

The Orally Fixated Series

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It's In His Kiss (Part 1)

Pairing: Bill/Gustav

Rating: PG13

Warnings: none

Summary: With two buses the band don't get a chance to wind down with all of them as much as they used to and when Gustav tries to blow off one of the rare opportunities, Bill takes exception.

Author's Notes: Was feeling on the fluffy side and felt the need to write :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 3,810

Gustav was in a prickly mood and Bill was not feeling patient, which was a very bad combination. When Bill walked into the bus where they had all decided to gather after the latest concert, he could already feel the tension. It had been a good concert, but it had been a hard week or so and they were all feeling on edge and they were supposed to be relaxing for a bit and then heading to their own buses to sleep once they were on the move. Bill was not in the mood for tension and plonked himself down on one of the seats and looked around at the others.

"So what are we doing?" he asked and tried to sound cheerful.

"We were thinking about playing some games," Tom said in a tone that clearly indicated displeasure, while glaring at Gustav, "but someone doesn't think that's a good idea."

"I didn't say you couldn't," Gustav replied with the barest hint of annoyance.

When Gustav was trying to act as if nothing was wrong that was the worst, because it was then that Gustav tended to explode. Bill could feel the storm coming and he didn't like it.

"But it's no fun without all of us," Bill said, trying to sound light hearted about it all.

Gustav just looked at him.

"I'm tired and my arms hurt," their drummer replied in a very uncooperative mood, "I'll just go to my bunk."

Disappointment ran through Bill; he had really been hoping for a little bonding time with all of them. They needed it, even Gustav, and usually they all knew it.

"We haven't wound down together in ages," Bill pointed out.

With the two buses and often getting on the road straight away they had less opportunity for the late night games sessions and Bill had been hoping they would all enter into this one with enthusiasm. They were all tired and all moody, but this was important.

"I'm not in the mood," Gustav said and went to stand up.

Bill was fed up of Gustav withdrawing from them. Sometimes he could take it, sometimes it didn't bother him and he just told himself that Gustav was being an individual in Gustav's own unique way, but today he just couldn't deal with it. He wanted them all to wind down together, to still be the team they always were on stage. Gustav going off on his own would ruin that feeling inside that made everything right. He knew it was because they were all tired that they were so offish, but that didn't change what he wanted, what he needed right then.

He stood up as Gustav went to leave and put himself in the way and earned a glare for his trouble.

"You can't just walk out," he said pointedly.

"Yes I can," Gustav replied and gave him another glare.

"No you can't," Bill insisted, feeling more irrational by the second.

"Just let him go, Bill," Tom said, sounding as short fused as Bill was feeling.

Bill could feel his mouth setting in a determined line; there was no way he was just getting out of the way.

"Move, Bill," Gustav said in a very no nonsense tone.

"No," Bill replied, even though he knew this couldn't end well.

"Don't make me hurt you," Gustav threatened and Tom was on his feet in a second.

Bill's eyes flicked to Tom, who looked ready to jump to defend him at a moment's notice, but that wasn't what Bill wanted. Firstly he was quite capable of taking care of himself and secondly, the last thing he wanted was for there to be a punch up of any kind.

"You're not going," Bill said in as resolute tone as he knew how and he saw Gustav's features harden and then he felt his brain stepping over that line from sensible into desperate.

He did not really understand why, but he did not want Gustav to leave them. It felt like something was about to end that he didn't want to end and he needed to stop the event that would cause the harm. His brain flipped from logical into instinct and he stepped up to Gustav, grabbed his friend by the front of the t-shirt and kissed him.

It took a moment for his brain to register what he had actually done and then he pulled back, blinking as the whole situation hit him like a ton of bricks. Gustav was just standing there staring at him as shocked as he felt and suddenly the light dawned in Bill's head. It was like a super nova going off behind his eyes as everything added up and made sense. He knew why he had felt so desperate and why Gustav pulling away had begun to drive him crazy and it all became clear in a moment.

