was an understatement.

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Richie opened his eyes and squinted at the sunlight coming in his bedroom window. It was far too bright and high in the sky to be early morning, so he had to conclude that he had slept very well after the several hours of mind blowing sex. Methos had shown him quite a few things he had never thought of before.

As it turned out, he was sprawled on half of his bed with no cover and no clothes. When he shifted slightly, he found out why, since Methos was on the other side of the bed rolled in the sheets like he owned them. Given the great sex, Richie decided that having a cover hog in his bed was worth the price, but now that he was awake he was a little chilly. Methos was still snoring gently, so Richie moved quietly and climbed off of the bed, grabbing a robe and padding towards the kitchen. Coffee sounded like a very good idea in his head.

The major advantage of being Immortal, other than the fact that he couldn't die, was that even after what he suspected was nearly three hours of sex, he could still walk straight. His muscles didn't even ache thanks to his healing abilities, he was just a little tired.

Looking at his kitchen, he had the wonderful idea of making breakfast and taking it into the other room. If he didn't let Methos out of the bedroom he was hoping that the old man would get the idea and give him a tour of the mattress again. He didn't have any clients today and staying in bed was a great plan; all he had to do was convince Methos.

Smiling to himself, he made coffee and toast and gathered fruit and preserves and other good things onto a tray and took them back into the bedroom. It turned out Methos wasn't in any hurry to get up, or so it seemed, since Methos was already awake and sitting up waiting for him.

"Ah," Methos said with a broad smile, "great minds think alike."

"Well I didn't want you to waste energy on moving further than you had to," Richie replied and deposited the tray on the bed, before sitting down. "A little something to build our strength back up," he added with a grin, "and then I'd really like you to show me that trick where you had me so tuned on I almost lost the ability to breathe."

"The one with the fingers and the twist?" Methos asked mildly, picking up one of the mugs of coffee.

"Yeah, that's the one," Richie replied and tucked into his own breakfast.

"Mark Anthony taught me that one," Methos said in an almost wistful tone and Richie wasn't sure whether to believe him or now. "Shame that he ended up chasing so much skirt, he was very talented as a young man."

Richie just grinned and continued to eat, since he didn't quite know what to say about that. They chatted about ridiculous things as they ate and it wasn't until Richie was about to clear away the breakfast things that he saw Methos' expression become a little more serious.



"Would you ever consider coming back," Methos asked him, completely out of the blue, "even just for a visit?"

It was a bit of a shock since they had carefully avoided that subject since their conversation on the street the night before, but Richie did not just say no, even though he considered it. The previous evening, before he had seen Methos, he was sure he would have given a categorical negative, but being with an old friend again had awakened some of the old feelings.

"When I ran I hit rock bottom," he said quietly, after thinking about it for a while. "I went through so many things while with Mac, but seeing him kill me broke part of my mind. I spent two years just trying to forget everything using any substance I could lay my hands on. It's amazing someone didn't come along and take my head just to put me out of my misery. I honestly don't know if I could handle going back."

"You actually saw him do it?" Methos sounded startled.

Richie nodded.

"A lot of that day's hazy, actually a lot of that day and the next two years is hazy," he replied, a little relieved to be able to share his secrets, "but I remember that. I met someone on the street, I think it must have been ... him," he shivered as he thought of the demon that had nearly done for them all, "and then I remember seeing Mac take the head of a person who looked like me. After that there was just running."

Methos was looking at him very seriously now.

"No wonder you don't want to go back," was the ancient man's opinion on the matter.

He gave Methos a small smile for understanding.

"Well enough of deep matters," Methos said after they fell into silence for a while, "I feel the need for a work out. Are you legs feeling strong?"

Richie laughed and moved the breakfast things onto the dresser.

"Strong enough," he replied and found himself tackled and thrown on the bed.

Methos might have been tall and wiry, but he was strong with it.

"Just remember," Methos said as the older immortal pinned him to the bed, "you'll always be welcome."

Richie nodded once and then Methos had his robe undone and thinking wasn't an option anymore.

The End

## ***MMOM 08 - Don't Push Me***

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Gustav/Bill (ish)

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** explicit sex

**Summary:** Gustav has stepped over the line when yelling at Tom because he's in a bad mood and Bill decides he's had enough.

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

**Word count:** 2,412

Bill looked at Tom's startled, rather hurt expression and stood up.

"That's it," he declared and stormed after the retreating form of their drummer, "I've had enough."

"Bill," he heard Tom call after him and try and stop him, but there was no way anyone was talking him out of this now.

Gustav had been in a incredibly bad mood for days and while Bill could put up with the moody drummer, he was not letting him get away with what he had just said to Tom. There were lines and Gustav had just stepped over one that was painted in day-glow neon for a reason. While Gustav headed for the lifts, Bill ran up the stairs, two at a time in some cases and walked out onto their floor just in time to see Gustav opening his hotel room door.

"Gustav Klaus Wolfgang Schäfer," he bellowed up the corridor and then barged into the room before the door could close.

For a second Gustav looked startled by his grand entrance, but that passed quickly into the familiar frown of the last few days.

"Fuck off, Bill," Gustav said very directly, "I'm not in the mood."

That was not the right thing to say, not the right thing at all.

"Not in the mood," Bill responded, "not in the fucking mood?" his voice rose by incremental degrees. "Well get in the mood because you're going to listen to me very carefully and do exactly as you're told or I will personally make your life for the next week hell on earth."

Gustav's expression did not change, but he saw his friend's face pale a little. Only one person had ever been stupid enough not to take Bill seriously when he threatened like that and it was the only lesson anyone else ever needed.

"Now sit down and shut up," he said very pointedly.

Gustav went to object, but Bill just glared and then Gustav sat down.

"You just blew away a whole page of lines not to cross," he continued, since he wanted to be very sure Gustav got the message. "You can yell at me, I'll just yell back; you can yell at Georg, he just laughs at you; but you never and I mean never get to yell at Tom. The only person who gets to yell at him is me because he knows I don't mean it."

He moved forward so that he was all but in Gustav's face.

"You know as well as I do how on edge he's been for the last few months and he's only just beginning to get over it," Bill was not even close to done. "What he does not need is you being pissy because you're not getting laid."

Gustav just glared at him for that and went to say something.

"Did I say you could speak?" Bill asked, still very much in righteous fury mode.

Gustav closed his mouth again and Bill calmed down just a little. Everything had come to a head when Gustav had broken up with his girlfriend of six months and Bill was very aware it had only been a catalyst.

"I know that's not the only reason," he said, since he didn't want Gustav thinking he was underestimating him that much, "but it doesn't excuse what you just did. I know you like to be in control and it seems like more and more we have no say in how our lives go. I'm right there with you, but unless you want to pack this all in and run home, we have to live with it. You need to learn to let go before I have to do something I'll probably regret for a hell of a long time."

Finally the frown was changing a little and Gustav did appear a little abashed.

"I'll apologise," Gustav said quietly and went to stand up.

"I know you will," Bill replied and pushed Gustav back onto the bed, "but not until we've sorted out your problems."

Now Gustav began to look a little worried.

"We're going to solve both your issues at the same time," Bill said in his most commanding tone. "You will do exactly what I tell you to, when I tell you to, do you understand?"

"Bill," Gustav tried to object.

"I said," he responded, leaning over so that Gustav had to lean back on the bed or get a face full of hair, "do you understand?"

For a few moments the tableau held and finally Gustav nodded. Bill stood back up straight and moved away a little so that he wasn't crowding the drummer any more.

"Undo your jeans," he said, fully confident in what he was doing.

Gustav looked startled rather than worried at that.

"Trust me," was what Bill said, knowing exactly where Gustav's weak points were.

It wasn't a fast move to obey, in fact Gustav seemed very reluctant, but the drummer did as he was told.

"Now rub yourself," Bill instructed and Gustav looked aghast.

It was very clear that Gustav was about to object strenuously.

"Remember the whole control thing," Bill said, not giving his friend time to run, "give it up, you need to let go."

Gustav didn't look remotely convinced and Bill knew he needed a bit more.

"And don't pretend to be bashful," he added, striking his best diva pose, "it's not like we didn't used to do this when we were kids."

Teenagers stuck in hotel rooms together tended to get creative with things to do and they'd been stuck in a lot of hotel rooms in their time.

"Just do it," he said and fixed Gustav with his patented glare.

It didn't usually work on those close to him, since they knew him so well, but his righteous fury had given it a lot more impact. He still wasn't sure Gustav was going to obey until the drummer actually moved and he smiled as Gustav did as he was told. There was still a petulant expression on Gustav's face, but Bill saw it soften a little.

"You can do better than that," he said, keeping his tone hard and his eyes harder still.

This was not about mutual gratification, it was about making a point and he let his gaze roam over Gustav, but he refused to let himself react.

"Touch yourself like you mean it," Bill continued as he watched Gustav's hand move slowly over his boxers, "I can see you getting hard."

And he could as well, but Gustav didn't appear particularly enthusiastic.

"If you don't," Bill said, voice perfectly flat, "I'll have to come over there and do it for you."

That would be one step further than they'd ever gone and he could tell Gustav was trying to work out if he meant it or not. He looked his friend in the eye and Gustav must have decided he did, because the hand began to move a little faster. The fact that he would have followed through surprised him a little given that he'd only just realised it, but it didn't change what he was trying to do.

"Stop thinking," he instructed as he saw a little more of the tension leaving Gustav's shoulders, "and just do as you're told."

There was still resistance in Gustav, but the drummer seemed to be losing focus on his annoyance slowly, which was just what Bill was hoping for. He didn't want to have to carry through on his threat, he wanted Gustav back to his normal even-keeled self, but he had to prove something first.

"Let me hear you," he said, deciding on his tactics as he went; "that has to feel good and I know you like to make noise."

That was another result of living in many, many hotel rooms, some with very thin walls.

It seemed that Gustav had been biting his tongue or something until that point, because the drummer let out a low moan as soon as Bill instructed him to. It dawned on Bill that Gustav seemed to need permission and he smiled a cool smile as he realised that his plan was beginning to work.

"Are you fully had yet, Juschtel?" he asked, softening his voice just a little. "Is your hand through the material almost not enough? Do you want more?"

The expression on Gustav's face told him he was on the money, but that Gustav wasn't quite ready for more yet.

"Well you can't have it," he said, using a little bit of reverse psychology. "Until I say, this is all you can have. Your cock must be getting sensitive by now."

Gustav let out another little moan at that. Bill could tell that Gustav was finally beginning to think less and feel more, which was the whole point. There was a damp patch on Gustav's light boxers, growing darker and darker the more Gustav's hand moved and Bill could only imagine what the drummer was feeling now.

"I know you want to pull your cock free," Bill began speaking again and tried to ignore the twitching of his own cock as he reacted to the more and more sexual image in front of him, "to be able to slide your fingers over the wet head. Ask me nicely, Juschtel," he said, volume soft now, but voice still hard.

Gustav just moaned a little more.

"Ask me!" Bill barked out in an order.

"Please," Gustav said instantly and looked a little shocked at having done so.

"Good boy," Bill said almost immediately and smiled again, "you may."

The fact that Gustav didn't even hesitate spoke volumes for how that little trick had worked, but Bill found he had trouble just standing there as Gustav pulled his cock free. Bill had seen Gustav's cock before, but definitely not erect for quite a few years and it was impressive, even if Bill didn't swing that way. Well he didn't think he did, but his reaction was starting a very faint voice in the back of his mind.

"Stroke yourself slowly," he decided giving instructions was the best way to keep his thoughts on track, "and tell me when you think you are close. If you come without telling me we will wait and I'll make you do this all again until you can follow instructions."

Bill had always liked being in charge, it was in his nature, but he hadn't realised quite what a turn on it could be. Gustav didn't even look rebellious this time and just did as he was told; it was quite a change. Just standing there, watching, Bill kept having to remind himself what he was doing and why he was doing it. This wasn't about him, it was about Gustav and what Gustav needed to sort his head out.

It seemed Gustav liked to make sensual noises in the back of his throat these days; much more sophisticated than when they had been younger. They were noises that rather made Bill wish he was allowed to make some of his own.

"Now," Gustav said eventually, right about the point Bill was ready to start insisting on things.

"Then stop," Bill said in a very firm tone and even though he wanted to be obeyed he was quite surprised when Gustav did exactly as he was told.

It looked like it took a hell of a lot of effort for Gustav to freeze, but freeze the drummer did, hand still on cock and clearly moments from orgasm.

"Good boy," Bill praised and looked Gustav right in the eye, "now you can have what you want."

All it took was one stroke and Gustav was coming and coming hard all over his own t-shirt. What was more was that Gustav didn't seem to care that he was making a mess, which said a hell of a lot given the drummer's neat freak attitude to many things. The way Gustav bucked into his hand, gasping and all but grunting was mesmerising and Bill had to blink to bring himself back on track.

Gustav just collapsed back onto the bed, panting and looking surprised.

Giving Gustav a little time to recover, Bill waited a little while and then went to sit down next to his friend. His own cock was hard and he was going to have to see to it or spent an uncomfortable few minutes waiting for it to lose interest, but he put that to the back of his mind.

"That, Juschtel," he said, dropping the controlling persona now it was no longer needed, "is what giving up control feels like. I know it's hard, god, sometimes I want to hit everyone who comes near me, but we just have to go with it."

He patted Gustav on the arm and politely ignored the fact that the drummer was still in complete disarray.

"If you ever need to remember that," he said, speaking gently now, "just ask."

Gustav didn't say anything, just looked at him, still rather dazed and Bill stood up and walked towards the door. His point was made and Gustav looked a damn sight more relaxed than he had done, so Bill decided his job was done. He awarded himself points for not walking funny as he shut Gustav's door behind him and made a bee-line for his own. He had an urgent appointment with his hand to keep.

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When Bill walked down for dinner, the first thing he saw was Gustav talking quietly to Tom and the way the two were leaning close told him everything he needed to know. The fact that Tom smiled and waved as soon as he saw him gave him all the reassurance that the situation was settled.

"Hey, guys," he said, sliding into the booth they had for dinner, "everyone in better moods now?"

"Yeah," Tom said and nudged Gustav with his elbow, "grumpy guts has had a brain transplant."

Gustav just smiled at that and Bill relaxed even more. The funny thing was it didn't feel weird between them, even after what he had made Gustav do and he felt just a little proud of himself. Gustav was a man of few words and did not seem about to say anything, which Bill found refreshingly normal. He wasn't sure he'd get away with not having a long talk with his friend at some point, but for now he was content. Things were looking up and he was happy.

The End

## ***MMOM 09 - The Good Stuff***

**Fandom:** Killerpilze

**Pairing:** Fabi/Mäx (one sided)

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** explicit sexual situations

**Summary:** Fabi is confused and having trouble sleeping, and when he catches Mäx in the act, he's even more confused.

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

**Word count:** 2,395

Fabi finally crawled out of bed when the clock read 3am and he still hadn't managed to fall asleep. It was partly the fact that they were staying in the band house to get extra rehearsal time and he'd been too used to staying at home recently, and partly because his mind would not stop moving. Normally he would have had a quick wank and passed out directly after, but, since that was part of the problem, the idea didn't really appeal.

It wasn't that he couldn't get off or anything; he was sixteen and his dick jumped at the mere mention of sex, but just lately he'd begun to think something was a little off. Both Mäx and Jo always talked about big busted girls with small waists and round arses and Fabi played along, but if he admitted the truth he preferred flat chested girls with no curves. For a while he'd been able to convince himself that was all it was as well, but even that was beginning to feel forced and he didn't know why.

In the whirlwind of teenage hormones it was all very unsettling and he wasn't sure what to make of it. He'd tried going back to the busty women idea, thinking that maybe his tastes were changing, but that hadn't worked and so he was very confused. It was like he was having to force his sex drive into things and he didn't understand why. Trying to rationalise it all out was not helping him sleep at all, so he slipped out of his room and headed for the kitchen; a milky drink was his last resort.

What he really didn't expect to find was the TV on and a DVD playing, a DVD with a great deal of skin. Mäx was sitting on the sofa watching the screen, wireless headphone in place, which was why there was no sound coming from the TV itself. Clearly Mäx hadn't been able to sleep either and had chosen the method of relaxation Fabi had discarded, because Mäx was sitting there with his dick in his hand.

Normally this would have been a moment for ridicule; being caught wanking was hilarious and good for weeks or torment, but rather than laugh and make himself known, Fabi just stood there. His eyes had flicked over the screen quickly and his cock was twitching with interest, but not because of what he had seen there. What had all of Fabi's attention was the way Mäx's hand was slowly moving up and down his shaft, thumb brushing the head in perfect time.

The only light was from the TV, but it was a brightly lit porno and Fabi could see Mäx clearly. He could even see the slick moisture on the end of Mäx's cock and he was mesmerised.

Mäx moaned, a low, deep sound, and it was as if it vibrated through Fabi from his nose to his toes, bouncing around inside him until it settled in his cock. Before he really realised it, he was hard and it was only a particularly intense shot of arousal that brought him back to himself. It was as if sirens had just gone off and

a spot light had landed on him as his brain flicked on and he realised what he was doing. Standing in a doorway watching one of your best friends wank was not considered a done thing, especially when said friend was making you harder than you'd been for months. Frankly it scared the crap out of Fabi and he fled. He ran straight back up the stairs, into his room, slammed the door, dived under his duvet and then tried to pretend he was asleep, even to himself.

Of course it was impossible to make yourself believe you were asleep, especially when your hard on was digging into the mattress and was refusing to go away. It took Fabi ten minutes to realise that his hormones had kicked in and if he didn't give himself some relief he was never going to get any sleep. With a huff, he turned over and threw the duvet aside, staring down at his traitorous body. His pyjama pants were tented in a very distinct way and his cock had lost none of its interest at all as far as he could tell. Sometimes being sixteen was a royal pain in the proverbial.

He was going to have to do something about it, that was for sure, and, with another huff, he pushed his pyjama's down and let his cock bob free. There really wasn't a lot of choice in the matter unless he wanted to lay there trying to think unsexy thoughts, so he wrapped his fingers around his prominent member and began to pump as efficiently as he knew how.

Mäx might have started this in him, but there was no way he was believing that was anything but a fluke, so he picked his favourite mental wank material, a girl he had seen in a perfume ad, and went to work. The problem was, that forced feeling was back and it seemed to be worse than ever. The fact that his normal mental images were doing nothing to help him get off was frustrating in the extreme. Possibly he was thinking too hard, but it wasn't as if his brain was playing ball at all.

If Mäx had taken his private entertainment somewhere private then Fabi knew he wouldn't be in this state and he wouldn't have been trying to banish the images of Mäx from his brain. His body was betraying him and it was all Mäx's fault and the image of Mäx sprawled on the sofa burst back into his head full force, at which point other parts of his body burst, so to speak, as well and hot liquid hit his chest.

It was more than a shock.

All he could do was lay there, softening cock still in hand as confusion washed through him even more. He had just come, hard, when he had thought nothing would be able to get him off and it was because of Mäx. There was no way Mäx could be sexier than a half naked girl with her lips on his cock, which happened to be his latest wank fantasy. It just didn't make any sense in Fabi's head, at least not until things finally clicked into place. A little light bulb went on inside his head and it was even more shocking.

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Sleep had not come at all the previous night, which was why when he heard Jo getting up, Fabi followed his brother downstairs.

"Morning," Jo greeted with a smile when he walked into the kitchen, "you're up early."



Jo liked to do something called exercise in the mornings and was always up before him and Mäx, but Fabi hoped his brother would put that on hold for a bit today.

"Couldn't sleep," he said honestly and sat down.

"Yeah," Jo said, looking at him critically, "you look a bit grey around the eyes. Sit there and I'll make you some tea."

Jo really was a great brother and Fabi used the time to try and gather his thoughts. He'd been doing nothing but thinking all night, but that didn't mean he had sorted much out in his head.

"So why couldn't you sleep?" Jo asked, passing him a mug and sitting down opposite him.

Even if Jo hadn't said it, Fabi knew that Jo sensed he wanted to talk.

"I've been thinking," he said, not sure how else to put it. "Things have been weird lately and I didn't know why, but I think I do now."

"Something happen?" Jo asked, looking very serious and supportive.

It was difficult to know what to say to that question and after a few moments Fabi decided to go with brutal honesty.

"I caught Mäx wanking," he said, and watched Jo's face crinkle with confusion.

It wasn't as if it was the first time this type of thing had happened; when on tour they lived in each other's pockets.

"It turned me on," he added, trying to spell it out, "like nothing else has in a long time."

Jo still looked a bit confused.

"A guy turned me on like girls don't," he put it out there in black and white.

"Oh," Jo said, clearly thinking about it, "oh," the second one was louder and longer and Fabi knew Jo had caught on to what he was saying.

"Yeah," he agreed, "oh."

For a little while there was silence, and he couldn't really blame Jo, it had taken him all night to come to terms with what he was thinking.

"There's nothing wrong with being gay, Fabi," was what Jo eventually said and reached out to take his hand.

He knew Jo was trying to be supportive, but he wanted someone to tell him he was being stupid, not agree with him.

"But I was normal," he said, becoming annoyed. "I liked girls and stuff and then suddenly I don't anymore and it's not fair and I don't know what to do and ..."

Jo squeezed his hand.

"Fabi," Jo said in full big brother mode, "its okay. We'll help you figure this out. You don't have to do this on your own. Now start at the beginning and tell me everything."

For a moment Fabi just wanted to scream and shout, but the desire flowed away as Jo refused to let him dodge this. So he opened his heart and he told Jo what his brother wanted to know. He started with the flat chested girls and moved on through everything he had been thinking about all night. It was still so strange, but it helped to be able to talk. Jo listened and nodded and encouraged him and was generally great, and by the time he'd finished Fabi felt exhausted, but much more clearheaded.

"Well?" he asked, feeling nervous, but somewhat better.

"I think," Jo said after a few moments, clearly seriously considering the question, "that we might have been pushing you in directions you didn't really want to go. It sounds like you could well be into guys."

Mäx had to choose that exact moment to walk into the kitchen, yawning and Fabi about died.

"Morning," their friend greeted and wandered over to the kettle.

For a few moments Fabi just sat there frozen, wondering if Mäx had heard what Jo had said, but Mäx just seemed to be making coffee.

"We'll continue this later," Jo promised him with an apologetic smile.

"Don't mind me," was Mäx's immediate response and began to walk out of the room again now that he had his drink. "Oh, btw, Squirt, I have a couple of books on being gay or bisexual you can borrow if you want."

Fabi's mouth fell open; Mäx had heard. From the look of shock on Jo's face, his brother was surprised as well, but Jo seemed to recover quicker.

"Mäx," Jo said in rather squeaky, shocked voice, "don't you dare walk away."

Mäx turned at that and looked at them mildly.

"Why do you happen to have books on that?" Jo asked bluntly.

"Mum bought them for me," Mäx replied as if it was nothing, "helped me figure a few things out."

"But you're not gay," Fabi pointed out the obvious, even as he tried to figure out when the conversation had stepped into the twilight zone.

"No," Mäx said, smiling, "I'm bi."

That stopped Fabi's thoughts dead.

"Since when?" Clearly Jo's thoughts had not been stopped.

"Since forever," Mäx replied, seemingly totally unbothered by the whole conversation, "it's just not something I broadcast. I thought you'd figured it out; what did you think me and that stagehand were doing at the festival last month?"

Jo was beginning to blush and Fabi had the distinct impression the idea had never crossed his brother's mind.

"I didn't mention it before because you're my best friend, man and I didn't want things to be awkward," Mäx offered a sort of apology. "You're as straight as they come, even with the whole clothing thing you have going on, and I didn't want you to think I was hitting on you."

Fabi wasn't sure if the conversation was easier or more awkward now it wasn't about him.

"Didn't have the first clue," Jo admitted.

"Me neither," Fabi admitted, readjusting his world view for the second time in twenty four hours.

He then thought about it for a bit more and realised something else; they didn't bring all of their stuff to the band house and he didn't remember seeing any books like that in Mäx's room before now.

"You knew," he said as realisation dawned; "you knew about me."

"Suspected," Mäx corrected with another smile, "not knew. I kind of saw some of the signals, but you're sixteen, it could just have been testosterone poisoning."

Fabi didn't know whether to be outraged or confused.

"You didn't say anything," he said, not sure if he was accusing or just stating a fact.

"Sorry, Fabi," Mäx said, still smiling, "this is just something you had to figure out on your own. Of course, now you know, my doors always open, for talking and stuff."

That shut Fabi up even as Mäx gave a little wave and then walked out of the kitchen to wherever he was going. Fabi was almost positive that the "and stuff" had not been intended in any sexual way, but his head filled with what he had seen the night before anyway, which given the state his hormones were in, didn't help him much. He did his very best to not look like he was thinking about sex at all, but clearly didn't do a very good job because Jo seemed to read his mind.

"Mäx," Jo said, standing up, "if you so much as lay a finger on my little brother I'll kill you."

Fabi put his head down on the table as Jo charged after their friend. He was dead, so very, very dead; could life possibly get more embarrassing. At least there was one good thing, he was never going to have to have the embarrassing conversation with Mäx about fancying him, Jo was doing really well at having that one for him.

The End

## ***MMOM 10 Time Out***

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Bill/Tom

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** twincest

**Summary:** Tom can see the strain in Bill and so he does something about it.

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

**Word count:** 2,194

Tom could tell Bill was in pain. Even if he hadn't been able to feel it at the back of his brain, he would have known by the slight tightening around Bill's eyes. Of course Bill was trying to shield him from it; that was another clue. Usually Bill was as open to him as a magazine sitting on the table in front of him, but at the moment he was getting what he referred to as edited Bill. There was no way that Bill could hide it all, but, given what Tom was feeling, he knew that Bill had to be feeling a lot worse.

It had been a mad few weeks full of meetings and recording sessions and more meetings. They had literally been flying all over the globe and what with the worry about the whole stalker business and their mum and just everything, it was too much. Bill needed help and Tom was well aware he was the only one who could give it.

They were on their way to yet another meeting, but, as soon as they stepped out of the car, Tom decided that they were going to be late. Bill smiled through the autograph signing for the few fans that had somehow figured out where they would be, but Tom could see the big cracks in the act. As they went to go inside the big building, he caught Tobi's arm.

"We need a time out," he said simply and flicked his eyes to the men's room in the lobby of the building.

Tobi took one look at Bill and nodded.

Their whole staff was aware of why these things were necessary and as Tobi went to make sure the toilets were free, Tom walked up to David.

"We're going to be late," he told their manager, "or Bill's going to crack. Can you think of an excuse?"

"I'll call up and tell them Bill ate something that slightly disagreed with him," David replied without balking at all and pulled out his phone.

"Thanks," Tom replied and then, confident that everything was in hand, he walked over to where Georg was chatting quietly with Bill.

"What's the hold up?" Bill asked, doing a very good acting job that would have fooled anyone except those who knew him very well.

"We are," Tom replied and slipped his hand into the crook of Bill's arm as he saw Tobi come out of the men's and nod; "we're fixing you before we go any further."

Bill's eyes opened in surprise.

"We can't," Bill replied quietly, "someone will see."

"Taken care of," Tom said and guided Bill in the right direction.

No matter what the general opinion of most of the world was about Bill, he didn't expect the whole universe to revolve around him, and, although it wasn't the first time they'd had to take emergency measures, Bill always tried to object. The thing was, Bill was more special than anyone outside their circle would ever know, which in turn made his and Tom's relationship more special as well. Bill was empathic and had been since the day he was born. Tom was empathic as well, but in a quirk of nature that left them perfectly balanced, only with Bill.

There was no way a human mind, even one born to it, could take the emotions of everyone around them all the time, and Tom was Bill's filter. They were so close they were often like one person and if Bill concentrated on Tom he could shut out the rest. There were little rituals through out their whole lives that reaffirmed the bond between them, touching and communicating so that Bill was not overwhelmed, but sometimes they required something more.

"Tom," Bill said as the men's room door closed behind them, "we can't, not here."

"Tobi's checked for covert security," Tom replied and gently manoeuvred Bill so his twin was standing against the wall, "there are no illegal cameras in here and he won't let anyone in."

Then he kissed Bill.

When they were small they had simply never been apart. Their bond had reaffirmed itself all the time, but as they had grown, things had changed. People let two small boys cling to each other, but they would not allow the same for two slightly older boys. Their situation had been difficult for a little while, but then they had hit puberty and they had discovered the best way of focussing Bill onto Tom that they had ever had. They had their lucky stars to thank for a mother who had seen her unique children and understood their needs, or their lives could have been very different indeed.

As soon as their lips touched, Bill sagged against him and all pretence died. Edited Bill vanished and Tom felt what was really going on with his twin. The battering Bill was taking from all the feelings around him became very clear and Tom pushed their bodies close.

"Oh Bill," he said as the kiss broke, "you shouldn't try to hide this."

"I thought I could handle it," Bill replied, looking just a little broken.

Tom kissed his twin again and poured his love down their connection.

"That's what I'm for," he replied and he fully believed that.

They were created in each other's image, almost completely identical and Tom had decided a long time ago that the only reason they had split from being the same creature was that a higher power had looked down and realised a person as unique as Bill could not survive without one as unique as him. The empathy made Bill the perfect performer; he could rile up the crowd by knowing exactly what to do when. With those he knew very well, Bill could also share the elation of such moments and Georg and Gustav had been treated to that on many occasions. The problem was that life was not all good feelings.

"Open up," Tom said, slowly kissing down Bill's neck, "let me in."

They were empathic with each other all the time, it was their natural state of being, but they could be closer than that as well. They could go one step further and it involved focusing all of Bill's abilities onto Tom. Tom's were always on Bill, but nature had not seen fit to make it true the other way around. They could not maintain the more intense connection for long, but it would rebalance them, making sure that Bill was more focused on Tom than the rest of the world and in turn giving Bill the buffer he needed to function properly.

"I'm trying," Bill replied, sounding breathless as Tom quickly released the button and flies on his twin's jeans.

When it got this bad, when everything was pressing in on Bill, it took work to build their bond back to its full level and there was only one way they could do it. Intimacy on a physical level opened up intimacy on a mental one and they had been lovers for almost as long as they had understood what that really meant. It had started with almost innocent touches and grown as their knowledge of sex had grown. The details of what they did to affirm their bond were their own, but no one who knew their secret was in any doubt that they were together.

"Just relax," Tom said, pushing his hand down Bill's boxers and wrapping his long fingers around the slowly hardening shaft inside, "I've got you."

Usually Bill was anything but passive, but when it had reached the point they were at now, Tom was always fully in control. He knew how to skirt his twin's automatic defences, the ones that Bill had thrown up in a desperate attempt to stop the overload coming from the outside. Tom knew how to pass those barriers and then how to sure them up by focussing Bill only onto him.

"I love you," he whispered, stroking Bill slowly and drawing a small moan from his brother.

Already he could feel Bill opening to him even more than usual. The sex removed the last mental distance between them and then all Tom had to do was redirect Bill's abilities onto him.

Bill's hands grasped at his arms, clinging to him as he carefully pulled Bill from his underwear. It never took long to make Bill hard, not when Tom wanted it, and he let his eyes dance down his twin's body to the swollen cock in his hand. Bill moaned again at the flood of arousal that the sight set off in Tom and that swept through both of them.

"I think I love you best like this," he whispered, still stroking the long, hard cock, "when you need me the most; when you're completely open to me."

Bill whimpered in reply, eyes that had fallen shut opening for a moment and looking into his before falling shut again. Sometimes he could re-establish enough of their bond just by bringing Bill off, but it had gone too far this time. Bill was too open to the rest of the world and the only thing that would bring them back together was mutual gratification. Even as he let his fingers glide over the head of Bill's cock, spreading the beads of pre-come down over Bill's needy shaft, he quickly released the fastenings on his own trousers.

He was as hard as Bill, it was impossible not to be with their arousals mixing so freely. With one hand he pulled his t-shirts out of the way and then he pushed himself as close to Bill as he could and wrapped his other hand around both of

their cocks. He moaned as well now at the intense feelings running through him only magnified by bouncing through both of them.

"Tomi," Bill whined quietly, desperately.

Tom let go of the last of his defences, the last instinctive mental processes to keep himself separate, and he began to move his fingers and his hips. He kept them together with most of his hand, but used his index finger to tease Bill's head even as he thrust slowly so their cocks rubbed against each other. It was amazing and intense and the little, almost, choking sound that Bill made in response gave audio confirmation of what he was feeling from his twin.

Bill was coming apart. Under his ministrations Bill was losing himself and letting go. As their arousal built they were becoming more and more one being with two minds, but one soul. It didn't matter whose body was whose anymore as feelings and sensations moved between them as if they were one body. This was their connection at its rawest and they needed it as desperately as air.

When they came it was like an explosion going off as far as Tom was concerned and for a split second he had a glimpse of his twin's mind. Not the feelings and sometimes sensations that passed between them all the time, but the thoughts behind them. It was something they were only allowed in moments of intensity, pain and pleasure, and Tom took it all in for as long as he could. They were two people with two minds, but at times like these sometimes Tom wished they were of one mind. It felt so right even as it faded away.

He came back to himself slowly, panting and leaning against Bill who was still clinging to him. The balance was back, he could feel it, just the hum of the outside coming from Bill rather than the clawing it had been.

"I wish it too," Bill said quietly as they remained still for what seemed like ages, "but I love that you are you too."

Tom looked into his twin's eyes and smiled.

"I love that you are you as well," he said and leaned in for a quick kiss. "We're one when we need to be, I can live with that, besides, you'd only mess up the guitar chords."

Bill smiled as well then, eyes free from pain and gave him a little shove in retaliation. It was not a new conversation, they had spoken of it many times as they grew more and more into their own people. When they were small they had been closer to the same blueprint, but the older they became, the more the world showed them things, the more they were not quite the same. Once it had bothered them both, but they had long since come to realise that nothing would ever break them apart and at a fundamental level they were closer than any two human beings could be.

