

## K Is For Kaulitzcest

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**Pairing(s):** Bill/Tom

**Rating:** NC17/18

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**Warnings:** twincest

**Summary:** Everyone needs a hobby and Gustav knows if anyone in the band finds out his he is likely to end up missing vital parts of his anatomy.

**FQF Prompt:** Gustav is an early riser because he has a secret hobby. He writes Kaulitzcest while the others are still sleeping. (submitted by allslashedout)

**Author's notes:** How could I resist this one; the chance to make Gustav a naughty boy and get some twincest in there as well? Thanks to my beta for sorting out my hideous mistakes.

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Routine: it wasn't something they had a chance to have much of with their lifestyle, but when he could indulge, Gustav enjoyed it. They were back in the apartment recording some extra tracks for the new single and, as ever, the others liked to sleep late and work until the small hours, but Gustav was awake much earlier. It gave him time to potter around doing his own thing and indulging the habits he couldn't when the others were around to interrupt him.

The first thing he always did was tidy up the mess from the previous night and put any dirty dishes and such, that may have been left around, into the dishwasher. Once the place was relatively clean, he could settle down to what he really wanted to be doing.

His stomach never woke up quite as quickly as the rest of his body, so he never ate straight away and he wandered back into the main living area with only a mug of coffee. Bill's laptop was sitting on the table in the prime spot where Bill had been using it the night before and Gustav closed it and put it to the side carefully. There were other places to sit, but the end of the table was the best, because the light from the window didn't hit the screen then. It was also the most difficult place for anyone to look over a person's shoulder, and when you'd had Tom or Georg commenting on every word you typed or every article you read more than once, you learned to keep your back to the wall.

Of course there was no way anyone was ever going to see what he was doing now, which was one of the reasons he only ever had a chance to do it in the mornings while the others were still snoring. It had started off as a silly web search, and then an amusing way to pass the time and now Gustav was hooked. If any of the others ever found out what he did, he would be for the high jump.

Opening his word processor, he settled in and tried to sink into the right mindset at he typed the beginning of the header.

**Title:**

He sat there for a bit and thought for a while; he knew how he wanted the story to go, but he wasn't quite sure what to call it. Sometimes he didn't come up with a title until last, but he wanted to come up with one now.

**Title:** Ticklish

**Author:** twinses\_love

**Pairing:** Bill/Tom

**Disclaimer:** Not mine, not real, never happened.

That bit was easy enough, but then came the really hard bit: the first line. He had the scene in his head, a dark room in the middle of the night, but he wasn't sure where to start. Was it from Bill or Tom's point of view for a start? He smiled as the idea became clearer in his head and he began to type.

"Ow," Bill complained as he was rudely awakened by someone landing across his torso.

He opened his eyes to find Tom sprawled across him and reaching for the bedside table.

"You better have a really good reason for this," he all but growled.

It had been a shit journey and the hotel had screwed up their booking so they were sharing rooms; Bill was not a happy camper and was in the mood to

He wasn't sure what word to pick so he re-read the paragraph and deleted the last few words. The pace wasn't quite right the end was a bit too immediate. In the band he was the one that tended to fly off the handle, Bill was calmer unless really provoked. He added a little before the semicolon and began typing again from where he had deleted the end.

It had been a shit journey, a late arrival and the hotel had screwed up their booking so they were sharing rooms; Bill was not a happy camper to begin with, so being woken in the middle of the night really wasn't a good thing.

"I need a tissue and you were snoring," was Tom's unrepentant response.

He grinned as he wrote; in his mind's eye he could clearly see Tom deliberately pissing off Bill. Now he needed a little bit of explanation as to why the twins would have been in the same room, let alone the same bed, so he set to work.

The booking had been so wrong that the last room available had been one with just a double bed and everyone seemed to assume that being twins they wouldn't mind sharing.

In real life Bill would have pouted so much at the suggestion that no one would have even come close to making it, but it worked for the fiction.

The fact that Tom wriggled a lot and claimed Bill tended to sprawl, along with the joyous discovery that the bed was short and neither of them were had not led to a great night's sleep.

There was something wrong with the paragraph as he read it back to himself while trying to figure out what to write next.

The fact that Tom wriggled a lot and claimed Bill tended to sprawl, along with the joyous discovery that the bed was short and neither of them were remotely in that category had not led to a great night's sleep.

"I do not snore," Bill protested even as his twin leaned towards the table a little more and squashed him.

