

# Deep Thoughts

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**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel RPS

**Pairing:** Bill/Gustav

**Rating:** PG

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**Warnings:** none

**Summary:** When Bill thinks deep thoughts things change, that just the way life is and Bill seems to be thinking deep thoughts that involve Gustav.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta

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<a href="http://beren-writes.livejournal.com/485699.html"> My Fanfic Listings (LJ)</a> | <a href="http://beren-writes.dreamwidth.org/130047.html">My Fanfic Listings (DreamW)</a>

Bill was sitting cross-legged on part of the set just watching where Gustav was setting up his drums. They were filming the video to go with the new single and Tom couldn't help noticing how Bill was a rock of stillness in the midst of complete chaos. Since Bill usually was the chaos this struck him as very odd. Something was going on, mostly in Bill's head it seemed, and that made Tom need to find out what it was. When Bill sat quietly just thinking rather than throwing ideas at anyone who would listen it was usually big.

"Something on Bill's mind?" Georg's voice pulled him out of his thoughts and he turned to find he wasn't the only one that had noticed.

"Looks like it," Tom replied, trying to figure out if there had been any signs this was coming, "guess I better go and find out what."

They all knew Bill's habits, but it was Tom's job to deal with them. Knowing that Georg would leave him to it, Tom walked over to where Bill was sitting and folded himself up to sit next to his twin.

"Hey," he said quietly and Bill turned to him.

There was a very thoughtful look on Bill's face.

"Hey," Bill replied with a small smile.

"Thinking deep thoughts?" Tom asked as Bill turned back and looked at Gustav again.

"I think so," Bill replied, sounding not quite sure. "I've been noticing things."

"What kind of things?" Tom asked, knowing that when Bill was in this sort of mood a straight answer was not something that was easily found.

Bill made a quiet humming sound to himself as if thinking about that.

"Gustav things," was Bill's enigmatic reply.

It was clear Bill hadn't quite worked out what he was thinking yet, so Tom wasn't hopeful he would get any answers.

"Good Gustav things or bad Gustav things," Tom asked, at least hoping to ascertain if this was going to be something where he had to prepare for fallout.

Bill made another small sound and finally looked at him again.

"Good I think," Bill said, head on one side and eyes distant before he snapped back to the present; "I'll let you know when I do."

And Tom knew that was as good as he was going to get, because Bill couldn't tell him anymore at the moment, so he nodded, patted his twin on the arm and then stood up.

"I'll be waiting," he said and Bill gave him a fond smile as he turned and wandered back to what he had been doing.

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The video shoot was finished and everything was packed away and Bill was still thinking. The thoughts had started in his head a few weeks previously when he had seen something he was pretty sure he wasn't supposed to have seen. He had picked up Gustav's phone by mistake and Gustav had clearly been sorting his photos. Bill knew how nosy he was, he couldn't help it and he'd had to peek and he'd found an entire directory of just him. There were directories for Georg and Tom as well, but theirs had a couple of funny candid shots in them, his directory had loads.

He'd thought it was a bit strange and it had set his mind ticking, but it had taken him a while to come to an inescapable conclusion: Gustav watched him. Not overtly and not all the time, but more than what could be considered normal even though he was an eye catching kind of person.

It wasn't malicious, that much he was sure of, and he didn't find it in the least bit creepy, but it did bother him simply because he didn't know why. Or at least he hadn't known why, but from the odd looks he had caught and what he had seen because he was paying attention, he was coming to a conclusion, a conclusion that needed action.

"I need to talk to Gustav," he told Tom as they prepared to leave, "alone."

Tom just looked at him and nodded.

"I'll get everyone else out of the way," Tom replied with a nod, not needing to be asked for help, just willing to give it.

"Thanks," Bill replied and gave his twin a quick hug.

He knew Tom was worried, but he couldn't explain yet, not until he knew what was really going on. He thought he knew, in fact he was damn well almost positive, but he had to be sure. Getting Gustav alone would not be a problem and now that Tom was going to help he knew he would not be interrupted. There weren't many people left at the shoot and Gustav was sitting in a corner listening to his iPod while they waited for the van to pick them up and take them home. Finally setting his feet upon his chosen path, he walked over to his friend and stood in front of Gustav until he was acknowledged.

"What can I do for you, Bill?" Gustav asked, pulling out his ear buds and looking up.

For a moment Bill just stood there and looked, noting the mask of Gustav's features, as ever, so hard to read.

"Juschtel," he said, watching very carefully, "how do you feel about me?"

He could actually see the mental eye roll and realised that Gustav thought he was looking for some reassurance.

"You're my friend, Bill," was Gustav's amiable response.

