

## Straight

**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:** 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:** twincest, crossdressing

**Summary:** Tom is straight, Bill knows this, but he also knows that there are exceptions to every rule and some things are meant to be.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta.

**Word count:** 7,102

---

Bill knew Tom liked girls, he also knew Tom liked him and was thoroughly confused by the whole thing. It had been going on for quite a long time now, the odd looks, the confused expression, the refusing to talk about it, but it had definitely become worse over the last month or so.

For Bill it was much easier; he had had a thing for Tom since he was ten and had begun to properly realise what a thing was. At the time he'd tried to kiss Tom and Tom had pushed him away and told him that he liked girls. Bill had been rather put out until he had discovered girls as well and had had alternative outlets for his developing hormones. Inside, however, he had always been carrying a flag for Tom.

Tom had only started to look at him in a similar way when he'd begun to grow his hair. That seemed to have been the step over the line that had confused Tom and made Tom look, and recently Bill had noticed that his twin was having real problems with it. He wasn't sure what had been the final push, since Tom had been dealing with the whole hair thing for over a year now, but something had to have happened in the last four weeks that had set Tom's radar off big time. It was becoming so bad that Bill was pretty sure Tom was going to have a nervous breakdown worrying over it if something wasn't done soon.

That was why Bill had decided to do something about it. There was no way he was letting Tom lose his marbles over something that was easily fixed. He knew Tom very, very well and he knew what was bothering Tom the most. Tom's biggest problem with the situation wasn't the fact that they were twins; it was the fact that he was male and Tom was very, very straight. Of this simple fact Bill was very, very sure.

He always expressed surprise when someone told him he looked feminine, but it never really surprised him at all; that was just how the record company wanted it. They didn't want their meal ticket admitting to anything that might suggest gender confusion; not that Bill was at all confused; he liked being androgynous. He didn't look very androgynous at the moment though as he looked at himself in the mirror.

Not once had he ever actually tried to look female before; he much preferred to skirt the line between the sexes, but for Tom he was willing to do anything. He'd thought about heels, but he was already taller than Tom and he didn't want to intimidate his twin, so he'd gone for flats. That hadn't stopped him going for the kinkiest pair of flats he could find, though, and the boots reached his mid thigh and were laced all the way up the side. His legs looked good in them even if he did say so himself and he smiled at his reflection.

The little black, slightly flared mini-skirt was cute and just slutty enough to grab Tom's attention, but not scream I'm-a-prostitute-just-ask-how-much and he'd chosen quite a modest top because he didn't dare show off the star. The b-cup bra he had stuffed with tissues gave him some gentle curves and over all he thought he looked quite girly. The blonde wig he was wearing helped the look considerably and the softer makeup brought out the more delicate side of his features. A little jewellery and some perfume finished the outfit and he was sure no one would look at him twice as being anything other than a teenage girl, if a somewhat tall one.

Taking his lipstick brush, he added just a touch more and then picked up the designer glasses he had bought especially for the occasion. He knew Tom had a secret fetish about brainy looking girls and the glasses contrasted nicely with the hair; they would also throw off anyone trying to recognise him. He had learned quickly since they had become famous that people rarely saw what they weren't looking for and he knew no one would know who he was.

Picking up the Prada bag he had also bought specially for the occasion, he slipped his lipstick, his room key, some condoms and some lube into it and sealed it. Then he headed for the door. The moment he stepped into the corridor he discovered his first test; Georg was just about to open the opposite door.

"Hi, Bi..." Georg began to say, turning and then stopped dead. "Sorry," his friend apologised, looking somewhat shocked; "I thought you were Bill."

Bill just gave a little smile and tried to look embarrassed.

"Well, nice to meet you," Georg said awkwardly and hurriedly opened the other door.

Bill couldn't help grinning broadly as his friend disappeared; he knew he'd have to explain the girl coming out of his room later, but it was worth the effort. Then he headed for the lifts, adopting a hip swaying gait that he had seen girls use. He'd been practicing it in the mirror for the last three days and he was pretty sure he had it down now.

As he rode down in the elevator, he felt the excitement begin to build, making his stomach flutter. If someone recognised him, or heaven forbid, took a picture he was so dead, but he really didn't care. They had an evening off for a change even though they were in a hotel and he knew Tom was cruising for a date; it was time to put his plan into action.

