

Better Late Than Never

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Warnings: lots of sex, twincest

Summary: Georg gets sex. (What? That's the whole story.)

Author's Notes: This was originally supposed to be ready for Georg's birthday, but I never had a chance to finish it, so I've tweaked it a little and here it is :).

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Georg opened his eyes slowly and let himself wake up gently. It was the first day they had had off for ages because of the tour and he was in a hotel room hours from home because the group had been on a late night TV show and then attended a publicity party. He had fallen into bed at three in the morning after cursory goodbyes to the others and promises of being more coherent in the morning. There was nothing booked for the day at all, which left plenty of time to just laze around. He had been lazing around for an hour or so already and he decided it was time to crawl out of bed. He hadn't bothered to have a shower the previous evening because he had been so tired and he had just fallen into bed.

Moving slowly, he pushed the duvet back and rolled to the side of the bed. A shower would help him wake up properly and then he could find out if any of the others were awake yet and then have a leisurely breakfast.

It didn't take him long to step under the warm spray and let the water wash away any tension left from the previous night. The hotel shower gel was aromatherapy stuff, so he used that and found that it was revitalising just like it said on the bottle. He stretched and washed away all the remaining stiffness out of his body, just enjoying the water and relaxing. It took him a minute or two to wash his hair, but the rest of the time he let the spray massage his back and neck. In the end, he only turned off the water reluctantly and reached for one of the large fluffy towels.

Thanks to the conditioner that Bill had thrown his way recently, his hair was tangle free as he brushed it out. There were some advantages to being in a band with a guy who knew more about most grooming products than Cosmopolitan. Grinning at the thought, he finished drying off his feet and slung a dry towel around his waist before heading back into the other room. It was as he stepped through the door that he stopped dead. There on his bed was Bill, lying on his side, leaning up on one arm and smiling. The most significant thing, however, was the fact that Bill was completely naked. Literally the only thing Bill was wearing was the smile.

"Hey, Georg," Bill said cheerfully, "happy birthday."

"It's not my birthday," Georg pointed out, since his birthday had been the previous month.

"Yes," Bill said with a little shrug, "but we were so busy we never had a chance to celebrate properly."

Georg smiled; he could always count on Bill to surprise him. It wasn't that he hadn't found Bill in a similar position before, it was just he really hadn't expected it, since he had thought Bill would still be asleep for hours yet. He had never made it a secret among his closest friends that he liked both the male and the female of the species and when Bill had been fifteen and confused as to whether boys could be as good as girls it had been logical that Bill had come to him. Then it had been about experimentation, now it was all about fun.

He was just about ready to walk over when he froze again. From where he was standing he couldn't see the bed beyond Bill and he began to think that was how Bill had planned it, because he was stunned when a blond head with an identical smile to Bill's appeared over Bill's shoulder. Tom was lying behind Bill and, from the looks of it, was as naked as his twin.

Bill just grinned at him as he stood there stunned.

It had been a night a few months ago when he had drunkenly confessed to Bill that he had deep dark fantasies about having both Bill and Tom in his bed and it seemed that Bill had not been as drunk as he had seemed. Georg was completely at a loss to know what to do and he just stared. Tom lifted up from behind Bill and Georg was reminded that Tom hid as nice a body as Bill's under the very large clothes.

"Happy birthday," Tom said in slightly deeper tones than Bill and Georg suddenly discovered that parts of his anatomy liked the twins lying together even more than he had thought they would.

Tom leaning on Bill's shoulder looking at him with come to bed eyes as Bill gave a big smile was probably the hottest thing he had ever seen.

"We didn't think you were ever going to get out of bed," Bill said in a playful tone; "we've been waiting for you to go to the bathroom for nearly an hour."

Georg smiled at that and decided he might as well enjoy what was on offer and he sauntered towards the bed.

"You could have just come in," he said and gave his best cocky grin.

"You have no idea how long Bill's been planning this entrance," Tom said with a laugh, "and you know how he gets if you ruin his entrance."

