

They Know

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Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: Bill/Tom

Rating: PG13

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Warnings: twincest

Summary: Bill had been on the internet and Tom has to calm him down.

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Bill actually squeaked when Tom placed his hands on his twin's shoulders and all but jumped out of his seat. The netbook almost hit the floor and, considering it was Bill's new toy and Bill was still in the phase of treating it like a baby, that was saying something.

"Watching porn again?" Tom asked with a laugh once he was sure the netbook was safe.

There were only two things that made Bill jump like that: excitement and guilt, and Tom was pretty sure Bill was not excited. When Bill actually looked at him, Bill's eyes were big and wide and Bill's cheeks were pink; not Bill's normal reaction to porn either.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked as Bill failed to say anything.

Bill being silent was like the apocalypse arriving.

"They know," was what Bill said, which wasn't overly enlightening.

"Know what?" Tom asked, completely confused by his twin's behaviour.

It was really beginning to worry him.

"About us," Bill said, waving at the web page he had open.

Tom glanced at the screen, read the title and looked back at Bill.

"What have I told you about Googling us?" he said, feeling just a little better now that he had an idea of what was going on. "You know half the time you only find things that upset you."

Bill played at being thick skinned and not giving a damn about strangers' opinions, but in reality Bill could be a sensitive soul. The diva role Bill played covered it all up for those outside the band, but those inside it knew the truth.

"Tom, you're not listening, they know," Bill told him emphatically. "Look at this; they're writing about us and it's right. They know."

Since the netbook was shoved at him, Tom finally looked at the page properly and read a few lines; it made him blink and suddenly he wondered how obvious he and Bill were being.

"See, I told you," Bill said and Tom realised he was staring at the website quite blankly, "and that's not the only one. Some of them are stupid, but some of them are spot on. Tomi; they know."

Tom scrolled to the top of the page, wanting to see who this person was who was writing about them and what he saw made him breathe again.

"Bill," he said, handing the netbook back to his twin, "did you read the disclaimer at the top? They don't know, they're just making it up."

Bill gave him a hard stare.

"Of course I read it," Bill told him pointedly, "but it doesn't matter; don't you see, they may think they're making it up, but they really know. Are we that easy to read?"

It was an old fear. Ever since they had been old enough to understand that no one else would accept them as they wanted to be it had lurked in their lives. When their relationship had become sexual it had only grown. Tom perched on the edge of Bill's chair and placed his hands on Bill's shoulders.

"You love me, right?" he said quietly, looking into Bill's eyes.

"Of course," Bill said immediately.

"And I love you," Tom replied, smiling just because that thought always made him feel warm inside. "I don't care how obvious we are. I don't care if they know because they see it. I love you with my heart, my body and my soul and I can't help it if the world can see that. Part of me wants them to see it, but, Bill, they don't really believe it. Things like this," he pointed at the netbook, "they help us. When people read it as fiction no one thinks it can possibly be true."

He knew that people whispered twincest and looked at them strangely, but he really didn't care because he knew that no one really believed it was true. The more people who whispered it, the fewer actually thought it was reality and, although he wanted to shout his love for his twin from the rooftops, this was the best way for it to be.

"You love me so much you want them to know?" Bill sounded a little awed.

"I wish we could tell the whole world," he replied, perfectly certain about his feelings. "I want no one else but you, Bill; I love no one else like I love you. If we suddenly stepped into another universe where people would understand and wouldn't try and break us apart I would climb to the highest height and scream the truth for everyone to hear. I'd go on national television and tell all the fans that they had no chance with me because I have you. I'd write you a song that wasn't veiled and couldn't be interpreted as being about brothers. Bill, you're everything to me."

Bill's eyes looked suspiciously wet at that. Expressing feelings was not something Tom was good at and putting them into words was not something he did often, but just occasionally he could be a maestro.

"I love you like that too," Bill said in a quiet little voice and made Tom smile again.

"I know," he said, moving one of his hands so he could trace the line of Bill's jaw with it; "that's what makes it so wonderful."

Then he lent forward and placed the lightest of kisses on Bill's lips. When he drew back Bill smiled at him and it was like the sun on a beautiful summer day; warm and friendly and filling his world with light.

"Now," he said, looking back at the almost forgotten netbook, "in your reading, did you find any juicy ones; I've heard things about these fangirl writers."

Bill rolled his eyes, but laughed anyway.

"Just when I think you've gone all romantic on me you remind me otherwise," Bill said, but there was still the suspiciously wet glint to his eyes and Tom knew that they were both aware they knew exactly where they stood.

To his surprise Tom found himself handed the netbook again.

"You want the one called 'Behind Door Number 1'," Bill said and smiled a very un-innocent smile.

Then Bill stood up and stretched, cat-like.

"When you've finished reading, I'll be in the bedroom."

Tom almost followed there and then, but as Bill sauntered off he'd never clicked links so fast in his life. It never did to disappoint Bill.

The End