

Soft as Silk

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Georg/Gustav

Rating: NC17/18

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TH_Fanfic Prompt: #21 Georg/Gustav - Georg loves to have his hair played with. Gustav knows this and exploits it any time he can. (submitted by lirren)

Warnings: explicit sex

Summary: see prompt

Author's Notes: Thanks to my beta for removing most of my hideous mistake, any that are left are purely my fault ^__^.

Word count: 8,046

Georg Moritz Hagen Listing had only one weakness. You couldn't blackmail him; he just laughed at you. You couldn't threaten him; he just laughed at you. You couldn't seduce him; he didn't take you seriously and just laughed at you. Basically there was only one chink in that armour of oblivious good humour and once Gustav had discovered it, he abused it ruthlessly.

Georg's weakness was his hair and not in the way most people would have thought. Georg wasn't overly fussy about his hair and even though there were often hours spent straightening it, that was for the cameras not Georg's own ego. No, Georg's weakness was that he loved his hair being touched and played with and brushed.

Initially Gustav had really noticed it when he had watched Georg all but writhe in ecstasy the first time they'd been shoved into the path of a stylist. That had been an eye opener and as soon as he had been sure about it, Gustav had started to formulate a plan. It wasn't as if he could have just launched himself at Georg's hair without an excuse, so the first time he had spent a good hour complaining that he needed something to do with his hands, anything to do with his hands, and then had finally pounced on his friend.

It had felt wonderful and Georg had only protested for a few seconds and these days, finding him with his fingers in Georg's hair was as common place as finding the twins curled up together in one of the bunks. It was just part of band life.

Gustav had long since resigned himself to the fact that Georg was oblivious and straight and playing with his friend's hair was as close as he was ever going to come to anything more between them. It at least partially fulfilled the need he had inside and it was one way he could be mostly satisfied without doing something stupid and wrecking the whole band. The last thing he ever wanted to do was set Georg on edge; they all needed to be easy with each other or the tensions within the band would shatter them.

It was a free day in their heavy tour schedule and normally he would have been long gone out of the hotel, shopping and exploring and enjoying the latest new city, but it was cold and pissing down with rain and he had reluctantly decided to stay in. The one good thing that had come of this, however, was that he had

ended up in Georg's room watching TV with his friend and he could tell that if he made a move on Georg's hair he wouldn't be rejected.

He had started his campaign pretty soon after he had settled down to watch a really bad movie with Georg and it was almost second nature to let his fingers twitch as if he needed something to touch. Although Georg hadn't said anything yet, Gustav knew that his friend had seen what he pretended was a bad habit and he knew that Georg would cave soon. Georg loved having his hair touched and adding this to the fact that Georg thought he was helping Gustav with a nervous compulsion when he let Gustav play, it never took very long.

Gustav had just shifted his position again where he was sitting on the sofa when Georg sighed, stood up from where he had been lounging on the bed, walked over and sat down on the floor in front of the sofa.

"If you do my hair in bunches again and let me walk out of here without reminding me, I will kill you," was Georg's only warning as Gustav let his friend settle in the familiar arrangement of Georg between his knees leaning against whatever he happened to be sitting on.

Gustav would have loved to have had Georg between his knees for entirely less innocent reasons, but, given his choices, this would do. The bunches incidents, there had been two where Georg had actually made it out of a safe environment without realising, might have possibly been a little revenge for Gustav's stifled libido, but, despite the threat, Georg never really seemed to mind.

He began to run his fingers through Georg's hair, a rather pleased smile settling over his features, before he ran into his first problem; a knot.

"Need a brush," he said, standing up and carefully extracting himself from their current position to grab the brush on the sideboard.

This was not something he was unused to; Georg's hair was of the wayward sort and when not styled within an inch of its life tended to be messy and tangled. Gustav didn't mind in the slightest; he always like the excuse to pay more attention and brushing out knots definitely gave him that.

Georg leant forward as he sat back down and once he was repositioned, Gustav lightly pulled on Georg's shoulder and his friend settled back against the sofa again. Georg's eyes were back on the movie as Gustav set about his work with purpose. There were a few squeaks along the way as he smoothed out Georg's hair, Georg really was a wuss when it came to his hair being pulled, but Gustav was as careful as he could be and eventually had all the knots out. That was when things began to get interesting.

Part of Georg's weakness was a total inability to stay silent while having his hair brushed or played with. Little sounds of pleasure dropped from Georg's mouth all the time while Gustav was playing with the bassist's hair and Gustav loved to hear them. Gustav liked to think of it as the equivalent of a cat purring and seemed to be about as instinctive for Georg.

