

## Dirty Little Secrets

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**Warnings:** bondage, simulated non-con

**Summary:** David is headed out, but a crisis erupts because the stress has finally got to Linke. David knows how to deal with the situation, but how the hell can he explain owning bondage cuffs to the rest of the band?

**Author's Notes:** This came from a convo the mods of [UniversalPanik.com](http://UniversalPanik.com) were having on our mod list, which somehow came round to Linke being absolutely furious about something and having to be restrained. I think we were trying to work out who would be the scariest angry or something :). I do believe the leather bondage cuffs were Sarah's fault ;). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 5,138

David picked up his bag and went to leave, since he was finally happy with the latest track they had laid down and he had an appointment to keep. He didn't have much time away from the band at the moment, but every now and then he needed a little break and that's where he intended to go once he ran the gauntlet of the others. They were in fact staying in the band house at the moment, because they were working the most ridiculous hours to try and get the album finished and the house meant they could go to the studio, practice and then fall into exhausted heaps without having to worry about lots of travelling. The house was much closer to the studio than any of their private residences.

What David did not expect to hear as he headed to the front door was some loud crashing and very displeased shouting coming from the back of the house. They had arguments, that was the nature of being with people for very long periods of time, but something about the sounds that reached him made him stop and turn. Very shortly after that Timo came charging into the hallway looking flustered and quite desperate, which changed to relieved the moment Timo saw he was still there.

"Linke's lost it," Timo said, clearly very glad to see him, "and you're the only one I know who can talk him down."

Linke was probably the most even tempered of the whole band, even Juri could become more riled than Linke, but there in lay the problem. Nothing seemed to phase Linke until everything would suddenly become too much and Linke would crack. It didn't happen often, only twice that David could remember actually, but when it did, it was explosive. It could be the tiniest thing that would set Linke off; he'd just explode and that seemed to be what had happened now.

The problem was it was like Jeckle and Hyde, and Linke's Hyde was completely irrational, very angry and likely to do damage to someone else or himself if allowed free reign. They had all been under so much pressure the past year that David realised he should have been on the look out for the signs, but he had managed to miss them.

"Where is he?" David asked, deciding that this was far more important than his appointment.

"In the back room," Timo replied, letting him through as he walked quickly in that direction; "Juri is sitting on him and he's still in the snarling stage, but you know unless we shut him up he's going to start saying things he regrets."

That was another thing about Linke; he had a very sharp brain that was very good at gathering people's weak spots and then exploiting them horrendously when he was not thinking straight. If David spotted the signs early enough he could usually goad Linke into a huge row that at least had some sense to it and was much easier to deal with, so that it never got this far, but just lately all any of them had been thinking about was the album.

He walked quickly into the back room to find that Juri had Linke on the floor with a knee in his back and both arms twisted behind him. Juri was the only one bigger than Linke and yet Linke was still doing a really good job of almost getting free. Jan was stood in the far corner nursing a bleeding hand that Franky seemed to be trying to deal with and so David went in to action immediately. Linke was snarling like a trapped beast at that moment, but David knew that wouldn't last long and then the acid tongue would come out, so that was the first order of business.

"Hold him tight," he said to Juri, dumping his bag on the floor and reaching in the end pocket to pull out a black bandana.

Juri redoubled his efforts to hold Linke still as David dropped to one knee beside the struggling pair. Linke managed to toss out some very interesting swear words, which told David he had arrived just in time. To prevent any further comprehensible words coming out of Linke's mouth, he used the utterance of a particularly loud and dirty word to get the cloth into Linke's mouth and then efficiently pulled Linke's head back and gagged his friend.

"I'll have to ask you to forgive me later," he said as Linke tried to curse him through the gag, but it was tied tight and made speaking virtually impossible.

The next order of business was making sure Linke couldn't damage himself or anyone else.

"We need to get him secured," he decided and looked over at the only fixture in the room; the radiator.

Of course they needed something to secure Linke with, so David reached into his bag without really thinking about it. After all, Linke was more important than everything else just about then. He'd had to improvise in the past, but this was far more convenient and he pulled out the bondage cuffs without another thought. Juri looked somewhere between shocked and relieved to see such things, but did not shirk from helping hold Linke down while David put on the cuffs. Timo joined them to help keep their squirming, growling charge still.

"Radiator," David said, reaching back into his bag for the straps.

It took them a good five minutes with lots of wrestling to get Linke to and then secured against the radiator, by which time Linke seemed to have worked himself back into a frenzy. It was an outside wall and hence brick and the radiator was very firmly bolted in place, but for a moment David thought Linke might manage

to pull it off the wall. Only when completely furious blue eyes glared at him and Linke paused for just a moment did he breathe a sigh of relief.