Bill's mind always worked fast; it was just the way he was and he made it a rule to never regret where his decisions took him. His instincts had led him where his brain had refused to go and now his mind had caught up and reality was staring him in the face. Unfortunately so was disaster and he could see the other route this situation might take.

The road he did not want was the one where Gustav decided that this was all an enormous joke and Gustav was the butt of it. The only outcome that could bring was one where there was shouting and probably blood from someone's nose and equally as terrible things that Bill definitely didn't want to happen. Anyone else would have needed time to think, but Bill never needed that once he had made up his mind and now he knew what he really wanted, what he really felt and hadn't let himself admit.

He really didn't know how Gustav would react, but he had to let his friend know it was real; he had to do at least that, so he moved back in. Gustav was still so stunned that their drummer didn't move and Bill put his lips back against Gustav's and let out the passion that was lurking inside of him. Gustav almost kissed back, he felt it, but then he found himself being pushed up against the wall of the bus and the kiss was broken.

Gustav held him at arm's length, just staring at him, and at that moment Bill was totally unaware of anyone else in the room.

"Is this a game?" Gustav asked in little more than a whisper and for all the world seemed lost and confused.

If there was one thing Gustav never was, it was lost and confused and it dawned on Bill that Gustav was not rejecting him outright. So many things crowded into his head at the same time, so many small happenings that had made no sense, only now they did. It made his head spin as he realised how long he and Gustav had been stepping around this, whether consciously or unconsciously, and, as he slowly shook his head, he knew he was about to change everything.

Gustav's grip softened and Bill found he could move again and he realised that his hand was still wound in Gustav's shirt. All it took was a little tug and Gustav was coming back towards him and this time they met in the middle. He put every ounce of passion he possessed into the kiss and he felt just as much coming back and he finally let go of Gustav's t-shirt and wound his arms around the compact drummer.

He had really never, ever considered that this was what he might want, but it felt so right that he realised he never wanted to let go. The one he had been searching for had been there in front of him all the time and he just hadn't realised it, and what was even more amazing was that the one he wanted seemed to want him back. It also dawned on him as the kiss deepened that Gustav had probably known; if there was any one of them that was self aware enough to have realised something like that it was Gustav.

Quite frankly, Bill could have wound himself around Gustav and never stopped, but he heard a little sound and it reminded him starkly that they were not alone. Gustav must have heard it too, because they parted mutually and Bill glanced over to see Tom standing there looking utterly shell shocked. Georg, who was still sitting down, didn't look much better and for once in his life, Bill had no idea what to say. He held on to Gustav like his life depended on it, but he had to let Gustav turn and look as well.

"You?" Tom seemed utterly confused and at a loss.

"Not before now?" Bill answered the question he knew had to be bothering Tom the most.

He told Tom everything, but what had just happened had to look like a secret and he had to explain.

"I only just worked it out," he confessed and looked back at Gustav. "I ... this ..."

How could he explain that he had just had an earth shattering revelation when he didn't totally have it arranged in his head?

"But now?" Tom asked, needing very few words.

"The one," Bill said with perfect certainty and, from the way Gustav's eyes opened in shock, it wasn't just Tom who knew what he was talking about.

No one spoke, no one even moved and it was like they had been momentarily frozen in time.

"Holy fuck!" it was a very loud expletive from Georg that woke them all back up.

Unusually for him, Georg did not seem to be about to just sit there and see what was going to happen, since Georg actually stood up.

"This is real right?" Georg said, stepping closer. "You three aren't suddenly going to start laughing at me?"

Bill looked at Gustav; he had never been more serious about anything in his life.

"Nothing could be further from a joke," Gustav said and Bill felt Gustav's hand tighten possessively where it was resting on his hip.

He felt giddy and light headed and he couldn't help it when the first giggle escaped him. It was just that he couldn't keep it in as the sudden, overwhelming joy bubbled to the surface. For an instant Gustav looked worried, but Bill pulled the shorter youth closer to him and just beamed at Gustav, letting what he was feeling shine forth. It was amazing as he felt this new light in his chest, a warmth that filled him and he was astounded that he had been so totally ignorant of the fire that had been building to create it.

