

Origin of the Species

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Tokio Hotel

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: NC17/18

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, the real people in it are used without their permission and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of any of them. I do not believe any of this happened, is likely to happen or should happen it is simply a story created around known facts about those involved.

Warnings: toys, light bondage, twincest, wings

Summary: Bill has an encounter that affects the balance between himself and Tom and they have to take drastic measures to prevent themselves being torn apart forever.

Author's Notes: To colored_image; I do hope you like this, I tried to work in as many of the requests as I could. It was a lot of fun to write, thanks for the great prompt :). Merry Christmas. Thank to my beta for taking out most of my horrible mistakes and those that are left are all my fault.

Special requests: light bondage, toys, Bill with wings would be cute if you wanted to :3

Word count: 14,635

Bill opened his eyes very slowly and, when he didn't know where he was, he knew it was not good. When he realised he was naked in a strange bed, he decided it was worse. Then when he saw the note on the pillow next to him, he realised it was about as bad as it could get.

"Bill," Tom said, standing up as soon as he appeared at breakfast, "are you okay; you weren't in your room when I came to get you this morning?"

"I need to talk to you," Bill said, hoping he wasn't giving anything away, "now."

That earned him some worried looks from Georg and Gustav, but it wasn't as if he could explain to them.

Tom didn't hesitate; his twin just pushed the chair the rest of the way from the table and skirted it, before walking over to him. They turned away from the others.

"What's up?" Tom asked seriously.

"I had sex last night," he said bluntly.

"You what?" Tom said in a voice that was a little too loud.

They both glanced back at the table where Georg and Gustav were sitting to see their friends still looking worried. When Tom took Bill's arm and guided him out of

the restaurant and towards the lifts, he didn't resist. There was silence between them until the lift doors closed and they were heading up to their floor.

"Say that again," Tom said, clearly not quite believing what Bill had said.

"I had sex last night," Bill repeated.

For a few moments Tom just looked at him.

"Are you sure?" Tom asked and Bill felt about five.

"Yes, I'm sure," he replied; "I don't remember half of it, but I'm sure."

"But you don't get urges like that," Tom pointed out.

"I know," Bill replied, "but last night I must have. I think she was one of us. She left me this."

He gave Tom the note he had found on the pillow.

"Dear Bill," Tom read carefully, "you are really very sweet and strong. I will not forget you for a long time. You were definitely worth the effort even though you resisted my charms so well to begin with. Our offspring will be a fine addition to the species. Maybe we will meet again one day, in a century or two, and next time you won't play so hard to get. Kisses, Delphine"

Tom was silent for a while.

"Shit," Tom eventually said very loudly.

"I remember being in the bar," Bill said, needing to explain himself, "and she came up to me and I brushed her off to begin with, but then she jumped me when I was on my way to my room and I don't remember much after she kissed me."

He couldn't keep the worry out of his voice.

"Tom, I feel different," he said, doing his best to hold it together; "I'm hornier than hell and I think my hunting instincts are trying to come out."

"We need to speak to Mum," Tom said before Bill could melt down anymore; "two incubi cannot hunt in the same place; we'll end up hurting each other if this goes on. We have to fix it."

When the lift doors opened, Tom grabbed him by the arm and propelled him down the corridor; it wasn't an annoyed gesture, just was Tom taking charge in a situation that could be disastrous. They ended up in Tom's room and Tom had his mobile out before Bill really noted what was going on. He'd been feeling weird since he woke up and he was constantly finding himself distracted.

"Mum," Tom said after only a couple of seconds, "we've got a problem; Bill had sex."

Bill heard his mother's reaction from where he was standing.

"It was a succubus," Tom continued to explain as Bill worried his lower lip, wondering if he had just wrecked everything.

He didn't want to be separated from Tom; it would kill him, but incubus instincts were powerful things.

"Do you feel any aggression towards me?" Tom asked, clearly relaying a question from their mother.

Bill shook his head; all he felt was confusion and a desire to have sex that was more than a little distracting.

"We can cancel today if we need to come home," Tom continued talking. "Are you sure?"

He had no idea what his mother was saying, but Bill did not interrupt to find out; he just hoped there was a solution.

"Yeah, okay, Mum," Tom said, nodding to the room in general, "I'll make sure he's okay, but what do we do if we start to react to each other?"

Tom almost dropped his phone and Bill found his twin staring at him as if he was looking at him for the first time.

"Yeah, I understand," Tom said, sounding dazed. "See you tomorrow."

Bill wasn't sure he wanted to know when Tom snapped the phone shut.

"What?" he asked, not feeling brave at all.

"Mum thinks we should be okay as long as I don't go after any girls before we get home," Tom said, clearly distracted. "Since we're not feeling aggressive straight away we should be able to control it."

There was something else; Bill knew it without a doubt.

"And?" he prompted, because he was beginning to realise it was worse not knowing.

Tom looked at him again; straight in the eyes.

"Mum thinks she should be able to put your instincts back to sleep," Tom said, but there was still something missing.

"What if she can't?" Bill asked, not liking the uncomfortable feeling that crept up his spine.

Tom blinked and shook his head as if waking up from a dream.

"She will be able to," his twin said firmly in a no argument tone; "we just have to make sure we get through the day okay. It's going to be most difficult on you; just keep thinking of unsexy things like Saki in a dress."

That mental image did manage to quell all thoughts of sex for about a second.

"Ugh," he said and grimaced, but at least he knew it would work.

"I'll tell everyone you're ill," Tom decided clearly thinking on his feet; "that should get us out of everything faster than usual and we can both go to bed early. Then we'll be home tomorrow and mum can sort us out. I'll go tell the others now; they're probably wondering anyway."

Tom went to go past him and Bill caught his twin's arm.

"What aren't you telling me?" he asked directly.

Tom stopped then, looking at him very seriously.

"If you need to know I'll tell you," his twin said eventually, "but you don't need more to think about. Please don't ask me again, Bill; you need to concentrate on what you need to do, not what might happen."

They very rarely kept anything from each other; it wasn't in their characters and Bill didn't like it, but he also knew Tom would not have said what his twin had, if it had not been important.

"Is it that bad?" he asked, unable to help himself.

Tom half smiled at that.

"Not bad, Billi," his twin said and was quite obviously thinking about whatever it was that Bill didn't know, "but it will mess with your head. Trust me."

There wasn't really anything Bill could say to that; those two words took away all his questions and he nodded. Tom would tell him if he needed to know and so, instead of wondering, he did as he was told and put his mind to suppressing the thoughts and urges that would not leave him alone. It was going to a long day; he could tell that already.

Bill took a deep breath and did his best to stamp on the instincts that were clawing at his insides. He had one day to get through, just one, and then his mother would be able to sort him out. He didn't like these new urges and the way his eyes roved over every woman who came anywhere near him was unnerving. It wasn't that he had ever been asexual; he'd felt attraction before, just not enough to ever bother with. He'd felt attraction to male and female for that matter, but it had never made him want to act on it. Tom did that; Tom provided

what they needed and he'd been quite satisfied with some artificial stimulation every now and then.

He had always liked the payoff of a good wank, but the rest of it he hadn't been bothered with. Now it was difficult to keep his mind on anything else.

They had already spread the word that he wasn't feeling well. He was usually quiet and moody if he wasn't at one hundred percent so no one had questioned his actions so far and had left him to it after the breakfast incident. It would hopefully also mean that Saki moved them through the fans as fast as possible. They would still have to sign some things, but he was sure the fans would understand if he could carry off the ailing prince persona.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened to let him, Tom, Saki and David out; the others were already waiting for them downstairs. It was as they stepped into the lobby and a scream went up from the fans pushed against the glass front of the hotel that Bill realised that maybe leaving the safety of his room wasn't a good idea. Teenage hormones hit him in a wave and he was swamped by lust and desire and every remotely sexual feeling possible. Every woman and girl sharpened in his awareness, screaming sex at him and every male became the enemy. He had a simple choice: react and do something very wrong in a very public place, or shut down. It really wasn't a choice at all.