Bill rolled his eyes and looked at his brother over his shoulder; Georg was very amused.

"Then I suppose I better show my appreciation before there are any wrong impressions," he said, pulling off his towel.

Both Bill's and Tom's eyes zeroed in on his very healthy erection and Tom looked kind of impressed and nervous at the same time. It was clear Bill might have given Tom the low down, but Tom hadn't quite believed it. The idea of showing Tom how well he knew how to use what he had made his cock twitch with great interest.

He wondered briefly how close Bill and Tom were willing to get and the mental image that gave him made his cock throb hungrily as he climbed onto the bed. When he was close, Bill reached up and pulled him down for what turned into a very passionate kiss, running a hand down his chest and into the thatch between his legs. Georg moaned into the kiss. There was one thing that could be said about Bill; their lead singer threw himself into everything he chose to do with heart and talent and Bill had learned everything Georg had to teach him and more.

"Where do you want us?" Bill asked, after breaking the kiss.

Georg wasn't quite sure how to answer that one and he looked at both the twins trying to gauge how far he could go. Bill smiled as if he understood what the look meant.

"We'll do anything except fuck each other," Bill whispered in his ear as if it was a big secret.

Georg was surprised again; his fantasies might have hoped that Bill would say something like that, but he hadn't actually thought it would happen.

"We're twins," Tom said without the slightest sign of shame when Georg looked at him; "it was easier to experiment together for some things. You don't think Bill learned to kiss on his own do you?"

This was a side of the twins he had never suspected and it started a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach. It wasn't just arousal either; this was a secret that they were willing to share with him and it heightened the experience even more.

"So where do you want us?" Bill asked again.

"I think I'd like to see this alleged kissing," Georg said as his mind ran through all the possibilities.

Bill smiled and slowly turned so that he was lying down and, under Georg's hot gaze, Tom languidly draped himself across Bill. They were the perfect match as they leant together and when their lips met Georg felt his arousal spike even more. If Tom looking over Bill's shoulder had been hot, it was nothing compared to the two of them kissing. It was sinful to see and the illicit nature of the act made Georg all that more hot and bothered to be watching it.

It seemed to Georg that Bill had not been kidding when he had said the pair were willing to do just about anything, because the twins were going at it like they meant it. There were tongues involved and Georg watched Bill catch Tom's lip ring in his teeth and tug on it gently before releasing it so the two could kiss properly again. It was quite obvious that Bill had had experience with exploring the lip ring before and Georg could not help wondering how often the twins had done this.

If Tom kissed like that all the time then Georg could see why Tom never had any complaints. There was passionate and then there was what the twins were doing at that moment. When Tom ground himself against Bill and Bill arched off the bed to meet Tom, Georg decided he'd had enough of watching. He crawled the small distance between himself and the entwined pair and threaded his finger in Tom's dreadlocks. He used the leverage to urge Tom away from Bill, bending down to claim a kiss of his own. Tom came up to meet him and they engaged in a battle

of tongues as they each fought for dominance; Georg soon found himself being pushed back onto the bed with Tom on top.

Bill was alpha in everything outside the bedroom; Georg had seen many people trying to make Bill do things he didn't want to or hadn't agreed to and Bill could be devastating in his approach, but inside the bedroom Bill tended to be less dominant. Georg knew he was still the only person Bill had slept with and the dynamic probably had a lot to do with how it had started with him being the experienced one. That wasn't to say Bill had never topped, but Bill rarely fought for dominance if Georg wanted it.

Tom on the other hand was experienced with girls and hence did not seem willing to give up, at least in the kissing stage. Georg wasn't about to give up either though and it was almost a wrestling match as they kissed. He was broader and heavier than Tom and eventually he found leverage and flipped them over, pushing Tom down onto the bed and pinning him there with his body. Tom's erection dug into his hip and he rubbed against the body beneath him as he claimed the victor's kiss.

"Your arse is mine," he said as Tom gave up with a moan and went limp under him.

