

In The Air Tonight

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Andi

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: rough sex, twincesty overtones

Request: I would love to see some Bill/Andreas action. If I remember correctly Andreas is/was in a band, though I have no idea what it was called. lol - Kink rough sex with Bill up against the wall, top Andreas. Punishment is good too.

Summary: Bill has been flirting and now he's in trouble.

Author's Notes: You knew I'd own up right? I love writing kinky fic :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 1,911

The air escaped from Bill's lungs in a woosh as his back thudded up against the wall and he did not even try to push back as strong hands held him in place.

"You were flirting again, Billi," Andreas said, leaning in very close and all but snarling in his face.

For once Bill didn't say anything, he just stood there and looked. He knew that expression on Andreas' face; he was in deep trouble.

"You're a little whore, Bill," Andreas told him and he felt his pulse quickening, "aren't you?"

In every other situation Bill was top dog, but not on nights like this and he nodded meekly.

"A dirty little whore," Andreas whispered straight into his face; "he's your brother, Bill, that makes you a sick, sick boy. You confuse him so."

About all Bill could do was breathe, his heart was beating so fast. He definitely remembered flirting with Tom; it was fun, since it always put Tom in such a state when Tom was slightly drunk. Of course it also drove his boyfriend completely crazy and every now and then Bill liked Andreas crazy. He probably wouldn't be

able to sit down for the next day or so without remembering exactly what he had driven Andreas to, but that was rather the point.

"He likes to be confused," he said in a voice so halting that it even surprised him.

That made the fire in Andreas' eyes burn even harder.

"You dirty bitch," Andreas hissed at him, "you're mine, not his; you shouldn't care what he likes. What would he say if he could see you now?"

Andreas nipped at his chin, hard; not hard enough to leave a mark, but enough to hurt, and he was rendered speechless again. His cock was already hardening in his jeans and he had only walked into the hotel room a few moments before. He had flirted with Tom the previous evening, just a little, and Andi had been in a foul mood all day and then he had flirted with Tom again that evening even more and made sure that Andi saw every move.

It always made Andi so hot under the collar, almost insane, just mad enough to do things Andreas would never normally do to him, things that Bill liked, just occasionally. He had worn an old, slightly tight shirt deliberately and he knew what would come next. When Andreas removed a hand from one of his shoulders, Bill braced himself and felt his breath quicken again as Andi grabbed the neck of his t-shirt and pulled. For a moment there was a hard pulling behind his neck where the material bunched up, but then there was a ripping sound and the t-shirt split down the front like a rag.

One of Andreas' nails scraped his chest and he knew there would be a short pink welt there and he revelled in the burn. He had caught sight of himself once at a time like this in a hotel mirror and he was sure his eyes would be all but glowing with excitement. Andreas called him a whore, because at times like this he was. He wanted to be taken and punished and fucked within an inch of his life.

"You're going to pay, Billi," Andreas snarled in his ear, "you're going to scream my name and you're going to mean it."

Andreas pushed him hard against the wall again, attacking his neck with lips and teeth, fingers digging into his shoulders and forcing him in place. He was going to have bruises, but hell, he loved the edge of pain. His cock throbbed mercilessly against the confines of his jeans and he felt light-headed at the speed the blood seemed to be rushing through his body. This was more exciting than standing in front of forty thousand people and he moaned like the wanton whore he was.

Nails scrapped across his chest, leaving trails of sensation, and tongue and teeth tested his nipples, driving him absolutely crazy with the line between pleasure

and pain. This was not a road he liked to tread often, but, when he wanted to, he knew how to press all of Andi's buttons to get it.

He did not reciprocate; he wasn't allowed to. For this Andreas was in charge and all he was allowed to do was take whatever Andreas wanted to give. He had been bad, very bad and he would take his punishment like a man.

Andreas's hands worked at his belt and fly, freeing him from the tight jeans quickly and then Andi stroked him once. His knees went weak and he moaned even louder, but he knew it wasn't going to be that easy.

"So hard already, Billi," Andreas all but mocked him, "is that from thinking about Tomi-boy?"

"Yes," Bill said, even though they both knew it was a lie.

Andreas' grip on his cock tightened until it hurt and he was breathing hard from the touch of pain as well as excitement.

"Soon you'll only be able to think of me," his lover said, squeezing him just a fraction more and making him hiss, before releasing him.