"Tom," he just about managed to croak out and then his mind disconnected in self preservation.

He barely felt someone catching him before everything was black.

Bill's senses faded back in gradually and he found that he was moving, or rather the person carrying him was moving. He recognised the scent of Saki's aftershave as his brain rebooted and tried to work out which way was up and who he was and other useful things like that. He moved his head, but he still felt a bit disconnected and he felt strangely heavy.

"Nearly there," Saki said, clearly having noticed he was awake, "just relax."

Ever calm and ever careful of his charges, that was Saki. No matter how undignified being carried might be, Bill did as he was told, because he wasn't sure his legs would know how to walk just yet anyway. He didn't exactly feel weak, just not quite wired right at the moment as he recovered from the sudden and complete blackout.

He was, however, very glad when he was carried into his hotel room and put down on a bed.

"How are you feeling?" Tom asked in an urgent tone and sat down on the other side of the bed.

He was very glad when he didn't feel the clawing need to push his twin away. His incubus genes seemed to be taking longer to wake up.

"Weird," Bill said quietly, hoping that the feeling didn't come back any time soon.

"We need to get you home as soon as possible," Tom said firmly.

"I'll get a doctor up here before we go anywhere," David, who was hovering to the side said.

"No," Bill said quickly, to both of them, "I'm fine; it was just a dizzy spell. We're going home tomorrow anyway; I'll just stay here and sleep. It's only a bug or something."

Tom looked worried.

"You need to be at home, tucked up safely with Mum looking after you," his twin said, clearly trying to make Bill agree with his eyes.

"We need these interviews," Bill pointed out and then moved closer to Tom; "they'll ask too many question," he then whispered.

"We really should have you looked at," David said, concern clear on his face.

Bill just looked at Tom.

"You're sure you'll be okay?" Tom asked quietly.

Bill nodded, although he was far from sure, but there would be far too many people asking things if they cancelled the number of interviews they had that day. One member ill could be explained easily if the others showed up; a complete no-show would be different.

"Call me if you feel worse," Tom said resolutely and stood up.

It was at that point David gave up; Bill saw it, which was only sensible, because against the combined will of two Kaulitzes no one ever triumphed.

"Tobi will stay," David said with a sigh; "but if you feel like you're going to pass out again make sure to call. If this gets worse you're seeing a doctor whether you like it or not."

"Okay," Bill said, doing his best meek impression and then he lay down again. "Thanks," he added and gave Saki a smile, since he was grateful he hadn't hit the deck earlier.

Saki returned the smile, sort of and then followed David out of the room and Tom trailed behind.

"Anything, you call," were Tom's parting words.

Bill waited five minutes, then stood up, turned on the TV and sat down again while trying to forget that he was having a hormonal meltdown.

Tom had been worrying about Bill all day, but they had all been at this long enough to be professional, so he'd made it through all the appointments. Somehow a few fans had made it into the hotel, probably hoping to get lucky and any other night they might have been onto something as far as he was concerned, but not now. He, Gustav and Georg had signed a few autographs, had a few pictures taken and kept the girls happy, but Tom was much happier now they were headed back to their floor alone.

"That blond one," Georg started to say.

"Callie," Gustav added in; it was typical of Gustav to actually remember the girl's names.

"...was begging you to shag her, Tom," Georg finished in a teasing tone; "not like you to pass that up."

Tom just made a face at his friend; he wasn't in the mood.

"Leave him alone," Gustav said and glared at Georg; "you know what he's like when Bill's not well."

"Yeah, but did you see those tits?" Georg said, making crude hand gestures.

It was quite sweet really; they were both trying to reassure him in their own way and had been all day, but the only thing that was going to help was seeing Bill again. When they walked out of the lift and neither Georg nor Gustav went straight to their rooms he realised that they were following him to Bill's. His initial instinct was to ask them not to, but then he realised that they had as much right to be worried about Bill as he did, so he didn't say anything. He knocked on Bill's door and waited.

There was a click and he pushed the door open in time to see Bill retreating back into the room. Quite frankly Bill looked strung out and he walked in, more than a little worried about his twin.

"Bill, are you okay?" he asked as the other two followed him into the room.

"Not terrible," Bill said, turning back to them and not sounding as if that was really true.

Tom was overcome with the desire to bundle his brother up, put him in the van and demand that they be driven home that very moment. Gustav obviously had a similar instinct, because their friend stepped towards Bill.

"You don't look 'not terrible'," Gustav pointed out.

It was at that moment that Tom saw Bill's nose flare and he felt incubus power flood into the room. To his horror he saw Bill's eyes change colour and Bill growled with a low and resonant tone. Bill's finger nails began to warp into claws

and Tom acted before he knew what had to happen, happened. Moving past the startled looking Gustav he did the only thing he could think of, he drew his arm back and hit Bill as hard as he could. It felt terrible and his whole being screamed at him not to, but he knew that Bill had been about to attack. His twin went down like a sack of potatoes.

"You hit Bill," Georg said incredulously, clearly not believing what Tom had just done at all.

"I know," he said and grabbed for a belt that happened to be lying on the floor, "now help me tie him to a chair and I'll tell you why."

For a moment he didn't think Georg would help him, but Gustav had seen Bill's eyes and when Gustav moved to help pick Bill up off the floor, Georg did as well. In the end, Tom used two belts, a sheet wound into a rope and a pair of handcuffs that Bill had as an accessory to firmly attach Bill to the chair. He had hit Bill really hard, which was possibly one of the most difficult things he had ever had to do, and Bill seemed to be out cold.

"Let's step into my room," Tom said as Bill began to stir; "he's going to be very annoyed and I don't want either of you in striking distance if he gets free."

"He's handcuffed to a chair," Georg sounded very unhappy about the whole thing; "how is he possibly going to get free."

A very disgruntled growl that didn't sound even remotely human came from Bill at the perfect moment and Georg took a step back.

"Next room, now," Tom said firmly, just as Bill came round enough to start struggling.

He needed to explain before he could do anything about Bill, so he ushered the other two into his own room through the adjoining door.

"What the fuck is going on?" Georg asked, and for once sounded anything but laid back.

"What's happened to Bill?" Gustav added another question to the mix.

"He had sex," at least it was easy to answer.

However, neither of his friends looked impressed with the answer.

"There had damn well better be a much longer explanation than that," Georg said, clearly at the end of his tether.

Tom put his hand to his head and tried to think of how to explain what was going on. It was going to sound crazy and he didn't have time for this; if Bill freed himself they were all in trouble.

"We're not human," he finally just blurted it out; "we a different species; human texts refer to us as incubi."

"As in sex demons?" Gustav asked and it didn't take a genius to realise that his friend didn't believe him at all.

"Yes," Tom said bluntly, "only we've had a really bad press. We need sex, but we don't kill people to get it. Mum's about a thousand years old, she's a succubus, and our kind is usually solitary, but she fell in love with dad and me and Bill are the result. We started off human, which is why mum stayed playing human even when dad left, but puberty brought on changes and we started to become more like mum. I ended up having sex first and Bill kind of lost all interest in girls. Mum says it's because two incubi are hard wired to fight for territory and since we're so connected at a fundamental level, once I started providing what we needed, Bill's system went into hibernation or something."

"I've never heard you growl like that," Georg pointed out.

Tom bit his lip because he didn't want to say something he would regret; Gustav and Georg had a right to wonder why Bill had gone nuts and he had attacked his own brother.

"That's because I've never found my incubus form," he said, not sure how to explain. "It's for fighting and I've never needed it, but Bill's losing control."

He was being looked at very hard and he knew the other two didn't know what to believe. He didn't blame them, but he hoped it would not take too long to convince them to at least play along.

"If he had no interest, why did Bill sleep with someone?" Gustav finally asked.

