

Fire No Rain Can Quench

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: rough sex

Summary: Tom wants Bill and he wants him now and there appears to only be one place available - the roof.

Kink request: Tokio Hotel - Rough sex outside (hotel roof or in a deserted street or something) at night in the pouring rain. Bill bottoming. Tom/Bill OR Bushido/Bill

Author's Notes: And here's another [kinathon](#) (which of course still open for anyone to play if they would like to :)) fic that is now out of the time limit :) Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: ~2,100

Tom knew Bill was drunk, but he also knew he was horny and just drunk enough as well to want it there and then. The party was winding down and Bill was wearing those chain braces again that drove Tom completely nuts. His little brother was going to get it for keeping him hard the entire night. The only problem was they weren't at their hotel; the party was down the street and Tom did not have the patience to wait for the palaver of making it back to one of their rooms.

He watched Bill excuse himself from the people he was talking to and then head out of the main party room and so Tom followed. He saw the door to the men's toilet swinging shut and he considered just following Bill in and bending his twin over a sink, but there was just that little too much risk of being discovered. Looking around, his eyes fixed on the emergency exit door just down the corridor and he smiled to himself.

It was a couple of minutes before Bill emerged from the toilet, outfit perfectly in place again, and Tom was waiting for him.

"Hey, Tomi," Bill greeted cheerfully in an adorable, slightly drunk way.

"Hey, yourself," Tom replied and took hold of one of the chains over Bill's chest, "we have business to attend to."

Bill looked confused until Tom began to drag his twin down the corridor in a very determined fashion.

"Is it the kind of business I think it is, Tomi?" Bill asked and his twin's voice had dropped down into a much lower register.

Tom smiled at Bill and let his twin know they were on the same page.

"Oh yeah, Bill," he said, letting the lust show in his eyes, "it's that kind of business."

He pushed open the emergency exit door with one hand, while keeping the other firmly attached to Bill's braces.

"Tomi, it's raining," Bill pointed out as they both just stood there for a moment.

Bill was right and it wasn't just raining a little bit; it was pouring hard; the kind of rain that would soak a person to the bone in seconds. Tom almost let the door fall closed, but he was just desperate enough not to.

"All the better," he said, walking out and dragging Bill with him, "now no one will disturb us."

Bill squeaked when the rain first hit him and it was a sound that excited Tom all the more. The party had been on the top floor of the building, so the door led out onto a walkway between two sloping roofs and Tom knew what he wanted immediately. When he looked at Bill, his twin was already soaked, lion mane becoming plastered to his head and Tom was reminded of the performance at the EMAs. Bill had looked so incredibly sexy then as well and Tom had fucked Bill in the back of the van that night while the others had still been in the after show party. Now he had slightly different ideas.

Bill started to protest, but Tom gave him the look and Bill promptly shut up. There was one thing and one thing only that gave Tom mastery over Bill and that was a look he had discovered the first time they had had sex when he had been afraid of hurting Bill. He had refined it since, and it was about the only weapon he had that could shut Bill up dead. It was part promise, part threat, and Bill always reacted the same way; when he used it, Bill became his willing pawn.

"I want you bent over that railing, jeans around your knees," he said and made sure his voice carried the sense that he was in no mood to wait.

Bill shucked out of his braces straight away and reached for his belt, turning and pushing jeans and underwear down before taking hold of the railing and bending forward. It made Tom shiver with delight. Not only was Bill's pert, firm arse on show to him, but Bill had obeyed completely and instantly, and that spoke to a part of him he was very rarely allowed to let surface.

He knew that the moment he touched Bill all bets were off, but it was nice to be in complete control just for a little while. Bill liked to obey a little bit, but Bill would be fighting back the moment they got down to it.

"Hard and fast, Bill," he said, fishing in his pocket for the sachet of lube he kept just for these times, "can you take that?"

With the rain, very little lube was likely to get to Bill anyway, but Tom was willing to try. He didn't want Bill bitching at him for the next three days about how he couldn't sit down.

Releasing his own belt, he let his jeans fall around his ankles, then he pulled his cock out of his shorts without bothering to push them down and lubed himself up as well as possible. Spreading Bill's cheeks, he lined himself up and pushed straight in. Bill let out the most wanton moan and Tom had to stop, because Bill was so incredibly tight that he was overwhelmed.

"Call that hard and fast?" Bill all but growled and Tom almost fell over backwards as Bill shoved against him.

He slid all the way home and made a grab for Bill's waist to keep from falling backwards.

"I was starting slow," he managed to reply, "but if that's the way you want it."

He pulled out almost all the way and slammed back in and Bill grunted, but still pushed back. Bill was what was known as a pushy bottom. Bill was a pushy top as well, but that was an entirely different story and one that didn't count when Tom was in his current mood.

