

The Flower

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: PG13

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Warnings: twincest

Summary: Bill finds a rose.

Author's Notes: Just a little bit of fluff, written for the February Romance challenged at th_fanfic. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Bill found the rose sitting on his pillow, in his bunk, on the bus. It was deep red with a long leafy stem and no thorns. Immediately enchanted, he reached out and picked it up, putting it to his nose and breathing in the light scent. It was such a beautiful thing and he found the stress of the day flowing out of him as he enjoyed the simple pleasure. He was smiling brightly by the time he decided to wander back down the bus to where the others were sitting, cradling the rose carefully to his chest.

"A rose?" Georg asked as he sat down opposite the bassist. "Where did you get one of those at," Georg looked at his watch, "one in the morning?"

"Someone left it on my pillow," Bill replied, still smiling and smelling his flower.

They would all be heading to their bunks shortly, but they often took a few minutes to wind down after the craziness of a concert.

"Ooh, little Bill has a secret admirer," Georg teased and paused before going on, "who has you confused with a girl."

Bill gave his friend the glare of death and, much to his pleasure, Tom clipped Georg around the ear.

"Just because you don't have a romantic bone in your body," Tom chided and held out his hand towards the flower.

Without even thinking about it, Bill passed it over and Tom stuck the bloom under his nose and sniffed.

"Nice scent," Tom commented, passing it back and making Bill smile all over again.

He thought about putting it in water to keep it fresh, but decided that could wait a little and continued to admire it. It really was a beautiful bloom; symmetrical and intricate with the deepest, almost black, red in places. It was a gothic rose and it suited him perfectly.

"I hope a fan didn't manage to get in here again," Georg bemoaned and broke him out of his contemplations; "last time I lost three t-shirts and most of my underwear."

"Y'know that only happened when Saki was off ill," Tom said, as if it was the stupidest suggestion in the world, "and he crucified his stand-in when he came back. No one is ever getting on this bus again."

"Which means Bill's secret admirer is one of the crew," Georg said, as if this wasn't much better, "or one of us."

Tom's eyes widened just for a moment and Bill caught it; no one else would have, but he did.

"Or a fan could have asked one of the crew to put it there," Gustav finally entered the conversation; "we do have several hopeless romantics who would do it; Bill seems to attract them."

Bill wasn't sure whether he should be insulted or not by that; given that Tom seemed to have relaxed again, he went with 'not' to make sure it stayed that way. He watched a look pass between Tom and Gustav, which went right over Georg's head and, when Tom looked back at him, he pretended to be just as clueless, but ideas were beginning to occur to him.

"I don't care how it got there," he said with a big smile, "it's beautiful, I love it and it was an adorable gesture."

Tom seemed to relax even more and Bill was almost positive his suspicions were correct. His head wasn't quite sure how to react, but his heart knew alright and he sat back in his seat, accepted the hot chocolate Gustav had just made for all of them and waited for the idea to sink in.

The rose was safely in a plastic cup in the sink; on a moving bus it never did to leave things on sides if they could fall over and Bill walked down the bus towards where Tom was standing outside his bunk. It was quite chilly that night and so Tom was wearing an old t-shirt as well as boxers, ready for bed. The t-shirt was so old that it was grey rather than black and it wasn't a tent. Tom played the macho man for the public, but Bill knew his twin was as sentimental as he was

and the t-shirt was proof of that. Their mum had given Tom that shirt for his thirteenth birthday.

Walking up behind his twin, Bill put his chin on Tom's shoulder as if he wanted to see what Tom was doing. Tom half smiled; Bill could feel it where their cheeks touched, but otherwise barely reacted; personal space wasn't an overly important thing between them.

"I think I could sleep for a week," Tom said, untangling his headphones as Bill watched.

Tom had very strong, nimble fingers from playing the guitar and Bill had always been slightly fascinated by them. Given what he now knew, watching those fingers had a whole new dimension.

"Thank you," he said, deciding that it was the simplest way to go forward.

"What for?" Tom asked, pulling away slightly and turning, now that the headphones were no longer knotted.

Bill smiled at his twin.

"The rose," he said, perfectly at ease with the whole thing now.

"It wasn't me," Tom protested instantly, but Bill could see the blush that began to creep up his twin's neck and face.

He stepped right up to Tom then, so that they were nose to nose.

"Of course it was you," he said, absolutely positive in his deductions; "even Gustav spotted that, so I, as your twin, would be failing in my position if I hadn't worked it out."

"I didn't ... it wasn't ..." Tom was adorable when he was flustered.

It was at that point Bill decided he didn't want Tom worried or confused anymore, so he chose a course of action that would make everything completely clear. Taking hold of the ratty t-shirt in one hand, he made sure he had Tom right where he wanted him and then he closed the last distance between them, placing his lips over Tom's. He was never overly forward with girls, not like Tom, but he knew Tom would never make the first move either so he had to.

Tom's lips were soft and warm and Bill couldn't help smiling at the startled little gasp from his twin. It felt so right and so perfect that he sank into it without considering doing anything else, and before he really knew what was happening, Tom's arms were winding around him and pulling him even closer. The rest of the world dissolved into complete irrelevance and all that was left was him and Tom.

A little light in the back of his mind lit up as everything clicked into place and he realised what he had been waiting for.

He pulled back slightly, looking into Tom's deep brown eyes and all he could see was the reflection of the blood red rose. Tom had placed his heart on that pillow in the form of a flower and although the flower would wilt, Bill was going to keep Tom's heart forever.

The End