"He met a succubus," Tom said, glad that at least he had a question to answer. "Our kind normally has sex with humans, but we don't breed with you; mum's situation is a one in a million. When an incubus and a succubus meet she will assess him and if she decides he's good enough she'll seduce him into mating. Bill was seduced, he doesn't even remember most of it; if she hadn't left a note thanking him for a wonderful night he probably wouldn't have realised what had happened. The whole thing kick started Bill's dormant side and so the balance is all out of whack. His instincts see me as a threat to his territory."

The other two were still eyeing him dubiously.

"So why aren't you reacting the same way?" Georg asked.

"I don't know," Tom said with complete honesty; all he knew was that he didn't look on Bill as a threat. "Maybe I will soon, which is why I have to fix this as soon as possible. If any women come near Bill now he'll go nuts, probably trying to kill any male of whatever species."

"Is that why he lost it with me;" Gustav asked, and Tom thought his friend was beginning to believe, "because we've just been signing for those girls?"

Tom nodded; it was the only thing he could think of that would have set off Bill at that particular moment. If they hadn't been accosted in the lobby then there may not have been an issue and they might have made it home. The Bill being ill story had been working quite well until that moment.

"So what's the fix?" Georg asked.

"You don't want to know," Tom said in a no nonsense tone. "If we'd made it home mum might have been able to help; she's dominant over us because she's our mother, but it's too dangerous to wait so I'll have to go with the last resort."

"Does that involve more hitting?" Gustav sounded very protective, which kind of made Tom feel warm inside because his friends were looking out for Bill as well, but also made things awkward because he knew he wasn't going to get away with fobbing them off.

He pursed his lips and tried to decide how to tell them. There was no way they were going to just accept it.

"No," he said, rapidly sorting out his thoughts, "that was just the only thing I could do to stop him trying to hurt you. I would never hurt Bill unless there was nothing else I could do."

"And you're sure it's not your instincts kicking in as well?" Georg asked; it was clear both his friends had been paying attention.

"Positive," he said, still trying to think of a way around the explanation, but not coming up with anything.

"Just tell us," Gustav said in a no nonsense tone.

There was nothing for it; he was going to have to tell them the whole truth. He didn't want to because it could easily make things worse, but he needed their help and it was obvious neither of his friends were going to let him get away.

"Okay," Tom gave up, "but remember I told you, you didn't want to know."

Neither Georg nor Gustav looked as if they were going to back down.

"I have to have sex with him," he said bluntly since there was no gentle way of putting; just saying it made something stir inside of him. It was possible he did have an inkling as to why he wasn't reacting badly to Bill; quite a lot of him liked the idea.

Gustav looked horrified and Georg appeared stunned, which was about as extreme as it ever was for either of them.

"I told you, you didn't want to know," Tom reiterated again.

"But he's your brother," Gustav all but spluttered.

"No," Tom said firmly, "he's more than that. If he was just my brother our instincts would have driven us apart years ago. Bill is my other half; we're the same, just in two different bodies. When he wasn't sexually active I provided everything we needed; now we're in conflict and the only way to put us back the way we should be is to focus Bill's sexual needs onto me. That's the choice; we have sex or we try and kill each other."

The other two looked at him, still aghast, and the silence grew.

"That's really the only way?" Georg finally asked.

Tom nodded.

"Before it got this bad Mum might have been able to suppress Bill's instincts like they were before," he said, praying they would understand, "but even that was a long shot. If I can get Bill to fixate on me rather than anyone else the rivalry will go away and I can go back to providing what we need."

"This isn't a one time thing though is it?" Gustav said and Tom cursed the fact that it was difficult to get things past people who knew him so well; he had been hoping that they could have dealt with that issue later.

He took a deep breath; he really didn't want to be having this conversation now.

"No," he admitted, "it won't be a one off. This will change everything for good."

"Shit," Georg said and sat down on the bed.

Tom prayed that they could salvage something from this; if Gustav or Georg was so disgusted by this that he couldn't deal with it then the band was over. They had all worked so hard for this that to see it end because of something that was not really any of their faults would be almost unbearable.

"It'll take a hell of a lot of work not to get caught," Gustav said, which kind of made Tom stop and frown in confusion.

"Yeah," Georg agreed; "if no one's going to suspect anything we'll have to come up with a system so that Bill and Tom can move rooms and things without anyone noticing."

"You'll probably have to let Saki in on it at least," Gustav continued looking back at him, "or he'll have a cow trying to figure out why his carefully laid security plans are all shot to hell by one of you not being where you're supposed to be."

Tom had been thinking about how to minimise what his friends had to deal with and it only slowly dawned on him that they were basically talking about covering for him. It seemed as if Georg and Gustav had gone from disgusted to accepting in a heart beat.

"You're okay with this?" he asked, not really sure he knew what he was talking about.

Gustav made a little face.

"Not really," his friend admitted, "not yet, but I believe you. If there's no other way then this is how it has to be."

Tom looked to Georg.

"I'm still stuck on the 'We're not human' bit," Georg said with a shrug; "but Gustav's right; we have to figure out a way to deal with this."

Tom nodded; it was a lot better than he had been expecting.

"Right," he said since he was pretty sure that was as good as it was going to get for now; "can you make sure no one comes in to Bill's room please? God knows what would happen if we're interrupted."

The other two gave signs of affirmation and Tom turned back towards the adjoining door.

"It he decides to rip my head of," he said as he walked towards it, "I suggest you don't get in his way when he tries to leave."

It was supposed to be a joke, but he couldn't help feeling a little nervous. Everything was mostly speculation and he was betting his life on it. There was no way he was giving up on Bill.

"Thanks," he said since he didn't have anything else to say and walked back towards the adjoining door.

Bill literally snarled at him when he walked back into the room, but he was very pleased to see that his twin was still firmly attached to the chair.

"I'm not the enemy," Tom said after closing the door; "if you think about it, Bill, you still know that."

"Mine," was Bill's response, but it was desperate and breathless and Bill shook his head as if he was trying to push past the idea.

Tom hoped that meant this would not be as difficult as he feared and took a step forward. Instantly, Bill's eyes were fixed on him, blood red with vertical black slits.

"Try and remember who I am," he said in as calm a voice as he could manage, continuing walking until he was right next to Bill. "We are not enemies; we are one."

Bill was frowning in anger, but that turned to confusion as Tom slowly knelt down. He settled, kneeling back just in front of Bill's legs and he looked up into

his brother's face. He could see a war going on behind Bill's eyes and very carefully he reached out and placed a hand on Bill's knee. Incubi could be very primitive when under the influence of hormones and he knew Bill wasn't really thinking.

"This is not your territory, Bill," Tom said, changing the tone of his voice now he had his twin's attention; "it's ours."

He moved his hand up along Bill's leg, squeezing just a little and keeping his eyes firmly fixed to Bill's.

"I hunt the prey, Bill," he continued, digging his fingers into Bill's thigh just a little; "I take them to my bed; I provide what we need. You are mine; no one else's. Some bitch took you, now I'm taking you back."

What he hadn't told Georg or Gustav was that for him to have sex with Bill and come out alive he had to be dominant. He had to turn his twin's anger and instincts into desires and make sure they were fulfilled; he had to make Bill completely his.

With his words of possession he moved his hand the final distance, pushing against Bill's penis and balls, just enough to make his desire clear. Bill still looked confused and the anger was there as well, but Tom continued.

"They are irrelevant human specs," he said, not that he really thought of the girls he slept with that way, but Bill wasn't in a mindset to understand anything complicated; "we are eternal. You are mine forever, Billi," he softened his tone just a little, leaning forward, "and I will fulfil all your needs."

As he almost came within striking distance, Bill growled, but Tom had no intention of letting Bill slip back to the irrational anger. With fingers that were very used to helping others remove clothing, he released Bill's belt in one simple move and then opened his twin's jeans. Bill made an almost strangled sound when he unceremoniously dipped his hand into Bill's underwear and pulled out his twin's cock. Bill was more about rage than sex at that moment so his prize was soft under his fingers, but he had every intension of changing that.

