

# Regression

**Author:** Beren ([Beren@dtwins.co.uk](mailto:Beren@dtwins.co.uk)) (beren\_writes at LJ)

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

**Fandom:** Tokio Hotel

**Pairing:** none

**Rating:** PG

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**Warnings:** none

**Summary:** Some people should never be hypnotised.

**Author's Notes:** This is Claire's fault; she brought up blankies and a bunny was born.

**Word count:** 3,394

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Bill really, really hadn't liked the idea of being hypnotised, but it was for charity on TV and, when he had tried to object, the management had just looked at him as if he had another head. He kind of remembered thinking he was five and wanting to know where his mum was and where Tom was and almost bursting into tears until Tom had been dragged on stage, but that was about it. Tom had ended up hypnotised as well, but Bill really couldn't recall anything about that. The fact the Georg and Gustav were going to be taking the piss out of him for ever and a day because of it was kind of more important.

"Kill them for me, please," he begged Tom as they all walked into a hotel room.

It wasn't too late, since it had been an early evening TV show and Bill really wished he could have just ditched everyone and gone to bed, but that would have been too obvious. He also still had a nagging need to stay with Tom, almost as if part of him still thought he was four, which was thoroughly annoying.

"I could go find you a blankie," Georg offered in a sing song tone, which earned him the glare of death number four.

When Bill got to glare of death number five people started to feel pain, so he was giving Georg fair warning.

"Isn't it past your bedtime?" Gustav joined in.

"Forget it," Bill said, continuing his last conversation with Tom, "I'll kill them myself."

He had been about to sit down, but he turned, just about ready to do damage.

"But we have power over you," Georg was finding the whole thing far too funny and had somehow managed to find a pen light key ring that he was waving around; "look into the light."

It was a dreadful impression of the hypnotist, but Bill found his eyes zeroing in anyway. Something about the light was compulsive and he couldn't help watching it as Georg waved it around. He felt Tom step up beside him, but he was mesmerised by the moving light and that was about the last thing that meant anything to him.

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"Okay, guys," Georg said after a minute of so of waving the light around and watching Bill and Tom follow it as if they really were hypnotised, "what shall we do now?"

He flicked off the key ring, bored of the joke now and went to walk to one of the chairs when he realised Bill and Tom were just standing there. He looked at Gustav who just looked back and shrugged.

"Very funny," he said, walking past the motionless twins, "we get it, no more joking."

When he'd sat down, picked up the remote, flicked on the TV and Bill and Tom still hadn't moved, he began to think it was taking things too far.

"Game's over," Gustav said in a no nonsense tone, standing up and walking to the pair as Georg watched.

When Gustav waved his hand in front of Bill's and then Tom's face and there wasn't even a flicker, Georg stood up again, flicking the TV off. Either the twins were incredibly good at faking or something was really going on.

"Bill, Tom," he said, not sure what to expect.

Nothing from either twin.

"What did you do?" Gustav asked, looking a little worried.

"Nothing," Georg said, waving his own hand in front of Bill's face to see if anything would happen, "it must have been that idiot of a hypnotist. He must have left them susceptible or something."

"Shit," was Gustav's opinion on the matter, "I wasn't really paying attention, what did he do to bring them out of it?"

Georg wracked his brains; he hadn't exactly been paying attention to that bit either.

"Counted to five I think," he decided eventually.

Gustav did not look pleased with the situation at all.

"Well then you count to five," his friend said, "since you're the one that managed to hypnotise them."

That wasn't really fair, but Georg decided to give it a try anyway.

"Bill, Tom, I'm going to count to five and when I do you'll be awake," he said, doing his best to sound calm. "One, two, three, four, five."

The moment he said 'five' two pairs of brown eyes blinked and then he found himself the source of wide eyed scrutiny.

"Who're you?" Tom asked, eyes narrowing in suspicion.

"Where's mum?" was Bill's question.

"Oh f..." Georg found a hand being slapped over his mouth.