The rain was soaking through his clothes, running down his back and under his hat and into his hair; it was almost worse than the Monsoon rain had been. Yet it was elemental and it prompted his baser instincts and he was holding onto Bill's hips as well as he could, starting to pound into his twin, but the amount of rain made Bill's skin slippery. He would have curled his fingers into Bill's clothes, but, if he damaged Bill's top, his life wouldn't have been worth living, so that left him with only one option. Reaching forward, he threaded his fingers through Bill's soaked, dark hair and held on.

Bill groaned, head coming up and back, but not trying to pull away.

Each thrust made the railing squeak as Tom rammed into Bill as hard as he could and Bill's body opened to him like they were meant to be. He could feel the passion that always danced between them in every meeting of their bodies as he pushed forward and Bill pushed back. What everyone saw in public was a perfect balance between them, but, when they were like this, it was an eternal battle where they gloried in the war for dominance. Out there in the world, Tom would follow Bill to the ends of the earth and back if necessary, but, when it was just them, their dynamic was never still.

They were brothers, lovers and combatants in a fight neither really wanted to win. On nights like this it was the contest which was important.

Bill was making small, agitated growling sounds and Tom knew exactly what that meant; Bill wanted to come. The thing was, was that Bill was the only thing bracing both of them and Tom knew his twin could not spare a hand to see to himself. Never breaking his rhythm, he chose to have mercy and, with the hand that was not wrapped in Bill's hair, he reached round and found his twin's cock.

He could barely see any more, there was so much water in his eyes, but that just intensified the sensations. He pulled on Bill's cock, feeling his twin twitching around him at the extra feelings and he knew it would not be long. There was so much primal need between them that when one of them needed it as badly as Tom had, it was never a slow process. They had their nights of slow, gentle passion, but right then, Tom felt about as gentle as the rain storm rolling around them.

Sometimes they swapped quiet words of love, but tonight Tom was way beyond words and all he was capable of was animalistic grunts. He wanted to come, needed to come and he wanted Bill to make him do it. Bill always squeezed tight when he came, clamping down on anything in his arse over and over as waves of orgasm washed over Bill's seemingly delicate body, and that was what Tom needed to finish now. It had been decided in an instant in his mind and now it was necessary.

He pushed harder and faster, pumping Bill's cock for all it was worth and Bill cried out with each thrust. They would both be bruised in the morning the way they were rutting against each other, but Tom knew it would be worth it.

Bill came with a shout that was smothered by the rain and Tom felt the delicious tightening and release around his cock as Bill shuddered and Bill's muscles went into spasm in total abandon. It was wonderful and overwhelming and just what he needed as his own orgasm answered Bill's, exploding through him and wiping out all sensible motor control for several seconds.

For that instant he owned Bill. As his seed shot into his twin, Bill was completely his and he felt the peace at the centre of the storm for one blissful moment.

It could not last though and soon the rain brought him back down and he found himself leaning over Bill, grasping at the railing to prevent them both toppling over. He felt on top of the world as his needs were sated and the unique bond he had with Bill was reaffirmed. They were soaked and probably looked liked drowned rats, but Tom was happier than he had been in days.

Bill grunted as he pulled out and he almost did so himself; it was not just Bill's arse that had been abused, but his cock as well. They were definitely going to have to make it up to each other later when they had time and a hot bath. He very carefully put his cock back in his underwear and then pulled up his trousers. By the time he was done, Bill was moving as well, but not quite as fast.

He would have helped, but he knew Bill would just bat his hands away, so instead he enjoyed watching Bill slowly put himself back together.

Bill hair was a mess, his eyeliner was running and his top was beginning to bag with all the water, but Tom thought his twin was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Of course he always did, which was how they had ended up lovers in the first place, but that wasn't the point.

"Okay?" he asked, just to make sure.

Bill gave him a small rueful smile.

"I'll let you know when I try walking," Bill replied, but there was no reprimand in Bill's tone.

Tom grinned back now that he was sure they were fine. Sometimes he worried that Bill would reject him because of one of these encounters, but Bill never had.

"Let's get back inside then," he said, taking Bill's hand, "it's getting cold out here."

"You finally noticed," Bill said and strode off towards the door, dragging Tom with him.

When they opened the door Tom froze; standing there was David.

"Where exactly have you two been?" David asked, looking them up and down.

Tom didn't know what to say.

"You said no smoking where the cameras can see us," Bill responded instantly. "Well moron here decided the roof top would be a good place, only he didn't

realise it was raining until after he'd shoved us both into the cold and then he couldn't get the door open again. You're lucky I have a nail file in my pocket or we'd still be out there."

Then Bill waltzed past David as if he was in the biggest snit fit and Tom had no choice but to go too when he was dragged along. That was why Bill was the dominant twin; Bill always knew what to say.

The End