It was then that it occurred to him that maybe Bill might have something to say about his last statement. When he lifted his head he looked towards Bill, a little worried about what he might find. Bill was lying there grinning, seeming to know exactly what he was thinking and Georg wondered if his friend had taken up mind reading now.

"I'm not going to be jealous if that's what you think," Bill said lightly, "well unless you'd like me to be jealous. I can go diva on your arse if you ask nicely."

For a moment Georg considered it; having to subdue an annoyed Bill could be fun, even if Bill was acting, but he shook his head. Today he had other things in mind, but there was one thing that was bothering him. Tom was the twin he was after since Tom was new territory, but he wasn't sure of how to proceed. He sat back slowly, giving Tom some space and really thinking about the situation rather than going with the flow.

"Have you done this before?" he asked, not wanting to proceed without knowing.

Tom was a well known ladies man, but Georg had had no idea that Tom would even consider another guy, let alone follow through. When Tom just smiled and lifted an eyebrow Georg was pretty sure the answer to his question was no; that brought the funny fluttery feeling back.

"Just call me curious," Tom said with the usual bravado Georg had come to expect from the elder twin.

"You're sure?" Georg found himself unexpectedly nervous.

"Bill didn't have to drug me and hog tie me to get me in here," Tom said with a laugh, "although he did offer to."

"You didn't ask nicely enough," Bill said with a flick of his hair that made Georg think of a girl.

The fact that Bill was, however, very much male was difficult to miss when Bill was lying there naked and erect. Having let his eyes wander, Georg let them wander some more, since it was a very pretty sight and then he turned his attention back to Tom. Just as he was wondering what they could use for lube and calculating how many condoms he had stashed in his case, Tom reached under one of the pillows and produced both items.

"We came prepared," Tom said, doing really well at hiding the nerves that Georg could just about see behind the mask.

When the clear plastic tube and metallicised packets were thrown at him, he caught them.

"I am yours to command," Tom then said with dramatic flare that made Bill laugh.

"Quick, get in while you can," Bill said, still laughing, "this is a once in a lifetime occurrence."

Georg did not need to be told twice and he leaned over to pick up two of the pillows he had dumped on the floor the previous night. He threw them into the middle of the bed in a pile and looked at Tom.

"Lie on those on your stomach with your arse in the air," he instructed, already forming a plan of how he wanted this to go in his head.

Tom did as he was asked without too much hesitation and Georg was presented with a view of a very nice, small, firm arse. When he glanced over at Bill he noticed that Bill's eyes were rather large and suspiciously fixated; it seemed this was a new view for both of them.

"What do you want me to do?" Bill asked, eventually seeming to tear his eyes away.

Georg grinned since Bill's reaction had put all sorts of naughty ideas in his head.

"You get to watch," was all he said as he considered his next move.

Crawling forward, he urged Tom's legs further apart and insinuated himself between them. Tom twisted slightly, looking at him over one slim shoulder and Georg gave the younger boy a smile.

"Just relax," he said, lowering his right hand to slowly stroke the pale flesh of Tom's thigh, "and if anything hurts tell me straight away."

Tom looked at him for a moment then nodded, before the top not of dreads lowered once again and Georg watched some of the tension flow out of Tom's back. He couldn't help remembering when he had had Bill in a similar position, but they had been younger then and Bill had trembled as he touched him. Tom did not tremble, but there was the slightest tremor as Georg moved his hands slowly across the expanse of flesh in front of him.

As Tom moved his head slightly, shifting the messy pile of dreads, Georg's eyes were drawn to Tom's pale, slim neck. He knew Bill was sensitive on the back of his neck, right where the tattoo was, and he wondered if Tom was the same. Stroking that spot had eased tension out of Bill on many occasions inside and outside the bedroom and so Georg leaned forward. Using just the tips of his

fingers, he brushed a touch over the spot at the base of Tom's neck. The moan he was rewarded with was almost identical to Bill's and he couldn't help but smile.

"That's cheating," Tom said in a muffled voice.

"But he cheats very well," Bill said and Georg glanced over to see that he was being observed very closely.

