

# There's A First Time For Everything

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Pairing: Tom/Georg

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: rimming

Summary: Tom doesn't like the idea of rimming, but Georg does, so Tom decides to let Georg have a go.

Kink request: Man, I'm starting to think I'm not very kinky at all. I want some Torg with Georg rimming Tom and it being Tom's first experience with rimming.

Author's Notes: My third fic for the kinkathon - what can I say, I like writing kink :). Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Tom knew he shouldn't be nervous; he and Georg had been having sex for nearly a year now and neither of them had been blushing virgins before that, but Tom was just about dying. The previous week Georg had mentioned that he fancied trying something new and he had uttered the fateful word 'rimming'. Tom hadn't reacted too well; in fact he'd freaked. He just couldn't imagine putting his tongue there and he'd calmed down a bit when Georg had promised he wanted to be the one doing the giving not the receiving, but he had still said no.

He had seen Georg's disappointment, but he just hadn't been able to get his head round the idea, but, after talking with Bill, he'd changed his mind. Bill could be very good at pointing out the pros and cons of a situation if Bill wasn't directly involved. The thought still freaked him out somewhat, but, if it was what Georg really wanted, he could go through with it.

His biggest problem was that he had taken a half hour shower and he was pretty sure if he walked too fast he would squeak, but he still didn't feel clean enough. It was stupid; he and Georg gave each other blowjobs all the time, sometimes without any thought of preparation at all, but the idea of a mouth just that little bit further back had him squirming. It was kinky and he was remarkably vanilla, given his public reputation.

Georg on the other hand was a kinky bastard and was doing his very best to corrupt Tom bit by bit, which Bill always found hysterical when Tom told his twin about it. The first time Georg had introduced him to toys had made him blush for days, but he had as much fun with them as Georg did these days.

"Hi," he said, padding quietly into Georg's hotel room; Georg had given him the spare key as soon as they checked in.

The smile Georg gave him almost took away some of his nerves, but not quite. He had his hair in a scruffy bandana, was only wearing one ratty old shirt and he'd slipped on a pair of sweat pants, but Georg still smiled at him as if he was a catwalk model or something.

"Is something wrong?" Georg asked as Tom slowly walked over to him.

Tom took a deep breath and sat down on the bed next to his long term boyfriend.

"You know that thing," he said, deciding to leap in with both feet rather than worry Georg any more than he already had.

"What thing?" Georg asked, clearly confused.

Tom could feel his face heating up already and all he'd done was think about it.

"Y'know," he said, trying not to die of embarrassment; he couldn't possibly say it, "that thing you wanted to do."

Georg still looked confused.

"Last week," Tom said, finally realising he had to be more specific, "Friday; that thing."

Georg's face lit up with realisation as Tom tried not to spontaneously combust.

"Oh," Georg said, catching on, "yeah, that thing. What about it?"

Tom took another deep breath.

"I changed my mind," he said in a bit of a rush and began nervously playing with his lip ring.

For a moment he didn't think Georg had understood him.

"Really?" Georg asked just before he was about to repeat himself.

Tom nodded; he really did mean it.

"I thought about it," he admitted, still unable to say what 'it' was, "and if you think it's that hot, it can't be as bad as my head seems to think it is. If you want to try it that much then, okay, let's do it."

He could be as macho as the next guy when he wanted to and he tried to cover his worry with a lecherous smile, but the way Georg was looking at him he knew he had failed.

"Bill talked you into it," Georg decided after a moment of contemplation.

"No," Tom tried to protest and Georg just sat there; "okay, I talked to him about it, but he did not talk me into it. Bill is just good at making me see when I'm being an ass. I saw how disappointed you were and I was still totally hung up on me when there are two of us in this relationship."

Georg was looking at him again.

"Okay, so Bill said the last bit, but I know what he meant and I agree," he was trying to make a point. "Look, you want to try rimming," he forced the word out of his mouth and did his very best not to die of embarrassment as he had to look away, "and it does sound kind of hot, I just have to get over the whole tongue and arse thing."

When Georg didn't say anything immediately he knew he was being left to stew. Georg was possibly the most laid back person on the planet and had the patience of Job, hence one of Georg's techniques of dealing with him was letting him think for a while and seeing if he did an about face. It was actually a pretty good technique, even if he didn't want to always admit it most of the time, because when confronted he always became completely stubborn. In some ways he was worse than Bill like that, but given time to consider something in his head he had been known to see sense.

