

It's Dead

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Fandom: Panik RPS

Pairing: Linke/David

Rating: PG13

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Warnings: none

Summary: It looks like Linke's laptop is toast.

Author's Notes: For mieka_writes for pimping the GMBBC :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Linke poked the keyboard of his laptop with one finger and sighed.

"What's up?" David asked and somehow managed to go from standing up to lounging on the other end of the sofa with apparently no effort.

"It's dead," Linke replied and poked the machine again.

He'd known it was on its last legs for a while, ever since the incident with Jan, the fruit juice and the chocolate milk, but he had hoped it would last a little longer. He had backed everything up in anticipation of this day, but that didn't mean it wasn't annoying; he'd been playing a game when it had just gone 'phut'.

"Dead dead or can be resurrected dead?" David asked, sidling closer and looking over his shoulder.

"Dead dead," Linke replied and to make his point he picked it up, held it out and dropped it; the laptop made a very satisfying crash when it hit the floor.

"Yeah," David said, putting a chin on his shoulder as they both looked down at the remains of the computer, "that's very dead. We should have a funeral or something."

Linke laughed at that, David had such a random mind.

"If we bury it we'll be polluting the environment and Timo would kill us," he pointed out and turned his head to look at his friend.

"True," David replied with a very thoughtful look on his face, "maybe we should just enshrine it."

Then David grinned and Linke couldn't help grinning back; David's humour was infectious. He felt about five and it took them half an hour and they had to borrow a few things from around the house, but eventually they had everything done. There had been more laughing than doing really and by the end they had the laptop sat on the table in the corner surrounded by some silk flowers (heaven knew where those had come from); half open; draped with a black cloth (one of Jan's from his ninja period); with a beautiful missive on folded white paper about how it would be missed. It was a work of art.

"A memorial forever," Linke said in his best solemn voice.

"Or at least until the guys want their stuff back," David added in an equally solemn tone before bursting into a fit of giggles.

"I feel, Mr Bonk," Linke said, turning and raising an eyebrow at his friend, "you are failing to appreciate the solemnity of the situation."

"Aw," David replied going all big eyes and innocence, "is poor Chris in mourning?"

Linke hung his head and sniffed dramatically.

"It's such a loss," he said, holding his heart.

"And of course it doesn't give you an excuse to go and buy a shiny new laptop at all," David said, showing no sympathy at all.

"Well there is that," Linke agreed with a shrug, but then went back to dramatic, "but now I'm bored. What can I possibly do now that I have no laptop?"

He looked at David with his best soulful expression and David's grin turned wicked in a not completely unexpected way.

"Well," David said, looking him up and down in a very unsubtle way, "it's not as if we can go shopping right now ..."

Actually they could, but Linke wasn't about to point that out.

"...so I supposed I'd better think of a way to entertain you," David continued, "what with keeping your mind off your terrible loss and everything."

Linke wasn't really surprised when he went from kneeling in front of their creation to flat on his back on the floor with David straddled across him in very short order. When he and David had first got together he'd had a two hour lecture from Timo on what David liked and which parts of his anatomy he'd lose if Timo found out David was unhappy for any reason, but it was funny how Timo had never mentioned how much David liked sex. Linke had found that out on his own, many, many, many glorious times.

When he felt David's hands worming under his clothes and his shirt being pushed upwards, he laughed; who would have known a broken laptop could be so advantageous?

The End