Gustav continued to brush Georg's hair even after he had all the knots out, just because he knew Georg liked it. The little noises Georg was making told him that very clearly and were a good indication that Georg needed this as much as he did. Georg was a very relaxed person, but sometimes the stress even got to their laid back bassist and Gustav made it his job to make sure he was always there to assist.

He managed to just sit there brushing for a little while, but he couldn't resist for too long and soon he discarded the brush and went to work with his fingers. Georg used heaven knew how much conditioner in his hair and it was always so soft and silky; Gustav absolutely adored the feel of it between his fingers. There was something so illicit about the sensation, even though it could have been looked upon as such a completely innocent action. Gustav felt his cock throb lightly as he allowed himself to indulge and he was very glad of his planning in wearing a very loose fitting pair of shorts for his current occupation.

It wouldn't do to let himself become too carried away, but it gave him a small thrill, which he would expand on later in the privacy of his own room. To look at, strangers often thought he was the quiet, boring one, but behind his carefully guarded exterior there lived a very vivid imagination. He always put it to good use after Georg had let him at his hair.

He played for a while, enjoying the little murmurs coming from Georg and then he employed his fingers on Georg's scalp directly. He needed a little more fuel for his imagination and the noises Georg made when being given a scalp massage definitely fitted the bill. Bill had once complained that Georg sounded as if he was having an orgasm when Gustav employed his fingers to Georg's scalp, which both he and Georg had hotly denied, although that was rather Gustav's aim. His cock twitched in his underwear at the delicious moan Georg gave when he started his current campaign.

Georg was most sensitive just at the nape of his neck, so Gustav slowly worked his way from forehead, over the crown and down towards the back of Georg's neck. The noises became ever better as far as Gustav was concerned and he had to keep himself in check or he might have made some of his own, which would have blown everything.

It was as he reached the base of Georg's skull and put on just a little extra pressure that something changed: instead of a moan there was a grunt. Gustav frowned, because although the grunt did spoil the nice fantasy he had going on in his head, he did care more about Georg than his porny dreams. Just to try it out his put his hands on Georg's shoulders and rubbed.

"Ow," was Georg's response.

"Christ, your shoulders are almost as stiff as Tom's get," was Gustav's comment.

Tom tended to tense up the most of them. Sometimes Tom's shoulders were like steel and Gustav knew because they all helped each other out with such tension problems and he'd almost broken a finger on them more than once. Georg on the other hand was rarely ever that tense, but he seemed to be now.

"It's all this stress about the tour," Georg admitted as Gustav began to attempt to work the knots out of his friend's shoulders; "it's got to me too."

"I can tell," Gustav replied, finding out just how tense Georg was.

Georg slumped forward under his touch and moaned again, which sent Gustav's brain right back to where it had started. It also gave him a vantage point where he could tell Georg wasn't at all relaxed anywhere, because the slump didn't look very comfortable. These two things combined in his mind and he realised that he might be able to help Georg and indulge his somewhat perverse imagination at the same time.

"Okay," he decided, before he could change his mind and talk himself out of it, "this isn't going to work. Off with these damned clothes and onto the bed; you need a damn good massage."

Georg looked round at him then.

"Want your wicked way with me?" Georg teased and wiggled his eyebrows.

Having had lots of practice at being unimpressed by such statements, Gustav just rolled his eyes and pretended to take very little notice.

"You and tense do not go together," he said, which was very true, "so just do as you're told Listing."

"You don't have to," Georg said, becoming a little more serious; "we're supposed to be relaxing together and that won't be relaxing for you."

Gustav gave his patented martyr look which he had perfected while living in close proximity to the twins for the last few years.

"Trust me," he said, "I'll be much more relaxed knowing you are. When you're tense, bad things happen. Now I thought I made it clear you were to do as you're told."

Georg laughed at that, but went to stand up.

"People are going to talk y'know," Georg said, but began stripping anyway.

Now it was Gustav's turn to laugh, even though he didn't really feel like it. His role was very well practiced by now.

"Lie down and I'll get the gel and make sure there aren't any paparazzi hiding in the bathroom," he said and headed for where he knew Georg kept his baby oil.