He walked out of the lift, pausing in front of a mirrored wall to check his lipstick one more time, and then headed for the bar. He smiled quietly to himself as he

saw several heads turn to check him out and then he made his way to the where the barman was mixing someone's cocktail. Climbing carefully onto a bar stool, he crossed his legs, making sure that just enough thigh was on show and waited to be served.

"Good evening, Miss," the barman greeted with a smile, checking him out with a quick up and down, "what can I get you?"

"White wine spritzer, sweet, please," he said, pitching his voice just a little higher than normal.

He didn't often carry much cash around; he rarely needed it, but he had enough on him for a couple of drinks, and he was sure it wouldn't take more than that to grab Tom's attention. He smiled his thanks at the barman and sipped the spritzer through a straw in a very ladylike fashion as he turned and glanced around the room.

Tom was sitting in the corner with a small harem of girls around him, so Bill adjusted his position so that he was in profile to Tom and then turned his attention to the barman. Tom was actually quite a gentleman when it came to entertaining girls and Bill knew his twin would not simply abandon those he was talking to, but he also knew his brother was like an eagle on prey when it came to spotting pretty girls.

He knew he had the look right to attract Tom because there was enough of himself showing through to get his brother's attention. All he had to do was wait, so he struck up a conversation with the barman. He was giggling at a very bad joke when a familiar figure finally appeared in his peripheral vision.

"Hey, Tom," the barman greeted; Bill knew Tom always liked to be on first name terms with barmen, since it usually came in handy, "what can I get you."

"Another round, same as before, please, Pete," Tom said and leant carefully on the bar.

Bill put his drink down and looked over and smiled to himself as he realised Tom was checking him out while pretending to be interested in the small tray of snacks on the bar. He was looking directly at his twin when Tom finally reached his face and it took a moment, but then Tom was suddenly choking on one of the snacks.

"Are you okay?" Bill asked in his slightly high voice as if he had never met Tom before.

When Tom finally stopped coughing, Bill was rather amused by the expression on his brother's face. If he had had a camera he would have used it. Tom looked stunned, confused and attracted all at the same time, which was quite an achievement.

"It's rude to stare," he said with a small smile.

Tom gave a quick glance to the barman, who was mixing some bizarre looking layers drink, and stepped in close.

"Bill, what the hell do you think you're doing?" Tom asked in a hissed whisper.

"Reeling you in," Bill said, completely sure of his plan.

Tom gaped at him for a moment and it was Bill who leaned in this time.

"I know you want me, Tom," he said in a low, seductive tone, "you have for ages and I also know why you haven't done anything about it. I thought this might help."

It was very clear to him that Tom had absolutely no clue how to react, not even an inkling. It was fun to be in control in this for once, since he's been in love with Tom for so long. He leant in even closer.

"I can see it in your eyes, Tom," he said so quietly that Tom actually moved to close the final distance between them to hear, "what I've known since we were ten. I can look as much of a girl as you need, but I'm still Bill underneath."

When he leant back there was still confusion in Tom's face, but the animal attraction was also unmistakable. Tom was a very visceral person and Bill knew exactly which buttons to push. He had his twin hooked now and all he had to do was coax Tom into following through so that what was meant to be would fall into place. Bill had no doubt that Tom was his; it had always been true and he had been waiting for Tom to realise it as well.

Feeling brave, Bill decided to make a move and he leant back in. He saw Tom breathe in hard when they were millimetres apart taking in his scent and then he placed his lips against Tom's. For just a second Tom didn't react, but then lips were pushing back against his own and they were kissing. Nearly eight years of tension were stored in Bill and it almost all came undone at that moment, and he had to break the kiss to keep it together. He wanted his twin to throw him down and take him there and then, but that would have made a tabloid reporter's day and he wasn't that much of an exhibitionist.

There was a dangerous fire in Tom's eyes when he looked and he knew he'd started something over which he no longer had control.

"Pete," Tom said, voice husky in a way that made Bill tremble, "please get the girls whatever they want until they leave, charge it to my room."

"Right you are," Pete replied and when Bill glanced over the barman had a knowing smile; for the first time Bill felt himself blushing.

Tom held out his hand and Bill took it without thinking. Slipping off his chair, he allowed Tom to lead him towards the lobby and the lifts. He did not know what Tom had in mind, but he did know that he had all of Tom's attention now and Tom was just about vibrating. In the lift he found himself being pushed against the wall as his twin pushed up against him, kissing him passionately, shoving a leg between his thighs and grinding hard. Bill felt his knees going weak as he experienced the sexual power of his twin for the first time; now he knew why girls fell at Tom's feet.