"Mine," Tom said very firmly, knowing that that at least Bill would understand, "and I'm going to suck you and then I'm going to screw you through the mattress until you're calling my name, and when you finally understand I'm going to make slow, passionate love to you until you come beneath me, writhing in ecstasy. You won't even remember what a girl is."

He never gave Bill a chance to respond; he leant forward and flicked his tongue over the head of Bill's cock. The noise Bill made was torn between pleasure and frustration and Tom was sure there was going to be many more sounds like that before he was done.

Bill was hardening already and Tom sucked his twin's occasionally twitching cock in to his mouth. Some of Bill's movements were still a struggle to get away, but there was already less resistance in Bill and Tom set to work making sure he had

all of Bill's attention. He had never given a blow job before being a woman's man usually, but he had a very good idea of what he liked and he was pretty sure Bill would be of the same mind.

As he employed his tongue and a little suction from time to time it wasn't long before Bill was completely erect and all struggle was gone. Sex was an incubus' strength, but it was also their weakness. A small corner of his mind was wondering what the hell he thought he was doing sucking his own brother off, but Tom had to admit that he was mostly enjoying it. The little grunts and moans that Bill made were enticing and caused little jolts of excitement to run through him. It was the same and yet very different from seducing a girl.

He played Bill for long minutes, waiting until he thought his twin was far enough gone for the next step. Then Tom sat back on his haunches slowly, looking up at Bill. His twin's head was back, but he could just about see the blessed out expression on Bill's face. He knew what it was like when the incubus part of their nature demanded satisfaction and he was well aware that he had Bill right where he wanted him. It was still dangerous, though; he had to keep Bill that way until the new dynamic stuck and he wasn't even sure he'd know when that was.

Bill made a small noise of complaint as it became apparent that he had stopped what he had been doing and blood red eyes opened and looked at him. He wasn't sure what it was, but something about those eyes sent excited shots down his spine and from the stirring in his loins he knew this was not going to be an irksome task.

"I'm going to make you mine, Little Brother," he said, crawling his way up Bill's body until they were nose to nose, almost daring Bill to challenge him, "and I know what you like."

Then he deliberately turned his back on his captive twin and walked towards one of Bill's suitcases. Bill made a little snarling noise and he turned back around instantly, fixing his brother with a glare. Bill glared back, but to his satisfaction the growling ceased. It was clear Bill had enough brain power to at least understand if there was going to be more sex good behaviour was required.

Tom knew Bill used sex toys. It had been their mother's idea when Bill had mentioned that he was finding his hand a little bit boring. They sometimes had conversations in their house that others might have found rather unusual to say the least, but when you were dealing with primitive instincts and the power to do a lot of damage, it was best to have these things out in the open. Not only did he know what Bill used to divert the mostly latent sexual urges, he knew where Bill kept them as well and he opened the case and moved some of the underwear. There were two vibrators and a small anal plug with a tube of lube.

He picked up the two vibrators and the lube and turned back to where Bill was tied to the chair. Bill was still glaring, but Tom could read his twin like a book and Bill's body language was screaming interest.

"Just give in, Billi," he said, walking back to his twin with his finds; "we both know you want this. We're one, Bill, and this is how it's supposed to be. I will give

you what you need, just like I always have; only now I get to give it to you up close and personal."

He was stood over Bill by the time he finished speaking and he could see that Bill was trying to decide how to react. Right at that moment, conflict was his friend, because until he had Bill completely back on side it was what was stopping his twin from attacking. For a while he loomed over Bill making sure his brother recognised that he was in control and then he slowly knelt down again. Bill's cock was still proud and begging for attention, but Tom was going to get back to that later.

"Time to play," Tom said, putting the toys and lube down and taking hold of the belt he had used to tie one of Bill's legs to the chair; "misbehave and I'll have to punish you," he added as a warning.

Carefully he freed Bill's leg, moving slowly to see what his twin would do. Bill remained still, so he released the other leg as well. Then he took hold of the top of Bill's jeans and underwear.

"Lift up," he said firmly.

For a moment Bill didn't move and he thought he might have a problem, but he looked up and stared into his twin's eyes and Bill gave in. It wasn't the easiest of manoeuvres, but he soon had Bill's lower clothing on the floor and out of the way, leaving Bill naked from the waist down and still half tied to the chair. To reward Bill was playing nicely he gave his twin's cock a little attention, making Bill pant a bit before he did anything else.

He didn't bother to ask his twin to comply with what he wanted next, he just did it. He wound his arms around behind Bill and pulled his twin's hips forward, grabbing a bundled up towel that was lying on the floor and putting it behind the small of Bill's back. Then he lifted Bill's legs and placed his twin's feet against his shoulders. Bill let him do all of this, but he could feel the tension in his twin at his actions.

"Relax," he said in a coaxing tone rather than a commanding one; "you'll like this."

Bill made a small sound, but nothing that he could quite identify, so he decided to keep going. Bill was basically displayed in front of him and he was suddenly very aware of his cock pressing against the inside of his underwear. He was a sexual being; it was a fundamental part of his makeup, but he couldn't help admitting he was more excited than usual.

Taking a small blob of lube, he warmed it for a moment and then used the tip of his finger to just draw it over Bill's hole. He watched in fascination as Bill's muscles contracted on reflex and he heard Bill gasp quietly. It was alluring to know he was the one making Bill react. He did not want to hurt Bill, he wanted and needed to dominate his twin, but he definitely didn't want to hurt him, so he proceeded carefully. His fingernails were blunt and filed down for guitar playing,

so he knew he wasn't going to have a problem with that at least; if they had been the other way around they might have had an issue.

Using more lube, he gently, but firmly pushed his middle finger against Bill's entrance making Bill make the most interesting sound and his finger slipped inside quite easily. The way Bill pulled at his arm restraints made Tom think that his twin was caught between pleasure and the desire to break free, but what was most telling was the fact that Bill did not try and move away in any other sense. It would have been only a small amount of effort for Bill to push him away with his legs, but there was no extra pressure from those.

Two males didn't have exclusive rights to anal sex, so he had actually done this before with a girl, but he had to admit he'd never wanted to do it quite as much as he did now. As he worked his finger slowly in and out of Bill, he looked up and found that rather than having his head back this time, Bill was looking at him intently. His twin's face was flushed with arousal, but Bill was watching him. Although this was his first time with another male, Tom knew in theory how everything worked; when he had protested that he was only interested in girls at the tender age of fifteen his mother had pointed out that you could never know too much in case of emergencies. Now he was very glad he knew the logistics, because he was pretty sure he knew what would make Bill melt a little more.

Pushing his finger in slowly, he hooked it slightly and almost immediately found the little bump he was looking for. Bill's eyes fluttered shut for a moment and Bill gave a beautifully deep moan that made Tom want to hear it again and again. He tried again, but this time Bill only made a little whimpering noise, which made Tom's nerves prickle, but no where near as much as the moan, so he decided it was time for his next move.

Bill was tight around his finger and he knew his twin would need some loosening up before anything else was possible, so he pulled his hand away and picked up the smaller of the two toys. Bill's eyes were open again when he glanced up as he smeared lube over the vibrator that was only a little thicker than his fingers. One end was a rounded point and he lined it up with Bill's hole carefully. Pushing it in took a little more work than his finger, but there was plenty of lube and Bill's muscles gave relatively easily.

"M're."

He wasn't expecting the encouragement from Bill when he stopped with the toy only just inside his twin, but it made his heart beat just a little faster to know Bill was slowly coming back to him. Bill wasn't quite surrendering yet, but it was more progress than he had expected at this stage. He was not about to disappoint Bill, so he made him wait just a little and then pushed the toy in further and he knew when it slid past Bill's prostate because Bill's head finally went back and he was rewarded with that moan again.

Moving slowly, he pushed until the toy was almost completely in Bill and then he flicked the little switch on the end. This time Bill actually cried out and Tom had to hold himself in place as Bill did push against him without really meaning to. Tom could not take his eyes off his twin as Bill reacted to the sudden sensations

and he was struck by the idea that he had never seen anything so completely erotic as the throws of passion from his brother.