Georg had had a small dry skin problem as a teenager and went to great lengths to make sure it would never come back, which meant Gustav never had to look far for oil. Very useful under current circumstances. He found the bottle and made a mental note to make sure Georg bought some more, because there wasn't much left, and then walked back into the other room. His breath caught in his throat at the sight that met his eyes; Georg spread out on the bed wearing only a small pair of jersey boxers that did nothing to hide his shapely arse.

Gustav had to shake himself out of his sudden shock and he pushed the heel of his hand into his crotch as his cock took a little too much notice. He had to maintain control; his self-indulgence would come later.

"Comfortable," he asked in a friendly, but neutral tone as he walked up to the bed and opened the oil.

"Not as comfortable as I'm going to be," Georg replied, voice muffled from the way he was lying before he turned and gave Gustav a grin.

"I'm so pleased you have such faith in my skills," Gustav said with an answering grin and climbed onto the bed so he was kneeling beside Georg.

The mattress was too low to do this standing up, so he positioned himself carefully and took a good long look before pouring oil onto his hands.

"Don't moan too loudly or security will come running thinking you're being attacked," he said, even though he meant not a word of it.

"I don..." Georg failed to finish the sentence as Gustav set to work.

The moan he elicited with his first sweep of oiled hands was absolutely wonderful and he set about his self-appointed task with relish. Georg slowly turned to liquid under his hands and Gustav allowed him to enjoy most of it, but made sure to be very careful to make sure he didn't step over the line. He had huge amounts of wank material by the time Georg's sounds began to die away, but he kept on working the oil into Georg's skin. He had moved all over Georg's back, shoulders and legs, steering well clear of the pert arse, that was way too much of a temptation, and all of Georg's tension seemed to have gone.

It was a truly wonderful view, Georg all oiled and relaxed and so very, very tempting.

Gustav stopped what he was doing now that Georg was completely relaxed under his hands. He knew that it meant Georg had fallen asleep and he didn't want to disturb his friend with a wrong move, so he sat back and just admired the view. If he looked too long when Georg would notice it could be awkward, so it was times like these that were his only chance. He felt a little guilty, almost like he was betraying Georg's trust by ogling his friend, but he couldn't help himself.

His cock was already half hard in his shorts and he really wished he could indulge, but that really would have been a betrayal. There was something about Georg that he found simply beautiful and in the moment of quiet he let himself look.

"I wish I was allowed to look when you're awake," he said and sounded sadder about it than he expected; maybe it was finally beginning to get to him.

It did no good mourning for things he couldn't have and Gustav was a practical person when it came right down to it, but he just couldn't stop himself wanting this. Very carefully he climbed off the bed and went and sat back on the sofa, turning on the TV and switching the volume right down to catch the end of the stupid film. Georg probably wouldn't sleep for long, but Gustav wasn't going to wake his friend prematurely.

Walking across the hall after they had all come back from dinner, Georg knocked on Bill's door. He'd been thinking hard since the afternoon and he needed to talk to someone and Tom just wasn't right for this job.

"Oh hey," Bill said with a smile, apparently halfway through brushing his teeth.

"Hi," Georg replied, still trying to decide what he really wanted to talk about, "can I come in."

"Sure," Bill said around his tooth brush, "make yourself comfortable, I'll be done in a sec."

At least that is what Georg translated the mumbled sounds that came out of Bill's mouth to mean. As Bill disappeared back into the bathroom, Georg made his way into the main room and sat down.

"So, what's up?" Bill asked, coming back from the bathroom and sitting himself down beside Georg.

He had to think some more then, because he still wasn't sure what he wanted to say.

"You know Gustav likes to play with my hair," he finally decided on his opening gambit, "and he's almost compulsive about it?"

Bill nodded; it was just one of those things that made their little group what it was.

"I don't think it's as innocent as we think it is," Georg went on, feeling very awkward.

"How do you mean?" Bill asked with a small frown.

Georg took a deep breath and decided to just go for it.

"Today Gustav got twitchy, you know like he does," he began to explain, "so I did what I normally do and let him at my hair."

Bill smiled a little at that and Georg couldn't blame their singer; they all knew it was a mutually beneficial arrangement.

"Well he decided that I was tense," Georg went on, "and I was; don't know what it has been over the last week or so, but it's even got to me. He started on my shoulders and then moved on and I ended up on the bed with him giving me a full body massage. You know what great hands he has."

Bill nodded again; they had all be on the receiving end of one of Gustav's massages at one time or another and they were heavenly.

"Well I think he thought I fell asleep, because he stopped, and I almost was, so I just lay there," Georg continued his story. "That's when he said it."