Georg decided that although this was his treat, he wanted Tom as relaxed as possible. He was not the type of person who could have fun if his partner wasn't and he was well aware that when dealing with virgin territory you had to be careful. If he was ever hoping that his deep dark fantasies would ever happen again ... he stopped that thought before it threatened to distract him too much.

Putting the lube and the condoms on the bed, he leant further over Tom, leaning lightly against his younger friend so that Tom would get used to the closeness, and, starting with Tom's neck, he began to stroke his fingers down over Tom's back. Tom definitely mumbled something, possibly about not being a girl, but Tom made no move to stop him so Georg just continued. He smiled as he enjoyed eliminating one of Tom's stereotypes; men were allowed to like being touched too.

He carried on for a good five minutes, about halfway through which Tom started moaning quietly, giving up the pretence of merely putting up with it. When he looked over to pick up the lube, he realised it wasn't where he had put it and found it presented to him by Bill. When he took it, the tube was vaguely warm and Bill gave him a cute little smile when he raised his eyebrows. Turning his attention back to Tom, he realised that Tom didn't seem to have noticed anything at all.

Lifting the lube up, he popped the cap as quietly as he could and, holding it above Tom's arse, he let the clear, viscous gel flow out of the tube. As soon as it touched Tom's skin Tom made a surprised little noise and Georg used one finger to spread the gel down over Tom's hole. The gasp Tom made sent messages straight to his cock.

"Relax," he said as he felt Tom move a little away from him as he continued to stroke, "I won't go too fast, I promise."

Tom's only reply was a low hum which Georg took to be agreement. He played a little while longer before using more lube and slowly pushing his index finger against Tom's entrance. Tom's hips shifted slightly and Tom made a small interested noise as Georg pushed just hard enough to slide inside. He felt Tom's muscles clench at the unfamiliar intrusion and he moved his finger slowly and carefully until he felt Tom's relaxing again. Then he changed his angle of attack and went seeking Tom's prostate. He knew when he found it because Tom made a noise that suggested Tom's brain had just imploded.

The rather breathy sound that came from Bill at the same time was rather interesting. He took his eyes off Tom for a moment and looked over to where Bill was sitting, eyes completely fixated on Tom. Bill was proud and erect, Georg could see precum glistening on the end of Bill's cock, but Bill had not made the slightest move to touch himself. About the only thing Bill was doing now was breathing and Georg could not help wondering what was going on in Bill's head. Keeping his eyes on Bill he moved his finger again, brushing the spot he had found and making Tom moan. At the same moment he found Tom's prostate

again, Bill gave the tiniest of movements and made the same sound as before. It was almost as if Bill was feeling something, either that or Bill had a very good imagination.

Focusing back on Tom, Georg decided that Tom was loose enough for another finger and as he drew his hand back this time he squirted more lube and pushed back in with two digits. This time Tom's moan was also a bit of a grunt.

"Okay?" Georg asked, wanting to make sure he was not hurting Tom. "It will burn a bit, but there shouldn't be any sharp pain."

"I'm fine," was Tom's rather muffled response.

Tom's arse was very tight never having done this before and Georg worked the younger boy slowly. If Tom was as like Bill as Georg suspected they weren't going to have any problem, but slow was always better. Rushing things would only cause injury. It didn't take too long before Tom was making appreciative noises again and Georg began to twist his fingers as well as slide them in and out.

Soon there was no resistance to his fingers and he opened the lube again. Lube was definitely his friend at the moment and he wanted to make sure Tom was well slicked before he tried anything. Using more of the gel he slowly eased in another finger causing Tom to grunt again. It was Bill who reached out and gently stroked the back of his brother's neck.

Tom relaxed well after that and, after a minute or so, Georg deemed everything ready. Removing his fingers, he picked up one of the condoms and split the wrapper, rolling the latex quickly over himself and then dousing his erection with lube. Tom was spread out before him just waiting and he inched his way forward until, as he held his cock, he just bumped Tom's entrance.