Tom would be there for Bill and Bill would be there for Tom. That was the way of things and Tom was never letting that change.

"Come on," he said, reaching for the paper towels to clean themselves up, "time to be professional."

Bill laughed at that.

"Yeah, like you know the meaning of the word," Bill teased and Tom just grinned because he was happy to see Bill back on form.

The End



## ***MMOM 11 - Dragon Sleep***

**Fandom:** Panik/TH RPS (little bit of fantasy thrown in)

**Pairing:** Linke/Bill/Tom

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** twincest

**Summary:** Linke is perpetually horny and it's not his fault, but the solution to his problem comes in a surprising package.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Seems I'm in sci-fi/fantasy mood this week :). Here be dragons ::g::.

**Word count:** 2,727

Dragons sleep long and dream of amazing things, or so the great book said. As Linke was finding out, dragons also dreamed of horny things. When a dragon was born, so was their human bond mate and at that instant their minds touched. Linke had always known what he was and that there was a dragon out there waiting for him when the time was right. The fact that he was different from everyone else he knew had been clear from when he was very small, but he had been able to hide it until now. He wasn't ready yet for his dragon to wake, but that didn't mean his thoughts didn't connect with his sleeping bond mate every now and then.

Whether it was because it was spring or just some weird hormonal moment for his dragon he had no idea, but he had been hard for three days now and it was driving him crazy. He was so horny it hurt sometimes and tossing off was becoming a chore rather than remotely enjoyable. It also didn't help that they were due to do a big TV gala that night and he was having trouble concentrating.

He was pretty sure that if David didn't kill him soon for screwing up their rehearsal, Timo would and the others would probably help.

"What is your problem, Christian?" David all but growled.

David, of course, knew how he disliked his full first name, so he knew he was in trouble.

"Didn't get any sleep last night," he replied, trying to sound more focussed than he was, "I'll get it right this time."

The fact was, he hadn't had more than a couple of hours sleep at one go for three nights and he was beginning to sag.

Universal were putting on a big TV special with acts from their whole range across Europe. It was supposed to entertain Europe and give exposure to all sorts of acts in the US, because it had been sold over there as well. There were some big names topping the bill like Tokio Hotel and T.A.T.U., to name two Linke had actually heard of, and he had no idea how Panik had ended up on the bill, but none of them were arguing about the publicity. If he hadn't been distracted, Linke would have been as psyched up as the rest of them.

Linke did his very best to pull himself together and, as David counted them in, he managed to play almost perfectly. They were in one of the rehearsal rooms at the venue and they were likely to be chucked out at any minute so someone else could use it, so he tried very hard to meet David's expectations. If they didn't have at least one good rehearsal before the main event, David would worry himself sick and Linke was not going to be responsible for that.

"Couldn't you have done that twenty minutes ago?" Jan groused in a typically good natured Jan way once they were finally done.

"You try getting my sleepy brain to play ball if you think it's so easy," Linke replied in kind and put his bass away. "I'm going to find caffeine."

Jan just laughed at him as he fled the room, but he was not looking for caffeine. What he really wanted was a nice quiet place to see to the erection that just didn't want to go away. Being reduced to a walking hard on was frustrating and demeaning, but, until his dragon sorted his dreams out, he was stuck. They had never played at the current venue, it being completely huge, and so he had little idea of where he was going, but he just followed his nose. When he walked into a dingy corridor, quite a way off the beaten track, he decided he might be on to something.

It was funny, the great book had never mentioned skulking around in corridors. Some knowledge he had been born with, the rest was in his head, but it existed like a book he had to read. He called it the great book, because in his mental image it looked like a huge ancient book that he could delve into and read when he felt like it. Most of the information was about what would come after his dragon woke; lots of stuff about good and evil and maintaining the balance. About all it mentioned to do with his current situation was that dragon dreams could affect the human bond mate in unexpected ways some times. Talk about an understatement.

The first door he tried that he thought was a storage room was locked, so he moved to the next. It was as he checked to make sure no one was there to see him and that he wasn't about to walk into a secret private function room of some kind that he heard it: a low groan that was very difficult to misinterpret. It seemed someone else had had a similar idea to himself. What he should have done was walk away and try somewhere else, but for some reason he just stood there.

"Tomi, please," said what sounded like a very desperate voice.

Thing was, Linke recognised the voice. It was one of the most famous voices in Germany and, even though he wasn't a fan, he had heard it enough to recognise it. That was the voice of one Bill Kaulitz, megastar, and for a moment he doubted his assumption about what he was hearing because there was only one "Tomi" associated with Kaulitz and twins didn't usually do that sort of thing.

"I need ... Tomi ..." Bill really did sound like he was going out of his mind and the moan that followed did seem to back up Linke's original conclusion.

"I know, I know," Tom replied and it did indeed appear to be the other half of the rock twins, "I need too."

There was something familiar about the tone both the twins were using, something that niggled at the back of Linke's mind. It was that tone that made him turn the door handle rather than walk away. His logical brain said he could only possibly be walking into trouble, but that didn't stop him doing it. The only thing he could think of was that his current predicament had destroyed any sense of preservation he had.

What he walked in on was two very startled looking musicians. Tom had his hand down Bill's trousers and Bill was leaning back over a packing crate with his shirt

open and appeared thoroughly debauched. It looked as if the pair had been at it a while and the room smelt of sex, but neither of them seemed to be overly satisfied.

No one said anything, but it wasn't what was going on that shocked Linke the most; it was what he could see on Bill's chest. There, curling around itself above Bill's heart was a dragon, a magnificent black dragon and Linke knew it wasn't a tattoo. He'd been born with a similar mark, only his dragon was green and gold. The mark was a representation of his bond mate and it was invisible to all those not of his kind. It did not always stay in the same place on his body, but it marked him just as it marked Bill.

His impetuous move to enter the room was suddenly beginning to make more sense.

He had seen Tokio Hotel in passing before at award shows and things, but he had never suspected what the lead singer was hiding. In point of fact he had never met another dragon-bonded before, but he understood why Bill sounded so desperate if his dragon was going through the same dreams his was.

"You," Tom started to say something, but didn't seem all that sure what he was trying to convey.

Linke didn't bother trying to come up with words. He was beginning to think that he was supposed to be there and he just lifted his t-shirt, displaying his dragon mark where it was nestled above his right hip.

"You're like us," Bill said, sounding even more shocked, but less afraid.

Tom lifted his shirt as well and gave a flash of the same black dragon that was clearly visible on Bill. Things were slowly beginning to become clearer in Linke's mind and the fact that he had caught the Kaulitz twins being more than brothers was starting to make sense. If they were bonded to the same dragon they were far closer than any two normal human beings could ever hope to be. That they appeared to be having sex wasn't really surprising given that Linke suspected they shared absolutely everything.

"I think," he said slowly, looking the twins up and down and feeling his cock twitch in appreciation, "I was drawn here."

"Why?" the twins hadn't moved from their compromising position, but Tom sounded hostile.

"Because I seem to have the same problem you do," he replied bluntly.

He was frantically searching his mind for why this could be happening, but he didn't really understand it any more than the other two musicians seemed to.

"I think," he said, going on instinct rather than trying to reason it out, "we can help each other out."

Tom all but glared at him for that suggestion, but Bill appeared thoughtful.

"Maybe," Bill said slowly, "you could have a point. Our own efforts aren't working so well anymore."

"I know the feeling," Linke admitted.

"If we mix magic if might work better," Bill concluded with a nod.

"Bill," Tom said in a warning tone.

"Tomi," Bill replied and Linke could feel the connection between the two as it flared, "can't you feel it? We're being drawn together."

Tom didn't look completely convinced, but the guitarist's features did soften a little and so Linke thought they might be on to something. He had never so much as spoken to these two men before, didn't know much more about them than what appeared in the press, but he was seriously considering a liaison. Logically it was preposterous, but then when it came to dragons not everything was logical.

When he stepped towards them, close enough to be within their natural magical field, he staggered a little and they all made rather strangled noises. Linke felt his arousal spike as the bond with his dragon flared and his dragon shifted in his sleep. It was breathtaking and rather threw any doubts out the window.

"I don't care how we do this," Tom said, freeing himself from his twin to grab at his own clothing, "but we need to do it now."

Linke could only agree, there was desperate and then there was what he was feeling. It never occurred to him to think about what he was doing, he just went with what felt right and he released his own jeans as quickly as physically possible. He walked right up to the Kaulitz twins and then unceremoniously pushed his jeans and underwear around his knees. There was no argument from Bill or Tom as they did the same and it could have been a very awkward moment, but Linke didn't let his brain think that much.

With both hands he reached out and took one twin in his left hand and one in his right and they both reached back for him. One hand with long manicured nails firmly cupped his balls and Tom's equally elegant, but calloused fingers wrapped around his shaft. If he hadn't been concentrating hard, the surge that sent through him would have caused his legs to buckle.

In his mind's eye he could see his dragon flying and he knew this was what his dragon was dreaming. Almost as if he was in a dream himself, he set his hands to work. It wasn't the most elegant thing he had ever done, but then tossing off two guys at the same time was not something he had ever tried before, but the noises that came from the twins made him think it didn't really matter.

Their magic was interacting and his dragon seemed to like what they were doing very much and his cock thought the twins' attention was wonderful and it was all very mind blowing. When in his mind's eyes he could see his dragon flying full speed at a black one in the distance, he knew what they were chasing. As the dragons came closer, so his arousal rose and he could only assume the same was true for Bill and Tom. He knew he wasn't in control now, he was just along for the ride as his body responded to forces he did not yet understand.

When the dragons met and twisted around each other, dancing in their dream sky, Linke came with a cry and lost all sense of reality. Magic moved inside of him as the sensations running through him blew his brain into tiny little pieces and it just went on and on and on. He heard dragon song in his head and nothing else existed for what seemed like eons.

When he came back to himself in an uncomfortable heap on a floor that was very cold on his naked behind, he wasn't overly shocked to find he was not the only one. Bill and Tom were also just rousing and they seemed as dazed and debauched as he felt.

"I think," Bill said and seemed to be having to form his words very carefully, "this means our dragons are engaged."

Linke thought he recognised the expression on Bill's face and he had to conclude that Bill had a great book in his head too. He did a very quick flick through his own and came to the same conclusion. So much for a long courtship; it appeared their dragons didn't need such things.

"I think you're right," he agreed, still too stunned to move.

It looked like he would be getting to know the Kaulitz twins quite a lot better. Their dragons were still asleep, but when they woke they would be creating the next generation together.

"Hi," he said, "Chris Linke, pleased to meet you."

It occurred to him that most people introduced themselves before having sex, but he was nothing if not well brought up and it was better late than never. The fact that it was incredibly silly made him grin and then Bill burst out laughing, so he wasn't the only one who found it ridiculous.

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An hour later, Linke decided he really had to get back to the rest of the band before they sent out search parties. He had been introduced to the other members of Tokio Hotel, their management and the security people and Bill seemed to be treating him like they were old friends rather than having only just met. Tom was a little cooler, but seemed to be happy to go along with whatever Bill was thinking.

It was quite odd and yet seemed so right as well. Bill had made him promise to drag the rest of the band over to meet them after the show, which was going to be a very interesting conversation indeed, but it seemed impossible to say no to Bill in any way shape or form. They had swapped contact details like phone numbers and Linke was pretty sure he had just gained a whole new set of friends.

He had thought that those around Bill and Tom might object to his sudden appearance, but it seemed that everyone just took strange things in their stride when it came to the twins. Their head of security, Tobi have eyed him for a while, but Bill had said something quietly and suddenly he'd been handed a pass for the VIP acts area. The fact that he found the twins very entertaining since they were very little like the media tried to make them out, meant he was very happy with the arrangement. He could see them becoming good friends, which left only the problem of how to explain that to the others.

"Linke, there you are," he heard David's voice as he walked back into the normal backstage area, "where have you been?"

"Um ..." he replied; that was a very difficult question.

The End

## ***MMOM 12 - Alpha***

**Fandom:** Primeval

**Pairing:** Nick/Connor

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** vampires, spoilers for s3ep3

**Summary:** Connor has been trapped on the wrong side of an anomaly for two days thanks to Helen and when he comes back things have changed.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Prequel to MMOM 25 - Unrestrained Alpha.

**Word Count:** 3,803

Something felt off the moment Connor stepped through the anomaly and it wasn't just that he was exhausted and dehydrated and likely to fall over at any moment. He had just spent two days on the wrong side of an anomaly, alone, with very little water and no food, pretty sure it would open again, but not quite, so he was more than a little on edge as well as everything else. Becker stopped him falling on his face and scooped him into a truck to be taken to hospital to be checked out and that was all run of the mill. So was Abby chattering away to him in the way she did when she didn't want to seem to have been incredibly worried, but actually had been.

There was just something that didn't seem quite right and he had no clue what it was.

Well that was until he finally made it back to the ARC and was walking past one of the labs and saw Cutter standing there with a strange woman. He came to a grinding halt and Abby walked straight into the back of him.

"Connor, a little warning next time," Abby grouched.

"Cutter," he sort of squeaked and looked at her kind of wild eyed, "he's dead."

Abby immediately reached out and touched his forehead.

"Are you sure you're okay," she said, looking him over carefully, "they said you were."

"Dead," Connor repeated.

That made Abby look really worried about him.

"Look," she said, sounding rather unsettled, "I know it was really hard on you, especially when we all thought he was dead for nearly twenty four hours, but we've been through this. It was a shock that he turned out to be an Alpha, but you do remember that don't you?"

Connor had absolutely no idea what Abby was talking about, but one thing did make itself abundantly clear: the timeline had changed. He also remembered how they'd looked at Cutter when he had come back talking about Claudia Brown and he realised there was only one person who could remotely relate to what was going through his head and that was Cutter himself.

The anomaly had been a strange one, pulsing open and closed and Helen had been involved in him getting stuck behind it. Something had to have happened to change the timeline, something that meant Cutter was still alive.

"I think it's the lack of sleep," he said, not wanting to deal with Abby not believing him, "I kind of flashed back for a minute there. I'm gonna go sit down for a bit."

Abby looked pleased with that and patted him on the arm. She left him in the rec area and, as soon as she was gone, he turned and headed back to where he had seen the professor.

"I will return tomorrow," the strange woman with Cutter said as soon as Connor walked into the room and then, smiling at him, walked out.

Connor would have worried about being rude, but his mind was racing too much.

"The timeline changed," he said, feeling like a ship adrift in a huge, boundless ocean.

Cutter immediately came over and placed a hand on his arm, guiding him to a stool before he keeled over.

"Tell me how," Cutter said in his usual demanding, but understanding tone.

"You're not dead," was all Connor could blurt out, looking at the man he thought he had lost.

He had put on a role for those around him, played at being sad, but being a trooper and keeping going, when in fact he had been all torn up inside. Part of him had died with Cutter, or at least he thought it had, but it seemed that it was perfectly alive, it had just been cut off from the rest of him.

"You're not dead," he repeated helplessly and then burst into tears, which was something he just didn't do.

For one moment Cutter looked shocked and then pulled him into a hug where he simply fell apart and sobbed. On top of the exhaustion of not having slept for two days and the stress of not knowing if he would get home, Connor couldn't even remotely hold it together. Cutter was alive and he just couldn't get his head round it.

"Sarah," he heard Cutter say after a few moments, "tell Lester I'm taking Connor home with me. Can you let him know that the timeline has changed again and I'm going to talk to Connor about it and we'll do an official debrief in the morning."

Sarah must have given a non-verbal response because Connor didn't hear her reply, but found himself being carefully stood up and urged towards the door.

"Come on, Connor," Cutter said, sounding as if he totally understood Connor's meltdown, which had to be a first, "let's get you somewhere that isn't all bright lights and computer screens and where I have a very fine bottle of single malt."

Being well aware that he was not firing on all cylinders, Connor just let himself be led and Lester caught them in the parking bay.

"Cutter," Lester said as they reached the car, "what the hell is going on?"

"Connor's had rather a shock, on top of being stuck in the Triassic era for two days, it seems that I should be dead," Cutter said with his habitual directness. "I'm taking him home with me. We'll be back for a proper debrief once Connor's rested."

"Yes, well finding you alive would be a shock to anyone," Lester replied, surprisingly, as far as Connor was concerned, not arguing in the slightest. "I'll expect a full report by end of play tomorrow."

"I'll see what we can do," Cutter replied, but it didn't really sound like they'd be trying too hard.

Connor let himself be sat in the car and then the journey passed in a blur. Cutter didn't try to get him to talk and he spent the time trying to stop his thoughts from screaming 'wrong' at him. When they reached Cutter's house, he found himself ensconced in the living room and shortly after that given a hot coffee and a large tumbler of whiskey. He took both gratefully as Cutter sat down opposite him.

"Are you ready to talk about this, or do you need more time?" Cutter asked, sounding a lot more understanding than Connor would have expected.

Cutter had been harder since the timeline change and remote since Stephen's death, but he seemed less so now.

"Might as well get it over with," Connor replied and decided on drinking the coffee first, placing the whiskey on the table.

Cutter nodded.

"Did I die because of the shooting in your timeline?" Cutter then proceeded to ask.

It was Connor's turn to nod as the images flashed through his head with hideous clarity.

"Then I assume I wasn't an alpha in your timeline," Cutter continued in a very gentle tone, "or they didn't get to me in time?"

That was it, the whole crux of the matter and Connor just looked at Cutter for a few moments.

"What's an alpha?" he finally asked and Cutter appeared completely shocked.

That was definitely not what Cutter had expected, that much was obvious.

"There were no alphas in your timeline?" Cutter finally asked.

"They weren't called that if there were," Connor replied, not really knowing what they were talking about, "and people who die tend to stay dead."

"Good god," Cutter said, running his hand through his hair, "this is huge."

"What is an alpha?" Connor asked; he needed to understand.

If being an alpha had saved Cutter it couldn't be all bad, but this was something he had no concept of and it was beginning to freak him out.



"Being an alpha is a genetic pre-disposition," Cutter began explaining, for which Connor was grateful, "only about one in every hundred and fifty thousand people have it and not all of them become active. Once activated alphas are all but immortal; we can be killed, but it's really difficult to do. All children are tested by the alpha council when they are born, but no one is told. People only find out if they die or when they reach their fiftieth birthday. Dying causes the latent genes to activate, but after about the age of sixty the success goes down exponentially, so at fifty potential alphas are offered the choice to be activated artificially."

It was sounding more and more like a fairy story.

"Why would anyone say no?" Connor asked, trying to rationalise what he was hearing.

"Because they don't want to see their friends and families die," Cutter offered one explanation, "or they can't take the side effects for personal or religious reasons."

"What side effects?" he asked, even though his brain was already on overload.

"Well," Cutter said, watching him with a concerned frown, "we're faster and stronger than normal humans, but we have an aversion to sunlight and of course there's the need for blood."

Connor just about managed to put the coffee mug down on the table before he dropped it.

"Vampires," he said in a shaky, breathless voice, "you're talking about vampires."

At that Cutter looked a little upset.

"Connor," Cutter said, sound somewhat hurt, "alphas haven't been called that in centuries. It has very negative connotations."

"Yeah well in my world we don't have alphas," Connor all but yelled back as everything got on top of him, "we only have vampires and they're legends and nasty ones at that. This doesn't make any sense, how can this be real?"

It was all so crazy and he just couldn't cope with it.

Cutter stood up and walked round the coffee table to sit down next to him.

"It must be incredibly hard," Cutter said in a sympathetic tone. "I remember when I came back and the changes then were not so fundamental. You need to forget what you think you know. Alphas aren't like vampires from ancient legends, those are just stories to frighten the faithful. About five hundred years ago the alpha council intervened in a war, they helped bring peace and in so doing went public, ever since alphas have been part of human society. Some of our greatest scientists and artists are alphas, some of our greatest peace makers. The head of the UN at the moment is an alpha."

Connor tried to take it in, he really did, but it was just too fantastic.

"Maybe I should call Denise," Cutter said after a few moments, "she's much better at this than I am. It was a shock to wake up after dying and she's helped me through it all."

"Was that the woman you were with earlier?" he asked, since it was easier than trying to make his thoughts make sense.

"Yes," Cutter replied, seemingly pleased that he was beginning to calm down, "she's my change confidante. All alphas who go through the change are given one. Believe it or not she's three hundred years old. I just can't imagine being that old, although she tells me I will get used to the idea by the time I get there."

Cutter sounded so genuinely dubious about that, that it made Connor laugh. Possibly it was partial hysteria, but it was better than melting down completely.

"You believe in vampires, sorry, alphas," he said as Cutter looked at him questioningly, "but you doubt you'll get used to being hundreds of years old by the time you get there?"

That earned him a shrug and a slight smile; as least Cutter seemed to recognise that that was a weird point of view. Connor retrieved his mug of coffee and took a long drink as he let his mind assimilate the latest fact. Somehow knowing that Cutter had trouble with some aspects of the whole alpha thing made it more human, more real.

"So do alphas have the fangs and the glowing eyes, or is that just legend?" he finally asked after a minute or so's silence.

"Yes," Cutter replied, smiling slightly again as if that wasn't an unfamiliar question, "we have the fangs and the glowing eyes. The fangs are for feeding and the glow in the eyes is to do with seeing in the dark. The eye part is why we wear lenses to protect our eyes during the day."

Connor looked closer and realised that Cutter did indeed seem to be wearing lenses in his eyes.

"Can I see?" he asked before his brain caught up with his mouth.

He realised he had put his foot in it when Cutter looked shocked.

"I just stomped where angels fear to tread didn't I?" he said, feeling strangely normal as he managed to put his foot in it.

"It's difficult to remember that you have no idea about the cultural parts of this that all the rest of us have grown up with," Cutter replied without giving him a proper answer.

Connor had a feeling that he had stepped over a line he knew nothing about.

"Alphas only show their traits for two things," Cutter eventually said, just about the point when Connor thought he was never going to have an explanation; "fighting and feeding. We're forbidden to fight unless it's a dangerous situation and feeding is an intimate thing. Normally we use blood bags, when we feed from a human it is in an emergency or because we're lovers."

It was very clear to Connor that he had just done the equivalent of asking Cutter to drop his trousers so he could have a look. He began to blush. It wouldn't have been so bad if the idea hadn't made his belly swirl in an all too familiar manner. One of the reasons Cutter's death had all but killed him inside was that he had realised he was completely in love with the man a few months before. He had

always known Cutter was out of reach, firstly because of Stephen and then because Cutter was just unattainable, but it hadn't stopped the feelings.

"Sorry," he apologised and looked down at his hands, trying his best to banish the mental image Cutter saying 'lovers' in his broad Scottish accent had conjured up.

What he really didn't expect was Cutter to lean slightly closer to him and when he looked, to see the professor's nostrils flair slightly.

"Professor?" he asked, falling back on old habits.

"Pheromones," Cutter said, sounding just a little distracted, "I can smell them; you're giving them off in waves."

Connor swallowed hard as he realised he was probably projecting his secrets all over the room.

"Why, Connor?" Cutter asked and there was confusion in the man's tone.

If there was one thing Connor knew how to do it was pick his battles and he knew this one was already lost. His world was turned on its head and he couldn't see how it could get any madder so he surrendered.

"I'm in love with you," he said with complete honesty, "I have been for ages and what you just said turned me on."

It was probably on the brutal side of honest, given the look of shock on Cutter's face, but Connor found he didn't regret it.

"You're in love with me?" Cutter asked and appeared to be totally flabbergasted.

Connor nodded, since it really was as simple as that. Cutter sniffed him again and it really shouldn't have sent messages south, but it did. Suddenly the whole situation felt completely different and he realised that he was stepping way out of his depth. From the way he was acting, Cutter seemed to be almost mesmerised and Connor couldn't help wondering what that meant. Then Cutter seemed to shake himself and sat back.

"Connor, I think you had better go," Cutter said shortly, "I'm not very good with these urges yet. I'll call you a taxi."

"But, Professor," Connor protested, "Nick," he tried instead.

Cutter was halfway through standing up.

"Connor," Cutter said, seemingly at war with himself, "I have always been interested in you, but there were always barriers. Being here now, with what I can sense from you and what you just said, it's like you stripped naked and yelled 'take me' at the top of your lungs."

It seemed they were both being blunt.

"Would it help if I did?" was what Connor said before he let himself think about it.

His heart was beating at a mile a minute after what Cutter had said and for the first time he could see a way through the armour of Cutter to Nick underneath. It was like a beacon of hope in a world that he no longer fully understood.

"Connor," Cutter replied, a growl in his voice, "don't say things like that unless you really, really mean them."

They were standing on the edge, Connor could feel it and what he said next would tip them over or back. It was his decision, his choice and, even though he did not understand the details, he knew what he wanted.

"I meant it," he said, looking right into Cutter's face.

In what had to be under a second, he found himself pushed against the sofa back with Nick right in his face. He could see the glow from behind Nick's lenses and when Nick gave him a smile there were long white fangs where normal canines should have been. It was then that he knew he had just started something he could not stop. Nick did not ask permission, did not ask him if he was sure, just pushed his head to the side and bit.

Connor tried to yell, but all that came out was a breathy gasp as intense pain lanced through him before being almost instantly replaced by just as intense pleasure. That mouth on his neck was the most erotic thing he had ever felt in his life and his cock swelled as he moaned. He had honestly never felt anything like it and, the longer Nick drank, the more aroused he became. It was like he was flying free of anything that could hold him back and his universe had narrowed down to just Nick. In fact he was so aroused and in the moment that when Nick's leg bumped his erection he mewled quietly, came and promptly passed out.

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Connor woke up to find that he was naked, in bed and being rather possessively held to an equally naked person spooned behind him. It didn't take much brain power to realise it was Nick, or that Nick had to have undressed him and brought him to bed. The way Nick's arm was encircling him he was pretty sure he wouldn't be getting away any time soon either. Whatever instincts he had managed to wake in Nick were clearly very possessive.

"Go back to sleep," a half awake Scottish voice mumbled in his ear, "we'll talk in the morning."

He guessed that Nick was attuned to him as well at that, since he hadn't actually moved yet. He could have protested, but he was warm and Nick's embrace made him feel safe in a world that seemed just a little alien to him now, so he relaxed back and let his eyes drift closed. He didn't fall asleep straight away, lying there and letting his thoughts drift for a while, but he was still tired enough to eventually let go.

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It was about lunch time when Connor and Nick walked into the ARC. They had in fact woken early, but it turned out alphas had sex drives to rival a teenage nymphomaniac and after a very brief talk about being comfortable with what they had started, Nick had put said sex drive to very good use. They'd finally fallen out of bed mid morning and after a hearty breakfast (it seemed Nick wanted to make sure Connor would not be suffering for the blood loss), Nick had taken Connor to Abby's to change clothes and then driven them to work.

Connor was wearing a scarf to hide the beautiful hickey he had on the side of his neck, which was all that was left of the bite Nick had made. It seemed that alpha saliva had a rapid healing agent in it, something they also donated to the medical profession for surgery and the like. Connor had been amazed when he had peeled off the plaster Cutter had put on his neck the night before.

This new world had some very different things in it from the old one.

Abby bounced up to him when he walked in; some things were still the same.

"Lester told us what happened," Abby said, looking him over like a mother hen, "why didn't you tell me the timeline had changed."

He smiled at her and gave her a peck on the cheek for her concern.

"I was kind of melting down," he said as way of an explanation, "I wasn't thinking much at all, but I promise to tell you first if it ever happens again."

She slapped him on the arm for that and his smile became a grin. He should in all honesty have been reeling from the shock of everything that was new, but he was actually on cloud nine. Nick was alive, Nick was his: it was all too much to believe. When he focussed back on Abby she was looking at him in a worryingly thoughtful manner, then before he could stop her she reached up and pulled his scarf aside.

"Oh thank god," she said before letting the scarf fall back into place, "you two have been dancing around each other for too long."

Connor was stunned as she petted him on chest and then turned back to her work station.

"Um, Abs," he said as she walked away, "how long have you known?"

She turned back and gave him a smile.

"Only about as long as I've known you," she replied as if it was obvious, "and since the whole alpha thing it's been up there in neon. Why do you think I've resisted all those puppy eyed looks you've been giving me all this time? I'm not immune you know, I just knew who had your heart in his briefcase."

Once again Connor was amazed at his friend.

"Besides," Abby added and gave him a cheeky grin, "we girls have had a betting pool on you boys for ages and I believe I just won."

For a moment Connor tried to be outraged, but then he just laughed. It appeared that the male of the species was just as outgunned by the female in this universe, so it wasn't as if everything had changed.

The End

## ***MMOM 13 - Of Wanting and Waiting***

**Fandom:** Harry Potter

**Pairing:** Harry/Draco

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** vampires, EWE

**Summary:** Harry tried to leave the wizarding world by becoming a vampire; it didn't work and his life is about to become even more complicated by the addition of Draco Malfoy.

**Author's Notes:** More of the creature kick I seem to be on :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word Count:** 5,407

"Harry," Ron said, all but bounding into his office, "you'll never guess who's back in the country."

Harry looked up from his paper work.

"Who?" he asked, trying to sound interested.

Harry had walked out of his life the day after his twenty first birthday. Being the Saviour of the Wizarding world had just been too much for him. The way people looked at him like some saint rather than a real person had driven him just about insane, so he had decided to leave it all behind. Being a Gryffindor he had chosen a permanent way out that would simply remove him from his life without actually killing him. It wasn't that he had wanted life to end, just to be different. One week later he had walked back into his life, because the universe liked a good joke and he was it.

That had been five years ago and he was still wondering why his life had to be so complicated and yet incredibly boring at times as well.

"Draco bloody Malfoy, that's who," Ron said and sounded like a gleeful teenager.

Harry just about managed to stop himself rolling his eyes. If there was one thing he had left a long way behind, it was school rivalries.

Becoming a vampire should have eradicated his wizarding magic and made him something else entirely. There was a large vampire nation in Europe who mostly didn't give a stuff about wizards as long as both sides left each other alone. However, Harry had had to turn out to be the one in several million who kept his wizarding magic even though he gained vampire powers as well. That had meant he was still traceable and hence just vanishing had not been an option given how very good Hermione was at finding anything she was looking for.

What was even more ironic was that no one around him had any idea what he had become. As long as he fed regularly no one could tell and since feeding just meant finding some poor bugger and relieving them of a pint or so of blood, a quick healing charm and a memory charm meant not even his victims were any the wiser. He kept meaning to tell Ron and Hermione, really he did, and eventually he would have to, since he wasn't aging, but he'd never quite found the right time.

"Let me guess," Harry replied to Ron's announcement, "you and me are assigned to check on him and make sure he's not gone dark."

Ron looked a little deflated that Harry had guessed, but there were obviously ideas bouncing around inside that ginger head, because he perked up again quickly.

"Yeah," Ron replied with a grin, "let's go make him uncomfortable."

This time Harry did roll his eyes.

Life would have been so much simpler if he'd just been able to vanish, but he was stuck. So he did his job; he was the best Auror the department had and if he had to fudge the odd report because he used his powers, no one ever pulled him up on it. Harassing Draco Malfoy did not seem like the great game it might once have been.

He knew the Malfoy family had been cleared of most wrong doing, but they had not been overly popular in the community so they had moved to Europe. All the property and investments in the UK had been transferred into Draco's name for legal reasons and as far as Harry knew, Draco had tried to stay in residence at the Manor for a while before following his parents to France. Why Draco had come back would be useful to know, just in case, but he really hoped Ron could put aside childish jealousies.

Such things had almost ended their friendship once. These days he went to the Weasleys' for Sunday lunch every other week, even though he had split with Ginny only a short way into their relationship. Just about when they had parted ways, however, Ron had stopped talking to him. It had been a mutual thing between him and Ginny, but that hadn't stopped Ron jumping to conclusions. Now he was treated like one of the family, but he still knew how hot-headed Ron could be.

"Let's go and do our job like professionals," is what he said while standing up and had to wonder why he was actually looking forward to seeing Malfoy.

His life was so humdrum he found Malfoy unusual enough to be interesting; it was sickening. Even finding out that his grandparents on his father's side had left him a fortune and a manor house hadn't been overly exciting when the letter had come through when he turned twenty five. It seemed it had been held in trust until then. It meant he didn't have to live in the tiny flat any more, but that was about all. He would have asked if Hermione and Ron would like to share it with him if he wasn't sure Ron would take it completely the wrong way, so he contented himself with giving them outrageous gifts when he felt like it. Hermione was much more practical than her husband and always accepted the gifts in ways Ron couldn't disagree with. The pair of them had it down to an art for after a little over a year of playing the game.

Malfoy Manor was bright and welcoming and nothing like Harry remembered it when they finally arrived. Apparating to outside the grounds and then walking up the long drive had given them some exercise and, thanks to the charms he had on his person, Harry was even enjoying the sunshine.

Harry was shocked when the door was opened not by a house elf, but by Malfoy himself. Malfoy had changed quite a lot, no longer skinny, just slim, much more casual clothes and white blond hair the length Harry remembered Malfoy senior's being, kept back with what Harry soon noted was a silver hair clip.

"Come in, Gentlemen," Malfoy said, sounding just a little bit resigned, "I've been expecting you."

Then Malfoy turned away from the door and walked back into the interior of the house without even bothering to wait for them to follow him. Harry stepped in quickly, felt the wards on the house notice him, but ignore him and walked after their retreating host. One thing he did notice was that Malfoy had picked up a very slight accent from his time on the continent.

He followed Malfoy into some sort of study with Ron directly behind him.

"We just need to ask a few questions," Harry said, trying to sound professional and detached even though their history was well known, "if that's alright."

Malfoy smiled at him rather coldly.

"It wouldn't really matter if it wasn't, would it?" the Slytherin replied, going through papers on his desk as if he was almost ignoring them, "I know the details of my parole."

All those deemed to have been associated with Voldemort, but not prosecuted had been given the same parole which was to last ten years. The Ministry had the right to turn up at their places of residence and require them to answer questions and if the answers were not satisfactory, to search to make sure. No one was taking any chances this time of there being another dark lord.