"Are you ready for what you've started?" Tom asked, pulling back as the lift reached the correct floor.

Bill was breathing hard as he felt arousal like never before lancing through his body.

"I've been ready since I knew what ready was," he said in a breathless whisper.

He meant it as well; this was what he had been dreaming of for years and he didn't care if he had to put on a skirt to get it. For Tom he would have walked naked through the streets of Hamburg.

Tom pulled him out of the lift and down the corridor, shoving the keycard into the hotel lock almost hard enough to break it. Bill had never felt so excited, aroused and nervous at the same time in his entire life. It had been one thing to know how to push Tom's buttons; it was another to find himself truly on the end of the result.

"You make an incredibly pretty girl" Tom said, pushing him against the wall again.

"I'll always be your little brother," Bill said in a husky whisper, "but I can look like anything. You really like it?"

"I like it," Tom admitted with a stark honesty that they always had between them.

Reaching out, Bill ran his fingers down the side of Tom's face.

"I love you and I'm in love with you," Bill returned Tom's honesty as well as he could, "and I have been for a long time. I will be whatever you need me to be."

Tom did not reply, just moved in and claimed another kiss. This time it deepened and Bill opened his mouth, letting his brother plunder its depths, fighting back only a little with his own tongue. The part of his nature that was a control freak wanted him to push back and take a little command back, but he had already decided to let Tom take the lead today. If he made Tom change his mind by being too forceful, he would never forgive himself.

He dumped his bag on the sideboard as Tom all but dragged him into the room and he let himself be pushed onto the bed where, after throwing his hat into the corner, Tom continued kissing him. Tom's hands seemed to be everywhere, moving up his sides, across his stomach, fondling his non-existent breasts and he loved every second of it. He had the whole of his twin's attention firmly on him and it was wonderful.

His cock was so hard in his very small underwear that he was sure the material would snap sooner or later. He wanted Tom like nothing else on earth and he moaned wantonly into his brother's mouth time and time again. When Tom finally pulled back after what had to have been at least five minutes, if not longer, he wanted Tom back straight away, but it was clear his twin had other ideas.

"If we are going to take this further we will need some supplies," Tom said, glancing around the room

"In my bag," was all Bill said and Tom raised an eyebrow at him; "I came prepared."

That made Tom smirk, since it was very out of character for him to even consider sex, let alone prepare for it. Tom climbed off the bed and went over to the sideboard and he followed a little, sitting on the edge of the bed and waiting for Tom to return to him. He watched as Tom pulled things out of his bag and he saw his twin pick up the condoms, look at them, then at him and discard them on the side. Tom came back to the bed with only the lube and Bill couldn't help feeling fluttery inside.

"Is this what you want?" Tom asked, just standing there gazing at him for the longest moment.

It was a question with so many layers, but Bill knew the answer to each one: yes he wanted Tom; yes he wanted his twin to screw him through the mattress; yes he wanted this to last; yes he wanted no barriers between them; yes he wanted everything. His voice was stuck trying to decide what to say and so he nodded, never taking his eyes off Tom's face.

Bill spread his legs as Tom stepped in close to the edge of the bed and let his brother tip his head back so he was looking up into Tom's face gazing down on him.

"The glasses were a nice touch," Tom said, voice deep with arousal, "we'll keep them, but I think we'll lose the wig."

The wig had to have moved during their little kissing session and as Tom took hold of it and pulled it slowly off, Bill just continued to look upwards, remaining perfectly still as Tom let out his hair, running long fingers through it and pulling it softly around his face.

"That's better," Tom decided with a slight smile and Bill felt himself melting inside. "You look so sexy and yet so innocent; how do you do that, Bill?"

"I don't know," Bill said in little more than a whisper; "it's just how you make me feel."

"Do you like being dressed as a girl?" Tom asked, running a finger over his collar and down his chest to where the top covered the small frilly bra.

"I like being whatever you need me to be," Bill replied, because in truth he didn't really care one way or the other, what made him hot inside was that Tom was looking at him with desire.

Tom smiled again at that.

"You look so hot tonight," Tom admitted, "I got hard just looking at you across the room and then when I realised it was you ... God, Bill, I've never felt anything like it."