Bill's fingers were white on the arms of the chair and his eyes were tight shut and his skin was flushed in places and just beginning to glow with the effort of his movements. Bill looked as if he was starting to come undone and it made Tom want to throw his twin down and take him there and then. He had never looked at Bill in a sexual way before today, and he could not understand how, as he looked at this creature of pure sex.

The growl that made its way out of his throat was completely unexpected and totally out of his control as something inside him demanded to be heard. Bill was his and the primitive part of his nature staked its claim. In response Bill keened quietly, fingers stretching out to him reflexively before curling back to grip the chair arms again.

He leaned forward and slightly to the side, pushing one of Bill's legs over his shoulder so that he could get close enough to kiss the inside of Bill's pale thigh. As he slowly moved the toy in and out of Bill with one hand, he kissed and nipped at the sensitive flesh within his reach. That pale skin seemed to mock him as every little red mark he left, causing Bill to make little hitched, gasping sounds, faded until the primitive part of him won again. He bit and sucked, not hard enough to break the skin, but hard enough so he knew this mark would not go away. Bill made a small sound of pain, but it was combined by a purr of pleasure and when Tom pulled back to see the bruise he had left on Bill, something about the atmosphere in the room had changed. He could still sense the danger, still feel the conflict ready to happen, but it was more remote and he realised that he had won the first victory.

Moving slowly, he pulled back to his original position and, leaving the vibrator inside Bill, he let it go and reached for the second one. This one was much bigger than the first, almost the size of a cock, which was one of the reasons he was almost positive Bill would have no trouble taking him once they were ready.

He played with the smaller vibrator for a little longer, making sure Bill was relaxed enough to take more and then he pulled it free. He had already covered the larger one in lube while he had continued to play with Bill and he did not give his twin a chance to move or react to the loss of the small toy. Placing the larger vibrator against Bill's hole, he applied a firm pressure and Bill's body swallowed it almost greedily.

Bill made a strangled kind of noise as if it was too much even as Tom watched the toy disappear into his twin, so he paused, allowing Bill to adjust to the intrusion. This toy had two settings; he knew because Bill had told him all about it just after his twin had bought it. One setting was vibrate and another was twist and Tom turned it on to its lowest vibrate setting.

For a second time Bill cried out loudly and Tom hoped the hotel walls were thicker than some they had stayed in. It had to have been uncomfortable to begin with, but Bill seemed to be accepting the toy quickly and Tom slowly eased more of it into his brother. He had never really played with toys before; he tended to

employ parts of his body like his tongue, his fingers and his cock more than anything made of silicone, but he was beginning to see why Bill liked them. It felt surprisingly good just watching Bill's reactions and Tom could have played for hours. Other's sexual highs always gave him a rush, but nothing quite like this.

When the toy was a considerable way inside Bill, Tom flipped it from vibrate to twist and carefully held on to Bill's leg so he didn't get flattened. The arms of the chairs actually creaked where Bill pulled against his bonds, but Bill wasn't really trying to get away; Tom could tell. Bill was simply reacting again and Tom wanted to see Bill react as much as possible. He had had a plan in his head, but seeing the way Bill moved had changed it and he reached out with his other hand and took hold of Bill's neglected cock.

Bill gasped loudly and began moaning in time as Tom worked his twin with the toy and his hand. He had never, ever seen anything remotely as arousing as the way Bill moved against the restraints and the chair as he played him as well as he knew how. He could feel Bill's arousal growing with every stroke and he found himself tuning into Bill in the same way he would have a chosen girl, but tuning into another of his species was a whole different level.

He found himself breathing in time with Bill and he pushed his brother on and he did not hesitate to coax Bill over the edge into orgasm. He felt it coming like it was almost his own and when Bill bucked up, shooting semen all over his hand, it was like little fireworks going off in his body as well. He was almost as breathless as Bill for long seconds, but he recovered more quickly and released his twin, wiping his hand on the towel that had slipped out from behind Bill

Bill was almost slipping out of the chair and Tom doubted very much that his twin was capable of anything much at the moment. He knew from experience that it would not take Bill long to bounce back and become interested in the proceedings again and he really hadn't planned on letting Bill come yet, but it seemed to be working to his advantage.

He pulled the toy out slowly and gently lowered Bill's legs to the ground, watching carefully just in case, although he was almost positive that Bill was done with resisting. It took him a few moments, but it was not difficult to release Bill's final restraints. When he had finished, he found that Bill was looking at him again and for a second he was worried that Bill would try to fight him. Bill's eyes were still red, but he realised with relief that there was no anger in them.

"On the bed," he said, standing up and away; "hands and knees; naked."

It was a test of his authority; this was not settled yet, but he needed to find the boundaries. Bill appeared a little rebellious; typical Bill, but did stand up slowly and walked over to the bed. The only way Tom could think to describe Bill was a vision of pure sin, wearing nothing but a small t-shirt. Very slowly Bill climbed onto the bed, knelt up and pulled the t-shirt over his head, before taking up the position as instructed.

Tom did not need anymore hints and he stripped off his own clothes quickly. He was painfully hard and he wanted Bill like nothing on earth before. He had to

control himself; he was the limiting factor here, but he wished he didn't have to. What he wanted was to pound into Bill with abandon and find that release he so desperately wanted, but he knew he had other goals before that.

Taking the lube, he smeared a generous amount over his cock and then he climbed onto the bed behind Bill. His twin made no move as they came into contact, but he could feel a slight tremor in Bill's muscles as he moved into position. Bill had been loosened by the toys, but when Tom pushed in Bill was still tight around him. It felt so good he could not stop the long, heartfelt groan that swept through him. He did not still until he was completely seated in Bill, hand flat against his twin's back, and when he finally did he felt the power in the room shift.

Bill moaned, shoulders dipping and head going down and something began to happen.

Tom had never seen anything like it as Bill's back rippled under his hands. He was hilt deep in Bill and he could feel his twin changing under him. Bill's whole spine seemed to be moving under the skin and the feeling against his cock was amazing. The power he could feel in Bill did nothing but add to his arousal as well. He had never felt anything this intense, not will any girl.

As he watched it was as if Bill's back grew; skin stretching to cover the new expanses of bone. Bill's spine burst with little ridges and Bill's shoulder blade spread, stretching the skin impossibly thin until Tom was sure it would split, but instead it turned black, forming into the most beautiful pair of wings Tom had ever seen.

Tom had never seen a full incubus form; his mother had described it, but he had never witnessed it first hand and what he could see of Bill was magnificent. He felt himself reacting and he almost fell forward as the most peculiar sensation ran through him from head to foot. It wasn't exactly painful, but it was very, very strange and he looked down at his hands, where his finger nails had grown so they looked like a cross between Bill's usual nails and claws. His teeth felt odd as well and the room seemed to be in sharper focus.

It was not conflict that had sparked this change, quite the opposite in fact and Tom was almost overcome by the whole moment, but this was not just about him and he focused back on what he was supposed to be doing. He leant over Bill's back and ran a hand over one black wing. Bill shivered and Bill's wings twitched from root to tip.

Slowly he began to move, pulling out with as much speed as he dared before pushing back in. It took all his will not to just give in to the urges that were pounding through his body as Bill moaned beneath him, backing up the incredible sensations flowing from his cock into the rest of his body. If he gave into his instincts it would be anyone's guess how they ended up.

He leant over further, rolling his hips to thrust again and aligning himself against Bill's back, above the ridges and between the powerful wings.

"You're mine, Bill," he said in what was more of a growl than a voice; "every inch of your beautiful body belongs to me."

Bill reacted to that, lifting up, wings trying to flare and raise, but Tom was ready for it. Neither of them liked being told what to do and he had known Bill wouldn't accept such blatant declarations of possession without some objections. He reached out and took hold of the top of Bill's wings, just at the joint with Bill's back, one in each hand and he gripped tightly. Then he used them as leverage to push into Bill hard, making his twin cry out in a heady mixture of shock and pleasure.

