

The Mating Habits of Twins?

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: hmm ... not going to say

Rating: PG13 (for hints of sex)

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Warnings: innuendo

Summary: Humour - Georg overhears things he's not sure he's supposed to.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. Not a new fic concept, but I hope an enjoyable one :). It came to me the Sat afternoon of Peg2 (convention) because of something my husband did, so I wrote it down ;).

Word count: 812

Georg walked into the hotel suite the four of them were sharing carrying the magazines he had just been out to buy. He'd left Gustav chatting up the nice looking girl in the shop, a not unusual occurrence; it was the quiet ones you had to watch. He let the door swing closed and was just in time to hear a yelp of something akin to pain in what sounded like Tom's voice. Curious, he followed the direction of the sound and came to a halt outside Bill's bedroom door that was open just a crack.

"Are you sure you know how to do this?" Tom asked just before Georg was about to knock.

"Of course," Bill replied as if it was a stupid question, "I read the whole of that web site."

Georg's hand halted just as it was about to contact with the door. He didn't want to interrupt the twins if they were in the middle of something. Sometimes with those two it was better to leave well enough alone.

"It feels like you're trying to impale me," Tom complained, piquing Georg's curiosity so that he didn't walk away.

"It's supposed to hurt at first," Bill said, "until you relax."

"I'm trying to relax," Tom replied, clearly not impressed. "Just be careful."

It was just like Bill to try something out on his brother. The twins shared just about everything after all.

"It's really easy," Bill's voice was full of confidence, "all you have to do is push in the right place and everything eases up. Trust me."

There was another yelp of pain.

"That's it," Tom said in an annoyed tone, "no more."

"But you're so tight," Bill replied, "you need to relax and everything will be fine."

Georg's mind was beginning to fill with images that really didn't gel with what he knew to be reality.

"If I just do this..." Bill continued as if he knew exactly what he was doing.

"Ow ... oh."

The groan was so completely filled with pleasure that Georg opened his mouth in surprise.

"Good?" Bill asked.

There was a grunt in reply from Tom that he thought was definitely an affirmative and his mind boggled at what the twins were up to. They couldn't be doing what his brain was suggesting, because that would be one step left of what was normal even for Bill and Tom.

"You're loosening up already," Bill said, drawing Georg's attention back to what was going on behind the door rather than in his mind. "There's supposed to be a spot right about here..."

"Ngh ... that feels so good," was Tom's reply along with another heartfelt groan. "Do that again."

"Just a minute I have to move," Bill said quickly, "I can't get enough leverage from this angle."

Georg almost dropped the magazines he was holding.

"How's that?"

The long, low, somewhat muffled moan from Tom was a very comprehensive reply and Georg's mind went places he really didn't want it to go. He stood there, fascinated for a good few seconds as he listened to Tom's continual, rather vocal response to whatever Bill was doing to him.

"Oh god," Tom finally said, "you're good, don't stop."

A rather breathless laugh from Bill was the response.

"You should do Georg as well," was the next thing Tom said and then Georg did drop the magazines.

They hit the door and pushed it inwards, leaving Georg standing in the open space. He almost closed his eyes in self preservation, but he was too stunned to manage it. The sight that met his eyes was interesting to say the least. Tom was lying on Bill's bed with Bill straddling his brother's hips. Bill's hair was in a messy ponytail and Tom's dreadlocks were tucked well out of the way of where Bill had his hands clamped on Tom's shoulders.

Unlike the image in Georg's head, however, Bill was fully clothed and looked over at him and smiled when he saw him.

"What are you two doing?" Georg couldn't help but ask the question.

"Shiatsu massage," Bill said brightly; "Tom almost froze his shoulders practicing too much and I found this really cool website with diagrams and instructions."

"You should get him to do yours too," Tom's muffled voice informed him.

As if to demonstrate, Bill moved his thumbs and Tom's moan should have been illegal.

"Maybe later," Georg said and decided to make his escape while the getting was good, picking up the magazines from the floor as quickly as he could.

As he went he repeated his latest, all too familiar mantra to himself: "Bill is not a girl and I do not want to shag him."

He was only human after all and Tom might not be jumping his twin, but Georg was painfully aware that, if he wasn't careful, he would be.

The End