

## A Picture Paints a Thousand Words

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**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** ?/Georg

**Rating:** NC17/18

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**Warnings:** none

**Summary:** see below

**Kink request:** Tokio Hotel - Georg is an exhibitionist and loves taking naked photos of himself and leaving them lying around for people to find. Everyone has seen them and it's well known joke amongst the band and crew. What he doesn't realize is that someone (you choose who) has been collecting the photos since day one and jacking off to their naked Georg shrine. May be expanded on to include Georg finding out etc.

**Author's Notes:** And yet another [kinathon](#) (which of course still open for anyone to play if they would like to :) ) fic ::g::: Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 2,769

"Tell me he's not going through poses from every film we've ever watched!" a voice further down the bus all but wailed.

That called to his attention and he put his head out of his bunk.

"I'm pretty sure Keanu was not naked in the Matrix," another voice replied.

Now he was really interested; that conversation meant only one thing: he was about to get another photograph for his collection. Moving quickly up the bus, he found the other two looking at something on the counter. Georg was of course absent, since Georg liked to leave the photos around for people to just come across, rather than shoving them in people's faces.

He moved up behind the other two and looked over their shoulders at what was on the table. It was a very nice A4 print of Georg in a leather coat, holding two plastic guns, but being, otherwise, naked.

"Nice coat," he said, trying to sound amused, rather than turned on.

His cock was already twitching in his pants, letting him know that he and his cock would need some quiet time together very soon unless he wanted to go crazy.

They all knew Georg was an exhibitionist. Naked and Georg went together like burger and fries and stopping Georg wandering around a communal space without clothes was something they had abandoned years ago. What was different now was the photographs: carefully thought out and arranged poses, taken, printed out and left in places where just about any member of the crew could find them.

It had started as a drunken bet, but by now he was pretty sure Georg was enjoying it far too much to stop. Most everyone took it as a huge joke and there was a pool on what Georg would look like next. There was also a pool on where all the photos disappeared to.

"One day a fan or someone from the press is going to find one of these and then we're all in trouble," one of the other's grouched.

"Georg does have a few brain cells," he replied, pretending not to be overly interested; "they never show up in publicly accessible places and they disappear when necessary. It's just a game."

"Whatever," was the resigned response, "but I'm not giving him the satisfaction of reacting to it. If we say nothing about it all day it will drive him bat-shit crazy."

When his other companion nodded and agreed and the other two both went to leave, he was very glad; it meant he didn't have to wait for much longer.

"I'm going to sleep a bit more," he announced, since, in their day, it was still early; "see you later."

"Don't have nightmares about our resident exhibitionist," one of the other's replied.

He laughed at that and pretended to be amused, but as soon as they were gone he grabbed the picture. He had thought the last one was hot, but this one was even better. Georg had the coat flipped back and was turned half to the side so he could see the curve of Georg's arse and Georg's very erect cock at the same time. What he wouldn't have given to be able to play with that cock, but while Georg might have been an exhibitionist, Georg was also straight. As far as most of the world was concerned, so was he.

Sliding into his bunk, he closed the curtains and then fished under his mattress to a thin plastic case he had hidden there. Placing it on the bed, he opened it carefully and let his eyes run over the pictures that were stuck over the inside of the top and bottom of it. Each one he had lovingly cut out of the printed photos and he had arranged them so he could see them all properly. He reached for the scissors he had stashed in his cubby-hole and carefully began to start the process with the new picture.

Once he had Georg's manly pose free from the extraneous background, he took a long time figuring out where to put it. All the cut-outs were stuck in place with a small piece of blu-tac so he could move them around when he wanted to and he shifted the arrangement twice to fit in the new one before he was happy with it. There were porn poses, film poses, even cartoon poses and he loved them all, and each and every one of them made his cock throb with desire.

It was probably sick to be lusting after one of your best friends like that, but he couldn't help himself. He'd seen Georg naked loads of times, but the first one of those pictures had twisted something in his head. Now he couldn't get enough; now he was addicted.

No one would disturb him; he was in his bunk with the curtains closed and that meant big trouble for anyone who interrupted him, so he had no fear when he undid his belt and flies and pushed his trousers and underwear down. His cock was already more than interested in proceedings and bobbed as he freed it from his confines. He pulled his shirt up and out of the way and he was ready.