"You so do," Tom replied, failing to actually reach the tissues.

His email message popped up, since his laptop had automatically connected to the wireless network in the apartment, letting him know he had new mail. It distracted him just enough to interrupt the flow and he glared at the screen. He could see Bill's annoyed expression in his head and he tried to get back into the moment. Bill would of course go for revenge.

Bill's first instinct was to tip Tom on his arse, roll over and go back to sleep, but Tom's boxers and t-shirt were riding up and had exposed one round bum cheek

He stopped writing; even though he liked the mental image, he knew Tom would not have been wearing a t-shirt and he knew the canon lovers would call foul and point out the interview where Bill and Tom had both stated they only wore boxers in bed. He deleted the offending detail.

Bill's first instinct was to tip Tom on his arse, roll over and go back to sleep, but Tom's boxers were riding up and had exposed one round bum cheek that shone like a pale half moon in the light from the window and Bill decided on a different revenge. Reaching out he ran his nails over the exposed flesh and down the back of Tom's long leg.

Now that was a nice mental image. Gustav had long ago realised that there was something fascinating about the twins. In person they were both very male and he was straight so there had never been a problem there, but just to look at they were, quite frankly, beautiful, and that had bothered him for a while. Not being gay, but seeing pictures of your male friends and thinking they were hot had been a bit of a conundrum for him for a while and perversely it had been the internet that had provided the answer.

The community he had found had shown him it was okay to think Tom and Bill were gorgeous together without actually wanting to shag them himself. His writing gave him an outlet for those particular desires and he shifted in his seat a little as his current mental image caused some vague shifting in his loins. He concentrated on the writing and went back to typing. The fic was for a fest that he had foolishly signed up for in a fit of idiocy and he had to finish it soon, because after they finished recording he wasn't going to have time for a while.

He expected Tom to shriek and leap off him, since he knew for a fact Tom could be very ticklish, but what actually happened was Tom gave the most wanton moan he had ever heard. Just for the hell of it, he did it again.

"Shit," was Tom's response this time, along with another moan.

Gustav shifted in his seat again; hotel room walls could be thin and he had heard a moan like that from Tom before when he had had the room next to his friend and Tom had had a girl in bed. Tom knew how to make very erotic sounds. He did his best to banish Tom from his head and get back into the version of Bill that lived in his fic brain.

The fact that Tom was not moving away from him gave Bill this weird fluttery feeling in his stomach and he didn't know if it was excitement or fear. Maybe it was because it was late at night and he was still partially in dreamland, or maybe there were other more complex reasons, but he reached out and used his nails lightly again, this time a little more to the left.

The noise Tom made was somewhere between a moan and a whimper and Tom made absolutely no attempt to get away.

He was back to Tom's noises again; clearly he was obsessed. Not that he was really complaining; it made for good fiction.

The noise Tom made was somewhere between a moan and a whimper and Tom made absolutely no attempt to get away. The little voice in the back of his mind that was telling Bill this was a bad idea was choked off by the wave of pure desire that rushed through him at that sound. In the deep dark corners of his mind, he had always been jealous of the girls who had from Tom the one thing he was not allowed. They were so close, everything to each other, and yet society denied them that last step and part of Bill had always wondered.

Bill did tend to become a little short-tempered when Tom had been with a girl, so Gustav felt no guilt at all writing his friend that way. The funny thing was Bill was never short-tempered with Tom on such occasions, just everyone else. It was not something anyone associated with the band asked questions about.

Tom went to say something, moving off him onto all fours, but Bill cut his twin off with another swipe of his nails. Tom kind of melted and Bill just went with it.

He paused, sitting back from the computer and just looking at it for a while. When he had found his style, he had been more than a little surprised at how romantic he could be. He had thought that was all Bill's area, but his friend had to have been rubbing off on him, because the way he wrote was definitely not just about the sex. If the others ever found out about that aspect of his nature, he would never live it down, but then again Bill or Tom would probably have killed him by then so it was unlikely to matter.

Playing with the very pretty mental image in his head, he tried to decide where to go next. In the end he just decided to start typing and see where that lead him; 'using the Zen muse' was how he mentally referred to it.

He had never seen his brother quite so free before; it was strange, but it was entirely different to any other way he had seen Tom. The way Tom's whole body seemed to have responded and it fascinated Bill and attracted him at the same time.

His eyes skipped back over the sentence and he realised he had some sort of brain spaz in the middle of it so he edited it and went on.