The one phrase from Gustav's lips had been circling in his head all afternoon and evening.

"Said what?" Bill prompted and he realised he had drifted off into thinking again.

"He said, 'I wish I was allowed to look when you're awake,' and he sounded so sad," Georg replied, still confused about the whole incident.

"Oh," Bill said, expression going thoughtful, "and you think that means he wants to be more than friends?"

"Don't you?" Georg asked, suddenly afraid that he was jumping to all the wrong conclusions.

Bill put a comforting hand on his knee.

"I can't think of many other explanations for him to say something like that," Bill agreed, patting his leg gently.

It was kind of good that he had some confirmation that he wasn't going crazy, but Georg was also even more conflicted.

"And he does really, really seem to like playing with your hair whenever he can," Bill observed in a thoughtful tone, "which, if it's his only outlet, could explain a lot."

"But why wouldn't he tell me?" Georg asked, very confused about it indeed. "Why all the subterfuge? He's my best friend, you don't not tell your best friend things like that."

He really didn't understand; he and Gustav told each other just about everything. When he looked back at Bill from where he had taken to staring at his hands, Bill was looking even more thoughtful.

"Tell me if I'm wrong," Bill said, watching him very carefully, "but you're upset about this because Gustav didn't talk to you about it, aren't you, not because he fancies you?"

Georg frowned in confusion.

"Yeah," he replied, trying to work out what Bill was getting at, "why would I be upset that Gustav fancies me?"

Bill blinked at him and half smiled.

"Oh I don't know," Bill replied as if he was missing something obvious, "maybe because you're straight; you don't like boys that way."

"But this is Gustav," Georg replied, still not quite following.

For a few moments, Bill gave him a very penetrating look; it was somewhat disconcerting.

"Are you trying to say you have a Gustav shaped hole in your straightness?" Bill asked and it was clearly a serious question.

Georg sat back when Bill put it like that. Was that what he was trying to say? Was that actually what had been going round in his head all afternoon?

"Um," he said, doing his best to examine his entire thought process, "I think, maybe ... yeah, I think I am."

It was something of a revelation to himself and he wasn't quite sure what to do about the whole thing.

"But I still don't know why he wouldn't tell me," Georg replied; that was what he was really upset about.

"Maybe because you two have been friends for such a long time, neither of you have ever given any hint you might want to be more than that, and Gustav is afraid of ruining what you have by mentioning it," Bill said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

That stopped Georg's ire in its tracks and he suddenly felt like hitting himself on the forehead. It occurred to him that maybe he had been over thinking things quite a bit.

"You think he's been protecting our friendship?" he asked, just to make sure.

Bill nodded emphatically.

"He doesn't know there is a Gustav get out clause in your brain anymore than I did until just now," Bill said and shook his head as if he despaired. "What did you think it was?"

"That he didn't trust me," Georg admitted sheepishly.

Bill rolled his eyes.

"I think you are both as bad as each other," Bill said and gave a little laugh. "So, what are you going to do about it?"

The completely stalled Georg's thought processes; he had barely gotten past angry let alone into sensible ideas.

"What do you think I should do?" he asked, totally at a loss.

He was pretty sure Bill was going to be constantly rolling his eyes through the rest of the conversation, if Bill's response to that was anything to go by.

"Well, you're going to have to talk to him about it for a start," Bill said in a tone that indicated that was not a negotiable point, "but you are the one who is going to have to decide if you really do want a relationship."

Georg did his best to get his head round that; him and Gustav. It was such a big concept and it took him a while to be able to conjure up an idea of what it would be like. When he finally managed it, he found himself slowly beginning to smile.

"Do I assume that's a yes?" Bill asked with an exasperated little huffing sound.

At that, Georg did have the decency to blush as he realised quite what an idiot he had been being.

"But I still don't know what to do," he said, and he really didn't.

With the way Gustav had been acting he couldn't work out what was the best plan of action.

Bill looked at the ceiling and mouthed the words, 'why me'.

"Okay," Bill said glancing back at him again, "but you do realise I am the least qualified to be giving anyone relationship advice given my total of one real relationship?"

Georg was just relieved Bill was willing to help.

"Yeah," he replied, "but you do believe in one true love."

"You might have a point," Bill agreed with a little shrug. "Okay, to the problem; you and Gustav."

Gustav found his eyes drifting to where Georg was sitting at the dinner table playing with his hair, twirling it around one finger. It was a habit Georg had had ever since his hair had been long enough and it was one that drove Gustav just about insane. Something had seemed a little off all day and he could only think that it was something to do with his rather long wank session the previous evening. How he had managed to keep it together until they had all gone to their rooms he had no idea, but the day's experiences had had him going for hours.

