

Ambush

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Georg/Gustav

Rating: R

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Warnings: none

Summary: Gustav is not a happy camper so someone calls in the cavalry, which just happens to be Georg.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. Just a bit of fluff with (hopefully) a small side of hotness ;).

Word count: 1,710

Gustav was in a really, really bad mood. So much so that everyone saw him coming and found somewhere else to be. Some stupid magazine had spelt his name wrong, again, and usually that didn't bother him, because he knew the rest of the band valued him and so did the fans, so some over priced rag's inability to report facts didn't usually have any effect on him, but it had been one of those days and it had tipped the balance. He had been halfway through verbally ripping Tom a new one for daring to breathe wrongly in his direction, when Bill had given him a look which said 'speak one more word and you die', which, even in his current mood, he was not about to challenge, so he was looking for more prey.

Sometimes he just needed to let off steam and yelling helped. He always had enough sense to censor himself enough not to say anything that would do lasting damage, but everyone was running away from him. He wanted someone to stand still long enough for him to verbally reduce them to about an inch high, for which he was sure he would end up apologising the next day. The only person who hadn't run away so far was Saki and Saki was completely useless as a target, because the man would just stand there and not react at all, which was even more frustrating.

Suddenly arms came round him from behind as he surveyed the area around the busses and lorries, searching for a victim.

"I hear," Georg's mellow voice whispered in his ear before warm lips placed a kiss on the side of his neck, "that you are being an ogre. Want to tell me what's up?"

Gustav bristled with irritation; he should have known Bill would run straight for the cavalry.

"I am not an ogre," he said, knowing that really he didn't want to pick a fight with Georg, but not being able to help it.

To his frustration Georg just laughed quietly.

"I never said you were," Georg said without the slightest trace that he was rising to the bait, "I was merely reporting what others have told me. Now are you going to talk to me or do I have to resort to desperate measures?"

At that point, Gustav almost gave up. Ever since he and Georg had fallen into their current relationship of boyfriends, a route which Gustav still had yet to quite figure out, he had one weakness, a weakness who was taller than him, clumsy in an adorably dorky way and had a smile that could melt hearts at one hundred paces. However, his annoyance was not that easily defeated and he pulled away from Georg and turned, eyes narrowing.

"Listening to what other people have to say about me now, are you?" he tried again and he knew it wouldn't work, because Georg was as likely to rise to such bait as a cat was to give up it's place in the sun, but he wasn't feeling overly rational.

"Desperate measures it is then," Georg said with a smile that would have had Gustav trembling if he hadn't been so annoyed.

Gustav opened his mouth to tell Georg exactly what he thought of 'desperate measures' when he found himself being loomed over and he shut his mouth and stepped back without thinking. It was really quite an achievement that Georg managed to do the looming thing since Georg wasn't that much taller than him; Gustav could only think that it had to be the hair. His back hit the bus behind him and he found himself hemmed in.

He knew what came next; it wasn't as if this was the first time Georg had used a similar technique to calm him down, but he stubbornly tried not to give in. He opened his mouth again to retort and found it covered by another that was not taking no for an answer. He awarded himself points when he managed to keep his train of thought for almost a second before he gave in and kissed back. His only excuse was that Georg was an incredibly good kisser and when Georg nipped at his lower lip like that it did things to him he had no defence against.

He felt himself reaching out despite the lingering fit of pique and it was he who deepened the kiss and demanded with his tongue that Georg reciprocate. For a little while he forgot everything else and let himself sink into the feelings, but eventually they had to come up for air, and it was a comment on his mood that his annoyance managed to bob back to the surface.

"Ooh, I know that face," Georg said without giving him a chance to say anything, "it's time for really desperate measures. Just so you know though," Georg added, "when you've calmed down you are going to tell me what's wrong."

Gustav went to protest and yet again found his air supply severely limited by Georg's lips on his. If he was really sensible, he was going to learn to duck when this happened. The kiss was this time accompanied by an insistent hand that had his fly open and was squirreling inside before he had any say in the matter whatsoever. Not that he had any brain power to say anything once that hand had him, he just moaned and his conscious mind just melted under the onslaught.

There was definitely something to be said for dating a man who played the bass for a living, because, boy, was Georg good with his hands. Georg might have fallen over his own feet at every opportunity, but, when it came to hands, Georg was a master. Those strong fingers stroked him firmly and then wormed their way into his underwear, wrapping around him and blowing any brain cells he had left.

He was gasping by the time Georg pulled back from the kiss and let him breathe, but Georg didn't let up on anything else. Georg's lips found his neck and Georg's

hand continued doing unmentionable things to his nether regions that had him moaning in a way that was probably carrying all over the area.

"That's it, Juschtel," Georg whispered in his ear between kisses, "come apart for me. Show me how much you love my hand on your cock."

Georg had also discovered his talking dirty kink pretty soon into their relationship. That mellow voice saying anything remotely sexy always made him hot under the collar.

"Are your balls tight yet, Juschtel?" Georg continued to whisper things to him, while working him in an incredibly sinful way. "Do you feel like you want to come? Are you going to shoot your load all over my hand?"

That did it, he bucked against Georg's hand and came with a hoarse shout and Georg pumped him some more, just to make sure and had his knees trembling and him gasping desperately. Only Georg could take him to pieces with quite such directness and speed and his brain could barely function enough for him to remember his name by the time his boyfriend was finished with him, let alone remember he was supposed to be annoyed.

Georg had tucked him back in his trousers and put his fly back together before he had enough brain power to think in any reasonable manner.

"Feeling better?" Georg asked him, smirking just slightly.

Gustav gave his boyfriend a hard stare, but couldn't hold it for long and smiled.

"Yeah," he said, feeling just a little stupid for his earlier outbursts now that he was feeling very relaxed indeed, "but anyone within hearing distance is going to be making fun of me for days, you do realise that?"

Once people had realised that Gustav did have an off switch when it came to anger and they had figured out what Georg did to flip it, he had never heard the end of it. Someone was bound to have heard and so, once they knew it was safe, they were going to take the piss out of him.

"But wasn't it worth it?" Georg said, giving him a full on, knee trembling smile. "Don't you feel so much more relaxed?"

Gustav had to agree that, yes, he did feel much more mellow, well except for the fact that he needed to go and change because he was all sticky.

"Yes," he agreed again and rolled his eyes, "but now I have to go change because I'm a mess."

"About that," Georg said, eyes lighting up, "I was thinking that we could, maybe, barricade ourselves in that shower room in the venue and then, possibly, take our time and make sure you're really clean."

Gustav felt his cock twitch even though it had so recently been spent and he considered the idea. They did have a concert that evening, but most of the setup and sound checks had already been done; it was the sound checks that had caused his bad mood in the first place, so they had a little time.

"Let's stop by our bus and get a few things," he said as the idea began to build in his brain and he found he liked it a lot.

He could feel the grin spreading across his face as he decided what he was going to do to Georg, after all, he did have to pay back his boyfriend for ambushing him.

"Sounds like a plan," Georg replied and turned, at which point Georg all but fell over his laces that had somehow freed themselves from their confines.

As Georg stopped himself taking a header by reaching for the side of the bus, all devious and carnal thoughts vanished from Gustav's head for a moment as he watched Georg at his least sexy. His grin became a fond smile.

"You know I love you, right?" he said quietly as the feeling welled in his chest.

Georg looked back at him then, smiling as well.

"Of course I do," was the simple reply and then Georg wiggled his eyebrows and all the carnal thoughts came back into Gustav's head.

It was going to be a fun afternoon.

The End