Despite the fact that he had been planning this for weeks and had carefully calculated the reaction he would get out of Tom, Bill still found himself blushing. He had wanted to push Tom's buttons, but actually managing it made him feel strangely bashful. When Tom leant down to kiss him, it was the most perfect moment of his life, because he knew he finally had everything he needed.

His hands moved under Tom's clothes almost of their own accord and he found Tom's belt quickly. Tom's belt was undone, the enormous trousers were falling to the floor and Bill was pulling down Tom's boxers before he'd really thought about it. The enormous t-shirt was still in the way, but Bill was sure he could deal with that too.

"Eager, Bill?" Tom asked, having pulled back.

"I want to..." Bill couldn't bring himself to say it as what he wanted right then resolved in his mind.

He was staring at Tom's t-shirt where he could now see the material tented over his twin's erection.

"What do you want, Bill?" Tom asked, lifting his chin again. "Tell me."

There was something serious in Tom's eyes, something below the arousal and lust, something that made Bill squirm inside.

"I want," he said slowly, "I want to touch and I want to taste."

It didn't sound silly any more for some reason he couldn't fathom and Tom's face slowly broke into a smile.

"I am not one to argue with a lady," Tom said, kicking off shoes and stepping out of trousers and underwear as he spoke.

Just for a split second, Bill forgot he was dressed as a girl and he had Tom on his back on the bed in only a moment. He only came to rest when he was sitting over Tom and then he smiled.

"I'll show you how a lady uses her tongue," he said, falling back into the role and moved down the bed a little, pushing Tom's t-shirt up as he did so.

He'd seen Tom's cock plenty of times, but he hadn't seen it erect in a very long time since they had shared a room and had wanked off together. It was a hell of a lot bigger than he remembered and he was beginning to understand another reason Tom's girls never complained and seemed very willing to come back for more if any was on offer. For a moment Bill wondered if Tom would split him in half when they finally got to the full on sex, but then he shoved that thought aside. He had more important things to worry about and he lowered his head slowly.

The musky smell of sex hit him first and he couldn't help wondering what Tom would taste like. He had actually tasted himself; this was one thing he hadn't just wanted to leap in blindly too, but there was no guarantee that in this they would

be the same. Feeling just a little bit nervous, he let his tongue dart out, flicking lightly over the head of Tom's cock.

"Oh," was all Tom said as if his twin had not quite been expecting that, but liked it anyway.

The flavour that filled his mouth was not his favourite, he had to admit, but something about it spoke to him of Tom and that was all he needed. No longer hesitating, he opened his mouth and all but swallowed Tom. That he had been practicing on a banana, but there was no way he was ever telling Tom that, not sober at least.

"Jesus Christ," Tom said, almost bucking up if Bill was any judge.

Bill had pushed his tongue stud against the underside of Tom's cock while taking his twin in and Tom seemed to have enjoyed it. He'd never had a blow job himself, so he really had no idea what felt nice, but he had made a pretty good guess at what would feel bad, so he kept his teeth out of the way. Feeling a little more confident, he set about sucking, licking, teasing with his stud and simply swallowing Tom as well as he could without firing off his gag reflex and if the noises coming from Tom while he was doing this were anything to go by, he wasn't half bad. The number of expletives that came from Tom's mouth was most gratifying.

At some point Tom's fingers latched into his hair and he rather liked the feel of Tom clinging to him desperately, even if at one point it did feel like his hair was about to come out at the roots. The flavour that was now clearly labelled Tom in head was becoming more palatable with exposure and Bill was beginning to wonder why he had ever been worried about this by the time Tom wildly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Bill," Tom sounded kind of desperate, "I'm gonna ... if you don't stop."

Bill pulled back and looked up at his twin's face. Tom's eyes were glazed and his twin was panting in a way that made Bill want to swallow Tom down and make him come, but he had other things he wanted as well, so he pulled back. He wanted Tom inside him, fucking him like the girls that had always been in his place before and he was ready to demand it if necessary. His own erection was tight in the g-string he was wearing and he needed some relief himself.

"You know what I want, Tomi," he said, crawling back up his brother's slim frame, rubbing himself against Tom's hip as he did so. "I can prepare myself if you want to watch."

He wasn't sure how much Tom knew about anal sex, so he had a plan worked out, but to his surprise Tom shook his head while sitting up.

"No," Tom said, grabbing the lube before he could, "I want to do it."

"You know..?" Bill didn't want to insult Tom by asking, but he had to be sure.