He found himself grabbed by the shoulders and spun so that he was facing the wall and he had to bring his hands up to stop himself falling against it face first.

"Don't move," Andreas snarled in his ear.

It was all Bill could do to stay upright as he was abandoned and he remained as still as he was able while Andreas moved through the hotel room. He couldn't see what Andi was doing and he didn't look, since he had pushed his lover as hard as he dared, but he could guess. When Andi came back, the first thing that happened was, without warning, Bill found his jeans and boxers being yanked down. Then a hand landed on his backside, hard.

It stung, mostly because he hadn't been ready for it and the next one stung as well, because he deliberately didn't prepare for that one either.

"You a sick, twisted, little whore, Billi," Andreas told him in a voice that was almost angry enough to frighten him, "and now you're going to take it like the whore you are."

Bill felt the cheeks of his arse being spread and there was little he could do to help his situation, because his jeans were round his knees and he could barely move. Two fingers were roughly shoved up his arse, coated in a good helping of

lube, but still far more than he would normally take at first. This was going to be hard and rough and that was just what he wanted.

He had barely become used to the fingers when they were equally as roughly withdrawn and he heard the sound of plasticized metal ripping and latex being unrolled. He knew Andreas was preparing himself; he even heard the lube being applied, but he knew it wouldn't be enough, not to allow this to be in anyway pleasant. He couldn't even spread his legs to help with the position, because he was trapped in denim and he just braced himself against the wall.

Andreas stepped close to him again and the rough touch of denim on his buttocks let him know that Andi hadn't even bothered to undress properly. His cheeks were spread again and then there was a hard cock pressing into him. It was too big, he wasn't prepared and it hurt, but he moaned and took it, trying to relax his muscles as much as he could. He had been so very bad and he deserved the pain and it was wonderful. He knew the difference between real damage and muscles that didn't like what was happening and he panted and shook, but he knew he was not really hurt.

"Can you feel every millimetre of that," Andreas' asked, pushing into him and forcing him against the wall even more. "Does it make you hot, you cheating whore?"

All Bill could do was gasp and nod, and he even whimpered as Andreas pulled out and plunged back into him. It burned and he could barely stand it, but somehow he did.

Andreas thrust into him again and again, abusing his muscles and all but squashing him into the wall. His cock was trapped between his body and the wall, adding to the edge of pain every time he was forced forward and he wasn't even keeping himself upright after a few thrusts, because his centre of balance was completely gone. It was rough, he was going to ache in the morning, but he loved every second.

At times like this he didn't need Andi to touch him or coax him with pretty words, in fact the dirtier the words the better. He was so damn hard he was ready to burst and he wanted to come so badly he could barely contain himself. Usually pain didn't turn him on, usually it had the opposite effect, but every now and then he needed to be brought back down to earth; to have his head unswelled and Andi was his release. He was nothing more than a thing to be used and it excited him more than he could explain.

"You're a good fuck, Pretty Boy," Andreas said, no feeling in his voice at all, "now I want you to squeeze me. Come for me, whore, scream my name and take what I have for you."

And Bill did scream; he let out all the tension of the tour, all the craziness of trying to take America, all the frustration of people not always taking them seriously; everything. He screamed Andreas' name and he came so hard he saw stars and all but slumped down the wall, only remaining standing because he was impaled on his lover, shuddering against him and in him. There was a sticky mess all over the wall against his skin as he leant there, but he didn't care and he couldn't move; he was spent.

He felt Andi ride out his own orgasm and then slowly pull out and he could barely keep his feet. They were both done, all the emotion was gone from both of them and gentle arms pulled him away from the wall and wrapped him in a soft embrace.

"Come on," Andi said quietly in his ear, "let's get to the bed, I need to check to make sure I didn't hurt you."

"You didn't," Bill tried to assure his lover in a tired voice, but he knew Andi would not take his word for it.

Andi never did, not after something like this, and he would let himself be examined if that was what Andi needed to do. What he wanted now was to lie down, snuggle up to Andi and sleep, but he wouldn't be allowed to just yet. Andi had given him what he needed and now he would give Andi what was needed in return; that was how love worked.

In the morning Tom would cover for them and claim that they had all had a huge fight and that was where the screaming had come from. No one would really believe it, but they would let the lie stand and no one would mention Bill's strange need. Life was a bit crazy when you were a rock star, but Bill knew how to stay sane.

The End