He was not trying to convince Bill's higher brain of what he was saying; that was as likely to happen as hell freezing over, but he needed Bill's instincts to acknowledge him. Sex was his medium and he knew he had to push it to the limit.

"You want me, Bill," he said, voice unsteady as he continued his unyielding onslaught, "surrender completely."

"No," Bill growled, but it was telling that Bill was not trying to throw him off.

He could feel Bill's arousal as strongly as his own; Bill really did want him, but Bill's territorial urges were getting in the way. It was a battle of wills and he had to win it. He began to move with a much force as he could without stepping over the line and causing Bill pain. This was not about force, but it was about power and he needed Bill to submit, but not because of injury or hurt.

"Surrender," he said, driving deep into Bill again and again and his twin moaned and writhed under him, but there was no sign Bill was giving in.

Bill began crying out with every thrust and Tom could hear the need in his twin; Bill needed this to finish; needed the release again as the sexual desires built and built and it was this Tom was counting on. This was his weapon and he could not give in.

"You know what you have to do," he panted out; "and I will give you everything you need."

A strangled half sound was all Bill replied, but the air was thick with pheromones and pure unadulterated lust and Tom knew Bill could not hold out much longer. He was completely focused on his twin and he knew Bill had to be feeling the same things. The frenzy of hormones was the rule of their lives and Bill would not be able to resist it forever.

"T...Tom," the word was dragged out of Bill as if it was the hardest thing in the world to say.

It was more of a moan than his name, but Tom heard the victory for what it was and he felt the change immediately. The levels of arousal went up and the tension that had been so palpable began to disappear and under his hands Bill began to change. He did not stop moving, thrusting into Bill with just as much

power, but he released his twin's wings as they began to shrink and be absorbed back into Bill's flesh. Bill was returning to his human form and only as the ridges along Bill's back began to fade did Tom begin to ease up.

"Tomi," Bill's voice was heavy with need and the most significant thing was that Bill sounded human.

That was the signal he needed and Tom slowly pulled out. Bill whined at the loss, but Tom did not want this to end like a battle of wills. He had what he needed now; Bill had surrendered to him, but it was not over. He urged Bill over onto his back, coming to rest between Bill's legs, lying against Bill's sweat damp body. Bill's eyes were closed and his twin looked pale and exhausted with flushed cheeks, but Tom didn't think he'd ever seen anything more beautiful.

He hadn't let his own partial incubus form fade and he pulled himself up until he was nose to nose with Bill. Bill moaned quietly as he pushed a few sweat soaked strands of hair off his twin's face and he could feel Bill's hard cock trapped between them next to his own.

"Open your eyes, Billi," he said in a whisper, watching his twin's face closely.

Long lashed eyelids fluttered back to reveal deep brown eyes that opened slightly in surprise when they saw him.

"To..." Bill began to say.

"Ssh," Tom replied, leaning down and kissing Bill lightly as he looking into his twin's sex fogged eyes, "it's done and now I get to show you how much I love you."

Bill wasn't quite with it, but Tom couldn't really blame his twin for that; his own brain was pretty much on one track as well. He had done what was required and he could feel the balance between them returning, but he was not finished with Bill yet. If this had been about sex it would have been over by now, but it went far deeper than that and Tom leaned in again, capturing Bill's lips in another kiss. Until then it had been about lust and want and need, but finally Tom let through the passion and love as well.

When he danced his tongue across Bill's lips his brother opened to him immediately and the kiss deepened as he explored Bill's mouth, running the tip of his tongue over the tongue stud and shivering lightly at the anticipation of what that stud could do when applied elsewhere. That was a thought for another day, however, and he broke the kiss, feathering his lips across Bill's jaw and down his twin's neck.

Bill whimpered quietly as Tom ran his fingers down over his twin's chest. He had every intention of exploring Bill's body until he knew every millimetre of sensitive flesh, but as he moved and their cocks rubbed against each other Bill gave an almost desperate cry and he felt his twin's need spike.

"Please," Bill begged, almost incoherent and Tom realised he would have to wait for longer games; "Tomi, please."

"What do you want, Bill?" he asked quietly, fluttering his finger lightly over one of Bill's hard little nipples.

His slim twin bucked up against him at the touch.

"You," Bill gasped out, so strung out that Tom was almost sure Bill was completely unaware of anything but him. "Finish it, please, finish it."

The words were a panted whisper as the end, but Tom could hear them. He moved slowly and gently, lifting himself away from Bill and working his way further down the bed. He raised one of Bill's legs and placed it over his side before moving himself into position, raising Bill's hips a little and then sliding back into Bill. This time it felt like coming home as he watched his cock disappearing inside Bill's welcoming hole.

Bill's fingers twisted into the duvet cover under them and Tom basked in the breathy moans as he slowly began to move inside his twin. He watched Bill's face; eyes closed again, hair spread all over the covers; a debauched angel and all his. Now he let his control slip and he knew he was close so he reached out and took Bill's hard cock in his hand. It only took a matter of seconds as he stroked Bill to orgasm and Bill came for a second time.

"Tomi," Bill cried out his name as he felt the power of sex explode around him and in him.

The sensation of Bill's muscles, clamping around him, taking him deeper if that was possible and the power of unadulterated release took him the small step to his orgasm as well. Nothing could have prepared him for the wave of energy that rolled through him like an unstoppable tide. He wasn't sure what sounds came out of his mouth, but he did know they were loud and the static in his head as the pressure passed left him reeling. When he started to come down he realised he was all but sprawled across Bill and it took quite a lot of effort on his part to slowly pull and out and flop down on the bed beside Bill.

When he looked at his twin, Bill's eyes were open just a crack, looking back at him, but they closed soon after acknowledging him.

"I love you," he whispered quietly, unable to make his brain process much more.

"I'm too," Bill mumbled back and he knew Bill was almost asleep already.

They were messy and sticky, but Tom could feel the lethargy creeping up on him as well and he knew he wouldn't make it to the bathroom and back. With what strength he had left he crawled off the bed, lifted the duvet as well as he could, somehow encouraged Bill to crawl underneath and then crawled in himself. When he spooned up behind his twin it felt warm and right and he gave up fighting and let sleep take him. Everything else could wait until morning.

End of Part 1

[On to Part 2](#)

===

Tom woke up wrapped in Bill where they must have moved in the night, and with a familiar pressure in his bladder. Glancing at the clock, he realised it was still early and they could sleep for another couple of hours before they needed to be up, but his need for the loo was rather urgent. He moved slowly and carefully, trying his best not to wake Bill, but just as he was about to slip out from under the covers he realised he had been unsuccessful.

"Tom?" Bill's very sleepy voice reached him.

"Just going to the loo," he said quietly, smiling in the general direction of where he thought Bill's head was, even though he wasn't sure his twin could see him. "Go back to sleep; I'll be back in a minute."

He didn't want to wake Bill again when he came back to bed, so he dashed to the bathroom and used the toilet as quickly as he could, hoping that Bill would be dozing when he made it to the bed again and they could snuggle up and go back to sleep. What he found when he came out of the bathroom was Bill sitting up, knees pulled up to his chest with the sheet tucked around him.

"We have hours before we have to be up," Tom said, not sure what Bill was thinking as his twin sat there looking at him with those devastating, big, brown eyes, "aren't you sleepy anymore?"

Bill just looked at him for a while and a bad feeling began to creep up his spine.

"I could have killed you," Bill said eventually; "I almost did kill Gustav."

Tom breathed a little sigh of relief; now he knew what was happening. Bill didn't hate him for what had happened, in fact it seemed that Bill was blaming himself; that he could fix.

"That wasn't you," he said, walking over to the bed quickly and sliding under the duvet that was over the sheet, "at least not your higher brain."

He moved as close to Bill as he could get, but his twin wasn't letting him in at the moment, so he had to wait a while.

"You let your guard down enough to have sex with me; I could have turned on you at any moment," Bill seemed overly hung up on that point.