The way Tom's whole body seemed to have responded fascinated Bill and attracted him at the same time. He felt his own body throb in response and it was something of a shock to actually feel his own reaction. Suddenly he was afraid that he would lose the closeness he had just found and so he moved with an urgency that over took him.

If Bill thought he was going to lose something important to him he could be very single minded and Gustav could just picture Bill reaching out desperately. The whole picture in his head caused him to shift again in his seat as he felt himself responding to it. Going back to writing, he tried to ignore himself for a while.

He applied his finger tips and nails to the back of Tom's legs and over the round of Tom's arse and was, frankly, amazed by the result. Tom shuddered and moaned, making the smallest noises of complete pleasure

Tom's noises again; he really had to do something about that obsession soon.

and it was clear Tom was in ecstasy and was so in the moment he didn't care who was causing it. Part of Bill was afraid that if he let Tom regain his senses this would be over, so he kept going.

Tom's reactions made him bold and he added the inside top of Tom's legs to his area of touching, almost coming into contact with parts of his twin that made his stomach flutter with nervousness. Tom's erection was very much in evidence and Bill couldn't help taking a look ...

Something about that thought caused him to stop as an instinct he couldn't quite catch went off in his head. He went further back up the scene and almost banged his head on the keyboard: Tom was still wearing boxers; there wouldn't have been anything to see. He removed the offending sentence and made a mental note not to get ahead of himself. He had once managed to write a sex scene where Tom and Bill had had magically disappearing clothes and his beta had laughed at him so hard he didn't intend to do it again.

The ideas swirling around his head made his own body hum with arousal and he could see Tom's tenting the boxers his twin was wearing.

That was better.

A forest of dreadlocks almost hid Tom's face as his head hung low, but Bill could still see his twin's eyes and they were tight closed. He was sure Tom was in the moment and he couldn't help wondering if his twin even remembered who was doing this to him. Part of him wanted Tom to be fully aware and the other part was scared witless that Tom was aware and would suddenly realise that this was forbidden.

A little bit of angst never hurt anyone.

It wasn't long before he found himself wanting more and he had come too far to turn back. His heart was beating so fast and it felt like it was in his throat, but he wanted this more than he was afraid of it and he wanted it more with every second that passed. The fact that it was taboo could not counter how exciting and right it felt to him.

Gustav rearranged himself quickly as the fiction continued to encourage interest in certain parts of his anatomy.

Reaching out with both hands, he took hold of Tom's boxers and rapidly pulled them down. Tom almost pulled away at that and Bill didn't know if it was shock or sudden realisation, but he knew he had to stop it. Reacting instantly he threw whatever caution he had left to the wind and ran his finger tips very lightly over Tom's balls.

Tom, not being one to be bashful about such things, meant that Gustav knew quite how much his friend did like his balls being stroked. It had been a conversation about a girl from Hamburg, if his memory served him well, and Georg and Tom had been debating about the sensitivity of certain areas of their anatomy. Gustav had shared an eye roll with Bill and then made mental notes so he could write them in his next story.

The gasp that came out of Tom's mouth sounded like it was half shock and half arousal

He hoped no one else would spot his fixation.

and the shudder that ran from Tom's tail to head was definitely nothing to do with shock. Bill knew he had his twin completely then; there was no resistance in Tom and he was almost sure Tom would not break free of him now.

The way Tom was leaning over him on all fours had him breathing hard and trembling. The desire he felt was only enhanced by the dominant position of his brother and he was discovering more about himself than he had ever thought. He knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that if Tom had stopped him there and then and demanded anything of him, he would have given it.

Every now and then he liked to write submissive Bill since, frankly, Bill was the least submissive of them all. Tom was about the only person who could make Bill submit to anything and then rarely. He had seen it no more than a handful of times, but Tom could be dominant and it was quite an amazing thing to see.

"Oh god, Bill," Tom moaned and the sound of his name on his twin's lips lit the pool of excitement in his belly that then exploded through him.

As he continued to play, Tom moved into his touches, pleading for more without actually vocalising it and Bill was more than happy to oblige. He played and teased and delighted in every murmured sound from Tom.

Gustav almost banged his head on the table when he realised what he had done again, but he was in the flow so he didn't change it.

His own body responded, straining against the material of his boxers

At least he hadn't forgotten that Bill was still wearing something.

and he didn't think he had ever been as aroused before. He felt like he might tip over the edge at any second just from hearing and seeing Tom. It was simply incredible.