"It's also nearly over," Harry pointed out for some reason he couldn't quite fathom, "so let's get this over with like civilised human beings so that my bosses are satisfied."

Malfoy looked surprised at his tone and his bluntness. It was quite clear that Malfoy had been expecting more of Ron's reaction from him, but he had made Ron promise to let him handle the situation.

"We could take you in if you don't cooperate," Ron said and Harry wanted to smack his partner.

It was interesting though, Malfoy actually seemed amused by the threat.

"I don't think that will be necessary, Ron," Harry said and gave his friend a glare.

He really didn't want this turning into an incident; he'd been doing really well without incidents lately.

"Well then, Potter," Malfoy put them back on track, "what is it you wish to know?"

"How it is you turned out so well?" was what his mind whispered to him, but he ignored it.

He was quite used to his vampire nature after five years and the fact that vampires like sex was not something he had ever learned in DADA, but it was a fact. The fact that vampires often lost preference for male or female and just went for whatever attracted them at the time had shocked him when he had first realised it, but didn't anymore. He quite often picked up Muggles in bars on a Friday night, both male and female and used them for food as well as sex. Hermione had tried to sit him down and talk to him when she had realised his behaviour patterns, but he had just told her he was looking to have fun for a while.



"Why have you returned to England?" was the question he actually asked.

"Honestly," Malfoy replied, looking him in the eye for a change, "I missed home and I was hoping things had cooled down enough so I would not be completely unwelcome."

"You actually expect us to believe that?" Ron shot back almost instantly.

The funny thing was, as Malfoy sighed at Ron's response, Harry realised that he did believe their Slytherin host.

"Why is it impossible for you to believe that I do not have an ulterior motive for wanting to return to my family home?" Malfoy asked and he sounded just a little weary. "France was comfortable, Weasley, but I am an Englishman and this is where I wish to be. And since I know you will dig up the information anyway, I have just split up with my wife and I wanted to be as far away from the harpy as I could get."

Harry gave Ron a warning glare about responding to that; the last thing he needed was to be writing a report on why Draco Malfoy had hexed Ron into the middle of the next week.

"Thank you for your candour," Harry said, finding that he really didn't have any other questions. "Sorry for the intrusion, we won't need to bother you anymore."

"Harry!" Ron seemed to find that surprising and unacceptable.

For once Ron and Malfoy seemed to agree.

"That's it?" Malfoy asked.

"It was just routine to satisfy the bureaucrats," Harry replied and gave Ron a look to shut up for now, "sorry to have had to disturb you, but thanks for getting us out of the office. It's been rather slow lately."

Then he offered his hand to the other man and waited. Malfoy appeared to consider this for a moment and then reached out and shook his offered limb. The moment Malfoy's fingers curled around his, it was like he was hit by ice water. All his nerves tingled and his senses woke up as if they had been turned onto high. The smell of Malfoy, the sight of Malfoy, the sound of Malfoy, the feel of Malfoy and even the taste of Malfoy that the scent left on the back of his tongue were all etched into his memory in a moment and it was all he could do to hold onto his vampire side as it tried to break free.

"Are you okay, Potter?" Malfoy asked, sounding somewhere between genuinely concerned and simply curious.

"Fine," he replied and pulled himself together, "just being here has brought back some old memories I'd rather forget."

"Quite," was what Malfoy replied.

"Well, we'll leave you to it then," Harry said and turned on his heel. "Come on, Ron, let's go catch some real villains."

Ron did not look best pleased, but held his tongue until they were outside.

"You felt something didn't you?" Ron said as soon as they were clear. "What was it? Dark magic?"

Harry almost laughed.

"No, Ron," Harry replied as they walked, trying to puzzle it out himself, "nothing like that; it was just kind of a mental moment. I flashed back to when we first met him and couldn't help wondering what would have happened if we had made friends then. You know how I went to that shrink for a while after Voldemort died, it just took me back to some of the things she said to me."

Ron was looking at him incredulously.

"But you can't possibly believe his cock and bull story," Ron tried to protest.

"Of course not," Harry replied, knowing just how to handle Ron, "but now he's off guard. I'll have my informants keep an eye out in Knockturn and we'll see."

He really didn't think there was much point, but it would keep Ron happy. In their partnership, he ran the informants and often led the charge when needed, Ron was the strategic master mind and that's the way it worked best. Now Ron smiled at him.

"Thank god," Ron said as they walked down the drive, "I thought you'd lost it there for a while, Mate."

Harry didn't bother mentioning he thought he might have; he needed to talk to his maker.

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The sitting room was lit with just a couple of candles and for humans it would not have been enough, but as Harry walked in, vampire nature revealed, there was plenty of light. All vampires had a human guise if they so chose, but in vampire society it was only used when hunting or going among the mortals, not amongst their own kind. Harry had gone back to the office, filed a short report and then gone home on time for once. He had then taken a portkey to his maker's home where he had been invited in and shown to the sitting room by the human butler.

"Harry, how lovely to see you," Marcellus greeted, sweeping into the room with a grand entrance like any self respecting master vampire. "What brings you calling?"

Usually new vampires were dependent on their makers for years until their vampire magic matured enough to allow them to live on their own, but, because his wizarding magic had stayed intact, Harry had never needed that. He had offered Marcellus all the money he had had left from his parents to turn him, but since he hadn't needed to stay, Marcellus had returned most of it. They had, however, been very good friends since and Harry liked to give his maker expensive gifts just like his other friends. Being nearly a thousand years old and shrewd to go with it, Marcellus was very well provided for, but that didn't stop Harry, hence why he produced a bottle of very expensive wine. He had found it in Knockturn alley from a house clearance and he'd been waiting to give it to his maker.

"Something happened today," he replied, presenting the bottle to Marcellus, "and I've also been meaning to visit to give you this."

Marcellus' eyes lit up, literally; his maker was a connoisseur and Harry knew the vintage he had found was very rare.

"You darling boy, where did you find this?" Marcellus asked, delighted.

"I was checking stock from a house clearance for dark spells and this was in a trunk," Harry replied, pleased that his maker was happy. "The shop keeper was most surprised when I offered him a fair price for it, I'm sure he thought I would just confiscate it."

Marcellus smiled at him for that. They had had many a long talk about Harry's Gryffindor nature and Marcellus sometimes referred to him as Justice.

"I will have Digby decant it," Marcellus decided straight away, "that is if you have time to stay and share it with me?"

"I was hoping you'd say that," Harry replied, because he had been a little on edge ever since the incident earlier in the day.

Marcellus disappeared for a moment, but reappeared very shortly.

"Come, come, My Boy," his maker said, reminding him fondly of Dumbledore, "let's sit down so you can apprise me of what is bothering you."

There were two high wingback chairs in front of the fireplace and Harry took one gratefully. He had sat in the chair for many hours over their friendship as they talked about all sorts of things, but he had never been quite so confused. He had literally been thinking about Draco Malfoy for most of the day and he wasn't sure why.

"I met an old acquaintance from the bad old days today," Harry said, putting his thoughts in order even as he spoke. "You know I've mentioned Draco Malfoy?"

His maker nodded an affirmative.

"Well he's back in the country and Ron and I were sent to interview him, because of Ministry paranoia," he explained and didn't bother to hide his disdain. "Well he's grown up just like the rest of us and everything was quite civil, even Ron mostly, but then something strange happened when I shook his hand goodbye."

Marcellus appeared very interested in what he was saying.

"How strange exactly?" his maker asked and seemed to be trying to be casual about it.

"Strange as in his presence seemed to chisel its way into my head and I haven't been able to get rid of it since," Harry replied, since there was no point in being vague about it.

For a moment Marcellus' eyes lit up again and Harry had the feeling he had just said something significant.

"And you've been feeling like you wanted to go back and see him ever since, yes?" Marcellus said, all but bouncing in his chair.

Harry nodded now and wondered what was going on.

"Oh, My Boy," Marcellus said, clearly delighted, "you've found one. I always knew that if any of my children did it would be you. This makes me so happy for you."

That really wasn't overly clear and Harry was even more confused.

"One what?" he asked, not understanding at all yet.

"A mate," Marcellus replied, beaming at him.

Harry was glad he wasn't holding anything, because he would have dropped it.

"A mate?" he said and sounded rather silly to his own ears. "I don't understand," he added, since he really didn't.

"I have been remiss in my teaching," Marcellus told him, still enjoying the whole situation as far as Harry could tell, "but this is so rare. For some of us, Harry, there are mortals who fit with us. They attract us, their magical fields, be they latent or active, match with our own and their blood will feed us like nothing else, tasting like the finest wine. Very few of us find these matches, Harry, but you have. Your reaction was your vampire nature realising the match through physical contact."

Stunned was putting it mildly.

"What do I do?" he asked in a very dazed tone.

"You woo him of course," Marcellus said, smiling all the time. "He will find you just as irresistible once you are close enough. Anything else is unacceptable."

When Digby brought the wine, Harry downed his first glass in one gulp.

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Malfoy looked rather surprised to see him when his school nemesis opened the door of the manor.

"Potter," Malfoy said, not sounding overly pleased to see him, "what do you want?"

Now there were many ways to woo a prospective mate, formally and informally and after speaking to Marcellus, Harry had decided on the formal route. He didn't think Malfoy would take to well to informal advances without knowing why, since they had never exactly been friends.

"I wish to formally request the honour of courting you," Harry said and thrust the box he was carrying at Malfoy.

The expression on Malfoy's face was priceless.

"This is a joke isn't it, one of Weasley's ridiculous ideas?" Malfoy responded, without taking the small box.

"I swear on the memory of my ancestors, this is not a joke, Malfoy," Harry replied, having been prepared for such a reaction.

Malfoy looked even more shocked, since it was quite an oath Harry had just sworn.

"Why?" was Malfoy's next question.

"Look in the box," was all Harry said, because he knew the Malfoy would know what his gift meant.

There were forms for courtship in the wizarding world, many of them having fallen out of use, but purebloods liked their traditions. Clearly still unsure, Malfoy finally took the box and quickly opened it. There on black velvet was a crystal fang, enamelled at one end with red to represent blood and set in a pure silver clasp on a pure silver chain. Silver when mixed with vampire blood became a very potent magical substance and hence silver was the most precious metal in vampire circles.

"You know what this means?" Malfoy seemed to think that Harry was confused.

"Perfectly," Harry replied, "and so do you."

"You're a vampire," Malfoy said in a statement of fact.

"For five years," Harry responded, hiding nothing, "since the day after my twenty first birthday. I wanted to vanish, but fate had other ideas and I think I know why now."

At that Malfoy actually laughed.

"You think fate made you a wizard vampire because of me?" Malfoy said and Harry nodded, since that was what he had been implying.

He was putting his whole life on the line, but there was no other way. Marcellus had told him that he could not avoid this, that unless Malfoy died, now that his vampire side knew it would never rest.

"No one else knows, do they, Potter?" Malfoy said next, rationalising everything out like a good Slytherin.

"No one," Harry replied and felt a little ashamed about that, "but if you accept they will."

There was no way Harry could do this without his friends knowing and he had no doubt that as soon as a few knew, the press would find out somehow. Not that that bothered him as much as it had; it seemed all his worry was focused on Malfoy now and nothing else. It was possible Malfoy could refuse him, especially given their history. If Malfoy did, Harry would have to leave, it was as simple as that, because if they were in the same country Harry was sure he would not be able to control himself.

"What will you do if I accept?" Malfoy asked and gave him a little hope.

"Whatever you require of me," Harry replied, since he was willing to do just about anything.

In days of old, courting had often included tests for the party making the overtures and Harry wouldn't have been surprised if Malfoy decided to go that route. As Harry held his breath, Malfoy took the pendant out of the box and

looked at it, and then, having slipped the box into his pocket, Malfoy fastened it around his elegant neck.

"I accept," Malfoy said, much to his surprise and then, to his complete astonishment reached out, grabbed him by the front of his shirt and pulled him inside.

He found himself standing in Malfoy's hallway as the door slammed behind him.

"I'm fed up of games," Malfoy said, looking him directly in the eye. "All they have got me so far is a failed marriage and my mother trying to arrange a new one for me as quickly as possible. Show me what you're made of, Potter, and then we'll talk."

For a moment Harry didn't know what to do and he just stood there, but the challenge in Malfoy's eyes fired him up. Throwing caution to the wind, as was his nature, he shed his human disguise and then just let Malfoy look at him for a moment. He didn't really know what Malfoy expected of him, but he decided he didn't care; he was just going to do as he was told and show Malfoy exactly what he was made of. The fact that Malfoy's eyes went just a little glassy when looking at his revealed nature gave him a hint that he might be on to a winner.

"Whatever you want, Draco," he said, choosing to use Malfoy's first name, since he was about to take liberties with the man's person.

Marcellus had told him his instincts would lead him well and that he would sense what his prospective mate would like and his instincts were screaming sex. With that in mind, he decided that melting Draco's brain was the first order of business, after which they could talk practicalities and possibly more sex.

The hallway they were in had a large staircase up to the second floor and Harry decided that would do. Smiling a very fangy smile, he all but bodily picked Malfoy up and moved them both until they were at the stairs, then he pushed Malfoy down and followed closely behind. Before Malfoy had even the remotest chance to say anything, he used vampire speed to open Malfoy's button fly and slide his hand inside, vampire strength to pin Malfoy down and just the fact that he knew where people's weak points were to make Malfoy moan as he attached lips to neck.

He wanted to bite; he really, really wanted to bite, but he held himself back, just nuzzling the warm skin above the pulsing blood vessel. He didn't want it to be over too soon and if he bit he knew it would be.

"Oh god, Potter," Draco said, sounding breathless, for which Harry scored himself lots of points, "still direct I see."

Harry just growled and wrapped his fingers firmly around Draco's cock, pulling Draco free from underwear and trousers as he did so. He was going to make Draco pay for that comment with slow, wonderful torture. Thus began his exploration.

It took him a moment or two to figure out what Draco really liked as far as hand on cock went, but once he had it, he knew he could push Draco on and pull him back anyway he wanted to. Having very sensitive sense helped a lot in knowing exactly how Draco was reacting to what he was doing. He also moved on from nuzzling Draco's neck, partially because the temptation was too great and partially because he wanted to try some other things as well.

Doing his best not to rip buttons from material in his need, he opened Draco's shirt and kissed his way around Draco's chest. While he found that Draco's nipples were very sensitive, he found that the edge of the muscle just to the side seemed to be more so for his new lover. When he nipped and licked there, Draco actually writhed and it wasn't because Draco was ticklish.

Over the course of his exploration Draco tried to speak several times, but Harry managed to make his lover lose his train of thought every time. It was an amazingly fun game and he kept playing it for as long as he thought Draco could take it. He knew for a fact that having to beg would embarrass Draco and probably not be a good start to their relationship; they could add that twist when they knew each other better, so, when he thought Draco was about ready to plead, he had mercy.

He moved back up Draco's body, making sure to keep his hand moving in a smooth rhythm and then he picked a spot just above where the silver chain hung around Draco's neck. He nuzzled there for a few moments and then he opened his mouth and left his fangs slide into Draco's delicious skin. Draco's hands, which had up to then been grasping at the lush carpet on the stairs, grabbed for him, fixing onto his shoulders with the vice like power of a man who still liked to fly a broom. He let his magic flow through the blood connection that burst into life between them and, as pleasure flooded him, he let it flood Draco as well. He was hard as well and ground himself against Draco's hip as he pushed Draco that final distance, reducing his lover to a shuddering, gasping heap below him.

He wanted to let go as well, to come as Draco was coming, in long, blissful waves, but he held himself back. This was about Draco and he had had more than enough pleasure from the blood, so if Draco wanted to return the favour later, he would not object, but he did not allow himself the extra pleasure at that moment.

Drawing back slowly, he sent a wordless, wandless healing spell at the wounds on Draco's neck, watching them close and almost vanish, even as he milked Draco for his final moments of orgasm. Draco looked beautiful spread out on the stairs, head back, eyes closed and appearing completely satisfied. It was a look Harry wanted to see a hell of a lot more, of that both his vampire nature and wizard nature were very sure.

He felt amazing. Turned on and energised like he had never been before he knew he was now completely addicted and he wanted more. He had a nasty suspicion that if Draco decided that he wasn't interested now, his lover might have to fight him off with a stick, a very big, pointy one. A stake through the heart didn't kill a vampire, but it did put them into a coma while their body repaired itself and Harry was pretty sure that was the only way Draco would be able to get rid of him.

When Draco finally opened his eyes, Harry just waited.

"I would give you a score out of ten," Draco said with a small smirk, "but I seem to have misplaced the ability to count."

"I'm sure I can live without knowing," Harry replied and wondered vaguely what Draco was really like.

They didn't know each other, not any more and Harry found that he wanted to and wanted to very badly. His vampire nature was getting exactly what it wanted, but his human nature needed feeding as well.

"I was going to invite you to dinner, before you dragged me inside," he said, feeling rather pleased with himself, "one of my house elves is an amazing cook. Would you be interested?"

"Would that count as doing the first date backwards?" Draco replied, not even bothering to try and move yet.

"If you like," Harry replied, finding he liked Draco's sense of humour already, "but then this is me, when do I ever do anything the proper way around."

"True, true," Draco replied, as if considering that statement, "I suppose I'm going to have to get used to that."

Harry didn't even attempt to stop the beaming smile that that forced onto his face.

"It would probably make your life easier," he agreed, trying not to sound too keen.

For a moment Draco just looked at him, serious for an instant in time and he knew that they were both thinking about the future. Explaining this to his friends and surrogate family was going to be interesting and the press were bound to make a huge thing of it. He would have to go through an enquiry at work, because he hadn't revealed his vampire nature and he might even lose his job if the Ministry decided to be idiots, but he was prepared for it all. After his talk with Marcellus he knew that this was where his destiny lay, come what may and he was ready to follow it through.

"I am so going to enjoy letting mother down with a bump," Draco said and broke the mood completely.

That made Harry laugh; he could just imagine that conversation.

In the end, if Draco accepted him as a mate he would share his blood and his power with Draco. It would link their life forces together and give Draco the same immortality as Harry without turning him into an actual vampire. As Marcellus had explained it, Draco would probably pick up a few vampire habits, like aversion to bright sunlight and a craving for blood, but it would be a mirror of Harry, rather than a real physiological change. Harry looked forward to the day when he could make Draco his, but for now he would settle for dinner.

The End



## ***MMOM 14 - Physical Requirements***

**Fandom:** Star Trek XI

**Pairing:** Spock/Kirk/Uhura (mental fantasy)

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** threesome, semi-explicit sexual situation

**Summary:** Spock has physical needs that do not always respond to the Vulcan regimens and so he has his own solution. However, sometimes his mind surprises even him.

**Author's Notes:** The film was brilliant, who am I to argue with the muse?  
Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word Count:** 1,198

Spock prided himself on his Vulcan control, but he was also practical and sometimes these two things were in conflict. His human nature was well controlled behind his Vulcan exterior, but it was still there and it made his needs different from those of full Vulcans. He based his life on logic, embracing the lifestyle of his father's race, but there was an illogical part of him at his core that he was incapable of controlling all the time.

Jim Kirk had somehow gained the ability to tap straight into that part of him, as had Nyota. Jim, as the captain insisted he call him when they were not on duty, most often tapped into the more violent emotions within him, although not, he had been interested to discover, always. Nyota nearly always managed to find what he had come to believe was the reflection of his mother in his psychological makeup. There lived feelings of love and caring.

What it seemed they both managed to arouse in him with equal fervour, although for different reasons, was lust.

Lust was not something Vulcans tended to talk about; such raw passions were frowned upon and such things were left for the time of the Pon farr, however, Spock had discovered at a young age his human heritage made it less easy for him. When his Vulcan counterparts were learning to suppress such urges or to channel them, Spock had found his only recourse was to indulge them from time to time.

He was well aware that if he went to Nyota she would be more than willing to assist him in such matters, but he was not, at the current time, willing to handle the emotional needs of the woman he was very aware loved him. He was dealing with too much turmoil after what had happened to Vulcan and adding to that would be unwise.

He was also aware that, although the captain had a reputation as a ladies man, he was unlikely to be left wanting if he were to look in that direction either. However, that option also presented certain complications he did not wish to engender, at least not yet.

Which was why he found himself in his quarters, alone and naked on his bed. Vulcans were not prudish, because that would be akin to giving in to emotions such as embarrassment, but theirs was a very correct society where nakedness was not encouraged except for when it was practical and necessary. Spock did not usually sleep naked, or for that matter spend extended periods of time naked. For this particular practice, however, he had found that being naked made for a much more efficient and satisfying experience. It had been something he had not discovered until he had left Vulcan and joined Starfleet.

His body was not quite Vulcan and not quite human; he had studied it extensively as he grew to maturity so that he might understand the strengths and weaknesses which he had inherited from both sides of his family. When it came to genitalia, however, Vulcans and humans were similar enough that it made little difference when it came to function.

Over the previous few days, his need for sexual release had become rather urgent and so he had no need for any more elaborate preparation. His penis was already in an engorged state and, picking a suitably erotic image from his mind, he wrapped his fingers around it and began to stroke slowly. When he had first tried this, logic had dictated that pure stimulation should have been enough to satisfy his physical requirements, but he had soon deduced that his needs were not purely physical, hence the mental exercise as well.

This time he chose a memory of one of the few times he had allowed intimacy between himself and Nyota. Relationships between instructors and cadets were not encouraged, but neither were they against regulations and so Spock had allowed it. He appreciated Nyota on an intellectual level for her magnificent mind and linguistic abilities, but it was logical to also admit that he appreciated her for her body. A full Vulcan would have rationalised it as looking for genetic perfection in a mate, but that really didn't explain why Jim had a similar affect on him.

In the particular memory he was using, Nyota had come to his quarters since, as an instructor, he did not have a room mate and they had shared a meal. Then she had led him to his bed and slowly undressed for him in what had been a most stimulating manner. He remembered very clearly the pert lift of her breasts and the gentle curve of her hips. It had been a most memorable display as she had carefully revealed her body to him and the recollection caused his arousal to swirl in his groin and his penis to throb with sensation.

Nyota had then undressed him as well and invited him onto the bed, seemingly determined to arouse his Vulcan passions. At the time he had almost felt the need to point out that she had no need to be anxious, but it had seemed an inappropriate time and he had been enjoying her attentions.

He allowed himself to remember her touches and he was well on the way to a most satisfying conclusion when his mind decided to add something extra. Being Vulcan trained, Spock was used to having almost complete control of his mental functions, but even a Vulcan mind could spring surprises on its owner. The scene in his mind was the same, only there were suddenly two sets of hands on his body.

"Spock," said the mental image of Jim, "why so shocked? You knew you were attracted to me."

Jim being the logical one did not make overly much sense, but then Spock was well aware that fantasy rarely did. It also did not change the fact that his physical response to the mental construction was strong and positive and, combined with the stimulation he was providing himself, he felt the first touches of his orgasm. He came almost silently with only a gasp to indicate the intensity of the experience, but he lost his perfect control for more than a few moments.

Lying there, staring at the ceiling, he waited for his heartbeat to return to normal as he considered the previous moments. The concept of Nyota and Jim with him at the same time had been considerably more stimulating than any other mental construction he had tried. Reaching for the cloth on the beside table, he wiped

himself off and slowly sat up, raising an eyebrow as he came to an inescapable conclusion: he wanted both Jim and Nyota, at the same time.

It was an unexpected addition to the situation which was going to take a serious amount of thought. The ramifications could be far reaching and he could only wonder how recent events had facilitated this conclusion. It was most interesting, most interesting indeed and most problematic. He was going to have to dedicate a significant amount of time to the issue and then choose what to do about it.

The End

## ***MMOM 15 - What the Warlock Saw***

**Fandom:** Merlin (BBC)

**Pairing:** Arthur/Merlin

**Rating:** R

**Warnings/Spoilers:** general for s1, semi-explicit sex

**Summary:** Merlin's magic has noticed he had a thing for Arthur and is playing with him.

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

**Word Count:** 1,894

Merlin had a problem, a very embarrassing problem that was making looking Arthur in the eye very difficult: his magic had noticed that he might possibly, only a little bit mind you, nothing to write home about, want Arthur. The fact that he admired Arthur's very well built body hadn't been a problem for him; it was just a fact that he lived with and enjoyed actually. Then it had become a little more difficult when he had realised he had feelings for the prat, but nothing he couldn't deal with. What was making it almost impossible to bear now was what his magic was doing to him.

He pushed the covers off himself as he was once again woken by the most erotic mental images. Well most erotic in his experience anyway. His magic had invaded his dreams and his day dreams. At the most inopportune moments he would find his brain filled with Arthur. Sometimes naked Arthur, sometimes just Arthur with his hand down his breeches, but always Arthur and always doing things to himself that made Merlin moan quietly.

It was quite obvious he had an over active imagination and his magic had latched onto it, not least of which was because, in his mind, Arthur would often come moaning his name. The real difficulty was that his magic made it feel as if he was actually there, standing close to Arthur, almost able to touch, seeing and hearing and smelling what was going on. It meant that every time it happened he had to find somewhere quiet and deal with the problem of a raging hard on, or suffer for hours waiting for it to go away.

Sooner or later he was going to kill himself by falling downstairs or something equally as silly. Something that would make everyone laugh at his funeral. Yeah, that was Merlin, entertaining to the end, he was sure they would think. At least his magic only seemed interested in torturing him when the real Arthur wasn't there. So far there had been no incidents while he was in Arthur's presence, which was more than a blessing. How he would explain such a state to Arthur he had no idea and Arthur would no doubt use it to make his life hell.

This time he had been woken by the mental image of Arthur stretched out on his bed, completely naked. It was mid summer, so the castle had a gentle heat to it even in the depths of night and Arthur's skin shimmered in the light from the full moon through the window.

His magic was always accurate to the last detail: it was a full moon and in the background he could even see the tunic he had left out to clean in the morning. That's what made it all the more real; it was as if he was actually there in Arthur's room and he moaned quietly as his body throbbed. He was already hard, having reacted before his mind had been fully roused to wakefulness by the mental assault.

Arthur had his legs spread and his hand around his cock and was stroking himself languidly. Merlin didn't want to be reacting, he really didn't, but he reached for his own aroused member with near desperation. He was wearing nothing because of the heat and at least he was alone in his room, so he didn't have to run and hide. Gaius would be deeply asleep by now and so Merlin knew he would have no interruptions.

Stroking himself in time with the mental construct of Arthur, he felt the heat pooling in his belly. Arthur was so beautiful, something that he would never mention aloud to Arthur, because Arthur's ego was big enough as it was, and he didn't need a day being beaten on the training field for suggesting the crown prince was pretty. Before Arthur, Merlin had never been overly interested in sex. When the other boys in the village had been able to talk of little else he had been experiencing the growth of his powers, showing him things that he had never imagined and distracting him for everything else.

He understood it all right, but it had always been a little remote; that was until his cock had decided Arthur was the most delicious thing ever. He still hadn't quite worked out if he simply liked men or if he was just totally focussed on Arthur. Given how destiny liked to mess him around, it could have been either.

The Arthur in his mind was panting now and Merlin knew the signs well by now. His mental Arthur was close. That was another strange thing that his magic had decided to do to make this all the more real for him: when and how Arthur came had nothing to do with Merlin's own state of arousal. Sometimes Arthur left him way behind and sometimes he was ahead and had to hold himself back. It was as if the Arthur living in his head was a completely separate entity from himself.

Merlin sped up his own actions, since he didn't want to be left hanging. It was never quite the same if he had to deal with himself once the mental images faded away.

Arthur was always quiet when lying naked on his bed doing this, that was the Arthur in his mind; he had no idea about the real one. His Arthur would be as silent as a hunter to begin with, then, towards the end he would pant and then he would come, either with Merlin's name or a curse on his lips. The Arthur in his head could be as contrary as the one he served every day.

"By all that is holy, Merlin I want you," was what Arthur said this time and then came in milky drops all over his own body.

His magic was a serious romantic, but that didn't stop him reacting to the words and coming himself. It felt so good, almost as if they were really together and as the mental construction began to fade, Merlin felt bereft. He was at the mercy of his magic and it was beginning to get to him. He reached for the shirt he had thrown on the floor the previous evening, intent on washing it, and used it to wipe himself off. Then he turned on his side, pulled the blanket over himself even though he didn't need it. Sleep would probably not return, but he had to try.

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The next day was hell. He had barely had any sleep, so he was clumsier than usual and Arthur seemed to be in the mood to make him do everything twice. When Arthur sent him off to find something from the armoury for the third time, he was ready to tell the crown prince to go to hell and do it himself. The fact that he made it half way down the corridor and his magic decided it was time for another intimate moment with Arthur was the last straw.

He was not giving into it this time he decided very firmly. He needed a distraction and the perfect distraction from the mental Arthur who had just stretched out on his bed and pulled his cock out, had to be the real thing, who was in a stropky mood. Deciding that he could pick up the dagger that Arthur was having sharpened later, he turned and headed back to Arthur's quarters. The fact that Arthur would moan at him for not having gone and got it right then would definitely help with his traitorous body.

"You would not believe what ..." he started to say, walking right back in to Arthur's quarters without knocking.

All ability to think left him in the time it took to take a breath and he let the door swing shut behind him.

When he had left, Arthur had been sitting at the table finishing lunch, but Arthur wasn't at the table anymore. In fact, Arthur was on the bed in the exact same position as the Arthur in his head. When the real Arthur moved a little, so did the Arthur in his head and that meant only one thing and Merlin's poor brain couldn't quite cope with that.

"Merlin, get out," Arthur said, trying to sound angry, but was clearly just embarrassed.

If Merlin had been thinking properly he might have followed that order, but his brain was too busy going back over everything his magic had shown him recently. It was all too obvious that his magic had not been making things up and the reason it had seemed so real was because it had been. His magic had been showing him Arthur every time Arthur did this, and given how Merlin had been distracted lately, Arthur had been doing this a lot.

Of course, if what he had been seeing was real, then the things he had heard Arthur saying had been real too, which meant ... his thoughts almost stalled at the idea. It was too impossible to believe, but he had no choice: Arthur wanted him as much as he wanted Arthur.

That one fact changed everything.

"I don't think you really want me to do that," he said, suddenly finding the confidence which the incidents had been trying to drain out of him.

Now Arthur looked surprised.

"Of course I want you to get out," Arthur said in a rather vicious tone, "can't you see I'm busy, or are you more of an idiot than I thought?"

Merlin found himself smiling.

"Wouldn't you prefer to moan my name when I'm actually here?" he asked, letting his eyes run up and down Arthur.

Arthur was clearly shocked.

"You? How?" so shocked, in fact, that Arthur didn't even attempt to deny it.

"I have my ways," Merlin replied, beginning to feel much better about the whole situation.

They were going to have to have the conversation about his magic some time soon, but he had more immediate matters to attend to right about then.

"Would you like some help with that?" he asked, since he didn't think just diving in would be quite appropriate.

The expression on Arthur's face was torn, but Merlin counted it as significant that Arthur did not immediately refuse, so he waited.

"Yes," Arthur finally said and Merlin smiled again, crossing the room quickly.

He had seen enough of Arthur to know just what Arthur liked and he intended to use every bit of knowledge he had.

"But, Merlin," Arthur said, gasping as Merlin took hold of his cock, "this doesn't mean ..."

"Arthur," Merlin interrupted his prince, "shut up and enjoy."

Then he went to work and surprisingly, Arthur did shut up. Merlin began to make plans, lots of plans; he had no intention of letting this be a one time thing. Arthur would need careful handling, after all Arthur had not had the advantage of magic to show him the truth, but Merlin didn't think it would take too long to make sure Arthur knew how much he loved him. The physical was a good place to start, because Arthur was a very physical person and Merlin started to take Arthur apart with a very large smile on his face. He now had everything he could possibly desire.

The End

## ***MMOM 16 - Pining***

**Fandom:** Panik RPS

**Pairing:** Linke/Jan/Juri

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** threesome, semi-explicit sex

**Summary:** Juri has been looking tired and down, but Linke can't understand why only he and Jan seem to notice.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Prequel to MMOM 18 - Not Pining Anymore

**Word count:** 4,855

Linke was happier than he remembered being in a long while. Two months previously he had got drunk and managed to confess to Franky that he was madly in love with Jan, a secret he had kept from everyone. When he had sobered up, he'd found out that Franky had told Timo who had sat him down and had told him in no uncertain terms to stop being an idiot and tell Jan how he felt. Coming from Timo, that was huge, because Timo tended to stay out of the way of other people's relationships and so Linke had suspected that Timo had known something he didn't. That knowledge had given him the courage to actually talk to Jan and they had been happily making up for lost time since.

One mark on his enjoyment of the current situation was however the fact that where he and Jan were almost painfully happy, it was becoming more and more obvious that Juri wasn't. He didn't know why he thought the two things were connected, but he did. Juri had seemed so happy for them, delighted that they were happy with each other and still managed to muster up a smile every time Jan did something cute, but that didn't change the grey rimmed eyes or the haggard look to Juri's features.

There was something wrong, Linke was almost sure, but whenever he approached Juri, their drummer just said he wasn't sleeping well, or he had a cold or something equally as minor. At first he had been the only one who seemed to notice that Juri was looking down, but lately Jan was noticing too. The really strange thing was, no one else seemed to think anything odd was going on. It was beginning to worry Linke quite a lot.

Worry turned to outright anxiety when, after a live performance, they were headed to their hotel room and he watched Juri literally walk into the door frame of the room he was sharing with Franky. He looked at Jan who just nodded and then abandoned all thought of going into their room and instead followed Juri into his before the door could close. Franky was down at the bar chatting up a groupie so Juri was by himself.

"Juri, what's wrong?" he asked as they entered to find Juri standing in the middle of the room looking lost.

Their friend turned towards them and Linke was shocked how pale and tired Juri looked even though he was prepared for it.

"Where am I?" Juri asked as if he was totally confused and then their tall drummer was keeling over.