Tom put his hand on Bill's leg and looked his brother straight in the eye.

"But you didn't and I knew you wouldn't," he said in a firm tone. "We're the same, Billi, we always have been and we always will be. Under the primitive instincts it was still you and you were only like that because some bitch of a succubus messed up our balance."

He was surprised quite how venomous his tone was when he talked about the cause of all this. It was then that he saw Bill's calm façade crack and he reached out and pulled Bill to him before the first tear fell.

"I almost lost you," Bill said in a very tiny voice; "how could I have done that."

"You didn't," he replied, blinking back the idea of tears from his own eyes; he wasn't the crying sort. "You didn't have control, Billi, it wasn't your fault. You fought it when you had to and you let me take you back. That's what's important; nothing else."

Bill sniffed against his neck.

"What if it happens again?" Bill's voice was so quiet now that he could barely hear it.

"It can't," Tom said and found that he was completely sure of that as if he knew something had fundamentally changed; "you're mine, I'm yours, nothing can make us anything else. Feel it, Bill, we're one and we always will be."

He wasn't sure what he did exactly, but somehow he balled the fierce love he could feel at his core into one thing and opened himself up to Bill. For a split second he felt the unity he had been talking about and he heard Bill gasp as Bill felt it too. It was awe inspiring and literally took his breath away as for just a tiny moment in time he experienced the fundamental principle of their existence and knew their genesis when they had been one person.

It was like the universe blinked and for a moment he saw what lay behind the physical and it was beautiful; so beautiful it almost hurt and when it was gone again he was almost relieved. It made him feel warm and whole, but he was glad to be himself again as well.

"What was that, Tomi?" Bill whispered.

"That was us," he said, equally as quietly; "that was us."

When there was a knock at the door, Bill started slightly and growled at himself for being so on edge. It was like his senses were on alert and he knew he was going to have to relax or go very quickly nuts. After whatever it was that had happened earlier in the morning he and Tom had fallen asleep again in each other arms and had both woken surprisingly refreshed. His sex drive was now full on whether he liked it or not, which was going to take some getting used to, but he had Tom's quiet strength there to keep him together. It was different, but he knew he could cope.

After what had happened the previous night, the idea of seeing the others made his stomach churn, but if he'd ever let that stop him he would never have been the lead singer of Germany's most successful band. Tom's muffled voice came from the bathroom, but Bill was on the move anyway and he flicked the catch to open the door before heading back into the room.

Gustav was first to stick his head around the door, looking a little hesitant.

"Come in," Bill said, trying to sound perfectly normal, "Tom'll be ready in a minute."

He sat back down on the bed and played it as cool as he could manage, but the way Gustav and Georg seemed less than relaxed wasn't helping him.

"Sane again," he said, trying to make it sound light, but not quite managing it.

"As sane as he ever was anyway," Tom commented, wandering out of the bathroom; "we can't expect miracles."

"I'm eccentric not insane," Bill said, using the situation for what it was.

"Oh yeah," Georg said with a nod; "he's right; he's rich, that means he's allowed to be bonkers without being locked up."

Bill threw a cushion at Georg's groin and made his friend ouch with the impact.

"Just as vicious as ever," Georg said, over exaggerating the hurt by doubling over.

"Wimp," Bill said and Georg cracked a smile at him; it almost felt normal.

Gustav just rolled his eyes.

"Breakfast," their drummer decided; "I'm starving."

And that was it; they were off as if the day was like any other. Bill even found himself chasing the others down the corridor because he had to go back when he forgot his bag. Everything was fine until they hit the lobby on the way to the breakfast room. They were in the bigger restaurant because of their later timing this morning where as they had been in the smaller restaurant at the back of the hotel the previous day and that meant a walk past the fans. If it was possible there were actually more girls outside than the day before and Bill felt himself react.

"Okay?" Tom asked, touching his arm lightly.

Bill took a deep breath and mentally steadied himself.

"You said you were feeling better," David said quietly, sounding concerned again, "are you sure you should be up."

Bill nodded and plastered on a smile.

"Yeah," he said, "just didn't eat much yesterday and I smell food, I think my stomach is rebelling."

David shook his head and grinned back; when Bill wanted to he could eat a horse and he could tell David expected it to be one of those breakfasts now. With all the exercise he'd had the night before Bill did actually feel ravenous so he thought he could oblige.

"Let's eat," he said and set his mind to food not of the sexual kind.

They were going home, but before they relaxed for Christmas there was one more piece of business that needed sorting out. They had managed to wrangle it so Saki and David were on the bus with them and halfway through they sat down and made sure everyone was in the same place.

"We need to talk," Tom said and pulled Bill into his lap.

It was unusual behaviour even for them and he saw David raise an eyebrow, although Saki was as stoic as ever. Tom knew this was going to be an interesting conversation.

"We need to tell you some things you're probably not going to believe," Bill said and leant against him.

"Believe it," Gustav said simply.

"Or plan a new career path," Georg added.

Tom was glad of the backup even if it was a little heavy handed. David looked as if he was trying to work out if this was some sort of weird coup.

"And I thought I was dramatic," Bill said and was clearly trying to make it seem like he wasn't worried even though Tom could feel him shaking slightly.

"You are dramatic," Tom said, giving his twin a gentle squeeze, "that's part of your charm; Georg's just practicing because he's going for a new mystique since his old one is a little thin these days."

"See if I try and help you again," Georg said, but his tone was light.

When he was in that sort of mood it was almost impossible to flap Georg so Tom didn't even try.

"Things have changed," he said, turning his attention back to David and Saki, leaning his head against Bill's arm.

"Two nights ago I got seduced," Bill said with the 'I am a celebrity and nothing gets to me' face firmly in place; "all that fiction about not being a virgin; not so much fictional anymore, only it wasn't a girl, it was a succubus."

Even Saki looked askance at that and there was silence as they let the information sink in for the two other men.

"You really believe that," David said eventually and their manager was looking at all of them; it wasn't a question.

"It was kind of hard to disbelieve after Bill tried to kill me last night," Gustav said bluntly.

David went white and Saki sat down; Tom thought they might be making their point.

"The thing is," he said since they were on a roll, "if Bill had been normal this wouldn't have been a problem; succubi sleep with humans all the time and all they remember is a great night of sex."

"But we're the same species she was, well mostly," Bill added, "and we had a balance; Tom did the sex thing, I wasn't interested. Then I had sex and that all went to hell. I really did try to kill Gustav because I saw him as a threat and if Tom hadn't been there I might have succeeded. Yesterday morning was my last ditch attempt not to react to teenage hormones, not some bug, and by the evening I lost control."

"But that's history," Tom took up the explanation again, "because we fixed the balance, which is why we need to talk to you."

It was all or nothing now.

"We're sleeping together," Bill said with all the subtlety of a tonne of hard fired house bricks.

"And we're going to keep sleeping together unless you want all hell to break loose," Tom finished.

"Literally," Bill had to have the last word.

David clearly didn't know what to say, which was probably a first.

"Everything can keep going like before," Bill eventually spoke when it was clear neither Saki nor David was about to say anything; "the only thing that's changed is that. We'll hide it outside, but if we try and hide it from you too, someone will go mental, either us or you."

"Sometimes you're going to find us in each other's bunks or room," Tom said, hoping that neither of their friends was headed for a mental breakdown over this; "we thought you should know the truth."

"And you couldn't have just said, 'we're sleeping together - live with it'?" David sounded more than a little strung out.

Frankly that idea had never occurred to Tom.

"You'd never have accepted that," Bill said, voice a little higher than normal with incredulity; "you'd have tried to stop us."

"When have we ever been able to stop you two doing anything when you set your minds to it?" David asked, clearly still having a lot of trouble processing the concepts.

Bill looked at Tom and he shrugged; it really had not crossed his mind to go for a simple ultimatum.

"We could have a go at making you forget and try it your way if you like," Bill said, looking rather unsure, "or maybe get mum to do it since she's had a lot of practice."

David looked really startled about that.