"You're mum's out for a little while," Gustav said and Georg saw his friend smile out of the corner of his eye, "we're the babysitters. You remember; we were going to watch TV."

Bill and Tom looked at each other and a whole conversation seemed to happen in a second and then the pair were looking back and Georg couldn't help feeling worried.

"K," Bill said brightly, grabbed Tom's hand and headed for the bed.

The pair climbed on side by side, sat down and looked expectantly at the TV.

"Just find something for them to watch," Gustav said before Georg could say anything.

Luckily the hotel had cable, which consisted of a ridiculously huge number of channels, several of which had cartoons. Georg found one very rapidly and then let himself be dragged into the bathroom while the twins sat and giggled at some bizarre looking dog thing playing with an equally odd looking cat.

"They're just like they were on stage," Gustav hissed as soon as they were in the other room.

"They could be faking," Georg pointed out; it was not beyond Bill and Tom to pay them back for all the remarks.

Gustav looked at him and then stuck his head around the door back into the room, coming back a moment later with a rather bemused expression. Georg found himself being dragged to the door and then he too looked round the

doorframe at the twins. Bill had the corner of Tom's t-shirt scrunched in his hand, his thumb in his mouth and was using the edge of the cotton to stroke his nose. It was at the same time the most adorable and the most disturbing thing Georg had seen in a long time.

"Okay," he said, moving back into the bathroom, "not faking. What do we do?"

"Do you know how the hypnotist put them back to normal?" Gustav asked in what appeared to Georg to be a very calm manner.

He wasn't usually one to panic, but something about five year old Kaulitzes in seventeen year old bodies kind of scared him.

"No," he admitted, since he had thought the counting would work.

"Then I'm going to go and tell David what's going on and that we need that hypnotist here now," Gustav said decisively, "and you're going to look after Bill and Tom."

"O..." Georg almost agreed and then realised he had the short end of the straw. "Why do I get to look after them? You seem to know what you're doing."

"Because you hypnotised them so you get to deal with them," Gustav said with a look that said 'don't argue with me', "and I've heard the stories their mother tells about them when they were four. I'm out of here."

He would have protested, but Gustav was already leaving the bathroom.

"Hi, guys," he heard Gustav say, "I just have to pop out. Georg's going to look after you, so be good, okay?"

"Okay," Bill and Tom chimed together and, the moment Georg saw the angelic looks on their faces, he knew he was in trouble.

"Don't leave me, please," he all but begged as Gustav walked past him.

"Suck it up and deal," was Gustav's only response and then Georg found himself all alone with the twins.

The pair were clearly absorbed in the TV for the time being, Georg just prayed they stayed that way until Gustav came back with someone who could sort this out.

The cartoons were kind of compulsive in a childish sort of way, which was why Georg didn't notice he was in trouble until it was possibly too late. He noticed the twins were whispering to each other when an add break came on.

"Can we have a drink please?" Bill asked when they noticed he had noticed.

That didn't seem like too difficult a request, so Georg decided he was being paranoid.

"Sure," he said, glad that it was something that easy, "what would you like."

"Coke?" Bill asked brightly, bouncing off the bed.

Bill almost seemed to forget he had hold of Tom's t-shirt and nearly dragged his twin with him, only remembering at the last minute and dropping the cloth reluctantly.

"I'll see," Georg said, bending down to look in the mini-bar. "There's only one," he announced, pulling it out, "so you'll have to share."

Bill just beamed at him when he presented his friend with the can.

"Georg," Tom said from where the other twin was still sitting on the bed, "is there anything else on; this is boring."

If there was something that terrified Georg more than standing naked in a room full of rabid fans it was the idea of a bored Kaulitz with a five year old mind; a bored Kaulitz with a seventeen year old mind was bad enough.

"I'll see," he said quickly, picking up the remote and beginning to surf.

When he chanced on a film he vaguely recognised from when he was a kid, he breathed a sigh of relief and looked to Tom for approval. Tom just gave him a smile and seemed quite happy to sit back against the headboard and watch. It was then that he found a can shoved under his nose.