"Okay, out," he instructed firmly, "Jan, we need to get that hand looked at."

No one argued, which was a relief, and he herded everyone out of the room, leaving Linke to struggle and yell through the gag as much as he liked.

"What do we do now?" Franky looked incredibly shaken as they filed into the kitchen.

"We leave him for at least half an hour," David said, fetching the first aid box out from under the sink, "and then I go in and talk some sense into him."

He passed the first aid box to Timo and then sat down in the nearest chair; Linke in that state totally took it out of him.

"I've never seen someone that angry," Juri said and appeared almost as shocked as Franky; "what did we do?"

It was only then that David realised not everyone in the band would have witnessed one of Linke's breakdowns before. Thinking about it, the last time Juri hadn't even been in the band yet and Franky had only just joined and was on the periphery.

"Nothing," David said and hoped his tone begged no argument, "anything could have set him off. I should have seen the signs and headed it off."

"David, we've all been busy and stressed," Timo said, while looking over Jan's hand, "you're no more to blame for this than Linke is."

"I should have noticed," David insisted; he couldn't believe he had missed the warning bells.

"He's done this before then?" Juri asked and David wondered if their drummer was trying to head off the argument that seemed to be brewing between him and Timo.

"Only a couple of times," Timo replied, so David let Timo explain while he got on with making sure Jan's hand was okay; "normally it never gets this far."

"He bottles everything up," he added, since Timo did not appear to be about to explain further.

"And then goes completely mental for a little while," Timo added, "so it's best to make sure he doesn't do anything stupid."

No one seemed to know what to say after that, so David cleaned Jan's cut and bandaged it before worrying about anything else. From what David could tell there had been an incident with a broken glass and the cut wasn't deep, but it was bleeding quite a lot.

"Linke's not been exposed to gama radiation at some point has he?" Franky finally filled the silence and actually made Timo laugh.

It had to be okay if they could laugh about it and David felt himself relaxing a bit.

"Well he didn't turn green," Jan said, seemingly much happier now his hand wasn't bleeding all over the place.

"Yeah, but you weren't trying to sit on him," Juri added, joining in as they all dissipated the stress of what had just happened; "the Hulk had nothing on him."

"Don't make me angry," David quoted, remembering childhood repeats on TV, "you won't like me when I'm angry."

That made everyone laugh again, but then David realised it might not have been an overly good idea to speak, since it focused everyone on him again.

"Speaking of alternative personalities," Franky said, looking at him with a raised eyebrow, "exactly why were you carrying bondage restraints around in a bag?"

He felt his cheeks colouring; he had been hoping no one would bring that up. It wasn't as if he could tell them the truth; that would just be far too weird. The fact that he visited an exclusive sex club every now and then was not something he was ever going to reveal.

"Um," he said, trying to make something up, "they belong to a friend; she's into that type of thing. I was taking them back to her."

Juri and Franky looked sceptical and even Jan seemed a little dubious.

"And you have them because?" Juri asked.

"Um," David said again, "I ... um ... that is ..."

"David," Franky said, looking at him with a half grin, "do you have a girlfriend who's into bondage?"

"Not a girlfriend," David protested; he did not want them getting the wrong idea, "when have any of us had time to get a girlfriend?"

"Oh my god," Juri said as if something had just occurred to him, "David, do you have a fuck buddy who's into bondage?"

David was pretty sure his face was scarlet by that point, but he didn't deny it, since it was easier than explaining the truth. Only Timo knew he wasn't one hundred percent straight, so letting the others think he had a female friend he sometimes slept with was far easier than explaining he liked to visit a gay sex club.

"Holy shit," Franky said, grinning and David knew he was about to be teased, "you're a dark horse."

"Another word and I'll let Linke go, consequences be damned," he threatened, but from the glint in Franky's eye he knew he was never going to live this down.

Looking at Timo, he didn't think there would be much help coming from that direction; he was so dead.

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Blue eyes that looked almost black glared up at David as he walked back into the room where they had left Linke. David had left the others in the living room and

told them not to come in on pain of death. From the look of Linke, their captive hadn't given up trying to free himself for a second and there was a thin film of glistening sweat all over what skin David could see. In the struggle to secure Linke in place the t-shirt he was wearing had been ripped right down the front and David found his eyes drawn to the one visible nipple. Linke looked positively delicious sitting there on the floor, restrained and still furious.

"I see you haven't calmed down completely yet," he said, closing the door behind him and trying to keep his mind off sex.