"Bad plan, Bill," Tom said firmly and shook his head.

"But David doesn't seem to want to know," his twin pointed out.

"Rule number one," he pointed out, bringing up the rules their mother had drummed into them, "do not mess with anyone's head unless completely necessary."

"Well I thought this might be necessary," Bill pointed out, "I don't want anyone ending up in a padded room over this."

Bill was about to pout, Tom could tell; sometimes Bill could exhibit the mental control of a five year old. The last thing they needed now was a row.

"Okay," David said and Tom looked over to see that their manager had clearly seen the same warning signs as he had, "sorry, thank you for telling the truth; it's just a really big, earth shattering kind of concept. Give me a minute."

"They've always been this way," Gustav pointed out, "and it's not made any difference so far."

"We just have to make sure they get alone time without anyone knowing about it," Georg added with a nod. "They've always been weird," Georg said and grinned; "now we just know why."

Bill stuck his tongue out at Georg, but couldn't retaliate since Tom refused to let go of him.

"I will work it into the security plans," Saki said, speaking as calmly as ever; the professional mask was back in place.

"You're not freaked out?" Bill asked in a careful tone.

Tom was rather proud of Bill at that moment; with everything going on Bill could have focused purely on them, but his twin was really worried about this.

"I have seen some inexplicable things before," Saki replied and for the thousandth time Tom wondered what Saki had done before he became a security professional, "and I think I prefer knowing that possibly they are not inexplicable, it is just that I, personally, do not know the correct explanation."

Tom was impressed; Saki was actually quite philosophical about the whole thing. That just left David.

"Nothing a few strong drinks won't cure," David said to the unasked question when Tom looked at him.

"Gustav and me cleaned out the mini-bar in my room last night," Georg said after that; "it did help."

Tom was surprised by that; neither of his friends had acted like they had hangovers that morning. Gustav threw a packet of something in the painkiller line onto the table.

"You'll need those afterwards though," Gustav said in a helpful tone; "it's amazing how just getting rid of the pain of a hangover from hell can actually make everything else seem like no problem at all."

It was an interesting theory, but Tom didn't think he'd try it out.

David banged his head on the table.

"What did I ever do to deserve you lot?" their manager and friend asked. "I must have been really bad in a past life."

"You were," Bill piped up, "I've heard your music."

Tom couldn't help it he burst out laughing.

"I'll get you back for that comment," David said and actually sounded amused.

Bill just smiled sweetly and made Tom laugh all over again. It wasn't back to normal; it probably never would be quite the same, but at least they were making progress.

Bill leant back against Tom and stared into the fire; he felt comfortable and secure and just a little bit horny, but that could wait until later. Gordon was still having a little trouble seeing him and Tom always wrapped around each other, but since their mum had promptly moved them into one room the moment they had come home and seemed to find the pair of them adorable, their step-father was adjusting.

Sex had never been a taboo subject in the house; ever since they had hit puberty and had begun to change it had been completely the opposite in fact. Gordon had known exactly what he was getting into with their mother even before that so Bill was sure that their stepfather would sort things out in his head eventually. He

tried not to be too touchy feely with Tom if he saw it was making Gordon uncomfortable, but sometimes he just couldn't help it. All his emotional attachments to Tom were still there and before he would have done anything for his twin, but now they were backed up by lust and desire and a love so passionate that he didn't know how he had lived without it before. Outside the house he couldn't be open about it and inside he needed to be.

"What do you think they got us for Christmas?" Tom asked quietly, nuzzling his neck which promised wonderful things once lust overcame laziness.

"Knowing mum," Bill said, grinning to himself, "sex toys."

Tom laughed at that.

"Don't think we'd be able to open those in front of Grandma," Tom joked back.

"Yeah," Bill agreed, "don't want either her or Grandpa having a heart attack."

Their grandparents weren't in fact their natural grandparents; it was any guess where their real grandmother might be and as for their grandfather, Bill wasn't even sure their mum knew his name. Grandma and Grandpa were a couple whom their mum had kind of adopted along the way. Their mum had never told them the whole story, but their grandparents knew what they and their mum were, but regarded them as family none-the-less.

"I know we don't do the present thing," Tom said after a few moments silence, "but I have something for you. I thought you might like it now."

A box appeared under his nose and Bill turned slightly to look up at Tom before looking back and taking it slowly.

"I didn't get you anything," he said, completely taken aback by the small, inexpertly wrapped parcel.

"Oh you did," Tom said, voice sounding thick; "trust me, Billi, you did. Now open it."

He knew that sound in Tom's voice; this was incredibly important to his twin and so he did as he was told. The wrapping came off easily to reveal a small cardboard box and Bill opened it slowly. When he saw what was in it he knew what it was instantly and his heart skipped a beat. Reaching in he took hold of the simple leather chord and lifted the gift out of the box, letting it hang in front of him. There on the chord, mounted with careful wire rapping was a long, polished fang.

"Yours," Bill said quietly; it wasn't a question.

"Mum helped me," Tom said quietly; "I'll grow a new one next time I change."

To some it might have seemed barbaric; to pull out one of your own teeth as a present, but Bill knew what it meant. It was a symbol of love and of possession;

when he wore it, it would mark him so that no other incubus or succubus would dare touch him. His normal personality was anything but submissive, but in this game of hormones and instincts he was and Tom was dominant. Tom would find the girls and seduce them and Tom would deal with any interlopers in their territory; it was just the way it had to be. He would be there to lend Tom his strength if his twin needed it and they would be there to love each other. Nothing would ever come between them and this was a symbol of that and it was a thing so rare amongst their own kind that it was just stories.

Bill sat up slowly and loosened the leather before pulling it over his head. He would never take it off; when the chord broke he would just replace it with another and another and then another.

In the human world they would continue as Bill and Tom, but Bill knew there was no separation anymore. Kneeling up he turned and, with a little bit of shuffling, he straddled Tom's hips before leaning in and kissing his twin with all his love.

Simone stood in the doorway watching her sons and she smiled before leaving as quietly as she had arrived. When Tom had come to her and asked her to help him make the necklace she had been worried. Bill was not the type to be possessed; if anything she would have said that Bill was the dominant twin, but Tom had calmly explained that it could work both ways. Tom had always looked after Bill as Bill forged ahead, leading them to their dreams, and this was no different.

It would be more difficult for her precious boys now, with yet another layer of secrecy in their lives, but she could feel the love coming from them. They would survive and succeed and she knew she would continue to be so very proud of them. When she had fallen in love with a human male she had thought herself cursed, but now she knew she was blessed, because that love had given her two perfect sons.

When she had been alone, prowling the world like others of her kind, she had never understood how humans remained so tied together. She had other children out there, offspring from encounters like the one that had almost cost Bill his humanity, but they had gone their own way once grown. She had no idea where they were or really who they were; a connection to another being not to do with procreation of the species had seemed so alien then. Incubi and Succubi did not feel loneliness; they were hard wired to be independent and the moments of contact they shared with humans and others of their kind was all that they needed.

Somehow a human male had changed her soul; she still did not understand how, and she had seen a legend born and grow from that union. Her boys would never know what it meant to be alone, even if something happened to her, and it made her feel warm inside. She had told Bill and Tom the stories of the rare few who had known what everlasting companionship was, but she hadn't believed them; she had just wanted her sons not to be afraid of their brotherly bond. She now knew that somewhere inside she had always thought that one day they would go their own ways and the depth of emotion that had to have tied them together for this outcome took her breath away.

She should have known really; Bill and Tom had never been what was expected of them; never taken the obvious path. It was the season of togetherness and the light of the season burned just a little more brightly this year. Walking into the kitchen, she stepped up behind Gordon and slipped her arms around his waist.

"I love you," she whispered and held him close.

The passion of human love could be fleeting, she had found that with Jorg, but it was also warm and exciting and she knew now she would never give it up. No matter how long she lived she would never let her heart grow cold again and she knew that had never been and would never be possible for her beautiful boys. Whatever the future held there would be no alone for any of them again.

The End