"I love you," he said, using the only words he knew to express what he was feeling and he laughed again.

Gustav just stared at him and he wanted to jump up and down and laugh and shout what he was feeling from the top of the bus, but all he did was laugh. When he looked over to Tom then he saw his twin smile for the first time since they had climbed aboard the bus. They all needed to talk, they needed to work things out,

but at that moment Bill didn't care. He felt like he was flying and he would never stop.

Gustav sat in his seat, slowly carding his fingers through Bill's long hair as Bill lay across his lap sleeping soundly. Tom was asleep on the other side of the aisle, leaning against the side of the bus and Georg was snoring gently just to the left. They had talked for a long time and Bill had even managed to get him to confess in front of the others that he'd been carrying a torch for Bill for over a year. That had finally seemed to make Tom relax and Gustav had no doubt he was in for a talk at some point, but he was pretty sure Bill knew how to handle Tom.

It seemed like such a bizarre evening that he could barely believe it had happened. Never in a millions years had he ever expected Bill to reciprocate his feelings. He never would have told Bill or put any pressure on their vocalist, that wasn't his way and that Bill had just acted was amazing to him, and had acted without having thought it through. Gustav had to plan everything, that was the way he was, and Bill's spontaneity still caught him by surprise some times.

"Hey," a quiet voice from near the door made him look up and he saw David standing in the hallway, "we're about ready to head out. It's time to go to bed."

Gustav nodded and looked back down at the head in his lap. Bill looked so innocent when asleep and he was loath to disturb his very new boyfriend.

"It's obvious why so many people think he's an angel, isn't it?" he said quietly and looked up to where David was standing.

"Completely," David agreed with a little smile. "Are you okay, you look really wiped out?"

He smiled at that; he felt really wiped out. The emotional rollercoaster that had been the evening after the concert had wiped them all out. The only reason he wasn't asleep with the rest of them was because he couldn't bear to let go of what he was feeling, even for an instant.

"I don't think I've ever been better," he replied and looked up at the older man.

There was one person who had known the truth, one person he had confided in when he didn't know who else to talk to. Usually that would have been Georg, but not for this, not for something to do with the twins and so he had gone to David. Looking into David's eyes, he smiled, smiled in a way that he was not always good at. He could not wear his emotions on his sleeve, not like Bill or even Tom and Georg, but at that moment he did and he felt his heart swell.

"He loves me," he said quietly, not wanting to wake any of the others, "he really loves me."

Part of him still didn't really believe it, but his heart knew it was true. Bill was incapable of being false like that and Gustav knew that for a fact.

For a moment David appeared shock.

"You told him?" David sounded more than just surprised, even though he was being as quiet as Gustav.

"No," Gustav replied in little more than a whisper, "I never would have found the courage to do that. Bill started it like he always starts everything; I think I almost died."

For a little while David didn't appear sure what to think and Gustav thought his friend was going to disapprove, after all David had to look at these situations from two vantage points, one being their manager, but slowly David smiled.

"So should I tell Saki that the sleeping arrangements will be a little different tonight?" David asked with an amused little smile.

Gustav knew he was being teased; people rarely did it, because he had a tendency to just explode, but David probably knew he was as likely to explode then as set custard. He could feel his face heating up as his head filled with lots of ideas and he felt like disappearing into the floor.

"Do you have a one track mind?"

It wasn't a very good retort, but it would have to do.

David laughed quietly and gave him a fond smile.

"I'll let you wake them," David said, turning to leave, "we're off in ten."

"Thanks," Gustav replied, but he was already looking back down at Bill.

Bill snuffled just a little in his sleep and Gustav's heart swelled a little at quite how adorable Bill was. That was how he had known he was sunk, how he had realised that he was in way over his head. Millions of people looked at Bill and thought Bill was beautiful to look at and thousands probably found Bill adorable too, but, the moment Gustav had caught himself thinking it, he had known without a doubt that he was lost.