So incredible in fact that the mental image had Gustav considering leaving the fiction and seeing to himself. However, the muse wouldn't let him go.

Eventually he could feel Tom's small movements becoming more urgent and he could sense the tension in his twin as Tom reached for the obvious goal. Bill chose to have mercy and reached under Tom, wrapping his finger around what he had so far not allowed himself to touch. Tom's cock felt strange in his hand, but he didn't have to really try to work out what Tom liked. The simple touch and one long stoke from root to tip was all it took and then Tom shuddered above him, gasping out long and loud.

Bill's brain short circuited as he saw Tom in such an intimate moment by his hand and it was all he needed to push him over the edge as well. He was so aroused from just touching Tom that he didn't need to be touched himself and he bit his lip as the most wonderful sensation flooded his whole system. For a while his mind actually switched off and it was only when Tom moved back that it came on again.

The payoff; he could do with a little payoff himself. He wouldn't have been a drummer if he wasn't disciplined though, and he wanted to get most of the fic down before he lost the mood. It was time for a little more angst.

He was kind of shell shocked and he wasn't really sure what to do as reality seeped back into his world. He could see well enough in the half-light in the room and he knew Tom was looking at him. It was all a bit surreal, lying there covered in Tom's cum, cock still tenting his boxers even as his own orgasm slowly faded away. He had just made Tom come and he had barely touched his brother's dick at all. He wasn't sure whether to be proud of or disgusted with himself.

"You ... I ..." Tom seemed to be trying to come up with something to say, but appeared to be having as much trouble as Bill.

Tom wasn't a talk about his feeling type of guy, which was, in Gustav's opinion, why Tom brought his dick into as many conversations as possible, so he felt justified in writing Tom lost for words. The touchy feeling stuff was definitely Bill's area of expertise.

No one would ever accuse him of being reticent once he had an idea in his head and he chose to act. Tom looked about ready to have a crisis about the whole thing and a very big part of Bill didn't want that, so he took matters into his own hands. Not caring about the mess or, in fact, anything but his target, he sat up, grabbed Tom and dragged his twin in for a kiss.

It had been quite a while since he'd kissed anyone, not being the lady killer type, but kissing wasn't something you forgot how to do. It had been Tom who had given him tips on how to kiss a girl properly

He knew that was actually true; Bill freely admitted it when they were just chatting amongst themselves. In interviews Bill often vied with Tom for who had the most offers, but Gustav knew that was an act. In reality Bill didn't seem to really much care and seemed to ignore Tom's girl tally more than anything else.

and he had never had any complaints

That bit, however, he couldn't swear to; Bill rarely talked about encounters with the female of the species at all.

and the way Tom moaned made him think that he wasn't about to have any then either.

He gave up mentally cataloguing the number of times he mentioned Tom's noises; it really was hopeless.

He nipped at Tom's lip ring and accepted Tom's probing tongue as soon as he felt it against his mouth. It felt so good to let Tom plunder him and he found himself desperately wishing that Tom would claim him completely.

Shifting in his seat really wasn't helping much anymore.

The whole situation was new to both of them though and Bill knew his dream would remain just that when Tom pulled back. Tom was breathless and sated, Bill could tell from just one glance even though he could see his twin's desire shining through as well. If he hadn't been quite so nervous, he might have asked, begged even, but the whole thing was so confusing that he couldn't decide what to do.

There were bound to be requests for a sequel with that little titbit in there.

Tom smiled at him; warm and loving, but there was trepidation there as well. This was as forbidden as it was wonderful and they were both still unsure.



Gustav decided he couldn't make it too easy; it was on the fluffy side, but he didn't want to slide all the way into fluffy bunnies and puppies.

"I should go clean up," he said quietly; suddenly very aware of what was all down his front.

Waking up sticky after falling asleep in the afterglow really was quite nasty; Gustav had done it once, and so he always tried to make sure his characters were never lost in the lurch. It might have been a little OCD of him, but it was in his nature, so he had to write it in.

A small nod was all he gained in return and he slipped out of bed quickly and ran to the bathroom. It wasn't difficult to clean himself up and he dumped his boxers in the corner of the room, wrapping a towel around his waist. The whole wall over the sink was mirrored and yet he kept his eyes averted; he wasn't sure what he'd see looking back at him if he stared himself in the face. This was just too new and strange for him to understand it yet.