Maybe if he hadn't been on his way to the club when everything started to happen he might have found it easier, but, as it was, he felt his cock throb gently in his jeans even as he tried to ignore it. In answer to his question Linke just continued to glare at him.

David walked over and sat down on the floor cross-legged just out of reach of Linke's long legs; he was well aware Linke could still kick if his friend felt like it. Then he just watched and waited.

Linke continued to glower at him, which given where he had been going and what he had intended doing, was not helping his arousal at all. The fact that at the club one of the other members would have been happy to pretend to be uncooperative and this was, in fact, real, didn't change the underlying effect on his libido. He did not allow himself to shift or rearrange, however, and eventually Linke tried to say something.

It had been the break he was waiting for and he knew Linke was beginning to come down the other side of his fury.

"If I take off the gag are you going to be nice?" David asked, without moving.

Linke looked very unimpressed with that question, but eventually nodded. Very slowly David moved to his knees and carefully inched forward, keeping an eye on Linke just in case his friend was less rational than he appeared and fancied lashing out. When Linke leant his head forward so that David could get at the knot, he relaxed a little, since Linke at least seemed to be thinking.

"Feeling any calmer yet?" David asked, sitting back once he had removed the gag.

"Let me go," was all Linke said in a very cold voice.

"Not happening," David said simply, moving back a little, but staying within reach to make a point, "not until I'm sure you're not going to deck someone for saying hello."

The way Linke rattled his bonds and glared even harder made David count to ten in his head before he did anything stupid. He'd never actually considered Linke in the light that his libido was insisting on doing now; you didn't do that with your straight friends, but he was having trouble thinking sensibly right at that moment. The fact that Linke was currently trussed up like his number one fantasy was not helping him suppress the urges he had been on his way to satisfy.

"Let me go," Linke repeated, expression still on the edge of fury.

"No," David said very simply.

He had just spent half an hour fending off jokes about his sexuality and even if they had been way off base, he was in no mood to simply fight with Linke. If he could talk his friend down without a humdinger of an argument he would be far happier.

"Just because you..." Linke started to say and David could see the evil glint in his friend's eyes.

Linke was about to try and verbally dissect him and for a moment he thought about trying to put back the gag and then just went with a mad instinct instead. If he hadn't been quite so strung out he probably wouldn't have acted, but he was and so he did. Leaning forward he cut off Linke's soliloquy very succinctly by placing his lips over Linke's. He suspected Linke stopped talking more out of shock than anything else and he drew back to look at his friend's face. Linke looked positively astounded.

"You're dangerous like this," David said, desperately clutching at what he hoped was logic, "you need to work everything out of your system before you say or do something that will tear you up when you finally calm down properly. This could be a way to get rid of the tension."

For a while Linke just looked at him and it was quite an unsettling experience. The shock seemed to be gone and now there was no expression on Linke's face at all. David's brain began to work at a hundred miles an hour since there was no going back now.

"You can be as uncooperative and unpleasant as you like," David said, kneeling there and deciding that he had to do something; "all you'll do is turn me on more. I will get you off, I can promise you that."

Linke still didn't say anything and at times like these it was difficult to tell what Linke was thinking. That hard glare was doing nothing to stop David falling further into his fantasy; he had never considered quite what a turn on their angry bassist could be. Taking a deep breath he calmed the panic in his heart and put himself back into the mindset of someone in control. It was too late to take back what he had done and what he had said and he wasn't the kind of person to back down. If this was going to happen it was going to happen right and he slipped into the thought processes he used in the club.

"All you have to do to stop me," he said, deliberately playing the game now, "is say dragon."

Then he reached out and ran his finger down the tear in the t-shirt, over Linke's well defined chest to the nipple that had caught his attention earlier.

"You think," Linke all but snarled at him, "because you have me in these things I'll be a good little fuck toy?"

The one thing David did take notice of about that was the fact that Linke never said "dragon". Watching Linke's face carefully, he took Linke's nipple in his fingers and gently rolled it, pinching just slightly.

"I don't expect you to be good at all," he replied, playing some more. "I expect you to fight me as, bit by bit, I take away your resistance."

He punctuated his words with little twists and pinches on the already hard little nub.

"And then," he said, pinching almost more than he knew would be comfortable, "I expect you to come harder than you ever thought possible."

Letting go of his prize for a little while, he took hold of Linke's wreck of a t-shirt and systematically began to destroy it completely. It ripped the rest of the way down the front quite easily and it was old so the material didn't give much resistance as he ripped it off Linke completely.