When you had grown up with someone, seen their scuffed knees and their tantrums and been covered in mud with them more than once (not just for a photo shoot), then thoughts like 'adorable' didn't enter your head. Not unless you were taking the piss or your feelings had changed to something else. Gustav had known this and seen it in himself and he had almost tried to deny it, but, if anything, he was a realist.

"Bill," he called quietly, using a piece of hair to tickle the side of Bill's face.

Bill snuffled again and moved an uncoordinated hand to brush away the hair.

"Bill," Gustav said again and made the same movement.

Bill's hand came up again, trying to brush away the hair that was no longer there and this time Bill opened his eyes and blinked. Then the most amazing thing happened, Bill looked up at him and smiled and he felt his heart all but explode. It was at that moment he realised without a doubt that he was neatly wrapped around Bill's carefully manicured finger. Bill could have asked him to do anything and he simply would have done it. This was what he had known would happen, what was inevitable the moment he let his heart out, but he couldn't regret it in the slightest and he found himself smiling back in what had to be an incredibly goofy manner.

"They're ready to move out," he said quietly, not really thinking, but passing on the message anyway.

He was so gone and all it had taken was a kiss. No one in their right mind would ever have called him mushy, but right about then he wouldn't have been surprised if little red hearts and fluffy bunnies had begun to appear randomly around him.

"I'd suggest we all stay here," Bill said, still gazing up at him, "but I think we need a good night's sleep."

Gustav nodded; it was really bad when Bill was sounding more sensible than he was.

"We have ten minutes," he said, not really wanting to let go.

Bill smiled again and carefully sat up before calmly climbing into his lap, straddling him on the seat.

"I can think of a way to fill in the time," Bill said with a mischievous little grin.

Then Gustav felt lips covering his own and he wound his arms around Bill, holding Bill to himself gently like a fragile doll. He was well aware that he had incredibly strong arms and he never wanted to hurt Bill, so he was as gentle and soft as he could be, but the kiss was anything but. All his passion had to go somewhere and Bill met him nip for nip, tongue for tongue as they did their best to devour each other. He lost all sense of time in the kiss, barely registering that he was running his hands up and down Bill's back, using his short nails through the fabric of Bill's t-shirt and making Bill moan. Even his practical side all but shut down and he could have lost himself in the moment forever.

"Oh god, they're at it again," it was Tom's voice that finally broke them out of it. "Bill, put him down; we can't fix Gustav with super glue if you break him this early."

Gustav managed to gather his brain cells back into some order fast enough to feel indignant, but not to come up with anything decent to say before Bill did.

"Gustav's the big strong drummer," Bill replied, fingers playing with the back of his neck in a way that made his brain melt, "you should be more worried about him breaking me."

That made Gustav want to say that he would never hurt Bill in any way and he nearly died at how soppy it sounded in his head and had to thank every deity known to man that he had managed to catch it before it came out of his mouth. If he wasn't careful he was going to be a laughing stock in days, well the laughing stock of those who weren't half in love with Bill too. Bill had that effect on people; it was just the way it was.

"We're leaving in," Gustav decided to add something useful to the conversation and then realised he had no idea how long he had been kissing Bill, "about five minutes," he decided in the end.

"Then, Romeo," Tom said, standing and putting his hand on Bill's shoulder, "we need to get back to our bus, so say good night and meet me outside."

Gustav had the feeling much more than words passed between the twins and he knew there was no doubt that Bill would be talking to Tom later on the other bus. As Tom readied to leave, Bill turned back to Gustav and gave him an apologetic, puppy-eyed look and Gustav felt his heart melting. He was so well trained already, but he just didn't care.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Bill told him quietly, "or later today actually," Bill added with complete randomness and kissed him lightly on the nose, "and then we can talk some more and have a little alone time."

Gustav hoped that they weren't going to be doing too much talking, he really did. Reaching up, he pulled Bill down for one more little kiss and it took all of his willpower to break it again after only a few moments, before they got carried away. A small snore from the still soundly sleeping Georg made them both laugh and they finally separated.