Linke and Jan both moved at the same time to catch him and then somehow they manoeuvred him onto the bed.



"Juri, Juri, can you hear me?" Linke asked urgently, leaning over his friend and trying to find signs of life.

Juri mumbled something, but it wasn't a real reply. Linke was way beyond anxious now and he scrabbled to pull his phone out of his pocket; he was calling for help. The problem was he went to dial and an arc of white lightening went from one corner of his phone to another and it sparked and died as he hastily dropped it.

"What the hell?" he asked, trying to work out what had happened.

Jan reached for his phone as well, but dropped it as soon as it was out of his pocket.

"It's hot," Jan said, sounding mystified.

Linke had no idea what was going on, but he did know that he had to do something about it. He tried for the hotel phone, but when he picked it up there was no dial tone at all.

"You stay here," he decided quickly, looking at Jan, "and I'll go and get help. Something weird is happening here."

Jan just nodded and Linke went for the door that clicked loudly just as he got to it. He tried moving the handle and tugging on the door, but the thing remained stubbornly closed and the anxiety running through him gained an edge of fear.

"We're locked in," he said, returning to Jan's side and trying to find a rational explanation.

"Then we have to help Juri ourselves," Jan decided in a very sensible way that seemed to be escaping Linke at that moment.

This wasn't just strange, it was verging on the bizarre and Linke was beginning to think he had no way of figuring out what was going on. Being practical was the only way out, so he shook himself and decided Jan was right.

"You get some water," he decided quickly, "I'll make sure Juri isn't going to swallow his tongue or anything."

As Jan hurried off to the bathroom, Linke went to roll Juri onto his side. The only problem with that idea was that, all of a sudden, Juri seemed to weigh a tonne and Linke really couldn't seem to move his friend. He managed to shift the drummer a little way, but then had to let him lie back, because he couldn't manage anymore. It was only when his legs began to shake that he realised that possibly Juri had not become heavier, he was just weaker.

He heard Jan call his name, but, before he could do anything, he was falling forward over Juri and where he fell he stayed, because he just couldn't move. Jan tried shaking him, but he was so far gone he couldn't even say anything and then everything began to go dark and he didn't have the strength to stop it.

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"Come on, Child," said a gentle voice as he swam back to consciousness, "you need to wake up."

He wasn't overly fond of being referred to as child, but the more important thing seemed to be quite how difficult it was to open his eyes. In his whole life he did not remember feeling so tired and, when someone helped him sit up and put a cup to his mouth, he drank whatever was poured past his lips. A second or so after that he realised how disgusting it tasted, but he was beginning to feel more alert.

The person helping him sit up moved round to in front of him as he began to support himself and he blinked at what he was pretty sure was a woman. It took him a moment or two to really see her and then she smiled at him.

"Welcome back," she greeted, "how are you feeling?"

"Dopey," he replied honestly, but that wasn't what he really cared about. "Where's Juri, is he okay, is he awake?"

The woman's smile diminished somewhat.

"I'm afraid not," she told him, "my grandson's condition is quite severe, so severe in fact that it had an effect on you as well."

So many questions invaded his head at that, not least of which was the woman didn't look old enough to be anyone's grandmother.

"Jan," he said, since he realised he was no longer in Juri's room and he could not see his boyfriend, "where's Jan?"

"With Juri," the woman assured him and patted him on the hand; "he refused to leave even when we took you out of the room for your own good. He is fine; he was not as affected by Juri's condition and he's been treated, as you have, to now be immune. Juri must be very attached to you to have affected you so badly."

Linke was just becoming more confused with everything the woman said, rather than less.

"Who are you?" he decided that he had to ask what he needed to know. "You don't look old enough to be Juri's grand mother," the woman didn't look a day over forty, if that. "What's going on? Why is Juri ill? If you can help him why didn't you come before?"

He was desperate for answers and everything came out in a rush.

"I understand your confusion, child," Juri's so-called grand mother told him and patted his hand gently; "you are part of something you have no way of understanding. I am Elena, Juri's great grand mother to be precise, and before you say that is impossible let me explain why it is. I am full blood Yokai, or more coarsely, demon."

That was plain unbelievable, but Elena seemed to realise this was rather hard to take and blinked at him. For a moment her eyes flashed gold and markings appeared over her forehead and down the side of her neck.

"My real name is very long and unpronoucable and I originally come from Japan," Elena continued to explain as Linke did his very best not to panic. "I came to Europe by mistake many years ago and met a man whom I loved. I chose to take on human form, this form, to please him, hence why you are probably thinking I do not look Japanese."

Even as his mind rebelled, Linke nodded, he had been thinking that. The fact that Elena had long blonde hair had been the first thing he's noticed.

"Juri is my great grandson and is one of the few where my blood bred true," Elena told him. "He is yokai, almost as pure blooded as I am, but he chose to remain human for as long as he was able."

"And that has something to do with what's wrong with him?" Linke asked, since at least he could relate to that.

Elena appeared a little sad.

"I am afraid so," she replied and gave him a look that made him feel as if somehow this was his fault. "Yokai hearts can be fickle."

Linke still didn't understand and he frowned.

"Juri is pining for love," Elena said simply.

That really didn't make any sense.

"Why? Who?" he asked, but then stopped as he realised what Elena had been saying the whole time. "For me," he concluded.

Elena nodded.

"For you," she confirmed in a calm tone, "and I believe in a lesser sense, for Jan as well, but that has probably come about because of the relationship between the two of you."

"But he never said anything," Linke protested as he went over the whole time he had known Juri in his mind; he hadn't had a clue. "Before Jan he never gave any hint."

Elena patted him on the hand again.

"That is because he probably sensed where your heart lay," Elena said in a gentle voice. "You have been in love with Jan for some time, I feel."

Linke ducked his head in acknowledgement; he had been holding a candle for Jan for quite a while.

"Then he would not have intruded on that," Elena told him. "Juri is a gentle soul, always has been since he was a boy and he probably fooled himself into believing that as long as you were happy so was he."

The way Juri had been acting was beginning to make sense now. The way Juri seemed to have been happy for him and Jan and yet not happy at the same time; it was all becoming clear.

"He started to look ill almost as soon as Jan and I became a couple," he said, sorting through the ideas in his head. "I kept asking him what was wrong, but he kept telling me nothing or making excuses. No one else seemed to notice, not until a few weeks ago when Jan started to see it too."

Elena looked a little surprised.

"Juri's connection to you must run very deep," Elena said, looking into his eyes as if searching for something; "most humans would not have seen what you saw. You saw beyond the image he projects to protect his yokai nature."

At least that explained why he had been thinking he was seeing things because the rest of the band didn't see them. Of course, that left one rather important question.

"Can you help him?" he asked, since Juri was clearly not getting better on his own.

"We will try," Elena said, looking very serious; "his uncle is with him now and we will have to take him home. When he became so ill I sensed it and I hope I can reach him and bring him out of the coma he has fallen into. His mind has shut down to protect itself and we will have to go in and find him. If he does not wish to be found, however, it may be an impossible job."

That didn't sound good, not good at all and Linke found that he didn't like the idea of losing Juri at all.

"Is there anything we can do as his friends?" he asked, trying to come up with anything that might help. "You said he and I have a connection, could we use that to reach him, and Jan must have one too or he wouldn't have seen."

Elena reached out and took his hand this time, clearly understanding his worry.

"We would not ask that of you," she said sincerely, "we will take him home."

A frown settled on to Linke's features again, he was missing something, he was sure.

"What would you be asking of me?" he said, since he didn't know why she had refused.

Elena seemed to realise then that she was not explaining clearly enough.

"We, Juri's family, have a familial connection with him," Elena began to make the situation clearer, "we can try to reach him with memories and platonic love. The connection he has with you was not formed from the same things. You have been attracted to my grand son, have you not?"

That made Linke blink a bit, but he wasn't about to lie.

"Yes," he replied, as plainly as he could, "he's an attractive man."

He had noticed Juri the moment their drummer had joined the band, but Jan had always had his heart so he had never done anything about it.

"Your connection to Juri is built on friendship, but with a side of lust and want and attraction," Elena explained gently. "The only parts of the bond between you that would be strong enough to reach him now are those sexual aspects."

"Are you saying that to reach him we'd have to have sex?" Linke asked, trying to confirm what Elena seemed to be implying.

"Yes," was the simple response.

That hadn't been quite what he was expecting, but he could accept that. The idea shocked him on one level, but that didn't stop him coming to the conclusions that he'd be willing to do it if it would save Juri. Of course, he doubted it was that simple.

"If we could get him back that way," he tried to reason through what he knew, "it would just happen again though, wouldn't it? He might wake up, but he'd start pining again."

"More so," Elena replied with a nod, seemingly impressed that he understood. "To have had a taste of what he could not have might very well kill him. Such a solution would need to be permanent."

It was such a huge idea; Juri was pining because of a family tree that Linke had trouble believing in and there might be no way out of it.

"If you take him home," he said slowly, "he's never coming back, is he?"

"It would be impossible," Elena confirmed and seemed sad to have to say it.

Linke wasn't sure what to do; it was all so incredible.

"Can you send Jan in here, please?" he finally said, realising that he needed to talk to his boyfriend.

"Of course," Elena replied, standing up from his side. "It will take us a few hours to prepare for the journey, perhaps you should call his other friends so that they can say good bye."

Linke nodded, although that wasn't what he was thinking about at the moment. He wanted to talk to Jan because Jan always looked at things from a slightly different view point than everyone else. It was one of the things he loved about his little DJ.

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Linke held Jan's hand firmly in his own and walked into the other hotel room where he knew Juri and his family members were. He and Jan had been talking for nearly an hour and they had come to a decision, one that was going to change their lives, but one they were both certain was the right one.

"We want to bring him back," he said as soon as Elena looked up at him.

Elena was sitting on the bed next to a very still Juri, but she stood up then.

"And you understand what this means?" Elena asked, looking from him to Jan and back again.

"We understand," Jan said in a very resolute tone.

"As long as he can accept both of us," Linke added, since they had decided that being a three did not worry them as it probably should have.

Being totally honest had been quite liberating and they had both admitted that they thought they could love Juri like that.

"He already has," Elena told them, still appraising them carefully; "or Jan would not have started to see what you saw, Linke."

That was it then; there was nothing in their way.

"What do we have to do?" he asked, since he really wasn't sure what they were up against.

He knew he was blushing, but he had an idea of what was likely to be required even though he wasn't clear on it and it wasn't something he really wanted to be talking to Juri's great grandmother about.

"You need to arouse him," Elena said, politely ignoring his embarrassment, "and engage in some form of sexual act. It does not need to be intercourse, but all three of you will need to come to orgasm. Your arousal will reach him and your acceptance will give him strength. The climax should bring him out of it."

It sounded simple enough, but Linke was sure it wouldn't be quite so straightforward. Juri looked so pale and still on the hotel bed and it seemed like a ridiculous idea that they could rouse him with simple sex. Then of course it wasn't really simple sex at all, it was complicated on every level except the physical.

"Is there anything we should expect?" Jan asked, being practical again.

"You will feel his power," Elena told them, reaching out and taking their free hands. "Juri has always kept it tightly under control and it may frighten you, but he will never hurt you."

As if to give them a taster, Linke felt energy flow up his arm and he gasped; Elena was showing them a hint of her power too.

"We understand," he said, looking at Jan and then down at Juri.

Elena leant forward and kissed him on the cheek, before doing the same to Jan.

"Welcome to the family," she said, giving them each a supportive smile. "Sebastien and I will wait outside."

Linke's heart felt like it might beat right out of his chest as he and Jan were left alone with Juri. This really was the point of no return and he pulled Jan to him and wrapped his boyfriend in his arms for a few moments. Jan hugged back just as hard and they broke apart only reluctantly. Linke knew they were about to do something which would propel them into a whole new world and a whole new part of their lives, but he refused to back away from it.

"Let's get him undressed," he said, deciding that action was better than thinking.

Juri was a big guy and taking his clothes off was not easy. As they worked together, Linke came to understand why emergency rooms tended to cut clothes off unconscious people; it was very hard work doing it the other way. Once they had Juri naked, Linke looked at Jan and then just began stripping himself, making no comment. The time for stopping this was long since past and even though it unnerved him, he had to acknowledge that he could feel something between himself and Juri. Whatever Elena had given him to drink meant that he did not feel the weakness like before, but he could feel something.

"How do you want to do this?" Jan asked, seemingly looking to him for direction on this one.

They were both as naked as Juri now and Linke couldn't help looking at both his companions and comparing them. Where Jan was small and compact, Juri was long and lean and yet Linke could appreciate both. In fact he had appreciated both from afar and having had Jan hadn't stopped him noticing Juri, he'd just never done anything about it. He had always been of the opinion that window shopping was fine for all concerned, it was actually sampling the goods that people had to worry about.

"You lie down that side of him, I'll lie down this side," he decided after a moment, since the whole point of this was to bring Juri to both of them.

Jan didn't argue, just did as Linke suggested and Linke followed suit so that they were both aligned along Juri's sides. Of course that didn't help the fact that Juri was still laying there totally still and penis completely flaccid.

"Elena said our acceptance would give him strength," he said, going over possibly moves in his mind, "so let's start with some simple touching. If we touch Juri and each other that should show him our acceptance and I don't know about you, but arousal's not going to be a problem."

He tried to make it sound light and Jan gave him a smile for trying, but it was not a light situation and it fell a little flat. Reaching out over Juri, he took Jan's hand and squeezed it, then he let go and turned his attention to their motionless drummer. Given that he and Juri had never had that kind of relationship, he had no idea what Juri liked, but he did know what drove Jan crazy and what could have him writhing in ecstasy, so he figured a combination of the two had to hit the right notes somewhere.

It felt strange going to kiss an unconscious man who could not kiss back, so instead he started with Juri's chest, kissing along Juri's collar bone as Jan started stroking up and down Juri's other side. There was no outward response from Juri as they continued to play, but when Linke kissed over one of the little pink nipples on the broad, muscled chest, it hardened under his tongue. When he looked down, Juri's cock was not yet showing similar interest, but he didn't think they would have much trouble.

His own cock was already hard, the stimulation of seeing Jan and Juri naked more than enough to get him going and actually touching making him want to be touched back. It occurred to him as he sucked on Juri's nipple that he was holding himself just a little away from the drummer's body and his propriety was a little silly. Pushing himself flush with Juri's body made him moan quietly and, when he deliberately brushed himself up and down, he kind of lost his thought processes for a few moments. The heat in his loins was distracting to say the least and he hoped Juri realised it was because of him.

This whole thing was about making Juri feel them, making him come back to them, bringing him into what they had and Linke concentrated on their drummer, keeping half an eye on what Jan was doing as well. Even as he kissed over Juri's chest, tasting the skin beneath his lips, he needed Jan and he found himself reaching out. His fingers tangled in Jan's hair and his arousal went up a notch, as if joining them together physically had changed things somehow. There was no way he could understand yokai power, he barely even knew what yokai were except for what he had read in Japanese comic books, which really didn't seem to

fit Elena or Juri. It was a new world he did not understand, but for experiencing first hand anyway.

"We need to arouse him," he said, feeling how turned on he was very acutely and he pulled his hand from Jan's hair before linking it with his lover's.

He moved carefully, keeping himself pushed up against Juri and very deliberately wrapped both of their fingers around Juri's limp cock.

"Rub yourself against him," he told Jan as he started to do the same.

Juri was distant from them, he could feel it and they needed to bring him closer. Elena had told them what could do that and he had every intention of being as aroused as physically possible to drag Juri to them.

"I'm not going to last," Jan said, clearly feeling everything as keenly as Linke was.

"Then don't," he replied, moving their hands over Juri's cock and beginning to feel a response to their movements, "just don't stop."

There was a feeling in the air around them like before a low level storm. The atmosphere was heavy with the build up of unreleased power. It made Linke's skin prickle and made his pant.

They moved together with an imperfect rhythm, one each side of Juri, joined in their mutual focus. They were already a couple, comfortable with each other and they worked as one to bring Juri into that as well. There was nothing else they wanted than that at that moment in time.

"Chris," Jan said in an unsteady voice, "I need to come."

Jan was always vocal during their love making, never afraid to tell him what he needed and Linke moaned at the mental image that gave him.

"Let go," he said, fixing his eyes on Jan; "Juri's ours, show him how much."

Jan buried his head against Juri's arm and shuddered against the recumbent drummer with a keening little cry. The power shift was unmistakable and, for the first time, Linke felt something akin to what Elena had shown them. This was no longer the anticipation of power, it was the real thing and it ghosted into him and through him and almost made him falter in what he was doing. It felt so raw and he knew why Elena had warned them; it felt dangerous as well.

Juri's cock was hardening under their joined hands, almost fully erect now and Juri made the smallest of whimpering noises.

"That's it you pig headed Neanderthal," Jan said, eyes alight with the energy they were both feeling. "We want you, come back to us."

Linke couldn't speak, he was so close to the edge, but he needed Juri to be closer as well. He did not stop moving and he bit his lip to hold off his own orgasm as he used his and Jan's linked fingers to stroke Juri until he was fully hard and dribbling pre-come. The sight of Juri's dark headed cock sliding between their fingers and the sensation of slick wetness pushed him over and he muffled his cry with Juri's chest as he came hard, bucking against Juri's side and shaking from head to toe.



The power shifted again and Linke could all but feel Juri there with them even though Juri's eyes were still closed. At least now Juri was moving slightly and gave another low groan and, with one will, Linke and Jan kept their hands moving.

"Now, Juri," Linke said in as firm and commanding a tone as he could manage that soon after a mind melting orgasm, "you need to come for us now."

To his surprise it actually worked and Juri bucked up into their joined hands, spilling his seed over his own stomach as they pumped him slowly for each milky drop. The power wave that swept through him made Linke shake again and seemed to zap the energy right from him, but he did not stop for a moment.

They were sticky, sweaty and thoroughly exhausted, but Linke didn't think he'd been happier than the moment he looked up and saw Juri's eyes blink open. Using what strength he had left he crawled up Juri's body, keeping his hand firmly linked with Jan's and stole the kiss he had felt awkward taking before. Juri accepted his kiss and kissed back, but appeared rather confused when he pulled back.

"Your great grandmother is a lovely woman," he said, feeling somewhat punch drunk as he smiled broadly, "and I'm sure she'll explain everything. I'm going to sleep now."

At which point he put his head down on Juri's chest and gave up his losing battle with wakefulness. Elena hadn't mentioned quite how knackered he would feel afterwards, but then they hadn't really had time for details. Juri was back with them and looking brighter already and that was all he cared about as he let sleep take him; they could talk about everything else after a nice long nap.

The End

## ***MMOM 17 - Accidental***

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Bill/Tom

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** vampires, twincest

**Summary:** Things were normal, then a stalker got to Tom and now things are going to hell.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Prequel to MMOM 19 - Quite Deliberate

**Word count:** 2,297

It was just so hard to believe what had happened. Two days ago everything had been normal, well as normal as their lives ever were anymore. Two days he had been standing at the observation window of the isolation ward watching his twin; the dearest person to him in the entire world, deteriorate and no one could help him. Bill still couldn't believe it was happening.

They had been being stalked for over six months by the band of girls who seemed to delight in their fear, but what no one had suspected was that one of those girls hadn't really been a girl at all. Bill knew about vampires, of course he did, the whole world knew about vampires. The story of the vampire emperor Julius Caesar was taught in schools and the way the vampire nation fitted within normal society was something everyone knew, but Bill had never expected it to have anything to do with him. The vampire nation was very, very exclusive and only a handful of humans were turned a year and Bill had never thought their power would touch his life; not more than it touched anyone else's.

Rogue vampires were rare, but one had managed to cross their path. Two nights previously Tom had been at a petrol station filling up his car when the stalkers had approached him. There had been an altercation, Bill didn't know exactly what because he had been too worried about Tom since, but the leader of the group had lost her temper and revealed what she really was; a vampire. She had scratched Tom and then deliberately infected him with her blood before fleeing. The vampire community would pursue their own, but it was little comfort knowing that she had virtually sentenced Tom to death.

Looking through the window, Bill could see what was left of the scratches on Tom's neck and shoulder. They were just faint scars now, showing the changes in Tom's physiology more clearly than anything else, and all Bill could pray for was that his twin would survive.

Turning a human being into a vampire was not a simple process, not if they were to come out the other side sane. Bill had learnt a lot about such things over the last two days. Candidates were chosen specially and spent months preparing for the change. The only exceptions to that were a few very rare cases of terminal illness, where the vampire nation chose to preserve a life and the person was willing to risk death for the chance at a second existence. Even with the preparations there was a thirty percent mortality rate.

Tom was what they called an Accidental, which basically meant he was a poor bastard who had been infected without authorisation. Rogue vampires were rare, but accidental infection did occur occasionally and the vampire nation ignored them. The official line was that there was nothing that could be done so it was pointless to waste resources, either the person would turn successfully (only about a ten percent chance) and seek out others of their kind, or they would die.

Tom was in a specialist unit designed to basically just keep him from hurting anyone else.

When they had brought Tom in, he had been all but unconscious and they had put him in the isolation room, hooked up to IVs and things, but that had soon changed. The room was trashed now. When Tom had woken he had been delirious, angry and in pain and there wasn't one thing in the room in one piece. Bill had not left for more than necessary toilet breaks and it had been hard, but he had watched Tom through everything. He had stood with his hands against the glass, face almost pressed up against it as well, just being there for his twin.

Tom hadn't acknowledged him yet, no more than anyone else and Tom had been sitting in the corner of the room for the last couple of hours, doing absolutely nothing. He was not dead yet, which had surprised the hospital experts, but Bill could tell Tom was getting weaker. He wasn't to be on the other side of the glass; he wanted to help Tom more than anything else in the world, but there was nothing he could do.

When Tom finally moved and looked up at him, locking eyes to his gaze, his heart began beating madly. For the first time he thought Tom saw him. It was more than he had hoped for and he watched every move as Tom slowly stood up. Tom's steps were unsteady as he walked across the room to the window, but they did not falter too much and Bill let himself have just a little bit of hope when Tom came to a stop on the other side of the glass directly opposite to him. Very carefully Tom placed his hands on the glass to match Bill's and then they were almost nose to nose.

Bill heard his mother say something behind him, but he was only paying attention to Tom as they stared into each other's eyes. It was like staring into the depths of a deep dark cavern that wanted to swallow him, but suddenly there was light in Tom's dark eyes. They had met a vampire once, at some charity event or other and Bill had felt something different about the woman when they had shaken hands, but he had never seen a vampire revealed up close. Tom's eyes changed from brown to red at the centre that moved through yellow to bluish white at the edges and they glowed. Bill wanted to move closer.

When he was small, Bill had gone through a phase of being fascinated by vampires. They were part reality, part myth with their secretive ways and long lives, but Bill remembered that fascination at that moment. He wanted to flow through the glass and touch his twin.

"Bill."

For a moment he thought that someone had turned on the microphone inside the room, but then he realised Tom's lips had not moved.

"Tom," he said out loud, knowing that he had heard his twin, but not really understanding how.

"I can feel you, Bill," Tom's voice whispered in his mind. "For a long time I couldn't, but I've found you."

It was then that Bill felt something at the back of his head, something that was familiar and yet completely alien.

"We've always been one, Bill," Tom told him, totally motionless against the glass, "we just didn't realise it. I need you, Bill, I can't do this alone."

The sensation in his head became a kind of pressure and Bill began to feel a little light headed.

"Before we could only reach each other at times of crisis," Tom continued to speak to him silently, "but we can have more. Let me in, Bill, please."

Bill made a little whining noise in the back of his throat; he was afraid, this frightened him, but he could sense Tom's need. There was no life without Tom, no future, but this was so new, so different.

"You remember when we were small," Tom told him, never letting him look away, "before we knew that we were two. We can have that again."

It was that that made his will crumble and Bill stopped fighting. There was a wall in his mind, he could see it now, a wall he had never realised he had built, but, as he watched, it was slowly pulled down, brick by brick. With each removal he could feel Tom more and fell further into Tom's eyes, until there was a huge hole in the wall and the rest just fell in on itself. It hurt as Tom's presence swamped him with its strangeness and for the first time he closed his eyes, breaking the connection of sight, but they were closer than that now.

He pushed his hands to the sides of his head as pain flared within him and something alien moved through him. Weakness spread into his muscles and he slowly sank to the floor. There was still fear in him, but he did not reject the power moving into his body. This was Tom and Tom was everything to him.

"Bill," he heard his mother's urgent call and her hand on his back, but he shrugged her off.

"Let me in," he said and he could hear the strangeness in his voice.

"Bill," his mother said, "you need to tell me what's wrong."

"Let me in," he repeated, the need to get to Tom settling in him and making the pain irrelevant.

"In where, Bill?" his mother sounded more than a little frantic now. "You need to explain what you mean."

"In there," he said, bringing his head up and opening his eyes to stare at her, "with Tom."

His mother looked shocked and actually shied away and he knew he was looking at her with eyes that mirrored Tom's. He had not been infected by blood, but everyone knew that becoming a vampire was a metaphysical change as well as a physical one, and Bill had let Tom's power in. They might still die, he could feel that Tom's change was not complete, but he didn't care. In this they were one, they had to be to survive.

Feelings he didn't really understand were running through him; needs that he had never experienced before, but he knew that their answer lay in that room with Tom.

"Simone, back away," the nurse who was always on duty said, "he's been infected."

"That's impossible," was his mother's response; "you tested us all."

It was standard procedure to test all those who had been in proximity with an Accidental, just in case, and Bill had let his blood be tested like everyone else. Since he had not been in contact with Tom since the incident, his test results had been negative, but he knew that it was not as remotely simple as that.

"Let me in," he said, voice growling with power, "let me in with, Tom."

"I can't do that," the nurse said, clearly thinking she was talking to someone with very little reason.

She was right or course and Bill just moved. He sprang to his feet even as the woman hit the alarm and pinned her to the wall, then he ripped the cardkey off the clip she had it on, on her belt and jammed it in the lock. The door opened with a click and he was through it before anyone could stop him, slamming it behind himself with the card key still in the lock.

"Bill, no!" he heard his mother cry, but he was barely listening.

Tom had been pressed against the glass watching him, but his twin turned as soon as they were in the same room and Bill felt Tom's power hit him in waves. He was completely open to Tom now; their minds were mixing and he was feeling things he didn't totally understand. Tom did not move, other than facing him, and Bill was the one who walked up to his twin. He wanted, he needed and everything was encompassed in Tom.

As he watched, Tom opened his mouth and pierced his lip with one long fang, letting the blood dip down and over his chin. Bill couldn't look away, didn't even want to try and he closed the final distance between them like a dying man looking for water. Tom opened his arms and welcomed him and Bill embraced his twin in return and then needle sharp fangs were sliding into his neck and vampire infected blood was mixing with human blood as Tom drank from him.

It sent shockwaves through him as the physical changes in Tom began to happen in him at an accelerated rate, as the infection found genetically identical cells and needed no time to change them. He gasped and clung to Tom, feeling what Tom had been through over the past two days rip apart his physical being and remake it in its image. It hurt; it hurt more than he could possibly express, but he still welcomed it. His nerves sang, his senses sharpened and he felt fangs grow down from his upper jaw, sliding into place as his existing canines crumbled to dust.

There was one more thing he needed to do, and, curled round Tom like they would never let each other go, he sank his new fangs into Tom's waiting neck. It completely blew his mind as the blood hit his tongue. It was food, it was sex, it was completion, it was everything.

He felt himself shuddering as his body gave the only physical response that was even close and he came without ever really realising he had been sexually aroused in the first place. It did not alarm him and he relished it as he felt Tom doing the same, but they could not maintain their current state for long. They were incomplete; parts of each of them were still human and a human body could only take so much. As the eddies of their shared orgasm faded, they slowly slid to the floor and reluctantly pulled their mouths away from each other's necks.

When he looked at Tom's face, his twin's eyes were brown again, but there was blood on his twin's lips and he could only assume the same could be said of him.

His mind was not functioning enough to consider what came next or what any of this meant, but he knew he was where he was supposed to be. Of once accord they lay down on the floor, and, as they curled together, Bill let sleep overcome him.

The End

## ***MMOM 18 - Not Pining Anymore***

**Fandom:** Panik RPS

**Pairing:** Linke/Jan/Juri

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** threesome

**Summary:** Sequel to Pining: Linke, Jan and Juri are now a three and it's time to explain it to the others.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Sequel to MMOM 16 - Pining

**Word count:** 3,205

Someone giggled, of that Linke was one hundred percent sure, but it took him a little while to figure out that the only person he knew who giggled like that was Jan.

"Stop laughing at me and help."

It wasn't Jan who spoke though, it was Juri and Linke's brain began to come on line. He was snuggled up to a warm body and hanging on rather possessively.

"Get used to it," Jan said, sounding completely unsympathetic, "I woke up like that every time we shared a bed for two weeks after we started sleeping together. Chris get's clingy."

Linke almost smiled at that and revealed he was awake, but decided to stay still for a while. He wasn't sure what motivated him, but Jan was right, he did get clingy in his sleep. The first time Jan had thought it was adorable, the second time, not so much and he'd bitched at him for the third and fourth before finally accepting it. It was funny, after Jan had accepted it, Linke's subconscious had seemed to not need to do it as much anymore.

"Please stop looking so smug and give me a hand," Juri seemed to be about to beg, "I need the bathroom and I don't want to wake him unless I have to."

That changed things and Linke lifted his head from where it was pillowed on Juri's chest.

"I'm awake," he said and blinked at his bed companions sleepily.

He wasn't sure how he managed it, or how he even stayed asleep, considering the position he was in was not completely comfortable, but he was wrapped quite well around Juri. Careful not to poke a limb where it would be unwanted, he removed the leg he had possessively hooked over one of Juri's and moved a little away from him new boyfriend so Juri could move.

"Sorry about that," he said, although he wasn't ashamed of his behaviour at all.

It always seemed right to him, so he didn't question it.

Juri looked at him and seemed to want to say something, but was clearly conflicted.

"Don't go back to sleep," Juri said after a moment and sat up, "we need to talk."

And then their large drummer very nimbly climbed out of bed and disappeared in the direction of the small bathroom. Linke used the opportunity to wake up a little

more and peered at the TV across the room with its little clock until it resolved into numbers. It was about three in the morning; he'd been asleep for a few hours. When he looked back at Jan, his boyfriend appeared disgustingly awake.

"How is it you are so bright and cheery at 2:51 am?" he asked, doing his best to kick his brain back into gear.

"Wait and you'll see," Jan replied and grinned at him.

That sounded a little ominous, but Linke sat up and forced his thoughts into motion rather than falling asleep like a lot of him was urging. It was as he finally managed to shake off the dopey, half awake lethargy that he began to feel it; it was like he was tingling or something. As he woke up, so did his nerves and they were giving him more information than usual. It was invigorating and a little strange.

"Good, isn't it," Jan said, leaning over to him and planting a kiss right on his mouth before he could reply.

The sensation that wasn't quite tingling, but was something akin to it, increased for a moment and then faded back to its original level again and Linke just sat there as Jan drew back.

"That's," he said, trying his best to think of something to describe it, but coming up empty.

"I know," Jan said, obscenely cheerful for so early in the morning, "that's Juri."

"Actually, that's us," Juri's voice made him turn and look at the entrance to the bathroom; he hadn't even noticed the flush going.

"But you're the one with the power," he said, not really following.

Juri walked back to the bed and sat down.

"No," their drummer corrected, "I'm just the one with the ability to access it. Humans are incredible power sources, it's just most of the time you don't know it's there and can't touch it. If humans had no power when human and yokai had children they would always be pure yokai because yokai power would overcome the human part, but that's not what happens."

Linke had never considered it that way, but then he had never considered it at all really since he hadn't thought yokai were real.

"Ugh," he said and flopped back onto the bed; "it's too early for deep conversations."

What he really meant was he needed time to get his head around the ideas floating inside it, but Juri seemed to get the message.

"Maybe you're right," Juri replied and smiled a rather mischievous smile, "but I'm not in the mood for sleep just now."

Linke had to admit that neither was he and if Jan had any more energy, their little DJ would probably have vibrated right out of the bed.



"We could watch some TV," Linke said in a neutral tone and watched Juri's smile widen.

He had had a feeling that would happen.

"I was thinking of something a little more physical," Juri replied, leaning over him in a way that had him thinking they might have created a monster; a good monster, but a monster never the less.

"Really?" he asked, trying to sound like his heart rate had not just doubled.

"Well I do have to pay you back," Juri said, still smiling in that rather unsettling way, "both of you, for molesting me in my sleep."

"Promise?" Jan asked, clearly enjoying the moment.

"Oh yes," Juri replied, looking at their DJ for a little while, "and I'll get to you in a moment, but I think Linke's in a better position right now."

Flat on his back and helpless could be called a position, Linke agreed, and his cock, which had taken an interest in proceedings at the simple sight of naked Juri going to the bathroom, seemed to think the whole thing was a wonderful idea, by the way it was responding. They had been covered in a sheet when he'd woken up (he wasn't sure who had covered them and he thought it best not to think about that) and it was now haphazardly thrown over his legs and waist. He did not even attempt to stop Juri, as the drummer slowly pulled the cotton off of him. The way it dragged over his cock made him whimper just a little.

"Oh look," Juri said, sounding far too smug, "I think maybe you're more interested than you let on, Chris."

"Maybe," Linke replied and smiled slightly himself.

He wasn't sure what Juri had in mind, but he had no intention of saying no. For a few moments Juri just hovered over him looking, which was hot in so many ways, especially since Jan seemed to be enjoying the show as well, and then Juri just bent down and ran his tongue up the underside of his needy cock.

"Holy fuck!" was Linke's response to that and he lost his fond association with words for a while as Juri sucked the head of his cock into a warm and very inviting mouth.

There was a god, that proved it and Linke let himself be taken to heaven.