It always left him a little out of phase, but today had been even worse. They had had a full day of interviews and appearances and Gustav had been as professional as he usually was, but every time he had looked at Georg it had been as if the universe was conspiring against him and taunting him. All day Georg seemed to have been obsessed with his own hair; twirling it, touching it, tossing it and ever since they had finished dinner and started talking about the next day, Georg had been sitting there driving him mad.

"Gustav," Bill distracted him for a moment, "are you okay, you haven't said a word since we sat down?"

"What?" he replied, giving his brain time to catch up. "Yeah, I'm fine, just tired; didn't get much sleep last night."

"Too hard?" Georg asked and Gustav's heart almost stopped.

"Huh?" was about all he could manage.

"Mattress, was it too hard?" Georg expanded and Gustav began to breathe again.

"Something like that," he said and hoped to god he wasn't blushing.

"Well we can all sleep in tomorrow," Bill said brightly, "nothing on until midday."

"Thank god," Tom said, falling back into his seat dramatically and taking the attention off Gustav.

Gustav was incredibly pleased that no one was looking at him anymore, but he found his eyes moving back to Georg. That finger was twisting that piece of hair again and Gustav really, really wanted to get back to his room as soon as possible. Gritting his teeth and crossing his legs he pretended to be interested in the conversation and prayed for a way out soon.

Gustav almost shoved his hand down his pants the moment he stepped into his room, but he prided himself on having more self control than that. If it was going to get to him that much he was going to have to stop indulging his fantasies at Georg's expense. Wandering round with a constant hard on was not what he needed. Doing his best to reign in his hormones at least a little, he took a few calming deep breaths and made himself pause and re-gather his composure.

He was just about ready to walk forward into his room when there was a knock on his door. The interruption almost made him groan out loud, but he knew that no one would be knocking without good reason, since they were all as knackered as each other; the whole crew had been going non-stop. With a sigh he turned back the way he had come and opened the door, at which point he almost died; Georg was standing there looking kind of awkward.

"Can I come in?" Georg asked as if he knew it was an imposition.

"I'm kind of tired," Gustav said, but already feeling his resolve melting as Georg looked at him.

"So am I," Georg replied hurriedly, "but today has been mad and I was hoping we could wind down together for a little while before bed."

Gustav forgot about his own problem at that and frowned slightly; Georg really had been very tense the previous day and that was very unusual for Georg.

"You haven't undone all the hard work I put in already, have you?" he asked, moving out of the way and letting Georg in.

It wasn't as if he was going to throw out his best friend because he needed a good wank.

"Not quite," Georg replied, sounding sheepish, "but I might need a bit more help."

Gustav decided that he had just stepped into a reality that was half heaven and half hell and he was teetering on a knife edge as Georg produced a hairbrush and looked rather embarrassed. His fingers actually twitched as the offer and his cock throbbed in demand and he was so caught that, for a while, he simply couldn't move.

"Gustav, are you alright?" Georg's question broke him out of his daze. "If you're really that tired I'll go."

"No," Gustav said, far faster than was probably normal and he covered it with a smile, "as long as you don't mind me fazing out occasionally."

He led the way into his room from where Georg had paused and waiting for him and snatched the brush out of Georg's hand as he walked past.

"You do realise you're abusing my compulsions, don't you?" he said and grinned, partly at Georg's sheepish smile and partly at his own predicament.

If this didn't mean God had a sense of humour he didn't know what did.

"Yeah, but you don't mind that much do you?" Georg asked and there was a tone in his friend's voice that made Gustav look at Georg closely.

After a moment, he put it down to his over active imagination, but he couldn't help the hope that sparked for just an instant. He knew he was being an idiot of course, but it happened occasionally; even to him. It wasn't as if he deluded himself all the time, not like Tom and his women problem.

"Sit," Gustav said and pointed to the edge of the bed while he kicked off his shoes.

Georg did as he was told, almost meekly, which made Gustav smile again as he climbed onto the bed behind his friend and knelt up. He leant over and grabbed the remote from where he had left it on the bedside table previously and handed it to his friend.

"Pick something not too terrible," was his next instruction and slowly began working free the band that was keeping Georg's hair in a rough ponytail.