"I should have figured it out sooner," Bill said, turning back to look at him just before leaving the bus.

"I think you figured it out at the perfect moment," Gustav replied with a small smile.

He was rewarded by another beaming smile and he hoped he could keep making Bill do that forever. With a little wave, Bill hopped off the bus and Gustav was left alone with Georg who would probably sleep until the moment the bus started. They weren't due any stops that night so Georg would most likely wake when the bus started, then crawl into his bunk and sleep until they reached their destination, so Gustav stood up and headed for the bathroom before Georg woke up and took it over. He shook his head at himself as he realised he was already anticipating seeing Bill once they stopped and he wondered if it would be that way forever. He kind of hoped so.

The End

Lips Are Not Just for Kissing (Part 2)

Pairing: Bill/Gustav

Rating: NC17

Warnings: bodily fluids

Summary: Bill has ideas to push his and Gustav's relationship to the next step.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta :)

Word count: 3,334

"You've had blow jobs, right?"

Tom almost spat his tea across the room at Bill's choice of conversation opener.

"Come again?" he had to say it, even if he was pretty sure he had heard Bill correctly.

"Blow jobs," Bill said a second time and sat down in the seat across from him, "you've had several, right?"

Although they did tell each other everything, this was not usual breakfast discussion and Tom was having trouble getting his head round it.

"Yes," he said carefully, not sure where Bill was going with this conversation.

In point of fact, blow jobs were one of his favourite things and he had significant experience, although no where near as much as he made out for the cameras.

"What feels good?" Bill asked, looking at him very earnestly.

Tom's brain was slow when he had only just climbed out of bed, but he was beginning to catch on now and he had a sneaking suspicion this had something to do with Gustav. Bill and Gustav's rather surprising relationship had now been going on for three weeks and Tom was no longer worried Gustav was going to wake up one day and realise he'd made a huge mistake. With Bill he had never had that worry, because once Bill went into something with his heart, about the only thing that could turn Bill aside was a small nuclear blast, but he had been a little anxious about Gustav and had been fully prepared to hand Gustav his teeth for breaking Bill's heart. However, the pair was so sweet together it made him roll his eyes, so it was not an issue.

"Has Gustav asked you to..?" he felt the need to ask, just in case.

At a logical level he knew Bill was quite capable of taking care of himself and that no one pressured Bill into anything Bill didn't want to do, but he couldn't help feeling a little big brother protector-ish. Bill wasn't overly experienced with relationships and Tom felt it was his duty to make sure Bill was okay.

"What?" Bill asked, clearly not quite on the same page for a moment.

"Why are you asking me?" Tom put it in simpler terms.

"Oh," Bill said, eyes opening in realisation and Tom decided that they really shouldn't have these types of conversation before caffeine, "oh, no, he hasn't asked me to ... um ... I ... it's that ... I kind of want to."

Since Tom had never in his entire life had any desire for another man he had absolutely no experience with wanting to be on the giving end of a blow job at all, so he had to think outside the box. He knew how far Bill and Gustav had gone in their relationship, because Bill had told him and so far it was just kissing and some heavy petting, but he could understand why Bill might want to move it on to the next level. That Bill wanted to be the one taking the initiative was not a surprise at all.

"And you want to know what to do?" Tom wanted to make very sure his sleepy brain was on the right track.

Bill nodded.

"Well I know what to do in principle," Bill told him, blushing a little, which given that this was Bill who usually had no shame, was rather cute, "I'm not that naive and I looked it up too, but you know for real and I don't want to get this wrong."

Ever the perfectionist, that was Bill, and Tom couldn't really blame his little brother for covering all bases. The fact that he was about to give Bill advice on blow jobs had him a little conflicted, even if he did realise it was somewhat hypocritical. On the one hand, he wanted Bill to get the best out of his relationship with Gustav, but, on the other, he just couldn't imagine Bill doing what they were about to talk about. He and Bill talked about everything and he may have shared tales of his exploits on many occasions, but that didn't mean he wanted Bill out there doing similar things. It was a protective instinct that he just couldn't shake, but he couldn't tell Bill to go ask someone else either.