"Getting off on doing to me what you can't ever tell Timo about?" Linke tried another shot and David just smiled.

Linke was clearly still seething and he ran his fingers over the already sensitised nipple again and heard the catch in Linke's breathing.

"How many dirty little secrets are you keeping from your best friend?" Linke continued, trying to rile him up.

"Dirty little secrets can be fun," he replied and before Linke had a chance to reply, swooped in and latched his mouth onto the nipple he had been playing with.

Linke gasped as David sucked hard and then bit down just a bit.

"I am not," Linke protested breathlessly, "your play thing. Get your fucking hands off me."

David might have believed Linke meant it if he a) hadn't been able to see the growing bulge in Linke's jeans and b) Linke hadn't said 'dragon'.

"Dragon, Linke, dragon," he said, just to make sure Linke remembered.

"Fuck you," Linke snarled back and David switched to the other nipple even as Linke moved as if trying to throw him off.

In response to that, David bit down again, not hard enough to bruise, but hard enough to leave a temporary mark.

"I think it's rather the other way around," he said with a superior smile, lifting himself up so that they were face to face.

He didn't actually intend on going that far, but it fitted nicely with the game.

"Fuc..."

He cut off Linke's next round of swearing with the most searing kiss he could manage and since Linke accepted his tongue rather than trying to bite it off, he thought things were going rather well.

"Bastard," Linke hissed when he pulled back, but it was very clear Linke was enjoying this as much as he was.

"You've known that for a long time," David replied, running his fingers lightly over the bulge in Linke's jeans, just enough to tease. "I usually get exactly what I want."

He watched the way Linke's eyes fluttered closed as he dragged his nails over denim and he could almost see the tension draining out of his friend as he did so.

"You're trapped," he said and felt a twitch under his hand, "and I'm going to do what ever the hell I like to you."

"Sadist," was Linke's low response.

"Only marginally," David replied, slowly releasing the button on Linke's jeans and then dragging down the zip, "and only if you're a really bad boy."

He leant forward, running his tongue down Linke's neck until neck met shoulder. It was there he bit and sucked, much harder than before and caused Linke to yelp a little as he left his mark.

"Fucker," Linke started to swear at him again, but he cut him off by pulling Linke free of his jeans and underwear and fisting Linke's cock very firmly.

Anything Linke had been planning on saying was lost in a moan and David knew that Linke was all his. The resistance was broken and he could see Linke's skin flushing with arousal as the cock in his hand leaked pre-come onto his fingers. Linke was completely at his mercy now and he leant back in, running his tongue over the red mark that would become a bruise and pumping Linke's cock in steady strokes.

His own cock was hard in his pants, straining against its confines, and he pushed it down with the heel of his free hand, enjoying the sensation as he pushed Linke on. If he had wanted to he could have kept Linke going for ages; he knew exactly what he was doing, but sooner or later one of the others would come looking so he did not back off. He moved his hand in a swift rhythm, using his fingers to stimulate the underside of the head and then gripping harder as he worked the shaft.

Linke's eyes were shut and Linke was making noises, just reacting to the stimulation and David revelled in the control he had. This was the bit that always had his blood pumping; when his partner finally surrendered and he drove Linke on. Listening to the sounds Linke was making and watching closely for every indication, David knew exactly how close Linke was to the edge. He gave an extra twist of his hand, pushing Linke to the brink.

"Fuck," Linke said, sounding totally out of control.

"Not this time," David whispered on impulse, some instinct driving him, and almost instantly he felt hot seed explode over his hand.

Linke shuddered against him, making quiet noises and riding out an orgasm that seemed to have taken him over completely. David watched, feeling his own cock throbbing in response inside his jeans. There was something about the whole moment that he had not felt before, something that took it that one step higher because Linke was his friend rather than some random club member who shared his fantasy from the opposite angle.

He continued to pump Linke's cock until Linke had nothing left and Linke's shudders had become shivers and each movement caused breathy sounds of overstimulation rather than abandon. Only then did he stop and he sat back a little so he could just look. Linke still had his eyes closed and David gave his friend a chance to recover by picking up the ruined t-shirt and using it to wipe his

hand. Only when he went to wipe Linke off as well did Linke finally open his eyes and David was very pleased to see only what he normally expected to see with Linke.

"Please let me go now," Linke requested and David did as he was asked.

The ties came undone easily when he pulled them correctly and it took only moments before Linke was free. Linke was probably feeling a little weird, so David decided to leave his friend the dignity of putting himself back together and turned to his bag to find the spare t-shirt he knew was inside. That way Linke wouldn't have to walk out half naked.