A little bit more tugging of the heart strings. He had learnt pretty rapidly that the people who read his fic seemed to like that. He was almost sure most of them were women, but with some it was impossible to tell, although there was one very chatty gay guy who never failed to comment. He's actually picked up a lot of tips on gay sex from him; something he wouldn't be admitting to the world any time soon. It was a toss up what would be more difficult to explain; his writing or quite how much he knew about anal sex these days.

Walking back into the bedroom, he saw that Tom had turned over and appeared to be asleep already, but the partial stiffness in Tom's back told him the truth. This was difficult for both of them and he climbed back into bed, discarding the towel, and wondering what the whole situation would look like in the cold light of day.

Tom was everything to him, always had been, and now he could see how far that notion extended. As he rolled over and tried to close his eyes, he just prayed that he hadn't done something that would haunt them.

If he wrenched the heart strings any more they would probably snap so it was time to lighten the mood. Having started writing humour he usually felt obliged to at least put a little in, even in his angstiest fic.

Just drifting off to sleep, in the half waking and half sleeping place that often produced strange ideas, something occurred to Bill.

"Did you still want a tissue?" he asked, not really sure why he was asking it, but doing so anyway.

Bill could be random so it wasn't too much of a stretch, and writers were allowed artistic licence.

A snort of laughter came back from Tom's side of the bed, proving that his brother really hadn't been asleep at all.

"Don't need one anymore," was the amused response.

It took Bill's sleepy mind a while, but he eventually caught up with that.

"You woke me up getting tissues for a wank," he said incredulously; "you're unbelievable."

Tom really was that shameless as well.

"You were snoring," Tom said as if it explained everything; "do you know how hard it is to come when someone is snoring?"

"You couldn't even keep it in your pants one night," Bill responded, not really sure why he was arguing, just doing so anyway.

It felt strangely good and incredibly normal and somehow made his fears begin to subside.

The humour was doing nothing to relieve his hard on, so Gustav decided to wind it up as fast as possible; he could always edit in a bit more later after all.

"I have needs," Tom replied grandly; "needs that it might be much easier to fulfil from now on."

Bill opened his mouth to retort, but nothing came out as his brain processed what Tom had just said. It was clearly an invitation in a round about Tom sort of way and Bill didn't know quite how to respond.

"If you like," he finally said, not sure what Tom was expecting of him.

Tom didn't reply in words, but Bill found an arm being casually thrown over him and a warm body moved in close next to him. It felt strange at first, but Bill relaxed into the touch anyway, making himself lose the sudden tension in his body. Less than a minute went by before he decided he rather liked it and he snuggled a little closer to Tom.

"Night," he said quietly and Tom's only response was a sleepy, content mumble which made Bill smile; the expression never left his face, not even when he finally drifted off to sleep.

Changing one word in his final paragraph Gustav saved his file and sat back. He'd been writing for an hour and, although not quite finished; he was pleased with what he had written. It would be ready to go to his beta in a day or so, which was good, because Lisa had been asking if he had finished it for days.

Writing didn't always turn him on, but he didn't mind admitting that today it had. It was time to do something about that and then possibly have some breakfast. If he was lucky, he would be able to get a little more writing in before anyone else appeared, but he was satisfied either way. Without really looking his fingers moved over the keyboard to bring up the locking options and then he hit enter

while pulling the laptop lid half closed. Just on the off chance anyone did wake up, his computer was safe.

It was unlikely any of the others would touch his stuff; especially when he was in the process of using it, but occasionally there were moments of insanity. It was even less likely because the probability of someone being awake any time soon was about the same as winning the lottery.

Standing up, he adjusted his shorts, which were feeling a little on the tight side and headed for the bathroom. The bathroom was the one room with a lock on the door and hence was the one room where a person could guarantee privacy, well unless you were between Bill and his eyeliner or Georg and his hair-straighteners when, at times, locked doors weren't always an obstacle.

Closing the door and pushing the bolt across, he quickly shimmied out of his shorts and his boxers. He was probably the most practical of the band and although he might have preferred to have been somewhere more comfortable, he closed the toilet seat lid and sat down. Needs must was a very useful motto when living in the pockets of your best friends; it prevented insanity setting in.

His writing really had turned him on today and he was already completely hard. When he wrapped his fingers around his cock, he had to stifle the urge to groan very loudly. Just on the off chance any of the others decided to crawl out of bed, he really didn't want to put on a show.

Biting his lip, he stroked himself slowly, allowing his mind to linger on the thoughts of Bill and Tom together. Some people probably would have decided he was very odd, but the fact that the twins were hot was not something anyone could deny. He wasn't about to walk up to them and tell them that, because, well, that would be awkward, but it was true none the less.