"Okay," he said after trying to tie up his mental objections, "first of all, no teeth ..."

Bill was possibly a little over excited, but he couldn't help himself; that's the way he was when he had something planned that he was looking forward to. He was nervous, because this was a big step, but nerves had never stopped him and it was a good kind of nervousness that made his stomach flutter.

"Hey," he said, walking up behind where Gustav was watching someone move the drum kit.

Bill loved his boyfriend with all his heart, but even he could admit that Gustav was a little on the anal side, especially when it came to his drums.

"Hey," Gustav replied, sparing him a glance and a small smile.

When it came to drums and them being moved, that was a lot of acknowledgment and Bill felt his heart swell like it seemed to do whenever he was around Gustav these days. The rest of the world would have probably just got a mumble, so he was very happy to have had a smile. Bill would be the first to admit that he liked being the centre of attention, but he was learning patience when it came to certain things. Tom had almost died laughing when he'd admitted that.

"Are they almost done?" Bill asked, peering over Gustav's shoulder to see what was going on.

"Almost," Gustav replied and Bill took that as an opportunity to slip his hand into his boyfriend's.

They had to be careful, their relationship wasn't common knowledge outside the close team and they had both agreed it wouldn't be any time soon, but they were behind some packing crates, so Bill didn't see the harm. The fact that Gustav was wandering around with a smile on his face half the time had freaked a few people out, in fact one magazine headline had read "Is It Love or Drugs?", but there was no way Bill was letting anyone stop Gustav from smiling.

"I wanted to get you alone before we have to be anywhere," Bill said quietly, resting his chin on Gustav's shoulder.

It was going to be complete madness in about an hour until after the concert and Bill had plans to put into motion before that. Gustav actually turned to look at him properly then and he could see the sparkle of interest in his boyfriend's eyes.

"Want your wicked way with me?" Gustav asked with a very mischievous smile.

"Always, Juschtel," Bill said while doing his best innocent look, "always."

Gustav's smile became a fully fledged grin and Bill's stomach did the fluttery thing again. He only hoped that he wasn't about to try and move too fast; he was never quite sure with Gustav. That was one of the things he found exciting about the relationship; he could never quite read Gustav. He had an idea, but Gustav was one of those people who often made it difficult to know what was on his mind, and that difference intrigued Bill. He had always been able to read Tom and Georg was as about as difficult to read as the big signs in infant school that had said "C is for Cat", so he never had that with either of them. He was sure he would get the hang of Gustav eventually, but for now it added a nice bit of spice.

"Once they have it off the truck I'm all yours," Gustav told him and then turned back to where the drum kit was being moved.

Bill wondered absently if people would think he was weird if he started to worry that much about his microphone.

It was another ten minutes before Bill could drag Gustav away from his drums and then he all but pushed Gustav onto his and Tom's bus. He knew Tom had gone off to check his guitars and to talk to David about something to do with an up coming appointment, but he didn't know where Georg was, so he figured they were less likely to be interrupted on the first bus rather than Gustav and Georg's.

Bill found himself being pushed up against the side of the bus the moment they were inside and he kissed Gustav back as fiercely as Gustav kissed him. They were both completely on the same page it seemed and Bill simply adored kissing Gustav. There was power in Gustav's kiss, just like there was in the drummer's compact body, and it made Bill go weak at the knees just thinking about it. When an insistent tongue ran along the edge of his lips, he opened up instantly and he allowed his mouth to be plundered and plundered in return as they wound around each other.

If he hadn't had other things in mind, Bill could have gone on kissing for the whole forty minutes or so they had left, but he did have a plan. When Gustav moved on from his lips and started kissing down his neck, as Gustav seemed to like to do, Bill decided it was time to make his move.

