

Romance is not Dead

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: BillDavid Jost

Rating: PG13

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AN: This is Raz's fault. (I can't believe I wrote this).

Bill sat and watched David dealing with some issue or other and sighed. It had dawned on him quite a long time ago that he was completely, one hundred percent in love with their manager, and he'd even tried making a move once. That had been embarrassing as David had gently turned him down and told him that it was flattering, but because of his age and David's position of trust it just couldn't happen. At first he had thought it was just a nice way of telling him to piss off, but from the odd looks he had seen David throw his way since he had come to realise it wasn't just that.

In one day he would be eighteen and fully an adult and he had plans. Once he was eighteen there would be no barriers anymore, nothing to stop him going after the person he had been pining for, for over two years. David wasn't going to know what hit him, that was for sure.

It had been worse lately, so much so that David had stayed behind in Germany while they toured some places. Other people had even questioned what was going on and Bill had tried to convince David that a few months wouldn't matter, but David had been firm. Bill was about ready to snap with the tension of waiting, which was why he almost jumped out of his skin when Tom sat down next to him.

"Not a good place to be staring," his brother said with an indulgent smile; they were outside a studio waiting to do some filming while the others were in the green room.

"I can't help it," Bill said, playing with the edge of his jacket.

"You're so gone," Tom commented, but there was no bite in the tone; "here."

Bill looked down as a key card landed in his lap and he picked it up, looking at his brother curiously.

"What's this?" he asked.

He knew it wasn't his key card since that was in his pocket. They were staying in a posh hotel in the middle of Hamburg while doing some publicity stuff for a few days and he already had a copy of Tom's room key, so why his twin would be giving him another one he had no idea.

"My birthday gift to you," Tom said with a mischievous grin.

Now Bill was even more confused.

"Room 515," Tom told him almost grandly, "the honeymoon suite. I ordered it decked out with champagne and roses and everything romantic you could possibly imagine and the hotel think I will be in there all night with a girl celebrating my birthday. If anyone checks at the front desk they will think I'm shagging my way into my 18th and no one will know it's actually you and the love of your life."

Bill stared at the key stupidly and then back at his brother. Then he all but squealed and threw his arms around his twin.

"Thank you," he kind of gushed, but really didn't care because this was the best thing Tom could ever have done for him.

"Just remember to use protection," Tom said in a very older brotherly way as if Bill's antics were embarrassing him.

Bill actually giggled at that. The he looked at Tom and realised that his twin was being very serious all of a sudden.

"What?" he asked, not sure he liked that look on Tom's face.

"I can't believe I'm asking this," Tom muttered to himself and then stared him in the eye, "but you do know how guyguy stuff works, don't you?"

Bill felt himself blushing.

"Of course I do," he said, playing with the card key nervously; "I looked it up on the internet."

His face felt like it was on fire.

"How many times?" Tom clearly wasn't about to leave the subject alone.

"Um ..." he felt even more embarrassed at that, "once," he admitted.

He was in love and the details had been kind of off putting in places. Tom grabbed his hand.

"Come on," Tom said and dragged him towards the inside of the building, "we're borrowing Gustav's laptop to do some research. You are completely hopeless, you do know that don't you?"

"I don't need to know everything," he hissed in his twin's ear, "I'm sure David does."

Tom just looked at him for that comment.

"Okay, okay," he acquiesced, and let himself be led inside.

They were in the lift before something occurred to him.

"Why Gustav's laptop," he asked, "it's not like we both don't have them too."

"Because Gustav has the best bookmarks," was the simple reply.

It took Bill a minute to figure out the connotations of that statement.

"You mean Gustav..."

The End