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Morning came far too soon. Juri had meant it when he had promised to pay them both back and they had managed a couple more hours sleep, but Juri had insisted on being very thorough in his pay back before that. Linke kind of stumbled through his shower and didn't try and rationalise how a clean set of his clothes had ended up in the room. He suspected Elena, but he really didn't want to think too hard about that first thing in the morning. Unless he asked and she confirmed, his brain still had plausible deniability on certain facts.

Of course the light of day brought other questions, like the fact that they were in Juri's and Franky's room and Frank wasn't, so where was their singer? Linke assumed Elena had dealt with that as well, but as he pulled on his clothes, he

wondered what she would have told the others. There was no way Franky would have accepted a stranger's word without talking to David and Timo, which probably meant breakfast was going to be interesting.

"Everyone sentient?" Linke asked when they had all taken a shower and managed to find their clothes.

"Yeah," Juri replied, looking at the door, "but I think I'd rather stay in here."

Since Elena had not come calling, they had assumed they were supposed to appear outside the hotel room at some point, but none of them were quite sure what they would find.

"I'll protect you," Jan pipped up and gave Juri a hug, which made Linke laugh out loud.

The size difference between Jan and Juri just made the whole statement preposterous, which, he suspected, was why Jan had done it, since Juri was smiling as well.

"Let's hope we don't need protecting," was what Juri said and Linke took that as the cue to lead the way.

He opened the door and stuck his head into the corridor to find there was no one about. Before the whole evening had gone in strange directions, the band had agreed to meet up for breakfast in the restaurant next to the hotel. Since Linke was hungry, he decided to go with the old plan and headed off towards the lifts with Jan and Juri on his heels.

When they reached the restaurant, he wasn't sure if he was surprised or not to find Franky, David and Timo sitting at a table with Elena and Sebastien having what seemed to be a very cheerful breakfast.

"I see you started without us," he commented, taking one of the free chairs at the table.

"We weren't sure you were ever getting out of bed," Timo replied in an off hand tone and continued eating.

Franky blushed at that and there was obviously a story behind that, but Linke wasn't sure he wanted to know. The way David appeared amused made him think he definitely didn't want to know.

"Sit, eat," Elena said before the conversation could continue; "you can talk about everything afterwards."

From the way no one argued, Linke also concluded that Elena had all of them right where she wanted them.

They had had nothing formal planned for the day, which seemed to be a very good thing now and after they had eaten their fill, Elena shooed them all back into the hotel. She seemed to have rock band wrangling down to an art form. David had insisted they pack up first, since they had to be out of the hotel before twelve, but after that they all ended up in one room, without Elena and Sebastien, which seemed significant. Juri had had a quiet word with his grandmother, Linke had noticed, so he was willing to take his lead from the drummer.

"Could someone please just tell me what's going on?" Franky said as they all sat down, and their singer did appear rather confused.

The fact that they were divided down the centre of the room, Linke, Jan and Juri one side and Franky, David and Timo the other, did not escape Linke and he very deliberately went and sat on a chair on the other side of the room.

"There's something you don't know about me," Juri said and Linke realised it was going to be a very significant conversation indeed.

"Which has a lot to do why you suddenly have relatives coming out of the woodwork?" David said as Juri paused.

Juri nodded and Linke gave his new boyfriend a look of support.

"Is Elena your aunt," Franky asked, seemingly pleased that some sense was finally being made, "because I thought we met both your aunts at that family thing you dragged us to once?"

"Great grandmother, actually," Juri replied.

Linke was interested to see what his face had probably looked like when Elena had told him the same thing, because Franky, David and Timo all had very similar expressions.

"That would be physically impossible," Timo said in a very sure tone.

"Not really," Juri replied, playing it cool quite well, "she is going on for two hundred years old."

Franky looked as if he wasn't sure what the joke was supposed to mean; Timo seemed to be getting annoyed and David just appeared inscrutable.

"I assume you're going to explain the bad joke or give us a reason for what you just said," David spoke for all of them it seemed.

"She's not human," Juri said simply, "and neither am I, completely. We're yokai."

"Yokai, as in Japanese demons?" David said incredulously.

The way David's eyebrows almost reached his hairline would have been amusing at any other time.

"It's not a joke, it's true," he said, backing Juri up before anyone could doubt their drummer's word.

When David looked at him it was very clear that their resident musical genius was trying to work out if this was a very elaborate prank and couldn't think of any way it would be.

"Look, I had it easier," Linke said as David stared at him, "Elena proved it."

"Yeah, me too," Jan added, standing close to Juri.

"Can you prove it?" Timo asked, looking at Juri.

Juri appeared rather awkward.

"Um," Juri said slowly, "I'm not really in touch with my yokai side, I decided to stay human as long as I could. I'm not practiced."

"We could ask Elena," Linke suggested, since Elena's show had more than convinced him.

"No," Juri said, seemingly embarrassed at having to ask his grandmother for help, "I can do it, I just thought I'd warn you that I might not be very good at it."

"I'm sure you'll be fine," Jan said and nudged Juri on the arm.

Linke had to assume that revealing their true nature was not something yokai did very often because Juri appeared very nervous. When Juri let some of his power out, Linke felt it, felt it very directly in fact and found himself staring at Juri with complete concentration. Juri didn't look that different, but there was a gentle glow behind his blue eyes and there were markings on Juri's face as there had been on Elena's, but the most significant difference was that Juri's hair was streaked with black. Linke had to grip the side of the chair, because he so wanted to reach out and touch.

Jan, it seemed, didn't even try and stop himself, running his fingers over the soft strands while Linke tried not to be too jealous. Even so he crossed his legs rather hurriedly as his cock decided to take interest: yokai Juri spoke to his baser instincts even more than Juri did in his human guise and that was saying something since the previous evening. His imagination was far too good and was painting very interesting pictures of Juri and Jan and Linke had to squash them ruthlessly.

"Okay," Franky said in a very uncertain voice as Juri returned to normal, "so what does this mean?"

"Nothing really," Juri said, kind of helplessly, "I haven't changed."

"It's only our relationship that has," Linke decided Juri needed more backup and it also gave him a chance to shift in his seat and change his position. "Last night Juri had a reaction to me and Jan, then we hooked up; that's all that's changed. For the record, we are not unhooking."

"What he said," Jan agreed and lent against Juri to make his point.

"All this because you guys decided to get kinky?" Timo asked, rather incredulously.

Put like that it did seem to be quite a lot of trouble.

"It's more complicated than that," Juri said in a quiet, serious voice. "The reaction Chris tactfully tried to gloss over was all my fault and it could have gone a lot of different ways."

"What you guys haven't been able to see is Juri getting weaker and weaker over the last couple of months," Linke jumped in again. "Last night was do or die."

David at least appeared more sympathetic now.

"Juri collapsed," Jan added quietly; "he wasn't going to wake up."

After that Timo's eyes opened in shock and Franky looked very pale.

"I don't really want to be anything more than a drummer," Juri said after several moments of strained silence, "but sometimes my heritage bites me on the arse."

Linke could tell the others were processing everything and he finally stood up and went back to stand next to his partners. He knew this took time to process, so he waited.

"This is so far out," Timo said, looking at them, looking away and then looking at David.

"I was going to say weird," Franky added.

"So what's new?" was David's surprisingly flippant response.

Timo now appeared to think David had lost his mind.

"Oh give it up," David said, uncurling from where he was sitting on one of the beds, "so they're going to be at it even more than Jan and Linke were, but really, nothing else is different, we just know more. We aren't going to suddenly find bogeymen hiding under the bed I take it?"

Juri actually smiled slightly at that analogy.

"No," Juri said and seemed to relax slightly, "and I promise not to invite any of the weirder relations to concerts."

That made Linke wonder what relatives Juri might have, but he decided not to think about it.

"Right, great," David said and gave Timo a glare Linke recognised as don't make trouble, "then we have an hour to get out of here and then we're supposed to be practicing this afternoon. We can talk about this more when we're up to speed for tomorrow night's gig."

And that was it; David had spoken. Linke had the feeling he was going to be cornered by Timo at least, probably several times, before Timo had enough knowledge to be comfortable, but things were looking, well, almost normal. They needed to say good bye to Elena and Sebastien and Linke had another feeling that they would be seeing more of Juri's great grandmother in the near future, but when David said back to work everyone knew not to argue.

Franky still looked shell shocked, but Linke was actually pretty sure their singer would deal with the information the best once he was over the shock. David and Timo would need a little more, but he was almost sure Franky would just accept it.

"We'll see you down at the van," Jan said to Juri, grabbing Linke's arm and dragging him out.

That was perfectly normal, so Linke just went with it. The fact that Jan could be a bossy little so and so when he wanted to be was not really a secret, but Linke did wonder if Juri really knew what he was in for.

The End

## ***MMOM 19 - Quite Deliberate***

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Bill/Tom

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** twincest, vampire

**Summary:** Sequel to MMOM 17 - Accidental: Becoming a vampire is a very big deal, but Bill and Tom are facing it together and enjoying it.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Just a word of warning, Soph's comment when she sent back the fic was: "You bitch, ending it there!" ;)

**Word count:** 3,101

"Can I eat him, just a little, please?" Bill asked after having slammed the door closed.

He knew he was whining, but he was just a little fed up of being asked stupid questions.

Rather than giving him an answer, he found Tom's arms winding round him from behind and drawing him close. The way Tom kissed at his neck made him shiver in a delighted way and the tension began to flow out of him. They had officially been vampires for ten days and although, under the law, that gave them certain protections, the fact that Tom had managed to partially infect Bill without even being in the same room had people asking questions; scientific type people and vampires as well.

"You can eat me," Tom told him silently.

As it turned out, there had only been two sets of vampire twins in the history of the vampire nation and both of those had been turned at the same time, by the same maker. What seemed to fascinate the vampires was that he and Tom registered as one being on vampire radar; something that had never been recorded before. As far as the media was concerned, Tom had successfully turned and then managed to entice his twin into the isolation room and turned him as well, but those in the know knew differently.

Luckily for them, their unusual status meant that the vampires, at least, weren't so much as batting an eyelid about the fact that they were having sex, whenever and wherever they could. Young vampires were supposed to have the sex drive of a nymphomaniac in a brothel, or so one of their instructors had so colourfully put it, so that part had been expected, and the whole one entity part meant no one was trying to second guess their urges when it came to each other. However, as far as the human world was concerned, they were still just brothers.

"When do you think they'll let us back to work?" Bill asked, pushing the words into Tom's mind rather than speaking them aloud.

"Soon, I hope," Tom replied in kind, continuing to kiss and nip lightly at his neck in the most distracting way. "We've had the crash course in vampire law so they can't keep us here much longer."

They had not woken up in the hospital after Bill's entrance into the isolation room; they had woken up in the home of Jan Zellus, one of Hamburg's most prominent vampires. While they had been asleep, their turning had been deemed successful and so they had gone from being Accidentals to being fully fledged vampires and hence deserving of attention. What had filled between then and

now was days and nights filled with various people teaching them everything they needed to know and people asking them, what Bill considered to be, very stupid questions. Vampires needed very little sleep, so it had been full on most of the time.

It wasn't as if they knew what had happened to them; it just had.

"You need to relax, Lover," Tom purred in his mind, seemingly far less uptight than he was.

Becoming a vampire had definitely done Tom some good; all the nervous tension that had been plaguing him for months seemed to have drained away. Bill liked his twin this way and he had no doubt they were going to knock the fans dead when they were finally allowed back to their lives. They had seen Gustav and Georg and David precisely once since they had turned and about all they had had time to do was assure their manager and friends that they definitely, one hundred percent, were not quitting.

Jan had thought it was hilarious when they had revealed that little bit of information. Vampires just didn't become rock stars, a fact Bill thought was just an indication of how stuffy the vampire nation was, and Jan seemed delighted by the idea that they weren't going to stop.

Bright daylight was uncomfortable, but not debilitating, and there were plenty of ways to avoid that, so that wasn't a problem. From what little David had been able to tell them, the record company were wetting themselves about keeping them signed, so there was no problem from that direction either, which just left the hurdle of the fact they couldn't keep their hands off each other.

As if to underline this train of thought, Bill felt one of Tom's hands working on his belt, so he gave a little help and released it, allowing Tom to start on his flies instead. It didn't matter which of them was being touched anymore; it affected them both and, as Bill felt himself hardening, he pushed back against Tom to find an answering hardness.

It was like there was only a thin curtain between their minds now, one through which pleasure and pain and anything intense flowed with ease. Their thoughts were their own if they wanted them to be, but Bill never actively tried to keep anything from Tom; if things passed across, they passed across and that was all there was to it.

"I thought this day would never end," Bill told his twin and he wasn't really sure if he spoke out loud or not; it made so little difference to them that sometimes he didn't notice.

Sometimes they didn't even use words, they just knew what the other wanted or was trying to say without communicating in such a direct manner. Their friends were used to them being close, but Bill had no doubt that sooner or later they were going to freak someone out with their connection.

Tom's hand slipped into Bill's jeans and underwear and he moaned quietly at the wonderful sensation. It flowed through him and the reactions from Tom that mirrored his own only heightened the experience. They had discovered pretty quickly that with things bouncing between them such moments could become very intense very quickly and they could get off in record time if they wanted to, but that wasn't what Bill was after just then. Of course Tom knew without having to be told and was taking it slow, only stroking him gently.

"I've been thinking about doing this for the last hour," Tom told him, grazing a fang over his neck; "you have no idea how hard it was keeping that from you while you answered that guy's questions."

Heat flashed through Bill at that; he actually had a fair idea of how much work Tom had to have put in to do that.

The scientist who had been studying them today had interviewed them separately, Tom first and then Bill. The man had had no idea that putting them in different rooms made no difference whatsoever and they were both so fed up of the questions that neither had bothered to enlighten him. Bill hadn't even bothered to remember the man's name; in fact he had delighted in getting it wrong several times.

"Thank you for making the effort," Bill replied, breath catching in his throat as Tom took it up a gear and started to play with him a little more intently; "that interview would have been ten times worse wanting you."

He put his head right back over Tom's shoulder, giving Tom even more access to his neck and revelled in the feeling of Tom licking over the tiny wound he had just made. Drinking from each other, even a tiny amount was such an intimate thing that it made Bill's stomach flutter with more than arousal. This was something they would never share with another vampire. Within the vampire nation to feed from another of your own kind was an honour or a punishment. The one feeding could take power from the one giving and it was used as a gift or as a way to diminish criminals. With them their power was shared anyway and so it made no difference, but it still caused shifts within them that were like nothing else.

Bill was completely wrapped up in Tom, feeling everything that was flowing between them, almost as if they were one body. In a way they were, since Bill had discovered very directly one morning that it made no difference which twin had which shell. He had climbed out of bed before he had noticed that something wasn't quite right and he had turned to see his own body still lying under the duvet, barely stirring. The shock had snapped him back into his own shell almost instantly and Tom had been left standing up, very confused and only half awake, but it had taught them they were capable of swapping bodies if they wanted to.

When Tom played him, Bill nearly always lost all sense of time and place and the only thing that mattered was what was passing between them. Bill didn't know how long Tom caressed him, all he knew was the building passions within him and within his beloved twin and he let it go on and on as their arousal built. It was so very good.

"I want to come, Tomi," Bill whispered and this time he knew he used his voice, "make me come."

It was all Tom had been waiting for and Tom moved his hand just so, speeding up a little and Bill felt his balls tightening and his orgasm trying to rip free. There was just a moment when Bill felt like he was right at the top looking over, like on a rollercoaster in the very first car and then he was crashing down the other side as the most wonderful sensations ripped through him. Of course Tom's body answered in kind and Tom's other arm pulled them close so they were pressed up against each other as they rode out the hurricane of feeling passing through both of them.



Bill was sure he would never become tired of it, not even if they lived to be ten thousand years old. This was living and he did not even try and control himself, trusting Tom to hold them through this one. Sometimes he was the rock, sometimes Tom, but it never really mattered.

"I love you," Tom told him as they slowly came down and Bill smiled.

Rather than replying in words, he just sent back everything he felt for his twin and heard Tom hum quietly in pleasure. The sex was good, but this was the best part; the moment that always came sooner or later where they confirmed their joy at being together. They did not need sex to do it, but after sex it never failed to happen, as if they required it as much as any other thing necessary to survive.

Bill opened his eyes as the last aftershocks reverberated through him and realised they were not alone. Jan was leaning against the doorway watching them with hungry but amused eyes.

"Don't mind me," Jan said as soon as the other vampire realised he had been noticed, "I just came to invite you to dinner, but don't stop on my account."

"Pervert," was Tom's response, but Tom was laughing.

One thing vampires were not uptight about was sex. Since they were immune to all known sexually transmitted diseases, pregnancy was not an issue and they were very tactile creatures, sex was very definitely on the menu. The most famous brothel in Amsterdam was run by a vampire; an old and respected profession as far as vampires were concerned. Tom had laughed his arse off when Jan had told them that being rock stars would be frowned upon, but running a sex club would be perfectly fine. Vampires were very, very odd.

Very deliberately Bill pulled Tom's hand from his underwear and then lifted it to his mouth and sucked Tom's fingers clean, one by one while looking Jan in the eye. He saw their new friend's eyes flash with desire before the vampire turned away with a chuckle.

"Such delicious creatures," he heard Jan say before walking out with a wave.

"We'll be down in a minute," Tom said in parting and Bill just smiled to himself.

He was very much enjoying his new outlook on life.

"One day you're going to tease him too much and then we won't know what hit us," Tom said silently as they watched their friend go.

Bill turned then and put his arms over Tom's shoulders.

"As long as it's both of us," he replied, smiling all the while, "do you really care?"

That made Tom smile as well.

"I created a fiend," he said dramatically, out loud this time and Bill laughed at his twin's antics.

Bill had had sex precisely once before they became vampires; he hadn't lied about his lack of virgin status, but he'd never gone looking for round two. Now he was beginning to see what he had been missing and as long as Tom was involved he was game for just about anything.

"Shower, then dinner," Tom decided and headed for the bathroom.

That gave Bill some more ideas and Tom looked over his shoulder and rolled his eyes.

"Quick shower," Tom corrected and grinned, but Bill followed his twin anyway.

They made it down to dinner twenty minutes later.

"I wondered when you would deign to join us," Jan said as Bill swept into the room with his usual flare.

"Mum!" he all but squeaked when he saw who else was at the dinner table.

Much hugging ensued since they hadn't seen their mother for a couple of days. Their mum clearly found the new aspect of their relationship uncomfortable and hence had declined the offer to stay with Jan as well, but she, as well as the rest of the family, was trying to understand them and that was all Bill was willing to ask for. What their friends were going to say when they found out he had no idea, but he was positive it would happen; vampire urges were hard to control all the time.

The table was spread with an assortment of junk food. Bill had been delighted when he had discovered that he could eat literally anything he liked. Vampire's metabolised blood; it was their only food source and anything else just passed right through, so Bill could eat all the junk food he liked and never put on so much as a gram. The fact that he also had no need to even attempt to eat vegetables had pleased him no end. Jan had tried to tell him that eating was a pleasure he would come to relish for its diversity over time, but that conversation had ended with an exasperated comment about the young and had failed to convince Bill of any of it. Broccoli was evil and that's all there was to it.

Of course they did have to make sure they had blood every day, but there were specialist suppliers for that, so it wasn't as if it was a problem. Drinking from human beings was encouraged only as a last resort or for mutual pleasure where the human party was fully aware of the risks. There hadn't been an accidental turning because of feeding in twenty years according to Jan, but it paid to never be too careful. All it took was one drop of vampire blood into the human blood stream and that was it.

"Let's eat before it gets cold," Jan invited, sitting at the head of the table.

Bill slipped into a chair and waited for his mother and Tom to do the same before reaching for a slice of pizza. There were some vegetables on the table as well, for "the adults", but Bill grinned when Jan reached for pizza as well. He was pretty sure Jan was enjoying the foray into junk food even if the vampire pretended to be doing it for them. Bill didn't know how old Jan was, since asking was not done and Jan had not seen fit to mention it, but he thought Jan was a bit of a rebel at heart, just like he and Tom were.

"I am sorry to say, My Dear Boys," Jan said after they had eaten the main course and chatted for a while, "but this will be our last dinner together. Your instructors tell me you have learned all you need to know for now and it is time for you to return home."

Bill managed to drop the spoon with which he had been eating ice cream, but luckily it landed on the table cloth without bouncing off into his lap.

"Home?" he heard Tom ask.

"Indeed," Jan replied, smiling at Tom fondly, "you both have everything you need to survive as members of the vampire nation and it is time to return to your lives. Of course you are welcome to visit whenever you wish."

That made Bill beam; he liked Jan a lot. Over their stay they had become very good friends and, on impulse, he stood up and walked to the end of the table to give Jan a quick hug and a kiss.

"Thank you," he said and found himself a little sad to be leaving.

Even though he wanted to return to being in Tokio Hotel, he had really enjoyed staying in Jan's home. He had treated them like his own family rather than the interlopers they were and that meant a great deal to Bill and Tom.

"You are welcome, Trouble," Jan responded and hugged him back, "but now I believe your ice-cream is melting."

Bill laughed at that and bounced back to his seat.

"There will be a car here for you in the morning," Jan told them as Bill went back to his ice-cream, "so I suggest we celebrate this evening."

"That sounds like fun," Tom replied on behalf of them both.

It also started Bill thinking and he sat there for a while listening to Jan and their mother talk, turning an idea over in his head.

"Tom," he said silently after a few moments, "do you think we should thank Jan properly; after mum has left?"

Tom didn't look remotely surprised as their eyes met and just smiled.

"I knew you were going to say that," was Tom's response, but there was a wicked gleam in his twin's eye.

As one they looked down the table at Jan and Bill found himself smiling along with Tom. Jan definitely deserved a proper thank you and it wasn't as if they needed more than an hour of two's sleep.

The End

## ***MMOM 20 - Release***

**Fandom:** Masters of the Universe (Dolph Lundgren movie version)

**Pairing:** He-Man/Kevin

**Rating:** R

**Warnings/Spoilers:** semi-explicit sex, spoilers for the movie

**Summary:** Battles had an effect on people that Kevin is discovering while they all recover from the confrontation with Skeletor before returning home.

**Author's Notes:** Okay, so this is He-man movie-verse, but I've added a little of the 80's cartoon into it as well (not much, but a little :)). Don't ask me why I suddenly had the urge to write Master of the Universe; I've just given up arguing with my brain. Thanks to Soph for the Beta.

**Word Count:** 2,154

The sorceress had healed Julie, but had forbidden them to travel back home straight away to give Julie time to rest. Since Julie was asleep, that left Kevin at a loose end and he was wandering around. He wasn't sure where he was going and he had to admit he was a little lost by the time he wandered past a doorway and saw a familiar figure. More relieved than anything else, he walked forward and knocked on the door jam. He-man looked up and immediately smiled.

"Kevin," the man greeted, "please come in."

"I don't mean to intrude," Kevin said, but stepped in anyway; "the sorceress put Julie to sleep for a while and I thought I'd explore, but I think I'm lost."

That earned him an amused look from his friend.

"Grayskull can be very tricky for strangers," He-man told him and put down the sword he had been sharpening.

"Very beautiful though," Kevin felt the need to defend the castle, even with it's tricky passages.

He-man nodded in agreement.

"Definitely that," the hero of Eternia told him. "Would you like some food, I just fetched some from the kitchens."

It was only then that Kevin realised he was rather hungry, so he sat down on the other side of the small table that was stacked with fruit and some dishes he could not name.

"Thank you," he said and smiled, "we ate earlier, but I seem to be hungry again."

"It's the magic," He-man told him, picking up a piece of something fruitlike and beginning to eat it; "it can be draining on a body's resources sometimes. Most of us have been doing a lot of eating since we returned."

That made sense and so Kevin didn't feel so bad about tucking in.

"That's a relief," he said after swallowing a delicious mouthful of something, "I didn't want to seem greedy."

That made He-man laugh.

"I do not think anyone will think that," He-man told him. "I believe I saw Teela and Duncan leaving the kitchens with what looked like a barrow full of food when I arrived."

Kevin laughed as well; it made for a funny mental image.

They ate in silence for a few moments, but brining up Teela had nudged a question in Kevin's mind that he had been wondering about since they had seen the Eternians in action. Eventually he couldn't resist.

"So," he said, trying to sound casual, "are you and Teela, umm, y'know?"

He-man looked at him and appeared somewhat confused.

"I'm sorry," He-man said, "I don't understand."

They were quite used to not quite following the meaning of each other after their joint battle against Skeletor, but Kevin had hoped this would have been universal.

"Is she your girlfriend?" he asked.

"She is a very good friend," He-man replied with a smile.

Clearly they were getting nowhere.

"Are you and she an item?" Kevin tried again. "Y'know, together? You seemed close."

He-man finally seemed to catch on.

"Oh," the man said and grinned, "no we are comrades in arms, but never more than that. You and Julie, however, I believe are destined to be together a long time."

Kevin smiled at that; he hoped so. He was a little shocked at He-man's open admission, but he assumed that such things were just accepted in Eternia. It would have been so much easier if there weren't bigoted idiots at home.

"Yeah, I want to be with her for the rest of my life," Kevin replied, thinking fondly of his beautiful girlfriend.

Unfortunately his thoughts went a little further than he had hoped; the last time he had seen Julie she had been all but naked under a very flimsy sheet. One of the reasons he had decided to take a walk was to work off the excess energy and wandering ideas in his head. He and Julie hadn't actually ever gone all the way; after her parents had died it just hadn't seemed right, but he had lots of imagination.

"She is a very beautiful girl," He-man agreed, "and a beautiful soul; you are very lucky."

Kevin nodded and shifted in his seat; yeah, she was beautiful alright.

"Is everything alright, Kevin?" He-man asked after a few moments. "You seemed uncomfortable."

"Oh, it's nothing," he replied a little too quickly and shifted in his seat again.

He just knew he was blushing.

"Ah," He-man said with a knowing smile, "yes, the after effects of a battle can be most distracting."

Well that was one way of putting it.

"Perhaps we could alleviate each other's problem?" was not what Kevin expected to hear next.

For a moment he thought he had heard wrong, then he decided they were misunderstanding each other again.

"What?" was about the most sensible question he could come up with.

"You and I," He-man replied as if it was the most normal thing in the world, "if it pleases you, could assist each other. I also find myself with left over adrenaline and magical currents which have affected me in a similar way to that which they had affected you."

Kevin was sure his mouth was hanging open and then he began to get a little annoyed. They had just been talking about how much he loved Julie and now he was being propositioned; he didn't like that at all.

"I think I'll go," he said tersely and stood up.

He-man looked confused.

"Kevin, have I offended you?" the man asked as he went to walk out.

"Offended?" he replied, unable to keep his anger in any more. "Why would I be offended when we were just talking about the woman I love and then you go and ask me that?"

He-man looked even more confused, but then seemed to realise something.

"Ah," He-man said as if he had just thought of a possibility that had not occurred to him before, "I apologise, I believe we may have found yet another cultural difference between our worlds; I meant no offense. I offered nothing more than I would any male comrade in arms. Please, sit and finish your meal."

Now Kevin was left feeling wrong footed and confused, but he did sit back down again.

"I don't get it," he admitted, but did not touch the food again yet.

"Then allow me to explain," He-man replied, seemingly very pleased that he had chosen to sit. "In Eternia we have a warrior code, we have always been a warrior people even though we strive for peace. On the battle field the spirits are raised and oft times other needs as well, but there are no lovers in the places of battle. That which I offered was simple release, nothing more, that which a man would offer another man or a woman would offer another woman, not that which a lover would offer another. I fear that in your world there is no such distinction?"

"Not so much," Kevin said, realising he had judged He-man a little too harshly. "So it's just something a friend does for another then?"

He-man smiled at that and nodded.

"Precisely," He-man replied and went back to eating; "the touch of another is often much more satisfying than dealing with such a situation oneself."

That gave Kevin something to think about; the Eternians definitely seemed less uptight than people were at home. He remembered reading somewhere about ancient Greeks or something like that being of the same opinion.

"So do you have anyone at the moment?" he found himself asking, because he didn't feel comfortable only knowing part of things.

He-man looked sad for a moment and then shook his head.

"No," the other man replied, "I have not had a lover for some time. I had one once, he was beautiful and his name was Elan."

Kevin made a mental note that Eternians were definitely not as uptight at the man part.

"Once, when I was younger I was two men; a prince and a hero," He-man said with a sad smile. "No one knew that Prince Adam became He-man and as a prince I allowed myself a lover. But then Elan was killed in one of Skeletor's raids and I realised that I could no longer be two people; that Eternia needed me to be He-man all the time. I went to the sorceress and asked her to grant me the power at all times, which she reluctantly did. I believe she still expects me to return and ask to become Adam again, and who knows, now that Skeletor is dead, perhaps I will be able to."

It sounded like such a lonely existence and Kevin suddenly felt like a real heel for having rejected He-man's offer so harshly, given that he knew it had been made out of genuine friendship. Things on Eternia were different because of more than magic and he was beginning to see that. He came to a very quick decision.

"Can I change my mind?" he said, leaping in on impulse.

He-man appeared surprised again.

"Kevin," the man said kindly, "you do not need to feel obliged to me. This is not something I would coerce you into doing."

"You're not," he assured his companion. "Look, you're right, the battle did do things to me and I have been wondering what to do about it and this is your world, your culture and while I'm here I should try and adapt and we could help each other out."

It all came out in a bit more of a rush than Kevin would have liked, but it did earn him a small smile from He-man.

"Perhaps," was the enigmatic response, "but for now, let us eat. We can decide on this later."

As it turned out, eating became listening to stories of battles and victories for Kevin as He-man explained all about Eternia and her continuing stand against all that was dark. They moved from sitting at the table, to sitting on a very comfortable couch and Kevin reciprocated by telling He-man about some of the

scrapes he had gotten into because of the band. It was nothing compared to He-man's exploits, but He-man seemed to enjoy hearing about them anyway.

It was only when it was getting much later that Kevin realised he was still buzzed and somehow, once again in a less than comfortable state. The Eternian's seemed to know what they were on about when they said battle had a certain effect; maybe it was all the magic that was flung around or the fallout from the futuristic laser weapon things, but Kevin definitely couldn't seem to shake his body's needs.

"Allow me to assist you?" He-man asked when Kevin had been squirming in his seat for a few minutes.

This was it; the offer again and Kevin thought about it one more time and then nodded. He-man smiled and reached over, helping him to undo the pants he was wearing. His normal clothes were being cleaned, so he was wearing Eternian garb, of which He-man's nimble fingers made very short work. There did not seem to be any bashfulness about the whole thing and Kevin gasped and leant back a bit as He-man wrapped a very strong hand around his cock. There was definitely something to be said for it not being his own hand as his nerves sang.

"Just relax, Kevin," He-man said in a gentle tone, "I have you."

And He-man definitely did, that was for sure. It also became very clear very quickly that He-man knew exactly what he was doing and was very good at it, because he had Kevin falling apart, bit by bit, under his hand. Julie had touched him there precisely once when they had fumbled around in the back of his car and he hated to admit it, but there was a lot to be said for experience. His brain felt like it was melting as He-man worked him and all ability to move was slowly being removed from his limbs.

When he finally bucked into He-man's hand and came it sent the most incredibly good feelings into every corner of his body and he was left gasping and sated and, for the first time since they had arrived in Eternia, relaxed. All tension seemed to have fallen out of him and all he could do was sit there, head back, eyes closed and breathe.

"Kevin," He-man asked after a few moments, "are you well?"

That made Kevin laugh, just a little.

"Yeah," he replied, finally opening his eyes and lifting his head, "my brain's mush, but I'm very much fine, thank you. Give me a few minutes to recover and I'll do my best to pay you back."

Then he let his head flop back again and enjoyed the after glow. That seemed to amuse He-man, who laughed gently.

"Take your time, Kevin," He-man said from beside him, "take your time."

The End



## ***MMOM 21 – Welcome to My World***

**Fandom:** Panik RPS

**Pairing:** Franky/Linke

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** dubious consent

**Summary:** Franky has lost a weekend and what he does remember about it is too fantastic to consider as being real. Unfortunately it's more real than he knows and Linke is about to discover why.

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

**Word count:** 3,149

They had had the weekend off, as in completely free in the run up to a really intense part of the year. Like the last weekend of holidays before going back to school in the good ole days of childhood. In the spirit of this, Franky had decided to do some partying. He'd gone out on the Friday night with some friends he hadn't seen in a while, and the problem was, now it was Monday morning and he didn't remember anything past about ten on the Friday evening. He'd met a girl in the first club and then ... nothing.

Well that wasn't strictly true, he did remember flashes of things, but they were too bizarre to have been real. Girls turning into monsters while you were having sex with them might be every guy's nightmare, but reality, Franky didn't think so. They whole girl screaming and being beheaded by two guys wielding swords as seen from hiding in a cupboard was also an interesting take on bad dreams.

The only conclusion he could come to was that someone had slipped him something on the Friday and he'd had a really bad trip. He wasn't stupid; when he'd woken up somewhere strange in the early hours of Monday morning, he had taken himself to the nearest hospital and been checked out, but there was absolutely nothing wrong with him. He had been declared as fit as a fiddle; no bruises, no cuts, no sign of anything strange at all. In fact the doctor had told him he was the healthiest specimen he'd seen in a long time.

"Woah, you look like you had either a really amazing weekend or the worst imaginable," Linke said as Franky walked into the practice room.

"When I remember it, I'll let you know," was what he replied and decided to find coffee.

Linke seemed to think he was joking and laughed and, since Franky really didn't want to talk about it, he gave a half arsed smile and headed for the kitchen. He'd been wide awake at the hospital, but now he was beginning to feel sleepy. He met David on the way and muttered a hello, but was very, very grateful when he found caffeine. By the time everyone arrived and they started rehearsal, he was almost sentient. Given the way Jan looked, he didn't think he was the only one who had decided that partying was a good idea.