"How ... how," he had difficulty speaking when Gustav sucked on a particularly sensitive spot just below his ear, "would you ... like ... ummm ... to take ... this ... ohh ... another ... step."

Gustav stopped instantly and pulled back a little to look directly into his eyes and he had to blink because his brain was just a little foggy from the kissing. He knew the expression on Gustav's face, it meant he was being assessed carefully and meant that Gustav was very much interested, but wasn't sure, because he was trying to work out what Bill meant.

"How?" Gustav asked carefully, but the way they were still glued against each other from the waist down let Bill know he was not being rejected.

Usually Bill was very good at expressing himself with words, but he still hadn't figured out quite what to say.

"Can I," he began to say, slipping his hand between them and down over the growing bulge in Gustav's jeans, "umm ... can I suck you?"

It sounded coarse in his ears and didn't really express everything he wanted to do, but it would give Gustav the general idea. For a moment he couldn't read Gustav at all.

"Bill," his boyfriend said, reaching up and tucking a stray lock of hair behind his ear for him, "you can do anything to me you want," Bill smiled, "but, I don't want you thinking you have to or anything."

Bill's smile widened at that.

"Oh god, I want to," he admitted, feeling the butterflies in his stomach doing loop the loops.

He was beginning to think that he was, maybe, a little orally fixated; just the thought of what he was going to do made him hard in a way that usually took Gustav's hand.

"You really want to?" Gustav sounded a little surprised and Bill had to wonder if his reaction to this idea was unusual.

He nodded, fiddling with his fingers and hoping Gustav would say yes, because he had it all planned in his head. It was quite possible he was vibrating on the spot.

"Then I'm all yours," Gustav told him with a small smile that he knew was reserved only for him.

Bill couldn't help the little squeak he let out; so far everything was working out wonderfully. Pushing Gustav backwards he moved them until there were in a part of the bus with a little more space and, when he had Gustav backed up against the table, he slipped to his knees. He made very short work of Gustav's jeans and had pulled Gustav free from his underwear before Gustav could so much as squeak. As he had expected, Gustav was already pretty hard, they were both still teenagers after all and their kissing session had been very heated, but Gustav was no where near as hard as Bill wanted him.

"Bill," Gustav said in a voice that was barely controlled, "what if someone comes in?"

They were in the main part of the bus, but Bill didn't expect interruptions, so he just smiled upwards and then, holding Gustav in his hand, flicked his tongue over the head of Gustav's cock. By the way Gustav's eyes closed and something between an expletive and a moan came out of his mouth, Bill was pretty sure that any sensible thoughts had just flown from Gustav's head.

The taste that exploded on his tongue was interesting; definitely different, somewhat musky and salty and, as he carefully sucked the head of Gustav's cock into his mouth, he decided he liked it. Gustav's hands were gripping the edge of the table and Bill used the tip of his tongue to run down the slit on the underside of Gustav's cock and watched with interest as Gustav's knuckles turned white. At least he seemed to be heading in the right direction.

He played for a little while, using his tongue and suction in different ways and gauging Gustav's reaction while looking up at his boyfriend through his long lashes. When he gently employed his tongue stud and sucked at the same time, Gustav shuddered and gasped and almost fell over, so he decided that that might be a little too much unless he had Gustav pinned to a horizontal surface rather than a vertical one.

It hadn't taken long to bring Gustav to full hardness and Bill was definitely enjoying himself, but after about ten minutes or so his jaw began to ache. Clearly it was going to take practice on his part to keep this going as long as he really wanted to, but he decided knowing his limit now was better than making an idiot of himself, so he stopped playing and went after his prize in earnest.

He'd read about deep-throating and had asked Tom about what it felt like, but he wasn't that brave yet, so he contented himself with taking Gustav's cock as far into his mouth as he could and sucking hard.

"Oh my god," Gustav said in a rush where all the words seemed to be one, "Bill ..."