It took him a little while; it was a really rough ponytail, and, by the time he started brushing, Georg had picked some anime or other on the TV. He hadn't really been paying attention, but he had seen enough to realise it was the best of a bad lot given the time of night and the range of channels. It had been that or porn and Gustav was not sure he could have coped with porn.

Georg made the most incredibly pleased noise the moment brush touched hair and Gustav had to count to five at what it did to his libido. If Georg kept making noises like that his friend was in severe danger of finding himself jumped. Georg oozed sex appeal, Gustav had long since resigned himself to this fact, but his shields had taken quite a battering the previous day, so he was more vulnerable than usual.

It was when Georg nearly slid off the bed in bliss and his legs began to cramp that Gustav realised their current position was not going to work. He paused, grabbed a couple of the ornamental cushions from the bed and threw them on the floor.

"Get down there before you fall down there," he decided and rearranged himself so that he was sitting with his legs either side of Georg as Georg sat on the floor and lent against the bed.

Georg didn't comment on the change of arrangements at all, just went back to moaning as Gustav went back to brushing. The way he was sitting now left Gustav a little more open to scrutiny than he would have liked, and, since his legs were apart, the material of his shorts was pulling quite tightly over his sensitive cock, but he refused to fidget.

As he brushed Georg sounded like he was in heaven, even more so than usual and Gustav knew he was going to be just about bursting by the time Georg eventually left. It was torture of a rather heavenly kind, which went up a notch when Georg began to, quite randomly, stroke his foot. It wasn't as if he was unused to Georg touching his feet, because his friend often helped him work out cramps in his legs, but this felt completely different because of his state of arousal. The way his cock throbbed, even at what were obviously innocent touches made him shove his hand in his mouth to stop making an embarrassing noise. He didn't think Georg noticed his momentary lapse, since he did keep brushing with his other hand.

When Georg eventually went from stroking to massaging he couldn't help just a little whimper. It was then that Georg turned and looked at him and he did his level best not to look as strung out as he felt. There was no reason Georg would suspect what he was really feeling, not without a huge leap in logic, but he didn't want Georg to think he was putting him out.

Georg gazed at him with a very level look for a while and he almost began to panic.

"I should have known you'd have a will of iron," Georg said with a little shake of his head and began to stand up; "Bill did try to tell me that saying it straight out would work better."

Gustav found himself very confused as Georg stood and turned so that his friend was leaning over him.

"You know most people would have cracked at about lunch time," Georg said, pushing gently on his shoulders.

It was such an unexpected move that Gustav found himself being pushed back onto the bed and he offered no resistance, all too aware that his new position made it completely obvious that he was hard. Not that he really had time to worry about that as Georg climbed onto the bed as well and straddled him in a move that left him completely dumbfounded, speechless and almost convinced he had fallen asleep and was dreaming.

"Bill said I should just walk up to you and tell you I have a Gustav shaped hole in my straightness and then do this," Georg said and then leant down to all but demand a kiss.

For his part, Gustav decided that Georg's behaviour all day had finally caused him to crack and he was probably having a mental break, but he didn't really care and he was going to enjoy it. When Georg kissed him, he kissed back with everything he had and prayed that it as not all suddenly going to come to an end. It was only when Georg ground his hips down and Gustav felt his erection assaulted for the first time that the shock brought reality thudding back. He pushed Georg away so that he could see his friend's face and then he searched for something, anything in Georg's expression that would explain this.

"Why? ... How?" Gustav didn't know what question to ask first.

"Yesterday," Georg said, just sitting there and letting him look, "you sounded so sad. I don't ever want you to be sad, Gustav."

Gustav felt the thrill of shock run through his nerves as he knew instantly what Georg was talking about, then his cynical brain caught up and was not happy.

"Is this about pity?" he asked, because he simply couldn't believe it was anything else.

Georg actually had the gall to laugh at him then, not for long, but it was definitely a laugh.

"Yes, Schäfer," Georg said in an almost amused tone, "I have you pinned to a bed out of pity and this is just over compensation."

It was only when Georg waved at his jeans that Gustav realised that maybe his friend was suffering for almost as severe a case of wood as he was. There was definitely an interesting bulge inside Georg's jeans. After a couple of seconds it occurred to him that he was staring.

"Just how long have you been hiding the fact that you want me as more than a friend?" Georg asked, suddenly serious.

"Years," Gustav replied with complete truth totally automatically as he did his best to keep his eyes on Georg's face.

"You should have told me," Georg said and there was just a hint of reprimand in his tone.

