

# Itchy Fingers

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**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel

**Pairing:** Biorg

**Rating:** PG-13

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**Summary:** Bill is just itching to touch, but what he wants to touch isn't his.

**Author's Notes:** This is for meridian\_star - just a bit of Biorg fluff. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 1,898

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Bill looked up from his laptop to where Georg was watching TV and bit his lip. His fingers were literally itching to reach out and touch and he was having trouble sitting still. He couldn't actually say when his obsession had started, but it had been pretty well developed by the time he had recognised it for what it was. It was almost a need these days; he wanted to run his fingers through Georg's hair so badly he could almost feel it. Of course he knew this was simply a symptom of something far deeper that had crept up on him as well, but he had no idea what to do about it.

It was as he was watching Georg's profile that he felt something that made him turn and he was confronted by Tom observing him carefully. His system lit up in shock as he realised he had been caught and he looked at the floor as his face heated up. Tom could read him like a book and he had absolutely no doubt his twin knew exactly what was going through his head.

When the chair next to him was moved backwards and Tom sat down, he looked up very slowly. Tom's expression was very serious.

"How long?" was the simple, calm question at a level only Bill could hear.

"I don't know," he replied honestly, "months I think. I only realised what I was doing a couple of weeks ago."

"You're hook, line and sinker, aren't you?" Tom said next, sounding vaguely exasperated, but also a little sympathetic.

Bill just nodded; he never did anything by halves, not even when he didn't realise he was doing it. Falling in love with Georg was something his whole heart had decided to do.

"What were you planning on doing about it?" Tom asked quietly.

He shrugged in response; he really had no idea.

"I don't have a clue," he admitted; "ignore it?"

Tom gave him a very hard stare for that idea.

"Bill," Tom said in a very firm, but low tone, "you know as well as I do you won't be able to. You're already mooning over him and you're going to become more and more obvious. Then one day Georg will chat up some girl, you'll throw a hissy fit and kill the bitch and then we'll have a murder to cover up."

He felt the corners of his mouth twitch at that mental image. Somehow Tom knew how to lighten a mood without making it seem totally ridiculous. The humour didn't last long, however.

"But he's straight," he said, knowing perfectly well it was true.

"Last time I checked," Tom said, "so were you. You've obviously expanded your horizons and you owe Georg at least a chance to understand before you go mental on him."

"I won't go mental," he protested, but Tom just raised an eyebrow.

He knew he was prone to throwing his whole being into things, but Bill did think Tom was exaggerating.

"I'll take Gustav somewhere else," Tom said in a tolerant tone, "you talk to Georg and get this out in the open."

"I can't," Bill hissed, suddenly scared, "what's he going to think?"

"This is Georg," Tom pointed out patiently, "he's so laid back nothing bothers him. Tell him the truth, be honest and he'll probably be flattered even if he turns you down. You're obsessing already and you know you'll only get worse. I think you suddenly leaping on him and trying to stick your tongue down his throat would be worse than talking to him."

Bill still wasn't sure; he had visions of disaster in his head. What if his confessing totally destroyed the friendship they had.

"You really think..?" he asked, trusting Tom's judgement more than his own at that moment.

"I know," Tom replied with a nod.

Bill looked over at where Georg was still completely absorbed in the TV and then he turned back to Tom; his fingers were still itching.

"Okay," he said after a few moments silence.

Tom gave him a little smile of support and then stood up.

"Hey, Gustav," Tom said, wandering over to where their drummer was also watching the TV, "can I borrow you for a few? I have this tune in my head and I need a beat to go with it."

Gustav looked a little surprised; they usually did that type of thing as a group.

"Please," Bill stepped in to add substance, "if he hums it at me one more time I might have to kill him."

That was the clincher and Gustav stood up.

"Lead the way," Gustav said and slowly trailed Tom out of the living room towards the studio.

Bill typed some random crap into his laptop for a while to try and look busy, before closing it and wandering over to the sofa where Georg was sitting. He sat down in a way he hoped looked completely casual, but he wasn't very good at such things and Georg looked over the moment he was perched on the edge.

"You wanted to talk about something?" Georg asked with perfect confidence and flicked off the TV.

Bill sighed and flopped back against the sofa.

"That obvious?" he asked.

"I've known you a really long time, Bill," Georg said with a grin, "and you don't do subtle."

He sighed again and tried to find his flagging courage. It had been hard to walk over, but to actually find the words and then force them out of his mouth was even more difficult.