"I'm not changing my mind again," he said after about a minute's silence, "so you can either agree or I'll go back to my room and find alternative activities."

That made Georg pay attention.

"You're talking now?" Georg sounded really surprised.

"Well I didn't spend thirty minutes in the shower for nothing," he replied and he felt just a little silly, but very much appreciated as Georg smiled at him again.

Georg pulled him close and kissed him on the forehead, which was Georg's way of saying 'that's so sweet' without Tom decking him for it. Tom did not like to be called sweet, cute or adorable; those were terms reserved for Bill.

"Look me in the eye," Georg said, holding his hand and waiting patiently.

Tom did as he was told.

"Say rimming," was Georg's next instruction.

If it was possible to go as red as a tomato, Tom was sure he was managing it. Even as he opened his mouth his eyes flicked away from Georg's face.

"Tom," Georg said, voice warm and accepting, but sceptical, "if you can't even say it, how are you going to do it?"

That sparked the challenge gene in Tom and his eyes flicked back to Georg's.

"Rimming," he said very firmly, and he almost managed to hide how much effort it took.

Georg actually appeared impressed.

"Want to make out first?" Georg asked and Tom breathed a sigh of relief as he realised he had passed the first hurdle.

"No," he decided almost straight away; he really didn't want time to think about this more.

He was already half convinced that he was far too dirty for this, if he waited, the fresh clean feeling from the shower would leave him and he would be completely convinced. Georg grinned at him then; the grin that could melt clothes off a person's body.

"Let's get naked then," Georg said and began pulling off his own t-shirt.

Tom didn't need telling twice; he'd only put on enough clothes to make it across the corridor and not get arrested. He shucked out of his t-shirt and then his sweat

pants, leaving him in only the bandana, which was staying to keep his dreads under control.

"Oh," Georg said, looking him up and down with appreciation while undressing as well, "you really were ready."

That actually managed to pull a genuine grin from Tom; no one could ever accuse him of not being ready to get naked with Georg. Both of them very much appreciated sex, even if they sometimes had different ideas about how to go about it.

He watched as Georg grabbed a hair band from the side board and quickly put his hair back in a messy pony tail. If Georg hadn't been a rock star, Tom was pretty sure his boyfriend never would have had long hair; Georg always pulled it out of the way at the first opportunity. For his part, Tom loved running his fingers through it, but that was a rather girly thing to like, so they never talked about it; Georg just let him do it from time to time.

Naked Georg always had a distinct effect on Tom and even though he was nervous about what they were going to be doing, he still felt his cock beginning to swell. Georg had a very, very nice body and Tom definitely appreciated beauty. He was almost regretful that he had said no to a little making out now.

"I think this will be easiest on all fours," Georg said, patting the bed.

That sounded sensible, so Tom climbed on and took up what he hoped was a sensible position. It wasn't as if he hadn't been on his hands and knees before, just not quite for this reason.

"I wish I could take a picture of you in that position," Georg said, making the bed dip as he climbed on behind Tom; "I'd never need any other wank material, ever."

Tom found himself smiling; he liked to be able to turn his boyfriend on.

"Move up a bit," Georg urged him, stroking his arse and squeezing just a little, "I need some more room."

"That's because you're a big lummo," Tom told his lover with a laugh.

They weren't much for mushy talk, but the insults were exchanged with love.

"You're sure this is what you want?" Georg asked him one last time. "I'm sure I can think of some other things to do with this eager little hole if you've changed your mind."

"Not changing my mind," Tom assured his boyfriend and spread his legs further to make a point.

The fact that he was naked and in such a sexually orientated position was making him harder by the second, but the pleasant throbbing in his groin couldn't completely take away his anxiety about what they were about to do. What if Georg thought he tasted disgusting, or he was still dirty even after his long and thorough shower; it would be awful.

"Such a good arse," Georg said in a very admiring tone and Tom would have basked in the praise if he hadn't been waiting in almost dread.

Georg stroked his arse some more for a bit, massaging slowly and kneading his buttocks. Then he felt his cheeks being spread and he had to fight to hold himself still. The moment he felt hot breath on his exposed hole he flinched away; he couldn't help it and he felt Georg sitting up behind him instantly.

"Tom," Georg said, stroking his arse slowly as he moved back into position, "we really don't have to do this."

"Sorry," Tom said, not sure if he was more embarrassed by his reaction or what they were doing.

"There's no sorry about it," Georg said and sounded serious for a moment; "if you can't do this there are plenty of other things we can do."

"No," Tom said, looking round and firming up his stance, "I want to do this."

