

Compatible Energy

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel

Pairing: Bill/Georg

Rating: PG13

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Summary: Georg knows that Bill is weary and chooses to do something about it.

Author's Notes: Um ... sort of just needed writing, no idea where it really came from. Probably had something to do with the conversation I had with Iirren last night :). All the lovely things she was telling me about her new Biorg fic must have kicked my muses off. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,558

Bill was feeling down, which was very much obvious to everyone, because when Bill was down so was everyone else. It wasn't a momentary thing; those happened and were brushed off; this had been going on for days and Bill's enthusiasm and life were so much an everyday part of Tokio Hotel that when they weren't there everyone felt it.

Georg watched everyone try and cheer Bill up, but nothing seemed to be working, not even Tom's bad attempts at humour that usually had Bill giggling like a school girl. Sitting back and analysing the whole thing, he wasn't sure Bill even knew what the problem was, which was why no one was having any luck cheering their singer up.

When they hit their next hotel Bill disappeared to his room almost immediately and Georg made a decision. After a quick trip to his own room, he went to Bill's door and knocked. There was some shuffling from inside and then the door opened to reveal a tired looking Bill sans makeup and looking ready for bed in a ratty old t-shirt and pair of jogging pants.

"Georg?" Bill asked with a tired frown. "Did you need something?"

"No," he replied, very glad he had made his decision now, because it was clear that the exterior Bill had been showing everyone was actually better than the reality that Bill was hiding, "but you do. Can I come in?"

He had a theory, a very risky, some would say insane, theory, but he was convinced of it. Bill was clearly too distracted to object and walked back into the dimly lit room, leaving the door open for him to follow. He stepped in, closed the door and followed his friend into the room. Bill had sat down on the bed and barely seemed to care that he was there. He went and sat down next to the sleepy singer; as close as he dared.

"I know what's wrong," he said in a gentle and quiet voice.

That made Bill look at him.

"But even I don't know that," Bill admitted and Georg realised he had been right.

"Well for once I know something you don't," he told his friend with a small smile.

Bill looked at him for a few moments as if assessing him and he let it happen.

"Okay," Bill said eventually, "what's wrong?"

"You need someone just for you," Georg voiced what he had been thinking for quite some time.

That earned him a frown.

"I don't get it," was Bill's honest reply.

"You need someone who loves just you," Georg told his friend, "and the real you, not the dazzling image you show the world."

"Tom loves just me," Bill pointed out, still not understanding.

Georg smiled just a little at that.

"But there are some things Tom can't do for you, unless you two are into things that are illegal," he said and gave Bill a nudge on the arm.

Bill made a face, but did smile just a little.

"Are you trying to tell me I need to get laid?" Bill asked with a little shake of his head.

"If it was that easy I think you would have already done it," Georg said, becoming more serious again. "What you need is someone you can get laid with if you want to, but I think that's secondary to just having them. People everywhere love you, Bill, but you don't have that one person who sees you as you really are and wants you like that as well."

"Tom doesn't have anyone like that either," Bill pointed out, "neither do you or Gustav at the moment."

Georg had been expecting that reply.

"But you're not us," he said simply, "and no matter how much you look like Tom, you're not him either. What's in there," he tapped Bill head lightly, "isn't like any other person I have ever met. For a long time Tom was all you needed, but that's not true anymore. You need someone who understands about Tom, knows that you two will always have each other and can give you the things he can't; someone just for you."

That made Bill frown again and look down at his hands.

"I think you may be talking about a myth," Bill said with a little sigh; "where am I supposed to find such an understanding person?"

Georg leaned a little closer.

"Depends where you're willing to look," he said, his heart suddenly hammering in his chest.

Bill wasn't stupid and Georg knew that his friend would catch on very shortly. When Bill looked up again, their singer was still frowning and he just sat there and let Bill work it out. Slowly the frown dissolved and Bill was just looking at him very hard.

"You," Bill finally said.

Georg smiled just a little and waited for what he knew would come next.

"But I'm not..."

He put out a finger and placed it on Bill's lips, silencing his friend.

"You don't have any rules, Bill," he pointed out, "you do what you need to when you need to, why is this any different? Look outside the box for a minute."

At any other time he was pretty sure Bill would have taken someone silencing him and chewed them a new one, but Bill just sat there looking at him again. He had been in love with Bill for a long time, but there had never seemed to be room in Bill's heart for him. What he had told Bill was what he truly believed was the truth, for a long time all Bill had needed was Tom, but lately he had seen the gap opening. He was offering his heart to the person in his life that broke all the moulds; the one who already had it really. Bill had been carrying around his heart for years without ever knowing it and Georg felt very exposed and vulnerable now that his friend finally knew.

He realised that his finger was still on Bill's lips and he slowly removed it, never taking his eyes off his friend. Bill still hadn't moved and did not seem to be about to speak, so he took his courage in his hands and carefully leant forward. Only at the very last moment did Bill lean in as well and as their lips met, Georg let his eyes flutter closed as his mind sank into the touch.

It was not frantic or fraught and in a way it was almost chaste, but Georg tried to send every iota of love in his body through the kiss. The moment was one of the most important in his life and he put everything he had into it. It could only have been a few seconds before they pulled apart again, but for Georg it felt like an eternity.

Bill's eyes had closed as well and, when big brown eyes opened again, Bill seemed dazed. Georg's heart was in his throat and all he could do was sit there like a condemned man waiting for the verdict as Bill stared at him like a lost puppy. Then the most amazing thing happened; Bill laughed. It was only a giggle, but it bubbled out of Bill filled with such joy that it took Georg's breath away. In that instant he didn't care if he was being laughed at, because what had been fading in Bill for months and what had been missing from Bill for days was back and it was wondrous to behold.

Before he had really figured out what was going on, Georg found himself with an arm full of Bill as his friend threw himself at him and hugged him so tightly he could barely breathe.

"Thank you," Bill whispered in his ear, kissing him on the cheek before pulling away again.

When he looked at Bill, his friend still seemed tired, but there was a light behind the weariness that had not been there before. It was so powerful that he felt warm just being close to its source.

"I love you," he said, the words just falling from his lips as if he had to say them.

The smile that graced Bill's face was frankly amazing and all his fear melted under its intensity. Somehow Bill's fingers had become wrapped around his own and he found himself being dragged into a standing position as Bill stood up without even considering letting go.

"I have to tell Tom," Bill said in the most delightfully excited tone, "and Gustav and ... well unless you wanted to keep this a secret ... did you?"

Bill was speaking in a rush, thoughts clearly falling all over each other and Georg could not help laughing. He was ready for the talk from Tom about the consequences of ever hurting his little brother, and he was ready for the discussion with Gustav about how this was going to affect the band; he was even ready for the argument with the management when Bill completely failed to keep the whole thing a secret from the public. Nothing was beyond him now.

"You might want to change first," he suggested and laughed again as Bill bounced in place before running to his suitcase.

Bill was Bill again; it was all he could have wished for.

The End