"Stay relaxed," he said as he slowly, but firmly pushed and guided himself into the slick orifice.

Tom actually gave a small cry of pain now and Georg stopped moving, but he did not pull back. Pulling back now would only make things more difficult. Staying still was difficult, what with the pressure on the end of his cock making him desperate to seek more, but he remained motionless, holding Tom's hips, until he felt the tension easing. Then he began to push in further with Tom gasping all the way until he was seated almost completely in his lover.

When he looked, Bill's hand was shaking where it was stroking Tom's neck, but Bill didn't seem to notice. Bill's eyes were fixated on where he and Tom were now joined and Bill was breathing almost as hard as his brother.

As rapidly as he dared, Georg started to move, small thrusts at first, but slowly becoming bigger as Tom adjusted to the intrusion. It was heavenly having Tom beneath him and Bill so completely focused on them that Bill seemed to have almost merged with Tom. It was almost enough as Tom began to make sounds of pleasure and he nearly just kept going, but no matter how beautiful Bill looked just sitting there, he wanted Bill to be participating. Seeing Bill's tongue dart out of his mouth once, he decided what he wanted.

Georg slowly pulled Tom up so that Tom's back was flush with his chest, eliciting a breathless moan from his lover when he danced his fingers over one of Tom's nipples. Bill was still sitting in the same position, almost glassy eyed, but Georg had plans and he was about to set them in motion.

"Bill," he said, holding himself and Tom still while he was buried as deep as he could manage, "why don't you show your brother how clever you are with that tongue stud?"

Bill blinked at him at first, almost as if the sentence hadn't made any sense, but after a moment Bill seemed to shake himself out of the daze and moved round in front of Tom. Even from behind where he couldn't see Tom's face, he could tell that the twins were sharing a look and then Bill moved in. Georg had expected Bill to go for a nipple first, or maybe another kiss, but it seemed Bill had other ideas. The first thing Bill did was get rid of the pillows and there was only one place Bill's eyes were fixed. When Bill's head dipped, Georg knew exactly when Bill reached Tom's cock because Tom's muscles clenched all over.

This time he was moaning along with Tom as Tom's arse squeezed him and drove arousal through his whole body.

"Whatever you're doing, Bill," he said breathlessly, "keep doing it."

There was a quiet chuckle from Bill, which sent interesting tremors through Tom and consequently through Georg as well. He kept himself still, just holding Tom in place while his lover adjusted to Bill's ministrations. Having been on the receiving end of more than one of Bill's blowjobs, he was well aware of how devastatingly well Bill had figured out how to use the tongue stud and he didn't want to overstimulate Tom too fast. Only when Tom had relaxed into the whole experience did he pull Tom down slightly and then slowly start thrusting up.

From the feel of things, Tom was fighting with himself to stop from pulling away from both of them and Georg knew he had Tom just where he wanted him. He moved so that he was higher and then angled differently so that, when he thrust in, he put pressure on Tom's prostate. Tom almost howled and Georg had to assume Bill had done something at the same time, because Tom didn't seem to know what to do with himself.

It was better than his fantasies; Tom was just as responsive as Bill and being able to see the fine lines of Bill's body as Bill serviced his own twin was doing things to Georg that he had never imagined. It was difficult to keep his pace slow, but he did not want to hurt Tom so he controlled himself. Tom was breathing raggedly and he knew his lover could not be far off from orgasm now. He couldn't see exactly what Bill was doing, but it had to be just right because Tom was putty in their hands.

"Come on, Tom," he whispered in Tom's ear, "I know you're almost there. I want to feel you lose it completely."

Leaning down, he fastened his lips onto Tom's neck and that was all it took. He saw Bill draw back slightly, but not sit up and then Tom was shuddering around him, calling out to the rest of the room in uncontrollable shouts. That was one thing Georg now knew was different about the twins; they came differently.