He did allow himself a little whimper of pleasure as he ran his finger over the head of his dick, spreading the bead of pre-cum down over the slit. It felt so damn good and, combined with the movie he had going in his head, he was pretty sure this was not about to be long and drawn out. In fact he found himself fighting to make it last more than a minute. The sexual tension had been building in him for so long as he was writing that in a ridiculously short time he was grabbing for the toilet paper as he shot his load all over his hand.

It wasn't the most mind blowing orgasm he had ever had; there was no angel choir singing, but he slouched back against the toilet cistern with a smile on his face anyway. No one would have been able to say it was a bad way to start the day, and, what's more, it had made him hungry. Cleaning himself up quickly, he decided it was time for breakfast.

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Wandering back out of the kitchen after having dug some food out of one of the cupboards, Gustav froze. His worst nightmare was right in front of him and he almost dropped his bowl of cereal, only the small voice at the back of his mind which pointed out it would mess up the carpet kept his hold firm. Bill was wearing one of Tom's t-shirts and had a bad case of bed hair, but looked anything but

asleep. The worst thing was that Bill's eyes were wide open and shocked and were staring directly at his laptop screen.

Gustav hadn't seen Bill look that shocked since the first time someone had called him gay in the national press. How Bill was on his laptop and had managed to see anything he had no idea, but it was quite obvious Bill had.

Startled brown eyes looked up at him and for a moment the silent tableau held.

"I only write it for fun," he said as his mind worked uselessly on finding a way out of this.

"How do they know about me and Tom?" were the words that came back at him at exactly the same time.

They both froze again, staring at each other, and he knew he'd revealed something Bill hadn't known, but Bill had definitely revealed more.

"You wrote this?" Bill eventually asked.

Gustav nodded.

"You're twinses\_love?" Bill sounded as if he didn't know what to react to first.

Gustav nodded again.

"It started as a joke," he said carefully, not sure if Bill was going to explode or shrink into the floor, "hence the name."

They stared at each other a bit more.

"You and Tom?" Gustav finally found himself asking.

Bill looked incredibly guilty, but eventually nodded.

To say he was shocked didn't quite cover it, but maybe it was something to do with how long he had been writing it; he didn't find it as disturbing as part of him thought he should have.

"Shit," he said and gave up hovering in the doorway, sitting down in the chair next to Bill. "How the hell do you two manage that while we're living in each other's pockets?"

"Usually quietly and quickly while everyone else is looking in the other direction," Bill said in a surprisingly direct manner. "Why the hell do you write it down?"

The tone was accusatory.

"It's fun," he replied and tried to come up with something better in his head. "It's a huge thing online..."

Bill face went white.

"You post this online?" his friend asked him in a terrified voice.

"No one thinks it's real," Gustav assured Bill, "well no one who isn't insane. It's fiction; you did see the disclaimer at the top right? People like writing you and Tom, well me and Georg too and all combinations of all of us, but you and Tom is probably the biggest. There are even places dedicated just to Kaulitzcest."

"Kaulitzcest," Bill repeated, clearly dubious.

Gustav leaned over, turned the laptop, minimised his story file and opened a browser. He didn't have the web addresses bookmarked in case someone used his computer, but he had them memorised and he typed in one quickly. Then he turned the laptop back so Bill could see it.

"Oh my god," Bill said, staring at the screen. "I knew some people thought that me and Tom ... but ... they really write it?"

He nodded.

"Some of it's really good too," he replied, "some stories are just sex, others are long and plotty."

Bill appeared somewhere between scandalised and intrigued.

"But why do you write it?" his friend asked.

"Because I like writing," he tried to justify himself, "and it's a fun community and no one in a million years would guess who I really am, and ... um ... it kind of turns me on."

Bill had admitted a deep dark secret and so he felt he had to reveal one too to put them back on an even footing. For a moment Bill did nothing but look at him.

"It turns you on?" Bill finally asked in a slow and deliberate tone.

"Yes," he replied, guessing at what Bill was thinking, "but don't worry, I have no designs on your person. You and Tom are beautiful to look at and even more beautiful together, but different versions of you live in my head and I enjoy writing them. I am, however, straight."

"Completely?" Bill still seemed unsure.

"Cross my heart," he said and made the quick gesture. "It's a fantasy thing that lives only in my head, I swear."