"What's bothering you?" Georg asked, putting the remote on the coffee table and turning his complete attention to Bill.

It made Bill's heart leap into his throat.

"I..." he started to say, but words failed him. "It's that ..."

Nothing had been this hard before he was sure, not even the stupid Star Search show.

"Close your mouth, take a deep breath, think and then just tell me," Georg advised as he totally failed to speak.

He did as he was told since he couldn't think of anything else to do, but the words were still difficult.

"'m 'n 've wi' u," he mumbled and even he couldn't tell what he had said.

"Now try again, louder and with actual words," Georg said, but not unkindly.

"I'm 'n 've wi' you," he did better the second time, just not perfectly.

Georg frowned this time, clearly having understood part of what he had said, but not all of it.

"One more time," his friend coaxed.

Bill felt like his throat would close over the words, but he took another deep breath and ploughed on.

"I'm in love with you," he said, over enunciating every word so that he didn't make an idiot of himself again.

Then he stared fixedly at the floor and waited for Georg to say something. There was no reaction forthcoming: no recriminations; no utterances of surprise; no words at all. Eventually he had to look up, lifting his head slightly and peering at Georg through his fringe. Georg was sitting there looking kind of stunned.

"Look, Tom said I should tell you before I did something stupid," he said, feeling the need to explain, "and he was right, and I don't expect anything. I just need you to know so that it's all out in the open and I don't obsess and..."

Speaking fast was not new to him, but he was gabbling even for him and he'd never found himself cut off in quite so direct a way before. It was obvious very

quickly that it was impossible to talk with someone else's lips locked to yours. For about a millisecond he tensed, then his subconscious caught on and took over. His fingers automatically laced into Georg's hair, he sighed as it felt as perfect as he knew it would, his eyes drifted closed and he kissed back for all he was worth.

He was so in the moment that nothing else remotely entered his head and, when Georg pulled back, it took him far longer to untangle his thoughts than it had to get into the whole thing. Blinking slowly he looked into Georg's eyes and did his very best to comprehend what had just happened.

"If I had known it was that easy to stop you talking I'd have done it years ago," Georg said with a little grin.

Bill's brain was in a different universe and he wasn't quite sure how to react to that. He frowned just a little as the wonderful feeling in his chest floundered a bit.

"Bill," Georg said from where he was sitting upright again, "come here."

Georg patted the space right next to him and Bill shuffled over. This time it was Georg's fingers that laced through his hair, cupping the back of his neck and then he let himself be pulled forward. The kiss was softer and less frantic, but just as passionate and Bill gave himself to it completely. He melted against Georg's chest, feeling the strong muscles against his slim frame and sensing Georg's thudding heartbeat, beating almost as fast as his own racing pulse.

This was the closest to heaven he had ever been and it finally occurred to him that the love he had been searching for had been in front of him all the time.

When they broke apart this time he searched Georg's face and he could see nothing to break his perfect moment, but he still didn't understand.

"Why?" he asked in no more than a whisper.

"Because," Georg said, leaning his forehead against Bill's, "I have been pining after you for years. You cross boundaries, Bill, and you made me feel things I have never felt for another human being, let alone another boy. I just never thought you'd see them."

Bill felt himself smiling. It was like fireworks of joy went off in his head and he couldn't stop it coming out. He didn't think he'd ever stop smiling. It didn't matter what anyone would say, it didn't matter who knew, it didn't even matter that Bill had no idea how this would work, all that mattered was that Georg loved him and he loved Georg.

Moving forward he twisted and pushed Georg backwards onto the arm of the sofa, leaning over and running his fingers into Georg's hair. It was like silk and as he leant down for another kiss he was very sure he would be doing this a great deal.

It was quite some time later, when he had worked his way under Georg's t-shirt and Georg had divested him of his belt and was busy trying to get into his jeans that he was reminded they were not alone in the apartment.

"Woah!" he heard Gustav's very surprised voice say. "I'll get my spare drumsticks later."

"I told you, you didn't want to go in there," he heard Tom comment as the door clicked closed again.

"Well that's one conversation we don't have to have," Georg commented as Bill glanced at the door.

Then Georg finally popped the button on his jeans and Bill kind of forgot that humans communicated with speech at all. He made a mental note to take Tom's advice more often and set about reciprocating the wonderful things Georg's strong fingers were doing down the front of his trousers.

**The End**