Gustav wasn't sure he could cope with an in-depth talk right about then since he began to notice that he was in fact shaking. His mind and body were totally

unclear on whether it was fear or excitement, but either way, lying still was killing him.

"I was afraid..."

"I know," Georg interrupted him before he could say too much; "Bill explained it all to me when I was too worried about you not trusting me to see sense."

"Bill?" Gustav was beginning to realise Bill had been mentioned quite a lot in their conversation so far.

"Who else could I talk to?" Georg replied as if it was totally obvious. "Tom's a great friend, but his system is more along the lines of want it, shag it and this is not about that. Well not just about that. I think Bill knows how we all tick far better than he usually lets on."

Gustav had known that for years, but he didn't bother mentioning it since his brain was rather stuck on the "not about that" bit.

"What is it about?" he asked, totally unsure of himself for the first time in a very long while.

"I love you, you idiot," Georg said as if it was perfectly obvious. "You're my best friend and I never realised I might want anything else, but as it turns out I do. Is that plain enough for you?"

For a moment Gustav felt very girly, an entirely alien concept for him as his heart kind of melted and he almost heard bird song and sweet music, but it didn't last long. He smiled in what had to be a very idiotic manner for a few moments and then Georg moved slightly and his focus flashed back to his groin.

Gustav was very strong, he had to be being a drummer, and he decided to take back the upper hand. With a flick of his hips and a push in the right place, he flipped them both over and came to rest above Georg, between his friend's thighs.

"Quite plain, thank you," he said, as Georg looked up at him, completely unfazed by the change in positions, "and for the record, I love you too, but can we save the talking for later?"

Georg grinned at that.

"What did you have in mind?" his friend asked.

Gustav's libido crowed.

"Well," he said, letting his fantasies spill over into reality, "first I thought I'd drag your pants down and suck you until you see stars, and then I thought I'd impale myself on that big, cock of yours and ride you like the stallion you are."

Georg actually looked shock, shocked and very, very interested, but definitely shocked.

"Had that plan in your head long?" Georg asked in a very breathy tone.

"That one?" Gustav replied with a little smile that he hoped was not too manic. "Only about six months, but I have lots of others as well if you're not up for it."

The way Georg swallowed was very endearing.

"No," Georg replied, voice very low and husky, "I'm up for it."

Gustav's inner sex-crazed maniac howled in joy and he moved down the bed a bit and freed Georg's button and fly without further ado.

"Ah, so you meant right now," Georg said, but, significantly, was at the time lifting his hips to help Gustav remove his clothes.

"You know how focused I am when I put my mind to it," Gustav replied and smiled in a way that he realised might have frightened some people, "and you have been driving me insane all day."

"Point," Georg replied, but suddenly lost all voice when Gustav threw the jeans and underwear now in his hand into the corner and dived for his prize.

He had never given a blow job before; he'd honestly only ever wanted Georg, but he had done his research and he might have practiced on a banana (not that he was ever admitting that to a living soul). He thought he'd done pretty well on limiting his gag reflex and he quite deliberately swallowed Georg as far as he could on the first go.

"Oh holy fuck!" Georg exclaimed almost instantly and Gustav had to hold his friend's hips down to stop himself being rammed.

He withdrew his mouth and looked up at Georg and grinned, rather pleased with the reaction he had managed to draw out of his friend already. Georg looked right back at him then groaned and let his head drop back onto the bed as if in defeat and Gustav returned to his task at hand. He experimented, doing different things and gauging Georg's reactions from sounds and movements and then employing everything he learned with each new attack. Georg was literally completely at his mercy and he enjoyed every single second.

"Going to ... going to," Georg finally panted out and given that he had other plans, Gustav finally relented.

He pulled back and Georg whined, half disappointed, half relieved as far as Gustav could tell. That was just where he wanted Georg and he slipped off the bed before Georg could recover and set about phase two. He shucked out of his clothes as fast as was physically possible and then he all but dragged the drawer in the bedside table right out in his hurry to find the lube and condoms he had put there the previous night.

"Do you..?" Georg tentatively asked as Gustav returned to the bed with his prizes.

"Toys," he said, knowing that Georg needed the explanation, but desperately wanting to just get on with it, "I have toys that I used to pretend were you. Never done this with another guy."

He was not sure why he confessed everything, but it seemed like the right thing to do at the time. He was a very focused person by nature and at that moment he was very focused on one thing; Georg's cock and where he wanted it to be. It was almost as if he was chasing a dream he thought might vanish and that was the only way to stop it from happening. In less fraught circumstances it might

have been more polite to give Georg the condom and the option of putting it on himself, but Gustav was far too intent. He took hold of Georg's cock and rolled the latex over it with ruthless efficiency and Georg's only input was a moan.