"How it works? Yes," Tom replied with a smile, "sometimes girls and boys do it this way as well."



Well that made the whole thing easier.

So far Tom was the only one who had taken off any clothes, but the way Tom was looking at him, Bill wasn't sure he was about to even though they were going to have sex.

"I think I want you on your hands and knees," Tom said with a rather wicked grin, "for now."

Bill did not argue; if it meant he was about to receive what he wanted Bill would have hung from the lampshade if necessary. He moved onto his hands and knees, legs slightly spread. When Tom hadn't touched him or apparently moved after a few seconds he looked over his shoulder at his twin. Tom just smiled at him rather lecherously.

"Just enjoying the view," Tom said cheekily.

"Well enjoy the view and touch at the same time," Bill said since he was aching hard.

Tom laughed, but did finally move forward.

"I appreciate beauty," Tom said, running a hand up the back of his leg, "so I will look a long as I like."

Bill bit his lip, he was not whimpering, at least not yet, even though Tom using that tone sent shocks of arousal all through his body. He managed to hold off until Tom ran a hand up under his skirt and then he couldn't help it, he made a small, rather pathetic sound.

"Make as much noise as you want, Bill," Tom said, slowly lifting his skirt and exposing his arse, "I would like to hear you."

He felt ridiculously exposed as cool air touched his skin even though all Tom had done was fold back a skirt that hadn't exactly covered a huge amount anyway.

"Oh my, Little Brother," Tom said with a touch of amusement, "where did you find a g-string with our logo at the back."

Bill had thought the idea amusing at the time, but, as Tom slowly played with the little metal ring holding his underwear together, he didn't have much room for amusement.

"Online," he said, nerves begging for Tom to keep touching him.

"Well I can't ruin such a perfect outfit," Tom told him while stroking the string with one finger, "so I'll just have to move it out of the way."

Bill felt the string being pulled to the side, which tightened the material already stretched over his cock, and he groaned. Tom had to be trying to kill him.

"Such a little hole," Tom said, stroking him with one finger in such a way that he felt his muscles clenching away from the teasing sensation; "I'm going to have to tease you quite a bit more before I can get my dick in there."

Bill didn't know whether to blush or moan in wanton abandonment at the tone in Tom's voice; his twin was definitely going to turn him into a wreck before this was over.

The blob of lube was cold as it landed between the cheeks of his arse and Tom used one finger to wipe it downwards. It wasn't the first time he had felt lube there because he had practiced on himself a little just to make sure he wasn't deluding himself that he would like this kind of thing, but it was one thing to do it himself and entirely another for Tom to be doing it. It felt so much more illicit to know it was someone else's finger slowly teasing his hole and, when Tom pushed a finger into him, he bit his lip and moaned at the same time.

He liked the feeling of being opened and he let his head fall forward as Tom worked the lube into him with one twisting finger. It felt so good, and knowing that Tom was finally touching him the way he so desperately wanted to be touched made it even better. His cock was throbbing regularly in its confinement and his arousal just kept on building.

It didn't hurt when Tom eventually pushed a second lubricated digit into him, but it wasn't as comfortable as just one and Tom moved slowly, giving him time to adjust.

"So tight, Bill," Tom spoke to him in arousing tones, "but you're opening for me, aren't you."

"Yes," he said, moaning as Tom pushed both fingers in right up to the knuckle, "only for you."

Feeling Tom opening him, stretching him, was amazing in its intensity. Every fibre of Bill's being knew this was meant to be, that the coming together of their bodies was simply the reuniting of their soul which had been split in the womb. For Bill this was love at its deepest level and he was only for Tom.

When Tom forced in a third finger, he pushed backwards, moving through the momentary pain by forcing his muscles to adjust and take Tom's fingers further in. He wanted to be ready, he wanted to feel Tom's cock inside him not just fingers and he urged his twin on. Tom would never hurt him and he was becoming impatient.

It seemed like an age as Tom continued the slow firm strokes, pushing into him, twisting and pulling out, working him looser and looser, and he began regularly pushing back for more until Tom finally slapped his arse quite hard.

"I think you're ready for me, Bill," Tom's voice was low and husky, but his twin still seemed amused by what he had been doing, "but I want to see your face. Turn on you back for me."

His body already felt like bits were made out of liquid, but Bill did as he was asked, lying down slowly and looking up at his twin. He wanted Tom inside him as

soon as possible and he kept his knees bent and apart to make his point. Tom was definitely not allowed to sit back and enjoy the view now. What he really would have liked was Tom to remove his panties and then screw him so hard he saw stars, but Tom seemed to have other ideas and he didn't want to frighten Tom off at this stage.