Georg didn't appear convinced, but Tom just went back to looking at the bedstead and waited. Eventually Georg moved back and repeated the process of before. This time, when he felt breath over his hole, he braced himself and waited for terrible things to happen.

What actually occurred was something warm, wet and much stronger than he had expected flicking over his hole sending a thousand tiny signals running through his body.

"Oh," he said, rather shocked at quite how good that simple touch felt.

He was still braced for Georg to decide that this was disgusting and run to the bathroom to clean his teeth, but that didn't happen either. What did was the tongue came back and flicked over him again. It didn't surprise him as much the second time, but it did feel just as good and the third time he let out a little moan.

Georg was not running away in disgust and he wasn't shivering with revulsion; he was quite honestly shocked.

At first Georg just teased him, lapping at his hole and making him forget what he had ever been worried about. A tongue was a very flexible organ and very sensuous and Tom could not deny that it felt really good. His dirt phobia didn't have a chance to get the better of him, because his brain was too occupied to care. He couldn't get uptight, because there was no room for the thought.

When Georg broke away for a moment, he almost had a chance to brace for terrible things, but Georg was way ahead of him.

"You have no idea how much you are turning me on," Georg said, still kneading his arse.

He was turning Georg on? Tom wasn't sure the last time he was as hard as he was now, even with all of Georg's normal little tricks. Georg could keep him going for hours, literally. Gustav had once banged on their hotel room door at four in the morning and asked them to 'kindly shut the fuck up' after Georg had tortured him for three hours just using fingers. Then there was the time Tom had ... He lost that thought when Georg's tongue touched him again.

This time that very mobile tongue was pushing against his entrance, rather than just swiping over it, and that seemed to turn up Tom's amp into the danger zone for some reason he couldn't chase down. He groaned low in his throat and his arms began to shake so much that he had to go to his elbows to stop himself taking a header into the bed.

"Even better," Georg growled from behind him in a tone that told him his boyfriend was even more into this than he was.

That tongue was trying to breach him and Tom felt his brain melting as the wonderful sensation were multiplied a hundred fold by the knowledge of what was being put where. The fact that Georg was clearly enjoying himself had morphed Tom's phobia and turned it on it's head, filling him with lust and increasing every movement into an epic moment with the wickedness of what they were doing. In short, it had found Tom's kink switch and taped it in the on position.

It felt incredible; warm, wet, hyper-mobile. Tom was sure he should have been bleeding at the ears as his higher brain shorted out.

"Touch yourself," Georg told him between molestations, "I want to feel you quivering against my tongue when you come."

Tom moaned; one day Georg was going to kill him with that voice combined with some depraved thing they were doing. That, however, didn't stop him doing as he was told and he braced himself as well as he could on one arm and moved the other back to wrap his fingers around his cock. He bit the back of his arm then, because he almost came there and then and he didn't want this to be over quite so soon.

The combination of tongue on and pushing into his arse with his hand on his cock was driving him insane, but it was so wonderful that he didn't want it to be over right away. He could have let his orgasm come right then, but he was liking the journey so much he wanted it to last. The feeling of the almost uncontrollable energy pooling in his loins made him moan like a whore as Georg played him.

He stroked himself slowly, feeling the intensity inside him building and building and he knew it couldn't last, but he strung it out as long as he could. When he finally came, he swore loudly and milked his cock hard, feeling every shudder of ejaculation from the tip of his nose to the balls of his feet. It left him gasping and tingling all over his body.

"Oh god," he heard Georg say, "oh god."

Then Georg was moving behind him as he slumped where he was, totally not wanting to change position. He could hear Georg's harsh breathing and the sound of skin on skin and then he felt hot liquid hit his back as Georg moaned long and loud. Given the speed with which this all happened, Tom had to deduce that Georg had enjoyed this outing into new territory as much as he had.

He would have collapsed forward if it hadn't been for the sticky mess on the bed beneath him and Georg did collapse beside him. Even Georg appeared a little surprised by the strength of both of their reactions.

"Sometimes I hate you," Tom said as the aftershocks in his muscles finally began to disappear.

Georg just gave him a huge smile for that comment.

"You're eroding my hang ups one by one," he complained, just because he could.  
"You're making me into a slimmer, devilishly more handsome you, and you're a  
pervert."

Georg's grin just grew wider.

"That's why you love me," Georg told him and he finally smiled back.

One day he was going to find a kink that he thought of first and then he was  
really going to blow Georg's mind.

The End