The fact that these photos made him so hot should have embarrassed him, but by now he was way past that. He had it bad, not that he'd ever tell his friend that, but the pictures just did it for him like nothing else ever had. He didn't know

what it was about the poses that had set him off down this path, but he didn't bother trying to lie to himself anymore.

Taking hold of his cock, he gave himself a quick tug and then ran his index finger down over the underside of the head. There was already a bead of precome there waiting for him, that he spread slowly downwards. It felt so good and, with his eyes on his carefully arranged collection, he had more than enough stimuli to start his climb to sexual ecstasy.

Georg had changed over the time he had known him, from stocky, somewhat awkward teenager to, frankly, gossamer-haired sex god. Georg had the most beautiful muscles, all sculptured and touchable and he could imagine them rippling under that perfect skin. Everyone always talked about Bill being beautiful and Bill was, but not in the animal sexual way Georg was. He thought Georg was the epitome of sex on legs.

He moaned low in his throat as he imagined being allowed to touch that perfect body, or those manly hands touching him. What he wouldn't have given to have been thrown down and fucked hard by that thick, long cock. The first time he had thought that he had nearly died of shock, but it was familiar and almost comfortable now.

He stroked himself harder, imagining how it would feel to have Georg over him and in him and he came with a harsh breath, spilling his come onto his stomach. He continued to pump his cock until every last drop was out, squeezing the end gently and watching the final drop drip onto his skin. It was warm when it hit him, but cooled very quickly and he slowly ran one finger through it, spreading it further over his skin.

He didn't know where that little kink had come from either; once upon a time his wank session had been fast and the idea had been to clean up as quickly as possible, but not now. Now he liked to savour every moment and continue to play; not much, but some. His eyes always made their way back to his photo collection when he did and if he let himself he knew that it was a display thing, but usually his brain wasn't working that hard at that point.

Eventually he reached for the tissues on his little shelf and cleaned himself up, but he didn't put his clothes back together. He lay there for a little while and just enjoyed the afterglow, but eventually a noise from further down the bus interrupted him.

"Hey, Tom," Bill's voice sounded outside his curtains and he knew his time of reverie was over, "are you done; I kept Gustav out the way, but David's just started talking about a surprise visitor and we need to be ready."

Bill knew about his little obsession, but then Bill knew everything about him and he stuck his head between his curtains without bothering to straighten anything out inside.

"When?" he asked, not overly happy that his relaxing morning was being interrupted.

"Now," Bill replied, looking about as ticked off as he felt.

Surprise visitors were not common, but they weren't unknown either. They had some very surprising fans and when some people turned up there was just no way to tell them to get lost.

"I'll be out in ten," he said and disappeared back behind his curtains.

He hated being rushed, but it was getting to be second nature these days. Hurriedly he put himself and his bunk back together and hurried towards the bathroom to make himself fresh and presentable. He never noticed the new cut out that escaped his precious folder and snagged between the mattress and the side of his bunk.

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It seemed to be a rule, if they were going to congregate all together they usually did it on Tom and Bill's bus. They had never really decided that, it had just started happening, so Georg automatically climbed onto the twins' bus after Gustav as they all began to wind down. They wouldn't be leaving the venue for another hour or so, which meant time to kick back and relax before all returning to their own space and sleeping.

"Dammit," Tom said, as they piled into the room at the end, "I left the DVD in my bunk."

"I'll get it," Georg said, since he was at the back of the group.

"Thanks," Tom replied, disappearing into the little room, "it's on the shelf."

Georg leant into Tom's bunk and reached for the DVD that was sitting on the shelf, but his eye was caught by something sticking up at the top side of the bunk. Without thinking, he put his hand out and took it, pulling it free from where the mattress was flattening it to the wall. It became quite obvious what he was looking at very quickly and he couldn't help noticing the blu-tac on the back of the picture.