There wasn't really anything else he could say. For a few moments Bill just sat there thinking and he gave his friend the time; this had to be difficult to fathom. He'd found it difficult to understand until he'd just accepted it.

"So, umm, how did you get into this?" Bill's curiosity was definitely piqued; Gustav recognised the look in his friend's eyes.

"Accident," he admitted; "I was just surfing one day and found it. I was curious so I read it and it's kind of compulsive and on a whim I set up an account and commented on one story. I made a couple of friends, and one of them challenged me to write something, so I did as a joke, but people seemed to like it and begged for more and so I wrote some more."

Bill was looking less and less horrified and more and more interested and Gustav began to hope that maybe they could get out of this without any histrionics. He remembered the shock it had been to find out that people wrote about him in sexual situations, so he had to give Bill points for not freaking straight away.

"And how many of these stories have you written?" Bill asked, eyeing the screen.

"Twenty three," he replied without thinking about lying.

Bill's eyebrows almost hit his hairline.

"How long have you been doing it?" was Bill's next question.

"About six months," Gustav admitted with a sheepish little smile; "it's addictive."

"And they're all sex?" Bill sounded incredulous and made him laugh.

"Not all of them," he promised, "some of them have plot."

"This one doesn't have plot," Bill pointed at the screen while speaking.

Gustav had to admit his friend had a point.

"No, that one is just sex," he replied with a little grin.

The way Bill quirked an eyebrow gave him confidence.

"So what did you think?" he asked boldly.

Bill went a very cute shade of pink almost immediately.

"Well?" Gustav pushed when the usually chatty vocalist failed to reply.

The way Bill fidgeted and went to cross his legs gave Gustav all the reply he needed.

"Oh that good?" he said with a laugh.

"Shut up," Bill said, blushing even harder.

"What?" he asked. "I already admitted it turns me on."

Bill was clearly having trouble with the whole concept. He could see that his friend wanted to ask questions and he just waited for Bill to get his head round the whole thing.

"I don't get how you can be completely straight and write that," Bill finally admitted.

"It's easy," Gustav replied, rather enjoying having the upper hand for once, "and I enjoy reading femslash too," Bill looked blank, "girl on girl," Bill understood that; "that doesn't make me a lesbian."

That finally brought a smile to Bill's face.

"For that matter I would have sworn Tom was completely straight too," he admitted.

That made Bill laugh out loud.

"He's a good actor," Bill said, sobering quickly, "but you don't seem surprised about me."

Gustav just lifted his eyebrows for that comment. He knew for a fact that several members of their entourage had bets on when Bill would finally come out.

"Okay, okay," Bill said and rolled his eyes, "so maybe I'm more obvious, but for the record I am bi; I like girls too. Just not as much as I like Tom."

That made him smile, despite himself. He had started off writing humour fics, but had long since branched into romance and he couldn't help himself.

"That's going to end up in one of your stories isn't it?" Bill said, shaking his head.

That statement surprised him since it suggested Bill was not going to demand he stop writing.

"Might do," he said vaguely to see what the reaction would be.

"And for your information I am not always bottom," Bill said, poking at the screen with his finger.

Gustav hated to admit it, but all his slash instincts went off at the same time; he was actually getting information from the horse's mouth, as it were.

"I have written you top," he said, and then realised that possibly he might be wading into deeper water; some of his fiction had interesting kinks.

Bill's eyes lit up.

"How top?" his friend asked and he was reminded that Bill's mind really didn't always work like most regular people's.

Still somewhat amazed that he had not been presented with his own genitalia, Gustav opened a file system window and clicked to his very well disguised and hidden fic directory. He was in far too deep to back out now, so he decided to just be completely honest and he opened one particular file.

"How about leather and handcuffs top?" he said and turned the screen around for Bill to see.

It had been a challenge from a friend, but he had enjoyed writing dominatrix Bill. Bossy didn't quite cover Bill when he was in a certain mood and he'd drawn on that for the whole scenario. Never in a million years would he have thought Bill would ever be seeing any of his fic, but Bill seemed inordinately interested and pulled the laptop towards himself.

"Out of interest," Gustav asked as Bill looked at the screen, devouring the text written there, "how did you know the password to my laptop?"

Bill glanced up with a completely innocent expression which belied what both of them were looking at.

"I don't," Bill replied, "you hadn't locked it, it was just sitting there waiting for the final click. I was only half awake and I decided to check my email and I didn't notice it wasn't mine and I just thought I'd left it in a weird state last night."