Tom stayed back only long enough to pull the over sized t-shirt up and off and then Bill felt his stomach tightening as his twin leaned over him, naked. Tom was the one who was naked, but Bill felt like the one exposed, even though he had yet to remove a garment; that was just the way Tom's eyes made him feel.

"Lift your legs," Tom told him, kneeling back and watching him intently.

The fact that he was seventeen and perpetually on the move meant that Bill was flexible and he had no trouble lifting his legs, holding one in place with his right hand and fisting the other hand in the pillow beside his head. Tom was going to take him, claim him and it was as if this reality had only just dawned on him, making him shake just a little.

Tom opened the lube again and as Bill watched, his brother coated his very healthy erection before leaning over him again. He felt Tom's cock bump against his opening as Tom pushed the g-string out of the way again and the pressure in his balls tightened. There were no more questions or answers; this was it.

"Oh ... oh fuck," Bill moaned as Tom pushed slowly into him.

He was being stretched more than he would have thought possible, but he had perfect trust in his twin and his muscles were relaxed and ready. It was uncomfortable and yet completely wonderful at the same time. He felt like he might split if Tom pushed too hard, but he wanted everything of Tom that he could get and he turned his face to the side, groaning into the pillow he was clinging to.

They didn't need to speak, Bill could read every nuance of Tom's movements and he knew Tom could read him just as well. Sex was not a game to Bill, it never had been, not like it sometimes was to Tom, but he knew this was no game for Tom either now. He wanted to give everything he had to his twin, to finally come together with the other half of his soul.

Tom waited, looming over him as his body adjusted to the intrusion and then Tom began to move. At first it hurt; not a sharp pain, but an uncomfortable ache that burned as Tom moved out of him and back in, but he bit his lip and endured. There was something good about it as well, something that grew as the ache slowly dulled and he became used to the abuse of his muscles. It was very different to anything he had experienced before and it was more important that it was Tom doing this than what they were actually doing, but Tom soon had him panting and expressing his pleasure in little moans.

When they began, Tom's thrusts were small and slow, but the more they moved together the faster and harder they became. Bill's body seemed to be made for Tom, opening up and accepting everything Tom had to give and when Tom pushed his legs back further, changing the angle, Tom hit a spot that had Bill crying out and almost clawing the pillow to pieces.

Bill had investigated gay sex, he knew full well what Tom had just found, but his brain was barely working as Tom hit and rubbed past his prostate again and again. His cock felt so constricted in the tight cotton of the g-string and he was all but desperate.

"Please," he begged, unable to put anymore sense into what he was saying and having to rely on the fact that Tom would know what he was talking about.

He was almost on the point of touching himself as Tom continued to thrust into him, but he held himself in check and eventually Tom pushed into him hard and came to a stop. He had squeezed his eyes shut at some point, but he opened them now to see Tom looking down at him.

He was desired, of this he had no doubt and not even the arousal demanding release from every cell in his body could stop him realising that.

When Tom finally reached for him, Bill cried out, hips bucking involuntarily as his twin slowly peeled the damp g-string off his throbbing cock. He was so very close with Tom buried ball deep inside of him and he could barely hold on as Tom stroked him slowly. Most of him wanted to come so badly it hurt, but another part didn't want this to end and clung on grimly as arousal almost took away his mind.

"Let go, Bill," Tom's voice was deep with lust, "just let go."

And Bill couldn't not obey because it was Tom telling him what to do and he bucked up again into Tom's firm grip, feeling the swell of orgasm bursting through him. He shook and moaned and whimpered and almost shouted as he writhed, still impaled on Tom's cock and he felt Tom shove into him even more deeply. It was then that the most wonderful thing happened, better than Tom's kisses, better even than Tom's cock buried in him; Tom came with his name breathed like a prayer.

Tom was in him, Tom was in ecstasy and Tom was thinking only of him.

The tail end of his orgasm felt lovely as little shots of electricity made random muscles tighten and release, but that was nothing to what he was feeling in his heart. He was so happy he thought he might burst, and when Tom's eyes opened, looking down at him, he almost did. He saw such love there and for a moment everything was perfect.

The tableau could not hold though and he whined a little as Tom pulled out, but they couldn't stay locked together forever.