It occurred to him he was just about to step over a line, but he couldn't help himself and carefully pulled up the edge of the mattress to see what he would find. The folder came into view, and, glancing down the bus, he picked it up and opened it. He almost dropped it again when he realised what he had found. At least that answered the question as to where all the photos had been going. Every time he went to retrieve one in case someone who wasn't supposed to see it found it, it would be gone. He just couldn't believe that it was Tom who had been collecting them, but the evidence was there right in front of him.

There was a little white blob on the very edge of the folder that he bent closer to see and then it dawned on him what it was. His shock really knew no bounds as he slowly put the folder back down on the bunk. He looked at the DVD and then the folder and then the DVD again, trying to decide what to do. In the end he tucked the folder back into place, put the photo back where he had found it and plastered his best couldn't-care-less smile on his face before heading towards the others. This was going to take some thinking about.

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Tom walked into his hotel room slowly, feeling just a little grumpy. It was their first night off in ages and yet everyone had run away from dinner before he was finished, even Bill, and no one was answering their doors either. It was as if they were all avoiding him.

Closing the door, he walked down the little hallway into the suite, threw his hat onto the sofa and then looked right to the bedroom. He almost died; there in the

centre of the bed, in a perfect recreation of the pose he always kept at the centre of his collection was Georg. His thoughts scattered in all directions and his brain all but melted.

"What the hell?" he just about managed to ask.

Georg's exhibitionism was really getting out of hand.

"Don't like what you see?" Georg asked, patented smirk fully in place. "See I thought you would do since you give this one pride of place."

Tom failed to comprehend that on the first try.

"You..." he managed as his thoughts caught up and he looked at the door and actually considered running.

He was so dead; Georg knew about his collection. His life as he knew it was over. If Georg didn't knock him for six he just knew his friend would tease him mercilessly about it for the rest of his miserable existence.

"Tomi, Tomi, Tomi," Georg said, just lounging there with everything he had on show, "hiding away isn't usually your style."

Tom found his eyes wandering, try as he might to keep them focused on Georg's face. Having what he so desperately wanted so close and yet so completely out of reach was killing him.

"I didn't ... I couldn't ..." he didn't know what to say.

"Come here," Georg said and patted the bed next to him.

Tom was so completely at a loss that he meekly did as he was told and sat down right where Georg's hand had been. He was more than a little shocked that he hadn't been decked or laughed at yet.

"You should have come straight to the source."

He heard what Georg said, but he was so busy staring at the bed and waiting to be slapped that he didn't really take it in. When he finally did look up, Georg was only centimetres from his face and he didn't have the remotest chance to object as Georg moved in and kissed him. All sensible thought vanished from his head and he just kissed back.

When the kiss finally broke, he was still lost for words; he didn't really understand what had just happened.

"But you're..." his mouth and brain were not in alignment at all.

"Straight?" Georg asked, way ahead of him it appeared.

He nodded; there was no point in ridiculous face saving manoeuvres now.

"I found your collection," Georg said and Tom was incredibly pleased that his friend was explaining, "the other night when I picked up the DVD one of the photos had come loose."

"I found that," Tom was pleased that he managed to say something sensible.

"So I talked to Bill," Georg continued to explain and Tom began to feel scared again, "because I wanted to make sure I wasn't getting the wrong end of the stick. Seems I'm not, so here I am."

Tom made a mental note to kill Bill for not telling him Georg knew, but at least Bill's odd behaviour over the last couple of days was solved.

"But you are straight," Tom still couldn't get his head round it.

"Yeah," Georg said, grinning again, "about as straight as you."

Tom sat there for a minute and then couldn't help grinning back, then he began to laugh and then he took a good long look at Georg without any shame whatsoever.

"Sex then?" he asked, deciding that playing hard to get was simply not on the cards.

"I was thinking of fucking you within an inch of your life," Georg said as if he was talking about the weather and Tom felt his pulse speed up.

"How did you?" he began to ask.

That was his fantasy; what he had been dreaming about since just after the pictures began to show up and he had only told one person.

"Bill," he realised and rolled his eyes.

He and Bill were going to have a talk about this later.

"I quote, 'This is just so you two macho idiots don't dance around the subject for ages; Tom wants you to top him and I mean top like you mean it'," Georg said and moved towards him.

Tom swallowed hard; he was so going to get it now.

**The End**