"I can't open it," Bill said, as if it was the worst thing in the world.

He took the can back and Bill skipped back to the bed to retake his position next to Tom. Later Georg would look back and think that should have been a clue. As it was he realised his folly when he opened the can and coke hit him in the face.

"Why you little..." he just about stopped himself swearing, but he did shout, "you shook it."

Bill looked at him with big round eyes and a quivering lip.

"I didn't mean to," a very small voice said and Georg could see the tears forming.

"Don't be mean to Bill," Tom defended his brother very loudly and Georg knew there were about to be hysterics.

"Okay, okay," he said quickly, "I'm sorry, it just got in my eye and hurt. I'll just put the rest in a glass and you can share it and then I'll clean up."

Bill's eyes were still looking suspiciously shiny, but there were no tears yet, so he did his best to smile and try and forget the sticky liquid that was now all down his front. Very rapidly he transferred what was left of the coke into a glass and presented it to Bill.

"Thank you," Bill said and seemed to still be unsure; Georg couldn't tell if it was an act.

"I'll be in the bathroom," he said as gently as he could manage, "you two just watch the film."

He watched as the twins settled down with their coke, Bill resuming his hold on Tom's t-shirt and, at least for a while, there seemed to be peace. Walking into the bathroom he stripped off his t-shirt and ran some water into the basin. Coke was nasty and sticky, but luckily it was only over his top half; his jeans were still okay. He did have to wash it out of some of his hair, but it didn't take too long and then he wandered back into the other room with the towel around his neck.

The twins were giggling and whispering about something, but when they looked at him, both appeared surprised for a moment.

"Wow," Bill said.

"Do you work out?" Tom asked, looking at him in something akin to wonder.

Georg looked down at himself and tried not to be embarrassed at the scrutiny.

"Yes," he said, not sure what else to say.

He wondered briefly whether Gustav would kill him if he borrowed one of his friend's t-shirts. Gustav was quite happy to share if the need arose, but had funny ideas about asking first.

"I want muscles when I grow up," Tom said resolutely.

That just made Bill giggle. Georg had to wonder what the pair thought they were now, but didn't dare go there.

"You'd look silly," Bill said, removing his thumb from his mouth long enough to speak.

"Would not," Tom said hotly and yanked his t-shirt away from Bill.

Bill looked instantly heartbroken and Georg sensed a storm coming.

"I think you'd look great with muscles, Tom," he said quickly, really not wanting to be in the middle of twin trouble, "and I don't think Bill meant you'd look funny with them grown up, just now, didn't you Bill?"

That big eyed gaze should have been a lethal weapon and Georg found himself wanting to hug Bill the moment it was turned on him. He walked round the bed and laid a comforting hand on Bill's shoulder, because he would have felt really silly following his other instincts.

"Yes," Bill said in a very tiny voice and this time Georg had no doubt that the about to cry state was no act.

Tom looked stubborn for about ten seconds more before a tear rolled down Bill's cheek and then Tom gathered Bill into his arms.

"Silly Bill," was Tom's observation of the whole thing, but Georg did not miss the fact that Tom all but shoved the edge of his t-shirt back into Bill's hand.

He almost died of relief when the twins settled down side by side again to watch the film. Dealing with hysterical teenagers he could cope with, dealing with hysterical five year olds would have been a different matter entirely.

Peace reigned for a good twenty minutes.

"I'm hungry," Tom announced to break the calm.

"Me too," Bill agreed.

Georg couldn't really blame them, he was quite peckish himself. He reached for the room service menu.

"Okay," he said, "so am I. What do you like?"

The twins looked at each other and Georg was almost positive the pair was telepathic.

"Burger," they decided at exactly the same time, which was kind of freaky, "with chips, please," Tom finished.

That made it easy, so he picked up the phone, rang down to room service and ordered three burgers. Even if Gustav came back with help before it arrived he was sure everyone would still be hungry.

"It's going to be about half an hour," he said as he put the phone down.