Bill leant forward at that so they were at eye level with each other.

"No, Juschtel," he said calmly and seriously, "how do you really feel about me?"

Just for a second Gustav's eyes looked scared, but their drummer was nothing if not stoic and the lapse was covered quickly.

"What are you talking about now, Bill?" Gustav said, sitting up and making him back up a little or be headbutted.

That was his cue to back down and go away before Gustav became annoyed, Bill recognised the attempted tactic, but Gustav should have known that wouldn't work.

"I've been thinking," he said carefully and watched Gustav's face lose just about all colour.

He wasn't an airhead, he thought quite a lot of the time, but everyone who knew him knew that when he said that in that tone it didn't just mean he'd been deciding what jacket to wear or even what lyrics to write.

"Bill," Gustav said, clearly trying to get out of the conversation.

"Please, Juschtel," he said, not being overbearing, but asking for some honesty.

Gustav managed to look embarrassed and afraid and totally lost all at the same time and Bill wanted to reach out, but he needed the answer first.

"I like you, Bill," Gustav said eventually, sounding as if he was signing his own death warrant, "I like you a lot. More than I should. I'm sorry, I didn't meant to freak you out."

Bill didn't react on the outside even though his heart sped up; that was what he had thought.

"You didn't freak me out," he said, carefully examining the fluttery feeling where his stomach had been. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He kept his voice quiet and concerned, stepping carefully through what could have been a very volatile situation.

"Isn't it obvious?" Gustav asked, embarrassment beginning to make him close off.

"No," Bill replied, keeping his voice calm even though he didn't feel particularly calm. "Is it because you don't want to like me like that?"

Gustav frowned at that and Bill knew he had to step carefully.

"Do I make you uncomfortable?" he asked gently.

"No, Bill," Gustav said with a sigh, seeming to realise that he was concerned, "not anymore. Once I got used to the idea I was fine, I just didn't want you to be uncomfortable around me. I didn't want you to think I expected anything of you."

That was the final thing Bill needed to know and he bent down again so they were eye to eye.

"Do you love me, Juschtel?" he asked simply and seemed to manage to catch Gustav completely off guard again.

Gustav just sat there staring at him and then swallowed hard.

"Yes," was the quiet but firm response.

Gustav was always brave in the face of a challenge and Bill had known his friend would answer the question and he found himself smiling.

"Good," he said as the fluttery feeling exploded all through his chest, "because that's what I've been thinking about."

Then he leant forward and gently put his lips against Gustav's, giving the lightest of kisses before pulling back.

"Think about it too and then come talk to me," he said, not expecting a sensible reaction out of Gustav quite so soon after such a big shock.

Gustav was a big thinker, always planning and deciding what to do carefully, so Bill stood up and turned to go and find Tom. He had just walked past the piece of set hiding Gustav's corner when a hand caught his arm. He turned to find Gustav standing behind him with a very un-Gustav like expression on his face.

"I don't need to think," was what Gustav said, "kiss me again and I'll show you."

Bill beamed at that and did as he was asked and the way Gustav's arms wound around him possessively and the kiss went from light to passionate in little more than a heartbeat set his soul on fire. He didn't need to think anymore either.

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Tom stood there among the few people who were left and stared along with everyone else. When Bill had that thoughtful look it was always big, but this was a little different than he had imagined. Seeing Gustav and Bill in a very passionate embrace sent his thoughts in all directions; he literally didn't know what to think. This wasn't just big, it was huge and he had to reassess several things he had thought were unshakable facts in his universe.

No one said anything, clearly as stunned as he was and then Bill and Gustav broke apart and he heard the most amazing sound. Bill laughed, a light, delighted sound that was so full of joy Tom felt his heart burst with it even as he heard it.

In that instant it didn't matter that this was something that was going to change so many things, it didn't matter if Bill decided to announce it to the world, all that mattered was the joy. Tom had heard that sound from Bill before, not often, but enough, and he knew then that it was good. He found himself smiling and then he laughed and turned and slapped Georg on the back, because his friend looked like his whole universe had stopped.

"Gustav's a dark horse," he said and laughed again.

He was already mentally rehearsing the speech about Bill's heart and Gustav's balls and how their relative condition was now irrevocably linked, but he was going to save that up until he had Gustav alone. Given their drummer's intelligence he was pretty sure Gustav would be well aware that Tom would relieve him of vital parts of his anatomy if he so much as let Bill break a nail, but he had to be sure. Bill never did anything by halves and Tom just had to be certain that Gustav totally understood that.

When Bill looked over him and grinned, he grinned back. Oh yes, life was going to be interesting from now on, as ever after one of Bill's pensive moments, but it looked like it was going to be good.

**The End**