The full on schedule was starting the next day; they were doing appearances to promote the album and then new single from then until eternity and after rehearsing most of the day, they all climbed into a van and headed for a hotel that evening. They weren't too far from home, but their appointment in the morning was on one of those breakfast shows and so they were all staying close rather than virtually not bothering to go to bed.

Franky barely realised he was sharing with Linke until they were both in the hotel room and then he really didn't care. He was pretty sure he was going to sleep like the dead and so it didn't make a huge amount of difference who he was rooming with. One day they were going to be famous enough so they didn't have to share hotel rooms, he was sure, but today was not that day.

"Gonna use the bathroom," he said, or at least mostly said, since he wasn't feeling overly coherent.

He cleaned up, considered taking a shower and then decided to leave it to the morning and then walked into the other room, fell into his bed and passed out like a light.

It was dark when he opened his eyes again, the only light in the room being the glow from behind the curtains from the street lights outside. From being completely asleep he went to completely awake and he wasn't sure why, well other than the fact that he was hungry. He'd cooked them all a huge meal before they had left for the hotel, so he wasn't sure why he was hungry, but he'd given up arguing with his metabolism as a teenager and wasn't overly bothered by that part. The waking up from a perfectly good sleep, however, was annoying.

Grumbling to himself, he put his head back down on the pillow and willed sleep to come back. Then Linke rolled over in the other bed and made an odd snuffling noise before settling again and Franky found that his whole focus was suddenly on his friend. Sleep was now a mere memory and he looked across the room, picking out Linke's features in the darkness where his companion was now lying on his back. It was as if something had just switched on in him, like a light and it had narrowed his world down to Linke. For no reason he could explain, he felt hungry and horny and both needs were focussed completely on Linke.

He did not stop to ask why, or what he thought he was doing, he just pushed the duvet back off himself and climbed out, prowling across the short distance to the other bed and looking down. It was a cheap hotel, the beds weren't huge and Linke was sprawled across his awkwardly where it clearly wasn't quite long enough for the bassist's lanky frame. Franky could see well in the dim light now, his eyes having adjusted and he looked down at his friend for a little while.

Linke was handsome and he wondered why he'd never noticed it before. There was muscle on that lean body, although Franky thought Linke could do with an extra meal or two, and he found himself wanting to see more of it. Without questioning himself, he reached out and carefully pulled the duvet back, revealing more and more of Linke's long frame and smiling more and more as he did. He found that he wanted to explore that body, he wanted to taste it and investigate it and he threw the duvet over the end of the bed.

If only took him a moment to climb on and he pinned Linke down with his own body, holding Linke's arms beside his head with ease. Of course his move woke Linke up.

"Franky?" Linke sounded startled but still sleepy. "Frank, what the fuck?"

"I want you," he replied simply, because he did; it was that simple.

"Get the fuck off me," was Linke's immediate response, bucking to try and shift him off, but all that did was excite him more.

"I don't think so," he said and looked straight into Linke's eyes, "I think you want me too."

Linke continued to try and push him off, but slowly his friend's movements became less and eventually Linke was staring into his eyes and not resisting at all.

"Yes," Linke said, blinking once as if in a dream, "yes I want you."

Franky smiled and let go of where he was holding Linke's arms.

"Good boy," he said and sat up so he could look down at Linke beneath him.

So much lovely skin to play with, he didn't know where to start. It was only a stab of hunger that made his decision for him; playing would have to wait for another day.

"I guess I'll have to see what you're made of another time," he said, moving down the bed and urging Linke's legs apart; "I need instant gratification now."

He didn't know how he knew what he needed, or even why he needed it, but everything seemed completely straight forward, so he followed his instincts. Linke's only clothes were a pair of grey boxers and they were in the way, so Franky shredded them with the nails of his right hand. That gave him pause for a moment and he looked at his own hand as he realised it had changed in that the nails were long and razor sharp. He hadn't expected that, and watched as they faded to normal.

This was not normal; rationally he knew that, but it didn't seem to matter and his attention soon turned back to the cock he had just freed from its material confines.

"Linke, you don't seem to be enjoying this yet," he said, looking up the bed at where Linke was watching him with glassy eyes; "we need to change that."

Reaching out, he wrapped his fingers around Linke's unresponsive cock and slowly began to stroke. Linke made a little noise in the back of his throat, letting his head fall back on the pillow and Franky knew he had his friend completely. Linke was already hardening in his hand and he could feel the sexual energy building. This is what he wanted, what he needed and it felt so good. Linke would give him what he needed.

Then, out of nowhere there was a flash of light on the other side of the room and Franky turned to see two men appear out of thin air. They both had swords and were wearing some sort of light leather armour and he knew instinctively that they were the enemy. The vague recollections of the weekend came back and he knew where he had seen them before: they had killed Becca, he had seen them through the gap in the wardrobe doors.

"Get away from him, demon spawn," one of the men said and lifted his sword.

Franky snarled and backed off the bed to give himself room to move. He could sense the danger, but he was not afraid. He was going to kill them both and then return to his meal. After this he wouldn't be able to hide; he would have to move on, which was even more annoying.

"I'm going to enjoy killing you," he all but growled and then one of them went to attack.

"Enough!" a voice Franky had not expected, roared and his attacker bounced off an invisible barrier that glowed blue where the man touched it.

He turned to see Linke standing beside the bed, still naked, but with one hand outstretched, palm glowing. The two men with swords looked astounded and very, very confused and Franky thought that for once, he and they might be in agreement.

"Mage," one of the men said with reverence, "we ..."

"Didn't bother to check before you charged in," Linke said, clearly furious.

"But we trailed him from another site, Mage," the other man tried. "Last night we thought a she-demon had killed him, but then we felt the spark."

"It takes three days for a succubus to fully drain a human male," Linke snapped back as if talking to an idiot, "any child knows that, I sensed the corruption the moment I came into contact with him and until you buffoons arrived I had everything under control."

The two warriors looked unconvinced of that and Franky had to agree with them there.

"But, Mage," the first one tired again.

"But nothing," Linke said in a very dangerous tone. "He has never killed, you imbeciles; his soul is not lost. If you had not so noisily interrupted, he would have fed from me and been bound. As a mage I am quite capable of maintaining a bound familiar."

The two men looked abashed and although Franky had no idea what Linke was talking about, it seemed to make sense to everyone else in the room.

"Apologies, Mage," one of the men said and they both bowed, "what do you wish of us?"

"Leave," was the very succinct reply.

There was no arguing; the two men sheathed their swords, touched the centre of a pendant they each wore and vanished as quickly as they had come. That left Franky in a room with Linke; a person he clearly didn't really know.

"Oh, stop looking at me like that," Linke said, shaking his head and sitting down on the bed, "and come and sit down. There are things you need to know and I was going to explain after I bound you, but now I'll have to explain before. Just so you know, though, I can kill you with a thought and if you fight me I will have to."

Franky didn't like the sound of that, but he could feel Linke's power and he didn't doubt what his friend said. He was still hungry and Linke still attracted him, but he sat down with great reluctance.

"There are two worlds," Linke said simply, looking him in the eye; "one is this world, all science, the other is magical, everything from elves to demons."

Sometimes they touch and things from one world end up in the other and the things from my world should not be here. By the way, in case you were wondering, I found out that that was my world when I turned sixteen and was dragged there by my grandfather. When I disappear for the odd day, that's where I go, only for me it can be months. Because I'm a mage I can create the portals and chose the time they open."

It made a kind of sense at least.

"You were picked up by a succubus some time this weekend," Linke told him; "she was draining your life force through sex. She should not have been in this world, which was why the warriors came through and killed her. When she fed from you she contaminated you and because you didn't die, the contamination has spread. You now need to feed like she did. Because you haven't yet taken another life your soul is still pure, which gives you two choices. Number one, you feed from me and allow me to bind you. This will mean you will only ever be able to feed from me, but you won't need to kill. Number two you kill someone and become a full incubus. You understand though, I can't allow the second; you're my friend, Franky, but an incubus in this world could do unspeakable damage."

In one weekend it seemed to Franky as if his whole life had been turned on its head.

"Am I a monster?" he asked, finally giving his logical brain time to kick in.

"No," Linke replied, clearly sympathetic, "not yet. Most of the time you probably won't feel much different, although you are going to be more sensitive to sexual things; you'll probably have to get used to knowing the sex lives of the whole band."

That would have been amusing a couple of hours earlier.

"How the hell did you keep all this quiet?" he asked, feeling just a little betrayed.

"With difficulty," Linke said and he was sure his friend was being completely truthful. "Look, Frank, I'm sorry this happened, but we have to deal with it. I can see the hunger rising in you again and the instincts will try and take over. You need to choose."

Franky could feel his needs rising again to over take him, so he knew Linke was right. It was like being under the influence of something and he didn't really like it.

"Just one thing," he said, before he could decide; "why are you doing this? This means we will have to have sex regularly, doesn't it? Why are you willing to do that for me?"

Linke looked him in the eye then.

"It's not all one sided," Linke told him; "with you are bound to me, I get a magical boost. Add that to the fact that I've always fancied you and I don't see a problem."

That shocked Franky more than the men appearing out of thin air had.

"You have?" he asked incredulously. "Why? How? Why did you never say anything?"

"Franky," Linke said, looking him over carefully; "we don't have time for an in-depth discussion; let's just say it has to do with magic, until today you being straight and me having never really being fully heterosexual. Now make your decision."

That was very to the point and there really was no choice.

"Bind me," he said simply.

Linke half smiled at that.

"Okay," Linke said, moving back onto the bed; "you need to feed from me, so let's just take up where we left off. I'll do the rest."

Linke was still naked and still partially hard, so Franky found he didn't have much trouble getting back in the mood. As Linke spread his legs and let him kneel in place again, he reached out and took hold of Linke's cock, feeling the sexual atmosphere rise again. This felt dangerous and there was a small part of him that was screaming for freedom which seemed to be growing, so he did not think taking his time was a good idea. Finesse was not on the menu, at least not tonight and, without letting himself hesitate, he bent down and sucked Linke into his mouth.

"Not planning on messing around then," Linke said, voice higher and tighter than usual as Franky went to town.

He really wasn't overly clear on what he was doing since, as Linke had pointed out, until that night he had been straight and hence had never given a blowjob before, but his new instincts seemed to be good for one thing: they let him know exactly what Linke liked when he liked it. This meant that it didn't take him long to have Linke panting and just about begging, which was gratifying if nothing else. Of course the aim was speed, so he didn't hold back and before either of them really knew it, Linke was bucking up and coming in his mouth and Franky was swallowing life force as well as bodily fluids and along with the mix came magic.

The magic lanced into him, twisting through his body and taking hold of the demon power that was lurking there. The demon power didn't like it at all, but the magic was far stronger than it and chained it ruthlessly and all Franky could do was watch like a passenger in his own body. He was pretty sure that had he been experiencing it first hand it could quite possibly have destroyed his sanity, but with the magic had come a blanket of remoteness that left him almost separate from what was happening and it stayed that way for what seemed like a long time.

When he snapped back to reality, he was lying on his side on the bed and he felt like he had just been in the gym for three hours. He was tired and sweaty and all his muscles were shaking and he had no idea how it had happened. Linke had one hand on his chest that was glowing blue and his friend's eyes were closed, but, as he looked up, they slowly opened.

"Welcome to my world," Linke said with a small smile.

The End

## ***MMOM 22 - Fairytale***

**Fandom:** Eurovision 2009 RPS

**Pairing:** Alexander (Norway)/ Sakis (Greece)

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** semi-explicit sex

**Summary:** Alexander has made a new friend, one who has very nice muscles.

**Author's Notes:** I can only blame this on the fact that I am listening to the Eurovision album :). I couldn't help being distracted by Sakis' muscles when he performed on Eurovision 09, so I thought other people might have been too. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 1,575

It was late, really late and Alexander knew he had had a little too much champagne, but then how often was it a guy won the Eurovision Song Contest for his country. The only problem was, he'd wandered off to find the loo and on the way back he had managed to end up somewhere he was pretty sure he wasn't supposed to be. The party had been going on for ages and, with that amount of alcohol flowing, he thought he could be forgiven for being a bit lost.

"You seem to be missing your fairytales," a semi-familiar voice said from behind him.

Turning, he hoped he didn't look too drunk and then he grinned when he saw who it was. Before the voting Greece had been pegged to be one of the top acts, and even though Europe hadn't seemed to agree, Sakis had still been celebrating along with him all night. The Greek was definitely a good sport and knew how to party; Alexander was pretty sure it was the man's fault he had drunk so much.

"They're back where I'm supposed to be," he said and walked over to his new friend. "Where am I, by the way?"

Sakis grinned at him for that question. The singer had taken to referring to his backing singers as his fairytales and it was quite cute. He hadn't actually thought about how many puns there would be available because of the song title, but he was finding out now he had won.

"About two corridors in the wrong direction," Sakis told him and put an arm around his shoulders, "come on, this way. When you didn't come back, I thought someone better come looking."

He didn't mean to, but Alexander found himself leaning on the other man quite heavily as they turned and he breathed in deeply. He could smell alcohol and other things, but Sakis' aftershave was the most prominent and it tickled his nose. It was a pleasant smell and he found himself smiling again. He'd been doing that a lot all evening; smiling, in fact he was amazed his face didn't ache.

Sakis had a very solid body and he could feel the strength running through the man; it was obvious the singer had been an athlete.

"You have nice muscles."

It occurred to him about a second after the words popped out, what he'd said and he began to blush furiously. It seemed that his brain to mouth filter was not working up to scratch. Luckily for him Sakis laughed.

"Thank you," the older man said and for some reason the singer's amusement fired something in Alexander.

He hadn't meant to say that out loud, but now that he had he didn't want it to be taken as a joke.

"I want to kiss them," he said with the resolute tone that only the slightly drunk could manage.

There, he'd said it. He'd watched Sakis' performance in both the dress rehearsal and the live final and he had been slightly mesmerised by the way the man's t-shirt kept riding up and, when Sakis had ripped it to reveal more chest, he'd almost stopped breathing. It wasn't really his fault that the man was the epitome of what he dreamed of quite often. He'd written the song about a girl, but he was just as happy to go for a guy and Sakis was his walking male fairytale.

"Well, Alex," Sakis said, still sounding amused, "you're drunk, so let's just get you back where you belong."

That annoyed him a little and he pushed away from the other man, refusing to be led.

"I'm not that drunk," he said hotly, "and if you're not interested just tell me, don't treat me like a kid."

He was just a little fed up of the wunderkind label since he was twenty three for heaven's sake. Once a prodigy, always a prodigy it seemed. When Sakis turned to him and looked him in the eye, he swallowed hard, because there was something very hot in the other man's gaze.

"Oh I wouldn't say I wasn't interested," Sakis said and gave him a very sexy smile, "but I don't make it a habit of seducing half drunk, innocent Norwegians, even when they are very attractive."

It suddenly seemed much warmer than it had been before and Alexander found it a little difficult to breathe. He didn't even object to the way Sakis had described him, since it was mostly true, but he was feeling brave.

"What if they want to be seduced?" he said, licking his lips.

Sakis was completely still for a moment and then stepped into his personal space. He very quickly found out that there was no room behind him as his back hit the corridor wall as he instinctively tried to move away.

"Then we'd have to see about that," Sakis said, leaning so close that he could feel the singer's body heat.

It was then it occurred to him that he was in somewhat over his head. The Greek man oozed sexuality like it was going out of fashion and Alexander was like a bee being drawn to a flower. They remained totally still for a few moments and then Alexander found himself reaching out very tentatively to touch the flesh he could see under Saki's ripped shirt. They were all still wearing their costumes and he could just see one dark nipple and it was sending messages to all different parts of him.

All the breath was stolen from his body when Sakis moved in and demanded the most scorching kiss he had ever had. He couldn't breathe and he didn't care as he



closed his eyes and his hands reached blindly for the other man. He was in the back corridor of a Moscow stadium and he was being kissed by a gorgeous man; it really did seem like a dream.

"You're wound like a spring aren't you," Sakis said, pulling back a little and looking at him as he opened his eyes and waited for the man's next move. "Maybe you do deserve a reward for winning this evening."

He squeaked in surprise when he felt a hand firmly push against his groin, a sound that was muffled by a second kiss. For a moment he considered ending it there and then, but, before he had a chance to decide, Sakis somehow managed to free his flies and then that hand was inside and Alexander gave up trying to think. Sakis had been right, he was wound very tight after the excitement of the evening and although he didn't seem to be drunk anymore, he was still high on excitement. The way Sakis moved his hand was doing nothing to dispel any of that either, but it did seem to be effectively removing his ability to do anything sensible.

There was a need to touch, to reciprocate in some way, but, every time he tried, Sakis did something that made it impossible for him. He was helpless under the onslaught of the much more experienced man and eventually he gave up and simply enjoyed the kissing and the other things. He was so on edge that he didn't think it was going to take long, but Sakis seemed to realise this as well and played him in such a way that the other singer kept him going for ages. It was more than clear that Sakis was very good at this and Alexander couldn't help wondering what else the man was good at.

In the end it was thoughts like that, that finally threw him over the edge. He was wondering what Sakis would look like naked, preferably above him on a nice hotel room bed, and he came, his shout of ecstasy being swallowed by Sakis' hungry mouth. There was no choice then, he had to break away for air as he panted through the after shots of orgasm that wracked his thin frame. It seemed there was a lot to be said for illicit sex in a semi-lit corridor, because it was an amazing orgasm and he had trouble putting his brain back together. In fact, Sakis had withdrawn his hand and stood back by the time he managed it.

Sakis was standing there smiling at him and he couldn't help thinking that the whole thing had been rather one sided and he should do something about that. Only he wasn't sure exactly what to do, he wasn't overly experienced in the whole male sex area.

"Let's get you cleaned up and back to your friends," Sakis said and surprised him.

"What about you?" Alexander asked, not bothering to pretend he knew what game they were playing.

"We're all here until the day after tomorrow for the media circus," Sakis said with a fond smile, "tomorrow, when you're sober and if you're still interested, you can look me up. Now you have a party to be the star of."

And that was it, Alex let himself be led back to the men's toilet to sort himself out with his head full of all sorts of possibilities. He almost pointed out that he really wasn't drunk anymore, but he had the feeling that Sakis would still refuse him and he began making plans. If the other man wanted to wait until the next evening then he was going to make sure it was worth the wait.

The End

## ***MMOM 23 - Sexpo***

**Fandom:** Merlin RPS

**Pairing:** Colin Morgan/Bradley James

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** semi-explicit sex

**Summary:** Colin and Bradley are at a fan event and Bradley can't wait any longer.

**Author's Notes:** The title is all Soph's fault and no, just because I was there I don't think this happened – it really, really didn't :). I caught one glimpse of Colin and Katie as they walked past our area to the lift for the green room and totally managed to miss Bradley when he did the same thing :). Didn't even see a hint of Angel, but heard wonderful things about all of them. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 1,055

The air wooshed out of Colin as his back hit the wall of the lift and he squeaked, although he would deny it if challenged, as Bradley flattened against him and kissed him.

"Bradley," he said as best he could, trying to keep his brain on track as Bradley tried to derail every thought in his head, "what are you doing?"

"Ravashing you," Bradley replied, breaking the kiss for only a moment and hitting a button on the lift panel behind Colin.

"There are thousands of fans out there," Colin pointed out as Bradley moved on to kissing his neck and the lift ground to a halt, "and we're only on a five minute break."

They were at a fan event and they'd done the panel on stage and were now supposed to sign autographs for an hour or so, but they had a bathroom break first. Colin had thought they were headed to the green room to grab a bite to eat, a quick drink and then back to the grind via the loo, but it seemed Bradley had other ideas.

"We're stuck in a lift," Bradley replied, not stopping for a second, "no one can blame us for being a little late."

Colin tried to say something sensible but heard himself whimper instead as Bradley nibbled a particularly sensitive bit of skin.

"And I missed you," Bradley told him, "needed you, it's been ages."

That woke up Colin's brain a little.

"Ages!" he protested. "Bradley, we had sex last night in your hotel room, I remember distinctly being there."

"Too long ago," Bradley replied, working his way under Colin's clothes, and it felt too good for Colin to stop him.

"Oh fuck," Colin said as Bradley's very talented hands went to town on his skin.

His attempt to be adult about the whole thing evaporated under Bradley's attentions and he laced his fingers through Bradley's hair and just hung on. When Bradley was like this it was pointless to resist anyway as he'd discovered on more

than one occasion. Admittedly sometimes it was him and Angel had made them swear to at least find a place with closable doors after one incident behind the catering truck, but more often than not it was Bradley who instigated these things. At least he would swear to it, even if he couldn't actually site the statistics.

The speed with which Bradley got into his jeans should probably have told them both that Bradley was far too good at this, but Colin's brain was way too busy thinking things like 'so good' and 'more' as Bradley palmed his cock. Given the angle they were at and the determination with which Bradley seemed to be trying to kill him, Colin had little way to reciprocate, so he just stuck his hip and leg out at an angle and hoped it would do. The way Bradley straddled his leg and pushed against him, groaning happily all the while, Colin decided that it had to be at least partially working for his friend and lover.

They'd been friends since they had first started filming Merlin for the first season, they'd been lovers since they started filming for season two. Colin still wasn't sure how it had happened, but they'd met up after the hiatus, having seen each other only at odd times during it, and something had gone click in his head. He thought something similar had happened to Bradley as well, because the first night they'd met up for their usual DVD wind down type thing, that had been it. He still didn't know how it had happened really, just that he and Bradley had ended up with their clothes off and very much each other on. Nothing had stopped them since; not even Arthur's armour that one time after Bradley had been doing a big fight scene.

"They're going to start panicking about getting us out in a minute," Colin pointed out as his sensible brain made a valiant effort to kick back in for all of five seconds.

Bradley just growled and did something that should have been illegal from the way it melted Colin's brain. There were no further attempts at speech from Colin as he surrendered with what little grace he had left. Heaven knew what they were going to look like when Bradley was finished, but he was just about beyond caring.

"Oh fuck," he said as Bradley bit into his shoulder, just below the line of his shirt and twisted his hand just so and then everything went white for a little while.

That was another thing he couldn't work out; how the hell it was that whenever he was with Bradley his orgasms were about ten times better than they had ever been with anyone else. If he'd been cynical he would have said it was chemical, but he had a nasty suspicion it might be something like love and he'd been trying not to think about that since the idea had first occurred to him. The fact that it always reoccurred to him as his brain was trying to put itself together after the aforementioned orgasms was beginning to give him a hint that it might not be a passing fancy, but he was still trying to ignore it for now.

Bradley was still rutting against his leg as he began to come down, but he could hear that his lover was close from the way Bradley was panting. He knew just about every nuance of Bradley's reactions by now and he was not surprised when Bradley stilled suddenly and then shuddered, groaned in a very deep tone. If he'd had anything left, Colin was sure that would have set him off again, because there was nothing sexier than Bradley mid orgasm.

They were going to be in so much trouble if anyone realised what they had been doing, but Colin was doing his very best not to give a shit. Cleaning up in the

men's loo was a priority, but being the star had to have a few perks and it was not like he planned to be a diva any time soon. Bradley was one perk he intended to keep, for a very, very long time; he just had to figure out how to tell Bradley that.

The End

## ***MMOM 24 - In Destiny's Hands***

**Fandom:** Merlin (BBC)

**Pairing:** Merlin/Arthur

**Rating:** R

**Warnings/Spoilers:** semi-explicit sex, general spoilers for season 1

**Summary:** Arthur seems nervous about something and it's beginning to worry Merlin.

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

**Word Count:** 2,344

Merlin had noticed something strange over the last week or so; Arthur seemed nervous whenever Merlin touched him. The first time Arthur had actually moved away from him he had assumed that Arthur had a wound from practice or something that was bothering him and was doing his usual, not being weak thing. The second time he had thought it was something to do with what was going on in the courtyard below, but now, after the sixth and seventh times, he was getting worried.

Most of the time Arthur seemed perfectly normal, but when they were alone together and Merlin was helping Arthur dress, Arthur seemed anxious. It was almost as if Arthur was a little bit afraid of him and there was only one reason Merlin could think that that might be.

"Did you want me on the big hunt tomorrow?" Merlin decided to try casual conversation as he started to help Arthur out of his day clothes and into those for the feast that evening.

There were visiting dignitaries staying from some kingdom or other and so there was feasting every night and entertainment most days. The next day there was a big showy hunt; the kind that, as Merlin had found out, Arthur hated. Once when slightly drunk, Arthur had waxed lyrical about how there was no sport in sending twenty squires into a wood to flush out anything alive inside so idiots could take pot shots at it with badly made bows.

"It's a picnic, not a hunt," Arthur said in a short tone, "you can stay with the women and keep out of the way, but you can't get out of it completely. The Lady Naomi seems to be taken with you anyway."

The Lady Naomi was a lovely young woman with long black hair and very pale skin, a bit like Merlin really, but she wasn't overly bright. She had seemed terrified when first brought into court and Merlin had found her crying in the stables the next day. The poor girl was terrified her father was going to marry her off to Arthur who some idiot had told her would do terrible things to her. Someone had failed to give the poor girl any real knowledge of what being married was like from a social or a personal prospective. The reason she liked Merlin is that he had talked to her and told her what a nice man Arthur was and that she didn't have anything to be afraid of. After that she had been a changed woman.

"Naomi is very sweet," Merlin agreed, kneeling down to get at Arthur's boots, "and she's finally not terrified of you, which took some doing. She'd make a terrible queen though."

"Have an eye on her yourself?" Arthur asked in a very acid tone, even as he shifted back a little.

Arthur really was acting very strangely, one minute nervous, the next seemingly annoyed.

"Are you feeling alright?" Merlin finally asked, kneeling there and looking up at his prince.

There was a slight flush to Arthur's cheeks and something was definitely off.

"I'm fine," Arthur snapped and turned away, "just get out, I can dress myself."

Merlin doubted that; the outfit he had laid out for the evening's feast had some complicated ties on it. Adding that together with the fact that he was very unbalanced by the way Arthur was acting, he decided that he would rather know the truth.

"Have I done something?" he asked after a moment. "You've been acting strangely for days and that was before Naomi and her father arrived."

The way Arthur's shoulder's tightened at Naomi's name was odd to say the least. At least Arthur half turned and looked at him when he asked that and for a moment he thought Arthur would actually tell him what was wrong, however, then Arthur sighed and shook his head.

"You have done nothing," Arthur said in a slightly mournful kind of voice, "there is nothing wrong. The negotiations are tiresome and I am in a bad humour."

Merlin plain didn't believe that for a second.

"Rubbish," he said, deciding that plain speaking was the only way to go, "this has nothing to do with negotiations."

He stood up and stepped towards Arthur, only to see his friend go to shift away. Arthur never, ever backed down from anything, so to see Arthur move away from him terrified him.

"If you don't tell me what's wrong," he said desperately, "I can't help."

He'd rather deal with another Sophia than this and she'd almost killed both of them.

"In this, Merlin," Arthur said, all but glaring at him, "you are the cause, not the cure."

That stopped him in place as he went cold all over; Arthur had to know, that was the only explanation. Somehow Arthur had to have found out about his magic and his friend was afraid of him.

"Tell me the truth, Arthur," he said, speaking not as servant to prince but as friend to friend, "why are you afraid of me?"

"I am not afraid," Arthur snapped back instantly, but Merlin just stood there.

Something was not right and he needed to know if he could fix it.

Arthur looked away and they might have stayed that way for a long time, except Arthur made a very small move, one that caught Merlin's attention. Arthur's

shifted his stance, as if slightly uncomfortable and unconsciously put his hand down and rearranged himself. It was not an uncommon gesture among men, but it drew Merlin's attention to something he had not paid a mind to before; Arthur was hard. That was definitely not a fear response and the thought set off a cascade of memory in his mind.

Merlin was well aware that the male body was unpredictable when it came to such things; he had lived through his teenage years after all and it wasn't as if he hadn't undressed and dressed Arthur and seen Arthur react from time to time. It just happened and he had realised it was part of his job to ignore such things, but Arthur's behaviour began to add up. At every occasion when he had observed Arthur reacting strangely, Arthur had been hard; not one or twice, but every time; every time Merlin had been touching him.

"Oh," he said as a bell started ringing in his head.

The way Arthur's head snapped round at that almost looked like it hurt and he stared into his prince's eyes. He really was at a loss as to what to say.

"Just go, Merlin," Arthur said, back to the short, clipped tone even though they both knew that they were both aware of what was really going on.

"No," he replied and watched Arthur's features crease with annoyance.

He knew that the next words out of Arthur's mouth would be harsh and unnecessary so he stepped towards Arthur before Arthur could say them. Arthur in turn stepped back, looking worried. Merlin wasn't used to having the upper hand when it came to Arthur, but he used it to stop Arthur chasing him away.

"Do not read anything into this, Merlin," Arthur said, trying to sound confident and completely failing, "just because I seemed to have a reaction to you does not mean this is something..."

"If it was nothing," Merlin said, refusing to let Arthur get away with that, "then you would not look so worried and you would not back away from me. Why are you so anxious about this?"

He really didn't understand. They had saved each other's lives so many times; they were friends when they were only supposed to be master and servant and yet now Arthur could not speak to him.

"It is improper," Arthur said, refusing to look at him.

Merlin didn't understand that.

"How can that be improper?" he asked feeling mystified. "It's not as if you can help it."

Arthur did finally look at him then, clearly trying to assess him.

"You are my servant, Merlin," Arthur said in a tight voice and Merlin almost decided he had heard enough, since he was fed up of the whole noble and servant thing. "If you thought I wanted ... and ... it would be an abuse of our relationship. I would ... could never ... force ..."

The light dawned in Merlin's head as to what Arthur was trying to say. This wasn't about the fact Arthur did not want to consort with a servant, it was about Arthur

thinking Merlin might let him because he thought it was his duty. Merlin couldn't help it, he laughed.

At that Arthur looked affronted.

"This is no laughing matter, Merlin," Arthur told him.

"And you call me an idiot," was all he replied and shook his head.

Arthur didn't seem to know what to say to that, so just stood there appearing offended.

"Arthur," Merlin said, sobering and looking into his friend's eyes, "answer me one thing truthfully; do you want me?"

For a moment Arthur did not do or say anything, but finally the crown prince nodded.

"Completely, all the time," was the totally honest response. "But I would never..."

"Shut up," Merlin said and closed the distance between them.

For once in their bizarre relationship Merlin realised he had all the power and he used it. As Arthur looked at him with panicked eyes, he took Arthur's face in both hands and kissed his prince with everything he had. He had wanted Arthur for almost as long as he had known him, but it was something he kept locked away deep in his heart so it couldn't get out and wreck the friendship they had. Arthur had always been unreachable and so he had not allowed himself to want, but now he let it out into that kiss.

"We'll see about completely later, when we have time," he said feeling breathless and giddy, "but for now, let me help you with that, Sire."

He stressed the last word, making it sound far dirtier than it should have and very efficiently finished unlacing Arthur's breeches. Arthur just kind of gasped and grabbed for the bed post to stop from falling over as Merlin went straight for what he wanted. As it turned out Arthur wasn't just a little hard, Arthur was so hard that Merlin's fingers found slick wetness as they moved over the head of Arthur's shaft. Clearly Arthur was in some need and Merlin was very happy to oblige.

"Merlin," Arthur's voice was tight with arousal, "you don't..."

It appeared Arthur was being thick headed, but Merlin silenced him with one look.

"I love you, you great idiot," he said, since he was pretty sure Arthur wasn't going to understand anything else; "I want this as much as you do."

The look of shock on Arthur's face was priceless, however, Merlin soon discovered that he had effectively removed his advantage. Suddenly Arthur's hands were on him, hard and demanding and he was being kissed and they were falling onto the bed because they were so busy with each other. It was almost a battle as to who could get to the most skin first and Merlin kind of lost track pretty quickly.

Finally getting what you want was a very heady experience, but Merlin managed to hold on to his one thought of making Arthur lose control as Arthur tried to do the same for him. His hands might not have been overly good with the swords



Arthur and the knights habitually played with, but he was doing rather well with another type, metaphorically speaking.

Their encounter was not about slow exploration; it was all hot, fiery passion as they both let out what they had been hiding and Merlin wasn't overly surprised that it didn't last long. Arthur came first, moaning his name which, along with the other stimulation Arthur had been giving him, was more than enough to push him over the edge as well. It blew away what few thoughts he had left and they just lay there in a tangle of limbs for quite some time.

"Are you planning on keeping that or can I have it back for now?" Arthur asked in a very dry tone after a little while.

It was only then that he realised that although it was now soft, he was still holding Arthur's cock.

"Well I thought I might keep it," he said, feeling bold and mellow; "to keep you out of trouble."

Arthur tried to look stern about that, but was clearly amused. The anxiety he had seen in his prince over the last couple of weeks was gone and Merlin found himself smiling in what he suspected was rather an idiotic way. That it had all been about him kind of amazed him and that he had been able to fix it made him so happy he thought he might burst. There was, of course, one thing that still hung between them.

"After the feast we need to have a really long talk," he decided, carefully releasing his hold on Arthur, "there are some things I need to explain."

Then he moved because they still had a feast to attend and if Arthur was late it was him that would end up in the stocks.

"Merlin," Arthur said, staying on the bed and not bothering to move, "I do know all about the birds and the bees; Gaius gave me the instruction when I was twelve, both versions."

That thought kind of made Merlin cringe.

"Please, never mention Gaius and sex in the same sentence again," he said, making a face.

Of course he knew it was a mistake as soon as he said it and he momentarily considered trying to make himself deaf, but decided that finding something to clean up with would be better. At least he knew Arthur wasn't suddenly going to be un-Arthur like, because when things like that happened they upset his world, and Merlin liked his world just the way it was.

The End

## ***MMOM 25 - Unrestrained Alpha***

**Fandom:** Primeval

**Pairing:** Nick/Connor

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** Spoilers for up to S2ep3, semi-explicit sex

**Summary:** Sequel to MMOM 12 - Alpha – Connor and Nick are adjusting to their new relationship and Connor's finding it very interesting.