What he really didn't expect was to find himself being tackled to the floor with Linke coming to rest over him.

"Looks like you have a bit of a problem," Linke said, having pinned him down.

One of Linke's hands quite deliberately pressed against his neglected erection and David couldn't help himself; he moaned.

"Remember," Linke said, seemingly very focused, "dragon."

The pressure on his upper body eased and David could have moved if he had wanted to, but he just lay there as Linke rapidly released him from his jeans and proceeded to swallow him whole. That was not the move of a novice and David began to suspect that Linke was not quite what he appeared to be. He didn't have long to dwell on it though, because he could barely think as Linke sucked him hard and threatened to extract his brain through his cock. All his blood surged south all at once and seemed to take all his brain cells with it.

He had thought he was aroused before, but the way his whole nervous system seemed to come alive suggested he hadn't really been more than two thirds there. The word dragon never came close to being uttered as Linke attacked him and he let the wonderful sensations remove even the remotest protest from his head. Linke was somehow managing to keep up the suction and do sinful things with his tongue at the same time, which meant that in an embarrassingly short time David was frantically tapping Linke on the shoulder.

"Gonna," he tried to say something sensible, "gonna..."

Words were just a little out of reach and at the last moment Linke pulled off, David dragged his t-shirt out of the way and then came all over himself. Whatever brain cells he had left exploded in little starbursts of pleasure and all he could do was lay there in a blissed out haze as the aftershocks made him hum in contentment. It was only after a while that he regained enough outward awareness to figure out Linke was no longer leaning over him and was in fact half sitting next to him and looking very pleased with himself.

"So are you gay or bi?" David asked, since it was the only thing that kept going round and round in his head.

No straight guy could dive in and give a blow job like that; it just didn't happen. That had taken practice.

"Gay," Linke admitted with a small shrug; "figured it out when I was sixteen, but really couldn't be bothered with the hassle so I don't mention it very much. You?"

"Bi," he replied, since they seemed to be confessing all, "figured that out when I was thirteen and realised I wanted into Timo's pants as well as the big busty blonde's down the road. Oh, and for your information, Timo knows all of my dirty little secrets. We even tried the whole friends with benefits thing once, but soon discovered that, although Timo would do anything for me, he is one hundred percent straight."

Linke didn't seem sure quite how to react to that.

"He lets me blow him occasionally," David was now in a confessing mood, "but he always keeps his eyes tight shut and has a distressing habit of calling me Daisy."

For a moment Linke just looked at him as if struggling with something and then burst out laughing.

"Daisy?"

David smiled too, since he had meant it to be funny even though it was perfectly true.

"I almost kissed Jan once," Linke told him as if he needed to give something back for what David admitted. "Very close thing; he can be so disarmingly adorable."

It was David's turn to laugh, because Linke had a perfect expression of consternation.

"The woes of not being straight," he said and patted Linke on the knee in a comrade-like fashion.

"Tell me about it," Linke returned with a rueful grin, "but you seem to have a solution. Where, pray tell, were you going with these?"

Linke exhibited his wrists where the cuffs were still sitting. For a moment David considered telling Linke a version of what he had told the others, but then another thought occurred to him; a thought that sent wicked messages straight to his cock.

"A private club," he replied and reached out to help Linke remove the cuffs, "a very exclusive gay club where you have to be sponsored by another member to join. It pretends to be a fitness club, but once you get through the gym the exercise is of a more entertaining nature. You would not believe who some of the members are."

"Who?" Linke asked, looking very interested. "And for that matter, how did you get in?"

David grinned; just the reaction he had hoped for.

"My cousin got me in," he replied, answering the second question first, "when we realised we had interests in common. As for who, you'd have to be a member for me to tell you that. Strict code; even Timo doesn't know who I've seen in the club."

Linke looked at him, clearly interested.

"Are you offering to sponsor me?" Linke asked, holding out his second wrist for the other cuff to be removed.

"Well if the way you reacted to me is anything to go by, I think you need an outlet," David replied, only half teasing, "and given how it brought you down today, it might be a very good release for this anger you keep bottling up."

The idea of having Linke in on this secret and having someone to share it with really appealed to him. This was a side of himself he had to keep hidden from most of the world and it was the one thing Timo would never see the same way he did. Also quite possibly having the option to fuck Linke senseless in a perfectly safe environment might have moved his thought processes on a little faster as well. He didn't actually know if Linke was a top or a bottom, or didn't mind either, but given the way Linke had submitted when tied up they could have some fun finding out.

"Where do I sign up?" Linke eventually said and David hoped his grin wasn't too wicked.

**The End**