The fact that it was his own fault made Gustav laugh; that would teach him to make sure he had hit the right button on the keyboard.

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Tom wandered out of the bedroom yawning and wondering if Gustav would have put on some fresh coffee. What he really didn't expect to find was Gustav and Bill sitting very close together and staring at Gustav's laptop. The irrational surge of jealousy that ran through him at quite how close his twin and friend were squashed together passed quickly, but the confusion didn't.

"I would never do that," Bill said, seemingly completely absorbed in whatever the pair were looking at.

"Yeah, right," Gustav replied, not having noticed him either; "you would be like a bear with a sore head and I bet you'd even throw things."

Bill made a dismissive sound.

"And that has to be physically impossible," Bill continued, pointing at the screen. "Even I'm not that flexible."

"You'll just have to try and see," Gustav replied with a laugh.

At first Bill looked unimpressed by that comment, but then giggled along with Gustav.

"Might be fun," was Bill's vague reply.

It was at that point Tom decided he couldn't stand the suspense any more.

"What exactly are you two doing?" he asked, wandering across the room towards them.



He didn't think he'd ever seen a laptop shut quite so fast before.

"Nothing," Gustav said in what was clearly a guilty voice.

"The pair of you smooshed together in front of a laptop giggling like twelve year olds is nothing?" Tom asked, looking Gustav directly in the eye.

"Nothing that we're going to tell you now," Bill said and he switched his focus to his twin.

The look in Bill's eyes rather startled him; it was a look that he had come to recognise as meaning they would be sneaking off together in the near future.

"You're sure about that are you?" he challenged back with an expression that he hoped said 'if you want any remotely soon you'll tell me now'.

What was a little off putting was quite how intently Gustav appeared to be watching him as well; if he hadn't known it was impossible he would have said Gustav knew exactly what was going on.

"Completely sure," Bill replied and lifted one eyebrow in a sexy way that Tom knew his twin realised drove him nuts.

Sometimes it was so unfair how outgunned he was by his younger brother. Bill had him neatly wrapped around his little finger and the universe was continually laughing at him about it.

"You had better tell me later," Tom warned, although he knew he'd probably cave anyway.

"Just when I'm not in the building," he heard Gustav mutter to himself.

This was getting weirder by the minute.

"Breakfast," Gustav decided before he could ask anymore questions and his friend all but fled towards the kitchen.

"You two can't just have been surfing porn," he said as Gustav vanished.

Looking at porn on the internet was often a group activity; see who can find the most bizarre sex act in pictures was a game they had played on several occasions. If he remembered correctly Bill had won it twice, so it wasn't as if his twin was shy about things like that.

"Not exactly," Bill said with a thoughtful expression.

Bill was considering something, that much was obvious, and eventually his twin patted the chair Gustav had vacated.

"I have something to show you," was Bill's mysterious proclamation.

Intrigued Tom went to sit down.

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Gustav could just imagine what Tom would try to do to him if his friend ever found out about the slash. Bill was the type to start shouting; Tom was the type to start throwing fists. He just hoped Bill could come up with some sort of excuse and that breakfast would distract Tom from anything else. Food was usually good for distracting teenage males and he threw things together on a plate and poured some fresh coffee.

When he walked back into the other room, he almost had his second accident of the morning. His laptop was open again and he had absolutely no doubt that Bill and Tom had been using it, but they definitely weren't anymore. Bill was straddled across Tom lap and the pair was very definitely lip locked. They also appeared to be blissfully unaware of anything but each other.

The noises that he had spent so long writing about were nothing compared to the little sounds Tom was making about then and the ones Bill was making in response should have been illegal. For a few moments he just stood there completely captivated, since the reality was about a thousand times better than his imagination had ever let him guess. Bill and Tom couldn't have crackled with more electricity if they had been connected to the mains.

Mentally slapping himself, he decided he had to do something and interrupting the twins wasn't it. The fact that Tom wasn't trying to kill him was a positive sign, but he had the distinct impression that if he distracted either of them now he would be in big, big trouble. The only thing he could think of that might be louder was if Georg decided to climb out of bed and found the twins at it without at least a little warning.

Very hastily he walked to the table, put the tray he was carrying down as quietly as possible and then hurried in the direction of the bedrooms to make sure Georg was still fast asleep. If Bill and Tom were planning on coming out to Georg as well, the least he could do was provide some coffee, and possibly some Vallium. It was better to be safe than sorry.

**The End**