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

**Word Count:** 1,326

It had been a really, really long day and Connor honestly just wanted to collapse in a heap somewhere and sleep. He was supposed to be going out with Nick to some restaurant or other, but he was hoping Nick would understand that collapsing in front of the TV or even better, straight into bed appealed far more. An anomaly had appeared at three in the morning and they had been dealing with it ever since and it was now six in the evening. He had just spent two hours squashed between two special forces guys in the back of a borrowed truck since their normal truck had a very large dent in it now and he wanted a shower and then a bed.

What he didn't expect as he tried to decide whether to shower at the ARC or at home was to suddenly find himself pushed up against his locker by a very firm body.

"God, you've been driving me crazy," Nick growled in his ear.

Over the past week Connor had become used to the fact that sometimes Nick couldn't keep his hands to himself, but this was one up from that. He was pretty sure there wasn't a single person on staff who didn't know he and Nick were an item simply because of all the places they'd been caught snogging and that was without taking into account the gossip network as well. The fact that the girls now had a pool on who would catch and where they would be caught next wasn't even something Abby had tried to hide. Connor had, however, drawn the line at fixing it so she would win.

"Why?" Connor asked, since as far as he was aware, Nick had been as bored on the drive back as he had.

They had deliberately sat on different sides of the truck to make it easier for Nick, since being close to Connor for long amounts of time tended to test his control. Connor was beginning to suspect it hadn't worked too well, which was why he asked. Denise had sat him down and given him the low down on the issues he might face being involved with an alpha, which had been embarrassing, but informative, and he made it a rule to find out everything he could.

"They were so close to you," Nick said, hands roaming over his body.

Now Connor began to understand; this was about the possessiveness Denise had warned him about. When it came to their loved ones, alphas were very protective and in the early stages could be very possessive until their instincts became used to the whole situation. Connor spent most of his spare time with Nick because of it and Nick was getting better at letting him out of his sight for more than a few minutes at a time, but it had only been seven days. He couldn't really say that he had gone in to the whole thing with his eyes wide open, but Connor was fully

prepared to put up with an occasionally irrational alpha until Nick's hormones calmed down.

"I can smell them on you," Nick told him and seemed to be distressed by the fact.

"You were there the entire time," Connor tried to sound rational, but Nick's hands were roaming in places that weren't conducive to sensible thought; "we were just sitting together. When we get home I'll shower, straight away."

The fact that he hoped they could get back to Nick's place as soon as possible didn't help the situation much. His own sex drive was doing very well at keeping up with Nick's and he had been meaning to talk to Denise about the possibility of alpha hormones infecting humans, but he was sure he hadn't been this bad even as a teenager.

"Too long," Nick said, sounding less rational by the second and Connor yelped as he found himself turned and then thrown over Nick's shoulder.

This was new.

"Nick, what the hell are you doing?" he asked in rather a high pitched tone, but Nick didn't reply.

It took him a second to realise that they were going towards the showers and then he found himself pushed into a cubicle fully clothed as the water was turned on. He would have complained about the treatment as the water soaked through his clothes, but before he could register a protest, Nick was in the shower with him, pressing him against the back wall, kissing him and stripping him all at the same time. As buttons popped, he realised another shirt had gone to the cause of a very horny Nick Cutter, but he didn't much care as Nick twisted one of his nipples between thumb and forefinger, which made him whimper into the kiss.

Denise had told him that he had to be firm with Nick and if he wasn't interested to say so, but so far he hadn't actually ever not been interested. The moment Nick touched him, that was it, which was probably why Lester had taken to rolling his eyes whenever he saw them. However, as Nick fumbled with his jeans, he did decide he wasn't letting Nick have it all his own way and managed to put together enough brain power to get his hand inside Nick's trousers as well. Over the past week he had discovered that it was amazing what was possible even with only partial brain power.

With Nick being so much stronger than him, they were very careful when it came to full on sex, but this was more about instant gratification and neither of them was holding back. Wrapping his hand around Nick's cock, he did his best to give as good as he got, since Nick seemed to be trying his best to drive him completely insane. Sooner or later Nick would bite him, just a little love bite, as he had christened them, rather than real feeding and then all bets would be off, but until then he was definitely not playing the passive partner.

"I'll come back," he heard someone hurriedly say and absently noted that they'd probably broken another half a dozen ARC rules, but he couldn't bring himself to be bothered about it.

Even Abby had given up teasing him about his and Nick's total lack of propriety; she'd told him it was too easy.

When Nick broke the scorching kiss and moved on to his neck, he felt his pulse jump with excitement and the teeth on his skin were not a surprise. The momentary flash of pain just added to the whole thing and he was coming even before it faded and the ecstasy of the bite washed over him in a huge wave. He was pretty sure he cried out, but that could have been in his head as Nick clung to him as he shook. Losing all coordination at such times was something he was getting used to, but the blood must have done it for Nick anyway, because, as Connor started to come down, he found that Nick was leaning against him, breathing hard and clearly very much satisfied.

"We're all wet," he pointed out and began to laugh, since he was also getting used to slightly ridiculous situations.

They were both half dressed, well Nick was almost completely dressed, and soaking thanks to the still running shower. Nick looked at him rather sheepishly as he continued to laugh.

"I love you," he said as he tried to remember what clean clothes he had in his locker, "but I'm buying a cattle prod to give myself a fighting chance."

That made Nick laugh as well and Connor reached to turn off the water.

"The least you can do is find me a towel," he added, but gave Nick a kiss to show he wasn't really annoyed.

Life was definitely even more interesting in this timeline; he was really getting to like it.

The End

**Title:** Jan Sandwich

**Author:** Beren

**Fandom:** Panik/Killerpilze RPS

**Pairing:** Jan/Fabi/Juri

**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:** threesome, rimming

**Summary:** Jan is in for a surprise thanks to Fabi and Juri.

**Author's Notes:** Okay, so this came from a discussion on the Panik mods mailing list – Sarah and I had the same thought at the same time and ran with it. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 2,192

<http://beren-writes.livejournal.com/485699.html> > My Fanfic Listings (LJ) </a> | <http://beren-writes.dreamwidth.org/130047.html> > My Fanfic Listings (DreamW) </a>

Jan was giggling madly when he all but fell through the hotel bathroom door after having jumped in the shower having had a couple of drinks in the bar. Juri had been teasing him all the way up in the lift and in the shower and now he was hoping for a little more than teasing. He was mellow enough to really enjoy some good sex and ... his thoughts derailed as he saw that they were not alone. There, lounging on his bed was the missing member of Killerpilze (they'd left the other

two down stairs with the rest of Panik); the missing half naked member of Killerpilze.

"I thought you were never going to finish in there," Fabi said with a grin, swinging his legs idly off the side of the bed.

"I had to get him loosened up a little first," Juri said, much to Jan's surprise.

Well that answered the question as to how Fabi got into their room, if he was in cahoots with Juri, but that still didn't explain what Fabi was doing there.

"What is going on?" Jan asked, coming to a halt and refusing to move further into the room, just in case escape was a better option.

"Nothing you won't enjoy," Juri said, winding an arm around him from behind and effectively shutting off any possible escape route.

He heard the bathroom door click shut as a rather ominous sound. Fabi kind of unfolded from the bed and Jan had to wonder when the pint sized drummer had sprouted and ended up so tall. It really was unfair how everyone ended up taller than he was, especially when one was behind him and one was in front.

"Think of this as an early birthday present, or late," Fabi said with a grin, "whichever you prefer."

Jan could feel his heart beat speeding up as he realised that he was just about sandwiched between his two friends. He and Juri had been an item for a while now and he might have, once or twice, waxed lyrical about how Fabi had gone from sweet and innocent to hot in a matter of months, but this was more than unexpected.

"We got to talking," Juri said as if realising he was desperate for at least a partial explanation, "and we thought you might like the surprise."

Well he liked it, but he wasn't quite sure he was going to survive it.

"Okay," he said in a voice that was far less sure than he had hoped it would be.

Fabi's smile was wide and doing a very good impression of innocent, but the rest of the young drummer wasn't as Fabi slowly slid to his knees. Jan could only watch, since he was being held firmly against Juri's chest and he was pretty sure his eyes were as big as saucers as Fabi reached for his towel. There was absolutely no way Fabi should have been able to look so innocent and been doing that to him at the same time and if he had thought his cock had been interested when he'd imagined sex with Juri, it was nothing compared to how it responded now. It was as if most of the blood drained out of his head and went directly south.

"I've enjoyed imagining this ever since Fabi suggested it," Juri purred in his ear and he couldn't help it, he whimpered.

The fact that he was being held in place by his boyfriend with a sinfully hot, barely legal drummer seemingly very intent on his cock was removing any will he might have had. It didn't look as if this was the first time Fabi had done this either, given the expert way the young musician threw his towel away and took hold of him, stroking him ever so gently as he did.

"Hmm," Fabi said in a contemplative tone, "Juri's right, what you lack in height, you definitely make up for in other areas."

Jan had a split second to try and work out if he should have been offended by that before Fabi licked a stripe up the underside of his cock and all sensible thought abandoned him. He didn't even manage a real word exclamation; it was just sort of a noise that at one point might have had something to do with proper words. Somehow, with Juri holding him and Fabi kneeling in front of him, it was as if his nerves had dialled everything up. The sensations as Fabi touched him were just so incredibly intense that they were making him tremble.

His arms were pinned to his sides thanks to Juri's embrace and he clutched at the material of Juri's towel in a desperate need to hold on to something. He needed that bit of self-generated reality to keep him grounded, especially as Juri nibbled on his ear.

"Sinful, isn't he?" Juri whispered just as Fabi decided to stop tasting and opened those delightfully pink lips to swallow him.

This time Jan didn't care that he whimpered. Fabi hummed around his mouthful and Jan's knees went weak; the only thing holding him up for a moment was Juri. He'd had fantasies about something like this; he assumed every guy who was into such things did, but he'd never imagined it could feel quite so good. Juri just held him in those big strong arms of his and kissed along his jaw line and down his neck and he just moaned, letting the wonderful feelings running through him have voice. Fabi went from sucking him gently to holding his hips and just about swallowing him and for a moment he thought he might have died and found heaven. For a while he didn't bother to think about anything at all.

Juri knew all of his weak points and if Fabi hadn't had his hips he was pretty sure he would have choked the poor kid when Juri began stroking one of his nipples gently. He could never stand anything harder until much later in proceedings when he was basically out of his mind with arousal, but the gentle touching could get him there really fast. He was still held very firmly, what with being subject to the attentions of two drummers who hit things for a living, but with Juri's change in grip he could now move his arms and he clutched at Juri's arm with one hand and Fabi's hair with the other. Fabi's hair was almost as soft as Juri's; Jan was mildly surprised, but really didn't have enough brain power to consider it for long.

He was literally on the edge as his companions played with him and he was quite ready to fall on over when Juri spoke: "Stop, Fabi."

At which point Fabi pulled back and Jan couldn't help a little whine of disappointment.

"Patience, Lover," Juri said with a smile in his voice, "we're not finished with you yet."

Juri gave him a moment to regain his bearings and then the steadying embrace loosened and Juri began to slide down his body as well. Suddenly he was towering over both of his companions and he didn't feel remotely in control at all. Fabi just knelt there looking up at him and holding him in place and he felt Juri's hands on his buttocks. He figured out what was going to happen barely a moment before it did as Juri spread him and then a warm, wet tongue swiped across his entrance. Now he knew why Juri had insisted on cleaning him very thoroughly if his lover had had this in mind.

The blush that this always caused was moving up his body; he could feel the heat of it and it was only made worse by the way Fabi was looking at him. They did all sorts of other things, but somehow, this felt that one step more intimate and it always made him flush in what Juri told him was the most delightful way. Half the time he thought Juri did it just to make him blush because he liked him pink.

As Juri's insistent tongue pushed against him, every cell in his body seemed to respond and he felt as if he was turning to water. He literally couldn't keep his legs straight, not even when he tried to lock his knees and everything came to a halt as his legs tried to give way.

"Oops," Juri said standing up and steadying him before he collapsed in a heap, "maybe we should take this to the bed."

Considering the fact that Jan's brain was working about as well as his motor control he just looked at Juri and let himself be moved to the bed. Somehow between where they had been standing and the bed, Juri lost his towel and when Fabi tucked himself in close in front of him as he lay on his side, Jan realised that Fabi had lost the rest of his clothes as well. The fact that skin was touching skin behind and in front had all of his nerves firing at the same time and he accepted Fabi's demand for a kiss as soon as Fabi made it. Fabi's enthusiasm and passion blazed through the kiss in all its glory and Jan had to wonder if he'd been quite so direct at the same age. He was involved in the kiss, but part of his mind was still keeping track of Juri and he felt his lover shimmy down the bed.

He let his leg be urged forward and then Juri's hands and tongue were back and he was forced to break the kiss with Fabi as he gasped at the sensations. Fabi didn't seem to mind, just moving on to his neck and his chest, using that very mobile tongue to good effect on any skin on the journey. It was no longer a possibility, Jan was sure they were trying to guide him to an early grave. He hoped he made a good looking corpse.

When Fabi began to slowly inch lower, he knew that it was going to be a very spectacular death and he just gave up trying to do anything but enjoy it. As Juri did obscene things with his tongue, Fabi seemed to be on a mission and worked down his body until Juri and Fabi were level on the bed. How both of them had curled up so far that that was even possible, Jan didn't know, clearly drummers were even more flexible than he thought, but, when Fabi began sucking his cock again, his last brain cell melted and there was not a single hint of an idea left in his head.

Everything was just warm wetness and overwhelming touches and he was completely deconstructed by his two companions. He actually bit his arm to stop from making very loud noises that would have been heard at the other end of the country, let alone the hotel and that was as far as his self control went. There were no choices left open to him, all he could do was ride the wave that was carrying him very quickly towards his destination.

He tried to warn Fabi in a coherent manner, he really did, but about all he managed was a random tug on the poor kid's hair. Fabi did, however, get the message and pulled off of him just as he came in a completely uncontrolled way, bucking and shaking and basically completely losing it. The most intense pleasure sped down every nerve and he floated away on a cloud of bliss without the slightest care for reality at all.

"Jan?"

Only the fact that Juri sounded slightly worried made him open his eyes.

He found that he was now lying on his back and Juri was leaning over him looking just a little less than completely laid back, which for Juri was quite a lot. All he could do was smile up in what had to be an incredibly dopey way, but he was feeling far too good to care.

"I think I died," he said in a very sated tone.

"Juri thought you did too for a minute," Fabi said in a very cheeky tone and Jan turned his head to see that Fabi was still lying beside him, but had moved back up the bed.

It was then that his brain kicked in a little more, both Fabi and Juri were very close to him and they were both very much still hard. He was surrounded on both sides by lanky, aroused drummer and from the glint in Juri's eyes he realised they were not done with him yet.

"Just don't break me," was all he could think to say and earned a big smile from his boyfriend.

"Of course not," Juri replied and ran one finger down his side.

Jan shuddered; it was going to be a long, most probably glorious, night, but he was making Juri explain to Fabi's big brother where his little brother had been all night when they bumped into each other in the morning.

The End



## ***MMOM 27 - Awkward Moments***

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Georg/Gustav

**Rating:** PG13

**Warnings:** none

**Summary:** Georg and Gustav are not talking to each other so Bill gets Tom to investigate.

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

**Word count:** 1,630

Bill sat down on the sofa with a thump and almost managed to knock off all the guitar maintenance stuff Tom had carefully laid out. Tom was about to yell at his twin when he saw the look on Bill's face and stopped.

"What's the matter?" he asked instead, since it was very clear Bill was concerned about something.

The way Bill's frown deepened told him that this was serious.

"Something's up with Georg and Gustav," Bill finally said, playing with his finger nails as he spoke, which was never a good sign. "They don't seem to be talking to each other."

Tom had noticed the tension as well, but he had been hoping it was a passing argument. It seemed that it had been going on long enough that Bill was beginning to think it was more than that and, letting himself think about it, Tom had to agree.

"Yeah, I think you're right," he agreed, putting his guitar down carefully. "What do we do?"

When Bill came to him like this, worried, there was usually at least an idea of a plan in his twin's head. It was kind of how they worked; Bill was definitely the planner.

"I think you need to talk to Georg," Bill said after a moment to gather his thoughts. "He'll open up to you. I would do the same with Gustav, but the only way he'll talk is if we get him drunk and he hasn't been really open to that lately. If it doesn't work with Georg, that will be plan B."

Tom nodded; that sounded about right.

"I'll drag him out tonight," he decided after a moment's thought; "he's been saying we'll have a night on the town for ages."

Going out was difficult because of their fame, but it could be done and Tom knew just the place. There was a new club in town, members only designed for people with similar issues to their own and Tom had signed up just after it opened. It was the perfect place.

"Thank you, Tomi," Bill said, seemingly much happier now they had decided to do something.

Tom's reward was a peck on the cheek and then Bill was off again, no doubt to another part of the master plan. That was how Tom mentally referred to Bill's seeming desire to conquer the world.

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The club had two floors; one was loud and full of music for dancing, the other was much quieter and served food as well as alcohol. Tom had guided Georg into this one with the excuse that he was hungry and had started chatting about random things over sausage and chips and beer. They checked out the local talent from their vantage point and basically relaxed, which was exactly what Tom wanted. It wasn't until they had been there nearly an hour and Georg was making noises about moving upstairs to dance that Tom decided it was time to ask.

"So," he said, swirling his beer in the glass, "what's up with you and Gustav at the moment."

He saw Georg stiffen at the question and he knew he had hit a nerve; this was indeed serious.

"It's nothing," Georg said, clearly trying to fob him off.

"Well it's nothing that's been going on for three weeks," Tom replied and refused to back down.

There weren't many times that other members of the band had had to step in to any of their interpersonal relationships, but they had agreed that they were open to it if it started to affect things, and this definitely was.

"Tom, drop it," Georg said, but there was little venom in the bassist's tone.

The thing with Georg was that he never wanted to talk until he was pushed and Tom could tell that there was something Georg needed to get off his chest, so he kept going.

"No," he said in a no nonsense tone, "Bill's really worried about you and if I go home without some kind of answer he's going to get Gustav drunk and pry it out of him. We both know how well that will go when Gustav has a hangover and realises he's been played."

Georg had gone kind of pale.

"Fuck," was what Georg actually said.

"G," Tom said, looking his friend in the eye, "just tell me, you know you'll feel better."

Georg did not look so sure.

"It's awkward," Georg said after a few moment's silence, "and stupid."

That seemed doubtful to Tom since it was clearly affecting Georg in such a significant way. Sitting back, he picked up his beer and just looked at his friend and waited.

"We were having one of our 'best ways to kill the twins' sessions," Georg finally admitted.

That was what Tom knew Georg and Gustav called their occasional beer and pizza sessions where they bitched about him and Bill. He knew only too well that sometimes they were a bit much to live with and he didn't blame his friends for needing to blow off some steam. Of course Bill didn't know that's what Georg and Gustav's little bonding sessions were called. So far Georg had not told him anything unusual.

"We ran out of things pretty quickly," Georg continued, fingers twirling in his hair; a clear sign of nerves; "you could tell we were not on tour."

Tom smiled a little at the half joke, but didn't interrupt his friend's flow.

"Then we just started talking and drinking and everything was normal for a while," Georg explained, as far as Tom could tell, working up to what the problem really was, "and for some reason we decided to delve into the porn collection."

Still nothing overly unusual in Tom's opinion so he waited for Georg to go on.

"We ended up, y'know, wanking," Georg said, voice sounding a little strained now, "and," when Georg paused Tom knew that he was about to find out what had caused the tension, "well, I don't know how it happened, but we ended up touching ... each other ... and then there was some kissing and everything seemed okay for a while, until we began to sober up."

Tom just sat there; that was not what he had expected at all. For a moment he didn't know what to say as Georg looked at him, face all pink from embarrassment, seemingly incredibly worried.

"You and Gustav?" Tom checked, just in case it had been a hallucinogenic beer he'd drunk.

"Just the once," Georg almost sounded like he was trying to convince himself.

It was then that it hit Tom in a bolt of inspiration; if that was all it had been then Georg and Gustav would have been over it by now. They had lived in each other's pockets for so long over their teenage years that this would have been chalked up to alcohol and overactive hormones, but it was more than that.

"So what's the real problem?" he asked and saw Georg's eyes open a little in surprise. "Georg," he added at that, "we've all seen things and done things we'd rather forget and put it behind us. Something else about this is bothering you."

For a while Georg stared at his drink and said nothing.

"I think," Georg said eventually and he was only just loud enough for Tom to hear him, "that I kind of liked it."

Most virile young men liked sex, so Tom read between the lines of that statement.

"You liked it and you want it to happen again?" he suggested as gently as it was possible to suggest something like that.

Georg looked at him again then, eyes wide and kind of scared and then slowly Georg nodded.

"So what's stopping you?" Tom asked, this time blunt.

"Gustav," Georg all but spluttered.

Tom was beginning to think that he was feeling a bit like Bill often complained about when dealing with people who couldn't see past the end of their nose.

"You haven't spoken to him about it at all have you?" Tom concluded with very little need for thought.

There was a little shake of head in response.

"Has it occurred to you that if Gustav wasn't still thinking about it for some reason you don't know about it would be over by now?" he asked although he knew the answer; it was more than obvious Georg hadn't looked at it from that angle at all.

"You think..?" Georg said, expression almost showing hope.

Tom almost banged his head on the table.

"Talk to him, you idiot," is what he said and slapped his friend on the arm.

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Of course Tom had told Bill everything the moment he had returned from his evening out and then had to convince Bill to leave Georg and Gustav to it. However, he wasn't overly surprised when he found Bill with his ear pressed to one of the doors in the studio apartment. Bill was blushing furiously, but that clearly wasn't stopping him listening.

"Are they finally talking?" Tom asked as Bill acknowledged his presence.

Bill just grinned.

"They're doing more than talking," was the delighted response.

"Move over," Tom said and partially pushed Bill out of the way so he could get to the door to listen too.

What followed was some jostling until Tom had his ear pressed against the door as well. What he heard were some very interesting noises and he found himself smiling. He had been wondering when Georg would get round to discussing things with Gustav and it appeared that their rhythm section were well past that now. This was going to make things interesting, very interesting indeed, and he began to make mental notes: after all he needed at least a little blackmail material.

The End

## ***MMOM 28 - Destiny Diverted***

**Fandom:** Merlin (BBC)

**Pairing:** Merlin/Arthur/Mordred

**Rating:** R

**Warnings/Spoilers:** General for season 1, threesome

**Summary:** The universe has ways of making things right and Merlin has ways of subverting even that. Prophecy was fulfilled, but they were reasons for everything.

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

**Word Count:** 3,126

Merlin looked over the battle field at the dead and the dying and knew that this could not go on. The magic in his veins was swirling and calling to him and telling him that things needed to change. He felt the presence beside him as soon as his companion walked to the edge of the bluff to stand beside him and he turned away from the devastation.

"It's time," he said, knowing that his companion would be feeling the same thing.

It was funny, he always thought of the man beside him as younger even though there were a scant few years between them and they had lived for far longer than a human lifetime. They both still looked young and had done since the day they shook off their mortal shells, but looking into his companion's eyes he saw the age that was in both of them. They could so easily have been enemies, but Merlin didn't know what he would have done without the other man now. To live all those years alone, waiting, would have destroyed him.

"It is," his companion replied and smiled; they had both been waiting for this day.

The need was great and the times hard, but it was still a day to rejoice.

Those last moments were etched on Merlin's mind and replayed over and over in his dreams, but at last he would have something to replace them. He had almost killed the man who took his hand as he held it out; almost wiped him from existence as his magic rose up and demanded revenge, but something had stopped him. Something in the look he had been given that day had held him off and instead his magic had taken a different course. Neither of them had been young then, still in their first lifetime with him already grey and his magic had reached out and reset the clock.

With a thought Merlin moved them from the edge of what was yet another battle field to a place neither of them had been for over two hundred years. The magic woven into the fabric of the earth reached out to them and recognised them, enfolding them both and welcoming them home. It was like stepping back in time almost and Merlin could not help remembering back to the end of Arthur's glorious reign.

Corruption had entered the magnificent Camelot by then, a corruption Merlin had been unable to fight. All he had had to be thankful for was that it had not touched Arthur, not until that last moment when they had been betrayed. When Mordred had plunged the sword through Arthur's heart, Merlin had thought the younger man one of the enemy, one of those who wished Camelot for themselves, but the one look Mordred had given him had stilled his call for vengeance.

Merlin remembered the anger and the pain even now after so much time and the feelings cut at him, but he was almost free. Soon the agony in his heart that not even the man beside him had ever been able to soften would be gone.

Mordred had killed Arthur, just as had been prophesied, but it had not been because the druid had hated Arthur. When their eyes had met as Merlin's hand had lifted full of wizard's fire he had seen that Mordred expected to die, expected to be wiped from the face of the earth, but he had also seen something else; sorrow. In an instant Merlin had made a choice and he had bound Mordred rather than killing him, taking the other sorcerer with him as he removed Arthur from the fighting.

It felt strange to look back and remember all the fear and mistrust, especially as he held Mordred's hand in his own and they joined their powers together to open the hill side where they stood. Alone Merlin's power was the most amazing the world had ever seen; working together with Mordred they could almost perform miracles.

Thinking back it seemed liked they had been different people completely, almost another life and Merlin still wasn't sure quite what stopped him from a valid revenge. After Arthur had died in his arms, Mordred had told him of a higher purpose, of a design within the universe that required certain things. One of those designs was the immortality of Arthur Pendragon, a thing that could not be achieved because a soul had been forced by magic into the world too soon, into a mortal shell. A design that required that that body die to be reborn by magic. What was most surprising of all was that Merlin had believed.

They had hidden Arthur then; surrounded him in layers of enchantment and slow working charms, their own magic changing them as they worked such great powers until they were both young men again, both as immortal as they intended Arthur to be, and then they had waited. Merlin had watched Camelot fall to ruin with sadness in his heart, but with Mordred always by his side as they watched and refused to interfere.

All they had known was gone and danger threatened the very land itself: it was time for Arthur to rise.

Together they walked into the dark tunnel which had not been opened in two centuries, letting it close behind them as they entered the hill. Merlin could not help stopping as they entered the central chamber and he saw the figure lying there on the bed they had created for him. Excalibur stood to one side, cased in stone, waiting for the king's hand to pull it free and Arthur waited in the centre of the room, covered in a shell of magic that obscured him from the world.

When they had left him it had looked like fine spun silk, but the cocoon was now almost like crystal as far as the eye was concerned. Merlin could not see Arthur inside, only reflections of pale skin and he felt his heart beating fast.

"Do you think he will like me?" Mordred asked and brought Merlin from his thoughts.

It was a question that surprised him, but he knew it shouldn't have, after all, Mordred had never really known Arthur when they were men. Mordred very rarely showed any insecurities, but when he looked at his long time companion, Merlin realised that this was one of the few times. Turning away from where Arthur lay for a moment, he stepped close to Mordred and placed his hand on the other man's face.

"He will love you as I do," he said and place a kiss on Mordred's lips.

Mordred smiled just a little at that.

"He will probably call you an idiot and try and order you around," Merlin added and grinned, letting the excitement he was feeling slowly bubble up through him, "but he will love you."

At that Mordred actually laughed, only a short chuckle, but it was what Merlin had been after. He and Arthur had grown as men, their official relationship changing as Arthur became king and Merlin's power became known, but at its heart it had always been the same. Arthur had never lost the habit of ordering him around and he had never lost the habit of occasionally doing as he was told, usually with very bad grace. Everything remained so clear in Merlin's mind that it was almost as if he was stepping back in time as he finally walked towards the bed.

With Mordred at his shoulder he reached out and touched the seemingly crystal covering over Arthur and it dissolved into a fine powder as if only thought had been holding it together. With a wave of his hand, Merlin sent the dust scattering to the corners of the cavern, revealing the perfect body of Arthur Pendragon.

They had removed Arthur's armour and his clothes when they had laid him to rest; cleaning him of all human dirt and Merlin felt his breath catch at seeing the naked beauty of the man he had loved almost from the moment he had first met him. Arthur's skin was perfect; every scar that Arthur had gained in life was gone, apart from the one over his heart. Every imperfection had been removed and Arthur was lying there as young as the day Merlin had first seen him.

"I had forgotten how he looked in his youth," Mordred said quietly, almost reverently; "he shone didn't he?"

"For his whole life," Merlin replied with a nod, "but this it before the weight of kingship dimmed that light a little."

Arthur had been a great king just as Merlin had known he would be, but he had been out of time; a great man a few years before he was supposed to be. Mordred had once tried to explain how Merlin and he were the universes answer to put that right; how he, Mordred, had always known he was destined to end the first life of Arthur and that Merlin would restore it. That Mordred had survived and become part of the future as well had always seemed to Merlin as if it shocked the other man quite a lot. Merlin always felt very satisfied at having gone his own way in at least part of his destiny.

"Only one thing will wake him," he said, turning back to Arthur.

"Love," Mordred said simply.

In many spells and rituals that Merlin had seen and used over his time, love meant fealty or love of family, but not in this case. This magic had been woven with his heart and soul, pulling Mordred's magic in as well and there was only one way to call Arthur from his long sleep. Without waiting any longer, Merlin began to shed his clothes. He was half way through when he realised that Mordred was just watching him.

"This needs you as well," Merlin said, looking at the man who had been his lover for a very long time.

Mordred actually appeared shocked by that.

"But he was yours," Mordred said even as his eyes ran over Arthur again.

"But you're mine too," Merlin replied feeling the old passions stirring as well as the new.

He and Arthur had been lovers for all but the first year or so they had known each other and Merlin had always considered himself as Arthur's, but Mordred had become part of that as well.

"Arthur will get used to the idea," he said and smiled; it wouldn't be the first time he and Arthur had had another man in their bed and he was sure Arthur would understand very quickly.

No one had ever been able to say that Arthur Pendragon did not have a big heart.

When Mordred finally moved to begin undressing, Merlin went back to what he had been doing, leaving his clothes where they fell in his haste. He had been waiting for this moment for a very, very long time and the anticipation was swirling in his belly. Arthur would be his again, alive and vital and this time as he was meant to have been the first time. The king of legend would return and they would have a chance to defeat the darkness that was coming. Merlin did not know what the future held as he climbed onto the bed, but he knew that at last he would be whole again.

Arthur's skin was icy cold to the touch and Merlin laid himself down one side of his still lover. Almost straight away he could feel the heat being leeched from his body into Arthur's and he welcomed Mordred to the bed as his other lover matched his position on Arthur's other side. This was not about ritual or spell, it was about instinct and raw emotion and Merlin let his mind fly free and his baser needs take over.

His magic began to move as he moved his hands and he began to touch Arthur on a physical and metaphysical level. Learning from his lead, he felt Mordred begin to do the same and Merlin set about acquainting himself with the beautiful man beside him. Arthur's skin was smooth and soft and where they touched him was beginning to warm as well and Merlin let himself enjoy the wonderful expanse. His body responded in kind, skin tingling and cock hardening as his mind filled with sex and magic; a very heady mixture indeed.

It seemed to take a long time to find the spark of life in Arthur; the tiny flame of existence that they had trapped within him all that time ago, but when Merlin found it, he began to feed it. He poured all his love and his power into the man he loved more than his own life and he could feel that spark growing. As he touched, gentle and intimate, he willed Arthur back to life. It was the most intricate of dances and when his body sometimes brushed against Mordred's he could feel Mordred's magic moving in a similar reel, so different from his own and yet the same as well. Mordred was all earth and nature and he was elemental and alien, but they wound together in perfect harmony as they had discovered they could do after that fateful day.

Merlin wanted Arthur, wanted him with every fibre of his being. He wanted him as a friend; he wanted him sexually; he wanted him spiritually. There was no part of Arthur which Merlin did not crave and he called his golden king back to life.



Leaning up and over Arthur's recumbent form, he looked down at Arthur's still features and remembered them filled with life. He needed to see that again and he leant down, placing his lips on Arthur's and breathing out into Arthur's mouth. With that breath went the core of his power; the light of his very existence as he shared it with Arthur. It felt like he was falling, falling into the depths of Arthur's being and then Arthur breathed and it was as if he was slammed back into his own body.

The sound of that one breath broke the calm composure that had been hiding the well of doubt about being able to do this and he stared down at Arthur's face, desperately waiting to see the light return to Arthur's eyes. He felt like a boy again, unsure and a little afraid of his own powers and he needed a signal from Arthur. When long eyelashes finally flicked back and beautiful, intense blue eyes blinked up at him, he laughed; a small excited, almost hysterical sound. Arthur was really alive.

"Merlin?" Arthur's voice was soft as if he had not been asleep for two hundred years.

Merlin just leant down and kissed his king, his lover and revelled in the fact that Arthur kissed him back.

When he finally drew back, Arthur's face went from peaceful to confused and he saw Arthur's eyes flick to Mordred.

"He killed me," Arthur said, eyes full of memory.

"So we could bring you back as you were meant to be," Merlin replied, knowing that Arthur would need to know everything, but not caring as he revelled in the life in Arthur's eyes.

Arthur frowned at him then and tried to push him away a little, clearly trying to think.

"Later," Merlin said, feeling his needs and desires rising, "I'll explain later."

He had kept his feelings clamped down for too long and he had to release them; needing to confirm to his whole being that Arthur was indeed alive and his. Mordred moved, even before he did, seeming to understand what was going through his head. With the space available Merlin threw his leg over Arthur, lifting himself up so he was all put sitting on the newly awakened king. He needed touch, he needed sensation to back up the emotions swirling around his body and he aligned them perfectly, thrusting down his hips so his cock rubbed along side Arthur's.

"I need," Merlin couldn't even explain what he needed because he was out of words, but Arthur had seen him in this state a couple of times before and to Merlin's unending gratitude, fell into old habits.