What he realised he had forgotten as soon as he said it was how long half an hour was to a five year old. Tom immediately looked disgruntled and Bill just looked at the fridge kind of hopefully.

"I'll see what else I can find until then," he said before there was a riot.

There was chocolate in the fridge, but he knew for a fact neither twin liked that, so he searched a bit more. The tube of jellybeans lurking at the back of the fridge was a god send and he grabbed them.

"Jellybeans?" he asked hopefully.

Both faces lit up and he knew he was on to a winner. Looking at the pure delight in Bill and Tom's expression he really believed he was looking at five year olds for a moment. He gave them the tube and sat back in his chair to see what they would do. It was quite fascinating really as he watched them sit down cross legged, facing each other and tip the beans onto the bed. Tom then examined the tube, but it was quite obvious nothing made any sense, yet Bill watched his brother as if Tom knew everything. Tom then picked up a bean and ate it. After deeming it safe Tom gave one of the same colour to Bill, who munched it with a beaming smile.

This went on and if Tom found one he didn't like the pair would search through their pile and remove all of that sort to another pile before carrying on again. Georg forgot to ask what the other pile was for until he looked away for a second and when he looked back a bean hit him in the forehead. Tom grinned at him in an almost manic way and it was then he remembered what a Kaulitz on a sugar rush was like and he noticed that Bill was kind of bouncing in place.

He realised at that point he had a choice; he could fight it or he could just abandon all pretence of control. Picking up the jelly bean that was in his lap he looked at it, then he looked at the twins and then he gave up and threw it. With a shriek Bill threw one back and that was it; all hell broke loose.

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Gustav reached for the door handle and heard a scream which had him scrabbling to put the key card into the lock. When he opened the door he found a battle field. It was Bill who was doing the screaming because Georg had Bill on the floor and was tickling him madly while Tom pelted Georg over the head with a pillow. Bill was clutching a pillow as well, but it appeared to have burst and there were feathers everywhere. The state his hotel room was in had Gustav standing there with his mouth open.

"Georg," he all but roared at the top of his voice.

All movement in the room suddenly ceased.

Very slowly Georg looked round and Gustav glared; his hotel room was a war zone. The bed was a complete mess, his suitcase was on the floor and there were even coke stains on the carpet. If there was one thing Gustav hated it was people messing with his space when they were guests in it.

"Scary," said a wide eyed Bill and hid behind Georg.

"Gustav," Georg said in a very careful voice, "don't freak, I'll help you clean up."



"Being the only one with an adult mind of you three at the moment," Gustav said, quite proud of how he kept calm, "you had better."

"Oh dear," the hypnotist said from where the man was standing just behind him.

"This is also your fault," Gustav was just about holding on to his temper as he looked at the man David had had Saki drag out of the after show party; "now fix my friends."

He managed to keep calm all the way through the hypnotist sitting first Tom and then Bill down and carefully bringing both twins out of the hypnotic state they were in. He stayed even tempered through the explanations for Bill's and Tom's benefit, through the apologies from the hypnotist and through everyone but Georg leaving the room. Then he began yelling.

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Bill stood away from Gustav's door as his friend's opinion of Georg's behaviour sailed through the wood and into the surrounding corridor.

"I almost feel sorry for them," he said with a grin.

Gustav could be really quite eloquent when their friend felt like it and the drummer was apparently reducing Georg to about an inch high with words.

"Almost," Tom agreed with an answering grin, "we really did a number on that room. Do you think Gustav will remember he's in a hotel and can call housekeeping?"

"Doubt it," Bill replied as they began to walk towards their rooms. "They'll probably be up cleaning half the night."

He couldn't help grinning again.

"That was fun," he said and laughed; "think they'll fall for it again?"

"You never know," Tom said and opened his hotel room door.

"Revenge is best served cold," Bill commented and headed for his own room.

The expression on Tom's face was wicked when he looked back as he stepped through his door. He stuck his thumb in his mouth and stroked his nose before they both fell into their rooms laughing.

**The End**