Gustav had used his aforementioned toys quite a lot the previous evening and he knew it wouldn't take him long to loosen himself up again. He lifted one leg and attacked himself with the lube and two fingers rapidly became three as his body acquiesced to his demands without resistance. He was so ready for this; he'd been ready for this for years and he went to move, however, he came up short when he saw the look on Georg's face.

Georg had to have been watching him and he had inadvertently given Georg a very good view and Georg's mouth was open and Georg's eyes were staring.

"I don't think I've ever seen anything that hot," Georg said, finally looking back at his face. "Next time, I want to do that for you."

That caused the heat in Gustav's belly to go up a notch and he was pretty sure there wasn't any blood left in his brain at all with the way his cock was feeling.

"Okay," he said and then moved himself into position.

His need was humming through him as he slicked Georg's cock with lube. As he manoeuvred himself over Georg's cock he found out it was trickier than he had expected, but not as difficult as part of him had feared. He was much more flexible than some people gave him credit for and he lifted himself up and guided Georg's cock into his willing hole.

At first his body resisted, but he was used to the sensation from when he played with his toys and he knew how to make himself relax into it. It took more work, what with the awkward angle, but he slowly lowered himself down onto Georg's cock and the only sound the whole time was both of their harsh breathing. Only when he was finally seated on Georg and their eyes met did that change.

"Oh god," Georg said, clearly quite desperate, "please move."

Gustav was in no mood to disappoint, so he lifted himself a little and then sank back down, eliciting a moan from himself and from Georg. It felt so incredibly good. Hard, but pliant flesh pushing into him and filling him was the most amazing thing he had ever felt and the knowledge that it was Georg, his Georg just about blew his mind. This was his ultimate dream, his ultimate need and now he had it, it shook his world to its foundations.

Georg took hold of his hips to steady him as he swayed slightly and he carefully began to move again. It was not an easy position, but he didn't care and kept up the movement, wanting everything he could get and needing to hear Georg's reactions. There was no doubting that Georg was a very vocal person when it came to physical sensations and in his saner moments Gustav suspected it was something to do with Georg's open personality, but at that moment all he cared about was hearing more and more.

He wanted everything Georg had to give and he wanted it all the time and as much at the same time as possible.

"Juschtel," Georg's voice was breathy and needy, "I'm going to ... if you don't ... what do you need?"

Georg did look completely on edge and Gustav had just about enough brain power to realise that he might have blown Georg's stamina with the blow job first.

"Just touch me," he said, feeling his own orgasm rising just at the thought, "don't care how, anything."

He hadn't known what Georg would go for first, but he soon found out he shouldn't have worried as Georg grabbed his cock. He continued his rhythm as Georg fisted his cock at the same time and he was in heaven. Georg inside him, Georg touching him; it was the most amazing thing and when Georg came it was like seeing his most closely guarded fantasy. He stopped moving as Georg bucked into him, shaking and moaning and panting and all he did was stare. In the heat of orgasm Georg was so beautiful that Gustav didn't remotely care that his lover seemed unable to keep up the pressure on his cock and he watched, drinking in the whole thing.

When those green eyes opened and looked at him, he could have frozen that moment forever whether he had reached his peak or not, but Georg had other ideas. Looking at him though sex hazed, half lidded eyes, Georg began to work on his cock again and Gustav felt all ability to think draining out of him. He was still impaled, but he didn't move this time, he just revelled in the sensation of Georg in him and Georg fisting his dick for him. It literally only took seconds, even though he would have liked it to go on for hours, and then he was spurting warm creamy fluid all over Georg's stomach.

"Oh fuck," Georg said, eyes all but rolling back into his head and Gustav realised he was squeezing what had to be Georg's very sensitive cock as he rode out his orgasm.

He never wanted to forget how Georg looked then and he slowly let his body come down, but didn't move and committed everything he could see to memory. This was going to be complicated; something like this could never be simple in their world, but it was simple at its core and Gustav let himself revel in it. He didn't know how they were going to go on from this point and he really didn't care, all he knew was that they would do it together.

His dream was reality and sitting there, stark naked, impaled on Georg's slowly softening cock, he was the happiest drummer in the world. Looking down at Georg's happy, relaxed face he began to wonder when his lover would be up for round two.

The End