This was about reaffirming desire and love and life and Arthur's arms came up to hold him as he moved them together. Every spark of arousal that their bodies touching caused rebuilt what had been missing for so long and Merlin's body sang with it. It was hard, it was fast and it was all about passion as Arthur responded to him in kind and when Arthur reached between them to wrap long fingers around both their cocks, increasing the pleasure, Merlin put his head back and keened.

His love for Mordred was one thing, but this was different and he could only surrender to it. When the dragon had spoken of destiny it had never told him about the bone aching need he would have for Arthur through his entire life or the way his soul begged for Arthur's touch. When he was with Arthur like this he did not need to consciously know what he had been created for, he just knew with every cell in his body.

When he came with Arthur's name on his lips his magic flared and he had to lock his arms to prevent himself falling onto Arthur in a boneless heap. He had no control, no real awareness except for the sensation of hands on skin for long moments and he felt like it was he who had died and returned to life, not Arthur.

"Merlin," Arthur's voice brought him slowly back to reality and he opened his eyes to find that Arthur was all but holding him up.

He had missed those strong arms and for a moment he had to blink back the ridiculous urge to cry. Grown men just didn't do that.

"Are you back?" Arthur asked, looking into his eyes.

Merlin nodded.

"We are all back," he said and for the briefest moment managed to glance over at Mordred who was watching them with wide open eyes.

Destiny had not intended this, he could feel that as the reality of existence shifted around him, but the rightness of it settled in his soul. Arthur would need explanations, Mordred would need to come to understand Arthur the way Merlin had and it was going to take time, but for a moment he could almost see the future. He had never been a seer, that was not his gift, but what he sensed was good and he looked down at Arthur and knew the world was going to be a better place.

The End

## ***MMOM 29 - Not At All***

**Fandom:** Merlin RPS

**Pairing:** Bradley James/Colin Morgan

**Rating:** R

**Warnings:** semi-explicit sex

**Summary:** Bradley walks into Colin's room unexpectedly and sees something he shouldn't.

**Author's Notes:** Classic scenario that I felt like playing with :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word Count:** 1,712

Walking into your colleague's hotel room to find him with his hand on his dick is awkward, especially when you consider that colleague a very good friend. Walking into your colleague's hotel room to find him with his hand on his dick and moaning your name; that's mortifying, at least that's what Bradley thought a second after it happened to him.

They were supposed to be meeting in half an hour to go down to the local pub for a quick drink, but Bradley had discovered his shower was only giving out cold water and had come over early to borrow Colin's. The thing was he'd discovered the previous evening that Colin's door lock sometimes stuck, so he'd thought it would be a great joke to leap in and scare the shit out of his friend. He really, really hadn't expected to find Colin sprawled on the bed mostly naked, moaning his name in that broad Irish accent, clearly very, very aroused. What made it worse was that Colin's eyes opened in shock and then the bastard came.

Bradley just didn't know how to deal with the whole situation and turned on his tail and just ran. His room door slammed behind him before he even realised he had crossed the distance back to it and then he just stood there, trying to get his head round what he had just seen. He hadn't even known Colin liked blokes, let alone that Colin liked him. Not once in all the time they had talked had Colin so much as mentioned it.

He wasn't sure if he was outraged or not.

The fact that Colin had kept something like that from him hurt; they were supposed to be mates and mates told each other things like that. It was only slowly that it occurred to him that, given the way he was reacting, he had a suspicion why Colin hadn't told him. It was all so very confusing and in the end he sat down on his bed, put his head in his hands and tried to figure out why he was so utterly bemused.

Half an hour later he still wasn't much closer, but a knock on his door gave him something else to think about. He considered not answering, but the knock came again and he knew, whoever it was, was not about to give up. Standing, he walked over and looked through the spyhole, breathing a sigh of relief when it was not Colin on the other side.

"Hi, Katie," he said as he opened the door, but Katie didn't say anything, just walked past him into the room.

Not sure if he should be running for cover, he closed the door and then followed her.

"He's devastated you know," was not quite what he expected Katie to say first.

Given her behaviour he had had a sneaking suspicion this might be about Colin, but he hadn't really thought that would be the opening statement.

"Devastated?" he asked, feeling a strange tightness around his heart that he really didn't want to analyse.

"Yes," Katie told him and turned, looking him straight in the eye, "devastated. He's a complete mess. Turned up in my room babbling about how you know and how you hate him and how he's wrecked the whole damn show because you'll never want to work with him again."

"That's ridiculous," he replied, trying to imagine Colin in such a state.

Colin tended to be laid back about a lot of things and this just didn't seem like him at all.

"Yes, well," Katie replied, face softening at his words, "I think the only one he will believe that from is you."

A thousand and one butterflies started playing premier league in his stomach at the idea of talking to Colin.

"You knew didn't you?" he said, needing to divert himself, at least for a little while.

Katie gave a short nod.

"He told me about as soon as he figured it out," Katie told him. "He was so proud of how well he's managed to hide it; idiot man."

Bradley really didn't know what to say to that; Katie clearly thought the whole situation was wrong.

"I never had a clue," he replied in a bizarre need to defend Colin, even if he didn't do it very well. "Um, how long?"

The way Katie raised an eyebrow at him did not settle his nerves at all.

"When did you two first meet?" she replied and Bradley felt his heart skip a beat.

Colin had, he wasn't quite sure how to put it, fancied him, was what he settled on, since the moment they had met. This was heavy, very heavy.

"Holy shit," is what he said as he walked over and sat on the bed. "I didn't even know he swung that way."

"He doesn't," Katie replied bluntly, "well not much; believe me I have heard the whole story. He's madly in love with you, full stop, so what are you going to do about it?"

Bradley's brain stopped.

"You'll need to let him down gently," Katie was still talking, but he was barely paying attention. "He's pretty delicate right now and I don't think you're coping so badly."

He did notice when she stopped talking though.

"Bradley," Katie said and put her face directly in his eye line, "are you listening at all?"

For a few moments he just blinked at her.

"In love?" he asked in a very small voice.

Katie all but rolled her eyes.

"Men!" was her definitive comment on that question. "Of course in love," she said with a sigh; "do you think there would be all this drama about a little crush? Colin is in love with you, he's been in love with you since about the first time you met and you have to decide what to do about it."

Bradley wasn't sure anyone had ever been in love with him before. Yes he'd had girlfriends, but none of them had ever told him they loved him, not like that. His mind wasn't sure he totally understood the concept.

"I don't know," he admitted, at a loss about the whole thing.

For the first time Katie actually appeared sympathetic and he realised he had said the right thing for once.

"Can you at least talk to him," she asked, patting him on the shoulder gently, "let him know that everything is not ruined?"

For a moment Bradley's brain went 'what would Arthur do?' and then he kicked himself for being an idiot.

"Yeah," he said, deciding that he could at least be professional about this even if he had no idea what to do about it on a personal level, "I can do that."

He hadn't really thought Katie would drag him along to her room the moment he said that, but she did and so he just went. Then he found himself shoved through the door and it pulled shut behind him, which left him standing in a room with a very startled Colin looking at him from behind what seemed to be a very large glass of something alcoholic. Colin appeared like a deer looking down the hunter's gun and for a few moments Bradley couldn't do anything. It was all too clear from the red rimmed eyes that Colin had done some crying recently and that was something else Bradley had no idea how to deal with. He couldn't deal with crying girls, let alone crying boys.

"You didn't ruin everything," he finally said when he thought Colin might break the glass he was holding through sheer tension, "I was just shocked."

Colin just looked at him with big open blue eyes and Bradley realised this was going to be much more difficult than just one line.

"I don't hate you," he said and feeling really bizarre, but wanting to do it anyway he walked over and sat down next to Colin.

"You don't?" Colin finally spoke and barely sounded like Colin because it was a small sound.

He was all pale skin and big eyes and dark mop of hair when Bradley turned to look at him and Bradley felt the funny fluttering in his stomach again. Colin was anything but fragile, but there was something so vulnerable about Colin then that Bradley found the sudden need to protect his friend. It rather took him by surprise.

"It'll teach me to knock," he said and smiled, trying to make the situation a little lighter, but Colin did not smile back.

The fact that Colin felt so deeply about him was scary; it made his heart beat faster and his mind race and his stomach churn, but he found himself looking deep into Colin's eyes searching for it nonetheless. Now he knew what to look for he could see it as well; it was right there, so obvious he couldn't believe he had missed it.

In all honestly he wasn't much of a thinker, he was a doer. He could research a role and think it through, but he was at his best when he was going with his instincts. Nothing had prepared him for this and he could have thought about it for days, but he could feel the need to do something. In the end he just went with the instinct.

Reaching out, he took the glass from Colin's hands and placed it on the side table, which Colin let him do without comment. Then he turned and looked at Colin full on, waiting for a few moments for the view to sink in before leaning forward, taking Colin's chin in one hand and placing his lips gently on Colin's. He hadn't known what he was going to do before he did it, but, once he had, he felt the fluttering go up a hundredfold even as something in his head decided this was perfectly right.

For a moment Colin was completely still, but then those soft lips were kissing him back and for a moment Bradley forgot how to think. It did not last long and he pulled back after only a little while, but he found himself smiling a little as he did.

"I don't hate you at all," he said.

The End

## ***MMOM 30 - Self Indulgence***

**Fandom:** Star Trek XI

**Pairing:** Kirk/Bones (mentioned)

**Rating:** NC17/18

**Warnings:** sex

**Summary:** There is a lot to be said for a little bit of self-gratification and Jim liked to indulge every now and then.

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

**Word Count:** 1,329

James T. Kirk did not lack for partners, that was for sure, but neither did he resist the divine pleasure of seeing to himself alone, from time to time. He knew full well some people viewed him as an asshole and he didn't believe in pretending to be someone he wasn't, but in the bedroom he prided himself that he never left another lacking. This was harder work than anyone ever gave him credit for and sometimes he just liked to think of himself.

Being the captain of a star ship was hard work, actually a lot harder than he had given anyone credit for and he was tired after a long day, but he knew what he needed to relax. Having had a shower, he was ready for a little self indulgence and he lay back on his bed, enjoying the feel of soft sheets against his back. The room was, of course, climate controlled and exactly the temperature he had wanted, so he wasn't cold. It was just cooler than he liked so that in bed it would be just the right level and he liked the play of the slightly cooler air on his skin.

His cock was already stirring and had been since he had first decided how he planned to get a good night's sleep and he carefully cupped his balls, stroking upwards and helping his erection on. It always felt good to indulge. There was a lot to be said about the excitement of another person doing such things for him, but also a great deal that made doing it himself very rewarding; after all he knew exactly what he liked. There had been that one empath he had dated for a while and she had been the best of both worlds, but high maintenance hadn't quite covered that relationship and the perks had not been worth the lows.

Stroking himself slowly to full hardness, he let his mind wander, filing away things from the day as he relaxed and let his arousal build. All work and no play made James a dull boy, but he found this a good way to get his mind in order as it relaxed him. He'd always had trouble letting go and this was a technique he'd picked up that let him make the transition from on duty to off duty more completely than anything else.

Bones had been bitching at him that morning about the general running of the sickbay; nothing unusual for Bones, because if Bones wasn't complaining about something the world was coming to an end. Jim smiled to himself at the memory; he loved the way Bones could grouch and yet make a guy feel wanted at the same time: Bones with his deep voice and gruff attitude; Bones who would do anything for a friend; Bones who was a damn sight stronger than he looked.

They had made friends on the transport that first day and they had never looked back and at times they had been more than friends. Jim slid down the bed a little, stroking slight harder and spreading his legs as he let his thoughts flow around the man he considered to be his best friend. There were nights at the academy when they had chosen each other over all else that was on offer. Their relationship came from love, but mostly brotherly love that made their friendship incredibly deep and solid, but every now and then it burst with fiery lust. Bones

was the only man Jim had ever let fuck him. He'd had his share of guys in his time, but Bones was the only one he had ever trusted enough to let have everything.

The memory of that thick, hard cock pounding into him was enough to make him moan deep in his chest. A rumble of sound more of a feeling than audible and he lifted one knee, reliving the experience in his head. Given how his belly was swirling and his balls were aching he wondered if, maybe, it might be time to revisit that part of their relationship.

They didn't do well as a touchy feely couple; it wasn't how either of them was made, but sex every now and then was very satisfying. Bones would do anything for him, he would do anything for Bones and the added benefits worked for both of them. That every now and then he needed someone to dominate him, even for a few short hours, was not something he tended to admit very often, but they both knew he needed to be grounded from time to time. It worked quite nicely the other way round as well; Bones gave it up to him as well as he gave it and they had a good balance.

He could almost feel Bones' hands on his body, skin on skin and he revelled in it, hand moving faster as he sank into what was half memory, half fantasy. The way the tension of the day was seeping out of him, being replaced by the tension of arousal just proved to him how much he needed the alone time. The Bones in his head did everything he wanted exactly when he wanted where as the real one could be a cantankerous bastard who made him wait and on occasion, beg, so he was really enjoying the one his brain was making up.

The wonderful sensations in his cock were good, but not quite enough and he decided he needed more. Sucking his finger, he lifted the already bent leg and reached down behind himself. It wasn't the most comfortable position, but as he carefully pushed that finger inside it sent shots of delight all through him. Now it was more than clear that he really did need to talk to Bones about this soon; he was all but begging for it.

He was flexible, but he was also tired and so his efforts were not as stellar as they could have been and he decided to chase the release he could feel building in his body. In his time he had been known to keep himself going for literally hours, but he wasn't interested in that game tonight. Just teasing himself behind and working his cock with fast, even strokes he felt his body beginning to tighten and he pushed himself on. He knew his sexual responses well and he let his mind see Bones as he worked himself hard and panted quietly as his orgasm approached.

It hit as suddenly as a phaser blast, one moment he was reaching for it and the next he was thrusting into his hand reflexively and shooting his load all over his stomach. The spasms started at his core and moved outwards, releasing the knots of tension as they went, making him purr in delight and he pumped his cock until he was just shivering at each stroke. It felt so damn good that he just collapsed onto the bed, barely bothering to move to even remove his other hand from its rather cramped position and for a while he lay there, eyes closed and enjoyed the after glow.

He almost drifted to sleep like that without climbing into bed, but the bleep of the comm roused him.

"Spock to Captain Kirk," came the smooth tones of his first officer.



That made him groan; the work of a captain was never done.

Standing up, he walked to the comm. point; he was definitely going to have to get Bones to fuck him into oblivion in the near future and then give him medical leave until he could walk again. He smiled to himself as he pushed the button.

"Kirk here," he responded.

The idea coalesced in his mind and he could see the arched eyebrow on Spock when Bones gave his first officer the explanation. It might even be worth the lecture Spock was bound to come up with about human impulsiveness.

The End

## ***MMOM 31 - Thanks!***

**Fandom:** Merlin, Merlin RPS, Tokio Hotel, Panik, Masters of the Universe, Highlander, Primeval, Killerpilze, Eurovision 2009, Star Trek XI

**Pairing(s):** lots and various

**Rating:** NC17

**Warnings:** twincest, multiple pairings

**Summary:** MMOM can leave the participants a little needy and wanting more, so they need thanking.

**Author's Notes:** Okay, this is just a little fun in the style of such wonderful fics as "Party at Vachon's". It's not supposed to be taken seriously. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 4,345

Bill lifted his pen, went to sign the autograph and then suddenly there was nothing there to sign. That wouldn't have been a problem normally; it wouldn't be the first time someone had shoved something under his nose and then realised it was the wrong thing, no, the problem was the girl holding it was gone too. In fact the whole crowd was gone and Bill looked up to find that he was not where he expected to be.

"What the fuck!" he heard Tom express the sentiment he was thinking and he turned.

They were in a completely white room, totally featureless and Georg and Gustav were looking as perplexed as he felt. He opened his mouth to ask them if they had any more clue what was going on than he did when there was a commotion the other side of him. He turned in time to see two men he didn't recognise walking along chatting and then coming to a grinding halt. From the looks on their faces they were as shocked as he and his friends.

"Holy shit!" one of the men said in what Bill thought was an Irish accent.

"You can say that again," the other replied and it took Bill a moment to figure out that that had been in English, only he hadn't had to translate it in his head.

The two were a study in contrasts, where one was blond and tanned the other was dark haired and pale, but they quite clearly fitted together. Bill felt their eyes run over him as the pair realised they were not alone.

"What's going on?" the one with the Irish accent asked.

"Haven't got a fucking clue," Tom said in a very annoyed tone and Bill knew it was in German, but saw the other two understand.

Something very odd was going on, that was for sure.

"We just appeared before you," Bill decided to explain and experiment at the same time, using his native tongue.

That made the dark haired man frown and Bill thought the man had picked up on the same thing he had even as the other one began to walk over.

"Bradley James," the blond introduced himself.

"Bill, Tom, Georg and Gustav," Bill replied and pointed each out for the other two.

"Colin," the dark haired man offered. "You're not British are you?"

"German," Gustav offered with a nod in Gustav's usual curt way.

"And you're not speaking English," Colin then gave an observation and Bill knew they were on the same page.

"And you're not speaking German," Bill replied so they understood each other, "but in my head it's like you are."

Bill was going to say more, but what he saw to the side made him shut up.

"Communication here is universal," were the words that appeared on the wall as if typed by a giant keyboard.

A yell distracted him and he, along with every one else looked round to see a slim figure falling over. When the head came up and Bill could see a confused then startled face he recognised it; they might not have known Killerpilze personally, but he knew their drummer's face.

"Tokio Hotel?" the teenager said, clearly startled. "Did I just hit my head?"

"No," Bill said, taking pity on the younger boy, "we're as confused as you."

Then he offered the kid his hand and helped the lanky drummer to his feet.

"This is getting weirder by the second," Bradley said and Bill could only agree. "What the fuck is going on?"

The writing on the wall from before was gone, but more began to replace it.

"Everything will be explained, but not everyone is here yet."

"Oh great," Tom said as Bill thought something similar, "there are going to be more of us."

"Bradley, Colin, Fabi," Bill decided it would be quicker to introduce everyone than wait for them to do it themselves.

Fabi gave a little wave, but was clearly very uncomfortable with what was going on. Bill was going to ask another question and see if the wall would answer when his upper jaw began to ache horribly. For a moment it became a stabbing sensation which made him put his hand over his mouth and cry out a little and then it faded back to the ache.

"Bill," Tom said, moving to his side instantly, "are you okay?"

"My teeth," Bill said, having no idea what had happened.

He took his hand away afraid that he might find blood or something, but his palm was clean so he tentatively opened his mouth.

"Jesus," Tom said, eyes going wide, "you have fangs."

"Fangs?" Bill said, startled, and made the mistake of putting his thumb in his mouth and managed to stab it with one of said fangs. "Ow," was the most sensible reaction to that and he stuck his thumb in his mouth and sucked.

The weird thing was, it tasted rather good.

The situation would probably have brought up a whole lot more questions, but the next guests arrived. One of them kind of clanked, since he appeared to be in armour and the first thing Bill noticed was that the two newcomers looked exactly like Bradley and Colin.

"No fucking way!" was what Colin said in a very broad Irish accent.

"Merlin," the one in armour said, "get behind me."

"I don't think so, Arthur," was the other man's response and the pair stood shoulder to shoulder as the aforementioned Arthur lifted his sword.

There was something dangerous about the new pair and Bill decided that this needed to be headed off at the pass.

"No one attack anyone else," he said, taking charge in the only way he knew how; "we're all in the same boat, we were all brought here against our wills."

"Sorcery," Arthur said vehemently and did not change his defensive stance.

"Something like that," Bill agreed and looked over to Bradley and Colin to find that the pair were still staring, "but let's not panic."

"You don't get it," Bradley finally burst out, "we're actors, we play them on TV."

"What's TV?" Merlin asked seemingly much more curious than his friend was.

That at least explained the whole doppelganger thing that was going on. This was getting more and more bizarre by the minute. Fangs were one thing, being faced with characters you played on TV had to be in an entirely different league.

"Could you put the sword down please?" he asked, feeling Tom backing him up at his elbow. "We're all unarmed."

There was a female scream and Bill found himself looking in yet another direction and saw a tall dark haired man standing over what turned out to be a pile of two other people, another dark haired man and a blonde woman. All three were staring back at the rest of them somewhat wild eyed.

"Did any of you see the anomaly that brought us here?" the man on the ground asked.

"If that was an anomaly that was the fastest one I've ever seen," the woman replied.

"I don't know what an anomaly is," it was Fabi who spoke first, "but I expect you got here the same way we did; from thin air. We don't know what's going on either."

The man who was on his feet offered his two companions his hands and helped them up, but kept his eyes on everyone else. Bill thought the uniform might mean the man was military, although he didn't recognise the insignia.

"We were doing an autograph signing," Bill offered, since the man did not seem convinced at Fabi's explanation.

"We were at a fan event," Colin backed him up.

"I was running down the stair to the practice room," Fabi offered in turn.

"We were walking to the tournament field," Merlin said and Bill couldn't help noticing Arthur did not look pleased.

He was pretty sure the military type would have continued to look sceptical had not the next arrivals made their appearance: a large blond man with muscles everywhere and very little clothing and a younger man with brown curly hair and very wide startled eyes. Bill thought the big man and Arthur might get on since they both had a sword.

"What in Eternia's name is happening?" the big blond man asked. "Kevin, did you hear the key?"

"Nope," was the instant reply.

"That definitely wasn't an anomaly," the other of the men from the previous group said.

"None of us know how we got here," Bill went with short and sweet, "we're as confused as you are."

"Is this some dark magic?" the big man asked.

"No," the wall replied in very large black letters.

"Look," Bill said, "the wall told us we'll get an explanation, but not until everyone is here."

"And when will that be?" the only woman in the room asked.

"God knows," was Georg's thoughts on the matter.

Bill decided to do a quick intro and gave everyone's names that he knew.

"Kevin," the curly haired man replied.

"He-man," the large blond man offered.

"Abby, Connor and Becker," the blonde woman said and gave a quick smile.

Bizarre no longer covered what was going on.

"Where on earth?" a Scottish accent made Bill turn again; wherever they were seemed to like making them spin around.

"Nick!" Connor said in a startled, somewhat disbelieving and then very happy tone and then dashed across the room and threw his arms around the newcomer.

"Connor, what are you doing," Nick asked, clearly shocked by the behaviour, "and what's going on?"

"Um we don't know," Connor replied, delighted about something, "and ... um ... well, last time I checked, you're dead and it's so good to see you."

"Way to go, Conn," Abby said, walking over as well and giving the blond man a hug.

Bill shook his head; so they had actors and the characters they played, musicians, people with dead friends and someone who looked like a barbarian, but seemed incredibly polite.

"This is not where we are supposed to be, Hyde-kun," a surprised, but controlled voice said and Bill's brain tried to tell him he shouldn't understand what was said, but it didn't change the fact that he did.

This time when he looked he saw a tall Japanese man with black hair and a much shorter one with long brown hair, both looked just like everyone else when they had realised they were somewhere impossible.

"I totally agree, Gachan," the shorter man replied.

There was no time for formal introductions since the room seemed to be becoming impatient and two men in robes popped out of thin air, closely followed by four people in what looked like uniforms.

"This is not Hogwarts," the blond of the two in robes said at just about the same time as one of the other four swore colourfully.

"Thanks, Bones," the man in yellow said, looking at the one who had sworn, "that really helps."

"It made me feel better," the man replied, totally unrepentant.

"We do not appear to be on Risa, Captain," the one Bill realised had pointy ears said and it finally hit him: he was looking at Captain Kirk, Dr McCoy, Mr Spock and Lieutenant Uhura.

His brain then caught up with what the blond guy had said and he stared as he recognised them as well.

"Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy," he said in a very small voice.

It was one thing to be faced with people who were from fiction he didn't know, but Star Trek and Harry Potter; those he was familiar with.

"Hi," Harry said, seemingly not to have heard him, "I'm Harry, this is Malfoy, can someone tell us where we are?"

"Thank you, Potter," the blond said, "I am sure I can introduce myself."

The two were clearly not overly friendly, which seemed about right.

"Fuck," said yet another new voice in what Bill recognised as another German accent.

This time there were four newcomers and he recognised them all: Linke, Jan, Juri and Franky from Panik: it was becoming quite a convention. In quick succession there was then the sound of a violin playing that left off with a startled squeak, the sound of someone else falling over and swearing and the clash of swords.

"This is new," said a voice with an English accent and Bill did his best to look around at all the strangers that had just appeared.

The man with the violin was about their age as far as he could tell, the man who had fallen looked like a professional athlete was now on his feet and seemed to recognise him across the room, even if Bill had no idea who he was looking at, and the other two men were standing very still, holding yet more swords and looked as if they had been sparring.

"Welcome one and all," the wall wrote in its big black letters, "now everyone is here. Don't worry you will all be returned to where you came from as soon as we are done."

That wasn't as settling as it was probably meant to be. Never having been one to sit back and just let things happen, Bill leapt in with both feet.

"And what is it we're here for?" he asked, not sure he really wanted to know, but feeling that someone had to ask.

"Fun," the wall replied.

"Why?" Arthur asked, sounding very dubious, but at least the man had put his sword down now.

"To say thank you," the wall told them all.

This seemed like a really weird way to say thank you.

"For what?" Bill asked, before anyone else could say the same thing.

"For being in MMOM," was the unenlightening reply. "The Merry Month of Masturbation," was written next as if the mind behind the wall realised they wouldn't know what it was on about. "You won't remember, but you have all taken part in it and this is your reward. May is fun, but tends to leave participants wanting more and this is your chance. Nothing here has any consequences and you won't remember it when you return to your own worlds. Let go, have fun."

Bill looked at Tom who looked back and then they glanced around the room and he could tell that most people were thinking along the same lines as he was.

"Yes that means have SEX!" the wall said in a very unsubtle way. "Let me help."

Suddenly Bill felt that the world was a little draughtier than it had been and it took him a second to realise he was naked. The thing was, so was everyone else.

"Oh," the wall added, "I gave some of you gifts for today, to help you enjoy more."

Bill ran his tongue over his teeth and decided he was probably one of the ones that had a gift and he wasn't sure if he liked it. The fact that he was naked might have bothered him more except that his eyes were wandering over every one

else and he was kind of distracted. Not one of the bodies in the room wasn't worth looking at twice and so he did, deciding that shame could wait for later.

"No consequences at all?" asked one voice and it took him a moment to realise it was Merlin.

"None," the wall replied and Bill could almost hear it grinning.

Could a wall be a voyeur? He was beginning to wonder if there was a consciousness controlling all this, but that was rather a big thought when there was so much flesh on display.

"Arthur, there's something I've been meaning to tell you," Merlin, it appeared, believed the wall.

Merlin, it also seemed, was a very focused individual when he wanted to be and Bill watched as Merlin turned, looked at Arthur, opened his hand and Arthur promptly fell backwards. Before Arthur met the floor some very comfortable cushions appeared out of thin air; white to match everything else and Merlin moved to stand over Arthur.

"You're a sorcerer?" Arthur sounded genuinely shocked and Bill could just about see Merlin's smile from where he was.

"Yes," Merlin said in a delighted tone, "and there's a whole section of spells I've been dying to try."

"Merlin wait," Arthur tried to say, but Merlin was already on the move and the way Arthur arched up and moaned, Bill thought that Merlin had probably already started whatever he had planned.

"What are you doing to me?"

Bill gave Arthur mental points for still being able to speak.

"Teaching you how to let go," was Merlin's response and Bill watched avidly as Merlin sank to his knees straddling Arthur. "I can stop if you want."

The way the pair looked at each other was electric and Bill felt his cock twitch at the very sight.

"No," Arthur said as the moment held and then collapsed back on the cushions as Merlin continued working his magic.

"Fuck, that's hot," it was Bradley who spoke.

Bill was not remotely surprised when Colin took a leaf out of his doppelganger's book and grabbed Bradley, pulling the blond into an embrace that was topped off by a scorching kiss. They definitely seemed to have the right idea and as Bill looked at his friends and his twin he could see Gustav and Georg eyeing each other. The words "no consequences" reverberated in his mind and he looked at Tom. Bill had secrets, deep secrets that not even Tom knew and one of them was floating at the front of his mind.

When Gustav moved and leant towards Georg, whispered in the bassist's ear Bill knew what was going to happen next and he felt the arousal swirling in his belly even more. It was typical of Gustav to talk first and act second, ever careful, but



when Georg wound an arm around Gustav and lowered his head for a kiss Bill felt the breath catch in his throat.

"Oh god," Tom said, standing next to him, "I should not be finding that hot."

It was a logical thought and Bill realised that where they were there was no place for logic.

"Tom," he said even as Tom's eyes were fixated on their friends.

Tom turned and looked at him.

"Forgive me," he said and then launched himself at his twin.

He wrapped himself around Tom like a human octopus and kissed his twin with all his might. For a moment Tom didn't seem to know what to do and then to Bill's surprise his twin was kissing back and arms were winding around him as well. It was such a relief that he laughed into the kiss.

"I feel it too," Tom whispered and it was then that Bill realised people were looking at them.

There was speculation on some faces, but outright shock on those that knew who they really were.

"Get your own," was all he said and went back to kissing Tom.

It was heaven and he let himself get lost in it very quickly. Whatever MMOM really was he had it to thank for this and he put his mind to blowing Tom's. As it turned out, Tom was better at this game than he was and although they discovered he was stronger (something to do with the fangs he concluded after he pinned Tom to some of the miraculously appearing cushions) he finally decided to let Tom lead.

He really didn't care what the others were up to as he explored Tom's body and Tom explored his. In fact he ignored everyone else until he felt someone move in close behind him.

"Mind if we join you?" a fresh faced American, one of the last two to arrive asked as he turned to find out what he sensed. "I'm Richie, this is Methos."

There was something about the two men that made Bill sit up and take notice, but he wasn't sure he wanted to share Tom. When he looked though, he couldn't help but noticed that most of the other groups around the room seemed to be larger than two now. People were definitely getting into the whole idea.

"I'm perpetually nineteen and he's thousands of years old," Richie said with a grin, "and we think you two are possibly the most spectacular pair here."

Bill looked at Tom, who shrugged in a non-committal, almost agreeable way.

"I get him first," was all Bill said, looking back at the two men and he smiled to reveal his fangs.

He was feeling decidedly possessive, but he did not object when Richie moved in behind him and Methos moved in behind Tom. Hands touching him felt really good and he turned his attention back to Tom.

"What do you want from me?" Tom asked, pupils blown with arousal.

"Everything," Bill replied and then sank his fangs into Tom's neck.

It was an instinct he didn't understand, but one he had to follow and Tom gasped and shuddered in his arms.

"Oh fuck, Bill," Tom could barely speak and his name on his twin's lips sent Bill into ecstasies greater than the sweet blood in his mouth.

He didn't drink long, but he understood the gift for what it was; in those moments he felt all of Tom, understood his twin even better than he ever had and joined them at a base level. It made him change his mind about where he wanted this to go and he broke away, looking Tom in the eyes.

"Take me," he said simply, "take all of me."

It was the closest they could possibly be and Bill wanted to give Tom that. He knew they would not remember this when they were returned home, but he hoped he would feel it in his soul.

Whatever they needed the room provided and Bill had no idea what he was doing, but let himself be guided by the two men who had joined them. He didn't know them, but they seemed to understand what he and Tom needed and when Tom finally pushed into him he thought his mind might break. It was like nothing on earth he had ever experienced before and by the end he had no idea what was really happening; the only thing he understood was Tom's touch. When he was spent, wrung out of everything he had, all he knew was that Tom was there with him and it was wonderful. This was more than thanks; it was paradise.

Things all rolled into one after that. Bill knew he participated, knew he had sex with at least three other people and touched even more, but it was one haze of sex. Tom was there all the time and that was all he cared about. It turned out magic users were a great deal of fun and they had four in their number, even if Linke had been incredibly shocked to find he had magical powers. Seemed he was a fast learner though and along with Merlin and Harry and Draco spread his magic around liberally. Pinning He-man to the ground while Kevin fucked the big man senseless and he fucked Franky had been an interesting one and Bill remembered watching that as he lay in the pile of cushions exhausted and spent after what had to have been hours.

Then there had been the two Japanese men, musicians it turned out, who were both incredibly flexible. Bill had had no idea some of the positions he'd seen from those two were possible. Richie and Methos were also very talented and had paid up in full, having seemingly endless stamina which Bill had tested when he'd tasted Methos with his teeth. That had been a buzz and a half. It turned out the violinist and the althete who had had no time to introduce themselves were in fact Alex and Sakis, musicians as well, and had proved they made beautiful music together and apart. Georg and Gustav had ended up with Juri and Jan from Panik and the drummers had seemed to be out to prove something that Bill hadn't bothered to pursue the one time he'd been paying attention to them. The four members of Starfleet seemed to find the four members of the ARC team very agreeable and at one time or other all the men in the room had stopped to appreciate Abby and Uhura getting frisky together. It was an orgy and, although Bill had no first hand experience of anything like it, he figured it was a very good one.

He was half propped up with Tom dozing on his chest and he could see most of the room. They were all done, shagged out in the fullest sense and Bill let his eyes wander. He wasn't sure if Bradley had Colin and Arthur had Merlin, or the other way around, but the four men were ensconced in one corner, dozing just like Tom. Harry and Draco were in another corner with Fabi sleeping between them; Bill had had no idea how inventive the young drummer was, but he knew now from what he had seen. Abby and Connor were curled either side of their Nick and Bill didn't think they were going to find it easy to let him go. Becker was, surprisingly, in the arms of the perpetually grouching Bones; not a match Bill would have predicted at all. Kirk and Spock were wound around each other like they were melded or something. Uhura had taken an interest in He-man and Kevin and was only just visible between them, which just left Linke and Franky, about the only part of whom Bill could see under a pile of cushions was a shock of dark hair. He only knew it was both men because he'd seen them dive into the pile.

No one was moving and every face he could see looked sated and he smiled himself. He was so signing up for next year.

The End