Tom was looking at him intently, eyes roaming all over him and he went in push his skirt down in a sudden fit of modesty.

"Don't," Tom said, catching his hand and stopping him, "I want to commit you just like this to my memory."

Bill's heart fluttered just a little then, because there was no way he could look like a girl at the moment. His skirt was up, his g-string was stretched to the side and

he must have looked like a thoroughly debauched boy dressed only like a girl, and yet Tom seemed to like it.

"I think it's time to take these clothes off," Tom said eventually, eyes still roaming, "then I'm going to play with you until you're hard again and then you're going to come screaming my name like the good little brother you are."

That was not quite what Bill had been expecting and he lay there completely stunned for a while until Tom reached to start undoing his skirt.

"Yes, Tom," was all he said as he moved to help.

---

Bill lay in the bed, snuggled up to Tom, feeling content and happy and for the first time in his life, absolutely complete. Tom really had made him scream his name and beg and moan and he wouldn't have swapped the smallest moment for all the money in the world. He had reciprocated by giving Tom the most mind shattering blow job he could manage and this time not holding back, but he was pretty sure Tom had come out of this one in charge. Now they were just cuddling, having cleaned up and just about fallen into bed and Bill definitely didn't want the morning to come.

"I never forgot that kiss," Tom said in a quiet voice completely out of the blue, "the one you gave me when we were ten. I tried to forget it because it scared me, but I never did. How did you live with it for so long?"

Bill turned a little so that he could see Tom, realising that his twin must have been thinking about this since they had crawled under the duvet together.

"When you're happy I'm happy," he said simply. "For a while I tried to pretend that I could be normal, but after we started living our dream I gave up; I didn't need that. I knew you'd never leave me and that was enough."

"Then you saw me looking," Tom concluded.

A small smile played at Bill's mouth as he nodded.

"I saw," he admitted; "it was the hair that started it, wasn't it."

Tom actually looked a little embarrassed at that.

"Yes, it was the hair," his twin finally said. "With the short hair you still looked like a boy and I was straight so I could ignore everything. Then you went and grew your hair and suddenly you have this androgynous thing going on and, Bill, you're so damn beautiful it hurts."

Bill fiddled with the edge of the duvet as he felt himself blushing again; Tom was the only person who could do that to him so perfectly.

"What pushed you over the edge?" he finally asked, trying to cover his total inability to deal with the compliment. "It was something about four or five weeks ago."

Tom chuckled quietly.

"Yeah that," his twin said with a sigh and for a moment he thought maybe Tom wasn't ready to tell him. "You know that party we were dragged to, the posh one for that charity?"

Bill made a noise of agreement.

"Well I looked up and saw that Martin guy hanging off your shoulder and whispering in your ear," Tom told him, "and I suddenly wanted to kill him, or at least hurt him really badly: you were mine. It was kind of a revelation that I wasn't willing to have at the time."

"Because I'm a boy," Bill said even though he was sure he was right; it never hurt to have confirmation.

Tom made a vague sound.

"I am straight," Tom said eventually.

"I know," Bill replied, because he was well aware that Tom was not attracted to other men; "but normal rules don't apply to us. For the record, I think I like both, but it was kind of irrelevant once I decided you were it."

Tom was silent for a while and Bill just let his twin think; this was after all quite a deep conversation.

"Do you think this can really work?" Tom asked after a minute or two.

"Of course," Bill said with supreme confidence; he had absolutely no doubts, "we're soul mates, Tomi, this is how it's supposed to be."

"But I'm straight and we're brothers," Tom pointed out.

He patted Tom lightly on the arm; he had known it would take a while to iron out his twin's insecurities once the hormones had subsided, so he was quite prepared for it.

"And if me in a skirt isn't enough for you and you need to go find a girl for a night, fine," he told Tom, "but just remember that where you go, I go and if you try and go with a girl behind my back, I'll scratch the bitch to death and present you with the corpse live on stage while you're playing In Die Nacht."

For a while Tom looked quite shocked, but then his brother laughed.

"God you're dramatic," Tom said, still laughing.

Bill just raised an eyebrow and then turned back the way he had been, snuggling back against Tom and letting himself relax.

"That why you love me," he said just as he could feel Tom letting the tension go.

"That and many other things, Little Brother," Tom whispered in his ear and placed a kiss on his shoulder, "that and many, many other things."

Bill smiled to himself; this was heaven.

**The End**