Anything else Gustav might wanted to have said was lost in a gasp and some very heavy breathing as Bill bobbed his head a few times, almost letting Gustav go before taking him back in again with as much care as he could. That was just the reaction he was after, so he set to alternating the sucking and the bobbing and Gustav's knuckles stayed white on the table all the time, and Gustav appeared totally incapable of coherent speech, which made Bill think he was doing it right. The odd little movements of tongue made the game more interesting and he would have smiled if he hadn't had his mouth full, because he was enjoying himself that much.

The further he drove Gustav on, the more he felt the arousal pooling in his own belly and it felt good. He liked the tight need and he didn't really care if he got off or not; it was just wonderful. When he had started, he had not been sure how he was going to end this, but now he had no doubt he was going to suck Gustav until Gustav had nothing left. The whole thought made him shivery inside and he drove on, determined to make Gustav surrender completely.

Then there was a noise somewhere behind him.

"Oh hell, I did not need to see that," the sound of David's voice and a very hurried exit almost made Bill stop, but at that moment Gustav bucked into his mouth, tried to issue a warning that was way too late, and hot liquid hit the back of this throat.

He swallowed automatically and moaned long and loud at the wonderful shots of arousal the whole experience sent through him. It made him feel good in a way nothing else had before and he was positive he was going to want to do this lots and lots.

When he finally pulled away, having sucked Gustav dry, his boyfriend was blushing a lovely rosy pink and the way Gustav's eyes kept flicking to the door made him smile. A suspicion was beginning to dawn in the back of his mind and he wondered silently if Gustav didn't have something of an exhibitionist kink under that cool exterior. Rather than bringing it up, however, he filed it away for later investigation.

"God, Bill," Gustav said as Bill climbed to his feet, "where the hell did you learn to be that good at that?"

That made him beam, because he had been terribly afraid he wasn't going to be any good at all. He was pretty sure Gustav was exaggerating for his benefit or was, quite possibly, biased, but that didn't mean he wasn't going to take the compliment in the spirit with which it was given.

"Beginners luck," he said, licking his lips and letting his tongue stud show just for a moment and enjoying the way Gustav's eyes zeroed in on it instantly.

"I think I just died and went to heaven," Gustav told him, staying sprawled against the table and seemingly having no muscle power to put himself back together.

Bill leant in and nuzzled their faces together.

"Then I'll have to take you to heaven more often," he whispered, before drawing back and letting his eyes run from head to foot over his strung out boyfriend.

He definitely liked that look on Gustav; he liked it a lot.

"I could do that forever," he admitted and totally meant it.

Gustav just groaned.

"Then I think you would kill me," Gustav said, still not moving.

Bill grinned; he definitely didn't want to kill Gustav this early in their relationship; that would be such a waste.

"I need to go clean my teeth," he decided, since it seemed Gustav couldn't take any more and he needed fresh breath for the afternoon, "and I think you should go and try and stop David's impending mental breakdown. I'll be out in a minute."

"But what about you?" Gustav asked before he could get away. "I mean, you've definitely seen to me, but ..?"

Bill felt that fluttery feeling again; he loved the way Gustav always thought about him too.

"Oh, I'm fine, in fact I'm better than fine; I'm brilliant," he said brightly. "Think of this as a reward for being the best boyfriend in the world and as long as you let me do it again sometime, we'll call it even."

Orally fixated, that was becoming more of a definite in his head.

"Now go find David before he spontaneously combusts or something," he added.

Gustav nodded, but didn't actually move. His boyfriend's whole reaction had Bill on cloud nine; it seemed he was actually quite good at this sex stuff.

"Oh, but you might want to put your clothes back together before you go outside," he said, as he bounced off down the hallway.

He wasn't sure quite how much of Gustav's brain power he had just sucked out of Gustav's cock, so he had to make sure.

"Bill," Gustav's voice made him stop and turn back round where he saw Gustav doing just that, "I love you."

His heart all but burst and he was pretty sure his smile was brighter than a thousand watt bulb.

"I love you to," he replied, blew Gustav a kiss and then all but floated the rest of the way to his bunk where his things were.

Life was good, life was very good.

The End