Tom collapsed forward as Bill moved out of the way and Georg slowly pulled out. He checked the condom quickly, but there were no signs of blood and then he pulled it off, discarding it to the floor for now. Then he slipped on another one just as fast and looked over at Bill whose face was covered in cum. Now he knew why Bill hadn't pulled back completely; Bill was well aware of his fetish for facials and seeing Bill now excited him even more.

"Lie down, Bill," he said, feeling the need to keep up the momentum while leaving Tom to recover.

Bill did as he was told without argument and Georg moved around the bed, coming to rest between Bill's knees. Lifting Bill's legs he braced them against his shoulders and then liberally slicked himself with lube. He used what was left in his hand to coat his fingers and slipped two straight into Bill's arse. He couldn't help smiling at what he found; Bill was loose already as if he'd been prepared before.

"Interesting," Georg said, looking down at his second lover, "I doubt anyone has done a study on the sexual interaction of twins, maybe I should be the first."

He didn't give Bill a chance to reply, however, positioning himself and pushing in almost immediately. Bill's moan was wanton and warm and Georg felt only soft heat, virtually no resistance at all. It was almost as if they were having a go for a second time.

Bill did not need any slow start and within seconds Georg was thrusting into Bill's willing body hard and fast. They moved together with one accord, both straining for what they needed. Bill's deceptively slim frame was strong and Georg watched the muscles ripple below the surface of Bill's smooth skin. He had once mapped out the moles on Bill's body and committed them to memory, but now was not the time for such drawn out games.

Georg knew he was close, but he wanted Bill to surrender first, but, before he could reach to take hold of Bill's overlooked cock, another hand reached in from beside him. Slim, strong fingers wrapped around Bill's erection, eliciting a low moan from Bill, and Georg followed the arm back to where Tom was lying on the bed beside his twin. Tom just gave him a half smile and began working Bill.

With Bill taken care of, Georg went back to concentrating on himself. He was so almost ready and he had to slow his movements slightly before he pushed himself over the edge. Bill was not overly vocal in bed, probably one of the few times their lead singer was quiet, but the small noises Bill did make were absolutely delicious. He knew Bill was close because there was the smallest little cry mixed in with the breathy panting and he watched Bill's face avidly as his lover came apart.

When Bill stiffened and shuddered against him it was not a surprise and he buried himself to the hilt as Bill's muscles clenched around him. It was all he needed to make the final climb to his own peak and he gasped and shook, closing his eyes as he lost all ability to control himself as his orgasm took him.

He slumped forward over Bill, bracing himself with his arms and let the tremors run through his body with delicious abandon. There was nothing quite like a really good orgasm and the only thing that came close was making his bass sing. When his muscles finally stopped twitching, he opened his eyes again and looked down as the satisfied expression on Bill's face. It was a look he had seen several times in the past and it made him smile every time. Bill had one of those cat-with-the-cream expressions that spoke of satisfaction, but also asked for more at the same time. They had gone at it all night once with Georg resorting to toys at some points just to see if he could wipe that expression off Bill's face. He hadn't managed it; when Bill was in the mood for sex, Bill could take more than anyone was capable of giving.

Moving back, he pulled out carefully and pulled off the used condom, tying it in a knot before attempting to throw it at the bin. He missed, but couldn't be bothered

to get up off the bed just then and made a mental note to move it later. Bill was just lying there still on his back looking content and Tom was lying beside his twin absently playing with a strand of Bill's hair. If it hadn't been for the bodily fluids and the whole nakedness thing, it would have been a delightfully innocent moment.

When Tom saw him looking, Tom moved sideways on the bed and then patted the space between him and Bill. Georg gave a little smirk and then crawled into the vacated position, lying down so that he was on his back and could see both of the twins.

"That was a great birthday present," Georg said, feeling more than a little satisfied.

"Who says it's over?" Tom asked with the most mischievous smile Georg had ever seen.

"We have all day," Bill added with exactly the same expression.

It was then that Georg remembered that the twins tended to side together against the rest of the world no matter what differences they might have between them. He had the sneaking feeling that he was being tag teamed and he wondered briefly if he would be able to walk later.

The End