

The Relief of Stress

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Tom/Georg

Rating: PG13

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Warnings: none

Summary: Tom knows how to distress Georg.

Author's Notes: For amythystluna for pimping the GMBBC :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Tom watched Georg walk across the room and all but fall into one of the chairs. The slightly tight lips, the stoop of shoulders and the vaguely absent expression added up to only one thing: Georg was tense and stressed. Georg was always the most laid back of the band, the one who let everything flow over him as if it didn't bother him at all and, in consequence, was the one who often kept the rest of them together, but things did get to Georg eventually.

Georg was the oldest, he'd got to every stage of life before all the rest of them; his voice had broken first; he'd shot up first; he'd discovered sex first and then he'd been there for all the others like an older brother, but Tom had long since realised that sometimes Georg needed them too. Uncurling from where he was leaning against Bill on the sofa reading a magazine, he gave his twin a glance and a smile and then stood up. He knew what he wanted could be found in Bill's bag and Bill's bag was over under the table, so he walked over and rummaged a little. When he glanced back at Bill he could see his twin's eyes flicking between him and Georg and Bill just gave him a little smile and went back to his copy of Vogue.

It was a testament to how out of it Georg was that Georg didn't even notice him walking up behind him. Usually Georg knew where both he and Bill were at all times; it being a defence mechanism and a method of self preservation that both Georg and Gustav had learnt very early in their acquaintance. Tom stood behind Georg for a little while and then he reached out and dragged the hair brush through Georg's hair in one long sweep, running his other hand over Georg's shoulder. Georg's moan was instant, instinctive and heartfelt, and only after that did Georg actually turn and look up at him.

"Just relax," Tom said and gave Georg a small smile.

The look of gratitude and thanks in Georg's eyes was more than enough reward for Tom as Georg did as he was told.

Georg had managed to keep the fact that he liked having his hair brushed a secret until they had started having regular visits with stylists and after that it had only been a matter of time before Georg had forgotten himself and reacted to having his hair done. Tom remembered how much fun it had been teasing Georg at the time for being such a big girl, but that had been before their star had risen and fame had delivered all its pressures. They had discovered the best way to help Georg cope with the stress by accident when Bill had randomly decided he

wanted to play with hairstyles on Georg and used Georg's known weakness as leverage. The effect it had had on Georg had been quite stunning.

As Tom began carefully brushing Georg's hair he could see the tension seeping out of the bassist. With each sweep of the brush bits of Georg relaxed and the low humming in response to each movement made Tom confident that more drastic measures were not required.

Contrary to popular belief Bill did not spend all day every day thinking of himself and, when they had found out about Georg's reaction to having his hair done, for a while Bill had taken on the duty of making sure Georg didn't spontaneously combust. That was until Tom had realised that he was hideously jealous and confessed this to Bill. Like the perfect twin he was, Bill had immediately allowed Tom to take over said duty, only subbing in occasionally to prevent Georg catching on that Tom actually liked doing it. It hadn't been until another year and a half after that that Tom had finally confessed to Georg that he liked him as more than a friend. Now Tom was the only one who ever did Georg's hair, since he took his duties as a boyfriend very seriously.

It had been a long day and looked like it was only going to get longer as they waited for David to confirm if they had another interview or not and so Tom concentrated on Georg and forgot about everything else for a while. There were a few tangles in Georg's hair which he carefully brushed out and then he switched to long sweeping strokes of the brush, running root to tip each time. Georg literally melted under his touch, sinking lower in the chair and letting his head fall forward, giving Tom more access to neck as well as hair.

Tom made sure to give attention to Georg's whole scalp, moving the brush from front to back as well as pulling it through the full length of hair. Georg had wonderfully soft hair that Tom loved touching, even when it was a rat's nest first thing in the morning. If truth be told, Georg might like having his hair brushed, but Tom liked brushing it just as much. It was such a sensual occupation and Tom lost himself in it. He and Georg had sex, quite a lot actually, when they weren't knackered from their punishing schedule, but Tom found the whole hair thing almost as intimate.

The major advantage of hair brushing, however, was that they didn't need somewhere completely private to do it; as long as there were no photographers or camera people hanging around it was fair game. All Tom had to do was make sure he didn't get carried away, which he managed most of the time.

When he had Georg suitably relaxed, he dropped the brush into his pocket and switched to using his fingers. This was the bit he loved the most, where he could run his fingers through Georg's hair in long sweeps and feel the silky texture over his skin. As he went he used the tips of his fingers to gently massage Georg's scalp as well, eliciting some very interesting noises from Georg. When he finally reached the base of Georg's skull, he let his fingers dance lightly over the skin there and he knew he had Georg totally at his mercy. If they hadn't been in a hotel room with Bill and Gustav waiting to work he definitely would have taken things further, as it was he decided he'd better stop himself, because his cock was already half hard and his self control was not all it should have been.

Bending down, he placed a kiss on Georg's wonderful hair and pulled back.

What he didn't expect was Georg's hands to come up as he went to step back, grab him and yank him forward. There was no way he could stop his forward momentum, since he was taken by complete surprise and he ended up going half

over, half round the chair and found himself sitting in Georg's lap looking up. Then, before he could protest, Georg was kissing him and it was his turn to melt. He was helpless under the onslaught and all thoughts of stopping his libido in its tracks fled. When Georg finally drew back they were both breathless and Tom could see the light in Georg's eyes that meant only one thing.

Clearly Georg had been thinking about things while Tom did his hair, because there was no hesitation in the way Georg moved and Tom found himself being pulled to his feet and then being propelled towards the bathroom. When he looked over at Bill his twin just rolled his eyes.

"If David comes," Georg said, looking far brighter in Tom's opinion, "tell him we'll be out in a little while."

Gustav just snorted at that, but the last thing Tom saw before the bathroom door shut was Gustav standing up to pick up the TV remote and he heard the TV going on and being turned up. So maybe it wasn't the first time he and Georg had got carried away, but no one could blame him this time, he had at least tried to keep his libido under control. As Georg pushed him up against the bathroom wall so they were flush to each other and then began kissing him again, he put a mental tick in Georg's column on the tally sheet in his head and then surrendered. It was working out to be very stress relieving for both of them.

The End